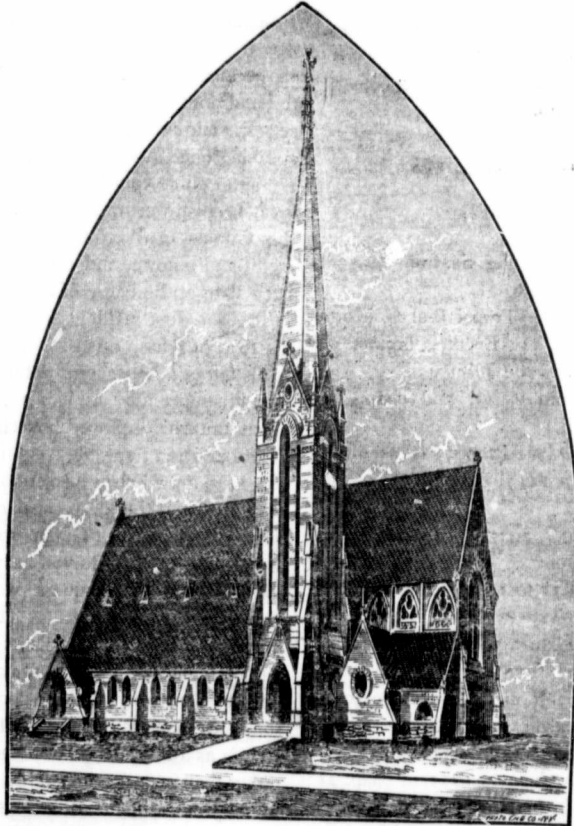


# CHAPTER HOUSE PARISH MAGAZINE.



PROPOSED CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

VOL. I.

LONDON ONT., APRIL, 1887.

No. 4.

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Divine Service on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Seats free at Evening Service. Week Day Service on Wednesdays at 7 p.m., during winter months.

Holy Communion on the First Sunday in the month.

Holy Baptism on the last Sunday of each month at 4 p.m.

Notice to be given the preceding week to the Sexton.

Sunday School at 3 p.m. Bible Classes at same time.

Ladies' Aid on First Tuesday of each month at 3 p.m.

Guild meets on Thursday afternoons at 2.30.

Girls' Friendly meets every other Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Mothers' Meeting every Friday from 2.30 to 4 p.m.

## NOTICE.

We bespeak the cordial welcome and sympathy of all our Parishioners for the Rev. D. Williams, B.A., our Assistant Minister. The valuable service which he has already rendered to the Church in Wales, as well as to the cause of Theological Training at Lampeter College, gives Mr. Williams a claim upon our hearty support and friendship which is not likely to be disregarded.

The Rev. A. Peache, D.D., of London, England, and his sister, Miss Peache, have generously given £50 each to our new Church. As a congregation we owe them a great debt of gratitude for this latest act of open-handed liberality to our Diocese and Parish. If only the luxury of giving back to God were more widely appreciated, and carried out on a similar scale, our Church might be built and paid for this year, and consecrated on December 27th (St. John the Evangelist's Day), as a Jubilee Thankoffering.

## The Parish Magazine:

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### LESSONS FOR APRIL, 1887.

APRIL 3RD.—6TH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Morning—Exod. ix. ; Matt. 26.

Evening—Exod. x. or xi. ; Luke xix. from ver. 28,  
or xx. from 9 to 21.

APRIL 8TH.—GOOD FRIDAY.—Proper Psalms, Morn-  
ing, 22, 40, 54 ; Evening, 69, 88.

Morning—Gen. xxii. to v. 20 ; John xviii.

Evening—Isaiah lii. from v. 13, and chap. liii.  
1 Peter ii.

APRIL 10TH.—EASTER DAY.—Proper Psalms, Morn-  
ing, 2, 57, 111 ; Evening, 113, 114,  
118.

Morning—Exod. xii. to v. 29 ; Rev. i. 10 to 19.

Evening—Exod. xii. from 29 or chap. xiv. ; John  
xx. from 11 to 19, or Rev. v.

APRIL 17TH.—1ST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Numbers xvi. to v. 36 ; 1 Cor. xv. to 29 ;

Evening—Numbers xvi. from v. 36, or chap. xvii.  
to v. 12 ; John xx. from 24 to 30.

