

Dominion Line

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.
LIVERPOOL SERVICE

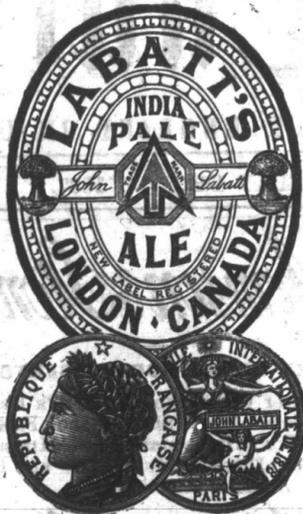
Sailing dates.
From Portland. From Halifax.
Oregon 22nd Dec., Thur. 24th Dec., Sat.
Vancouver " " 7th Jan., Sat.
Barnia " " 21st " "

Rates of passage from Portland or Halifax to
Liverpool:—Cabin \$50, \$65 and \$75. Second
Cabin \$30. Steerage at lowest rates.

*These steamers' saloons and staterooms are
amidships, and they carry neither cattle nor
sheep.

The last train connecting with the mail steam-
er at Quebec leaves Toronto on the Wednes-
day morning.

Special rates for Clergymen and their wives.
Apply to GROWSKI & BUCHAN, 24 King St. E.
or to G. W. TORRANCE,
18 Front Street West, Toronto



Received the Highest Awards for Purity
and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876
Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris
1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto
says:—"I find it to be perfectly sound, contain-
ing no impurities or adulterations, and can
strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a
very superior malt liquor."
John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry
Montreal, says: "I find them to be remarkably
sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, ONT
JAN GOODE & Co., Agents, Toronto.

C. F. LENNOX, DENTIST, Yonge St. Arcade
Toronto is the only dentist in the city
who uses the new system of *Vitalized Air* for ex-
tracting teeth absolutely without pain or danger
to the patient

Best Sets of Artificial Teeth—\$8.00
My gold fillings are unsurpassed by any in
Canada are registered and warranted for ten
years



**FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.**

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own
Furgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectus
destroyer of worms in Children or Adult

OF ALL THE
COMBINATIONS
Of Manufacturers in producing a good
Cook Stove, there is none to equal



**MOSES'
Combination Stove.**

Those who relish a well-cooked roast,
or a palatable, appetizing bun or cake,
should not fail to secure this
BEST OF STOVES.

The Fire Never Goes Out in Winter.
Manufactured and Sold by
F. MOSES, 301 Yonge St., Toronto.

M. STAUNTON & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Paper Hangings and Decorations.

ART PAPER HANGINGS.

New and Beautiful Designs in Ceiling Decorations.

4 AND 6 KING STREET, TORONTO.

1888. **TORONTO MAYORALTY.** 1888

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

ELIAS ROGERS

THE CITIZENS' CANDIDATE,

In the interests of "Municipal Reform, Progressive Moral Legislation, and
Honest Enforcement of Law."

Mr. Rogers' only danger is in the over-confidence of his friends.
LET EVERY VOTE BE POLLED!

GENERAL GROCERIES.
NEW RAISINS, NEW CURRANTS.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
Raspberry, Black Currant,
And Green Gage Jams
In lb. Bottles.
R. FLACK
258 Gerrard-st. East Toronto.

THE
ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NORTH AMERICA

Head Office - - Montreal.
Issues policies on the most liberal terms. No
extra charge for ocean permits.
MEDLAND & JONES,
General Agts. Eastern Ontario,
Equity Chambers, 20 Adelaide St
Toronto

BONANZA SALE.
-- TOYS --
ENTIRE NEW LINE.

Diamond Stove Co.,
6 & 8 Queen St. West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 1890.

"Our Forest Children."

Published in the interests of Indian educa-
tion and civilization. — Issued monthly.
TEN CENTS A YEAR.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER—16 pages
with cover, fully illustrated with original
sketches.

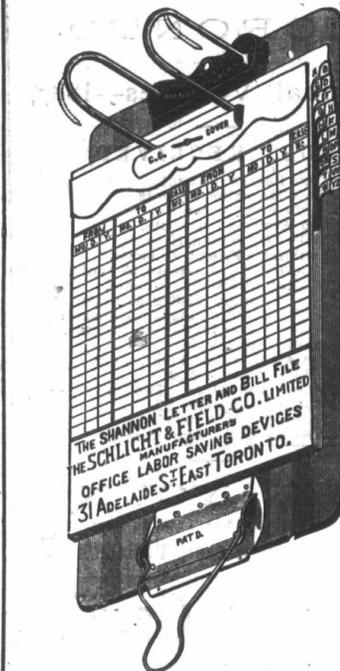
PRICE 15 CENTS.
For 25 cents we will send you the Christmas
number and one copy of *Our Forest Children*
till December, 1888.

For one dollar we will send 12 copies each
month to one address for one year. Children
can easily clear 20 cents by getting us 12 subscri-
bers at 10 cents each, and sending us one dollar

Address—
REV. E. F. WILSON,
Shingwauk Home,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

**GOLD WATCHES
FREE TO ALL!**

The publishers of *Housewife*, the
popular illustrated
home monthly, to intro-
duce it into new homes,
make this liberal offer: The person
telling us the longest verse in the Bi-
ble before January 15th will receive a
Gentleman's WATCH worth
\$75, **Solid Gold, Hunting Case,**
Stem winder. If there be more than
one correct answer, the second will
receive a **Lady's WATCH** worth \$60, **Solid Gold,**
Hunting Case, Stem winder, the third a **Gold Watch,**
Hunting case, Stem winder, worth \$40, the fourth a
Solid Silver Watch worth \$25. Each of the next
20 a handsome open face **Nickel Watch** worth \$10.
Enclose 24 cents with your answer for which we will
send you *Housewife* each month for 6 months. Rem't by
postal note, silver or stamps. Name this paper. Address
HOUSEWIFE PUB. CO., Greenfield, Mass.



THE
Improved Model
WASHER
AND
BLEACHER.

Pat. Aug. 2, 1884.
J. W. Dennis, Toronto.
Only weighs 4 lbs. Can be carried in a small valise

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

\$1,000 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR
Washing made light and
easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness
which no other mode of washing can produce.
No rubbing required—no friction to injure the
fabric. A ten-year-old girl can do the washing
as well as an older person. To place it in every
household, the price has been fixed at \$3.00,
and if not found satisfactory, in one month from
date of purchase, money refunded. Delivered at
any Express Office in the provinces of Ontario &
Quebec. Charges paid for \$3.50.
Toronto Bargain House.

C. W. Dennis, 213 Yonge St., Toronto.
Please mention this paper.
Agents wanted send for Circular

LOW COST HOUSES
AND HOW TO BUILD THEM,

30 cuts with specifications, estimates, and full
description of desirable modern houses, from 4
rooms up, costing from \$400 to \$5,000, profusely
illustrating every detail and many original ideas
in regard to decorating. Homes adapted to all
climates and all classes of people. The latest,
best, and only cheap work of the kind published
in the world. Sent by mail, post paid, upon
receipt of 25 cents. Stamps taken. Address
Brooklyn Building Association,
BROOKLYN N Y

**SALE OF
CITY PROPERTY.**

There will be sold by Public Auction at Messrs.
Oliver Coats and Co's rooms, No. 57 King St. East,
Toronto, on

Saturday, 10th Day of December, 1887,
at 12 o'clock, noon the following premises on eas-
side of Grove Avenue, the northerly thirty-six
feet of lots twelve and thirteen, according to
plan No. 7188, a fully described in deed regis-
tered as No 8068 in Book H I for West Toronto.
Terms 10 per cent. down, balance in ten days.
The conditions and particulars can be obtained
from the subscribers.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR—This injun-
ction applies not only to the mental but
the physical welfare, Salt rheum, ery-
sipelas, and all obstinate humors of the
blood are perfectly curable by **Burdock
Blood Bitters.**

THE NAPANEE PAPER COMPANY,
NAPANEE, ONT.

—MANUFACTURERS OF NOS. 2 AND 3—
White Colored & Toned Printing Papers
News & Colored Papers a Specialty.
Western Agency - 119 Bay St., Toronto
GEO. F. CHALLES, AGENT.
The DOMINION CHURCHMAN is printed on
our paper.

G. & A. OAKLEY,
LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHERS,

191 MANNING AVENUE,
TORONTO.

Family Groups and Residences
A SPECIALTY.

Terms: 10 x 8 in. pictures \$6.50 per
doz., \$8.50 half-dozen; 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., \$5.50
per doz., \$8.00 half dozen; Cabinet size
\$8.00 per doz., \$2.00 half-dozen.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bel's of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches,
Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY
WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.



Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

DECISIONS REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed in his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.
4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, while unpaid, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

The **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is Two Dollars a Year. If paid strictly, that is promptly in advance, the price will be one dollar; and in no instance will this rule be departed from. Subscribers at a distance can easily see when their subscriptions fall due by looking at the address label on their paper. The Paper is sent until ordered to be stopped. (See above decisions.)

The "Dominion Churchman" is the organ of the Church of England in Canada, and is an excellent medium for advertising—being a family paper, and by far the most extensively circulated Church journal in the Dominion.

Frank Weotten, Proprietor, & Publisher, Address: P. O. Box 2640. Office, No. 11 Imperial Buildings, 30 Adelaide St. W. west of Post Office, Toronto.

FRANKLIN BAKER, Advertising Manager.

LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

Dec. 18th, FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
Morning.—Isaiah xxx. to 27. Rev. ii. 18 to iii. 7.
Evening.—Isaiah xxxii.; or xxxiii. 9 to 23. Rev. iii. 7.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1887.

The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the "Dominion Churchman."

ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.—The *Toronto Saturday Night* in an article entitled "Advertising as a Fine Art" says, that the **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is widely circulated and of unquestionable advantage to judicious advertisers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter for publication of any number of **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** should be in the office not later than Thursday for the following week's issue.

A quantity of Correspondence and Diocesan News unavoidably left over for want of space.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT ON HOME RULERS.—This distinguished statesman recently wrote as follows to a friend: "For myself I do not discuss the question of a little more or a little less of a Parliament in Dublin. A Parliament is a weapon if once created and opened not difficult to form, but dangerous to deal with and to suppress. A Dublin Parliament now would make Mr. Parnell one of the Prime Ministers of the Queen, at least nominally of the Queen. At present he sulks and skulks at Avondale, and keeps silent amid the tumult he has done so much to create, whilst his lieutenants keep the rebellion-pot boiling in three of the provinces of Ireland. His right hand clasps the hand of Mr. Gladstone on this side of the Atlantic, and with the other he maintains a fraternal greeting with the gang in New York, by whom outrage and murder were and are designed, and who collect the funds out of which more than half the Irish party in the Parliament at Westminster receive their weekly and monthly pay to insult the Speaker, and to make useful legislation impossible. Mr. Gladstone tells us that a preliminary condition as to the future Irish measure is that it must be satis-

factory to Ireland, meaning Mr. Parnell. Thus, his coming Bill, or Bills, must run on the lines of the leader of the section of the House who are paid to play at rebellion in Ireland and to discredit the Parliament of Great Britain. The two millions of loyal populations in Ireland are to be forgotten, and their claim to a voice in this crisis of their fate is derided and rejected. In this jubilee year they are to be blotted out from the grand list of the subjects of the Queen, and to be passed over to what there is of truthfulness, wisdom and justice, in the men in whom we have seen these qualities and virtues wholly ignored during the last seven years. The Liberal party is asked to make this great surrender. It is to forget its noble past, and to adopt a future leading to a gulf the depth of which no man can sound. Surely the Liberals of our noble country will not knowingly make a surrender which may be so fatal, and must be so humiliating and ignominious."

What a terrible picture of Mr. Parnell's attitude. The same words apply equally to Mr. Edward Blake, he too helps to keep the pot of rebellion boiling; he too clasps Mr. Gladstone's hand and, with the other, maintains a fraternal greeting with the murder and outrage gang in New York. We note, too, that a Congregationalist Minister at Toronto has been addressing his sympathy towards the murder and outrage gang. Why do dissenting preachers always side with the lawless element in society?

WHAT WILL MR. SPURGEON NOW DO?—The *Christian Commonwealth*, Congregationalist paper, in a long article under which the title 'Mr. Spurgeon's Last Shot,' says:—

'But even Mr. Spurgeon needs to be reminded that he himself is not always as strong in defence of the Word of God as he would have others to be. While he faithfully practices what is commanded in the New Testament, he occasionally, in his writing and speaking, seems to practically ignore the importance of some of the very things that are absolutely essential to maintaining the integrity of the Christian system. Another thing we desire to notice, Mr. Spurgeon has been a strong denominationalist. While he has always expressed charity for other denominations, he has very vigorously maintained his denominational position in the Baptist family. Evidently Mr. Spurgeon's chickens are beginning to come home to roost. At any rate he is finding out that the great Baptist denomination is not such a magnificent structure after all as he has supposed it to be. Perhaps Mr. Spurgeon will now concede something at least of what we have been so long contending for, viz., that denominations are not only unnecessary, but are really a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel. Or it may be that Mr. Spurgeon's love for denomination will lead him to form another, and thus multiply the divisions, already far too numerous, in the Baptist family. Indeed, we do not see why he may not consistently do this. If denominations are good things, there is no need for being frightened at their multiplication. Evidently Mr. Spurgeon hints at a movement which would practically result in a new denomination, and we own that we are somewhat curious to see how the matter will terminate. There is no questioning the fact that Mr. Spurgeon has convictions, and whatever these may lead to, every one will be bound to respect him if he has the courage of them, and carries them to their logical sequence. But should he be satisfied to remain where he is, he will scarcely maintain the sympathy of many if he refuses to act with his brethren, and at the same time keeps up a perpetual protest against their doings. Undoubtedly we are on the eve of some startling events in our Protestant Christendom, and we should not be surprised at any time to hear of a religious movement that will aim to unite in one body all who claim to walk in the old paths.'

THE INTER-DIOCESAN SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.—The late Conference was one of the most important meetings yet held in connection with the Sunday School work of our Church. From one end of Canada to the other there seems to be one general desire for a Uniform Scheme of Church Lessons. Of this desire the late Conference is at once a proof and a practical expression.

An anonymous writer in a Toronto paper criticizes the Lord Bishop and the other members of the Conference for not having adopted the "International Series" of Lessons. But it must be evident to any unprejudiced mind that no recommendation from this, or any other Conference, could possibly secure the general adoption of that Series by Clergy and Laity. Not only do the so-called "International Committee" ignore the seasons of the Christian year, but it is still a more serious objection to their scheme, that, from the very condition of its existence, those who construct it are compelled to avoid such passages of Holy Scripture as involve distinctive doctrinal teaching. It cannot "embrace the whole Bible," as its admirers claim that it does. Representatives of denominations which differ among themselves about essential doctrines of the Christian faith, can scarcely be expected to unite in selecting as Sunday School Lessons those portions of the Bible which would clearly bring out their radical differences of belief. We should look in vain to them for any teaching respecting the nature and effect of Baptism, or Holy Communion, or Confirmation, or as to the polity of the Apostolic or the Early Church. Only such a residuum as may remain after the elimination of all distinctive teaching can constitute the "common ground" which we are asked to accept as the "whole Bible;" and this would never satisfy the Church which gave Christendom the whole English Bible, and which has never "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God."

A well-known American series of Manuals of Christian Doctrine has also been suggested. But it would be a grievous confession of weakness and incapacity were our Clergy to admit themselves incompetent to instruct the children committed to their care, without "looking to Washington," or even to Albany, to supply their lack of ability.

The action of the Conference, in adopting as the basis of the proposed scheme of Lessons the well known and thoroughly Churchly publications of the great British "Institute," will be approved by all those who desire the Church to continue faithful to her high trust as the "witness and keeper of Holy Writ;" and would be sorry to see her, (after the sad example of King Jehoiakim) using the dangerous penknife yeelp "non-denominationalism" upon essential portions of the teaching of Holy Scripture.—*The Teachers Assistant.*

NEW WEEKLY PAPER.—A decidedly new departure in Canadian journalism has been taken by the publishers of "TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT." It proposes to be, "the most piquant and entertaining of any Canadian paper, to treat politics and politicians in a breezy, yet thoughtful way, pointing out the follies and foibles of those who assume so much and do so little." The Students, a large element in Toronto society will, it is promised, find the new paper "representative of their best ambitions, amusements and even hilarities." The promise is given that "Saturday Night will not speak evil of any one, and that nothing will be said to cause either anger or pain." To all which we say cordially "So be it!" The paper is charmingly got up, and with trifling exceptions, such as are incident to a first number, a highly creditable specimen of a family paper. If our advice is worth hearing, we would suggest a discontinuance of the lists of guests at private houses, unless a complete list of the invited is given, selections are apt to give offence to both hostess and guests. We hope the enterprise will pay well.

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN

A CHRISTMAS TRIBUTE.

