



St. Paul's Church.

RECTOR—REV. CANON INNES, M.A.
 ASSISTANT—REV. R. HICKS, B.D.
 CHURCHWARDENS—W. J. REID & T. HERBERT MARSH, ESQS.
 ORGANIST AND CHOIR MASTER—GEORGE B. SIFFI, ESQ.

SERVICES AND MEETINGS FOR MAY.

Each Sunday Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
 Every Wednesday Evening Service at 7.30
 19th—Ascension Day, Service at 10.30 a.m.
 30th—Monday in Whitsun Week, Service at 10.30 a.m.
 31st—Tuesday in Whitsun Week, Service at 10.30 a.m.
 Bible Class—Sunday, 3 p.m., Thursday, 7.30 p.m.
 Sunday School—3 p.m.
 Churchworkers' Association—Meetings suspended for the summer months.
 Mothers' Meeting—Closed for summer months.
 Dorcas Society—Closed for summer months.
 Sewing Class—Closed for summer months.
 Girls' Friendly Society—Closed for summer months.
 Administration of the Holy Communion on the First Sunday, 11 o'clock service, and on the Third Sunday, at 8.30 a.m.
 Sacrament of Holy Baptism, on the last Sunday, at 2.30 p.m.
 Communion Offerings for the Poor. Administered through the Churchworkers' Association.
 Collection on the Sunday after Ascension for Domestic Missions.
 Mr. L. Finnell attends the Crownn Hall every day, from 10 to 12 o'clock, to receive enquiries about pews. To him also applications about Woodland Cemetery must be made.

EARLY ATTENDANCE IN GOD'S HOUSE.

This is a duty that must be evident to every Christian. To be habitually late is a practical declaration that what you expect to engage in and to hear is of very little importance, and may be slighted without either loss to yourself or to others. But is it so? Our Church Service is a whole, commencing with the confession of sin to God, and the absolution pronounced in His name to all "who sincerely repent, and unfeignedly believe His holy gospel." If this is a matter of small importance, then it speaks ill for the spiritual condition of that man who so esteems it. Then as to others, is it any wonder that so little regard should be paid to their feelings, that those who desire to "worship in spirit and in truth" should be liable to have their attention distracted by late-comers. Another reason why it is so earnestly desired that all, and especially pewholders, should be in their places when Service commences, is, that the gentlemen who so kindly attend to the accommodation of strangers may be able more readily to find seats for them, which it is impossible they can do with satisfaction to themselves and without annoyance to pewholders who are late, and who are liable to lose their accustomed seats; for few would have so little respect for themselves or want of consideration for the feelings of others, as to turn a stranger out of his sitting. Some, however, have been guilty of thus bringing discredit upon the church, and upon the name of Him whose House is so desecrated, but there is reason for thankfulness that it has occurred so seldom.
 The Rector is pleased to be able to announce that the Rev. R. D. Freeman has accepted the position of assistant in St. Paul's, temporarily vacant through the illness and absence of the Rev. R. Hicks. The Rev. Mr. Freeman will enter upon his duties about the 1st of June.

The Parish Magazine:

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LESSONS FOR MAY, 1887.

MAY 1ST.—3RD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Num. xxii; John. i. 43.

Evening—Num. xxiii. or xxiv.; Col. iii. to 18.

MAY 8TH.—4TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Deut. . . to 23; Luke xxiv. 13.

Evening—Deut. iv. 23 to 41; 1 Thess. v.

MAY 15TH.—5TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Deut. vi.; John iv. 31.

Evening—Deut. ix. or x.; 1 Tim. iv.

MAY 22ND.—SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

Morning—Deut. xxx.; John vii. 25.

Evening—Deut. xxiv. or Jos. i.; Titus i.

MAY 29TH.—WHITSUNDAY.

Morning—Deut. xvi. to 18; Rom. viii. to 18.

Evening—Isa. xi., or Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Gal. v. 16,
or Acts xviii. 24.

LONDON, MAY, 1887.

A HERO OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

THE beautiful collect in our prayer book at the close of the morning and evening prayers has made us familiar with the name of St. Chrysostom. Rightly we treasure that collect as one of the gems of our collection. It forms such a fitting conclusion to all the prayers that have gone before. In it we wish for a fulfillment of these, only as far as may be expedient. We leave to God the decision as to what is expedient.

But St. Chrysostom deserves to be known for other reasons than that his name is associated with this prayer. He has left behind him teaching that might be suitable for any age, and which bears special lessons for our own. Nor is it only his teaching we may study with profit. His life was in harmony with it. He practised what he preached. If he cried to the

world of his day, "This is the way; walk ye in it," he took care to be the first to enter upon that way. He lived and died a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

John, surnamed Chrysostom, *i. e.* "Golden Mouthed," on account of his surpassing eloquence, was born at Antioch in the year 347. He was of noble birth, his father being a distinguished officer in the armies of the Roman Empire. His mother's name was Anthusa. She was also of high rank, and upon her devolved, on the death of his father, when he was still an infant, the responsibility of watching over and guiding his education.

Anthusa provided her son with the best instructions, and under her care the genius of John rapidly developed. Before he was twenty years of age he had conceived a desire to enter the monastic life, and although for a time the amusements that the world had to offer, and the practice of oratory in the Forum, were all attractive to him, he soon, under the influence of a youth named Basil, returned to the contemplation of the Holy Scriptures and the practices of a devout life. His early teacher, Libanius, declared on his death bed that, had the Christians not stolen him, John would have been his fittest successor, and the Bishop of Antioch prophesied a future of greatness when he observed his noble character and promising abilities.