APRIL 24TH.—2ND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Numbers xx. to 14 ; Luke xviii. 31.

Evening—Numbers xx. from 14 to 21, or chap. 21 ;  
Philip. i.

APRIL 25TH.—ST. MARK, Evangelist and Martyr.

Morning—Isaiah lxii. from v. 6 ; Luke xviii. 31 to  
chap. xix. 7.

Evening—Ezek. i. to 15 ; Philip. ii.

LONDON, APRIL, 1887.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. 3.

#### BERNARD GILPIN.

HERE are few names in English history which should be dearer to the hearts of English-speaking people than that of Bernard Gilpin. After visiting Italy to make acquaintance with Peter Martyr, and Poland to learn the birthplace of John Alasco, it remains for us to-day to visit Westmoreland, in order to gain an introduction to Bernard Gilpin, the "Father of the Poor" and the "Apostle of the North."

If we want to know what the Reformation in England really was ; the mental and moral struggle which it involved on the part of those who brought it about ; the lofty type of character of its chief promoters ; the emancipation from degrading superstitions which it secured for the individual as well as for the nation ; the light and liberty, the newness of life which spread over the whole country, as from a new-risen sun ; and all because God's Bible was again enthroned above the traditions of men, and human souls found themselves, amid wondering tears of penitence and joy, speaking once more face to face with Christ Himself ; no better guide could be taken than the life of this great English worthy. From the days of King John, the Gilpins of Westmoreland had been people of credit and renown, and one of Bernard's uncles had been slain at the battle of Bosworth.

The very first incident which started the child on the road of reform was the arrival of a preaching friar at his father's house one Saturday night. The holy man at supper time ate like a glutton and drank like a fish, until he disgraced himself under the influence of intoxication ; yet the very next morning he presumed to grow hot in his sermon against some sins of the times, and thundered against drunkenness. "Oh, mother," cried young Gilpin, who had lately got the use of his tongue, "do you hear how this fellow dare speak against drunkenness, who was drunk himself yesternight at our house?" This anecdote seems to furnish the key to the whole later life and character of Gilpin, while the impression made by such an exhibition of sensuality and hypocrisy must have been stamped upon his memory for life.

It is as a reformer of the moral and spiritual life, rather than as a theologian, that Gilpin claims our admiration. As he himself writes, "his nature evermore fled controversy as much as he could." Speculation was not his gift ; but God gave him instead the grander endowments of the prophet's fire and the apostle's abounding charity.

He spent twenty years of his life at Oxford, and there was no preference to which as a scholar he was not entitled. In fact Cardinal Wolsey carried him off from Queen's College to his new and splendid foundation at Christ Church.

All this time Gilpin believed himself a sincere adherent of the Roman Church, so much so that when a public discussion with Hooper was arranged, Gilpin took the Romish side. Afterward he was even put forward as champion against our friend Peter Martyr, and in order to defend his cause proceeded diligently to examine the Scriptures and the ancient fathers. While searching for the truth, which was always the only thing for which he cared, he began

little by little to have a sight of his own errors. Whereupon Peter Martyr was wont to say that he was not much troubled about his other opponents, but that he was greatly moved concerning Gilpin, "for he doeth and speaketh all things with an upright heart." Doubtless God heard the prayer of Martyr that he would be pleased at the last to convert unto His truth the heart of Gilpin, for from that time forth Gilpin drew near to the light of the truth, not upon a sudden, but as he himself confessed, by degrees. When he came to search in the Roman religion, he was forced to acknowledge that many errors were crept into the church, "which hinder and obscure the matter of our salvation, inasmuch that they are no small offence to as many as hunger and thirst after righteousness."

