

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

"Behold I bring you Good Tidings of Great Joy."—Luke II: 10.

VOLUME I.

LONDON, ONT., JUNE, 1889.

NUMBER 3.

St. Matthew's Church.

REGULAR SERVICES every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
HOLY COMMUNION at Morning Service, on the first Sunday of each month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 3 p.m.

PASTOR.—Rev. W. Minter Seaborn.

WARDENS.—Thomas Clark and Geo. Minhinnick.

SIDESMEN.—John Isaac, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Henshaw, and R. Chadwick.

ORGANIST.—Mrs. Gray.

CHOIR MASTER.—Edward Gardener.

SEXTON.—P. Murch.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—H. Herbert.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Coutier.

Emmanuel Church.

REGULAR SERVICE—Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

WARDENS.—F. Fitzgerald and R. Shoebottom.

ORGANIST.—Miss McLeod.

SEXTON.—Edward Turner.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—Henry Shoebottom.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Powell.

TONY.

GRACE H. DUFFIELD IN S.S. TIMES.

"Mother!" Frank Benton's voice rang through the hall. "Mother, can you come down a moment? There's a very distinguished visitor here, and he inquires for you."

Mrs. Benton descended the stairs calmly; she was used to the young collegian's ways, and the prospect of meeting a distinguished visitor did not appall her in the least. But when she caught sight of him—well, she laughed, and so would you have done, could you have seen him. He was very small, very black, very ragged, and very grave.

"Where did you get him?" she asked, turning to Frank, but Frank had vanished. The small boy of Africa was regarding her seriously, and her unseemly mirth was quenched. She turned to him a face as grave as his own.

"Did you want me?" she inquired.

"Yes,"—with great solemnity.

There was a pause, and the loose patch on the back of the ragged trousers flapped dismally in the draught from the open door. Mrs. Benton's eyes twinkled, but she maintained a decorous demeanor.

"May I ask what you wanted?"

"Fi cents."

"And might I ask what for?"

"Pills."

"Are you ill?"

"Nope. It's mam."

"What's the matter?"—this with a touch of sympathy.

"Chills."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said the tender-hearted woman, taking ten cents from her pocket. "I hope she will soon be better. Run and get the medicine. What is your name? Perhaps I can help your mother."

"Tony," said the urchin, showing the whites of his eyes.

"What else?"

"I d'now."

Tony gravely took his departure, tightly clasping his ten cents.

"Well," inquired Frank's voice with interest, "have you sped the parting guest? And don't you think it would have been a good thing if some one had dipped him in Afric's sunny fountains? What's his name? Did he mention his residence or occupation?"

"Frank," said his mother reprovingly, but with a smile at the corners of her mouth, "don't torment. The poor little fellow's mother is sick, and he wanted some medicine for her."

"What kind of medicine?" Frank questioned skeptically,—*"licorice?"*

The next day Tony appeared on the scene again, as composed as ever Mrs. Benton inquired anxiously for his mother. She was well by this time, he guessed. Didn't he know? Well, no, he couldn't say that he did, exactly.

"What have you come for to-day then?" was the not unreasonable question.

"To bor' fi cents."

"What for?"

"To go to Milford."

"Why?"

"Somebody dead up there, shouldn't wonder."

That time the five cents wasn't forth coming, and the day following Tony called again. His errand was "to bor' fi cents to pay for his cuffs an' the laundry."

The day after he appeared once more.

"Got a job for me?" he asked, with nonchalance. "Do most anythin' for fi cents."

"All right," answered Frank, desirous to encourage so noble and ambitious a spirit. "Go out in the garden, and pick the apples that are on the big tree; and if they're all off by noon I'll give you five times five cents."

Tony scampered away, and the patch waved triumphantly as he ran.

A little before noon, Mrs. Benton, passing the window, looked into the garden, and caught sight of something which arrested her attention. It was Tony. He had procured a piece of rope, thrown it over a branch of the tree, and now sat in his extemporized swing, swaying gracefully back and forth and munching an apple, his whole expression bearing witness to a contented mind and a heart at rest. Every little while he raised himself by his arms, and then let himself down hard. Sometimes an apple fell as a result of this proceedings, but it made very little difference to Tony whether the apples came off or stayed on,—he was having a very pleasant time.

