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Canadian Churchman

AND DOMINION CHURCHMAN. A Church of England Weekly Family Newspaper.

Vol. 18.] TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY DECEMBER 29, 1892. [No. 52.

R. C. WINDEYER. R. C. WINDEYER, JR. Windeyer & Son, ARCHITECTS. Canada Permanent Buildings. 18 Toronto Street, Toronto.

Municipal Elections. WARD NO. 6. The votes of the Electors are respectfully solicited in favor of the re-election of Ald. Atkinson ALDERMAN FOR 1893.

GEO. HARCOURT & SON. In wishing our friends a Happy and Prosperous New Year, we take occasion to thank them for past favors and liberal patronage. We have always striven to give perfect satisfaction to those who entrust us with their orders; in this we have been very successful, which fact will best spur us on to maintain our good name, and give greater attention to every detail of our business. MERCHANT TAILORS, 57 King St. West, Toronto.

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Annual Volumes, 1892, JUST RECEIVED: Band of Hope Review, 35c. Child's Own Magazine, 35c. British Workman, 50c. Cottager and Artisan, 50c. Children's Friend, 50c. Family Friend, 50c. Friendly Visitor, 50c. Infants' Magazine, 50c. The Prize, 50c. Chatterbox, \$1.00. Sunday, \$1.00. Pansy, \$1.00. Little Folks, \$1.25. Little Wide Awake, \$1.25. Leisure Hour, \$2.00. Sunday at Home, \$2.00. Boys' Own Annual, \$2.00. Girls' Own Annual, \$2.00. JOHN YOUNG, Upper Canada Tract Society. 102 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

C. P. LENNOX, L.D.S. C. W. LENNOX, D.D.S. Chas. P. Lennox & Son, DENTISTS. Room B, Yonge St. Arcade TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1846.

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Faith Versus Scepticism.

Problems of Christianity and Scepticism. Lessons from 30 years experience in the field of Christian Evidence. By the Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.D., Evidential Missioner of the Church Parochial Mission Society. \$2.50. Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals. By Malcolm MacColl, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Ripon. \$2.00. On Behalf of Belief. Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, by Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A., Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's. \$2. Christian Doctrines and Modern Thought. The Boyle Lectures for 1891. By T. G. Bonney, D.S., LL.D., etc. Canon of Manchester. \$1.50. The Evolution of Christianity. By Lyman Abbott. \$1.25. The Foundations of the Bible. Studies in Old Testament Criticism. By R. B. Girdlestone, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, etc. \$1.50. The Scientific Obstacles to Christian Belief. By G. H. Curtiss, M.A., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in King's College, London. \$1.75. Scepticism and Faith. Papers on the Grounds of Belief. By the Rev. Brownlow Matland, M.A. 50 cents. Modern Unbelief; its Principles and Characteristics. Six addresses. By C. J. Elliott, D. D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 50 cts.

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STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR 1891

Insurance in force.....	\$94,067,750 00
Increase for the year.....	21,558,750 00
Emergency or surplus fund.....	803,311 43
Increase for the year of surplus fund.....	197,085 28
Total membership or number of policy holders.....	28,061
Members or policies written during the year.....	7,312
Amount paid in losses.....	\$1,170,308 86
Total paid since organization.....	5,427,145 50

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Assets and Capital Over Four and One-Half Millions.

Premium Income, 1891	- - - - -	\$704,938.00
Interest Income, 1891	- - - - -	172,092.00

Total Amount Paid Policy-Holders, 1891, \$313,888.00.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 29th, 1892.

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ADVERTISING.—The CANADIAN CHURCHMAN is an excellent medium for advertising, being by far the most widely circulated Church Journal in the Dominion.

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DISCONTINUANCES.—If no request to discontinue the paper is received, it will be continued. A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due at the rate of two dollars per annum for the time it has been sent.

RECEIPTS.—The label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid, no written receipt is needed. If one is requested, a postage stamp must be sent with the request. It requires three or four weeks to make the change on the label.

CHECKS.—On country banks are received at a discount of fifteen cents.

CORRESPONDENTS.—All matter for publication of any number of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, should be in the office not later than Friday morning for the following week's issue.

AGENT.—The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

Address all communications.
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.

FRANK WOOTEN,
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Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.
January 1.—CIRCUM. OF OUR LORD.
Morning.—Gen. xvii. 9. Romans ii. 17.
Evening.—Deut. x. 12. Col. ii. 8 to 18.

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The volume (containing 750 pp.) is worth its weight in silver (if not in gold) to parents or teachers for imparting Scripture knowledge. This book is sold only by subscription at \$3.75 per copy. We have made arrangements whereby we can give a copy and the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN one year to subscribers for the small sum of Two Dollars. This offer is made to all subscribers renewing as well as new subscribers. Send on your subscriptions at once and secure this beautiful book. (See Advertisement on other page.)

TO OUR READERS.—We want a reliable person in every parish in the Dominion, to get subscribers for the Canadian Churchman. Write at once for particulars, giving references.

NOTICE.—Subscription price in the city of Toronto, owing to the cost of delivery, is \$2.50 per year; if paid strictly in advance, \$1.50. We will give the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN one year, and our handsome and valuable Premium, to city subscribers for \$2.50 paid strictly in advance.

TO OUR READERS.—Kindly send the publisher of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, 32 Adelaide street, Toronto, a postal card with names and addresses of your friends who do not take the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, and a specimen copy will be sent to each gratis.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!—Peace be to this house. Let the dead past bury its dead. The Lord preserve thee in thy going out and coming in. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, watch unto prayer. The day of the Lord shall come suddenly, as a thief in the night; watch, therefore, lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES AND WORK FOR THE CHURCH.—The Christmas festival has been generally and appropriately observed, and its memory will be fragrant and precious both in churches and homes. How much more can we do this year than during the past year for the Church of God—in gifts, in prayers, in efforts, in the Sunday-school, in visitation, for missions, in attendance at public worship, and, above all, at the Holy Communion? Let each one examine himself.

THE CLERGYMAN IN HIS PARISH THE BEST ADVOCATE FOR MISSIONS.—So says the *Spirit of Missions*. If his heart be aglow with love for souls, with zeal in his Master's service, and with fervent desire to sustain and foster the missions of the Church of which he is a minister, he, better than any one else, can call forth a response from his people. As he goes from house to house, from one to another, pleading the cause of the perishing, he will be helping indirectly, but none the less surely, the works which lie nearest to his hand, and his own support will come more freely out of the unselfish effort which he makes for others.

THE BEST CHURCH DEFENCE, the Bishop of Rochester says, is the history of the Church's work, past and present, in the parishes of England. Past and present! Once let the average Englishman realize, even in outline, what he owes, in English history, to the work of the English Church, and the controversy would, I believe, be ended by the sheer collapse of her assailants. The strength of the attack lies in a credulity which is the offspring of sheer ignorance.

TEACH THE CHILDREN CHURCH HISTORY.—If we are doing our duty in the National schools, if no boy or girl leaves our upper standards without some knowledge of the sacred records of our past, and the solid facts of the Church's life and work to-day, then the English men and women of ten years hence will laugh the man to scorn who would rob them of their heritage. But they must learn, and learn at once, that it is a thing which really

matters. It is a truism to reiterate that our own Church will live and grow under the good hand of God, though she were bereft to-morrow of every scrap and privilege and every vestige of endowment.

REV. DR. GAMMACK'S APPOINTMENT.—We have much pleasure in observing that Rev. Dr. Gammack, who recently removed from St. Saviour's, East Toronto, has been unanimously elected as rector in the parish of St. Peter's, Plymouth, in the diocese of Connecticut. To be under Bishop Williams, the Presiding Bishop of the American Church, is sufficient reward for any work in Canada, and the Protestant Episcopal Church is so much the gainer. His son, Arthur, who graduated B.A. and M.A. at Trinity College, is student at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, from which eleven bishops have been trained for the work of the ministry in the American Church. The training is said to be thorough, the whole atmosphere most Church-like.

A LIBERAL STIPEND.—Dr. Pentecost, the American preacher, who has been invited to succeed the late Dr. Donald Fraser at Marylebone Presbyterian Church, has stipulated for an income of £1,500 with house rent free, and the congregation have agreed. If Dr. Pentecost accepts the call, he will thus (the *British Weekly* says) have the largest stipend paid to any Presbyterian minister in England, if not in Scotland.

STUDYING SOCIAL QUESTIONS BY THE CLERGY.—At the recent Rochester Conference, the Bishop of Rochester took occasion to speak out his mind on the duty which lay upon the clergy nowadays of studying social questions, and he confessed that he had been a little startled to find the newness to many of his brethren of the principles which had been having a larger circulation in England than almost any other doctrines of our time during the last ten years. "He did not know," he said, "how many of them had read Mr. George's books. He was very sorry for those who had not. Reading those books threw a new light on many of the problems with which they had to deal. Even without agreeing in his conclusions, his arguments were invaluable as throwing light on many problems of the day." This certainly is sound advice, and doubtless those to whom it was given will hasten to profit by it.

MAKE RELIGION A PART OF THE EDUCATION.—The clergy and faithful laity in Australia have only too good cause to plead for the reinstating of religion as part of the education given in the colony of Victoria, judging from the accounts of the moral and social condition of the people which come from time to time to hand. The Bishop of Ballarat the other day drew a fearfully sad picture of the way in which "gambing securities, cooked balance-sheets and bogus dividends" are used as a means of robbing the widow, the orphan, and the aged. The moral life of the people seems to be terribly tainted. Eighteen thousand (or one in every sixty of the population) were arrested for drunkenness in one year.

DECLINE OF DISSENT IN RURAL DISTRICTS, *Church Bells* says, is causing serious misgivings in the minds of the leaders of various dissenting bodies, and is, unless we are very much mistaken

partly the reason why the Church is regarded by them with so much increased hostility, and is spoken of with so much bitterness. If we are mistaken, and we wish for charity's sake we could think we are, it is their own words and writings which have misled us, and which they must blame for our error.

LATELY AN EX-OFFICIAL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION said that, if the dissenting bodies "are to live," their losses in the country must be made up by gains in the large towns. New populations are their hope. "Fail with them," he said, "and our doom is sealed." The situation must be indeed critical when one of themselves speaks in such a pessimistic strain, and apparently actually doubts the very possibility of their continued existence.

TWO DISTINCT TYPES.—Among the Roman Catholics in England there are two distinct types of men, those who desire nothing better than the ruin of the Church of England, and those who, like Cardinal Newman, recognise in her a great "break-water" against the rising tide of infidelity. *Church Times* says with the former class we are compelled to wage war. Their spirit is bitterly hostile, their method of attack insidious, their purpose destructive. Among the latter class we are glad to recognise in Mr. Lilly a thoughtful and cultured writer of a totally different stamp.

EPIPHANY GIFTS.

"When they opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

The Magi's gifts, brought with such faith and perseverance through their long pilgrimage, have many lessons for ourselves and a deeper significance than they dreamed of, as they offered their treasures which symbolized Christ's nature, His office, and His work, witnessed to His Godhead and Kingly state, His Priestly ministry of reconciliation, and to the Redemption of a fallen race which the Son of Man was to accomplish through His Passion and Death.

"Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all."

I. Gold, the symbol of royalty and honour, denoting the presence of the King of kings, God Incarnate. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen His glory."

Such an Epiphany may well claim the homage of the kings of the earth, the wise men of all nations, who come in every age to worship the Child of Bethlehem as their Lord, bringing the gold of devotion, love, fame, power, wealth, and intellect, to lay at His feet, for "all things come of Thee." Nor is it to be an outward homage only, but also an inward worship and offering of a pure love, the treasure of heart and life unspotted by the world, the gold of a soul which has been refined in the furnace of trial and purified seven times in the fire. The Ark and the Temple were lined with gold, and our lives should be lined with love, for such an offering is precious unto God, Who, as St. Chrysostom says, "has no need of golden vessels but of golden souls," bright with the glory of a Divine Light; and such gifts must be sprinkled with the precious Blood of Christ, ere they can be acceptable to God,—as the golden vessels of the sanctuary were cleansed and sprinkled before they could be used in the Temple. The offering of gold betokens the offering of our best, whether in devotion or work, in affection, intellect, or will; we should give God our best,

and in the simplest way we can. It has been well said, "Don't take the gold off your sacrifices by speaking about them;" and the most silent unobserved ways of rendering our homage to God, are those which are most pleasing unto Him. The effort of sustained carefulness in daily duties, the prompt obedience to the most trifling calls of service for God or man, the accuracy which may be shown in every detail of work, and the loving reverence which should mark all approaches to God, are tokens of love without which our offerings are of little worth; and these show whether they are the pure gold which is acceptable to God, or whether they are spoiled by the admixture of worldly alloy. The true nature of life's work and offerings will only be seen in that day when the fire of God's judgment shall try every man's work, of what sort it is.

The gold, too, should be a costly gift, in whatever way it is made; and sometimes those who are seeking most earnestly to serve God in a life of self-sacrifice, find that He may ask that which costs them dear:

"New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice."

Treasures of love, happiness, easy circumstances, success, or strength, may be put into our hands as materials for our offerings, not for self-gratification; and we should hold ourselves ready to receive such gifts most thankfully and humbly, or to surrender them cheerfully if God asks us in any way to give them up, that we may love Him above all things, resting in the giver rather than in His gifts, "having nothing, yet possessing all things." In the exercise of our stewardship in all that He has entrusted to us, we often need to ask, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" striving to bring Him as best we can a grateful response in devotion and work for all the manifold treasures with which He has enriched and gladdened our lives.

LAY HELP.