John, however, had no worldly ambition. He desired to retire from the world's observation, and spend his life in meditative devotion. And it was only in deference to the wishes of his mother that he abandoned this idea and lived quietly at home with her. Here his life was spent, not in self-indulgent ease, but in severe discipline, and he saw little of his friends of former years.

A riot at Antioch served to bring out his sterling qualities. He had already been ordained to the priesthood in the year 386, and his Lenten sermons had attracted general attention, when the people of Antioch, groaning under the weight of a tribute, broke out into rebellion against the Emperor. The public baths were ransacked, the Governor's house was assaulted, and the mob were with difficulty dispersed. The statues of the Emperor and Empress were thrown down and dragged ignominiously through the city. Their portraits were pelted and defiled with mud.

Upon hearing of these proceedings, the Emperor, as might have been expected, was exceedingly angry, and gave an order for the destruction of both people and buildings. When this news reached Antioch the people were terror stricken. They knew not what to do. And in the absence of the Bishop, who had gone to endeavor to appease the Emperor, Chrysostom undertook to turn their fears to good account. Each day in the church he addressed large audiences on the

dangers that were hanging over their heads. He pointed out how these perils were but the just punishment of their sins; he commended them for having temporarily changed for the better; he consoled them by Christian exhortations. He exhorted them to forget their injuries, and was the first to announce to them the free pardon that had been granted the city on the earnest intercession of the Bishop. For ten years Chrysostom continued to labor and preach at Antioch. And it was during this period that most of his commentaries on Holy Scripture were written.

But there was yet a higher work awaiting him, and a larger sphere of influence. The Archbishopric of Constantinople, then one of the first cities in the world, was vacant, and Chrysostom was chosen to fill it. To this lofty post he brought with him the same simple manner of living and the same single-hearted devotion as had marked his career at Antioch. Constantinople was the seat of most of the sins which darken the life of modern London or Paris. It is true the age was a Christian one, but the Christianity of the majority was only nominal. Civilization had out-run Christianity. Vice was not banished from among men; it was merely dressed up to pass for virtue. Society, though refined, was rotten at the heart.

Chrysostom was the man for the place and the times, and he now entered upon his work as called by God. In an unrighteous age he shines out as a fearless preacher of righteousness. Now-a-days it is customary to attack vice with gloved hands and veiled faces. We are anxious to wound the sensibilities of none. Phrases are pruned and shaped until they have lost their meaning. Sins we soften down and call weaknesses. They must be tenderly dealt with, for are they not common to the greater number of people? Unconsciously we put aside God's standard of right and wrong, and substitute our own.

In such circumstances it is wholesome to turn to the outspoken words of the "golden mouthed" preacher. He will call a spade a spade. He will tell the people of their sins, cost what it may to himself. He will have no respect of persons. The extravagance of all classes in his time called down his just censure. "Fay," he says on one occasion, "I will not call it extravagance, it is senselessness. Nay, nor yet this, but madness. What a madness is this! What an iniquity! What a burning fever!" Or again, "Your shoes were made to tread on mud and mire, and all the splashes of the pavement. If you cannot bear this, take them off and hang them from your neck or put them on your head. You laugh when you hear these words, but I am disposed to cry when I behold this insanity and anxiety about such matters."

And his plainness of speech was not less striking in

matters of doctrine, even when speaking on unpopular topics. "It is impossible, yea impossible," he exclaims, for an avaricious man to see the face of Christ. For this is hell appointed; for this, fire; for this, the worm that dieth not. Why need I say these things? I could wish that the things concerning the Kingdom might ever be the subject of my discourse. But better it is that ye be burnt for a little space by our words than for ever in that flame."

Such boldness in rebuking vice, in a city like Constantinople, naturally raised up many enemies against St. Chrysostom. He spent his last days in exile, far from his beloved flock and the city of which he was Bishop. But his words were not forgotten, nor were the fruits of his teaching lost. They remained and do remain, to purify society wherever it is corrupt, and to be a standing protest against the separation of Christianity and civilization. His body was borne back to Constantinople at the express wish of his people, and was received with every outward token of reverence and esteem, and his name is still venerated as that of another John the Baptist.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

THE electric incandescent light, which has been applied to the taking of photographs in such inaccessible places as underground cavities, mines, and so on, is now to be tried by MM. Bonfante and Massonneuve for photographing the sea bottom, sunken vessels and submarine works. Divers may be employed in the work, because photography nowadays can be learned in a few lessons. Again, by suitable electrical arrangements the negatives may be taken from above water, the light let on, and the camera manipulated from a distance. While upon this subject we may mention that M. Marey, the well-known experimenter in instantaneous photography and the analysis of movements, has succeeded in producing photographs with an exposure of two-thousandths of a second, and he proposes to reduce this period still further. M. Chevreul, the illustrious French centenarian, has enabled him to do so by devising an "absolute black" background, against which the illuminated object is seen. If the background emit light, it is found that the rapidly revolving shutter or obscurator employed is rendered less effective, and so it is of great importance to have a perfectly black background. The background of M. Chevreul is obtained by using a box or case blackened inside, and piercing a hole in the wall. M. Marey employs black velvet to form the background, and care was taken to avoid dust, which sometimes emits a little light.—*Engineering*.