A FEW weeks ago we offered a few thoughts upon the Divinity of Our Lord. We related that one of the ablest mathematicians of the age had given up two years to an exhaustive examination of Christian evidences, with the result of having his faith confirmed. It would occupy all the time an average reading person could give during two years were he to take up this question and give it a thorough study, so voluminous is the literature this, the greatest of all religious questions, has called forth. The difficulty is not to find arguments but to find space for their presentation. In our previous article we ventured to affirm that the physical aspect of the Incarnation is not one whit more difficult to explain than the ordinary phenomena of all births.

The gap between dead matter and a living organism has not been bridged by reason. Science stands on one brink and confesses that the mystery of life, in its varied phases as seen in man, is inscrutable. Mr. Herbert Spencer's explanations as to life are more difficult to understand than the thing he so vainly tries to explain. The Creator of man repeated His own act under different conditions in calling into being the Babe of Bethlehem. Adam was an incarnation, the living soul given to him came through the Spirit, by whom came also the second Adam, the Lord of life. The Being thus created, we showed to have been the first and the last of our race born without sin, absolutely pure, divinely perfect touching his moral character, the One who was alone able to challenge the world of his own and of all ages with the question: "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?"

The question we have never heard dealt with is this, What constitutes the essential attributes of divinity? You who refuse Christ's claim to be Divine, tell us, Do you regard it impossible for God Almighty to be made manifest by an Incarnation? or, do you know that if such Incarnation were to take place, its phenomena would not be through the life of a Being such as Jesus was? Granting the possibility of God being manifest in the flesh, does not the life of Jesus fulfil all the conditions ideally conceivable of such a manifestation? Is it not a startling fact, argumentatively overwhelming, that the one Man who claimed to have Divine attributes, the one who boldly declared himself to be essentially different in character, in power, in relation to the entire race, and in his relation to God, should have been also in the highest conceivable sense the very Being whose life set forth these claims, and He alone whose divine exaltation of life has ever since commanded the worship, the reverence of the holiest of his fellow men, and brought down into humble submission to His Divine claims the loftiest intellects for well nigh two thousand years?

Napoleon well said, in St. Helena, "Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church of Christ remains. Jesus alone founded an empire on love, and at this hour millions would

die for Him." It is surely a most rational conclusion that He upon whose life, words and acts the eternal Church is founded, a work mighty in blessedness, in potency of moral and spiritual influence, was not merely a frail, sinful, erring man, but that God was with Him, manifesting by Him, His Divine Wisdom, Love and Will,—that Jesus was indeed—God manifest in the flesh.

Regard thoughtfully the claims made by Jesus when illuminated by the light flashing upon His words from the glory of His perfectly pure life, from a life said by an atheist to have been the loftiest exhibition of morality. Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I AM." Compare that with words familiar to his hearers, "God said unto Moses I AM THAT I AM; say unto the children of Israel I AM hath sent me." Exodus iii., 13, 14. Was this moral model then a blasphemer as His words make Him, if He was only a man? Again He said, "I AM THE WAY, no man cometh unto the Father but by ME." Note also the claim of Jesus to be higher than angels in St. John i., 51. What a miserable exhibition of self-conceit this assertion of being the sole medium of intercourse with God was, if Jesus was a man like the rest of us! The Way indeed! If Christ were only a man his way was the path of deceit, the way of heathenish superstition. But let millions upon millions of souls answer "Is not Christ the true Way of access to the Father?" There is no fact of science capable of more rigid evidential demonstration by testimony than this fact that Jesus said truly, "I AM the Way!" Rising to a higher plane Jesus went on to say "I AM the Truth." Mark you, he is not saying, I speak the truth, but I, Jesus of Nazareth, I, son of Mary, I, a beggar in circumstances, I am the Truth, necessarily the embodiment of all truth, the manifestation of truth, the fountain of all truth. To answer in a brief sentence "What is a Divine Being?" we can formulate no sublimer reply than—One who is the Truth—to be that is to be God, for a man to be that is to be—God manifest in the flesh. Proceeding up this divine plane Jesus declares—"I am the light of the world—he that followeth Me, shall have the light of life." Only just before Jesus had said, "If any thirst let him come unto Me and drink," promising that He would to such become a fountain of everlasting refreshment, by the gift of the Spirit.

This practical age has invented the phrases "Judging by results," "Nothing succeeds like success." Apply, if you will, these tests to the claim of Jesus to be the Light of the world, do not "results" establish the claim? Has any success succeeded like the claim of Jesus to be the "Sun of Righteousness," the source of Light to the world? But while truth and light are spiritual essentials, life demands sustenance. When God made man He placed him within reach of food, even Eden required a supply of daily bread. So in the spiritual sphere, truth ennobles, light purifies, but man needs soul bread. Note the completeness of Christ's claims in this respect, He said "I am the bread of life, I am the living bread, if any

man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." Expanding this declaration of being spiritual food, how tremendous is the claim made by Jesus when He says: "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day, he dwelleth in Me and I in him." We are content to rest upon these last words the entire argument as to whether Jesus did or did not claim to be a Supernatural Being. Poetise as you will the statements of his being The Truth, The Light, you cannot so muddle away such a distinct assertion of Divine power as is set forth in the words "I will raise him up at the last day!" This promise was preceded by the same claim made in words that have fallen like heavenly comfort at myriads of grave sides, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," words whose truth has ever since been the Light that illumines the valley of death, turning gloom into brightness of hope, and the path of desolation into a shining way that leads to perfect day.

Space forbids further words. Let us close with the appeal of Robertson, "Brother men, the truer you are, the humbler, the nobler, the more you will feel Christ to be your King." Christmas is again here with all the blessed memories of home. The Babe of the Manger is adored by myriads with deeper devotional love than beamed forth from the eyes of "Mary the Mother of Jesus."

May Christmas be to all of us sweet with home love, and every hearth bright with the Light of the World!

A NEW RACE OF WOMEN.

PROBABLY we are not exact in this phrase in a strict historic sense, but practically we are, for the order of women now rising up are to this latter age a new race. Forgetting that the highest glory of a woman as a wife, is a wisely, lovingly governed family. Those of the new race are seeking to share with ward politicians, for they rise no higher, all the excitements of a municipal election. The abstract right of a woman property owner to vote is sound, but abstract rights are frequently impracticable to exercise without grievous wrong to those who hold the right. The very fact that where these of the new race are active in organizing their sex as electioneers, as wire pullers, and in sending out noisy blatherskites as their paid agents, they make the whole interests of a community to turn upon some sensational cry, or some false, shameful slander of the candidate they do not favor, that they ask women to vote as women, in a body, is a demonstration of incapacity to exercise the franchise with advantage to themselves and their neighbours. How can women judge of the business capacity of candidates for municipal positions—it is ludicrous to put such a problem before them. They can judge of a man's looks and his speech, and as a matter of notoriety they are in Toronto "gone" on one hero, chiefly because of his supposed animal beauty, and his fascinating, gushing, sentimental appeals to their emotional natures. How far the cause of morality can be furthered

for ever."
 ing spiritual
 n made by
 th My flesh
 al life and I
 e dwelleth
 ent to rest
 rgument as
 aim to be a
 ou will the
 The Light,
 a distinct
 forth in the
 last day!"
 same claim
 te heavenly
 "I am the
 rds whose
 it that illu-
 gloom into
 f desolation
 perfect day,
 et us close
 rother men,
 nobler, the
 your King."
 the blessed
 the Manger
 devotional
 es of "Mary

sweet with
 ht with the

MEN.

act in this
 sense, but
 women now
 a new race-
 of a woman
 rned family
 to share with
 igher, all the
 ction. The
 ty owner to
 re frequently
 ut grievous
 . The very
 ew race are
 lectioneers,
 g out noisy
 , they make
 nity to turn
 some false,
 they do not
 e as women,
 ncapacity to
 age to them-
 w can women
 f candidates
 licious to put
 ey can judge
 nd as a mat-
 to "gone" on
 apposed, ani-
 shing, senti-
 nal natures,
 be furthered

by wives and mothers, or women less exalted in dignity and with less weighty responsibilities, meeting and organizing, and canvassing and caucusing, and practising all the petty tricks of the ward politician, including the reckless abuse of the other side, we leave it for nobler women to say. There are some things that reasoning about is superfluous. There are influences deeper than argument can reach. There are instincts that tell a woman as by the voice of God, that some things befit her sex and some dishonour it. Every woman whose heart is pure knows and feels that public life, the active sharing in elections is repugnant to her, that the refined modesty of her sex is endangered by such strife, that indeed she steps down from her throne as a home queen, and blunts her sensibilities as a woman by engaging in work which few men engage in without serious damage to their higher nature. As we write a poor mad woman is being hurried to jail for murdering her infant. Had those women who are holding caucuses been around doing christian work amongst their sick sisters, this crime would not have been committed. There is a grand sphere for any unoccupied woman in acting a womanly part amongst her own sex, if she did that duty there would be no time left for politics!

PASSOVER WINE.

THOSE who assert that the wine used at the Passover was, and is yet the unfermented juice of the grape, display an audacity in affirming what is known to all Christian scholars and all Jewish authorities to be false, which is amazing and scandalous. There is now no question that there exists a school of anti-nomians amongst the religious bodies, consisting of men and women who have pushed the doctrine of salvation by faith only to this point, that they regard themselves utterly free from the obligation to speak the truth. They have made one virtue, abstinence, to be the whole duty of man, the advocacy of which excuses and justifies falsehood. One writer for instance has recently quoted a certain physician as having abandoned stimulants in his practice, a pure invention, as we have seen recent proofs that he, like St. Paul did, has recommended patients to take wine for health's sake. Again a writer has gravely stated that the wine usually used at Holy Communion is flavored by dead rats! Such a belief would justify his being shut up as insane, if he does believe it. Mrs. Youmans a few days ago declared with all that sublime confidence which extreme ignorance inspires, that the wine used by Jesus at the Passover and at Cana was merely grape juice, that is not wine at all. Prohibitionists are making a dead set against the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, on the ground that those who go to Christ by His own ordinance will be made drunkards by following the example and obeying the command of their Saviour! When such an infamous conspiracy is afoot against the Church, for the vast mass of these people are avowed enemies of the Church of England, and seem

to glory in bringing the Sacrament into shame, it is time to speak plainly in the interests of truth and of the faith. It is most deplorable that any one of our clergy or laymen should countenance these foes of the Church. We denounce as disgraceful the common habit of a certain class of ministers talking to the public as though they were classical scholars, when they well know that although D.D.'s, they are mere sciolists. We could name such men who could not hold a New Testament rightway up, save by accident, who recently have given their judgment on the wine question, pretending to be familiar with Greek and Hebrew!

We give then for the sake of some who have been grossly deceived, the following quotations from the *Presbyterian Review*, for January, 1882. These formed part of an article in the *Church Review* for July, 1885, which demonstrates beyond cavil that wine in ancient times as now was a fermented beverage, and the writer proves with utmost mathematical certainty, that there is not a shadow of a trace in Scripture, or the Talmud, or the Classics, of any wine that was not fermented. Dr. Moore, who wrote the article in the *Presbyterian Review*, made extensive enquiries amongst the learned Jews with the following result:

Dr. Delitzsch, of Leipzig, a Hebrew scholar of world-wide reputation, writes: "The wine of the Passover has at all times been fermented wine mixed with water."

Professor Pota, of Vienna, an Israelite by birth and competent in every respect as a witness, writes: "The question of the lawfulness of fermented wine at Easter has never been started by a Jewish doctor. No strict Jew drinks any other than wine at the Passover. Among thousands of bottles of Passover wine sold at Vienna every year, there has never been one of unfermented juice."

The Rev. D. Edward, of Breslau, another competent scholar, writes: "In all my intercourse with Jews for forty years, and all my acquaintance with their literature, I have never met an allusion to any such practice as the use of unfermented wine at their feasts."

The Rabbis of the Jewish Theological School of Breslau, who are regarded as the most learned Jews in Germany, wrote: "Unfermented wine (must) is not regarded as wine, and would not suffice for the fulfilment of the duty to drink wine on the Passover eve."

The Rev. J. H. Bruehl, superintendent of the Jewish Institution, London, writes: "So far as can be seen from the Talmud the Jews of our Saviour's time had no hesitation whatever about fermented wine at the Passover. Not vinous, but farinaceous fermentation was prohibited. I do not know of any unfermented, real wine."

Dr. Isaac M. Wise, of Cincinnati, editor of the *American Israelite*, states: "In all Jewish ceremonies, as the feast of the Passover, wine-fermented wine and not "must" has been, as it is still, in use."

Dr. Gottheil, Rabbi of Emmanuel Temple New York, writes: "It is proper to use fermented wine at the Passover. The law treats invariably of wine in the ordinary sense of the word, and that it is supposed to possess the intoxicating property is clear from the precept that the celebrants at the Passover are forbidden to drink of the wine between subscribed cups at certain portions of the ritual lest their minds get clouded. Paschal wine is fermented grape juice. Have had ample opportunities of observing the custom of my brethren in many lands, yet I never heard it so much as questioned that fermented wines are lawful for use. The Rabbis had no fear of the use of the cup under religious sanctions would turn the faithful into drunkards, and experience has proved that they were not mistaken." What a rebuke this is to those who blasphemously declare that the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ leads its participants into sin!

The following statement appears in the *Church Review* for April, 1885: "We the undersigned missionaries and residents in Syria, having been repeatedly requested to make a distinct statement on the subject, hereby declare that during the whole time of our residence and travelling in Syria and the Holy Land, we have never seen or heard of an unfermented wine, nor have found among Jews, Christians, or Mahomedans, any tradition of such a wine having existed in the country.—Rev. W. M. Thomson, D.D., Rev. S. H. Calhoun, Rev. H. H. Jessup, Rev. John Wortabet, D.D., James Black, Esq., Michael Meshaka, Doctor, Rev. John Crawford, R. W. Brigstocke, M.D., F.R.C.S., Rev. W. Wright, B.A. To this let us add the emphatic statement made a short time ago by Prof. Goldwin Smith, a statement copied in almost every newspaper in Canada, to the effect that all the references in the Bible to wine were to a fermented liquid. Prof. Smith is acknowledged to be one of the most eminent of living scholars. After such an array of witnesses it is revolting to hear the fabrications of a certain class of professional advocates of temperance and prohibition. To live by propagating falsehood, as these men and women do, is one of the most contemptible occupations to which a human being can sink. It is not wise to carry an argument beyond demonstration."

The doom of the drunkard is declared with terrible plainness. But there are others against whom the Word of God fulminates threatenings of eternal wrath. Let, then, those who in their zeal for total abstinence forget the sacredness of truth beware, God will not be mocked and His declaration touching such as make and delight in lies may be read in chapter twenty-one, verse eight, of Revelations.

Robertson said, "There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter—hypocrisy, pharisaism and tyranny." Prohibition combines all three, but its worst features are contempt for the truth, and blasphemous attacks upon Holy Communion.

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

TORONTO.

Inter-Diocesan Sunday School Conference, held at Toronto on Nov. 9th & 10th, 1887.—The Conference met at 2 p.m., when the following delegates were present:

Diocese of Toronto.—The Lord Bishop, Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, Peterboro'; (Chairman Diocesan Sunday School Committee); Rev. J. D. Cayley, M.A., Toronto; Rev. J. F. Sweeny, M.A., B.D., Toronto; Rev. T. W. Paterson, M.A., Deer Park; Messrs. C. R. W. Biggar, M.A., Toronto; J. C. Morgan, M.A., Barrie; George B. Kirkpatrick, Toronto; S. G. Wood, LL.B., Toronto; Alexander Marling, M.A., LL.B., Toronto; also, Rev. John Gibson, B.A., Norwood; Rev. H. Softley, Humber; Rev. J. G. Lewis, Toronto.

Diocese of Niagara.—Rev. Canon Belt, M.A., Burlington; Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Hamilton; Rev. E. M. Bland, St. Catharines; Rev. James Ardill, Merriton; Rev. E. A. Irving, Dundas.

Diocese of Ontario.—Ven. Archdeacon T. Bedford-Jones, D.D., Napanee; Rev. H. Pollard, M.A., Ottawa.

Diocese of Montreal.—Rev. Robert Lindsay, M.A.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto took the chair.

Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Secretary, read letters from the Lord Bishop of Niagara, the Rev. E. C. Saunders, M.A., (Ingersoll), and the Rev. M. M. Fothergill, (Quebec), regretting that they were unable to be present; also a letter stating that the Committee of the Diocese of Huron had unanimously passed a resolution in favour of adopting the "Institute Publications" as the basis of a Joint Diocesan Scheme of Lessons for the Church in Canada, and had appointed the Rev. Canon Innes, M.A., and the Rev. E. C. Saunders as delegates to this Conference.