He found that there is not so much as a word touching seven sacraments before Peter Lombard (A.D. 1159); that the use of the Lord's Supper in one kind only was contrary to express Scriptures; that transubstantiation was a devise of the schoolmen; that the adoration of images was instituted against the distinct command of God, and so forth. While he was distracted in mind by these discoveries, the rule of Roman faith, lately changed in the Council of Trent, utterly confounded him. He had observed that according to the ancient writers, as well as the later ones, such as Lombard, Scotus, Aquinas, and the rest, the rule of faith was to be drawn only from the Holy Scriptures, but in the Council of Trent he beheld human traditions made equal with the Scriptures. Therefore he began to doubt whether the Pope might not be that anti-christ foretold in the Scriptures, and the Roman Church plainly anti-christian. He was wont to say that the churches of the Protestants could not give any firm and solid reason for their separation unless this supposition were true, but afterwards he became a conscientious member of our Reformed Church, without, it would seem, having ever attained to his previous condition, which indeed was not necessary to justify secession. There was no forsaking of the Catholic Church on the part of England or on the part of Gilpin, at the Reformation; in spirit, it was exactly the contrary.

The time was now come for him to apply his wonderful gifts to the work of an evangelist in one of the many English districts which under Romanism had become wastes of superstition, ignorance, savage strife, and sensuality. Gilpin shrank from such a solemn trust, but King Edward VI. pressed upon him the acceptance of a crown living in Durham. As a preliminary step he was expected to preach before the king, which he did with such effect as to stir the consciences of all and to secure the lasting regard of several prominent men, one of whom, Secretary Cecil,

procured for him the rare privilege of a general license to preach through the country, a privilege afterwards renewed in Elizabeth's reign. He began his work in the North with burning zeal, but he was not quite happy, because not yet fully persuaded in his own mind, and he desired to go abroad for a season that he might converse with the more distinguished theologians of the Continent. So he resigned his living and sailed for Holland. The whole period of his voluntary exile, which extended over three years, was devoted to travelling from city to city and searching into the things which belonged to his peace; the result being that he returned to England, heart and soul and mind consecrated to the cause of the Reformation. In his case, the blessed old words were fulfilled, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The unhappy and fanatical Mary was now on the throne of England, but in the distant diocese of Durham, and under the protection of his uncle Bishop Tunstal, Gilpin found a safe asylum and a sphere of pastoral labour. His clerical brethren at the bishop's palace tried hard to entangle him in his talk, especially as he was a thorn in their side, owing to their ignorance, their scandalous lives, and their neglect of duty.

But at last he found the desired field where he was to spend his strength and his days. An immense parish, seven miles from Durham, was committed to his care, comprising some fourteen villages, a district so remote that King Edward's efforts on the subject of reform had not even been heard of there during that monarch's lifetime.

In addition to preaching incessantly and visiting from house to house, Gilpin founded a school where he trained young men for the work of the ministry. He kept open house for all, and people came to rely on his judgment, sympathy, and candour to terminate all their disputes.

Nor can we wonder that the moral aspect of his parish began to brighten, and that the power of his preaching was at times so irresistible that men would stand up in church and publicly confess their sins, unable to endure in silence his appeal to their conscience.

Other eyes, however, than those of friends were watching his career. The neighbouring clergy felt that his life was a standing rebuke to themselves, and they longed to get rid of him. It seemed that their wishes would be gratified when he was summoned to London by Bishop Bonner on a charge of thirty-two articles of heresy, the assurance being given that in the course of a fortnight he would be brought to the stake.

Gilpin was accustomed to say that nothing can

happen to us but by the will of God, and when, on his journey to London, his leg was broken in an accident, some one asked him whether this also was by the will of God. He asserted that it was, and so it proved, for before he was able to resume his journey, Queen Mary herself died, and thus the snare was broken and he was delivered.

It was now that he became indeed the apostle of the North. Availing himself of his general license from Elizabeth, he travelled through four counties on missionary tours. But for him the gospel would not have been known in these vast tracts of country for many a day. Over all the border country, bloodshed and plunder ran riot. Many a night did he pass in the snow, walking up and down for long hours with his one attendant for fear they should succumb to sleep. In perils of hunger, cold, robbers, and angry clansmen, who would come to the church armed to the teeth, and ready to fall upon each other as soon as Divine Service was over.