"Tony!" called Mrs. Benton, having tried in vain to find out what was happening. "Tony, what are you doing?"

"Pickin' apples," answered Tony cheerfully, pushing the swing with his foot, and tossing away his apple-core. "He's a gwine to gi' me fi' fi' centses."

Mrs. Benton looked visibly despairing, but she held her peace.

When Frank came home he laughed immoderately, paid his workman, and dismissed him. There were six apples on the table, all more or less battered; but Tony's pockets bulged, and his face wore the contented smile so characteristic of true worth.

But as, day after day, Tony appeared, vanished, and reappeared, with unflinching regularity, it became a little monotonous even to Frank, who had taken an unaccountable liking for the boy.

And Tony, poor, unloved, uncared-for, black wail, followed Frank always, with unquestioning devotion. The young man would have been more than human if he had not wearied of it very often. It was not pleasant to be chaffed by his classmates about his "shadow," but Frank could not find it in his heart to speak sharply to the child.

This devotion to something better and higher than he had known before, did not at once effect a radical change in Tony's nature. He was only a very loving little vagabond, after all.

By dint of much persuasion, and many promises of "fi cents," Frank induced him to enter the Sunday school class, and after that no one was more regular an attendant than he. Frank had always a cheery word for him; and the child's whole face changed when once or twice the tall teacher placed a kind hand on his shoulder.

He still demanded five cents, or even more on occasions. But often he might have been seen in the early morning, ragged and happy, holding the bridle of Frank's restless horse, and when at last the young man sprang into the saddle with a pleasant "Thank you, my boy!" Tony crept away quietly, with a strange glow at his heart, and no thought of payment for the service rendered.

One cold winter morning he stood in his accustomed place, the bridle in his hand, and all his ragged garments fluttering in the wind. He danced up and down to keep himself warm; and the droll childish figure looked smaller than ever beside the great bay horse, which was growing very impatient in the frosty air. Just then, something, no one ever knew what, frightened the animal, which made a terrible plunge. Tony tried desperately to hold on, but the horse shook off the restraining hand, and with a sudden forward movement threw the child beneath the upraised hoofs. One cruel blow, one faint

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

St. Matthew's Message

Is sent out Monthly by the
Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor,
IN CONNECTION WITH
ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, - LONDON, ONTARIO.
Subscription, 25c. per Year. Payable in Advance.

OUR PARISH PEOPLE.

Mrs. Phillips is indisposed.
Mr. Wm. Brown's little daughter Florian is ill.
Mr. Laphorn is spending a few days with his son-in-law at Belmont.
The Young People's Society purpose picnicing at Port Stanley in June.
Gertie Quick's illness has proved very tedious. She seems at last to be recovering.
Mr. John Shoebottom's young son, after a long and severe illness, died on the 15th of May.

Rev. Principal English delivered an eloquent sermon in St. Matthew's on the evening of May 12.

The new book-holders placed in the pews through the kindness of Messrs. Coutier and Minhinnick will be appreciated.

Mr. John Dilloway's many friends will regret his departure for Stratford where he has accepted a position in the G.T.R. Shops.

Mr. Howard, divinity student, preached in Emmanuel in the afternoon and St. Matthew's in the evening of May 19th, being assisted in the service at Emmanuel by Mr. Brownlee, also of Huron College.

The Local Union Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor were favored by the Bishop's acceptance of an invitation to address them on the occasion of their anniversary in the Memorial Church on the evening of May 28th.

Mr. George Minhinnick, late of Devonshire, England, has recently come to live with his uncle, Mr. George Minhinnick, of this city. Mr. Minhinnick is an educated young man of literary ability, and will be a valuable addition to the congregation and to our Society.