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

No. 3.

WE must now for a few moments turn our thoughts to Ireland, for new as it may appear to you, the Church of Rome, which now claims Ireland as one of its most impregnable strongholds, has usurped the island as it once did England. As I have told you how the Christian Church was planted in England, I will try and relate how the heathen people of Ireland, and afterwards of Scotland, came to know and worship the true God. About the year A. D. 400 there might have been seen a poor, friendless captive wandering through the wild forests and over the mountains of Ireland. He had been taken from a happy home in North Britain at the age of sixteen; his name was Succat; he had no companions but his herd of swine and the fierce savages who surrounded him. How many instances do we find in the history of the church of men who, when in prosperous circumstances and surrounded with every blessing, set but little store by the truths of God's word; but when trouble and affliction came, that which had lain dormant awoke to new life. It was just so with Succat before he was carried away from his home. He had set but little value upon God's blessings. His good mother had prayed very earnestly for him, and striven to impress upon his heart the truths of the Gospel, but her heart was not gladdened by seeing the seed she had sown to bear fruit to life eternal. But when torn away from his home and cast into the furnace of affliction, he remembered his mother's teaching, and turned to the God he had so long neglected for help and comfort. Years passed by, and at last Succat was rescued from his captivity, but the scenes he had witnessed among the poor, ignorant heathen had made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. He yearned to tell them of that blessed religion which had given him comfort and hope when all other comfort had failed, and before long he again appeared on the scene of his former trials, now to be the scene of his triumph. Succat knew well the language of these wild Irish, and when he had collected numbers together in the fields by beating a drum, he told them in their own tongue the wonderful history of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and urged them with burning words to cast away their idols and to embrace the faith of Christ. This obscure Scotch youth was the famous St. Patrick, founder of the Irish Church. His labors were crowned with wonderful success. The ever warm-hearted Irish not only flocked to hear him, but the story he told touched their loving nature; numbers believed in God, and forsook their old

heathen form of worship. St. Patrick founded a great many schools, churches and monasteries in Ireland, and spent the last few years of his long and active life in meditating upon the love and goodness of God. Though he endured great hardships and did a wonderful amount of good to others, St. Patrick's humility was remarkable; his only desire seems to have been that God should have all the glory of his work. After speaking in one of his letters of the wonders God had allowed him to perform among the heathen, he adds, "Yet I conjure all persons, let no one on account of these things believe that I place myself on a level with the Apostles, or with any of the perfected saints, for I am a poor, sinful, despicable man." This good Christian died at a great age, about the year 493.

I must now take you back to the British Church, which had begun to suffer from troubles within and without. A man named Morgan, or Peligius, as he is generally called, a native of Wales, where many of the old Druids had taken refuge, was the cause of this trouble. So great a hold had the old religion of the Druids on the people that it was a long time before they could be persuaded to give up all the customs which they held so dear, and even then many of the old Druid notions seem to have been sadly mixed up with the purer faith. Morgan was a very clever man, and in his youth had travelled a great deal in other countries, and conversed with some of the best and wisest men of the time. But chiefly from old association with the Druids, he mixed up with his teaching much that was contrary to Holy Scripture. He tried to make the people believe that we do not want God's help to enable us to act rightly, but that there is enough good in ourselves to secure for us salvation. We know that although many have a great longing to do right, and I dare say this Morgan had, yet without God's help we are very weak, and when others tempt us to do a wrong thing we should find great difficulty in resisting unless we asked God to give us strength, and to put good thoughts into our hearts just at the right time. The British Bishops and other good men were very sorry to find that many had been and were being led astray by the teachings of Morgan, so they wisely decided upon inviting over two good and clever French Bishops to preach to the people and to show them that they were in the wrong, fairly to discuss the whole question, so that the people might be left to decide what was right when they heard both sides. The names of these Bishops were Germain and Lupus. Numbers flocked to hear them; their preaching was very earnest, and all their proofs were drawn from the Bible. So great was the effect they produced that very many of the false teachers acknowledged how wrong they had been, and the condemna-

tion of these new ideas was received with a shout of joy. Another cause of anxiety was that at this time Britain was invaded by the Picts and Scots from the North, and the Romans having been obliged to withdraw most of their troops from the country, the poor natives were left to bear the brunt of these attacks, and were at the same time almost destitute of arms with which to defend themselves, as it was the custom of the Romans to take away all weapons from the people they conquered. It was for the purpose of aiding the Britons in their resistance to the Scots and Picts that the Romans built a strong wall all across the North of Britain, but as they could not remain to assist in defending this wall, it was soon after broken down, and the inroads of the enemies continued. At the same time the fierce Saxons and Anglos from Germany landed on different parts of the coast and committed all sorts of cruelties. Such was the sad condition of Britain at the close of A. D. 426. St. Germain, one of the good Bishops I before referred to, hearing of the great distress of the Britains, came over from France to assist them with his advice, and being a very brave as well as clever man, he greatly encouraged them, and devised a plan by which the Scots and Picts were surrounded and completely defeated. St. Germain then set to work to lay more deeply and lastingly the foundations of the Christian faith. To this end he persuaded the people to build large monasteries where they could be instructed, and where the poor might find a safe refuge. In every monaster he had placed copies of the Bible, which, of course, were all copied with a pen, as printing was not at that time invented, and many of the "monks" (this was the name by which the clergy who lived in the monasteries were called) were constantly employed multiplying these copies of the sacred volume. This work was nobly fulfilled, and it often happened that when ruin, misery and ignorance reigned all around, there rose the solitary monastery, where the young were taught a noble faith, the poor fed, the friendless and aged sheltered, and the wretched consoled. There is an old monastery in Cornwall named St. Germain. I must conclude this section with a story about this good and brave bishop St. Germain. A savage, heathen chief attacked a part of France where St. Germain lived. His fierce appearance was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, and he was followed by a band of armed savages who spread death and desolation wherever they went. But Germain had no fear of death; he rushed forward, and seizing the warrior king's prancing horse by the bridle, commanded him in the name of the God he served to desist from his cruel purpose and spare the helpless people. Awed and astonished by this Christian man's