One day when waiting for the people to assemble, Gilpin spied a glove suspended on one of the pillars of the church as a challenge to all comers. The sexton declined the risk of taking it down, but Gilpin by means of a long staff secured it, and put it up in his bosom. In the course of his sermon he denounced the barbarous custom of challenging to mortal combat, and at last said, "I hear that there is one among you who, even in this sacred place, hath hanged up a glove to this purpose, and threateneth to enter into combat with whomsoever shall take it down. Behold! I have taken it down myself." Who can doubt the effect of such preaching and such a manly example of Christian courage.

For nearly twenty-five years, Bernard Gilpin did the work of an evangelist in this spirit throughout the north of England. He declined a bishop's mitre and the high places of rank that he might devote himself to the faithful discharge of parochial duties. When he died, in the year 1583, he left behind him a fragrant memory on account of his love for little children and for all God's creatures. (It was said that if a horse were turned loose it would be sure to make its way to Gilpin's.) The success of his efforts to educate young men for the ministry was widespread and permanent, his philanthropy and his fervid preaching, the golden mean which he held between the extremes of Popery and Puritanism, his readiness to yield up his life at the stake as a martyr for the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, his humility and unworldliness; in a word, his all-absorbing desire to be found wholly in Christ and to be conformed to His likeness in all things. These are the features of Gilpin's character, which make his life a valuable study for every Christian reader.

## SHORT SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

NO. 2. A. D. 50 TO 372.

† HAVE already mentioned the invasion of Britain, by Julius Cæsar. This took place about 55 years before Christ was born. It took the Romans a great many years to bring the country into subjection. The Britons must have been a very brave race to have held out so long against the trained and well-armed legions of Rome, while the poor natives were almost naked, and their arms of a very primitive character. One secret of their sturdy and long-sustained resistance was that the Druids, by their warlike songs, sustained their courage, and had for many years inspired their hearts with a deep love for country and freedom. Even the Romans became discouraged, and Julius Cæsar said that they fought "more like devils than men." At last the Romans determined to destroy the Druids, and in this they succeeded and the country then became a comparatively easy prey. How wonderful are the ways of God, for the Druids would undoubtedly have been the most determined opponents to the introduction of the Christian religion. Their removal, through the cruelty of the Romans, prepared the way for the acceptance of a far higher and nobler faith, the worship of the "Sun of righteousness," instead of the sun which shines in the heavens by day.

It is impossible to say who was the brave and noble Christian who first brought the message of salvation—God's love in Christ—to Britain. It is, however, a matter of little consequence, and the traditions regarding it are unreliable. Some think that Paul, when he visited Spain, went over into Britain. One thing we can be certain about, namely, that by the time the Romans had entirely subdued the country a vast number of heathens had become Christians in other lands, and no doubt there were many in the Roman army fighting under Cæsar's banners. Scripture tells us of some soldiers, centurions in Palestine, who became Christians, and there were some also in Rome, members of Cæsar's household, who accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and therefore it requires no stretch of the imagination to suppose that some of these faithful followers of Christ were the first to plant the standard of the Cross on the shores of Britain, A. D. 200. There is every reason to believe that 100 years after the death of the last of the Apostles, many churches had been built in Britain, where the only true God was worshipped. Tertullian, a great Christian writer, speaks of those parts of Britain "not yet conquered by the Romans, being yet subject to Christ." This was about the year A. D. 200. In my first chapter I told you how



bitterly opposed the Roman Emperors were to the Christian religion and how cruelly they persecuted all Christians. In the year 298 the Roman Emperor, Diocletian, issued an edict that all Christians who refused to worship idols should be put to death and their churches burnt to the ground; and in consequence of this cruel edict many suffered martyrdom rather than deny Christ. Few, however, in Britain were called upon to do so; it was a land so far off and little known, and the means of communication so difficult that the edict was scarcely heard of. There is a name associated with the early history of the Church in England that I must not pass over, it is that of St. Alban, the first English martyr. St. Alban was a soldier in the Roman army, under the Emperor Diocletian. When he came to Britain with his legion, he was greatly struck with the contrast between his own cruel religion and the patience and holiness of those who had become Christians, and he secretly believed in the truth. We are told that it was the example of a poor Christian priest, whom he had kindly sheltered beneath his roof, that brought him openly to confess his faith. This priest was persecuted for righteousness' sake when he asked and received the protection of the Roman soldier. The house was searched in order to discover him, and Alban nobly exchanged clothes with the priest that he might be able more easily to escape from his enemies. This kind act led to the discovery of Alban; he was dragged away to torture, and then he boldly declared before the army that he believed in Christ, and would worship only the one God. His fate was sealed, and the Saviour he refused to deny on earth admitted him to the home prepared for those who confess Him, in heaven. The Abbey of St. Alban, in Hertfordshire, is named after our first Christian martyr. He suffered about 1,600 years ago, and his name lives, and will live in the memory of English Churchmen as long as time lasts. How much more noble a thing it is to be remembered as a poor Christian who was not ashamed to confess Christ, even though in doing so he laid down his life, than as the Emperor of Rome, who persecuted the followers of Jesus.