After a discussion in which the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, the Rev. J. D. Cayley, the Rev. Canon Mockridge, the Rev. E. M. Bland, the Rev. H. Pollard, the Rev. E. A. Irving, the Rev. Robert Lindsay, the Ven. Archdeacon Jones, and Messrs. C. R. W. Biggar and J. C. Morgan took part, the following resolution, moved by the Rev. Robert Lindsay, (Montreal), and seconded by the Rev. H. Pollard, (Ottawa), was unanimously adopted:

"That this Conference recommends the publications of the Church of England Sunday School Institute as the basis of a Uniform Scheme of Diocesan Sunday School Lessons to be adopted by the Church of England in Canada."

It was then moved by the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, seconded by the Rev. J. F. Sweeny, and

Resolved—"That the Lord Bishop of Toronto (Convener), the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Ven. Archdeacon Jones, Rev. H. Pollard, Rev. Robert Lindsay, Rev. Canon Belt, and Rev. E. M. Bland, be a Committee to report to this Conference a course of Sunday School Lessons on the Bible and Prayer-book, to extend over a period of either three or five years as the Committee may think best."

The Conference adjourned till 8 p.m.

Evening Session.—The Conference re-assembled at 8 p.m.

The Committee presented their report as follows: "The Committee appointed by this Conference to prepare a Scheme of Lessons on the Bible and Prayer-book for use in the Sunday Schools of the Canadian Church, beg to report as follows:

1. As the proposed scheme must be at first an experiment, the Committee think it more likely to be adopted by the various Synods of this Ecclesiastical Province, if the period covered does not exceed three years.

2. The Committee therefore recommend the following course of Sunday School Lessons for three years, beginning with Advent, 1888:

	Prayer Book.	Scripture Lessons.
1st Year.	Lessons on the Collects.	Lessons on the Life of Our Lord.
2nd Year.	Lessons on the Catechism.	Lessons on the Old Testament.
3rd Year.	Lessons on the Prayer Book.	The Acts of the Apostles.

The great Festivals to be marked by appropriate lessons; and a portion of the Church Catechism to be recited every Sunday in addition to the above lessons.

3. The Committee further recommend that a series of simple Lessons for Junior Classes on the Scripture subjects embraced in the above scheme (similar to the illustrated "Leaflets for the Little Ones," issued by the Rev. Henry Holland), be prepared by a Joint Diocesan Committee to be appointed by this Conference

ARTHUR TORONTO, Chairman."

On motion of the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, seconded by the Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, it was ordered that the Report just read be adopted.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to prepare a set of "Leaflets for the Little Ones," and to make arrangements for their illustration:—Rev. Robert Lindsay, (Montreal); the Rev. H. Pollard, (Ottawa); the Rev. J. D. Cayley, (Toronto), Convener; the Rev. E. M. Bland, (St. Catharines); the Rev. E. C. Saunders, (Ingersoll).

A Committee was appointed to select a detailed Scheme of Sunday School Lessons for 1888-9, upon the subjects mentioned in the report just adopted, the Rev. Robert Lindsay, (Montreal), being the convener.

On motion of the Rev. Robert Lindsay, seconded by Mr. Biggar, it was

Resolved—"That each of the Sunday School Committees of the Dioceses composing these Ecclesiastical Provinces, (or in case there is no Diocesan Sunday School Committee, then the Bishop of the Diocese), be requested to appoint two or more delegates to form a standing Inter-Diocesan Sunday School Committee, of which the Bishop of Toronto shall for the present be the convener."

The Ven. Archdeacon Jones, Rev. H. Pollard, and Rev. Canon Belt, were appointed a Committee to prepare a scheme for the Examination of Sunday School Teachers and Scholars, and to report to-morrow.

The Conference adjourned at 10 p.m.

The Conference met on Nov. 10th at 11 a.m.

The Secretary read a letter from the Rev. Canon Medley, B.A., (Sussex, N.B.), expressing his approval of a Joint Inter-Diocesan Scheme of Sunday School Lessons.

Rev. W. C. Bradshaw presented the report of the Committee appointed yesterday to prepare a Scheme of Lessons for 1888-9, as follows:

It was moved by the Ven. Archdeacon Jones (Napanee), seconded by the Rev. Canon Belt, M.A.

"That the proposed Scheme be adopted by this Conference; and that the Committee be thanked for the trouble they have taken in preparing it." Carried unanimously.

The Rev. J. F. Sweeny moved, seconded by Rev. H. Pollard:

"That the Scheme of Lessons just adopted be printed and distributed by the Secretary to the Bishops of this Ecclesiastical Province, and to the Delegates appointed to attend this Conference, who are hereby requested to bring the same before the Sunday School Committees of their respective Dioceses for consideration:

"And that an adjourned meeting of this Conference be held at the Synod Hall, in the City of Montreal, at 10 a.m., on Tuesday, the 10th of April, 1888, to consider any suggestions which may be made in reference thereto, and to take such other actions as may be desirable to promote the objects of this Conference."

The Ven. Archdeacon Jones presented the report of the Committee on Inter-Diocesan Sunday School Examinations, as follows:

"1. With a view to encouraging as many as possible to become Students and Candidates, the Committee recommend the division of subjects into classes adapted to two grades of Teachers and two grades of Scholars.

2. That the subjects of Examination be those of the Sunday School Institute Scheme for each year respectively.

3. That the Examinations be held annually in the month of December.

4. That the subjects of Examination in December, 1888, be as follows:

FOR TEACHERS.

Grade I.

- 1 Samuel.
- Teaching of Church in Collects from Advent to Easter.
- Sketch of Lesson on Scripture Subjects of Institute Lessons.

Grade II.

- 1 Samuel.
- Teaching of Church in Collects from Advent to 6th Sunday after Epiphany.
- Sketch of Lesson.

FOR SCHOLARS.

Grade I.

- Life of Joshua.
- Teaching of Church in Collects for Advent Sunday, Christmas Day, Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, and Easter Day.
- Church Catechism to end of "Duty towards our neighbour."

Grade II.

- Life of Joshua.
- Church Catechism to end of Creed, and questions thereon.

On motion of Mr. Biggar, seconded by Rev. Canon Belt, the above report was adopted, and the Committee re-appointed, with the addition of Rev. W. C. Bradshaw and Alex. Marling, LL.B., to report at the adjourned meeting of this Conference, on the subject of

Certificates to successful Candidates at the proposed Examinations, and as to the best means of providing for the necessary expenses of such Examinations.

Before the adjournment of the Conference, the Bishop of Toronto and the members of the Toronto Sunday School Committee expressed their gratitude to the Delegates from a distance who had accepted the invitation to attend this meeting.

Suitable replies were made by Rev. Archdeacon Jones, Rev. H. Pollard, Rev. Canon Belt, and Rev. E. A. Irving, who emphasized their appreciation of the kind interest shown by the Lord Bishop of Toronto in attending and taking such an active part in the work of this Conference.

His Lordship then pronounced the Benediction, and the Conference adjourned to meet at Montreal on the 10th of April, 1888, as above arranged.

C. R. W. BIGGAR, Secretary of Conference.

St. Philip's.—His lordship the Bishop of the diocese held his annual confirmation in this church on Advent Sunday. Although the weather was so unfavorable there was a very large congregation present; every seat in the church being occupied. The candidates, of whom there were forty-three, have been under the careful preparation of the clergy since early in September. His lordship made an earnest and searching appeal to those about to be confirmed, to be loyal to the Church's great Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, pointing out to them clearly what a deep meaning there is in the confirmation vow and what it involves for the future years. In the evening the rector preached the first of the special course of Advent sermons on the "Preaching of Repentance." Last Sunday the course was continued, the subject in the morning being "The Preaching of Faith," in the evening "The Waiting Saviour." During Advent, besides the special sermons on Sundays, there will be evening prayer of address every Wednesday at eight o'clock, and on Friday afternoon at half past four the Litany and a short address appropriate to the Advent season.

The first meeting of the new Rural Deanery of South Simcoe was held at Cookstown on Wednesday and Thursday of last month. On Wednesday evening a service was held in St. John's Church, Rev. E. Daniel, of Rosemont, being the preacher. On Thursday morning after Holy Communion, at 9.30, the business meeting of the Chapter was held. In the absence of the Rural Dean, who, sad to say, was prevented from being present by the death of his wife, which had taken place the day before. The chair was taken by Rev. C. E. Sills, of Ivy. The following business was then transacted: 1. A resolution of sympathy with Rev. Rural Dean Ball was moved by Rev. W. H. French and carried. 2. It was carried that meetings of this deanery be held quarterly. 3. A resolution was carried to the effect that at each future meeting of this Deanery, three addresses should be delivered of fifteen minutes each, speakers and subjects to be selected at previous meeting of Chapter. In accordance with this resolution it was decided to ask the following members of Chapter to prepare papers as follows: 1. Co-operation of clergy and laity in parish work, Rev. A. C. Wood. 2. Co-operation of clergy and laity in the public services of the church, Rev. W. H. French. 3. Systematic giving, Rev. E. W. Murphy. It was then resolved that next meeting of deanery be held at Ivy on the first Wednesday of February. Rev. E. W. Murphy was elected Secretary for the coming year. Arrangements were made for missionary meetings in the following parishes and missions: Mulmur West, Ivy, Cookstown, and Rosemont. In the afternoon the members of Chapter attended the funeral of Mrs. Ball, at the St. John's Church, Tecumseh, and assisted in the funeral ceremonies. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Ball in his sad bereavement. May the God of all comfort be with him and his motherless children in their affliction.

NIAGARA.

What is it all about!—A letter appeared in the Toronto Globe of 8th Dec., signed "Consistency," in which the writer expresses his humiliation and astonishment at the Bishop of Niagara and a number of his clergy sitting down to a luncheon at which ale was provided. What is the excitement all about? Why should anybody be humiliated at somebody else drinking a glass of beer at lunch? *Mr. Consistency* says the bishop and clergy were "guzzling down quantities of ale." Now the word "guzzling" is meant to convey the idea that the bishop and clergy and company at the lunch were drinking like old toppers, taking ale immoderately that is. We beg to say that to *Mr. Consistency*, be he cleric or lay, that he has told what he knows to be a downright falsehood as to this matter, a falsehood which humiliates and disgraces him, and which does not even as much as touch those whom he assails. *Consistency* belongs to

the new school who fancy that temperance can be promoted by slanders and lies.

A celebrated temperance orator having so wrought on his audience that they were all in tears, he turned his head and winked at the committee sitting behind him. Possibly Consistency is cracking a joke thro' the Globe, but if so he should not practice his art upon bishop and clergy.

HURON.

OWEN SOUND.—On Wednesday the 30th Nov. last, the congregation of St. George's church, after the evening service, bade farewell to the Rev. W. P. Ireland, M.A., who for the past year has been curate of that parish. The following address (which with a handsome bronze clock), was presented to him on the occasion referred to, shows the good feeling which has existed between him and the congregation:

To the Rev. W. P. Ireland:

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned members of the congregation of St. George's Church, Owen Sound, view with sincere regret the occasion of your departure from this parish and the severance of your connection as curate of St. George's. We hope you are already aware of the esteem and hearty good will we entertain towards you, and it is therefore hardly necessary to give you further assurance of it. Still we felt it would be a great pleasure to give expression to our feelings in some more tangible shape than mere speech in bidding you farewell, we desire to express our approbation for the good work you have done while with us, especially in connection with the Sunday School, which we feel in being deprived of your superintendence and guidance will experience a loss which cannot well be replaced.

Permit us to ask that you will accept the accompanying souvenir as a slight token of our regard, and that in time to come it will afford you the satisfaction of knowing that you are not forgotten. Trusting that He whose Word you preach may always be your shield and guide in your future labors in His service, we now say farewell, with the hope that you will ever retain some kindly recollections of your stay in Owen Sound and your many friends here.—Signed by the Rev. Canon Mulholland, Rector, and a large number of the congregation. Owen Sound, November 30th, 1887.

Mr. Ireland made a very feeling and suitable reply, assuring the large number of his friends present that he would ever remember their kindness and the gratification it gave him to know that his services among them had been so warmly appreciated.

ALGOMA.

GRAVENHURST.—Rev. Alfred Osborne gratefully acknowledges the sum of thirty-seven dollars, \$37, towards the building of Gravenhurst church from the church at Port Arthur, Rev. C. I. Machin, incumbent.

FOREIGN.

The Bishop of Lichfield, in his address at the diocesan conference, said the readjustment of episcopal incomes had been brought prominently forward in connection with proposals for the increase of the episcopate. Experience had shown that, even from a financial point of view, the sub division of dioceses brought with it considerable advantages, at least in the new diocese. It called forth additional contributions to the Church, and stimulated the munificence and the charity of Churchmen, besides the higher benefit of providing for a more effective visitation and superintendence of the parishes and their clergy, and generally quickening the religious life of the people.

In a stirring sermon preached at Truro cathedral the Bishop of London set himself to answer the question of individualism in religion. It is in a word, he said, "Catholicity."

In the New Testament the Church flows out from the Lord, not flows into Him. In the New Testament the life and power which constitute the Church begin above, and not here on earth. In the New Testament the ministers are sent forth to bring the children of men within the fold, and are not simply selected by the members of the Church to help them in their spiritual life. Every variety of impulse toward Him, whatever men have and can use in the service of the Lord, ought to find its place in the Catholic Church of Christ. . . . If there be those who find that one kind of worship suits the best, they shall not be able to say they cannot find it in the Church of Christ. And the purpose of the apostolic succession is to link the Church from generation to generation by steps that cannot be mistaken, from the first appointment of the apostles by our Lord . . . to make men feel the unity of the body as it comes down the stream of history.

Princess Christian heads a committee which has been formed in East London to raise a memorial to the late Mrs. Walsham How, wife of the Bishop of Bedford, to take the form of an extension of her work in that part of the metropolis.

By a sad accident Gloucester Theological School has lost its talented vice-principal, the Rev. R. P. Luscombe. He was drowned by the capsizing of a boat. The death is recorded, also, of the Rev. Thomas Hayton, aged ninety five, one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in England.

IRELAND.—Irish Church news is not often inspiring. At the annual meeting of the Synod of Down and Connor and Dromore, the lord bishop of the diocese stated that in Belfast they had eighteen or twenty churches and about thirty clergymen, and a Church population of about 60,000, showing an average to each church of 3,000 souls. Two handsome churches were built and consecrated in the present year at a cost of \$40,000, and an iron church had been opened the previous Saturday. The Daily Express points out that eight parishes in the Diocese of Dublin raised during the year in voluntary contributions over \$10,000 each, and ten churches or districts over \$5,000 each. The total sum raised by eighty-six parishes and districts of the diocese in 1886 amounts to over \$300,000. The subscriptions to foreign missions amounted to nearly \$25,000. On the other hand, at the Diocesan Synod of County Armagh, his grace the archbishop said that whereas in 1881 there were 78,000 of Church population, there were now only 68,000, but he deemed the decrease wholly accounted for by emigration.

The churches under the control of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society appear to be doing good work amongst adults and children, the educational and religious instruction of the latter being a prominent and interesting feature. The churches at Madrid, Seville, Malaga, Monistrol, Salamanca, Villaseca, and Valladolid present encouraging tokens of blessing under earnest pastors, and from some of these centres the surrounding villages are evangelized. In Portugal two of the pastors are ex-Roman Catholic priests.

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.

JUBILEE OFFERING.

SIR,—The Churchwomen's Jubilee Offering of the diocese of Huron lacks but some \$20 only of the hoped for \$1,000, which we yet believe that it will become when every churchwoman who intends doing so has sent in her mite. For a few days longer I will gladly keep my books open for any contribution however small it may be.

I enclose a further list of acknowledgments as follows from 25th Nov. to 6th Dec.:—Grace Church, Brantford, per Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, \$68 50; St. John's, London Township, per Ven. Archdeacon Marsh, \$8.70; Duart, per Rev. M. Shore, additional \$2; Clinton, W. A. M. A., per Rev. W. Craig, \$7; Streetsville, a friend, \$1; "Fidelis et Constans," \$1; E. S. Roper, Caledonia, \$5; Mr. R. V. Rogers, Treas. for Diocese of Ontario, forwards \$17—Pictou, 50; Kingston; 50; Morrisburg, \$16; making a total for that diocese of \$640.17. Yours very gratefully, H. A. Boomer.

Treasurer C. J. O., Huron Diocese.

REPLY.

SIR,—Will you allow me to inform "An English Subscriber" that his complaint with regard to the ordination held last August in Parry Sound is well founded. All the candidates ordained on that occasion save one were trained in Wycliffe College, and this "all," I am sorry to say, consisted of one. E. Algoma.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT. DEC. 18TH, 1887.

Preparation.

Passage to be read.—Joshua v. 10-12.

Safe in the Promised Land! Yes, after forty years wandering in the Wilderness, the Children of Israel, having now conquered all who opposed their progress on the east side of Jordan, and having crossed the river by the way made by God through the waters,

stand with dry feet upon the shores of that country upon which their hopes have been set so long. How joyful the people must have been as they proceeded to pitch their tents and make themselves "at home" in their new possessions; and how grateful must they have felt as they realized the fulfilment of God's promise that he would "bring them into a land flowing with milk and honey."