The need of the Church is of an organization which will send out laymen (more or less trained mentally or spiritually) to aid the parochial clergy in their work. Some might be regulars, single men living in community; some tertiaries, living in the world, supporting themselves on week days, but ready to give their Sundays, when asked, to God's service, wherever required. The funds for such an organization would soon be forthcoming if we only had the men. As proof we have only to point to the myriads of pounds (partially from Churchmen's pockets) which have flown into the coffers of "General" Booth, and the large sums raised by the Church Army, and other similar systems. Many of those who gave to these objects would also give to an organized scheme of lay evangelists under the Church and working with the Church. There is an abundance of zeal in England which only needs directing into Church lines. We have restored religious life for women, why not for men also? Our ideal is a religious house where earnest laymen could work together. As for dress or titles, or names, they are matters of detail. We should prefer such as would not repel, but would rather attract, ordinary English Churchmen. When the house was once established, a body of tertiaries might be added who would give Sundays and some hours a week for God's service, and when capable, be sent (as wanted and asked for) into slum or country parishes to help in mission rooms, cottage lectures, open air services, Sunday schools, choirs, and any other way they are wanted. There are thousands of laymen who would be use-

ful anywhere but in their own parishes, who might beutilized. The parochial clergy would be strengthened, the Church invigorated, and the working man won by such a system.—*The Church Review*.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

We have parted from the Old Year with lingering regret; we have entered upon the New with confidence and hope. The year now closed has had many bright spots, many pleasant scenes, many happy associations; and these are not by any means counterbalanced by the unfortunate occurrences which have helped to make its history. With all its failings and shadows we feel toward it as toward a warmly attached friend; and as we now recall its joys and sorrows, its failures and successes, we could almost wish it lingered with us still.

The past we know; the future is uncertain. Yet from the past are now to be drawn lessons that may guide us in the future. In all there has been the controlling hand of God; and whether we consider the calamities which have befallen the nation, or the blessings which have been bestowed upon the Church, or the experiences through which we have passed as individuals and families, we may recognise in each a Divine will and power, and may be stimulated by each to renewed devotion and love.

The New Year has entered upon a goodly heritage; and its history, we trust, will show that it is worthy of the name it bears and the patrimony it inherits. To all our readers we offer the compliments of the season; and for one and all, young and old, we wish, in the truest and best sense, a Happy New Year!

The character of the year will be shaped very much by unseen influences. Even the great events which go to make up history are prepared and regulated silently. In this respect every individual has an appropriate influence to exert—an important work to perform—and by imbibing right principles, indulging cheerful dispositions, and practising good habits, each will sensibly affect the whole; and the influence thus combined will lead to the attainment of the result which all desire. In his personal character and home relations each can and should do much. It should be the aim of each to make the other happy; and if there be the desire for useful occupation and influence, the opportunity will never be found wanting.

No finite minds can forecast the events of the year. The future is hidden with God. We may conjecture, but we cannot foretell. As of old, so now it is true, that the times and the seasons God hath reserved in His own hand. But, in unfolding His purpose, and developing His will, the Deity employs, works with and through, human instrumentalities and means—and in this respect we are all co-workers with God, and necessary factors in the complicated machinery of life. It should, therefore, be the aim of each to ascertain his own qualifications and sphere, and then to apply himself to his appointed work with becoming energy and zeal.

The work of the year applies to the Home, to the Church, and to Society. In each department there is the greatest demand, the amplest opportunity, the brightest prospect. The home should be made happy by good temper, gentle forbearance, kind influence, and generous acts. In the Church a liberal spirit, a charitable disposition, a fervent devotion, a sound theology, an active and enterprising zeal, will contribute to peace and prosperity. The ignorance and vices of the age—the drunkenness, the debauchery, the fraud, the murder, the sufferings, the woes—which roll in

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The Church Review.

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such overwhelming torrents through the land, must be met and counteracted by good teaching, by kind deeds, by house visitation, by hard, continuous, and devoted work, on the part of the pastors and people. And if the effort be made honestly and earnestly, it will succeed beyond all precedent or example. Who would say that in these things there is not work for everyone? And who will pretend that here there is no prospect of usefulness? We should each begin the New Year with an earnest resolve to find useful and congenial employment in this way; and we shall thus take the first necessary steps toward securing the Happy New Year we all desire.

REVIEWS.

THE CHURCH WORKER. Vol. I., 1892. Pp. 160. Price 70 cents. London: The Church of England S.S. Institute. Toronto; Rowsell and Hutchison.

This is a volume replete with instructive and stimulating matter for the use of all who may be engaged in Church work. It will be sufficient guide to the general character of the book if we give a few headings from the table of contents: "Boys' Clubs," "Systematic Instruction in Church Doctrine," "Notes on Church Teaching," "Episcopacy and Modern Religion," "Missionary Gleanings," "Outline Lessons on the Men and Women of the Bible," "Why do men not attend Church?" &c., &c. A more full view of the volume would lead many to think that this magazine ought to find its way month by month to the house of every Church worker.

THE GUINEA STAMP. A Tale of Modern Glasgow. By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith). Toronto: William Briggs.

In all large cities, factories of different kinds are established in which girls are employed to carry on the work, but unfortunately by reason of the necessities of modern business or the greed of certain employers, the wages of these working girls are kept at so low a figure that it is almost impossible for many of them to earn an honest living. They are exposed to many hardships and temptations which render their lives a real bondage from which there seems to be no immediate hope of relief. But evils which have been the growth of a generation cannot be corrected in a day or a year. The evils must be seen and felt. And when the public mind has been made to realize that there are wrongs to be righted, such a sentiment will be produced in the community as will almost compel those who have control of these matters so to arrange their business operations, that their employes shall be able at least to live honestly, and without unnecessary exposure to temptation and ill-usage. Any work which tends to create a right sentiment in this direction may be helpful, and amongst these the "Guinea Stamp" will hold an important place. It is an interesting Scotch story intended to make known the hardships and wrongs of the working girls of Glasgow, and to illustrate the importance of a kindly sympathy on the part of members of the more prosperous classes, who may exercise an important influence for good, if they will first gain an intelligent knowledge of the real condition of the poor, and then in the spirit of true Christian charity make personal effort to brighten the lives of at least some of these whose condition is so beset with trials. Apart from the intention and plot of the story, we cannot fail to see that very large numbers of the working girls of this city might be far more comfortable if they would go out to service, where they could secure a respectable home, an abundance of good wholesome food, and high wages. A foolish pride and a false view of life, begotten by sensational literature, often stand in the way of the best interests of these factory girls, and there is need, both on the side of the employer and the employed, that there should be cultivated a more just sense of the true relations existing between them, and of the duties devolving upon each because of those relations.

SELECT NOTES. A COMMENTARY ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR 1893. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. Boston, Mass.: W. A. Wilde & Co.

The lessons for the ensuing year form a course of study in selected portions of Nehemiah, Ezra, Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Minor Prophets, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. There will thus be brought before the pupils a somewhat heterogeneous series of lessons on "Israel after the Captivity," "Christian Lessons from the Old Testament," "The Life of St. Paul" and the "Teaching of the Epistles." The work is a helpful compilation, giving evidence of careful study of modern writings and an adaptation of the learning of the more recent scholars to the elucidation of the various selected passages of scripture. From their own standpoint they have done their work admirably. We cannot, however, regret that the lessons are arranged without regard to the great seasons of the Christian year, which for many centuries have been observed by the mass of those who profess and call themselves Christians. Of course this is a serious objection to the usefulness of the work, and will prevent its general use amongst true Church of England people, who, while they admire the patient labour manifested in this compilation, will yet hold the opinion that the old way is the good way, and follow in their Sunday school instruction a system more in accordance with the custom of the Church, and, as we think, better adapted to draw out the true teaching of the Word of God.

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

QUEBEC.

The Lord Bishop of the diocese has returned from a three weeks' confirmation tour in the Eastern Townships, and immediately after New Years intends leaving again on another extended tour in the same district.

QUEBEC.—St. Matthew's.—On St. Thomas' Day, Dec. 21st, the Lord Bishop held a confirmation in this city parish, when the sacred rite was administered to a class of adults, several of whom were converts from Dissent. On Saturday evening, the 17th, a provisional Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was formed in the parish, being the first Chapter organized in the city. Christmas Day will be ushered in by the members of St. Matthew's Guild of Bell Ringers ringing a peal at midnight. On Christmas Day there will be celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 6, 7.30 and 10.30 a.m., a carol service at 4 p.m., and choral Evensong with sermon by the Lord Bishop at 7 p.m. On the same day at 3.30 p.m., the annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Sunday-schools will take place, and on Thursday, the 29th, they will be treated to a Christmas tree. Horatio G. Parker, of Trinity University, Toronto, is at present making a short stay in the city.

PALESTINE.—During the past week the Rev. Mr. Roberts, ex-Commander R. N., lecturer of the Palestine Exploration Committee for Canada, delivered two most interesting and instructive lectures in the city, which were well attended. Mr. Roberts came to Quebec on the invitation of the Very Rev. the Dean, who is a member of the committee, and takes a great interest in its work.

TORONTO.

Church of the Redeemer.—The school-house of this church was well filled on the occasion of the annual pound concert held under the auspices of the Young People's Association.

St. Stephen's.—The Young People's Association of this church held their annual pound concert. An immense number of contributions for the Christmas cheer of the poor were given. A large audience was present, and a very pleasant programme was rendered.

St. Simon's.—The Guild of this church held their annual pound concert, which was a pleasing entertainment and a great success.

St. John the Evangelist.—The annual pound concert of this church was held in the commodious school room on Stewart street, the distinguishing mark of the entertainment being the admission fee,

which took the shape of contributions of clothing and provisions, etc., for distribution among the sick and poor of the parish. The programme was an excellent one, and evoked constant and hearty applause during the evening.

Trinity University.—At the convocation held recently, the degree of D.D. (jure dignitatis) was conferred upon the Right Rev. W. Chalmers, recently elected Bishop of Goulbourn, Australia. The Bishop of Goulbourn graduated in 1889 as a B.D. of the university by examination, having selected the special department of liturgies and dogmatic theology. It was his intention to have proceeded to the examinations for D.D. in the same group during the present year, but his recent accession to the see of Goulbourn has enabled the university to confer that degree upon him—jure dignitatis. The following were also admitted to degrees ad eundem from the University of Cambridge:—M.A., E. H. Foster, St. John's College; B.A., W. H. Lockhart Gordon, Trinity College.

St. Alban's Cathedral.—The Bishop of Toronto held his usual Christmas ordination on Sunday, Dec. 18. Two candidates were admitted to the office of deacon, and five deacons were advanced to the priesthood. Morning prayer was said at 10.30 by Rev. C. G. Lutz, priest vicar of the cathedral; and the ordination office followed at 11.15; the sermon was delivered by Rev. Provost Body, chancellor of St. Alban's, and the candidates were presented by Rev. A. J. Broughall, examining chaplain. The Litany was then said by the Bishop, and the ante-Communion by the Provost, the Epistle being read by Rev. C. E. Thomson; after which the prescribed questions were put to the candidates for the diaconate by the Bishop, who then admitted them to the office. The Gospel being read by one of the newly ordained deacons, Rev. E. W. Pickford, those to be admitted to the priesthood were examined and ordained by the Bishop, the officiating clergy present also taking part as directed by the rubric, and the communion office was proceeded with as usual, the special collects for those ordained being said before the benediction. There was a full congregation, and the service was very impressive. The deacons ordained were Rev. E. W. Pickford, Havelock; Rev. E. H. Wood to St. Simon's, Toronto; and the priests were Revs. J. T. Bryan, F. H. Hartley, H. H. Cumming, J. H. Jones, F. Wilkinson.

Trinity University Theological and Missionary Society.—Those members of the society who are desirous of taking duty during the Christmas vacation have had the following assigned to them: Thorold, F. Du Moulin, B.A.; Whitby, J. G. Carter, Troop, B.A., assistant at All Saints; Clareville, C. W. Hedley, B.A.; Pickering, T. Leech, B.A.; Eglinton, Mr. T. Powell; Markham, Mr. McTear; St. Clements', Leslieville, Mr. Madill; Norway, Mr. Buckland.

Mr. G. F. Davidson, the student in charge of St. Hilda's mission, Fairbank, recognising the benefit to be derived from an occasional glimpse at the past, has decided to deliver a series of lectures on "English Church History," in his mission. These lectures will be delivered on Thursday evenings between the seasons of Advent and Lent. The first of the course will be delivered on Dec. 29th, entitled "The Early British Church."

A public missionary meeting is to be held on Monday, January 30th, 1893, at 8 p.m., in the Convocation Hall. The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia has consented to address the meeting, and it is hoped that Bishop Hunter Dunn, of Quebec, will also be present. It is expected that the meeting will be a large and enthusiastic one.

PICKERING.—Sunday, December 11th, the services at St. George's, Pickering, were conducted by Rev. Prof. Rigby, Dean of Trinity, who has many admirers here. The celebration of the Holy Communion was after the morning service, not in the evening, as would be inferred from the article in the issue of Dec. 15th. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto has appointed the Rev. J. Hughes Jones, of Minden, to the parish of Pickering and Greenwood. Rev. Mr. Jones takes charge on Sunday, Jan. 15th, 1893.

RURAL DEANERY OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

—Missionary Services, &c.

Date.	Parish or Mission.	Deputation.
Jan. 22	Cobocook, 10.30 a.m.	R. Dean Creighton.
"	Victoria Road, 8.30 p.m.	
"	Fenelon Falls, 10.20 a.m.	Rev. A. B. Chafer.
"	St. Peter's, 2.30 p.m.	Rev. A. Carswell.
"	Cartwright, 11.00 a.m.	Rev. E. Daniel.
"	Bowmanville, 11.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.	
"	Newcastle, 7.00 p.m.	Rev. W. Farncomb.
"	Orono, 3.00 p.m.	
"	Port Hope, —	
"	St. John's, 11.00 a.m.	Rev. R. A. Bilkie.
"	St. Mark's, 7.00 p.m.	