Monday evening, June 3rd, the Society of Christian Endeavor will have "an evening with Dickens." Mr. E. Gardener will read a paper on the life and writings of the popular author, and selections will be read by different members from some of his works. The programme will be varied by appropriate vocal and instrumental music.

The following seventeen members of the congregation were confirmed on Sunday, the 19th of May, by his Lordship the Bishop of Huron: John Isaac, Chas. T. Martin, W. Henry Minhinnick, Harriet Kingsnorth, Fanny Yeo, Mary Smith, Mary H. Scott, Annie J. Kew, Mary E. Burger, Adelaide Scott, Elizabeth Standfield, Alice Maud Tibbs, Blanch Dale, Elizabeth Eggett, Reid J. Depoté, George F. F. Seaborn and Wesley H. Depoté.

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[Written for the MESSAGE.]

REAPING.

Life is full of pleasure,
Life is full of pain;
Here of chaff one gathers—
There one garners grain.

Yon stalwart man is groaning,
Here laughs a cripple boy;
And many's the taste of anguish,
In the dregs of brimming joy.

Didst think man's strength availing
To bid your sorrow cease?
Will theories of the human
Give thee eternal peace?

Life is full of pleasure,
Life is full of pain;
Here of chaff one gathers—
There one garners grain.

—F. L.

THE GREAT ELECTION DAY, OR WHO'S TO BE THE MAN?

The whole place is in an uproar! Nothing but canvassing and election speeches! What excitement! What a great ado! And soon it will be voting day; and then the excitement will reach its height. Meanwhile the cry is, "Who's to be the man?" And, strange to tell, that was just the cry in a certain city many hundred years ago. It was voting day in Jerusalem. What! you say, you did not know there was any voting day there. O, but there was. And what crowds, and what excitement there was then! You could have numbered the people by the thousands—aye by the tens of thousands.

It was election day; and there never had been a day like it before; nor has there been a day like it since. The governor of the city presided at the meeting, and took the vote of the people as to whether they were for Barabbas or Christ.

Barabbas, the murderer, or Christ Jesus the Lord, the Saviour of lost sinners. "Who's to be the man?" That was the question. And it was soon to be settled. "Who are you for?" said the governor; "are you for Christ?" No, they cried out, all at once. "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas." Their choice is made; their vote is recorded. They have elected Barabbas. They won't have Christ. They will have anybody but Him. They will rather have Barabbas, murderer though he be. And what is to be done with Christ? "Away with Him; crucify Him." And so Barabbas, the people's man is set free, and Christ the rejected one, is led forth and nailed to a cross on Golgotha's hill, and hung up between heaven and earth, as if unworthy of a place in either! But God has not forgotten that terrible deed—the murder of His own Son. Ah! no. And there is a day coming when the world shall have to stand before God, and tell Him what they did with His Son. And Jerusalem's governor shall have to say what he did with Christ. And you, reader, shall have to answer the question—"What

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PARIS GREEN.

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

TONY.

(Continued from first page.)

cry, and Tony lay quite still, while the terrified brute rushed down the street.

Tender hands lifted the little figure, all bruised and trampled; the child was dying.

"I tried to hold him, 'deed an' honest. I didn't want fi cents. You said, "Love one another,"—the voice grew weaker, and faltered but went bravely on,—"an' I was a-tryin', 'deed an' honest."

It was all over; the loving heart had ceased to beat, and Frank's little shadow had gone away. But Frank never forgot; and to-day in the churchyard stands a low marble slab, bearing the simple inscription, "Tony," and beneath, "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

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have you done with Christ?" "What!" you say, "Me?" Yes, you. The question before you is the very same one that Pilate asked: "What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Have you received Him, or have you rejected Him? Remember that is the question God has in store for you. On the great day that is coming, God will not ask, "Whom do you vote for in this election?" or "What party did you sympathize with?" or "Who was your favorite?" but He will ask, "What have you done with my Son?" You need not say, "I'll be neutral; I'll neither receive Christ nor reject Him. Pilate tried that, but failed. There was no middle ground. It was simply

CHRIST OR THE WORLD—WHICH?