Most men admit that God exercises a general control over the events of this world, but comparatively few believe that all events, small as well as great, are under His direction, and yet no Christian can read history and not be struck with the fact that He always guides the affairs of this world so as to bring about the ultimate good of his Church. When things seem to be most dark, and evil appears all but to overpower the good, He raises up some holy man to do the work He has in hand, and to protect what is true. So it was at the period of which I am now writing. At

York the spot is still shown where the Empress Helena, a British lady, is supposed to have given birth to the first Christian Emperor of Rome. The walls of the Prætorium at York rang with shouts of joy when Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor of the world. Just at the moment when the Christian spark of hope seemed to be put out, and the heathen religion to prevail, God raised up Constantine to cherish the spark till it became a great and living flame. It was during the reign of Diocletian, who issued the wicked edict to which I have just referred, commanding all Christians, upon penalty of death, to worship the Gods of the heathen, that Constantius, the father of Constantine, was appointed Governor of Britain, and this, together with the other causes I have mentioned, will account for the comparative exemption enjoyed by the Britons from the operation of the edict. In the year 306 Constantine enters Rome in triumph as Emperor, and all cruelties against the followers of Christ cease. Christians are favored and their religion is encouraged throughout the world. Britain shares in the general joy; churches spring up everywhere and the sun of prosperity shines. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical history, describes things as they now were. After speaking of the virtues and goodness of Constantine, he adds: "The Christians now no longer feared those who had so cruelly used them; they celebrated splendid and festive days with the utmost joy; all things were filled with light, and those who before were sunk in sorrow looked at each other with smiling and cheerful faces. With choirs and hymns in the cities and villages they praised God, the universal King, and extolled the pious Emperor. Edicts were published and issued by the victorious Constantine full of clemency, and laws were made full of charity and true religion." It is very interesting to notice as we look back upon the rules which were laid down for the British church that in many important points it is very like our own church of to-day. First we find that there were Bishops at its head. There can be no doubt upon this point, for in the year 314 there was an important general assembly, or council, of bishops, held at Arles, in France, and we find that there were three British bishops present. This council was summoned by the Emperor Constantine, and not by the bishop of Rome. Duties pertaining to the office of a bishop were the same then as now, namely, to watch over the members of the church of Christ committed to them, to ordain priests and deacons who should preside over the several congregations, exactly as I told you the Apostles did in their day, to settle disputes between the clergy and people, to confirm and consecrate, in fact to do just what our bishops now do in their several dioceses.

At the time of which I am now speaking, many of the clergymen lived together in large houses; and as they were almost the only people who could read and write, they established schools in these houses where children were taught all that was good and useful; and in times of war or famine poor and distressed people could always find a refuge within these friendly walls. Many of the clergy married and lived in the different villages about the country, where they taught their people from the parish church. Neither the British bishops nor their clergy recognized at this time any authority of the bishop of Rome. One thing they were very particular and earnest about was that the people should know and understand the Scriptures, and all the services of the Church were performed in a language which the people could understand. The clergy were well instructed in the sacred Scriptures, written copies of which in Hebrew, Greek and Latin were freely circulated amongst them. Several of the prayers which we now use in our services, and in which we unite Sunday after Sunday, were offered up by the British Christians when first the Church was planted in the Island. It is well worth your while to try and remember the names of the three British bishops who attended the Council of Arles; they are—Eborius, of York; Restitutus, of London, and Adelgius, of Caerleon.