boldness, he retreated, and the country was saved.
(To be continued.)

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HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE IN SHORT CHAPTERS.

No. 3.—EDWARD IV., FROM 1461 TO 1483.

(Tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus.)

HAVING printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, Fust (or Faustus) undertook the sale of them in Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. He sold his copies for sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, which created universal astonishment; but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and also lowered his price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder. Informations were laid against Fust before the magistrates as a magician; his lodgings searched, and a great number of copies found and seized. The red ink with which they were embellished, was said to be blood. It was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; but on discovering his art, the Parliament of Paris made an Act to discharge him from all persecution, in consideration of his useful invention. The art of printing, however, was not invented by Dr. Faustus, who was a wealthy goldsmith, and advanced money to Guttenburg, the inventor, and in 1455 took possession of the greater part of the stock in satisfaction of the debt, after which he associated himself with his son-in-law, Peter Schoffer, who improved upon the original process of printing by making movable metallic types, and it was from these that the portions of the Scriptures were printed. Fust is supposed to have died in Paris of the plague. The only complete copy of Faustus's Bible in America, is in the Library of Mr. James Lenore, of New York; it cost \$2,600.

The very first printed edition of the Bible in any language was that of the Latin Vulgate, which was printed at Mayntz in 1462. (This must be understood to denote the first edition of the whole Bible which bears the name of a printer, and the place and year of its execution.)

The first printed edition of the Bible in any modern language, was in the German. There is a copy of this Bible preserved in the public library of the City of Leipsic, bearing date 1467.

(To be continued.)

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The more intelligent a man becomes the less he thinks of himself, and the more he thinks of others.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEASIDE.

I sat at eve upon the pebbly shore :
 The round, red sun had faded in the west,
 Leaving soft cloudlets of the palest rose
 Where he had lingered : and the evening breeze
 Was hushed to tender sighing, and the tide
 Was gently sinking to its lowest ebb,
 While the lone sea-birds mourned its failing strength
 In plaintive notes, whose tones were consonant
 With the sad inner voice of my thoughts.
 The desolate shore stretched far and wildly forth
 'Tis bare brown arms to embrace the truant sea,
 Which still receded from the longing touch ;
 While o'er the echoing boundless waste I heard
 Deep sounds, like rolling of his chariot wheels,
 As though he mocked the lonely waiting shore
 With parting promise of his quick return.

And thus, I thought, thousands of human hearts
 Waste vain desires upon th' intangible :
 Grasping at Friendship, faithless summer-bird,
 That swift takes wing when winter clouds appear ;
 Pining for Love, that frail and perishing flower ;
 Dreaming of Hope fulfill'd—ah, where's the heart
 Can chronicle the truth and constancy
 Of Hope's delusive smile?—thirsting for joys
 Which in the tasting vanish ; feeling void
 In the poor craving breast still asking more,
 And destined never to be satisfied.

But, while I thus sat musing, lo ! there came
 Into my sadden'd soul a thought of peace :
 " Is there not friendship closer than a brother's,
 Undying and unchangeable as are
 Those lofty mountains, which to thee appear
 Almost to reach the skies ? Is there not love
 Boundless and fathomless, and vast as is
 Yon distant ocean, stretching out afar ?
 Are there not promises which never fail
 The soul that trusts in them ; and hopes whose fruit
 Is tenfold sweeter than our heart's desire ?
 Thou knowest where to look—none ask in vain ;
 And, having once attained those precious gifts,
 Thou'lt seek no more the world's vain fleeting joys."

J. F. P.

CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.

It is distinctly asserted in the Book of Daniel, that at the time of the Fall of Babylon, the city was ruled and defended by Belshazza, and that he was feasting with his lords when the final assault was made by the Persians, and was taken and slain. It so happens that early historians record that the last king of Babylon was named Nabonadius, and that at the time of the fall of the city he fled to a city named Borsippa, where he was made a prisoner, and instead of being slain, was treated with much kindness by Cyrus. This contradiction was seized upon by sceptics in order to prove that the Book of Daniel was simply a romance, and could lay no claim to inspiration. Those who held to the integrity of the Word of

God, were unable to find any reply to such denial, but were satisfied to wait till God in His own time should furnish an answer. And sure enough it has come to pass, for out of all this confusion and uncertainty a very small and simple discovery has adduced order and harmony in the most remarkable way. A small slab has been found upon which the facts of the history of Babylon at this time are recorded. From this it appears that Nabonadius was actually the King of Babylon when the city was taken, but that he had associated with himself on the throne his son Belshazza, allowing him the royal title. Thus while Nabonadius commanded the forces in the field outside the city, Belshazza conducted the defence within the walls, was taken and slain as recorded by Daniel. Surely the very stones have risen out of the dust, and raised their long-buried voice to establish and confirm the integrity and inspiration of the Word of God.—*Historical Evidences of the truth of the Scripture records.* By George Rawlinson, M.A.