And that is the question with you, reader.

Does the world think any more of Christ now than 1800 years ago? O no. Go into that company, there, and say, "Let us have a little talk about Christ;" and they say, "Away with Him; we don't want to hear about Him; we'll talk of anything, anybody but Him." The vote of the world is still the same. God says, "Seek first the kingdom of God." But people say No, we must see this election over first. Mr. So-and-So is to be the man and he must be put in. God says Christ is to be the Man, and He is to be first; and the world virtually says he must be second this time. What terrible folly! Reader, you may be a voter, although possibly you are not. But no matter. In the midst of all this noise I ask, Are you born again? Is your soul saved? If not, what will this great ado profit you if God were to say, "Thou fool. THIS NIGHT thy soul shall be required of thee?" What then? Ah! "Lost for ever," you would cry: "and I might have been saved had I taken God's plan, and got CHRIST first." Then reader, I beseech you, even as you are reading this, to be reconciled unto God.

People say they don't believe in excitement. But look at the great excitement that prevails just now. And if you got only half as much excited about your soul's salvation the world would say you were getting into "too great a state!" How Satan is blindfolding the people! But don't be deceived, reader. Don't be afraid of getting excited about your soul. It will be terribly exciting for you to go to hell, for there you must go if you have not got Christ—if you are not converted to God. Then don't tarry. Let others get excited about the election or whatever they like—"Make your calling and election sure." Take the lost sinner's place, and claim the lost sinner's Saviour. While others are crying up this one or that one, and wondering who's to be the man, let the language of your soul be—"The Man Jesus for me."

"My heart is fixed, eternal God—

Fixed on Thee;

And my eternal choice is made—

CHRIST FOR ME.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON NOTES.

A very short paper is here given of the Sunday School Lessons; earnestly hoping the parents will see that their children learn the Golden Text, Collect, etc. Parents do well to read all the parallel passages with the children, or the elder brothers and sisters with the younger ones.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1889.

TITLE:—**JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.**

ST. MARK XIV, 55-65.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*They hated Me without a cause.*—John xv. 25.

The Jews sought false witness against the innocent, peaceful and loving Jesus. A bad heart only can hate and injure the good that seek to help and bless others. Jesus continued calm and as kind as ever. He was loving, they hating. He true, they false. The beauty of goodness, the hatefulness of evil. Choose for your action in life. Which will you be?

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1889.

TITLE:—**JESUS BEFORE PILATE.**

ST. MARK XV. 1-20.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*Pilate saith unto them, take ye Him, and crucify Him.*—John xix. 6.

The chief priests and elders consult concerning the disposition to be made of Jesus. He is delivered, bound, to Pilate. The Jews choose Barabbas to be released in preference to Jesus, who is scourged and delivered to be crucified. That Jesus should be willing to suffer all this for a sinful world reveals the great love of God to our race. This is the grace, (favour) the gospel of God to man.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1889.

TITLE:—**JESUS CRUCIFIED.**

ST. MARK XV. 21-39.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.*—Phil. ii. 8.

Jesus being extremely exhausted from the agony of the garden, the scourging, mocking, buffeting (struck with the clenched fist) crowning with thorns &c. They compel Simon a Cyrenian to carry his cross. It was an honour to carry even a cross for Jesus, and so it is still. The greatest act of all acts the CRUCIFIXION by which we are pardoned and eternal life follows. Let us not overlook the feeling of Jesus Christ towards his murderers. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Can we so learn of Jesus as to feel the same towards those that hate and injure us? If so we shall be Christ-like.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1889

TITLE:—**JESUS RISEN.**

ST. MARK XVI. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT:—*Now is Christ risen, from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.*—1 Cor. xv. 20.

The death and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are historical facts that we absolutely rely upon for our Salvation. "For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

The doctrine of the atonement is established by the resurrection of Christ. Salvation assured and every hope fully secured because Jesus Christ lives now to fulfil His promises.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1889.

REVIEW OR TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

MISSIONARY LESSON.

St. Mark xvi. 14-20.

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