" Lindsay, 11.00 a.m.)	Rev. W. C. Allen.
" Cavan's, 3.00 p.m.)	
" Emily-Omeme 7 p.m.)	Rev. C. H. Marsh.
" St. John's, 10.30 a.m.,	
" St. James', 2.30 p.m.)	Rev. W. McCann.
" Cavan,—	
" St. John's, 10.30 a.m.	
" Christ Ch., 3.00 p.m.	
" St. Thomas', 7.00 p.m.)	Rev. R. Rooney.
" Manvers—	
" Bethany, 7.00 p.m.	
" St. Alban's, 10.30 a.m.	Rev. H. Burges.
" St. Mary's, 3.00 p.m.)	
" Bobcaygeon,—	Rev. W. J. Creighton.
" Christ Ch., 10.30 a.m.	
" and 7.30 p.m.)	Rev. W. J. Creighton.
" Dunsford, 3.30 p.m.)	
" Perrytown,—	
" St. Paul's, 10.30 a.m.	
" Elizabethville 3.00 p.m.)	

Meetings.—Jan. 10th, Reaboro, 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. Creighton and Rev. W. McCann; Jan. 23rd, Cavan, Trinity Church, 7 p.m., Rev. W. McCann and Rev. C. H. Marsh; Jan. 23rd, Perrytown, St. Paul's, 7 p.m., Ven. Archdeacon Allen, Rev. E. Daniel and Rev. W. J. Creighton.

HURON.

TILSONBURG.—The Bishop of the Diocese visited this parish on Friday, Nov. 26th, and confirmed ten candidates. Owing to the recent illness of the Incumbent (typhoid fever), in the consequently short time for preparation the class was smaller than was at first expected. A supplementary confirmation, it is hoped, will shortly be held. This last class makes a grand total of one hundred and thirteen since the appointment of the present Incumbent. The surpliced choir still continues to flourish, despite the enforced absence through sickness of the respected organist (Mr. J. H. Wilson Principal of the Public Schools), and was in attendance in full force, and Processional and Recessional were sung. A mission is to be held (D. V.) during the last week in January by an experienced missionary from Toronto. The parish room, which has proved of inestimable use since its erection and completion a year ago, is now free of debt. An excellent work is being done by the Girls' Society under the presidency of Miss Dixon. A branch of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood is shortly to be established.

ALGOMA.

Algoma Mission Fund.—A liberal offer—who will respond! H. Pellatt, Esq., has sent to Mr. D. Kemp, treasurer of Algoma Diocese, Synod Office, Toronto, his cheque for \$50, and promises another \$50 if, within the next two months, forty others will second his offer for a like sum. Here is a good opportunity for Churchmen to assist in wiping out the heavy debt on the mission fund of the missionary diocese of Algoma.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Synod was held in New Westminster, on the 16th and 17th ultimo. The sermon, at the opening service, was preached by the Rev. A. R. Macduff. On the calling of the rolls there were found to be present the Bishop, the Archdeacon of Columbia, the sixteen other Clergy, the twenty-seven Lay-Delegates, besides the Diocesan Officials, G. E. Corbould, Esq., Legal Assessor, and W. J. Walker, Esq., Accountant. The minutes of the last meeting of the Synod were read, and on motion adopted. The Bishop delivered an address, in which he announced the constitution of Holy Trinity Church as his Cathedral, and referred to the resignation of Bishop Hills, besides dealing with the matters that were to engage the attention of Synod, especially the proposed Act of Incorporation. The report of the Executive Committee was read, and on motion adopted. The report of article II. of the Constitution, laid over from last Synod, was re-affirmed. The amendment of article VI. of the Constitution, laid over from last Synod, was re-affirmed. The report of the Committee, on the Incorporation of the Synod, was discussed, and the proposed Bill, after sundry amendments, was adopted, and the following committee was appointed for the purpose of securing the introduction of the Bill at the next session of the Provincial Legislature, viz.:—The Bishop, Revs. E. P. Flewelling, H. Irwin and Messrs. W. Myers Gray, H. T. Ceperley and C. Bell. The assent of the Bishop to the proposed Bill was given conditionally on its passing the Local House unaltered as to its main principles. The amendment of Canon II., laid over from last Synod, was re-affirmed only in part, the following words being added to the fourth clause of the said Canon, as it now stands: "when a priest is placed in charge of a church and defined parish, he shall be formally instituted and inducted into the same." The report of the committee on a Diocesan Orphanage was adopted, and the committee re-appointed and instructed to pro-

ceed with the establishment of an Orphanage, as soon as the finances will permit; the following is the committee:—Revs. H. G. F. Clinton, E. P. Flewelling, H. Irwin, Messrs. N. C. Schou, and H. F. Clinton. On motion, it was decided that a revised edition of the Constitution and Canons of the Synod be published; the following committee was appointed for the purpose:—Rev. G. Ditcham, Messrs. N. C. Schou and W. J. Walker. The addition to the eleventh clause of Canon V. of the words, "such assessments to be paid to the Treasurer of the Diocese," was on motion carried, and laid over for one year. The following resolution, on the subject of an Indian School, was carried: "That this Synod desires to approach the Indian Department of the Dominion Government through the Member for the District, for the purpose of urging forward the establishment of an Industrial School at Lytton, for the benefit of the Indians attached to the Anglican Mission." On motion it was resolved, that the time has now arrived, when in the interest of the Church we should consider the advisability of dividing into two portions the Diocese of New Westminster, and appointing thereto, in order to relieve the Bishop of New Westminster of a portion of his work, a new Diocesan, and that the Executive Committee be instructed to consider the subject, and report to the next Synod. Mr. Hill-Trout presented a report on the work of Trinity College; on motion it was resolved that Trinity College calls for and deserves the earnest support of the Clergy and Laity throughout the Diocese. On motion the following committee was appointed to enquire into certain matters connected with Trinity College, and to report to the Executive Committee, viz.:—The Bishop, The Archdeacon, the Rev. H. G. F. Clinton and Messrs. H. J. Cambie, E. A. Jenns and W. M. Gray. On motion, the Rev. Geo. Ditcham and W. J. Walker, Esq., were re-appointed Secretaries of the Synod. The following Clergy and Laity were elected members of the Executive Committee by ballot: The Archdeacon of Columbia, Revs. H. G. F. Clinton, and E. P. Flewelling, Messrs. W. M. Gray, N. C. Schou and E. A. Jenns. The Bishop nominated Rev. H. Irwin and H. J. Cambie as members of the Executive Committee. On motion, Messrs. C. E. Woods and E. A. Wyld were re-appointed Auditors. On motion, the following were appointed Members of Court under Canon X.: The Archdeacon of Columbia, Revs. H. G. F. Clinton and C. Croacher, Messrs. E. A. Jenns, H. F. Clinton and Dr. Bentley. Votes of thanks were passed to the Rev. A. R. Macduff, for his sermon, at the opening of Synod, and to the Churchmen of New Westminster for their hospitality. On motion, it was resolved that the Synod of the Diocese of New Westminster beg to express their sympathy with the Synod of British Columbia, in parting with the first Bishop of the Diocese, and at the same time to offer them the assurance of their hopes and prayers that under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, a fit successor may fill the place and carry on the work, the foundations of which have been so well laid by Bishop Hills. On motion, it was resolved that the portion of the Bishop's address relating to the name of the See of British Columbia, be referred to the Executive Committee, with power to act. After votes of thanks to the Bishop and the Secretaries, Synod closed with the usual office.

Clergy Synod.—A meeting of the Clerical Synod was held in the Bishop's office on Friday, November 18th, at which most of the Clergy who had attended Synod were present. There was a great deal of work to get through, and many questions were discussed, and committees appointed to deal with the different subjects.

BRIEF MENTION.

The shipping entering the Mersey was in 1800, 400,000 tons per annum. It is now 10,000,000 tons.

The Rev. F. A. Fothergill has accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Holy Cross, Perth Amboy, N.J.

Stone bridges were built in China 2,900 years ago.

The French War Office has provided for the enrolment of between 6,000 and 7,000 bicyclists in war.

The Canadian Parliament is summoned to meet on Thursday, the 25th of January.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has given \$5,000 to the New York police pension fund.

There are 80 miles of tunnels in Great Britain, their total cost exceeding £8,500,000.

Owing to the contractions of the iron of which it is built, the Eiffel Tower is 8 inches shorter in summer than in winter.

Rev. J. P. Lipton, of Lennoxville, Que., has been appointed rector of Wolfe Island by the Bishop of Ontario.

Two million pounds of English walnuts have been shipped from Whittier, Cal., during the past three months.

Rev. W. H. Bullock, M.A., has been appointed senior chaplain at Aldershot, England.

The obelisks of Egypt were raised into place by instruments like our cranes.

In B.C. 398, the Romans made a tunnel 6,000 feet long to drain Lake Albanus.

Four ex-presidents of Venezuela are now living in Paris in exile—Gen. Guzman Blanco, Dr. Palacio, Dr. Pulido and Gen. Urdaneta.

John Emile Lemoine, the French statesman, is dead.

August Simeon Luce, French historian and scholar, is dead.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were terraces planted with trees.

The trial by jury is to be curtailed, or perhaps entirely abolished, by the Indian Government.

Canon DuMoulin has vacated St. James' rectory for three months, and may be found at No. 55 Wellesley street during that time.

There are 782 Government offices vacant in Italy and 40,000 applications for them.

At the meeting of the directors of the Mechanics' Institute, Strathroy, last week, the Rev. F. G. Newton was elected a director.

Dr. Herman Strecker, of Reading, is an indefatigable collector of butterflies and moths. He has already collected 100,000 specimens.

Ireland has occupied one-half of the time of the House of Commons during the last 12 years.

Nearly 40,000 people in Great Britain pay a guinea a year for the privilege of displaying their crests on their stationery and plate.

It is estimated that last year Arizona produced \$3,000,000 in gold, \$2,200,000 in silver, and \$4,500,000 in copper.

Rev. H. A. Harley, M.A., of Pictou, has been selected rector of Trinity Church, Digby, N.S. Rev. W. Bryant will have charge of the parish until Easter, when Mr. Harley assumes his duties.

A meteor fourteen inches in circumference fell in a street in Albany, Oregon. It was found to be a rock having the appearance of volcanic production.

The stones of the Pyramids were moved into place on rollers.

Vitellius, the Roman emperor, had one dish which cost 1,000 sesterces, or over \$40,000.

The receipts of the elevated railway in New York for the three days of the Columbian celebration were about \$150,000.

It does not seem to be generally known that the turkey was domesticated by the Indians long before the discovery of this continent by white men, but such is the case.

The profits of the Paris post-office, which last year amounted to \$10,000,000, have moved the post-office clerks to consider what steps they should take for getting their salaries raised.

The tea crop in the Assam valley is the smallest on record. Compared with last year's it shows a decrease of 3,000,000 pounds.

Queen Victoria is quite a successful farmer, and has taken 447 prizes at English cattle shows.

Rev. J. Simonds, M.A., has resigned the parish of Dalhousie, N.B. Mr. Simonds preached his farewell sermon Sunday, Nov. 20th, and left for South Carolina the following Monday.

By the will of the late Thomas C. Hodgkins, N.Y., a number of generous public bequests have been made, and among them one of \$100,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Hebrew circles in Williamsburg are greatly agitated over the action of the congregation of Beth Jacob in expelling their rabbi, Rev. Heyman Rosenberg, for eating ham.

One hundred and sixty-five Confederate Army generals yet survive. Twenty-nine have died since January.

There is preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, the harp whose notes were heard in Tara's Hall, when Brian Boru was King, and the sight of which inspired Thomas Moore when he was studying at Old Trinity to write his famous song.

Mr. Jacob Styles, an Englishman, who has served the Austrian Emperor since 1849, has now retired. The Emperor received him on Monday, praised him for his faithful services, and gave him the Knights' Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph.

The patentee of rubber tips for lead pencils realized two hundred thousand dollars for his invention; metal plates to protect shoe heels brought the inventor two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the roller-skate patentee received over one million dollars for his genius.

The programme for the opening of the World's Fair has been completed. Mr. Cleveland will deliver the only address and start the machinery.

The Germans and Saxons drank their wine and beer from horns unprovided with handles or feet, so that the horns had to be emptied by each drinker.

The United States now holds twenty-one law firms made up of husband and wife. In addition to these there are at least 108 American women who practice law in the courts or publish legal documents.

The Swiss "wine of blood" is so called from the battle of Birs, fought on the vineyard; 1,600 Swiss opposed 30,000 French, and were all killed but 16.

British and Foreign.

The Bishop of Liverpool has subscribed £100 in aid of the Poor Church Day-schools Fund in that diocese.

The Bishop of London attained his seventy-first year last week. He was appointed Bishop of Exeter in 1869, whence he was translated to London in 1885.

The Rev. William Sadler, of Bishop Blyth's Mission in Jerusalem, is at present in Dublin collecting funds and addressing meetings.

It is proposed to spend £4,000 to complete the structure of St. Nicholas' Church, Blundellsands, Liverpool, the erection of which, a few years ago, cost £7,000.

It is announced that the Rev. Canon Vaughan, brother of the Dean of Llandaff, has resigned the vicarage of St. Martin, Leicester, to which he was appointed in 1860, and which has been held by members of the family for the last 100 years.

Independently of £11,500 already raised, the sum of £3,000 is required to complete the restoration of the famous church of St. Mary's, Warwick, which was founded by the Earl of Warwick, A.D. 1120.

The Bishop of Wakefield has been obliged to cancel all engagements in consequence of an injury he sustained while on a visit to Edinburgh a fortnight ago.