THE SILK-WORM.

ON being shown some silk-worms, kept by a boy in a box, and fed with mulberry leaves, Gott-hold thought with himself : And so it is a worm that ministers to men the means of luxury and pomp ! I could wish that no ribbon were ever sold or put on, until such a worm was shown and contemplated. Perhaps this might lead some to reflect how absurd it is for one worm to ornament himself with what another spins, especially considering that at last, with all his glory, he must become the prey of worms. For the rest the silkworm obeys the instinct which is common to all the caterpillar tribe. When it has eaten its portion, and lived its time, it looks about for some corner in which it may lie down, unseen and undisturbed, and die. There it immures and develops itself in its web, and all the stores which it has gathered serves no other purpose than to make for it a burying-place. Alas, ye children of men ! you, too, eat and drink, and accumulate fortunes, and strain every nerve to become great in the world ; but all this issues at last in the necessity of choosing for yourselves a grave. Happy is he who, from this insect, learns in time to forego temporal things, and bends all his thoughts to consider how he may at last die in peace !

Thou faithful God ! my chief anxiety is for my soul, and the best thing I can do for it is to wrap and clothe it in the fair, white silk of Christ's righteousness. Grant that, like a beautiful butterfly, I may one day burst forth, and wing my way to the life eternal,—*From the German.*

THE FORCE OF A CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

MAHOMED Rahem, a Persian, having been asked respecting the change that had taken place in his religious sentiments, gave the following account: "In the year 1223 of the Hegira, there came to this city an Englishman who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of scorn and much ill-treatment from our mollahs as well as from the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled from disease. He dwelt amongst us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect with the declared object of treating him with scorn and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, for he spoke Persian perfectly, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to enquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief mollahs. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this change of opinion; I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city for a long while. Just before he quitted Shiraz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation, the memory of it will never fade from my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me. The force of his example led me to him. The force of his arguments led me to see he was right. The force of his Master's love drew me to the light. Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian, and on the blank leaf was written: 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

A GENIUS FOR AFFECTION.

LADY relates how that one day speaking of another person she knew but slightly, she said: "She disappoints me utterly. How could her hus-

band have married her? She is both commonplace and stupid."

The friend she was addressing said reflectively: "Yes, it is strange. She is not a brilliant woman; she is not even an intellectual one, but there is such a thing as a genius for affection, and she has it. It has been good for her husband that he married her."

These words sank down into my heart like a spiritual plummet. They dropped into depths not often stirred, and from those depths came up some shining sands of truth worth keeping among treasures, having a phosphorescent light in them which can shine in dark places, and, making them light as day, reveal their beauty.

Yes, "a genius for affection;" there is such a thing, and no other genius is so great. It means something more than a capacity, or even a talent for loving, that is common to all human beings, more or less. A man or woman without it would be a monster. The souls who have what my friend meant by a "genius for affection" are in another atmosphere than that which common persons breathe. To such the world is as if it were not. Work, and pain, and loss are as if they were not. These are they to whom it is easy to die any death, if good can come that way to one they love. These are they who do die daily, unnoted on our right hand and on the left—fathers and mothers for children, husbands and wives for each other. These are they also who live—which is often far harder than to die—long lives into whose being never enters one thought of self from rising to going down of the sun. Year builds on year with unvarying steadfastness the divine temple of their beauty and their sacrifice. The universe which science sees, studies and explains is small, is pretty, beside the one which grows under their spiritual touch, for love begets love. The waves of eternity itself ripple out in immortal circles under the ceaseless dropping of their crystal deeds.

Men feel their influence, but only those of like spirit can understand the holiness and beauty which such human lives reveal. It is a Christlike life, into which God only can see clearly. God is their nearest of kin, for He is love.

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WORLDLY ENJOYMENT.—Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, "what madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery?"—*Wilberforce.*

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung ;
Fell the word, unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June :
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune :
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee :"
Felt her soul no need to hid ,
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside ;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from the lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer :
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me :"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know ;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer :
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me :"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee ;"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest :
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me :"
Sung above a coffin-lid,
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul !
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft, gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in leading prayer,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE READY-TO-HALTS.