I. Israel's Work.—But stay! They are as yet only upon the shores of the Promised Land. A great work is before them. Though the inhabitants have fled from their immediate vicinity, yet in front of them is a strong walled city; and beyond, over the great ridge of hills which faces them, are many more strong and fenced cities, with fortresses and soldiers to defend them. Will the inhabitants quietly depart, and leave Israel to enter into peaceful possession? We may be sure that they will not. And so Israel must fight for the Land. They have as yet but touched the borders of it; they must possess the whole. And this they do only by conquest. To conquer the land—to drive out its inhabitants—this, then, is the work which lies before God's people. A great work indeed!

II. Israel's Need.—And for such a great work preparation must be needed. Every important work,—yes, and every work of even minor importance needs previous preparation. We must prepare for a school examination; we must prepare to build a house. Think of one great nation going to war with another without making preparation! And Israel has the greater need to make preparation within herself, since she can look for no allies. All the nations are against her—she is one against many. Indeed, her task might seem hopeless, were it not for one thing: "Her help is in the name of the Lord." God has helped her in the past; God assured, will help her, she feels in the future. This is the help, and the only help she needs. And this help she believes she will have. She trusts in God.

III. Israel's Preparation.—What then must be the nature of her preparation? She must seek the help, the guidance, and the blessing of God. She accordingly draws near to Him in an act of gratitude, and in a renewal of the Covenant.

(1) In an Act of Gratitude.—For God has greatly blessed her in the past. He has brought her miraculously into the land, and it is but right that all Israelites forever should remember the loving kindness of the Lord. So twelve stones—one for each tribe, for all have partaken of the blessings—are gathered out of Jordan, and set up as a memorial pillar, (iv. 4-8, 21-24); while another pillar is set up in Jordan itself, in the place where the Priests' feet have stood (iv. 9).

(2) In a Renewal of the Covenant.—During these long years of wandering in the Wilderness, Circumcision and the Passover, the two great rites and religious services which God had appointed for her, had been in abeyance. But now, Circumcision, the mark of the covenant between God and Israel, the sign of God's favour towards His people, is renewed, (vv. 2-9); and the Passover, the great memorial of God's goodness in delivering Israel from Egypt, is celebrated again, just forty years after its institution, (vv. 10-11); while at the same time the Manna, God's miraculously-given food, is sent no more, and the people eat of the fruit of the land.

And while Israel thus draws near to God, God also approaches Israel. There appeared to Joshua one day a man with a drawn sword in his hand. When Joshua asked him whether he was for Israel or for her adversaries, the Stranger replied, "Nay, but as the Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." Whereupon Joshua recognized him as an Angel of the Lord; perhaps more, even the Son of God Himself, (vs. 13-15). Joshua bowed himself in worship, while the Angel proceeded to tell him how to attack Jericho, and assured him of success, (vi. 2). Thus Israel draws near to God, and God draws near to Israel. Soeb is her preparation.

Family Reading.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND.

'Twas in the year 1835. On a November afternoon Mrs. Rachel Olcott was spinning flax in the cheerful kitchen of a small house not far from Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts. Eastward from the house, the ocean broke with a sullen roar on the rocks of the coast below; northward lay the few homes of the few Pilgrims who were Mrs. Olcott's neighbours.

Captain Olcott's ship had sailed from Boston for England, in the year 1832, and had not been heard from.

The little band of Pilgrims had ceased to look for news from the captain or his ship.

Mrs. Olcott kept up a brave heart and a cheerful face for the sake of her four children, Robert, Rupert, Lucy, and poor, crippled little Roger; but this November afternoon anxiety filled her heart. Day by day

her little store of provisions had lessened under the stress of hunger until even the corn-meal had vanished, and it became necessary to send corn to be ground at the only mill in all that region. Early in the day, Robert and Rupert with their sister Lucy had been sent to the miller's, for it was well understood that each comer must await his turn at the mill. This grinding in those early days was slow work, and much of the day had passed before Mrs. Olcott expected them to return.

But when the sky grew dark and the snow began to fall, the loving mother grew anxious. She drew the great arm-chair, in the cushioned depths of which poor, pale-faced little Roger lay curled, far into the fireplace; and then, when anxiety grew to fear, she threw over her head the hooded red cloak that all the Puritan matrons wore, and hurried over the hill, as fast as the drifting snow would permit, to the house of her nearest neighbor, Master John Hawley.

As she drew the latch and walked in with impetuous haste, up sprung John Hawley and stalked to the corner, where, ever ready, stood his trusty musket.

"Indians, Rachel?" shrieked Mrs. Hawley, springing to drop the curtain that hung above the one window of the room.

"Put up your musket, friend," gasped Mrs. Olcott. "It is my boys who are in danger. They went to the mill with grist. Lucy is with them. Oh, save them!" she pleaded.

"They're young and tough; they'll weather it through, and be home by supper-time," said John Hawley, the staunch Puritan, dropping his musket to its corner. "I'll step over after supper and see. Go home, and don't worry."

To him, nothing less than Indians seemed worth a moment's uneasiness.

When he turned, Rachel Olcott was gone, and his wife was at the door, watching the red cloak as its wearer urged it through the snow.

"A woman has no business to look as she does," exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, closing the door.

"She's had trouble enough in Plymouth, goodness knows!—her husband lost, and that crippled child to care for night and day, those boys to bring up, and hardly enough money to keep soul and body together. And there she goes this minute with a face like a sweet-brier rose"; and John Hawley demanded his supper at once.

He had it, his wife looking as stern as any Puritan of them all, as he put on his greatcoat and went out, saying:

"If those youngsters have come home, I'll be right back."

But he was not "right back." Midnight came down on all the Atlantic coast, and he had not returned.

The supper for the young Olcotts was baked at the hearth, and set back to await their coming. The blazing logs filled the long, low kitchen with light. There was no need of a candle, as the mother sat, to sing her poor boy to sleep. But Roger could not sleep.

"Tell me something more about England, Mother," he pleaded, again and again. "It keeps me from thinking of Lucy and the boys, when you talk."

The firelight illumined the white face and made the blue eyes of the boy more pitiful than ever in their plaintive asking that night.

The mother's thoughts and her heart were out in the snowdrifts searching with her neighbors for her bright, rosy darlings, but her words and her hands were ministering to this child, bereft of almost everything belonging to the outside world of work and endeavour.

"Well, then, Roger, shut your eyes and try to go to sleep, while I tell you something about Christmas—the way we used to keep it—before Mamma was a Puritan, you know."

Then she told the boy of old-time customs in her native land; of her father's house, and the great rejoicings that came at Christmas-time, and lastly, with a vague feeling of regret in her heart, she came to the story of the great green bough that was lighted with taper and hung with gifts for the good children.

"What made you be a Puritan, Mother? Why didn't you stay at home," asked Roger.

"Don't ask me, my boy," she said, touching the shining face with a kiss. "Remember that heaven is a much finer place than England."

"Do they have any Christmas-boughs there, Mother?"

"Something better than boughs, my boy!"

"Mother, I'd like it, if God would let me, to go to heaven around by the way of dear England, so that I could see a Christmas-bough just for once before I die."

At that moment the door was thrust in, and the boys, Robert and Rupert, clad in snow, entered the room. The mother, dropping Roger's mite of a hand, sprang to meet them with untold gladness in her eyes, that still looked beyond them in search of something more.

"Lucy's all right, Mother!" cried Robert. "If it

hand't been for Mr. Hawley, though, and Richard Cooper, and the rest, we'd have had a night of it in the old cedar-tree. We couldn't get a bit farther with the meal and Lucy; so we scooped out the snow in the big hollow, put Lucy in first, when we had made sure there wasn't a fox or anything inside; crawled in ourselves, with a big stick apiece to keep off enemies, and were getting very hungry and sleepy, when a light flashed in our eyes."

"But where is Lucy?" interrupted Mrs. Olcott. "Oh, they are bringing her! And Mother, Mr. Hawley has been scolding us half the way home for going to mill on such a day. And we never told him that we hadn't meal enough in the house to last till to-morrow. We took it brave."

"That's right, my good boys; but how did they find you?" Mrs. Olcott demanded.

"They didn't; we found them," cried Rupert. "They had a lantern, and we saw it; and then we made a dash after the light, and brought them back to the hollow. When they drew Lucy out, she was fast asleep, and as warm as toast, 'cause Robert gave her his jacket, and I tied my muffler on her, too."

"And she's fast asleep this minute, I do believe!" added Robert, as two vigorous young men entered,—one drawing the sled-load of meal and the other bearing Lucy in his arms.

From that night in November little Roger grew more and more away from the bleak New England life. It was evident to every one who saw the lad that he was going to the Shining Shore,—although the little Puritan boy had never heard much of its being a shining shore—and I think that was the reason he fell to thinking so much of the beautiful Christmas-bough. He talked of it when awake, he dreamed of it when he slept; and he told his dreams and said, with tears on his cheeks, how sorry he was to awake and find that he hadn't seen it after all—and, oh, he wanted to so much!

The time of Christmas in that far, far-away year drew near, and in all the land there was not a Christmas-bell, a Christmas-tree, nor even a Christmas-gift.

Beautiful Mrs. Olcott felt that her little Roger was getting very near to the heavenly land. A physician from Boston had come down, and told her that the lad must die. This bright little mother wished, oh, so much! to make her child happy, and his little heart was set on seeing a Christmas-bough before he died. She could not withstand his wishes, and she said to herself, "If I am punished for it as long as I live, Roger shall see a Christmas-bough." So she took her boys, Robert and Rupert, and little Lucy, outside the house one day, just a week before Christmas, and told them what she was going to do.

"O Mother!" exclaimed Robert, the eldest son, "They'll persecute you to death; they'll drive us into the wilderness; we shall lose our home and everything!"

"Remember, boys, your mother has been into the wilderness once, and she isn't afraid of that. We shall have the Christmas-bough! I am going up to Boston to-morrow, if the day is fine, and I'll fetch back some nice little trinkets for poor Roger. May be a ship has come in lately; one is expected."

On the morrow, clad in the scarlet cloak, Mrs. Olcott set forth for Boston. She had not been there since the day she went up to see the ship sail, with her husband on it—the ship that had never been heard from. But that was more than three years before, and it was in going home from Boston that Roger had been so hurt and maimed that his little life was spoiled.

Great was the astonishment in Plymouth when it was learned that the Widow Olcott had gone to Boston. Why had she to go to Boston? She had no folk living there to go to see; and what had she been buying, they wondered, when she came back. Mrs. Hawley went down the hill that same day to make inquiry, and found out very little.

As soon as Mrs. Olcott was well rid of Mrs. Hawley, she called her boys, and bade them go to the pine-woods and get the finest, handsomest young hemlock-tree that they could find.

"Get one that is straight and tall, with well-boughed branches on it, and put it where you can draw it under the wood-shed, after dark," she added.

The boys went to Pine Hill, and there they picked out the finest young tree on all the hill, and said, "We will take this one." So, with their hatchets they hewed it down and brought it safely home the next night when all was dark. And when Roger was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room, they dragged the tree into the kitchen. It was too tall, so they took it out again and cut off two or three feet at the base. Then they propped it up, and the curtains being down over the windows, and blankets being fastened over the curtains to prevent any one looking in, and the door being doubly barred to prevent any one coming in, they all went to bed.

Very early the next morning, while the stars shone on the snow-covered hills—the same stars that shone sixteen hundred years before on the hills when

Christ was born in Bethlehem—the little Puritan mother in New England arose very softly. She went out and lit the kitchen fire anew from the ash-covered embers. She fastened upon the twigs of the tree the gifts she had bought in Boston for her boys and girl. Then she took as many as twenty pieces of candle and fixed them upon the branches. After that, she softly called Rupert, Robert, and Lucy, and told them to get up and dress and come into the kitchen.

Hurrying back, she began, with a bit of a burning stick, to light the candles. Just as the last one was set aflame, in trooped the three children.

Before they had time to say a word, they were silenced by their mother's warning.

"I wish to fetch Roger in and wake him up before it," she said. "Keep still until I come back!"

The little lad, fast asleep, was lifted in a blanket and gently carried by his mother into the beautiful presence.

"See! Roger, my boy, see!" she said, arousing him. "It is Christmas morning now! In England they only have Christmas-boughs, but here in New England we have a whole Christmas-tree."

"O Mother!" he cried. "O Lucy! Is it really, really true, and no dream at all? Yes, I see! I see! O Mother! it is so beautiful! Were all the trees on all the hills lighted up that way when Christ was born? And, Mother," he added, clapping his little hands with joy at the thought, "why yes, the stars did sing when Christ was born! They must be glad, then, and keep Christmas, too, in Heaven. I know they must, and there will be good times there."

"Yes," said his mother; "there will be good times there, Roger."

"Then," said the boy, "I shan't mind going, now that I've seen the Christmas-bough. I—What is that, Mother?"

What was it that they heard? The little Olcott home had never before seemed to tremble so. There were taps at the window, there were knocks at the door—and it was as yet scarcely the break of day. There were voices also, shouting something to somebody.

"Shall I put out the candles, Mother?" whispered Robert.

"What will they do to us for having the tree? I wish we hadn't it," regretted Rupert; while Lucy clung to her mother's gown and shrieked with all her strength, "It's Indians!"

Pale and white and still, ready to meet her fate, stood Mrs. Olcott, until, out of the knocking and the tapping at her door, her heart caught a sound. It was a voice calling, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

"Unbar the door!" she cried back to her boys; "It's your father calling!"

Down came the blankets; up went the curtain; open flew the door, and in walked Captain Olcott, followed by every man and woman in Plymouth who had heard at break of day the glorious news that the expected ship had arrived at Boston, and with it the long-lost Captain Olcott. For an instant nothing was thought of except the joyous welcoming of the captain in his own home.

"What's this? What is it? What does this mean?" was asked again and again, when the first excitement was past, as the tall young pine stood aloft, its candles-ablaze, its gifts still hanging.

"It's welcome home to Father!" said Lucy, her only thought to screen her mother.

"No, child, no!" sternly spoke Mrs. Olcott. "Tell the truth!"

"It's—a—Christmas-tree!" faltered poor Lucy.

One and another and another, Pilgrims and Puritans all, drew near with faces stern and forbidding, and gazed and gazed, until one and another and yet another softened slowly into a smile as little Roger's piping voice sung out:

"She made it for me, Mother did. But you may have it now, and all the pretty things that are on it, too, because you've brought my father back again; if Mother will let you, he added.

Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan frowned at the gift. One man, the sternest there, broke off a little twig and said:

"I'll take it for the sake of the good old times at home."

Then every one wanted to take a bit for the same sweet sake, until the young pine was bereft of half its branches. But still it stood, like a hero at its post, candles burning and gifts hanging, until all but the little household had departed; and even then, the last candle was permitted to burn low and flicker out before the last gift was distributed, so glad were the Olcotts in the presence of the one great gift of that Christmas morn; so eager were they to be told every bit of the story, the wonderful story, of their father's long, long voyage in a poor, little, storm-beaten and disabled ship which, at last, he had been able to guide safely into port. His return voyage had been made in the very ship that Mrs. Olcott had hoped would arrive in time for her Christmas tree.

That morning brought to Roger something better than Christmas-trees, better, if such a thing were possible, than the home-coming of the hero-captain—

renewed life. It may have been the glad surprise, the sudden awaking in the bright presence of a real, live Christmas-tree; it may have been the shock of joy that followed the knocking and the shouts at door and window, or the more generous living that came into the little house near Plymouth. Certain it was, that Roger began to mend in many ways, to grow satisfied with bleak New England wind and weather, and to rejoice the heart of all the Olcotts by his glad presence with them.

WALTON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY I. SMITHSON.

Herbert Walton was too kind-hearted to be a woman-hater, yet not sufficiently shallow to be dubbed "a ladies' man." He had never been remarkable for timidity, and had now reached an age at which bashfulness would have been unbecoming, not to say ridiculous, and yet he had been vainly longing, for more than a year, to speak his mind to a woman. "None but the brave deserve the fair," was a maxim to the truth of which, in its widest sense, he was fully alive. His dilemma was not that of Miss Standish, for it had never occurred to him that shot from the mouth of a canon is less terrific than a point-blank No from the mouth of a woman; in fact, it was not cowardice of any kind that kept him silent. It was simply a keen appreciation of the wisdom of "letting well alone."

A refusal from Ruth Fairleigh would be too natural, he thought, to be overwhelming, but he would not risk its consequence, for he knew that having heard his offer Ruth could never be the same to him again. Try as she might, she would not be able to greet him as gladly, talk to him as artlessly, and listen as sympathetically as she now did, and he felt that without her ready interest and boundless trust he would not care to live. And so he cogitated and hesitated, now hoping, now fearing. Meanwhile the young woman read his mind, and almost at the same instant arrived at the decision that, as far as she was concerned, Herbert Walton was the only man on earth. "A light-complected young lady, Sir, with her heart in her hand," a gypsy would have told him, if he had but thought to consult one in the matter, and surely the ministrations of a third person were needed between these two.