The Archbishop of York has arranged for about 150 Confirmations at various centres in his diocese during Lent and the spring of next year. During the present year Confirmations have been held at 1,600 centres in the diocese, the number of candidates having been 18,600, being 5,400 more than last year.

The Council of the Church Association have issued a circular, in which they have formulated their 'scheme of future policy.' Its object is to press upon Protestant Churchmen the necessity of making a strong demand for Church reform in various directions which are indicated.

The Bishop of Ossory has appointed as the new Dean of Ferns the Rev. Charles Head, Rector of Ferns. Mr. Head was ordained in 1850 by the Bishop of Winchester, and held various English curacies till 1872. He has been Rector of Ferns since 1877.

It is now no secret that Mr. Labouchere has severed his connection with the *Daily News*. The price paid for his share in the newspaper is said to be £90,000. When he first became connected with the proprietorship of the paper, more than five-and-twenty years ago, he paid the representatives of the outgoing or deceased shareholder £11,000 for the holding.

The Rev. Francis J. Hurly having drawn the Premier's attention to statements made by the advocates of disestablishment in Wales, that Nonconformists contribute by taxation to the maintenance of the Established Church, Mr. Gladstone writes, as he has more than once written before, that "the Church of England receives no assistance whatever from public funds."

Mr. Gladstone, who spent some portion of his youth in Gloucester, where his father temporarily resided, has just sent, unsolicited, to Dean Spence, a cheque for £10 towards Gloucester Cathedral Restoration Fund. In an accompanying autograph letter to Dean Spence, the Premier says:—"Let me offer you a trifling contribution to the fund for the fabric of your beautiful cathedral, in regard to which you have personally set so admirable an example."

BARBADOS.—At a meeting of the Synod held on October 5th, the Bishop expressed his determination to take up the question of rescue work among fallen women. He proposed to work on English lines, and to obtain, if possible, the aid of two sisters who would be connected with the cathedral and under the control of the Bishop himself. The scheme

would include a permanent home of refuge. He trusted he would have the assistance of the Synod in this matter.

A large statue of St. Chrysostom, the first of eight to be placed in the niches of the dome of St. Peter's, has been raised to its position, 135 feet above the floor. The statue was in two parts, weighing about four tons, and manual power alone was employed to lift it to the staging over the gallery. Mr. Woodington is the sculptor.

Moses Loria, a wealthy Hebrew who died recently in Milan, left a fortune estimated to be worth \$5,000,000 to the city of Milan, to found an institution to supply work to worthy persons unable to find employment elsewhere. In case the terms of the legacy shall not have been complied with by the end of 1892, the legacy is to go to the city of Turin, with like conditions.

Irish Church people have noticed that by the death of Dr. Austin, of British Guiana, Dr. Knox, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, becomes senior Bishop of the Anglican communion by consecration, having been raised to the Episcopate in 1849 as Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dro-more. His Grace was elected Archbishop of Armagh in 1886. The next oldest Bishop is Dr. Williams, Bishop of Connecticut and Primate of the American Episcopal Church, who was consecrated in 1851.

The Woman's Guild of St. Ignatius', N.Y., held a fair or annual sale in the guild rooms at 56 West Fortieth street, on the afternoons and evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6, 7 and 8, and closed with a very substantial profit, which will be applied to the liquidation of the church debt. The guild has already reduced the standing debt of the church \$9,000 in eight years.

One of the oldest as well as most interesting parishes in Western Pennsylvania is that of Christ church, Greensburg, Westmoreland county. Established in 1818, it has gained its present strength and importance slowly, and under great and many difficulties. The parish rejoices in the possession of a beautiful stone edifice, furnished with a refined and discriminating taste. A great awakening has taken place under the aggressive churchmanship of the rector, the Rev. Arthur J. Fidler, who took charge on May 1.

Till quite recently her Majesty's Royal bounties at Christmas and Easter were confined to the poor in certain parishes in the city of Westminster. Of late years East-end parishes have participated, and now her Majesty has directed that some poor parishes in large provincial towns shall likewise receive the Royal favour. On the recommendation of the Bishop of Liverpool some Liverpool parishes have been added to the Royal list, and the incumbents authorised to nominate to the Lord High Almoner some men and women of good character over sixty years of age.

Bishop Charles Wordsworth used to tell how on one occasion his uncle, the poet, was dining with Mr. John Gladstone at Liverpool, and congratulated him on the remarkable success of his son William at Oxford. The future Premier's father replied, "Yes, my son has certainly distinguished himself greatly at the University, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life; for there is no doubt he is a man of great ability; but," he added, "he has no stability."

Sunday, Dec. 4, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, N.Y. The Rev. Dr. Morgan announced at the morning service on that day, that the debt of \$190,000 which was on the church when he became rector eleven years ago, had been reduced to \$27,000, and that this occasion could not, in his opinion, be more fittingly marked than by the liquidation of the entire debt. A parishioner, Mrs. William F. Cochran, the same day sent a check of \$10,000 to the rector; on the day following came another large check from Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt. These gifts, with other smaller ones, completely covered the debt.

Mr. James Munro, C.B., has had an interview with the C.M.S. Committee. Mr. Munro, who hopes to return next year with his wife and son—his daughter is out there now—has been in the Nuddea district of Bengal, and was received with enthusiasm by the educated natives, whom he had met before in an official capacity. One of them has given him a house for missionary purposes. Mr. Munro expressed a wish that others who had held official positions in India should devote themselves, as he is doing, to missionary work in our Indian Empire.

Church work is, we are glad to hear, making good progress in the large parish of Llangynwyd. For

many years there were only two places of worship belonging to the Church in the entire parish—the old parish church at Llangynwyd and the chapel-of-ease at Maesteg. Now there are seven churches and mission-rooms, all recently erected. The new church at Garth was recently opened by the Bishop of Llandaff. The church is a handsome structure on the highway leading from Maesteg to Garth. The site was given by the late Colonel T. Picton Turbervill. The church will accommodate 200 people and will cost £2,000. It is dedicated in the name of St. Mary the Virgin. The entire cost of the building will be defrayed by Miss Olive Talbot, who has given largely to other Church objects in the parish.

The Vicar of Wakefield, England, backed up by a strong committee, has taken the circus, the largest building in the city, and capable of holding 3,000 people, for a mass meeting on Sunday evenings. At the first service there were present some 2,000 persons. After reading the story of the Prodigal Son, the Archdeacon had the lights turned down, and entered upon a forceful and pointed address on the parable of the Prodigal Son, which was made all the more interesting and impressive by a number of views thrown upon the screen by a magic lantern.

The committee appointed at the late Synod of Derry and Raphoe to arrange the celebrating of the twenty-fifth year of the Episcopate of the Bishop of the Diocese by some gift expressive of the warm affection and esteem entertained for his Lordship by the clergy and laity, has had a meeting, under the presidency of the Earl of Belmore. A letter was read from the Duke of Abercorn, expressing his regret at being unable to be present, but suggesting various steps for carrying out the project. On the motion of Sir F. W. Heygate, Bart., seconded by the Archdeacon of Derry, the Dean of Derry was appointed treasurer, and Canon Newland secretary. Arrangements for bringing the matter before the public were made.

It is officially announced that the Pope has resolved to establish a great seminary for the education of natives of India and Ceylon for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and has provided a sum of £20,000 for the purpose. One hundred students are to be received and educated together in the higher grades of philosophy and theology, each diocese in India and Ceylon contributing its quota. As in the case of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, Ceylon will be united to India in the scheme. All the expense of founding and maintaining the new seminary will be borne by the Pope, and even the travelling expenses of the candidates will be defrayed by him.

The council of the Church of England Young Men's Society desire to make the jubilee year, upon which they have just entered, the occasion of a development of their work amongst young men. There are eighty-seven branches, with a total membership of nearly 20,000. Ever since the premises in St. Bride Street were taken, in 1885, the exigencies of finance have compelled the council to sublet the most attractive position in the house. It is the aim of the council to secure this part for the use of the society, but to do so they must receive adequate support. The present financial condition of the society makes it impossible to do so unless they receive outside help. There is still a mortgage of £1,000 on the building and an annual ground-rent of £3,000. The council appeal to the merchants of the city, as well as to the Churchmen of all shades of opinion who are interested in the welfare of young men, to give them a capital sum of £10,000 to pay off the mortgage and to provide an endowment for the future work of the society.

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.

N. B.—If any one has a good thought, or a Christian sentiment, or has facts, or deductions from facts, useful to the Church, and to Churchmen, we would solicit their statement in brief and concise letters in this department.

Aggressive Work of the Church.

SIR,—That the Episcopate of the Canadian Church is insufficient for the successful carrying on the aggressive work of the Church, does not seem to be disputed. The matter rather seems to be discussed on the question of ways and means, while the necessity, or at least expediency, of creating smaller and more manageable dioceses than at present exist, is admitted. I am fully prepared to agree with those who say that a Bishop should have an ample income; but it is equally true that the parochia

clergy also should have, if not ample income, at least an adequate one, which very few have. Why should it be necessary for a Bishop to have so much more than seems to be generally regarded as a large income for a Rector? Excepting his outlay for travelling expenses, which should be provided for by the diocese as a matter quite apart from his personal income, a Bishop has few, if any, calls upon him greater than the Rector of a see city parish. He therefore does not really need a much greater income than such a Rector. It is high time that we got rid of the notion that the Episcopacy is a dignity which must be maintained with a great deal of temporal state. Our Bishops themselves have been compelled to a great extent to abandon this idea, from the mere circumstance of their inability to maintain the state, but the people generally still hold it very firmly, and it prevails so strongly as to be the great obstacle in the way of increasing the Episcopate. We acknowledge that the welfare of the Church demands a large addition to our staff of Bishops; it is very difficult, and in some instances nearly impossible, to raise the endowment, which has come to be regarded as a *sine qua non*; which of the two is the most important to secure, the Bishop or the endowment? Can we not secure the former without the latter—at least to so large an amount as has been fixed? Where an endowment can be raised, by all means let us have it. If an ample permanently secured income can be provided, so much the better; but if only a small endowment can be raised, is the Church to languish for that reason? Are there not men who, if called to the high office, will accept it although the emoluments be small? Surely there are, and perhaps some of the best and most valuable priests in the Church will be found among them. It may be well, too, to observe that some of the proposed new dioceses will be wholly situated in what may be called country districts, having no large city in them; in such places, the cost of living, and with comfort, is much less than in a large city and a much less income will be sufficient, probably in such places; though it might be difficult to raise an endowment, it might be practicable to secure an adequate income; why not do so, and let the endowment be gradually got together in future years—in other words, why not have the Bishop first and the endowment afterwards? Or, for the matter of that, why not have the Bishop, and let the endowment come or not, as it may? I maintain that the former is necessary, the latter is not.

In some, if not all, of our dioceses, when a Bishop is elected, he must resign all other preferments. It is a matter which might well be reconsidered. It would be quite practicable for a Bishop in a diocese of manageable extent, to be the Rector of one of the principal parishes in his diocese, which would be worked in detail under his supervision by one or more assistants, as is indeed usually done in such parishes. The supervision of the parish need not interfere with or curtail the performance of Episcopal work. The one is not inconsistent with the other, and the duties of the two offices could efficiently be performed by one man without either being neglected. This plan, if admitted, might facilitate the erection of new dioceses.

LAICUS.

St. Martin.

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Thom for his information, and hope he will soon sit under the dome of the reading room in the British Museum, where he will find material enough to make any book-worm in Canada die of envy. But he will search long before he finds what he wants, if he is to prove that the Scotch word *Mart* comes from *Martimus*; it has neither more nor less connection with it than the Egyptian *On* has with *Ontario*. But it may truly be said that the word *Mart* is found with this etymology in dictionaries of good repute, and therefore it must be true in all its consequences and connections. This is so, and it may be found too in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Monastery*, which is the authority usually quoted; and accredited historical writers draw their picture of Macbeth from such an accurate source as Shakespeare's dramas—most trustworthy sources of both etymology and history! But will our etymologists, in supposing that *Mart* is derived from *Martinmas*, because the people in Scotland in former days used to feed their oxen, kill them off at *Martinmas*, and salt the beef for winter use, just consider how many assumptions they have to make—that, for example, there was any occasion for it then more than now, that the oxen were so much more plentiful, that the people lived so much on this kind of food, and that salt could always and everywhere be had? As to this last it must be noted that there are no salt mines in Scotland, and that the salt-pans were but slow in transforming the salt-water into solid, and at best, inferior salt. I have no doubt but Mr. Thom remembers what Tammas the Rhymer says about the salt being as dear as the meal. In fact all this myth is based on *a priori* reasoning, where the facts, however, will not quadrate with the assumptions,

and the novels will not give history. The derivation of the word is the most natural possible, and it is to be found exactly where it ought to be, that is, in Scotland, and home grown. The evil has been in setting out with the idea that it must have a fine English pedigree. The great Sir Walter ought to have known better and not been an evil genius to all our confiding etymologists.

JAMES GAMMACK, LL.D.,
Plymouth, Conn., Dec. 20th, 1892.

Sunday School Lesson.

Circumcision. January 1st, 1893.

THE LITANY.—I. ADDRESS TO THE TRINITY.

Litanies have been used for more than 1,400 years. The word means a supplication, so that any prayer might be called a Litany, but it is usual to apply the name especially to supplications for God's mercy to us sinners. Generally the minister offers the petition, the people joining in the response "Lord have mercy," or some similar words. Litanies were usually sung in processions, and were often called "Processions." It is said that the heretical Arius (4th century) had grand processions in the streets, singing Litanies with the people. Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, was afraid the orthodox Christians would be attracted to join them, so he also had Litanies sung in procession by the clergy and people. Again, when Augustine was sent from Rome (6th century) he and his clergy entered Canterbury chanting a solemn Litany. It is very plain then that the Prayer-Book was following the ancient custom, when declaring that the Litany should be "sung or said." A chant, to which the ancient service was sung, was adapted to English words by Cranmer, and is still often used.