W R. Ready-to-Halt must have been the most exasperating pilgrim that Great Heart ever dragged over the road to the Celestial City. Mr. Feeble Mind was bad enough, but genuine weakness and organic incapacity appeal all the while to charity and sympathy. If people cannot walk they must be carried. Everybody sees that, and all strong people are, or ought to be, ready to lift babies and cripples. The Ready-to-Halts are never ready for anything else. They can walk as well as other people if they only would ; but they are never quite sure on which road they had better go. Great Hearts have to go back over and over again to look them up. They are found standing still, helpless and bewildered, on all sorts of absurd side paths, which lead nowhere, and they never will confess that they need help. They always think that they are doing what they call "making up their mind ;" but whichever way they make it, they wish they had made it the other, so they unmake it directly. And by this time the crisis of the first hour which they lost has become complicated with that of the second hour, for which they are in no wise ready, and so the hours stumble on, one after another, and the day is only a tangle of ineffective cross purposes. Hundreds of such days drift on, with their sad burden of wasted time. Year after year their lives fail of growth, of delight, of blessing to others. Opportunities, great golden doors, which never stay long open for any man, have always just closed when they reach the threshold of a deed ; and it is hard, very hard, to see why it would not have been better for them if they had never been born. After all it is not right to be impatient with them ; for, in nine cases out of ten, they are no more responsible for their mental limp than the poor Chinese woman is for her feeble feet. From their infancy up to what, in our comic caricature of words, we call "maturity," they have been bandaged. How, then, should their mental muscles be good for anything ? How many parents train their children up from the cradle in a way which insures a life of moral indecision and failure, never seeking to impart the first principles of decision. So many persons do not know the difference between obstinacy and clear-headed firmness of will, that it is hardly safe to say much in praise or blame of either without expressly stating that you do not mean the other. They are as unlike as digestion and indigestion, and one would suppose could not be much more easily confounded, but it is constantly done. It has not yet ceased to be said among fathers and mothers that it is necessary to "break the will" of children, and it has not yet ceased to be seen in

We may act a lie without uttering a word,

WAKE UP!

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," ETC.

the land that men by virtue of simple obstinacy are called men of strong character. The truth is that the stronger, better trained will a man has the less obstinate will he be. *Will* is of reason; *obstinacy* is of temper. What have they in common? For want of strong will kingdoms and souls have been lost. Without it there is no kingdom for any man—no, not even in his own soul. It is the one attribute of all we possess which is most God-like. By it we say, under His laws, as He says enacting those laws, "so far and no further." It is not enough that we do not "break" this grand power. It should be strengthened, developed, trained. The man who is possessed of a properly-developed and trained will enters his office, opens his business letters, and as he reads each, comes at once to a right judgment as to the answer he is to send, while Ready-to-Halt, if by any chance he has any office at all, as he reads his correspondence, lays each letter down with no fixed purpose, and when he has gone through the whole budget is utterly confused and discouraged, and so postpones action from day to day, till little by little his business drops away from him.

How are parents to do their part in avoiding this melancholy fate for the children they dearly love? As the teacher of gymnastics gives his beginners light weights to swing and lift, so should we bring to the children small points to decide; to very little children, very little points. "Will you have an apple or an orange? You cannot have both. Choose; but after you have chosen you cannot change." And so on, from the less to the greater, as age and capacity advance. Every day, many times a day, a child should decide for himself points involving pros. and cons., substantial ones, too. Let him even decide unwisely, and take the consequences; that, too, is good for him. Tell him as much as you please of what you know on both sides; but compel him to decide, and also compel him not to be too long about it. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is a text good for every morning.

If men and women had in their childhood such training as this, we would not see so many putting their hands to the plough and looking back, and "not fit for the kingdom of heaven." Nor for any kingdom on earth, either of business, pleasure or religion, and our churches would be filled with active, energetic and decided men and women, instead of a multitude of poor, weak and unreliable Ready-to-Halts.—*From Bits of Talk.*

Many of our trials in life come upon our own invitation. We plan for them, beseech them, weep for them—then scold because they have visited us,

DICK THORNTON was one of the best-tempered and most good-natured lads in all Cornbury parish, and we are therefore very sorry that our artist happened to pass that way when Dick was not at his best; for we see he has fallen asleep at,—yes, and *on*, the post of duty!

At half-past four in the morning, by the old church clock, Dick had tumbled out of bed, observing the Duke of Wellington's rule, that "when one turns in one's bed it is time to turn out." He didn't forget to "look up" to thank God and pray for His blessing, but I am not so sure that he got the almanack text by heart about being "faithful in that which is least." In almost "less than no time" Dick's dressing arrangements were completed, and he was whistling on his way to Farmer Gibbon's fields, armed with his badge of office, the strong, rough-voiced and always ready rattle.

To scare away the birds from sunrise to sunset for threepence per day was part Dick's work, and to do him justice, he was a right capital scarer, but—now and then, when the sun was very hot, and the air very still, Dick occasionally had a quiet snooze—only "forty winks" to be sure, "a mere nothing" says one of our readers. "A mere nothing!" Ah, but the birds tell a different tale. Oh, the hours they have been eagerly waiting and watching for Dick's noontide slumber. At last the noisy rattle is silent. Yes, there can be no mistake; Dick is in the "land of Nod." It is the old story, "when the cat's away the mice will play." So when the scarer sleeps the winged one reaps. These "forty winks" mean perhaps forty ears of corn damaged by forty vigorous beaks; so we see, that if Dick Thornton has only forty winks on forty days, and if there are forty Dicks in forty different fields, the mere trifle rises mountains high.

Wake up, my lad! wake up! You are placed in that field for a purpose. By-and-by when the harvest is reaped some of the golden fruit will be missing, and those "forty winks" will come before your memory, and possibly tinge with a strain of sadness your song of Harvest Home.