*To be Continued.*

#### INVISIBLE WRITING.

**S**OME one happened to say that characters written on paper with orange juice, and afterwards dried, cannot at first be seen or read, but become legible the moment they are dipped in water. It is the same, said Gotthold, with men's actions. They scarcely take notice of their sins, or at least soon forget and are little concerned about them. Let God, however, immerse their conscience in the waves of trouble, and the pains of death, and that which happened to the prophet happens to them. They behold a roll written within and without, and therein lamentation, and mourning and woe. Therefore let us live good and Christian lives, that so, when it pleases our God, we may likewise die good and Christian deaths.—*From the German.*

Whatever you do, be very careful to retain in your heart the habit of religion, that may be always about you, and keep your heart and your life always as in God's presence, and tending towards Him.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

#### DR. PALEY'S LAST DAYS.

**I**N the "Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers," by Mr. Joseph John Gurney, there is a most interesting glimpse of Paley towards the close of his days. At dinner, at Mr. Hoare's, Hampstead (May 31, 1830), the conversation touched on systems of moral philosophy. Chalmers said that "Brown had very low and inadequate views of the character of God. The same may be said of Paley. Witness his founding his system of morals on expediency. This was indeed a degradation in a Christian and moral philosopher; and the more so as even a Cicero could declaim against 'utilitas' as the basis of morals. I mentioned an anecdote which I have heard of Paley in his last illness, which is said to have had the authority of William Hey, the late noted surgeon at Leeds, and which, if true, is remarkably consoling. When not far from his end, Paley, in conversing with some of his family or friends, took a calm review of his several works. He expressed the deep regret and dissatisfaction which, at that awful time, he felt in the recollection of his 'Moral Philosophy.' He was happy to believe that his 'Natural Theology' and 'Evidences of Christianity' were sound and useful works; but the book on which his mind then dwelt with the greatest pleasure was his 'Horæ Paulinæ.'" Dr. Chalmers then said, "I am not surprised at this. It is an admirable statement of evidence, and displays a more masterly hand than any of his other works. Our Lord has declared that, except we are converted, and become as little children, we shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven. I have heard that this lucid and powerful writer became a little child in the best sense of the terms before he died. I have also heard it stated, on what appeared to be good authority, that, had his posthumous sermons been chronologically arranged, they would have displayed a gradually progressive change from a sort of semi-pelagianism to a sound and evangelical view of Christianity. It is delightful to be able to ascribe such a man as Paley to the company of true believers in a crucified Redeemer."—*Life of Dr. Chalmers.*

#### CANADIAN CHURCH UNION.

**A**S the Church of England Foreign Board of Missions of Canada hold their session this year in the City of London, the Canadian Church Union propose at the same time to hold a public meeting of members of the Church, as some of our Bishops and leading Churchmen from other parts of Canada, have kindly promised to be present and speak in the interest of the Union and other important Church subjects. Further notice will be given,

## ARE YOU JUSTIFIED?

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. C. RYLE, D.D., LORD  
BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

READER, the question before your eyes is one of the utmost importance. It lies at the root of all peace and happiness in religion. You have probably heard that a true Christian has peace with God. But do you know the fountain from which that peace springs? Do you understand the reason why a true Christian feels that he and God are friends? Let me try to unfold the matter to you. Believe me, it deserves your best attention.

The peace of the true Christian arises from his justification before God. It is not a vague, dreamy feeling, without reason and foundation. He can show cause for it. He builds upon solid ground. He has peace with God, because he is *justified*. He is reckoned righteous in God's sight. His sins are no longer imputed to him, but laid on Christ. Christ's perfect righteousness is laid on him, and covers him from head to foot. Being justified by faith, he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Without this justification it is impossible to have real peace. Conscience forbids it. Sin is a mountain between a man and God, and must be taken away. The sense of guilt lies heavy on the heart, and must be removed. Unpardoned sin will murder peace. The true Christian knows all this well. His peace arises from a consciousness of his sins being forgiven for Christ's sake, and his guilt being cleansed away by Christ's blood. His house is not built on sandy ground. His well is not a broken cistern, which can hold no water. He has peace with God, because he is justified.