1. ORIGIN OF OUR LITANY.

A kind of Litany, in which the minister offers the petitions and the people respond, "Lord have mercy," is found in the Apostolical Constitutions (3rd century). Mention has been made of Litanies sung by Arius, Chrysostom and Augustine. Then there were processional Litanies sung by order of Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, during a succession of earthquakes in A.D. 467. These "Rogations" (i.e., supplications) were used on the three days before Ascension Day, which are still called "Rogation Days." (See *Vigils and Fasts in Prayer-Book*.)

"Our Litany is nearly the same as the ancient one used in procession from about the 8th century. Although translated into English some centuries before the Reformation, it was only set forth for public use in 1544." (*Key to Book of Common Prayer*.)

II. THE INVOCATION.

In several parts of the service we join with the angels in singing praise to the Blessed Trinity, e.g., "Te Deum," and "Therefore with the angels and arch-angels," etc. Here we do what angels do not need, viz., ask that same Blessed Trinity for mercy and forgiveness. 1. *The Father* has made and preserved us, He loves us, and sent His son to die that we might live. We have too often been disobedient children, and need to ask humbly on our knees for "mercy upon us miserable sinners." 2. *The Son* laid aside His glory and lived a life of sorrow, died upon the cross, and rose again for us, that we should henceforth live unto Him (2 Cor. v. 15). We too often forget Him altogether, and live as though our only object in life was to please ourselves. Let us pray earnestly to the "Redeemer of the world" for mercy. 3. *The Holy Ghost*. His office is to "sanctify all the elect people of God." How often have we resisted Him, or turned a deaf ear to His counsels? He honours us by choosing our bodies for His living temples; do we always keep them pure and holy? "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (1 Cor. iii. 17.) Surely we are "miserable sinners," and have need to cry to God the Holy Ghost for mercy. 4. *The Holy Trinity*. The great mystery of "Three Persons and one God," is again brought before us. The Church, although providing prayers to be offered to each Person, never lets us forget the great truth of the Unity of the Godhead. We collect our prayers for mercy, and offer them to the "Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity." Other Invocations of Angels, Apostles and Saints, which followed in the mediæval Litany, were removed at the Reformation.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Family Reading.

"After Many Days."

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

Many years ago, when a stalwart Custom House Officer, I was despatched on special duty to Edinburgh one Christmas Eve. I had succeeded in making my way over a snow-covered country, and was within the last ten miles of Edinburgh, when I struck across a moor, and along by the side of a steep hill, in order to cut off two or three miles of the journey. Perhaps it was not wise to choose such a lonely mountain-path at that time of the year, and I hesitated before taking it; but, yielding to an impulse for which I cannot account, I went on. I soon found why Providence had guided me thus; and the same Providence which had inclined me to take this route, watched over me until I finished my journey.

All at once, in those lonely solitudes, I was startled by hearing the sounds of sobbing coming from a hole in the side of the hill. I turned aside to find out the meaning of it, and discovered that the sobbing came from a little fellow, not ten years of age, who had lost his way in the snow and the gloom, and crept in there to seek shelter. I soon cheered the little fellow, and encouraged him to join me in the attempt to reach Edinburgh that evening. But he was exhausted with cold and fatigue, and would fain have persuaded me to remain with him during the night. My business would not admit of that; and if it had, it would have been the height of folly to have attempted to spend that bitter night in a hillside cave. So after rubbing his legs and hands, I started again with the little fellow's hand in mine.

It was a terribly slow journey after that. Poor little Robert Hamilton was unable to keep up with a strong, hardy man like myself; and I carried him half the remaining distance on my back. At intervals he told me his story, too, and it was enough to melt a heart of stone.

Robert was an only child, and an orphan. His mother had not been more than a week in her grave; his father had died years before, while the child was in infancy. It seemed Mr. Hamilton had come of a high family, but had disgraced it by his wild conduct. At least, I judged this, more from what the boy could not tell me, than from what he really said; and I found out afterwards that my surmises were correct. I also found that when the husband sank into an early grave through his excesses, his young wife was left destitute, to face the world with a weakly babe, and to earn a precarious subsistence for both by her needle. You will not wonder that she sacrificed both health and life in the attempt. Before her death she gave the child her wedding ring, her certificate of marriage, and some other papers, to prove his identity, and directed him to make his way straight to Edinburgh, and appeal to the charity of his father's friends. They had scorned her, because she was of humble birth; but she prayed and trusted that they would not turn away her child when left an orphan.

I heard all this by snatches, as the boy could muster strength to tell it me. Had it not been for the warmth of my body, I dare venture to say that little Robert Hamilton would never have lived to see Edinburgh. As it was, I reached the capital late at night, and made my way to the first public house I could see, where, after administering refreshment to the little fellow, and, as it were, bringing him back to life, I ascertained by a look at the pocket-book of papers which he had concealed for safety next his skin, that his relatives lived near the Canongate.

I grieved sore about my lost time, and the hindrance to my business; but, like the Good Samaritan of old, I was determined to see my little friend safe. So we made our way to the Canongate, and found out the house indicated in the papers. A servant-man came to the door, and gumbled at being called to admit strangers at that time of night. On getting inside we saw a lady, between whom and the little boy I fancied I could detect a likeness. So it was: Miss Hamilton was the sister of Alexander Hamilton, the father of my rescued wayfarer.

We sat by the large wood fire until far into the small hours—she hearing the child's tale, and I telling how I had rescued him from almost certain death on the side of that lonely mountain. The papers amply proved the boy's identity, and although at first startled and unpleasantly shocked, Miss Hamilton's womanly feelings came to the rescue. I saw that Robert would become to her, from that hour, as her own son. I need not say that her thanks to me were profuse. She pressed money into my hand, but I refused to take it. Could I not do a kindness to a forlorn orphan, for the sake of the Christ-child, whose sweet story was filling every heart and every home at that season? And seeing that I was determined, Miss Hamilton gave way.

ading.

Days."

CHRISTMAS EVES.

Stalwart Custom House officer, ready to do and dare anything in the way of duty. Hairbreadth escapes, dangerous adventures, excessive exposure in pursuit of smugglers, and some ugly wounds received in the service, all united to make an old man of me before my time. I was just thinking of retiring on my hardly-earned pension, when an affray arose with a smuggling party, and, through some misrepresentations on the part of my superior, I was dismissed from the force without a penny of pension. This was one of the hardest trials I ever experienced. Poverty and destitution stared me in the face, and how to make headway against unjust accusations I could not tell. Life looked pretty dark to me then.

However, I knew a clerk in the Custom House at Edinburgh, and although he held only a subordinate place, I fancied that he might speak for me. Alas! for my simple-mindedness! But I set forth bravely about a week before Christmas.

My friend was afraid to jeopardise his own situation by speaking for me, and he gave me all the help he dared by advising me when, where, and how to speak to the great men who had the control of these matters. I remained at the young man's house until I found that I could gain no reversal of the verdict, and then I prepared to return home.

It was Christmas Eve again, and I was sauntering slowly down by the quay at Leith, which, you know, is the port of Edinburgh, wondering whatever I should do in the future, when my eyes lighted upon a tall, good-looking gentleman who was scanning my own features very particularly. As I did not know him, I passed without any word, but immediately after passing he ran after me, and seizing my hand, said—

"Am I speaking to Angus Fraser, of Greenock?"

"You are," I replied.

"Are you a custom-house officer of that port?"

"I was," I returned, "although I am not now. But I don't know you, sir."

"Didn't you once rescue a little orphan boy, on a Christmas Eve, who had crept into a mountain-hole on his way to Edinburgh?"

"Bless me!" I cried. "You are never that boy. Yes, I did save the poor little chap from almost certain death."

"Then I'm that little boy. I'm a man now, as you see," he returned. "You must come home with me at once."

I had to go with him, for Mr. Hamilton would not hear a word to the contrary. And I found a grand house, which owned him as master, and a beautiful lady who proudly called him "husband." Then, after I had partaken of some very welcome refreshment, by degrees I heard all Robert Hamilton's history, and told all my own troubles.

Now I found the "bread" which I had "cast upon the waters" so long before. This Mr. Robert Hamilton was a writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, and possessed just the sort of influence I needed with the Government. He lost no time in laying my case before the right quarter, and pleaded my cause so well that I was granted a retiring pension of twenty pounds per annum, as if nothing unpleasant had happened. You will not wonder that I returned home to Greenock with a joyful heart to my poor old wife to tell her the story.

So that is how I found my bread "after many days." I little thought when I rescued that lonely, benighted orphan that I was making a friend for myself, and sowing seed which would bear rich fruit in years to come. But so it proved.

Harry and Archie; or, First and Last Communion.

Continued.

Harry was right; when the doctor came the next morning he said the orphan was sinking, and that a few hours more would end all. He told Archie so as he stood with him under the window, looking out into the road, to see if his horse was being minded by the boy he had put to it; but on Archie's ear these words fell cold as a stone; and as he looked towards the calm face of the patient sufferer, whose breath grew heavier and heavier, he felt as if all the world would be empty when Harry was gone;—and yet who in the wide world would miss the orphan, except Archie and Nannie?

The minister came very early; Harry knew his footstep down the lane, and a light of joy awoke on his face. He counted each step as he came to

the cottage, and tried to smile as he entered the room: but he could not. "Oh, sir," said he, as he stretched out his hand, "I'm so glad you've come—so glad. You see I'm going. I'm so much obliged to you for all your kindness to me, who was a poor orphan. God will reward you, sir; me and mine can't. Oh, there is one thing more, sir—my First Communion."

"Thank God!" said the factory boy, faintly. "And now there's only one thing more—Nannie. I hope, I do hope she'll come, I should so like to see her, and to make all right, and to put the world out of my mind. When she comes, she'll have my Bible and Prayer-book, sir, which you gave me. And, Archie, you'll take my little linnet and the cage, and take care of it—eh, Archie?" and Harry smiled.

The dying boy talked long with the minister, and Archie was there. Harry wished it.

That afternoon was fixed for Harry's First Communion, for his strength fast failed him. The clergyman went home, and Harry lay anxiously waiting for Nannie; he did so want to see her. Archie was at the window watching.

The third-class train was about to start from the Great Western terminus; crowds of people were there, and persons of all kinds were pushing and jostling each other on the platform. There was one girl with a red cloak on, which was very worn and patched, and a bundle under her arm tied up in a ragged shawl. She did not quite seem to know what to do, and the people pushed her. What is there in a girl with an old red cloak among a hundred people for any one to think of? Oh, how little we know the deep story of joy and sorrow each one of a crowd might tell, whose faces often look sick and cold, and their dress worn and ragged. The girl at last found her place, and sat down with her red cloak and bundle in a corner of a carriage. It was the same red cloak which, two years before, Harry had watched so sadly from the window of the train.

"Please, sir, don't push me so, you'll break my flower," said Nannie to a rough workman, who was pushing his way past her with a bundle of tools.

"What do I care for your flowers!" said he, "you shouldn't bring flowers to railroads. Ha, ha!" cried he, bursting out into a laugh as he pulled aside her cloak, and saw the pot she was trying to hide; "why the girl's going to carry an old geranium down to the country. Bless the girl, you'll find lots better down there." And the whole of the carriage joined in a loud laugh.

"It's Harry's, sir," said Nannie, looking up timidly, and drawing the little broken pot and smoke-dried plant closer to herself.

Oh, what were all the geraniums in the world to Nannie compared with that! "You'll water my geranium when I'm gone?" Harry said that to her the day he left her. "Yes, that I will; when you're gone, Harry, and I'm left all alone in the wide world," thought Nannie to herself, and the hot tears came up into her eyes; for she had a letter that morning to say "Harry was dying, and she must come quick if she wished to see him alive."

It was a long, long journey to Nannie; she had never been nearly so far in her life; she scarcely knew the blue sky except as it looked over the red tiles opposite the garret-window; and she was half-surprised at the hot and dusty flowers which blew along the banks on each side. She had thought almost there was no flower like to Harry's geranium, which had stood in her window day after day, and had on it one long thin red flower; but she looked at it under her cloak, and thought none were so dear as that.

It was late in the afternoon before Nannie reached the station to Harry's village. She felt quite frightened to get out, and thought every porter and man she saw knew all about Harry, and was waiting to tell her he was dead; but no one took any heed of her. She was jostled with the crowd, and very soon the patched red cloak was the only thing left on the platform; and Nannie had learnt a new lesson of life, that her troubles and her interests were only troubles and interests to her; and that "her Harry," as she called him, was truly "hers," for he belonged to

no one else, and no one else belonged to him in the wide world, except indeed Archie; and Nannie did not know of him.

"Pray, sir, can you show me the way to where Harry lives, who was hurt in the riot? he's my brother, and I've come all the way from London to see him before he dies; for they say as how he's like to die."

The man stared, and was inclined to laugh; but he happened to be a feeling man, and saw the poor girl was ignorant of the ways of the world. "No," said he; "but maybe I'll find out for you."

"Thank you very kindly; for I'm a poor lone girl; I haven't no one belonging to me but Harry; and when he's gone I haven't never another brother."

"That's a pity," said the man, as he good-naturedly turned off to find Nannie the way. It would have touched a harder heart to have seen the poor girl and the old patched cloak and dirty straw bonnet, the rims of which were hanging quite loose, with her little geranium under her cloak.