The field is the world, in which there stands a post of duty for us all. It may be, if we sleep, the enemy will swoop along and carry off the treasures committed to our keeping. Wake up, then, brave lads and bonny lasses. Be watchful, be wakeful, be vigilant. He *always* tried to do his Duty, and asked God to help him, is a record which all might have, and one which even the greatest king might envy.

Children's Corner.

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray ;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred ;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a Word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard ;
Earth can forge no keener weapon
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears ;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and Heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise-shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear ;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
(Never, never more to slumber,)
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air ;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living :
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in God's skies.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

EIGHT hundred years after the Christian Era, Alfred the Great, then twenty-three years of age, ascended the English throne. Learning was little regarded at that time, and though a prince, and the

favorite son of his parents, we are told that, at the age of twelve, young Alfred had never been taught to read. He possessed, however, as most great and good men are found to have done, an excellent mother.

One day while sitting with her four sons, it happened that this lady read a book of Saxon poetry (the art of printing, you may remember, was not invented until the fifteenth century, several hundred years after this period), and this book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated" with bright letters, richly painted. The brothers being much struck with its beauty, their mother said : "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read it." Alfred engaged a tutor that very day, and gained the book, of which, we are told, he was ever afterwards proud.

At the time of his accession to the throne, England was greatly harassed by the Danes, a race of bold naval adventurers inhabiting the shores of the Northern and Baltic seas. They were heathen, and thought of nothing but making war and taking plunder. Their plan was to land with their soldiers upon a coast, capture what spoil they could find, burn the houses, and then get on board of their ships again and sail away to their own country. So great was the mischief they wrought that we are told that the people put up prayers to God in all the churches to deliver them from the rage of the Danes.

In the first year of Alfred's reign he fought nine battles with them : he also made treaties with them, by which they swore a solemn oath upon the holy bracelets they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died, to leave the country, but they disregarded their oaths when it suited their purpose, and came back burning and plundering as before. In the fourth winter of Alfred's reign they spread themselves over the whole of England, scattering and putting to flight the King's armies, and compelling him, in the disguise of a peasant, to seek shelter in the hut of a cowherd. Here, while the Danes made vigorous search for him, he was left one day by the herdsman's wife to watch some cakes she had put to bake. But, being at work upon a bow and arrows, he forgot the cakes, and they were burned. I confess that I honor that faithfulness which makes men and women, and boys and girls, do with all their might the duty that lies before them, and that I should have liked the ending of the story better if the King had performed this comparatively insignificant task with credit. And indeed when we remember that that Power who, while directing worlds in their course, still condescends to "clothe the grass of the fields" "and mark the fall of the sparrow," we will readily acknowledge that no duty is so trifling as to admit of

carelessness in the execution of it. For the little duties of daily life, like the stones which compose a piece of mosaic work, are not to be thought of singly, but as parts of a whole, and each must be polished and finished with care lest the beauty of the whole be marred. But the lives of great men which history presents to our view, as well as our own every-day experience, only serve to convince us that perfection is not to be met with among human beings, and Alfred, though so great, was still only a man, and we cannot therefore wonder to find his mind absorbed by the momentous questions which agitated it. He did not, however, escape a rebuke from the cowherd's wife, who, poor woman, little dreaming she addressed her sovereign, exclaimed upon seeing the ruined cakes: "You are ready enough to eat them, but you can not watch them, you idle dog!"

And now the tidings reached Alfred that the Devonshire men had made a stand against a new host of Danes lately landed on their coast, had killed their chief, Hubba, by name, and captured their flag. This last loss greatly troubled the Danes, who, in their superstitious ignorance, believed it to be enchanted. It was the work of the three sisters of Hubba, performed in a single afternoon, and contained the figure of a raven, which, as they believed, raised or drooped its wings as a signal of the success or failure of an enterprise. And now Alfred prepared to join the Devonshire men and attempt the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But first he must know how numerous his enemies were, and how they were fortified; for this purpose, Alfred, being a good musician, entered the Danish camp disguised as a harper. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, but while apparently absorbed in his music, he carefully observed all that it was necessary for him to know, and, being much encouraged by what he saw, he was not long in making use of the information he had gained, for, summoning his men around him, he marched at their head on the Danish camp, and defeated them with great slaughter.

But Alfred was as generous as he was brave, and instead of killing the Danes, made proposals of peace on condition that they leave the western part of the island, and settle in the east, and that Guthrum would become a Christian in memory of that Divine religion which had taught Alfred to forgive his enemies. This Guthrum did. At his baptism, King Alfred gave him the name of Athelstan, and adopted him as his son. And Guthrum proved worthy of this, for he was ever faithful to the King.

The Danes under him were faithful too, for we learn that they worked like honest men, plowing and

sowing and reaping. But, unfortunately for England, all of the Danes were not like those under Guthrum, for, after some years, more landed in the island, and the old plundering and burning commenced again.

One of them, a fierce pirate, named Hastings, sailed up the Thames with eighty ships. For three long years there was war with these Danes, and, to add to its horrors, a famine in the land, and a plague upon men and beasts. But Alfred's bold spirit was undimmed by the ruin which threatened him. He possessed a heart which misfortunes could not conquer or dangers intimidate. The difficulties to which weaker men would have succumbed only incited him to greater effort.