Mr. Walton had known Ruth's father and brother (who were now dead), for a long time. Mrs. Fairleigh often consulted him on various matters, while her two little grandsons doted on him. It was natural, therefore, that he should feel very much at home in the Fairleigh household, and the little boys aforesaid always hailed his coming with delight, considering him the most sensible of all "grown-ups." They had, from time immemorial, that is, as long as they could remember, insisted that it was right and proper for Mr. Walton, who had no little boys of his own, to hang a pair of socks with their stockings at the fire-side on Christmas Eve, and by this means he annually became the happy possessor of pop-corn balls and gum-drops, startling water-color views and portraits from the brush of Hal and Teddy, and other desirable articles on which to regale himself, or with which to decorate his bachelor-home. It was, moreover, a time-honored custom every year for him to help Aunt Ruth dress the Christmas tree, when the two children were in bed.

Years passed in this agreeable manner, and Ruth, not being given to look into futurity, was happy and content. Not so Mr. Walton, for he reflected upon the danger of delay; his looking-glass told him, that his grey hairs were becoming more and more conspicuous, and that to a casual observer, any one of the men whom Ruth occasionally met would seem better suited than he to aspire to her hand. Many of these individuals indeed, were crude and callow youths in his opinion, while they looked on him as a confirmed old bachelor and something of a bore. There was one observer, however, who was not a casual one, and who, although Mr. Walton was unaware of the fact, was his champion and admirer. This was a maiden-lady of unknown age, who lived in a house opposite Mrs. Fairleigh's, and who, having a great deal of time at her disposal, was wont to spend a

large portion of it at the front window studying her neighbour's movements.

It chanced one snowy afternoon, on the day before Christmas, that Miss Wilkins calling on Mrs. and Miss Fairleigh prolonged her visit to an unusual hour, so that while she was descending on the necessity of saying "good-bye," Mr. Walton was turning the corner of the street. He was not feeling particularly cheerful, for the approach of Christmas always brought to him a sense of loneliness and discontent. Christmas-trees and presents, and enthusiastic little nephews were very well in their way, but they could not be expected to stop the march of time. As he rang the bell of Mr. Fairleigh's house, a shout of joy arose within, and two lithe little figures in knickerbockers bounded along the hall and threw open the front door. The new-comer was laden with parcels, his shoulders, beard and eyebrows were covered with snow, and his face glowing with cold. The boys ushered him into the fire-lit drawing-room to "show Santa Claus" to the ladies, and Ruth rose, smiling, to welcome him, thinking how nice he looked. As soon as the usual greetings were over, Hal perched on Mr. Walton's knee and broached the subject of Christmas-stockings, and the gentleman put his finger on his lips, then patted his own pocket smilingly. Upon this, Miss Wilkins, who had recently been entertained with an account of the usual Christmas-eve proceedings, began to put on her furs, remarking as she did so, "I am sure these two young men are anxious to begin their preparations." Then she turned to Ruth and said in a lower but very audible tone,

"I know what would be the most acceptable gift you could put into the stockings of one of your friends."

Unsuspectingly, the girl asked, "What is that?"

"Yourself, dear!" said Miss Wilkins.

Ruth gasped, and studied the carpet, wondering if Mr. Walton heard.

The old maid added, as she rose from her chair, "And this is leap year." Mr. Walton was talking to Mrs. Fairleigh and the boys, and seemed to be completely absorbed in them, but yet there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, Ruth thought, as Miss Wilkins took her leave. However, he said nothing, and at ten that night the great work of the season began. The little tree was set out on a table to be dressed, but before very long it was discovered that more candles were needed. In spite of protestations, Mr. Walton insisted that he must go out and buy some. "I shall not be gone a very long while," he said, and then glancing at Ruth, he exclaimed: "I am afraid you are tired out; you have been doing too much shopping lately. Sit down and rest while I am away." He wheeled an arm-chair to the fire, and she sat down obediently. "Look," he added, "you can amuse yourself by filling the stockings. Here they are, and here are the toys and sugar-plums. Don't move till I come back, dear." He hesitated a little at the last word and laid his hand on her soft dark hair, his eyes met hers for an instant, and he was gone. Mrs. Fairleigh, after repeating Mr. Walton's injunction, left the room also, and then Ruth put her feet on the fender, rested an elbow on her knee, and with her soft chin in her hand, looked into the fire as searchingly as if it held a state secret. Her thoughts kept recurring to that ridiculous remark of Miss Wilkins.

"His Christmas present—and this is leap year," she said to herself, and her brows knitted thoughtfully. "Shall I or shall I not?" There was a smile, half mischievous, half defiant, on her lips as she turned over the hosiery in her lap, picked up the stockings which belonged to her little nephews, and set to work to fill them with toys and candies. When they were ready, she hung them in their appointed places at the fire-side.

After a minute's pause she took up Mr. Walton's socks, surveyed them critically for a moment, and looked questionably at the fire. It was blazing up merrily, and seemed to encourage her. She glanced half nervously around the room, then stooped and slowly drew on the socks over her slippers. Then she tucked her feet under her chair, and, leaning back comfortably, began to discuss an important matter with herself. During the past few years she had seen and heard a great

deal of Mr. Herbert Walton, so that now, when she asked her thoughts whether they had had time to consider and criticize him duly, the answer was emphatically affirmative. The next question put to her imaginary audience—whether she had ever seen, or heard of, or read of a man so worthy of her love and trust—met with a unanimous No!—which reply, truth to tell, was a foregone conclusion, as she was in the habit of organizing this sort of Mental Investigation Committee for the consideration of this very subject. The proceeding, however, was quite a superfluous one; for, being a woman, Miss Ruth was accustomed in all weighty matters, to decide first and reflect after.

Next she fell to meditating on Mr. Walton's many good qualities (of which patient waiting was not the least in her estimation); and having exhausted the catalogue of many virtues, she recalled the earnest, wistful look which she had just seen, or fancied, in his kind gray eyes, and she told herself that it was cruel and selfish of her "to keep the best man under the sun so many years from his due." Now, fortunately, she had an opportunity to make him full amends, and what could be more simple or more delightful than her plan! A little sacrifice of pride on her part would make him happy, and surely he deserved as much happiness as she could give him. She had put herself into his Christmas socks, and he would understand that she was his Christmas present. While she was thus meditating, the room grew warmer and the hour more late; and Ruth, though quite unconscious of the fact, was falling asleep, the arm-chair was comfortable, her heart was light, and for some time she slept soundly and dreamlessly. Then, very gradually, she became aware of the wind's howling wildly and rattling the window shutters, but she did not open her eyes until the front door slammed. The fire was nearly out, and the room growing cold. Ruth sat up, shivered, yawned, and tried to collect her senses. Suddenly she heard Mr. Walton's deep voice in the hall, and for the first time in her life the sound filled her with dismay instead of joy. She glanced down at her feet.

The thought of her simple and delightful plan flashed through her mind, and it seemed that the fact of her having "slept on the matter" had materially changed its aspect. Gone was all her desire for self-abnegation, every trace of philanthropy, of gratitude, of penitence, had left her, and she was conscious of but one thought—a frantic determination to get out of the room, or out of the socks immediately. She started up wildly, but it was too late; the door-knob turned, and Mr. Walton was before her. She sank into her seat, and would have snatched off the socks, but had only time to tuck her feet under the chair before he was at her side. He said something about the candles he had bought, but the room swam before her eyes, and he, astonished at her panic, asked what the matter was. "My head aches; the room is so warm," she said at last, with more tact than veracity. Her face was flushed, and her eyes cast down, the lashes trembling nervously. Mr. Walton was puzzled, and while he glanced around the room thoughtfully, Ruth became the victim of an agonizing doubt. Would he guess what she had done; and what would he, oh, what could he think of her! She wished that her mother would but come in and talk to him, that the lamp would explode, or an earthquake begin, or anything at all to create a diversion. Then she made a frantic effort to draw her feet out of the socks, and as at the same moment Mr. Walton's gaze chanced to rest on a long mirror opposite, he saw his property reflected in the glass. The next instant he recalled the remark of the friendly spinster. A bashful man would have been overpowered by the discovery and let slip his opportunity; a shallow and selfish one might have displayed amusement at the situation, and thereby lost his cause. But Mr. Walton, being neither, merely laid his hand on Ruth's and called her by her name. She knew by the tone of his voice, that all was over with her, and being completely overwhelmed by the summary chastisement with which her little sophistry was visited, she burst into tears, and had not nerve sufficient to remonstrate when he clasped his arms about her gently and called her his own, his Christmas gift.

DOMINION STAINED GLASS COMPY.,
 No. 77 Richmond St. W., Toronto.
MEMORIAL WINDOWS,
 And every Description of Church and Domestic Glass.
 Designs and Estimates on application.
 W. WAKEFIELD. J. HARRISON.
 Telephone 1470.

Arthur R. Denison,
ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
 OFFICES:
 North of Scotland Chambers,
 Nos. 18 & 20 KING ST. W., Toronto.
 Telephone No. 1439.

TORONTO STAINED GLASS WORKS.
ELLIOTT & SON
 94 and 96 Bay Street,
CHURCH GLASS IN EVERY STYLE

Waukenfaust Boots.
 For Ladies and Gentlemen, most comfortable walking boot in use.
 OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.
INSPECTION INVITED.

J.D. KING & CO.
 79 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

The GREAT LIGHT
 FRINK'S Patent Reflectors, for Gas or Oil, give the most powerful, softest, cheapest and best light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. Don't be deceived by cheap imitations.
 L. F. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., N. Y.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY.
 The Finest Grade of Church Bells.
 Greatest Experience. Largest Trade.
 Illustrated Catalogues mailed free.
 Clinton H. Meneely Bell Company
 TROY, N.Y.

HOW PRINTING PAYS
 "The Proof of the Pudding," &c. How richly it pays to own a Model Press is shown in a handsome little book, containing several hundred "proofs," from the 15,000 people who have Model Presses. Business men, Clergymen, Teachers, Boys, Girls, persons out of work—everybody interested. A Press and Outfit, complete, from \$5.00 to \$10.00 and up, book mailed free. Address: The Model Press Co., Limited, 315 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RUPTURE
 Have you heard of the astounding reduction for DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S Famous Home Treatment, the only known guarantee comfort and cure without operation or hindrance from labor! No steel or iron bands. Perfect retention night and day, no chafing, suited to all ages. Now \$10 only. Send for circular of measurements, instructions and proofs. Get cured at home and be happy, office 234 Broadway, New York.

BOOTS AND SHOES
LARGE STOCK. LOW PRICES.
H. & C. BLACHFORD,
 87 and 89 King Street East, Toronto.
 FINE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

JONES & WILLIS,
Church Furniture
 MANUFACTURERS
 Art Workers in
Metal, Wood, Stone & Textile Fabrics,
 48 GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
 LONDON, W.C.
 Opposite the British Museum,
 AND EDMUND ST., BIRMINGHAM,
 ENGLAND.

XMAS GIFTS
 For the pastor, as surplices, stoles, crucifixes, communion services, &c.; for weddings, as fire screens, &c.; for baptisms, as Apostle spoons, baptismal shells, &c.
 Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
J. & R. LAMB,
 57 Carmine Street, NEW YORK.

WALL PAPERS.

Embossed Gold Parlor Papers.
 New ideas for DINING ROOM decoration Plain and Pattern INGRAINS BEDROOM PAPERS in all grades. A large selection of cheap and medium price papers of the newest designs and shades. Our specialties are
 Room Decorations and Stained Glass.

JOS. MCGAUSLAND and SON,
 73 to 76 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.
 "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
 Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

PAPERS ON THE
Work and Progress of the—
Church of England.
INTRODUCTORY PAPERS:—
 No. 1. TESTIMONIES OF OUTSIDERS. Now ready \$1.00 per 100, 8 pages.
IN PREPARATION:—
 No. 2. TESTIMONIES OF THE BISHOPS.
 No. 3. " " STATESMEN AND OTHER PUBLIC MEN
 No. 4. TESTIMONIES OF THE SECULAR PAPERS.
 These papers may be had from the Rev. Arthur C. Waghorne, New Harbour, Newfoundland, or from Mrs. Bouse S.P.O.K. Depot, St. John's Newfoundland. Profits for Parsonage Fund.
 Good Pay for Agents. \$100 to \$300 per month made selling our fine Books and Bibles. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHURCH EMBROIDERY GUILD OF ST. HELEN.
 The ladies of this Guild execute orders for Stoles, Altar Frontals, Vestments, Altar Linens, Doss etc. Apply to the President, 173 Gerr Street, East.
 A L.—Postal Cards ignored.

ESTABLISHED 1836.
S. R. Warren & Son
CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS.
 PREMISES:
 39 to 45 McMurrich St.
 TORONTO.

Builders of all the Largest Organs in the Dominion.
 The very highest order of workmanship and tone quality always guaranteed.

PEN and PENCIL STAMP 25 CENTS.
 Rubber Stamp Ink & Pad 15 cents. Send 2 cts. for Circulars, or 16 cts. for Catalogue. Greatest variety, quickest shipments, THALMAN MFG CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Our Agents are selling hundreds of these stamps.

GEORGE EAKIN, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, COUNTY CLERK.
 Office—Court House, 51 Adelaide Street East. House—188 Carlton Street, Toronto.

H. STONE, SNR. UNDERTAKER,
 239 YONGE ST.
 No connection with any firm of the Same Name.

Sunday School Stamps,
 For stamping Books, numbering, &c.
TOOLS for Churches, Societies
 Lodges, School Sections, Corporations, &c. Metal and Rubber Self-inking stamps, every variety
Kenyon, Tingley & Stewart Mfg. Co
 72 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GRANITE & MARBLE MONUMENTS, TABLETS, MAUSOLEUMS &c
F.B. GULLETT SCULPTOR
 100 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

BALTIMORE CHURCH BELLS
 Established 1841. 1st Prize at the New Orleans Exposition 1884-5. For circulars, prices, etc., address: J. Register & Sons, Baltimore, Md.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO
 SUCCESSORS IN BLYMYER BELLS TO THE BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO
 CATALOGUE WITH 1800 TESTIMONIALS.
 BELLS, CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM.
 No duty on Church Bells

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. Taus & Co. Augusta, Maine.

COX & CO.,
 Members of the Stock Exchange.
STOCK BROKERS,
 26 TORONTO STREET,
 TORONTO

MENEELY & COMPANY
 WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
 Favorably known to the public since 1828. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals

McShane Bell Foundry.
 Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Peals for Churches, COLLEGES, TOWER CHOCKS, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. Mention this paper.

Elias Rogers & Co.
COAL & WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE—20 King Street W.
 BRANCH OFFICES—409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, and 562 Queen Street W., 244 Queen St. E.
 YARDS and BRANCH OFFICES—Esplanade—Esplanade East, near Berkeley St.; Esplanade, foot of Princess St.; Bathurst St.; nearly opposite Front St.

TO ORGANISTS—BERRY'S BALANCE HYDRAULIC ORGAN BLOWER.
 These Engines are particularly adapted for Blowing Church or Parlor Organs, as they render them as available as a Piano. They are Self-Regulating and never over-blowing. Numbers have been tested for the last four years, and are now proved to be a most decided success. For an equal balanced pressure producing an even pitch of tone, while for durability certain of operation and economy, they cannot be surpassed. Reliable references given to some of the most eminent Organists and Organ Builders. Estimates furnished by direct application to the Patentee and Manufacturer, WM. BERRY Engineer, Brome Corners, Que.

Confirmation Cards,
 MARRIAGE AND BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATES
 Send 2c stamp for samples and prices.
THE OXFORD PRESS,
 23 Adelaide St. East,
 TORONTO:
TIMMS, MOOR & CO., Proprietors.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY
 334 Yonge Street, Toronto,
 keeps in stock Pure Homoeopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions and Pellets, Pure Sugar of Milk and Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from \$1 to \$12. Cases refilled. Vials refilled. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet.
D. L. THOMPSON Pharmacists

W. STAHLSCHEMIDT & Co.,
PRESTON, ONTARIO.
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH.

Lodge Furniture.

 The "Marvel" School Desk,
 Patented January 14th, 1886.
GEO. F. BOSTWICK,
 56 King St. West,
 Representative at Toronto.

STRANGE CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

One of the most singular and ludicrous customs of the middle ages was observed at Beaurais, France, called the Feast of Asses. The name seems to have a double meaning! The flight into Egypt was represented in Church. A beautiful young woman with an infant in her arms was seated upon an ass elegantly adorned. Entering the Church the girl and ass were placed near the altar, on the Gospel side. High mass was then begun, and the Introit, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, &c. all terminated with an imitation of the ass's bray! At the end of the mass, when the priest turned to the people saying "Ite, missa est," he actually he-haved, or brayed twice, as ordained by the ritual. Instead of the usual response "Deo Gratias," the people he-haved, or brayed in like manner. A Latin hymn was sung, during Mass. The following is a translation.