The clergyman had left Harry's room, promising to be back in the afternoon to administer his First Communion to him. The dying boy's whole soul was fixed on that; and Archie thought he had never seen Harry's pale face look so beautiful as it was when leaning against his pillow, with his hands folded before him, and his long hair wet with the damp of dying, and his eye fixed on the little broken window waiting to catch the minister's figure as he might turn the corner of the lane outside.

"Oh, he did look so heavenly!" these were Archie's words. "I shall never forget him as he looked so kind at me, and said, 'Archie, dear Archie, we shan't take our First Communion together; but you'll think of me where I am when you receive it; oh, my Saviour, may I indeed be there.'"

"Archie," said the dying boy, laying his hand on Archie's, "you'll promise me, won't you? you'll give up your bad set, and go to the minister's, as you used to go with me, over the hill; don't you remember? You know he's so kind; and you did promise me then you'd be confirmed. Don't break your promise, Archie."

Archie would not promise, but only cried, and said, "maybe you won't die, Harry." "Oh, but I shall," said Harry; "there's no harm in saying that; and my death's your warning. I should be so glad to think if it was."

"Oh, Harry, Harry," said Archie, "I would promise, but I daren't; I have so often broken them."

"But it's never too late to begin again while God gives us time and grace," said the dying boy.

The hours passed away, and his strength fast failed him. He continually asked for Nannie; but she never came. He was always talking of her; he had got her letters under his pillow, and made Archie read the last to him, where she said: "As how Harry would be a great man some day, and have a fine house, and her live with him; and how he must be good, and remember mother, and all she said about his First Communion."

Harry smiled, and said something, but his voice was very low; and Archie thought he caught something like the words, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

At last the minister came. Harry could not say how glad he was; he only looked it.

"There's the cottage," said the man who had found the way for Nannie; "it's none of the best; I wish you may find your brother better."

Nannie found a penny she had left, and, with tears in her eyes, offered it to the man; she said she was so much obliged for his being so kind.

"No, no, keep it yourself, girl; it'll get something for your brother."

Nannie's heart beat high as she began to go up the crazy staircase. Her hand got so cold, and she was half choking; the excitement of seeing Harry made her half forget what to expect. She heard a voice; a door half open stood before her; she stepped back. It wasn't Harry's voice—no—it was so solemn, it must be the minister's—then

Harry must be very bad indeed; and she began to cry, but she kept it in.

Still she stood a minute and listened. It certainly was the Communion service the minister was reading; then had Harry been confirmed without telling her? had he received his First Communion? She longed to touch the door, but she dared not; she feared to see Harry; she thought she'd better hear him speak first. But he didn't speak, and the minister's voice went on, and everything else was so still. Her heart beat so she couldn't stand any longer, so she touched the door; it slowly opened.

Oh, there was Harry, her Harry; but Harry was dying; so pale, so thin, she wouldn't have known him. There he was, propped up on the pillows, with that very large and pale eye of his looking full at the minister; and the light was on his face, which was so thin, just what it used to be, but so much thinner, and his hands standing up, joined together, and another boy kneeling close by him, with his hand under Harry's head.

Nannie's heart was full; she was ready to burst, but she tried to keep it in: happily the shadow she stood in by the door was so great that no one saw her. There stood Nannie with her old red cloak, and her torn bonnet, and the little geranium in her hand, which she had brought all the way from London, and her face all over tears as she stood looking at her brother, "her Harry, the only thing as belonged to her, and he lay a-dying."

(To be Continued.)

Blow, blow, blow! That disagreeable catarrh can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the constitutional remedy.

Opportunity.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—Gal. vi. 10.

Let not your time in idle dreams be spent;
Improve the talent which is only lent;
Regard that day as lost in which not one
True deed of Christian kindness has been done.
Your heads with projects fair are often filled;
Too many castles in the air you build.
You plan the things which may be done, and said,
But linger till the favoured time is fled;
And then with much regret the past you view,
And frame your feeble purposes anew.
Opportunity is time's fairest flower;
Then, ere it withers, seize it; watch the hour
When you may speak a seasonable word,
And tell the grace and mercy of your Lord.
The day of His return is hastening fast:
Your witness to the world will soon be past.
The sorrows of the saints will then be o'er,
And you can minister to them no more.
Then haste the widow's mourning heart to cheer;
Oh, haste to dry the helpless orphan's tear!
Visit the sick, afflicted, and distressed;
Direct the weary to eternal rest.
Whate'er ye find to do, do with your might,
Since time is ever rapid in its flight.
May you as faithful servants ready stand!
Be this your watchword, "Jesus is at hand!"

A Message.

The sunlight slanted in through the deep, high window, touched Karl's curly head as he bent over his work, and lost itself in the dusty shadows of a far corner. Elsie, busy also at the long table, turned a wistful gaze often toward the source from whence that golden light came. Through the window she could catch a glimpse of the pleasant valley road and the hills beyond, and she longed to be out in the open air. She was tired of wooden toys, of the smell of the glue pots and the sound of her father's hatchet. The whole village seemed nothing but a workshop for toys. Even little Fritz, as soon as his chubby hand could grasp the pieces, was put to work.

"If the other children in the world were like me they would find far more pleasure in being out-of-doors than in having any of these things," she said discontentedly, "and we might save ourselves the trouble of making them."

"Then, if all others were like you, my Elsie, we should lack bread," answered her mother, reprovingly.

That was true, and Elsie was silenced, but she said to herself that the need for work did not

make the doing of it any more agreeable, and she was tired all the same. By and by the mother put aside her work and set about preparing the simple supper. Then the father left his, and went out to look after that one family treasure, the cow. Elsie fastened a last wooden musket in the hands of a very stiff soldier, and with a sigh of relief, turned to see if Karl was not ready for a run up the mountain path.

"In a minute," Karl answered. "Come and see what I am doing."

He was writing on a scrap of paper—Karl had a knack for rhyming—and Elsie, bending over him, read:

Dear child, to whom this toy shall go,
My thought for thee thou wilt not know
Till in some hour, perhaps of pain,
An accident shall make it plain,
And show thee, in thy broken toy,
A message from the carver boy,
Who in his home so far away,
Made what has helped thee in thy play.

Karl laughed as Elsie repeated the last line, then adding his name and address, he folded it and tucked it into a queer little figure on the table, glued on a head, and laid it away.

However stupid Elsie considered the other toys, that one was at once invested with interest. She planned so many adventures for it while they were taking their evening walk, that Karl found his little note had at least served one good purpose—that of rousing his sister from her dullness.

"But we may never hear from it again," he cautiously reminded her. "The toy may be thrown away or burned up at last, and nobody ever see the message."

"Oh, I'm sure they will!" said Elsie, confidently. "I think we shall hear from it."

And she was right. It was after long months had passed away; the snow had fallen on the mountain sides and melted away again, when one evening there reached the village a letter for Karl, a letter with an American post-mark.

"DEAR FRIEND KARL:—Don't you want to know what became of that nice little jingling letter of yours? My mamma says she is sure you will like to hear. I am a little American girl, and I have a dear little brother Teddy, who can't run about and play as I do, because he is lame. So we are always looking for things to amuse Teddy. And when I saw in a store one day, that funny manikin that you made, I bought it right away with my own pennies. Teddy laughed and laughed at its queer face, and liked it best of all his playthings. But the other day it fell off the table and broke all in pieces, and how Teddy did cry! We couldn't tell him that we would buy another just like it, because we never saw another just like it; but while we were looking to see if it could be mended, we found your note. Isn't it nice that my mamma can read German? That is how we know what you wrote, and she is going to turn my letter into German, too, to send back to you. You ought to have seen Teddy's eyes shine! and mamma's always shine, too, when his do. Well, we hunted you up on the map, so we know just where you live, and then mamma read us something in a book that tells all about the toy makers of your country. We hope you will write to us again so we can know more about you. We are going to put our pictures in this letter—Teddy's and mine. And mamma says she will send you a little package that she hopes will give you some pleasure in return for the pleasure you have given us.

Your little friend, DAISY."

Two sweet child faces looked out from a photograph, and the package proved to be books, over which book-loving Karl and Elsie were nearly wild with delight.

"If all our toy making could be so nice as that!" Elsie often said afterward. "That wasn't just work, it had a meaning to it."

"But I've been thinking," said Karl—it was always Karl who thought—"that we can put into all our work a meaning that the good God will see, if we do it the best we can, for His sake. It will be a message to Him."

"Why, that," answered Elsie, after a moment's pause, "is just our last Sunday's verse: 'Whate'er ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.'"

"And that, my Elsie, takes the drudgery out of all work," said the mother.

The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and cold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

When the Ice Went Out.

The weather was intensely cold and the bay was frozen. No blue waves could be seen, but along the beach were huge blocks of ice thrown up by the action of the tide, and piled higher than a man's head, looking like the ruins of old castles with towers and turrets. And this was on old Cape Cod, where for many winters the bay is not frozen over.

As it grew more mild the men began saying, "How will it fare with the vessels in the harbor when the ice goes out?" For there were many vessels standing straight and stiff held by the ice.

At length, one morning, the news ran through the village, "The ice is going out." It had already snapped the strong piles that held the wharves, and taken all out into the ocean beyond.

Very near the shore lived sailor Jack. He had a trim little boat, and went every day across the bay to the point for quahaugs and clams.

He had two sons, bold, hardy boys, as fisher-lads are apt to be.

They are very much at home upon the water, so it was not strange that they ran to the shore to witness the grand sight of the ice cracking and breaking as it forced its way out from the shore.

Not realizing the danger, they sprang upon a huge piece of ice, and so intent were they upon the scene about them that they took no notice of their own position for some time.

At last, looking down, they found they were surrounded by water and fast floating out to sea.

They thought of swimming, but knew they could not in that icy water, and besides they were now a long distance from the shore.

The younger boy began to cry, but the older encouraged him by saying he thought some vessel would see them and take them off.

The boys were not very warmly clad, but they crept close to each other, and kept looking for some signs of rescue.

The sun was almost setting when Capt. Grey, of the Seabird, said to his mate, "What do you call that black spot on that cake of ice?"

The mate put his glass to his eye and replied, "I should think it might be a person."

The captain was a kind-hearted man, so he gave the orders, and soon a boat was flying through the waters as swiftly as strong arms could row.

Not a minute too soon did they reach the ice, for the children were nearly frozen.

Tenderly the men lifted them in their arms and took them to the vessel, where in the warmth and care given them, they soon revived, and the next day were sent ashore to their anxious parents.

Years after, during an unusually cold snap, the people will say, "It was on such a day as this that the Dawson boys were carried out to sea on the ice," and then, with kindly remembrance, will add, "God bless Capt. Grey."

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"Let the Good Prevail."

(An ancient Greek saying.)

On, fellow-men, through storm and shower,
Through mist and snowdrift, sleet and hail!
Brace up the strong right arm of power,
And—Let the good prevail.

Let never selfish thought intrude,
Nor selfish fear your heart assail;
Work bravely for the common good,
And—Let the good prevail.

True brothers in the race of life,
Rejoice not if a brother fail;
We all may conquer in the strife,
And—Let the good prevail.

Rejoice not at a brother's woe,
Life's sea is wide for every sail;
Each in our turn we come and go,
So—Let the good prevail.

O truthful lips, O toiling hands,
O manly hearts that never quail,
Work each for all what God commands,
And—Let the good prevail.

Men are not units, one and one;
One body all, we stand or fail;
The common good must aye be won,
So—Let the good prevail.

The common good, the common health,
Tho' selfish tongues may sneer and rail,
Be this our task, our truest wealth;
And—Let the good prevail.

Go, take your Bible from its shelf,
And read the ancient hallowed tale;
Love thou thy neighbour as thyself
So shall the good prevail.

W. M.

Little Things.

There is nothing small which God has com-
manded: His greatness makes all about Him to
be great. Nothing is little by which He may be
greatly pleased or greatly offended. A thought is
a little thing, and yet it may be a great provoca-
tion of the Divine Majesty, for every sin has the
whole virus and principle of sin. So every duty,
even the least duty, involves the whole principle
of obedience. And little duties make the will
dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little
obediences lead into great. "He that is faithful
in that which is least is faithful in much.—
Manning.

New Year Words to Girls.

You are sitting quite quietly watching the old
year as it fades away and the new one as it comes
in. You think of all the joys and the sorrows that
have come to you during 1892, and of your hopes
and ambitions for 1893. You believe just as you
did a year ago: That you will make a great re-
solve that the year shall be better and your life
nobler and more unselfish than it was last year.
Now don't do this. Don't make the big resolve.
Think, hope, and pray what you want to, but in
its place, make a lot of little resolves, each one of
which will, in time, tend to make you reach the
goal you desire to.

Resolve to think a little less about yourself and
a little more of the comforts of others.

Resolve to be less quick of speech and more cer-
tain in action than you have been.

Resolve not to let the wicked little demon of
envy enter your heart and make you bitter and
fault-finding.

Resolve to consider those of your own house-
hold. The inclination on the part of too many of
us is to reserve our virtues and our graces for those
outside, and this is all wrong.

My dear girls, you had better blush unseen, as
good daughters and good sisters, than gain all the
fame imaginable as bright talkers and great beau-
ties, without any homely talent.

I like that word "homely." I use it, perhaps,
in a different sense from the one you give it. It
means belonging to the home; and as the home
is the place where love and charity should abide,
so the talents that belong to it are the best worth
possessing.

God bless every one of you, and give you some

day a home of your own. It may come in the new
year. It may be in the years that are far off; but,
if it never comes, remember that the talent of
making a home may be yours; and even though
you can only exercise it in a single room, you
must not bury it and count it of no value.—
Ladies' Home Journal.

The Charm of Giving.