"Wisely concluding that the proper defence of an island was a naval force, and sensible that the effectual way to oppose an enemy who made incursions by sea was to meet them on their own element," Alfred built ships, and his efforts to build and man a fleet are considered the first rude beginning from which sprang the present powerful British navy, to which no maritime power of ancient or modern times bears any comparison. And now, what with pursuing his enemies on the sea and attacking them on the land, Alfred, having fought in his own person fifty-six battles, drove them all away, and peace and quiet reigned in England.

But Alfred, great and wise in war, proved himself great and wise in peace. In a world where there is so much unworthy striving for power and place, where the shining actions of men are often but the fruit of a low, petty ambition, it is delightful to contemplate such an instance of disinterested devotion to duty as the history of this great man presents to us. He was the father of his people, and their highest good was the first wish of his heart. He was untiring in his efforts to improve them. He talked with clever men and travellers from foreign countries, and wrote down what they said for his people to read. He translated Latin and Greek books into the English-Saxon tongue that they might be improved and entertained by their contents.

Among his translations from the Greek I may mention *Æsop's Fables* as a book with which many of you are familiar. He organized armies for the future defence of his country; he made wise, just laws for the good of all; he turned away partial judges, that his people might suffer no wrong; he was so careful of their property and punished theft with such severity, that it is said that under King Alfred's reign, garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He rebuilt and beautified cities, particularly the city of London. He founded schools; in short, recognized

the duties his position entailed upon him, and addressed himself to their performance.

But in order to accomplish the great work before him, it was necessary that not a moment should run to waste. He therefore divided his time into three equal portions: one he devoted to sleep and the refreshment of the body by food and exercise; another to the dispatch of business; and the third to study and devotion. That he might divide his time more exactly, he made use of candles of equal size, and notched across at regular distances; these he kept always burning, but, finding that draughts of air caused them to burn unequally, the King had them put into cases of wood. These were the first lanterns ever made in England.

But all this while Alfred suffered from a dreadful disease, which subjected him to frequent and violent attacks of pain. He bore it, however, as became a brave man and a Christian till he was fifty-three years of age, when he died, after having reigned thirty years. Historians are agreed in acknowledging King Alfred the greatest monarch who ever reigned in England, but this praise seems to me too slight for one of the greatest men that any age or country has ever given birth to.—GRACE WILLOUGHBY, in *The Pansy*.

THE ADVANCE OF TEMPERANCE.

MOST of our readers will be pleased to see that, under the action of healthy public discussion, temperance is becoming more and more a custom with our countrymen. Alcoholic drinks, which once were classed with daily bread in very many households, rich and poor alike, are now luxuries less common than tea, and have, indeed, in an overwidening range of public opinion, come to be no more than the stimulant accessories of impaired nutrition. They certainly should not, as a rule, be taken apart from food, and neglect of this precaution has probably much to do with the formation of the drinking habit. We have heard it suggested, in conformity with this view, that licensed houses should be required to supply food as well as intoxicant liquor, and it is possible that in that case the consumption of the latter would be less than it is. Every means of restraining drunkenness is helpful to the cause of Temperance, therefore, we willingly note the suggestion. At the same time it should be remembered that there is not for those whose health is good, much help, if any, in alcohol, that it rather hinders than assists their energies, and that non-stimulant restoratives and food can best recruit them after toil; while thirst, the want of water, is best allayed by making good that want.—*Lancet*.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.

PSALM xviii. 35. The last clause of this verse reads in the authorized version, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." In the Prayer Book version (from Coverdale's Bible), "Thy loving correction shall make me great," and Luther's translation renders it "Lord, in humbling me, thou shalt make me great," viz.: through shame and persecution I shall be made truly great. A rose is one of the most delicately sweet flowers, and it is said that its sweetness is intensified by planting by the side of it a bunch of garlic. If this be true, it serves to illustrate the benefit which may accrue to an upright and godly man from the wicked and shameless slanderer. In fact, the fame of many would be circumscribed by narrow limits, if their slanders did not help even against their will, to sound it far and wide. The reason is, that the more a man is calumniated and traduced, the more do the honorable-minded, who prefer their own good fame above all the treasures of the world, and are consequently reluctant to believe discreditable things of others, feel bound to take into account the person, look, gestures, and dispositions of him who utters the calumny, and so are led to feel a deeper interest than they otherwise would in the party against whom it is levelled. The ultimate consequence is, that the rose remains, after all, a fragrant and beautiful flower, and the garlic an offensive weed; I mean that the virtuous man continues to be honoured and loved, while the slanderer is disgraced and hated. Besides, the slanderer exercises the good man's patience, shows him the maliciousness of the devil, weans him from the world, exercises him in humility, acquaints him with his sins, and incites him to fly from the vices with which he is charged, and to cultivate the opposite virtues. In short, every calumny thrown at him is a pearl that will one day beautify his celestial crown. This is what King David affirms when he says, "Lord, in humbling me, thou hast made me great." How despicable is the slanderer, and yet how many there are whose greatest delight is to spread abroad the bitter words of calumny; they visit your house, and instead of leaving behind them the pleasant savor of kindness and love, their whole conversation has been seasoned with bitterness and ill reports of others, little thinking how that they will have to render account for every idle word they have uttered, little thinking that even those who from courtesy have listened with apparent pleasure, really from their hearts despise them. Let all who have been accustomed to deal with the character of their neighbours with unbridled tongue, curb their bitterness with these three questions: "Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind?"

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