In an Eastern region chanced an ass to be, Beautiful and bravest, fittest loads to bear.

CHORUS.

He-haw-sire-ass you sing fierce mouth you grin. Hay enough you'll have Oats now to plant. Here he is with big ears, primitive clod hopper, Ass as big as ever, lord of all the asses. Now say Amen, O Ass!

(Here they fell on their knees.)

Belly full of clover, Amen, amen ever. He-hair, He-hair!

This appears in Harper's Magazine some years ago, and the Editor sarcastically but truly added, "There was as much braying on the other side," as exhibited by the outrageously silly attacks upon Christmas observances made by the Puritans, who made out that mince pies and plum pudding were Satanic devices for ruining souls, just as their successors to-day are finding in the moderate social enjoyment of God's gifts the root of evils that arise only from abuse. There is an intolerable amount of braying done in connection with the puritanic agitations of this age. The mixing up of the mummery above described with the solemn rite of Mass seems to us very shocking. Yet it was not one jot more irreverent or revolting to a refined christian mind than the violent utterance of those falsehoods and slanders which constitute the braying of men on the prohibition platform, who in one breath quote Scripture and in the next pervert it, and in the next break its injunctions as to Charity, and truth. Verily there may yet be seen celebrated "The Feast of Asses," in association with religion.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas will bring sad thoughts instead of glad thoughts into some homes this year. We are thinking now specially of one home, from which a dear boy whose bright face gladdened all hearts last year, has gone to keep his Christmas in the Better Land. It will be the Christmas of all Christmases to him—kept in Heaven, with Jesus! Let sweet thoughts of his great joy help to comfort the sad hearts who will miss him so sorely.

We want to tell our young friends a few things about this dear boy. If they had seen him, they would have thought him, perhaps, very much like many other boys, as indeed he was—full of fun and frolic, and delighting in mischief; yet, at the same time, beneath all this there was much more; there was good fruit springing up in his heart that showed that the good seed that had been sown there had not been sown in vain; and, though he was only twelve years old when called away, he was ready to go. His life was a short one, but it was not lived only for himself. He took pleasure in making himself useful to those around him, by doing for them such little things as came in his way. He took thought for others, and his friends grew to know that any errand they might commit to him would be faithfully done. Even in his last illness his little duties were constantly on his mind, and he would complain in his delirium that he could not attend to them, asking his brother to make sure that the letters he had undertaken to carry were delivered, etc.

Like many of our young friends, he dearly loved THE PARISH VISITOR, and would welcome and read it every month. After his death, his mother found

a large number of the papers carefully preserved among his treasures.

But there is one thing we wish especially to tell you about in connection with him, and that is, his real love for the Prayer Book. He had been early trained to know and love its holy words, and value its sacred teachings, and now when he lay on a bed of sickness and suffering, these were not forgotten. Over and over, in his times of severe pain, he would repeat sentences from it, such as "O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity"—"God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God," and it seemed to comfort and help him when nothing else would. One text from St. Matthew's Gospel was always constantly on his lips in the last hours of his sickness, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Who can tell but his ears, closing to earthly sounds, had caught these words from the lips of the dear Saviour who has promised that even a cup of water given in His Name shall not lose its reward, and who had taken account of the "few things" over which His little follower had been found "faithful."—Parish Visitor.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

TO S. B. S.

'Tis Christmas night: the gusty gale without Bears back to me the children's farewell shout. The sports are ended, darkened stands the tree About whose glistening boughs they danced in glee. With heart content, I sit and muse a space Upon a dearly loved, but absent face. I trace the features in the firelight glow, The while without drifts down the eddying snow, In years gone by how many hearts leaped bright Around her radiant tree on Christmas night. That good grey head that crowned a youthful heart As girlhood's, fresh and free from worldly art. She led the sports that made her mansion ring With laugh and song as sweet as lark's on wing. Away, ye cynic crew, who frown on mirth, It is the sunshine of the winter hearth. Thrice blessing be he who bars the door to sin By making genial merriment within!

The gust grows drearier. With the chilling blast Another merry Christmas night is past. —Kate Dooris Sharp.

"GOD KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT."

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a frosty evening in December, a few days before Christmas, when two lads might have been seen wandering through the streets of a great city. Their day's work was done; and though the night was setting in cold and cheerless, there was no fire in their home grate to warm them. So they preferred to walk the streets till bedtime, rather than sit still and shiver in their room. There was certainly some attraction in those bustling streets, with the brilliantly lighted shops gayly decorated with Christmas presents of every imaginable shape and price.

Amongst the crowd of children who, with envious eyes had been gazing into these tempting windows, might have been seen our two boys; the younger, named Joe, was about ten years old; the elder, Bill, about sixteen. Very hungry they looked, and shabby too, as the gaslight showed to the worst advantage, the rags that clothed them. Joey was all eyes and ears as he stared into these shops, and listened to the praises of their contents. Bill was all ears certainly, but no "eyes;" for an accident had deprived him of both some years before. They gained a poor living by going around to ash-boxes, dust-bins, etc., and collecting and sorting every scrap that was saleable, the elder carrying a bag and the younger a hook.

The two boys had stood in silence a few minutes, each absorbed with his own thoughts, when the younger said with a sigh, "Why can't we have something nice at Christmas, like other people?"

"Where's the money to come from, Joe?" Then each relapsed into silence again.

Next morning they were early in making their usual rounds. Joe had just raked out some paper from a dust-bin near the garden gate of a comfortable looking suburban villa, when he suddenly exclaimed: "O Bill, here's a funny piece of paper! Isn't it strong, and doesn't it crackle? And there's figures on it!"

"Let me feel it, Joey," said the blind boy. Taking it in his fingers, he was not long in deciding that it was none other than a bank note. Before father and mother had been called away, and his sight had left him, the elder lad had known what a Bank of England note was like. "Read it, Joey," said Bill; and Joey, after a lot of trouble, made out the words "Five Pounds." "What's it worth, Bill?" "It's worth five gold sovereigns, Joey." "O Bill, what a find! Now we will have something nice! What shall we buy! Oh, what shall we buy?" The elder lad could hardly speak for emotion, but making an effort, slowly said: "This isn't ours. It must have got in that bin by mistake. We must take it up to the house, Joey." Poor Joe, he could not give up such a prize. He was too young when his mother died to remember her parting words to her boys, as, on her death-bed, she had committed them to the care of Him who had promised to be "Father to the fatherless." But the elder lad had never forgotten her words, and though there was now blindness outward there was inward sight.

"Bill, it's ours as much as anybody else's. You don't know who dropped it."

"Joey, lead me up to the door." With a slow and rebellious step he obeyed. They knocked at the door. The servant came, and seeing their ragged clothes and hungry looks, closed the door without waiting for their inquiry, saying sharply, "Nothing to give."

Joey looked at the shut door, and then at the note, and said, "Now it is ours come away."

"Joey, I'll knock again," and before the youngster could check him, he had brought the knocker down heavily once more. Soon the door was opened again, and this time the master of the house appeared.

"Why don't you go away? You've been told we've nothing to give. If you knew what I've just lost you wouldn't come here with your begging."

"What have you lost, sir?" said the blind lad, "perhaps we've found it." And he produced the note without further question. The gentleman was staggered; but hastily thanking the lads he hurried off to show the recovery of his note, and when he returned, the lads not liking to wait, had gone. Poor Bill had to listen to many reproaches as they went home; but his answer was simply, "Joey we've done right: God knows all about it, and perhaps He will send us something for Christmas."

Christmas Eve found the two lads at their daily business, sorting their collections from ash-box and dust-bin, and as they lay down in their one room that night, there was but little in hand to tide over the coming day. Joey had tried hard to believe that his brother's words might be realized, but now fairly gave up hope, and began to compare their lot with that of others. Next morning came a tap at their room door, and a message was brought that a man with a hamper was waiting for them at the door. Down went the boys to discover their unusual visitor.

"Here! are you the boys that found a bank-note a few days ago? Well this is for you then, and a nice job I've had to find you."

"What is it? Who is it from?"

"Never mind!" and the man was gone.

The hamper was soon carried upstairs; and you should have seen the amazement and delight of those two lads, as the younger, with excited exclamations, drew from underneath the straw a piece of bacon, and a large fowl, and a plum-pudding, all ready cooked, and some big apples to fill up the corners! Bill could scarcely speak a word for some time; but when he found his tongue he

Exchange. BROKERS, STREET,

& COMPANY, N. Y., BELLS

Foundry. Trade of Bells, for Churches, Doves, Clocks, etc.

ers & Co.



King Street W. 765 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge St. W., 244 Queen St. W.

BERRY'S BAL- ORGAN BLOWER. Specially adapted for Organists, as they are never over-blown.

Cards, BAPTISMAL CARDS

PHARMACY

quietly said:—"Joey, God knows all about it, and He has sent us something nice for Christmas."—*Exchange.*

QUESTIONS FOR ADVENT.

BY MARAH.

When we go to meet the Master,
When this world the spirit leaves,
Will it be as faithful laborers,
Bearing home our garnered sheaves?

Will the Master bid us welcome?
Will He say to us, well done?
Are we using all our talents,
Even though we have but one?

Are we hiding in a napkin
What the Lord would have us use?
Do we weakly shrink from duty?
Do we any gift abuse?

Will the world be any better
For the life that we live here?
Are we doing all our duty?
Serving God in love and fear?

Do we strive to conquer error,
Battling nobly for the right,
Standing firm for Truth and Justice,
Battling in the Saviour's might?

Truly, these are solemn questions,
Solemn must the answers be;
Advent is no time for dreaming,
God has work for you and me.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND FAMILY LIFE.

About the infancy and childhood of the Lord Jesus Christ the writers of the four gospels are almost silent. And yet it is true that he was once a child, and was subject to the authority of both Joseph and Mary. It is also true that even after he reached manhood he continued to walk for some years in the quiet paths of life. The moral perfections of God were translated into those unostentatious virtues which constitute the dignity and the happiness of a human home. Within the narrow limits of the family the Lord Jesus Christ revealed the glory of the divine righteousness and the divine love.

What was large enough for Christ during thirty years of his earthly history must surely be large enough for most of us. There are men and women who resent the mean and poor conditions under which they have to do the will of God, and who dream of what they might achieve if they had ampler space for their activities. They have not room enough, so they think, to be very good. They have it in their hearts to show a regal compassion to the miserable, and heroic chivalry and courage in the vindication of the oppressed. But for royal virtues they think that regal resources are necessary; and they suppose that heroic circumstances are necessary for the manifestation of the heroic spirit. It may be well for them to remember on Christmas day that for thirty years Christ lived a divinely perfect life within the walls of a peasant's home, and that in the trade of a carpenter, and in his relation to his friends and neighbors in an obscure town among the hills of Galilee, he was able to show a glorious fidelity to the eternal laws of righteousness.

For all of us our life at home must constitute a great part of that life in which, by patient continuance in well-doing, we have to seek for glory, honor, and immortality; for many of us it practically constitutes the whole. There are millions of women, millions of girls, to say nothing of little children, who have no life worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of the family. Whatever fidelity to God, whatever love for Christ, whatever justice, whatever kindness, generosity, and gentleness they are to illustrate in their spirit and conduct must be illustrated there. And even men who have their business and their profession to follow during the greater part of the day find occasion in their home-life for forms of well-doing and ill-doing that are not possible elsewhere. I like a broad and rich life for myself—full of varied interests; and I should like to see the lives of most men, and of most women too,

animated by the inspiration and refreshed by the free air of activities and interests outside their own home. But no shining achievements elsewhere can palliate the guilt of coldness, injustice, ill-temper in the family; and the noblest public virtues have their roots in the gentleness, the industry, the self-sacrifice, and the truthfulness of which only those who are nearest to us have any knowledge.

And so on Christmas morning it will be well to ask ourselves whether the obscure duties which lie nearest to us—duties with which for thirty years Christ was perfectly content—are being faithfully discharged. Are there none at home to whom we could be more just, in whom we could repose a more generous confidence, whom we could cherish with a warmer affection, who claim from us a more patient forbearance? If we are parents, is our authority exercised at once with firmness and consideration? If children, do we yield a frank and cheerful obedience? Whatever we are, do we find at home occasions for showing that sympathy with sorrow and with joy which heightens the happiness of the happy and almost charms away the grief of the sad? What are the burdens which our strength might enable those nearest to us to bear more easily? What are the anxieties which our thoughtfulness and care might diminish?

On Christmas day, which is as much a festival of the family as a festival of the Church—estrangements which have separated hearts that cling together notwithstanding estrangement should cease, and the ties which unite them should be drawn closer and firmer. It is the day of all the year for children to forget, if their parents have worried and vexed them; for parents to forget, if their children have been undutiful and ungrateful; for brothers and sisters to brush away the jealousies and resentment which have troubled their mutual confidence, and lessened, or rather repressed, their mutual affection; for husbands and wives to renew the romance of their courtship. There may be faults to forgive; of course there are; but you will never come to an agreement if you try to estimate how much wrong there has been on one side and how much on the other. The heart is a bad accountant; it was never yet able to draw up a balance-sheet that any impartial auditor would sign. Let by-gones be by-gones; kiss, and have done with them.—*Good Words.*

AN OLD CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

On a Christmas Day, many years ago, when there was more forest than corn-land on the earth, a woodman was hastening to his home. The trees were bare of leaves, but snow was falling, and only one who knew the forest could have found his way in the gloom. This was a poor man, with rough hands, and coarse, home-spun clothing. Many a sad hour he had spent at his lonely toil in the wood. But on this particular day there is neither sadness nor look of poverty in his face. The joyful thought is in his heart: "It is a half-holiday, and I am going to spend it eating a Christmas dinner with my wife and my little ones."

As he made his way through the blinding snow he heard the moaning of some one in distress. He stopped. He followed the sound; and at the foot of a tree, shivering with cold and hunger, and all white with flakes of snow, he found a strayed child. The sight went to his heart. The innocent grief, the tears, the wet clothes, the pinched face, made the tears come into his own eyes. He thought of his own children sitting beside the warm log fire, and of the joy awaiting them that afternoon. His thoughts went back to the time when he was a child himself, and to the times without number when, like this child, he had lost his way in this very wood. Then he imagined himself, or one of his children, in the place of the child before him. What would his wish be if he, or a child of his, were in this child's place? It was the work of a moment to think all this. In less time than I have taken to tell it he had lifted the child in his arms and was hastening on as before. And by-and-by he came to the little hut which was

his home. The mother and children were peering out, through the half open door, for the first sight of him, and waiting to give him a Christmas welcome home. But the child was a surprise. What was this in father's arms, so pinched, so cold, so thinly clad? The story of finding him was told at once. And at once also mother and children welcomed the little stranger to their home. Very soon the wet clothes had given place to dry, and the warmest corner at the fireside was given up to him.

How happy they all were in that little hut that afternoon! Never had Christmas Day been more joyfully spent! The humble cottage seemed to grow larger. The fire burned more brightly than ever they had known. And when they gathered around the table and stood up, after the manner of the wood folk, to sing a Christmas carol by way of grace, it seemed that every child had learned to sing more sweetly than before. And the poor, pinched, thin-looking stranger sang louder and happier than they all, and with a voice that seemed to belong to heaven, it seemed so sweet.

Then they sat down to their Christmas dinner. Everything tasted sweet. The black bread seemed not so black as its wont. And in the mouth it tasted like wheaten bread. The children noticed, also, that the pinched look left the face of the little stranger; the very clothes seemed to change and brighten, and when he spoke it was like listening to an angel.

Not on all the earth that day was there a happier Christmas party. And when at last it was over, and the children had to go to bed, it some way did not surprise them that the strange child prayed for all in the house who had been so kind to him. Then he kissed them all round.

In the morning he was gone. But the black bread was changed to white bread. The brass money in the mother's pocket was changed to gold. Then the pious hearts in the humble cottage knew that it was the Christ-Child Himself who had been their guest; but they did not know, they could not at once understand, that these things and the happy memory of his visit were the blessing with which he paid them for obeying the Golden Rule.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hillside,
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in this eventide.

They enter softly; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life
We bid them welcome to their vacant places
They won the peace, and never knew the strife;

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely, trod;
Their hands point backward to the paths they
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words and looks of cold disdain;
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother,
Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou, Who, though born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest
O best Beloved come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas Guest.
—*Good Words.*

EVER.—Ever is a little word, but of immense signification. A child may speak it, but neither man nor angel can fully understand it. It is a spring which fills as fast as it empties; an unfathomable ocean; a sea that can never be sailed over from shore to shore.

PAINTING A PAIN!

A NEW PARISIAN ARTIST'S CANVAS STORY OF A "RHEUMATIC."

"Tell me, Mr Wight," asked our reporter of the well-known art connoisseur of the Everett, New York, "is American art improving in character and excellence?"