What is it? When we give away something or
do a kindness for somebody, what is it that makes
a warm feeling enter our hearts and a pleasant
smile play round our lips, and a springing sensa-
tion come into our feet, so that we can hardly keep
from skipping as we walk? Is it because we did
not want the thing we gave away, or because it
was easy to do an act of kindness? Oh, no.
When we give away what we do not care for, we
find no very great happiness in it. When we do
a kindness with little effort, it does not make our
hearts leap with joy. It is only when it costs us
something that we are made happy by giving; and
the more it costs or the harder work it was,
the more joyful we are when it is done.

A prettily dressed little American boy was walk-
ing along the streets of Paris one day, when, as
he tried to cross the crowded boulevard, he was
knocked down by the pole of a carriage. In a
moment a crowd had collected, but the first upon
the spot was a little crossing-sweeper, ragged and
dirty, who had seen the danger, and had sprung
to help the child, almost before the pole touched
him. Tenderly and carefully the street boy raised
the rich man's son in his arms, carried him
through the crowd and into a drug store near by.
It was found that the boy was not as much hurt
as might have been expected, and soon the crowd
dispersed. The druggist bound up the boy's
wounds, the little crossing-sweeper standing by in
sympathy; and when the work was done he ran
out, paid his fare, and told the conductor where
to stop. As the omnibus rolled away, and the
crossing-sweeper turned back to his work, a gentle-
man who had been looking on spoke to him, offer-
ing him six cents.

"Here, my boy," said he, "you can't afford to
pay that rich child's fare. Let me give it back to
you."

The crossing-sweeper put his hand behind him.
"Oh, no," said he, "for there wouldn't be any
charm."

He meant the charm of having done the kind-
ness would all be lost to him if it cost him noth-
ing; and he was quite right. The poor little
crossing-sweeper understood the true secret of
happiness in giving or in doing good.

The Little Ones He Blessed.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot He had made them His treasures,
The dear little lambs of His fold.
I wonder, if angry and wifful,
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Of bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the days of grey hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when He uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey.
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven
If one little child shall go wrong,
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Christmas Roses.

Ugh! how cold it was, and the snow, which had
been falling all day, fell thicker and thicker, and
the wind blew colder and colder, as the dark
shades of night gathered in upon a busy, noisy city.
It was Christmas Eve, and the shops gleamed
with their wealth of bright goods, and holly and
toys heaped, in bewildering profusion, in the win-
dows. Everyone was busy and happy, as they
hastened from shop to shop, buying presents for
those they loved; and a goodly heap of toys were
taken home that night to be stuffed into the
stockings of the children of the rich.

Alone! alone, amidst all those busy thronging
people, a poor little flower girl shivered in her
scanty rags. Her golden hair was blown here
and there by the bitter wind, to which her poor
thin dress offered but small protection. Bare-
headed, barefooted, she crept along the cold wet
pavements, and, with a wistful look in those timid
blue eyes, she offered a few faded Christmas roses
to the passers by for sale. But people were too busy
to heed her; they had their own important business
to attend to that Christmas Eve. Some, as they
passed her by, pulled aside their skirts for fear
they should come in contact with that poor little
street waif; others, it is true, looked pityingly at
her, and some even murmured "Poor child," but
none spared her even a penny from their well-filled
purses. It wasn't that they grudged it her, but
they really hadn't time to stop and give it!

How very hungry she felt, as she flattened her
cold thin face against the window of a confection-
er's shop, and longed, oh so much, for just one
morsel of those rich cakes piled one above the
other, so lavishly, inside. Her only food that day
had been one small dry crust. All day long, she
had tried in vain to sell her poor faded Christmas
roses, but no one would buy them, and now,
though the night had come on, she feared to turn
her steps to her attic home, and, penniless, face
the wrath of her angry father. Faint, weary, ex-
hausted with hunger and benumbed with cold,
she dragged her cold bare feet along the dripping
pavement, and shivered as she pulled her thin
rags closer round her, and, crouching in a door-
way, strove to shelter herself from the biting wind
and drifting snow. One by one, the shops were
closed, and the stream of people grew less and
less, as each, their business done, hastened back to
their warm and comfortable homes. Suddenly
out rang the church bells, through the winter air,
ringing "Peace and good will" to all; and the
poor little street waif's thoughts went back to that
time, oh so long ago it seemed now, when, some-
how, things had all been different, and a mother
had spoken to her of God, and she had learnt to
lisp a prayer to Him beside a mother's knee.
With a rush, her thoughts went back to that sad
time, so long forgotten, when she had wept her
fill beside her mother's deathbed. How greatly,
how earnestly she longed for the comfort of her
mother's voice now, for the guidance of her hand.
Then, almost for the first time since her mother's
death, she breathed a prayer to God. There on
the door steps, half revealed by the light of the
flickering street lamp, she knelt and clasped her
cold blue hands in prayer, and the faded Christ-
mas roses slipped unheeded to her feet. "Please,
God, take me home to mother, for Jesus Christ's
sake. Amen."

"Come, move on there, move on," said the rough-
toned voice of the policeman on his beat, and, get-
ting no response, and seeing the city waif did not
start up and slink timidly away, as he was wont
to see, he flashed his lantern on the object to see
more clearly who it was that thus dared to brave
the terrors of the law. His lantern flashed upon
a poor little street waif, a little flower girl kneeling
in an attitude of prayer, and, in her eyes, a look
of peace and rest, and, on her parted lips, a smile
of perfect happiness and love. And at her feet
there lay a heap of Christmas roses that had
bloomed afresh.
God had answered her prayer.

That night an Angel soared up over the dark
vast city, soared up through the snowy winter air,
and, in his arms, he carried God's Christmas Gift,
a little blue-eyed flower girl.

The Little Nurse.

Beneath the shadow of a mighty pile
Of gray cathedral wall, of roof and aisle,
When richly pealed the chimes at vesper hour,
The wintry sunset redd'ning each dark tow'r,
Within the yard I saw a little maid,
Unkempt, uncared for, all in rags arrayed.

She seemed a beggar-child, with rough brown hair,
Holding in both small arms, so lean and spare,
A tiny sickly babe with wan white face,
Where hunger's woe had left full many a trace,—
A puny form. I deeply grieved to see
That one so young had known such misery.

The little nurse was singing soft and low,
And gently rocked her burden to and fro,
And seem'd unconscious of the city's din,
And of the twilight quickly closing in.
O! it was sweet to see that poor waif there,
Tending the babe with all a mother's care.

My thoughts flew back to that time long ago,
When our dear Lord was here on earth below.
For when the children came, tho' many tried
To turn them off, He called them to His side,
And bless'd and lov'd them in their innocence,
And chid all men who gave those babes offence.

O! little spotless ones! O children dear,
Who come like unknown angels to us here,
To bless and love us in their purity,
And teach their simple faith's security!
To make our hearts like theirs we all should try:
"Of such," we know "God's Kingdom is" on high.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—
W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Curfew Bell.

An interesting bell-ringing custom was that of ringing the curfew, a modified form of which still exists in this country and in England. Curfew, of which Gray speaks so feelingly about in his elegy, was established in the year 1058 by William the Conqueror, or, as the English people more frequently say, William the Norman, and was partially abolished about the year 1100. The curfew bell was rung promptly at 8 p.m., at which time the people were compelled to put out or cover up their fires and blow out their candles. Henry I. fixed the matter in the year last mentioned so as to not absolutely prohibit lighted candles until after the ninth hour. The curfew was rung in order to compel every one, high or low, to cover up and put out the fire, which in those early days was in a hole in the centre of the house—a hole being cut in the roof to allow the smoke to escape. The word "curfew" is a corruption of two words "couvre feu," literally "cover fire," the custom being to cover the hole in the floor with a large flat rock or metal basin made for that purpose. As long as these customs were strictly adhered to, great conflagrations were thought to be well nigh impossible. Be this as it may, the people did not look upon it in that light; they only thought of the rigid sway of the Conqueror. Thompson thus describes the feelings of the conquered people who were forced to put out their fires by a "foreign invader:"

"The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected sank into their sordid beds,
And through the mournful gleam of better times,
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better."

Butter Scotch is simply brown sugar and butter melted together, flavored with extract of lemon, cooked to the "crack," and finished as taffy.

Christ's Second Coming.

All God's dear and faithful ones are such as "love the appearing of our Lord Jesus." We cannot be true friends to those whose presence we do not desire and delight in. Now this appearing is either in His coming to us or our going to Him; and, whichever it be, His people enjoy His appearance. Could we be content with either of these, and not love them or wish for them, our hearts are not yet right with God. It is true there is some terror in the way to both of these. His return to us is not without dreadful majesty; for the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The glorious retinue of His blessed angels must needs be attended with an astonishing magnificence; and our passage to Him must be through the gates of death, where nature cannot but feel some horror. But the immediate issue of both is so infinitely advantageous and happy, that the fear is easily swallowed up of joy. Certainly, neither that heavenly state in which Christ shall return to us, nor the fears of a harmless and beneficial death by which we shall pass to Him, can or ought to hinder our love of His appearing. Oh, Saviour, come in whatever equipage Thou wilt, Thou canst be no other than lovely and welcome. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!—*Bishop Hall.*

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

The Chimes of London.

"The chimes, the chimes of mother-land,
Of England, green and old;
That out from thane and ivied tower,
A thousand years have tolled!"

I often thought of Coxe's beautiful ballad, when, after a day spent in Waterloo Place, I have listened, on my way homeward, to the chimes of Mary le bone Chapel sounding sweetly and clearly above the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibration which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes wearied of a continued toll—the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal—but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning—and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist—or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than is wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry.

I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tremulous sweetness, the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away through dark, silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the careworn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit voices, which at such times speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss. I love these eloquent Bells; and I think there must be many, living out a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The natures of the very cockneys, who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is to my mind, invested with one hue of poetry.—*Bayard Taylor.*

—The highest temper of physical courage is not to be found or perfected in action, but in repose. All physical effort relieves the strain, and makes it easier to persist unto death under the stimulus and excitement of the shock of battle, or of violent exertion of any kind, than when the effort has to be made with grounded arms. In other words, may we not say that, in the face of danger, self-restraint is, after all, the highest form of self-assertion?

Hints to Housekeepers.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Mix with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a camel's hair brush to the broken edges and unite.

CANNOT BE DENIED.—The curative influence of the pine in lung diseases is everywhere admitted, and when combined with other effective pectoral remedies, as in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the effect is doubly beneficial. No case of cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or hoarseness can resist the healing powers of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 25 and 50c. at druggists.

CHOPS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—After trimming the chops neatly, and seasoning with salt, pepper, and mixed herb powder, dip each one in beaten egg, coat with fine bread crumbs, and fry a rich brown on both sides, in a small quantity of clarified fat. When done, pile the chops up high in the middle of a hot dish; surround them with a border of carefully-boiled whole potatoes, rather small and even in size, and pour over all some tomato sauce; sprinkle the surface lightly with finely chopped parsley and tiny patches of sifted egg yolk, and serve very hot.

PROVED BEYOND DISPUTE.—No one now doubts that Burdock Blood Bitters will cure dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache or bad blood. The proof is so thorough and overwhelming that the doubters have been silenced and B.B.B. is secured in its place as the best purifying tonic and regulator extant. BYRON HOLT, Princeton, Ont.

TO RESTORE SHABBY VELVET.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia with half a pint of hot water, and apply it to the velvet with a stiff brush, rubbing it well into the pile so as to take out all the stains and creases. Then hold the velvet over a hot flat-iron until the steam raises the pile, and it is perfectly dry.

FOR SWELLINGS AND FELONS.—*Gentlemen*,—My little girl, aged 3, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with.

MRS. C. E. WENDOVER, Manda, Man.

CINNAMON BUNS.—Roll rusk dough until half an inch thick. Wash with molasses and water. Strew cinnamon and currants over the dough. Roll up and cut in one-inch pieces. To glaze rusk and buns, wash with molasses and water while they are hot.

A HEALTHY AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.—Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

An elegant and economical luncheon dish may be made from potatoes and the remnants of a roast in the following way: Select large, long potatoes, wash them thoroughly with a brush, cut off the ends a little, and remove the centers with a thin scoop. Do not leave too thin a wall in taking out the center. Mince any cold meat, season it highly and fill the potatoes with it. Bake in a quick oven, garnish with parsley or celery, and serve with a sauce or the remnant meat gravy.

A little care to straighten out the stems and leaves in a bouquet, and to take out the withered and straggling parts, will improve it so much that one realizes that even flowers are daintier for dainty handling.

A suggestion to those who cannot afford to give Christmas gifts: Write a letter, tie it in the quaint old fashion with a bit of ribbon, sealing the ribbon on the back. Let it go through the mail, and to many a one such a letter—if you have put your heart into it and let the recipient know your thought and love for her—will bring more true and lasting Christmas cheer than any present you could send.

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE.—Is used by inhalation, thus reaching the seat of the disease direct. Its action is immediate and certain. No waiting for results. Ask any druggist or address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package.

Children's Department.

A Happy New Year!

"A happy New Year! a happy New Year!" and little Violet and Walter Mildmay came dancing into their mother's room.

"Thank you, my chicks, ; the same to you both," answered Mrs. Mildmay, as she stooped to kiss their rosy little faces.

"I do think Christmas and New Year is the very jolliest time of all," said Walter, throwing himself on the soft rug and gazing at the bright fire. "It looks so white and pretty outside with all the snow on the ground."

"Yes, dear, it is very nice to look at when you can sit by a bright fire, and when you have good warm clothes and comforts; but I think some poor little children will be glad when the winter is over, and the warm summer comes."

"I wish we could warm them all, mamma," said tender-hearted little Violet earnestly. "You have been making a lot of warm clothes and things for the poor, haven't you? We can't do anything, because we are too small," she added, shaking her head sadly.