"Very much so." Do Americans much patronize foreign art?"

"Yes. And as they pay the best prices, their private galleries contain gems of all the modern masters."

"Which are preferred, works of the modern or ancient masters?"

"The modern. Historical scenes, real and ideal landscapes, and decided characters in figure are the most popular."

"The last time I was in Paris I picked up a very strong bit of drawing, which depicted a middle-aged man, bolstered up in a much be-cushioned chair, his face and surroundings indicating intense agony."

"His table is crowded with many a physicians' phials, abandoned bandages, and used up blisters. Before him a tub of steaming water derisively sends its incense into his face, and the great fire cheerily blazes in mockery of his unhappiness. His nurse is a type of dismay."

"I really enjoy looking at this picture!"

"I know how the old fellow feels! I myself was for twelve years a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Every spring and winter perfect torture twisted me for two or three months, during which I was often unable to sleep for a week at a time; was tormented by continuous agony, and at one time was totally blind for a fortnight, the disease having settled in my eyes. I had the best medical skill, used all the most approved scientific specifics, visited the famed mineral springs of America, of Carlsbad and Paris, but every year the same mad fire literally burned me alive!"

"I often laugh to myself as I think what an old 'bear' I too must have been, when suffering as that old fellow seems to be."

"Aren't you tempting fate by making sport of your old enemy?"

"Oh, no, I fear him no longer! My last tussle with him was over two years ago, and all the agony of the years of remission settled on me then. My physicians gave me no hope of recovery. I had faith in myself, however."

"Well, how did it work?"

"The rheumatism was in my case, as in nearly all others, caused by a disease of the blood, probably produced by unsuspected inactivity of the kidneys, for I had never had any pain in them. Twenty bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, completely purified my blood, and I never have enjoyed such robust health as now. Hundreds of friends in Europe and America have, on my recommendation, used it for general debility, malaria, rheumatism, etc., and I have never heard an unsatisfactory report from them."

Mr. Wight has a personal acquaintance with the best art lovers of Europe and America, and his experience gives weighty testimony to the remarkable power of the celebrated preparation named.

"You think, then, Mr. Wight, that there is substantial art development in America?"

"TRY, TRY AGAIN!"

Good advice. In nearly every instance it brings success: but when we try and try ever so hard to convey to your mind even a slight idea of the elegant stock we have on exhibition of such articles as are appropriate for Christmas presents, we fail most signally.

Take the single article of Finger Rings: we can show you upwards of 600, no two alike. Take our Gold and Silver Watches, our Chains, our Brooches, Ear-rings, Scarf-Pins, Cuff Buttons, Locketts, Gold and Silver Thimbles, our Silver Jewelry, our Gold and Silver Walking Canes, our Clocks—hundreds of varieties—a perfectly elegant stock of Silver-ware, both ornamental and useful, our—shaw, its no use enumerating the articles. We cannot give you any idea of the stock we are showing, and which we want you to see.

Ryrie Bros., JEWELERS, 113 Yonge Street.

"I certainly do, and I have confidence that when the true American idea is settled upon, our development will be both rapid and excellent."

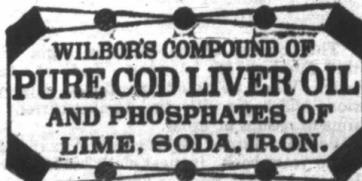
Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable waste-repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. No Bran, mainly free from Starch. Six lbs. sent to physicians and clergymen who will pay express charges. For all family uses nothing equals our "Health Flour." Try it. Samples free. Send for circulars to FARWELL & RHINE, Watertown, N.Y.

OUR LADY FRIENDS will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated Cook Book, free. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a

The Youth's Companion. 61st Vol. For 1888. A Remarkable Volume. The volume for 1888 will be, in many respects, superior to any that have preceded it, as will be seen by the following partial Announcements: The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the famous English Statesman, will contribute an article, expressly written for the Companion, on "The Future of the English-Speaking Races." Six Serial Stories, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, WILL BE GIVEN IN 1888, BY J. T. Trowbridge, C. A. Stephens, and others. Eminent Contributors. Special Articles of great interest, written for the Companion, will appear from the following Authors: PROFESSOR TYNDALL, GEN. LORD WOLSELEY, JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., GEN. GEO. CROOK, U. S. A., ARCHDEACON FARRAR, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, and one hundred other popular writers. Increased in Size. Twelve Pages Weekly, instead of eight pages, will be given nearly every week during 1888, increasing the size of the paper almost one-half, and giving an extraordinary amount and variety of choice reading and illustrations, without any advance in the price. Great Variety of Reading. 200 Short Stories; Tales of Adventure; Articles of Travel; Sketches of Eminent Men; Historical and Scientific Articles; 1000 Short Articles; Bright Sayings; Anecdotes; Sketches of Natural History; Poetry. Free to Jan. 1st. NEW SUBSCRIBERS, who send \$1.75 now, will receive the paper free to Jan. 1st, 1888, and for a full year from that date. This offer includes the CHRISTMAS DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBER. Sample Copies and Colored Announcement and Calendar free. Please mention this Paper. \$1.75 a Year. PERRY MASON & CO., Boston Mass. \$1.75 a Year.

wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

BEAR IT IN MIND.—That pure blood is the life nourishment of the body, and means perfect health no one can deny. Cleanse the blood from all impurities with B. B. B., the best blood purifier known.



Cures Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis and all Scrofulous Humors.

The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves, have, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The article's vast popularity in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste, and rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the Phosphate of Lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the assistance required to heal and restore the diseased Lungs. A. B. WILBOR, Boston, proprietor. Sold by all druggists.

A HIGH VALUATION.—"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Frank, of Montebello, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results".

IN THE SELECTION OF A CHOICE GIFT

For Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, or Friend, both elegance and usefulness will be found combined in a copy of Webster's Unabridged.



Besides many other valuable features, it contains

A Dictionary of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, A Gazetteer of the World locating and describing 25,000 Places, A Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons, All in One Book.

8000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary. Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

ren were peering for the first sight a Christmas well-surprise. What ched, so cold, so ng him was told her and children heir home. Very lace to dry, and ide was given up hat little hut that s Day been more ottage seemed to ore brightly than en they gathered after the manner mas carol by way ild had learned to And the poor, ang louder and voice that seemed sweet. Christmas dinner. lack bread seemed in the mouth it children noticed, t the face of the seemed to change it was like listen- was there a hap- hen at last it was o to bed, it some the strange child had been so kind l round. But the black read. The brass s changed to gold. humble Cottage ild Himself who id not know, they that these things sit were the bless- for obeying the

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is coming, and with it the spirit of kindness and good-will that always makes the Christmas season such a joyful one. Everybody is thinking of everybody else, and forgetting all about themselves. Why cannot we do this all the year round, and so have Christmas, or, at least, the Christmas spirit, all the time?

We take for granted that most of you are busy now getting ready for Christmas Day, racking your brains to think of what you shall give to each other, and how many surprises you can make. Of all times in the year, there are none more full of delightful mysteries and secrets than Christmas time. And we believe there are none more talked about and looked forward to by the young people. Sometimes we feel afraid, yes, very much afraid, that all the excitement and preparation of the season will draw the thoughts of everybody, old and young, from the great event we celebrate on Christmas Day, the coming of Jesus into our poor, lost world. We have a good many reasons for feeling so. One is that we remember, when we were children ourselves, how disinclined we were to go to church on Christmas Day; and, when there, how full our minds were of the presents we had given and received, and how hard we found it to fix our minds on the Services. We knew and we felt, even as children, that thoughts of other things had crowded out thoughts about Jesus.

Now, let us all try this year not only to think only of our friends and parents, brothers and sisters, in our Christmas preparations, but let us also think of Jesus, our best Friend. He is coming! Let each one of us ask, "What can I do to welcome Him? How can I really please Him on Christmas morning?" Think about it, and pray about it, and see, if, when Christmas Day arrives, while you have not forgotten any one else, you have not, at the same time, put aside the very best gift of all for Him. Perhaps it may be something that you cannot speak about to your dearest earthly friend; something that only Jesus will understand; a little secret between you and Him. But it will be all the sweeter for that. No gift that you make will bring you greater joy. The moment that you give it to Him and receive His thanks will be the sweetest spot in all your Christmas. You will never forget it.—*Parish Visitor.*



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scaly and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co. Boston, Mass. Send for "How to cure Skin Diseases." **TINTED** with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only under the name, ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St. N. Y.

15 Pounds gained in Three Weeks, and CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

Messrs. Craddock and Co., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. GENTLEMEN, Please send me twelve bottles of Dr. H. JAMES' CANNABIS INDICA, one each of Pills and Ointment, for a friend of mine who is not expected to live; and as your medicines cured me of Consumption some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds while taking the first three bottles, and I know it is just the thing for him. Respectfully, J. V. HULL, Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., Ky.

1888. **Harper's Weekly** ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. Supplements are frequently provided, and no expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. In all its features HARPER'S WEEKLY is admirably adapted to be a welcome guest in every household.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS. Per Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	\$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the number for January and of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage-paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of \$1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address,

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

What Newspapers and People Say of Alden's **Manifold Cyclopedia.**

Publishing in 30 or more volumes, with thousands of illustrations, Ideal Edition, 640 pages each. Brevier type. Price per volume, cloth, 30c.; half Morocco, marbled edges, 65c.; postage, 10c. Specimen pages free. Volume 3 ready Nov. 15, subsequent volumes at intervals of about a month.

An Extra copy free to any one raising a club of five subscribers, vols. to be taken and paid for as issued. Names of club members required, but shipments may be made together.

The Manifold Cyclopedia presents a survey of the entire circle of knowledge, whether of "Words" or "Things," thus combining the characteristics of "A Cyclopedia" and a "A Dictionary," including in its vocabulary every word which has a recognized claim to a place in the English language. *Send for a specimen volume.*

\$8.35 Received on or before Nov. 30, 1887, will be accepted in full for 20 volumes in cloth binding. If you have already bought some of the volumes you can deduct the amount paid. For half Morocco binding, under this offer, add 15 cents per volume. Postage extra, as above.

"A magnificent work for a paltry sum of money."—*Christian Leader*, Cincinnati.

"It is probably the cheapest cyclopedia of a comprehensive character that has ever been published."—*Evening Journal*, Chicago, Ill.

"If the work keeps up to this standard, it will equal any encyclopedia published. We welcome it as offering a library for the millions."—*Herald and Presbyterian*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"We think highly of this effort and gladly commend it to our readers as the cheapest of such works, and wonderfully well done and gotten up."—*Southern Churchman*, Richmond.

"This is the cheapest cyclopedia ever published, and it contains in condensed form every essential feature of the large works which sell at four or five dollars a volume."—*Northeast Magazine*, St. Paul.

"A work of extraordinary promise in thoroughness and comprehensiveness. The information that will be compromised in this work cannot be found elsewhere short of, perhaps, \$40 or \$50."—*Morning Herald*, Rochester, N. Y.

"Mr. Alden never tires in fruitless expeditions to make good knowledge cheap in the sense of market value. His latest is Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia. The intent is to embrace the entire circle of knowledge, whether of words or of things—to blend the dictionary and the cyclopedia."—*Christian Leader*, Boston, Mass.

"The idea of a combination of dictionary and cyclopedia is a good one, and the arrangement of words and subjects in the first volume proves how successful the two may be united. This compact series, we have no hesitation in saying, will prove an excellent work of reference, and the low price commends it."—*Record-Union*, Sacramento.

"It is doubtful if the reading public will ever cease to be astounded at the publishing feats which John B. Alden, of New York, may attempt. Certainly all of his previous efforts in this direction seem to be outdone by his latest production, 'The Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language.'"—*American Rural Home*, Rochester, N. Y.

"We have here a Dictionary and Cyclopedia combined, and for whichever purpose we turn to its pages, we find it in the highest degree satisfactory. We do not know any work of this character that has a better right in virtue of its own inherent excellence to expect instant universal acceptance with the public. It ought to have a place on the bookshelves of every schoolhouse in the country."—*Chester Valley Union*, Coatesville, Pa.

"This unique work promises to be the most popular and important of all of Mr. Alden's literary ventures. The aim of the work is to present a survey of the entire circle of knowledge. It will form a most valuable library in itself. In view of its scope, its thoroughness, its cheapness, and its adaptability to the masses of hungry inquirers after knowledge, we should name it 'Alden's Marvelous Cyclopedia.'"—*Christian Advocate*, Buffalo.

"The book in all respects more than answers my expectations. It is a very neat volume, of a form convenient for use, firmly bound, of large, clear type, with contents of just that general character which the popular reader requires—comprehensive, accurate, and compact. Its marvellously low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence-loving household."—*Prof. Henry N. Day, D.D. LL.D., Yale College, New Haven, Conn.*

"A work of incalculable value, projected by the irrepressible Mr. Alden, whose numerous valuable publications, sold at a mere nominal price, entitle him to the gratitude of the reading public. The 'Manifold' will be much more than a 'Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge'; it will embody also a dictionary of the English language, including every word which has any claim to a place in the language. It is brought out in good style, and worthy of a place in any library."—*Methodist Recorder*, Pittsburgh.

Complete Catalogue of ALDEN'S Publications (64 pages) sent free. **NOT** sold by book-sellers—no discounts allowed except to Stockholders in *The Provident Book Co.*, which is open to all. Books sent for *examination before payment*, satisfactory reference being given.

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK: 393 Pearl St. CHICAGO: Lakeside Building,
P. O. Box 1227. Clark and Adams Sts.

Canadian Purchasers will add to Catalogue prices 15 per cent. for duty and 12½ per cent. for copyright.
TORONTO: FRANK WOOTTEN, General Agent, 30 Adelaide St. East

TRADE-MARKS, PATENTS, COPY RIGHTS, DESIGNS, PRINTS, BE-ISSUES, LABELS. Send description of your Invention. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer and (lector, Washington DC.

MAGIC LANTERN.

Evening Parties, Church Bazaars, Sunday Schools, Lodges, &c. Attended with the Above, by Mr. W. Oakley, 9 Given's St., Toronto.

Magic Lantern Slides on sale and made to order from nature or pictures. A Slide of the Lord Bishop of Liverpool on board the Allan steamer *Circassian*, addressing a party bound for the North-West; also the Bishop of Algona on board the Allan steamer *Parisian*, 50c. each.

Mr. Oakley Photographs Private Residences, Groups, Interiors, &c. Artistic work guaranteed. Terms moderate.

Letter from her Majesty the Queen: Sir Henry Fox-onby has received the Queen's command to thank Mr. W. Oakley for the Photographs forwarded for her Majesty's acceptance 20th May, 1885. Privy Purse Office, Buckingham Palace, S.W.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

H. SLIGHT,
CITY NURSERIES,
407 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE FLORAL PALACE OF CANADA

An exceedingly well grown stock of Ornamental and Fruit Trees of all the choicest varieties. New Roses—Bennet, Sunset, The Bride, Her Majesty. A large stock of all the standard sorts. Choicest Flower seeds.

A SELECTION OF BOOKS
—SUITABLE FOR—
CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY GIFTS,
—FOR SALE BY—
Rowell & Hutchison, 76 King St., E., Toronto.

TREASURES OF ART AND SONG.—A beautifully illustrated Gift Book. Oblong, cloth gilt, \$2.50.

TENNYSON'S POETICAL WORKS.—Handy volume edition; 10 vols: in case, cloth, \$6.50, morocco, \$12.50.

AN OLD STORY OF BETHLEHEM.—One Link in the Great Pedigree. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." \$1.10.

SONGS AND LYRICS FOR LITTLE LIPS.—Set to music by W. H. Cummings and others. Illustrated; \$1.50.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. Illustrated; \$2.

PICTURES DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—Profusely illustrated with fine engravings. Bound in handsome cloth, gilt; each \$2.50, viz.: Canadian Pictures, Australian Pictures, German Pictures, French Pictures, Sea Pictures, English Pictures.

COLLECTS OF THE CHURCH.—Printed in red and bronze, with illuminated floral borders. 12 mo., cloth; \$2.

FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS—INCIDENTS IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN.—By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated in colors by Arthur and Harry Payne, Bertha Maguire and F. Sargeant. Cloth, gilt; \$2.75.

THE SCHOOL BOY.—By Oliver W. Holmes. With illustrations; \$1.50.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.—By Frances Ridley Havergal. Illustrated; \$1.

DAYS WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—From the Spectator. With numerous illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Fcap., 4to. Cloth, elegant; \$2.

OLD CHRISTMAS AND BRACEBRIDGE HALL.—By Washington Irving. With illustrations by Randolph Caldecott. An Edition de Luxe on fine paper. In one volume. Royal 8vo., cloth, gilt; \$5.50.

EVANGELINE—A Tale of Acadia.—By Henry W. Longfellow. Decorated with leaves from the Acadia forests. Oblong, 4to.; cloth, gilt; \$1.50.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—With portrait and numerous illustrations. Cloth, gilt; \$5.

SONGS OF THE MASTER'S LOVE.—By Frances Ridley Havergal. Beautifully illuminated. Small 4to.; ornamental cloth; \$2.

THE PENIEL SERIES.

Exquisitely printed and illustrated inexpensive books, making admirable substitutes for Christmas cards:—

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.—A book of Scripture Texts and Poems for children. By Ernest C. Price. Designed and illustrated by Alice Price and F. Corbyn. Price, \$1.75.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.—By Thomas Gray. Boards, 90 cents; buckram, \$1.25.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Boards 35 cents, cloth or buckram 50 cents, roan \$1, wicker or panther \$1.25.

ON THE WING.—Scripture texts for each day in the month, with verses and designs. Boards 35 cents, cloth or buckram 50 cents, roan \$1, wicker or panther \$1.40.

"ABIDE WITH ME"; NEARER MY GOD TO THEE; LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.—Paper, ribbon tied; each 20 cents.

SEASON SONGS AND SKETCHES.
FOUR VOLUMES—Small 4to., 6 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches. Each volume contains 32 pages of exquisitely printed monotints, with verses appropriate to the season, and artistically printed colored covers, fastened at the side with ribbon. Each 65 cents; viz.: Spring Songs and Sketches; Summer Songs and Sketches; Autumn Songs and Sketches; Winter Songs and Sketches.

Similar to and Uniform with the above.

MORNING SONGS AND SKETCHES, 65 cents.
NOON SONGS AND SKETCHES, 65 cents.
EVENING SONGS AND SKETCHES, 65 cents.
NIGHT SONGS AND SKETCHES, 65 cents.

THE LILY AND THE CROSS.—By E. Nesbitt. Illustrated in monotints. Small 4to.; 50 cents.

THE "SHALL NOTS" OF THE BIBLE.—By F. E. Marsh. Arranged for thirty-one days, with illustrations; 75 cents.

LOVING LINKS.—A selection of Scripture Texts

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY EXECUTED.
ROWSELL & HUTCHISON, 76 King St. E., Toronto.

with appropriate verses by various authors. With floral borders; 75 cents.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.—By F. R. Havergal and others. Floral borders; 60 cents.

BOOKLETS.

LANDSCAPE AND SONG.—Selected by E. Nesbitt. 30 cents. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, 30 cents. FULLNESS OF BLESSING.—Hymns and Texts for one month; 30 cents. PILGRIM SONGS, 30 cents. BIBLE "FEAR NOTS," 20 cents. LOVE AND LIGHT, 20 cents. STILL WATERS, 30 cents. FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.—Selections from Longfellow; 25 cents. THE NORMAN BARON.—A Legend of Christmas-tide. By Longfellow; 25 cents. CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, 60 cents. ABIDE WITH ME, 60 cents. CHRISTMAS SATIN LEAVES, 90 cents. CREED OF THE BALLEES, 90 cents. ONE TO FLOWERS, 65 cents. HOME, SWEET HOME, 25 cents.

THE BROOK. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Illustrations by A. Woodruff; 85 cents.

FORGET ME NOT.—A register of anniversaries and birthdays; with selections from the poets. 75 cents.

THE PRIMROSE BIRTHDAY BOOK; 75 cents.

SONGS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY.—Poems with floral borders printed in colors; \$1.50.

THROUGH THE YEAR.—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Original verses and illustrations; \$1.50.

GEMS IN COLOR-BOOKS.

DAISY DAYS.—By Agnes M. Clary; with verses; \$1.

A CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRY.—By L. and R. S. Mack; 75 cents.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.—By R. S. Mack. Illustrated by Harriett M. Bennett; \$1.50.

BUBBLES.—By A. M. Lockyer; \$1.

BOUND MAGAZINES AND ANNUALS.

Band of Hope, 35 cents; British Workman, 50 cents; Children's Friend, 50 cents; Child's Companion, 50 cents; Cottager and Artizan, 50 cents; Family Friend, 50 cents; Friendly Visitor, 50 cents; Infants' Magazine, 50 cents; The Prize, 50 cents; Chatterbox, \$1; Little Folks, \$1.25; Sunday, \$1; Little Wide Awake, \$1.25; Boys' Own Paper, \$2; Girls' Own Paper, \$2; Good Words, \$2.25; Sunday Magazine, \$2.25; Leisure Hour, \$2; Quiver, \$2.25; Sunday at Home, \$2; Routledge's Boys' Annual, \$2; Cassell's Magazine, \$2.25; English Illustrated Magazine, \$2.50.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

By all the well-known and favorite authors. For lists see our Library Catalogue, MAILED FREE on application.

CALENDARS.

OUR DAILY PORTION, 20 cents; Shakspeare, 35 cents; Day unto Day, with selections from Holy Scripture for every day in the Christian year, 35 cents; To-Day, an office calendar, 35 cents; Every Day, with selections from celebrated authors, 35 cents.

SETS OF STANDARD AUTHORS.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, handy volume edition, 8 vols., cloth, in case, \$3; morocco, \$6; 13 vols., green cloth, red edges, \$6.50; Knight's new large Type edition, with full page illustrations, \$3.75; Victoria edition, 3 vols., \$5; Bulwer's Novels and Tales, 12 vols., \$9; Thackeray's Works, 10 vols., \$9; Scott's Waverley Novels, 12 vols., \$9; Dickens' Works, 15 vols., \$9; George Eliot's Works, 6 vols., \$5; Macaulay's History of England, 5 vols., \$3; Gibbon's History of Rome, 5 vols., \$3, etc., etc.

Prayer Books and Hymn Books, singly and in sets, Church Services, Pocket and Family Bibles, Devotional Works, Sermons by leading Divines, Commentaries, etc.

Pocket Diaries, Daily Journals and Almanacs.

—25 CENTS—
Per Dozen Pieces
COLLARS AND CUFFS.
TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,
54 and 56 Wellington-street west, or
65 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO
C. P. SHARPE.

SHORT HINTS
—ON—
Social Etiquette.

Compiled from latest and best works on the subject by "Aunt Matilda." Price, 40 cts.

This book should be in every family desirous of knowing "the proper thing to do."

We all desire to behave properly, and to know what is the best school of manners.

What shall we teach our children that they may go out into the world well bred men and women?

"SHORT HINTS"
Contains the answer and will be mailed to any address postage prepaid on receipt of price.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA
W. H. STONE,
The Undertaker,
ALL FUNERALS CONDUCTED PERSONALLY
No. 3-9 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
TELEPHONE No. 982.

Sacramental Wines.
Pelee Island Vineyards,
PELEE ISLAND, LAKE ERIE.



J. S. HAMILTON & Co.
BRANTFORD, ONT.
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Our Sacramental Wine
"ST. AUGUSTINE,"

used largely by the clergy throughout Canada and is guaranteed pure juice of the grape.

ST. AUGUSTINE—A dark sweet red wine, produced from the Concord and Catawba grapes. It contains no added spirit. Prices in 5 gal. 14. \$1.50; 10 gal. 14. \$1.40; 20 gal. lots, \$1.30; Bbl. of 40 gals. \$1.25; Cases, 12 qts., \$4.50. Send to orders solicited satisfaction guaranteed. Address:

J. S. HAMILTON & Co.,
BRANTFORD, ONT.,
Sole Agent for Canada for the Pelee Island Vineyards.



CHURCH KALENDAR 'READY' IN NOVEMBER
Edward VI. Prayer Book, \$1.00; Mor., gilt, \$1.50. Churchman's Private Prayer Book, 50c; gilt, \$1.00. Triple Certificates for Holy Baptism, Confirmation, and First Communion, with Envelopes \$1.20 doz. Sunday School Leaflets, 10c. per annum, each copy. Illustrated Magazines, for Home Schools, Charitable Institutions and Homes, 15 to 60c. per year. Complete Church S. S. Teachers Register and Class book, just published, 10c. WM. EGERTON & CO., 10 Spruce Street, New York.



MONSTER SALE
OF
Art Fancy Goods
FOR
Xmas & New Year's Presents.
The Biggest Assortment, Finest Goods, and at the Lowest Prices ever offered in the City of Toronto. All kinds of plush Workboxes, Toilet and Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, &c., &c. Fancy Ornaments in brass, etc., fine lines in Leather Goods, Combinations, Purse, Satchels, &c. If you want First Class Goods and at Right Prices, don't forget to call at

DORENWEND'S
PARIS HAIR WORKS,
103 & 105 Yonge Street, between King and Adelaide Streets.
TORONTO.

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
ASK FOR THEM IN CANS, BOTTLES OR PACKAGES

THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE
SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS & c.

2 GOLD MEDALS
1 SILVER MEDAL
8 BRONZE MEDALS
1886

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED GENUINE
PURE GOLD MANFG. CO.
31 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-time study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

MULLIN & MUIR,

SUCCESSORS TO

HENDERSON, MULLIN & CO.,

136 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

We have greatly improved the PREMISES and have increased our STOCK, which comprises all the latest DESIGNS AND COLORINGS for 1887.

We call special attention to our new line of WINDOW BLINDS.

Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging, Coloring, and Fresco Painting in connection with the WALL PAPER Store. Yours Respectfully

MULLIN & MUIR, 136 Yonge Street, Toronto.

H. GUEST COLLINS,
Receives pupils for instruction on the
ORGAN AND PIANO,
AND IN
Voice Culture and Musical Theory.

Special attention given to the training of
Choirs and Choral Societies.

Harmony taught in classes or by correspond-
ence.

Terms on Application.

Residence - 21 Carlton St., Toronto

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL,
PORT HOPE.

LENT TERM

Will begin on

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11th.

Forms of Application for admission and copies
of the Calendar may be obtained from the
REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, M. A. D.C.L.
HEAD MASTER.

T. LUMB'S

Steam Carpet Cleaning Works.
171 Centre Street, Toronto.

Machinery with latest improvements for
cleaning of all kinds. Especially adapted for
fine Bugs; Axminster, Wilton, Velvet, Brussels,
and all pile carpets; the Goods are made to look
almost like new, without in the least injuring
the Fabrics. Carpets made over, altered, and
refitted on short notice.
TELEPHONE 1297.

Telephone to 10

J. L. BIRD,

FOR

**Carpenters' Tools, Cutlery, Plated
Ware, Everything, Anything,
All Things in**

GENERAL HARDWARE,

818 Queen St. W., Toronto.

HOUSEKEEPER'S EMPORIUM

**RANGES, WOOD COOK STOVES,
COAL OIL STOVES,
CUTLERY, PLATED WARE,
CRANDELIERS, LAMPS,
BABY CARRIAGES, ETC.**

Every family should have one of our

Self-Basting Broilers.

HARRY A. COLLINS,
YONGE STREET, WEST SIDE

KNABE
PIANO FORTES

UNEQUALLED IN

Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE and CO.

Baltimore, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street,
New York, 119 Fifth Ave. Washington, 817
Market Space.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 19
to 30 Days. No Pay until Cured.
J. L. SERRANA, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio

**THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES.**

President,—The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

This School offers a liberal Education at a rate
sufficient only to cover the necessary expenditure,
the best teaching being secured in every depart-
ment.

At the recent University Examinations (1887) at
Trinity and Toronto Universities, several pupils
of the School obtained Good Standing.

The building has been lately renovated and re-
fitted throughout.

Christmas Term begins Nov. 9th, and, as there
are very few vacancies, early application is
recommended.

Annual Fee for Boarders, inclusive of Tuition
\$204 to \$252. Music and Painting the only extras.

To the Clergy, two-thirds of these rates are
charged.

Five per cent. off is allowed for a full year's
payment in advance.

Apply for admission and information to
MISS GRIER, LADY PRINCIPAL,
Wykeham Hall, Toronto.

"LET NO MAN enter into business while
he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books.
Never let him imagine that any degree of
natural ability will supply the deficiency or pre-
serve the multiplicity of affairs from inextricable
confusion."—JOHNSON.

DAY'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Excellent facilities for acquiring a good Busi-
ness Training. Instruction sound and practical.
For terms, address

JAMES E. DAY, Accountant,
94 & 96 King St. West Toronto.

MRS. FLETCHER

Has much pleasure in assuring her friends and
patrons that her Boarding and Day School for
young ladies has opened at 142 Bloor St., opposite
Queen's Park, Toronto, with prosperous classes.
Mrs. Fletcher desires to acknowledge most
gratefully the kindly aid she has received, and
chiefly from the former pupils and their parents,
many of whom have exerted themselves very
much in her behalf.

THE

Western Boys' College:

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Will open Wednesday, January 11th, 1888.

For Prospectus, Form of Application, etc
Address,
H. KAY COLEMAN, Principal.

THE FOLLOWING

Christmas Papers, Magazines, &c.
ARE NOW READY!

Illustrated London News.....	\$00 50
Illustrated London Graphic.....	00 50
Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic.....	00 50
Yule Tide.....	00 50
Father Christmas.....	00 50
Pictorial World.....	00 50
Ladies' Pictorial.....	00 50
Le Figaro (English or French Text).....	1 50
Young Ladies' Journal.....	00 40
Century.....	00 40
Harpers Magazine.....	00 40
St. Nicholas.....	00 30
Lippencott.....	\$00 30
Scribner.....	00 30

Mailed free on receipt of price.

J. B. CLOUGHER,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

151 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell the
Journeys of
Jesus. History of His
travels with the twelve Disciples in the Holy
Land. Beautifully Illustrated. Maps, Charts
Etc. Address
MENNONTIE PU LISHING CO., Elkhart

**THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE CO.**

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE, M. P.

PRESIDENT:

FULL DEPOSIT WITH THE DOMINION
GOVERNMENT.

HEAD OFFICE:

22 to 28 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

**THE SEMI-TONTINE RETURN PREMIUM
PLAN**

Provides that should death occur prior to the
expiration of the Tontine period, the whole of
the premiums that may have been paid will be
payable with, and in addition to, the face
of the policy—thus securing a dividend of
100 per cent. on the premiums paid, should death
occur during said period.

THE COMMERCIAL PLAN.

The large number of business and professional
men who have taken out large policies on the
Company's Commercial Plan, show the demand
for reliable life insurance relieved of much of
the investment elements which constitutes the
over payments of the ordinary plans, is not
confined to men of small incomes, but exists
among all classes of our people.

For further information apply to

WILLIAM MCCABE, F. I. A.

MANAGING DIRECTOR:
TORONTO.

Illustrative Sample Free



HEAL THYSELF!

Do not expend hundreds of dollars for adver-
tised patent medicines at a dollar a bottle, and
drench your system with nauseous slops that
poison the blood, but purchase the Great and
Standard Medical Work, entitled

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Three hundred pages, substantial binding.
Contains more than one hundred invaluable pre-
scriptions, embracing all the vegetable remedies
in the Pharmacopoeia, for all forms of chronic and
acute diseases, beside being a Standard Scientific
and Popular Medical Treatise, a Household Physi-
cian in fact. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid,
sealed in plain wrapper

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL,
young and middle aged men, for the next ninety
days. Send now or put this out, for you may
never see it again. Address Dr. W. H. PARKER,
4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass.



JOHN MALONEY,

DEALER IN

**Stone, Lime and Sand,
Sewer Pipes and Tiles,**

ALSO,

GENERAL TEAMING.

**C.P.E. Yards, Corner Queen & Dufferin
Streets, Toronto.**

N. P. CHANEY & CO.

230 King St. E., TORONTO,

Feather and Mattress Renovators
and dealers in all kinds of

**FEATHERS, NEW FEATHER BEDS, PILLOWS,
MATTRESSES AND SPRING BEDS.**

Furniture overhauled.

Cash paid for all kinds of Feathers.

UNEMPLOYED!

No matter where you are located, you should
write us about work you can do—and live at
home. Capital not required. You are started
free. Don't delay. Address,

The Ontario Tea Corporation,

125 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

I. J. COOPER.

Manufacturers of

COLLARS, SHIRTS, CUFFS, &c.

Importers of

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, GLOVES,

SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, &c.

Clerical Collars &c. in Stock and to Order

109 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY!

Ridpath's "Cyclopedia of Universal History".
A complete account of the leading events of the
world's progress from 4000 B. C. to the present
time. 2438 pages; 1210 high-class engravings; 73
maps and charts. Agents wanted everywhere.
Congenial and profitable employment for Clergy-
men and Teachers who have leisure. For illus-
trated specimen pages, descriptive circulars and
terms, address
BALCH BROTHERS
104 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

MISS DALTON

307 Yonge Street, Toronto.

All the Spring Goods now on view
MILLINERY, DRESS

AND MANTLE MAKING.

The latest Parisian, London and New York
Styles.

LE PAGE'S
THE ONLY GENUINE
LIQUID GLUE
Used by thousands of first-class Manufacturers
and Mechanics on their best work. Its success
has brought a lot of imitators copying under every
way possible. Remember that **THE ONLY GENUINE**
Le Page's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS
Sample by mail 25c stamp.