Walter's sunny face grew serious too, as he sat pondering over the question—

"Would you like to do something to make to-day a happy one for somebody, my darlings?"

"Yes, yes; do tell us how, mamma!" and both children fixed their blue eyes on their mother's face, waiting eagerly for her reply.

"Well, in a little cottage just the other side of the common there lives a poor woman, who has three little children. Her husband is away at sea, and one of the boys is a cripple, and has to lie on his bed nearly all



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness

ARTISTS



Be sure you choose your Oil and Water Colors with this trade mark. It stands for the celebrated makers,

WINSOR & NEWTON

Manufacturing Artists' Colormen to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.

These colors are within reach of all. Don't risk your picture by using cheap stuff. If your art dealer will not supply them send direct to

A. RAMSAY & SON,

MONTREAL,

Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada and Manufacturers of White Leads, Colors, Varnishes, &c., &c.

day. The mother can only give them potatoes or dry bread for dinner, and they think it a great treat to get milk sometimes. Would you like to go and take them a basket of nice things, so that they shall have a happy New Year's day?"

"Oh, that we would indeed!" cried the children in chorus, and Walter began to jump about in glee. "What shall we put in the basket, mamma?"

"A beefsteak-pie and a plum-pudding, and I will put in some warm cuffs and stockings, and a packet of tea and some sugar. Do you think you would be able to carry all that?"

"Oh, yes; put in as much as ever you can!" cried Walter, feeling very strong indeed.

"Shall we have to go inside all alone, mamma?" inquired Violet, who was rather a shy child.

"No, dear, not unless you like. You can knock at the door, and then leave the basket outside. I will write Mrs. Maclean's name on it, so she will know it is all right."

"Oh, what fun! She will think it is a fairy," exclaimed Violet. "Do make haste and get it all ready, please, mother."

The basket was soon packed, and after superintending this, Violet and Walter ran to get on their warm things

We Call Them Conceits

Simply because they are so exquisitely pretty and unique that they are calculated to make those who own them feel proud almost to "conceit." We know they have that effect on us, at any rate, and you can hardly blame us either.

We have them with Diamonds and all Precious Stones, we have them in Gold and Silver, we have them for the hair, the ears, the neck, the mouth, the breast, the finger, the pocket, the drawing room, the dining room, billiard room, and library. We have them by our own special designer on the premises, and we have visited personally America, England, France, Australia, Germany and Italy for them, purchasing in every instance from the makers.

We know we are well within the bounds of truth when we say this city never before saw so many real choice things in Diamonds, Watches, Sterling Silver-ware and Art Goods as we to-day show—all selected with Christmas in our mind's eye.

REMEMBER, You skip all middle profits with us.

Ryrie Bros.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Two rosy little muffled-up figures, Jack Frost saw it was no use trying to nip them with his icy fingers. Violet's red cloak lined with fur, and Walter's thick winter coat, fur cap and warm gloves, kept him at a distance; so off he flew to try and find some little blue fingers to pinch.

The children carried the basket between them, and were obliged to put it down every now and then to rest, for it was a heavy weight for the two small people; but they had declined the offer of the gardener's boy to carry it for them, and bravely struggled on to their destination.

CIRCULATION

Is the wheel that makes you go to the Store of

Frank S. Taggart & Co.

89 King St. West, Toronto.

For Dueber-Hampden & other Watches, Jewellery of any and every description, Novelties, fine Art Pictures, Guns, Sporting Goods, Bicycles and many other things required at

The Festive Season

That is approaching.

We Want to Know

what good we derive from this advertisement.

Cut this out, endorse on it the name of this paper, and you will receive 10 per cent. discount on all purchases.

Frank S. Taggart & Co. TORONTO.

N. B.—Two hundred and eight page Illustrated Catalogue of the goods we sell sent FREE upon receipt of your address with above coupon.

1892 Wall Paper..

Our Showroom at 156 Yonge St. is filled to the ceiling with all the

Novelties for Interior Work.

Kindly call and look at our goods and get prices before purchasing.

Mullin & Muir, 156 Yonge St., TORONTO.

While they are on their way, he will take a peep inside Mrs. Maclean's cottage, and see what is going on there. In the tidy little kitchen a boy about seven years old lies on his mother's lap. He is thin and pale, unlike two other noisy children that are in the room.

"Why do the bells keep ringing on, mother?" asks the sick boy. "They are ringing to welcome in the New Year."

"People are wishing each other a Happy New Year, mother, and look so merry and cheerful," said little Lucy. "And the shops are so gay, and full of pretty things—'New Year's gifts' they call them. Don't you wish you were rich, mother, to buy some?"

"Rich, dear? Well I don't know so much about that; but I'd like to be

Dyspepsia

Dr. T. H. Andrews, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says of

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

"A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach, and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations. For Sale by all Druggists.

keepers.

—Mix with a strong water enough plaster. Apply this with a pen edges and unite.

curative influence of everywhere admitted, er effective pectoral Norway Pine Syrup, No case of cough, arseness can resist food's Norway Pine ists.

—After trimming the with salt, pepper, and one in beaten egg, and fry a rich brown ntity of clarified fat. high in the middle n with a border of es, rather small and some tomato sauce; with finely chopped sifted egg yolk, and

—No one now doubts will cure dyspepsia, lache or bad blood. overwhelming that ced and B.B.B. is t purifying tonic and LT, Princeton, Ont.

ET.—Mix two table- with half a pint of velvet with a stiff e pile so as to take es. Then hold the til the steam raises y.

s.—Gentlemen,—My rge swelling on her llow Oil on it and it It also cured a felon

ER, Manda, Man.

dough until half an molasses and water. its over the dough. ieeces. To glaze rusk ses and water while

BEVERAGE.—Menier real cup of Choco- Chouillou, Montreal, ctions.

ancheon dish may be remnant's of a roast ; large, long potatoes, a brush, cut off the centers with a thin a wall in taking out neat, season it highly t. Bake in a quick r celery, and serve meat gravy.

1 out the stems and ake out the withered prove it so much that ers are daintier for

cannot afford to give letter, tie it in the of ribbon, sealing the go through the mail, ter—if you have put recipient know your will bring more true han any present you

—Is used by inhal- of the disease direct. certain. No waiting t or address Dr. R. , for a free trial pack-

able to buy some good food and warm clothes for you all. But we shall get on when father comes home, and so we must make the best of it till then. We've a loaf in the cupboard and a bit of fire in the grate, and that's more than some folks have," said Mrs. Maclean, trying to speak cheerfully, though she really felt down-hearted when she looked at the little thin pale faces of her children, and wished she could give them a better New Year's dinner than potatoes and bread. She had had some coals and a good warm blanket given her at Christmas, for which she was very grateful. She was one of those people who do not go about complaining of their poverty, and though she worked hard enough, found it a struggle to get food and clothing for herself and three children.

They were always so neat and tidy that people did not think they could be in want, and the poor little things often went hungry to bed. Lucy and Freddy gazed longingly at the tempting array in the shop-windows, and tried to make believe that their dinner of dry bread and potatoes was beef and plum-pudding, which they had enjoyed at the Christmas dinner given to the school-children by the kind vicar.

"I do wish Christmas day wasn't over," said Freddy wistfully. "We shall have to wait a whole year before it comes again."

"Never mind, my boy," said his mother; "I have a day's washing at the lady's at the 'Firs,' there, across the common, and she said maybe she'd find me some work; so there's no knowing but I may be able to get a bit of meat now and then for you, and that will help to keep the cold out."

She was putting the saucepan on the fire to boil the potatoes, when a rap at the door made them all start. "Who can that be?" said Mrs. Maclean. "Run to the door, Lucy, and see."

Lucy jumped up and undid the latch. "Why, there's no one there, mother; but, oh mother! here's a big basket—do come and look!"

Mrs. Maclean came quickly forward, Freddy ran, and Johnny raised himself up and tried hard to see. "Mrs. Maclean, wishing her a Happy New Year"—so ran the label.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the poor woman. "It's for us, right enough. But where did it come from, and how did it get here, I wonder?"

"Open it quick, do, mother!" begged the children. What was their delight to find the store of good things inside! How they danced about in glee, and even Johnnie shouted "Hooray!" when the plum-pudding was lifted out. At the bottom of the basket lay a beautiful illuminated card,

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."
—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill,"
Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."
—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."
—Mrs. A. Collins,
Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."
—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

MUCH BETTER,
Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S
EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
—Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

with the text, "Oh Lord God of Hosts; blessed is the man that putteth his trust in Thee."

"Yes, indeed; if we did not think there is always Someone up above always watching over us, we should be miserable creatures indeed," said Mrs. Maclean. "God bless their kind hearts, whosoever it may be, that has thought of us to-day," she added, drying her eyes with her apron.

So occupied were they with the wonderful basket, that they did not see two little fair faces peeping in, their noses flattened against the window-panes, and their rosy cheeks dimpled with smiles. What a description Mrs. Mildmay had from her two children of the opening of the basket! "I really think," said Violet, "that I enjoyed it as much as I did our Christmas-tree!"

"It was stunning!" said Walter, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Well, dears, I am sure you will agree with me that there is a great

pleasure in making other folks happy," observed Mrs. Mildmay, smiling at their contented faces.

"To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe.
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels work below."

—A zealous advocate of missions was pleading his cause before the inmates of a large lunatic asylum. The patients heard him with great interest. He told how sad heathenism was in many ways: how sometimes parents cast their little children into the river to be eaten by crocodiles, and sometimes children cast out their aged parents. As he spoke one man was moved to floods of tears. The function over, the speaker expressed a desire to see this person, and he was brought. "You seemed much interested in my address?" "Yes, very much interested." "And even a little touched by what I said." "Very deeply touched," said the patient, sobbing. "May I ask what it was that so came home to you, my friend?" "I was thinking"—again he sobbed heavily—"what a pity it was that your parents had not thrown you out to be eaten by a crocodile when you were an infant."

WOOLS AT FIRST HAND
and sold less than
WHOLESALE PRICES.

Berlin Wools, all colors, 5c. per ounce.
Shetland Wools, all colors, 6c. per ounce.
Andalusian Wools, all colors, 6c. per ounce.
Baldwin's best Fingering Wool, all colors, 8c. skein, \$1.25 per lb.
Scotch Fingering, cheapest imported, 4c. skein, 55c. per lb.
Ladies' finest Fleecy Soles, 16 sizes, 30c. per pair.
Belding's Knitting Silk, all colors, 35c. a ball.
Filo Floss, and all other wash embroidery silks, all colors, 35c. a dozen.
Stamped Linen Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, 30c. a set.
Gentlemen's Silk Suspenders, 50c. a pair.
Gentlemen's Work Slippers from 50c. a pair.
Also to hand, large stock finest Hemstitched Linen Tray Covers, Tea Cosies, 5 o'clock Shams, &c., at lowest prices.

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OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY.

Made by the latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR,
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN," Granulated,
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED,
Very Superior Quality.

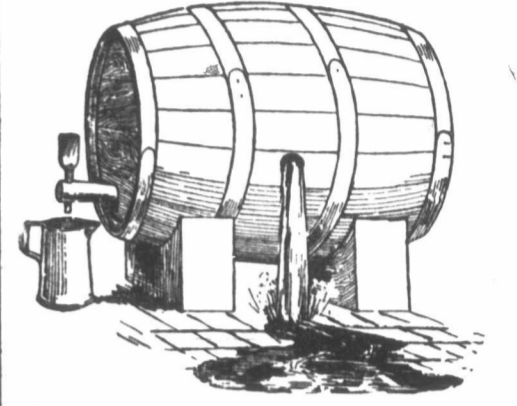
CREAM SUGAR S,
(Not Dried).

YELLOW SUGARS,
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS,
Of all Grades in Barrels and Half-Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lb. & 5 lb. each.

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND
WASTING AT THE
BUNGHOLE
IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY



It is on a par with buying lots of rubbishy soap for little money.

Poor soaps are the "bung-hole" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

SUNLIGHT
SOAP

Closes the Avenues of Waste and Ruin, and by its lasting properties, its wonderful cleansing powers and perfect purity, it Saves Time & Labor, and brings Comfort & Satisfaction to all who use it.

IT IS TRUE ECONOMY 'Sunlight' TRY IT TO USE THE

WORKS BY SUNLIGHT LEVER BROS., LIMITED
NEAR BIRKENHEAD

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine
Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

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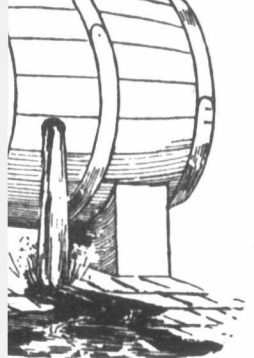
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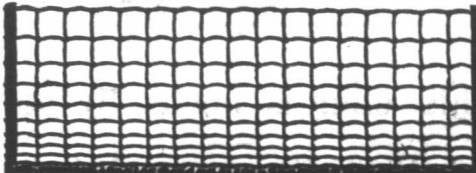
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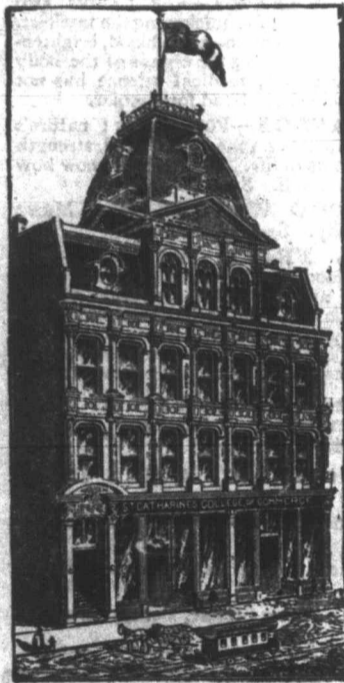
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