He is justified by faith in Christ, and his sins are *forgiven*. However many, and however great, they are cleansed away, pardoned, and wiped out. They are blotted out of the book of God's remembrance. They are sunk into the depths of the sea. They are cast behind God's back. They are searched for and not found. They are remembered no more. Though they may have been like scarlet, they are become white as snow. Though they may have been red like crimson, they are as wool. And so he has peace, being justified.

He is justified by faith in Christ, and *counted righteous* in God's sight. The Father sees no spot in him, and reckons him innocent. He is clothed in a robe of perfect righteousness, and may sit down by the side of angels without feeling ashamed. The holy law of God, which touches the thoughts and intents of men's hearts, cannot condemn him. The devil, the accuser of the brethren, can lay nothing to his charge to pre-

vent his full acquittal. Christ intercedes for him, and so he has peace, being justified.

Is he not naturally a poor, weak, erring, defective *sinner*? He is. None knows that better than he does himself. But notwithstanding this, he is reckoned complete, perfect, and faultless before God. Christ has suffered for him, and so he is justified.

Is he not naturally a *debtor*? He is. None feels that more deeply than he does himself. He owes ten thousand talents, and has nothing of his own to pay. But his debts are all paid, settled, and crossed out forever. Christ has paid his debts, and so he is justified.

Is he not naturally liable to the curse of a *broken law*? He is. None would confess that more readily than he would himself. But the demands of the law have been fully satisfied,—the claims of justice have been met to the last tittle. Christ has redeemed him from the curse of the law. Christ is the end of the law to every one that believeth. He believes, and so he is justified.

Does he not naturally deserve *punishment*? He does. None would acknowledge that more fully than he would himself. But the punishment has been borne. The wrath of God against sin has been made manifest. Yet he has escaped. The Father has laid on Christ his iniquity, and so he is justified.

Reader, do you know anything of all this? Are you justified? Do you feel as if you were pardoned, forgiven, and accepted before God? Can you draw near to him with boldness, and say, "Thou art my Father and my Friend, and I am thy reconciled child?" Oh! believe me, you will never taste true peace until you are justified.

Where are your sins? Are they removed and taken away from off your soul? Have they been reckoned for, and accounted for, in God's presence? Oh! be very sure these questions are of the most solemn importance. A peace of conscience not built on justification, is a perilous dream. From such a peace the Lord deliver you!

Reader, once more I ask you the question, are you justified? You will not wonder that I call it a question of the utmost importance. You will not wonder that I earnestly press it on your attention. Sit down this day, and consider seriously what answer you can give. Time flies. Life is uncertain. Death will come, judgment is sure. Christ waits to receive and justify you, but He will not wait forever. Reader, are you justified? Awake! Repent! Believe! You may be justified this very day.

An hour lost in the morning of a short day is a great loss; such is the loss of youth.

## QUEEN MARIA OF HUNGARY'S SONG.

Composed about 1526, when she was compelled to flee from Buda on account of adherence to the Reformed Doctrine, after the battle of Mohacz; in which her husband and the flower of the Hungarian nobility fell in defending their country against the Turks.

Can I my fate no more withstand,  
Nor 'scape the hand  
That for my faith would grieve me ;  
This is my strength, that well I know  
In weal or woe  
God's love the world must leave me.  
God is not far, though hidden now,  
He soon shall rise and make them bow  
Who of His word bereave me.

Judge as ye will my cause this hour,  
Yours is the power,  
God bids me strive no longer ;  
I know what mightiest seems to-day  
Shall pass away,  
Time than your rule is stronger.  
The Eternal Good I rather choose,  
And fearless all for this I lose ;  
God help me thus to conquer !

All has its day, the proverb saith :  
This is my faith,  
Thou, Christ, will be beside me,  
And look on all this pain of mine  
As werc it Thine,  
When sharpest woes betide me ;  
Must I then tread this path—I yield ;  
World as thou wilt, God is my shield,  
And He will rightly guide me !

And if a longer life  
Be here on earth decreed me,  
And Thou through many a strife  
To aye at last will lead me.  
Thy patience in me shed,  
Avert all sin and shame,  
And crown my hoary head  
With pure, untarnished fame.

Let nothing that may chance,  
Me from my Saviour sever ;  
And dying with Him, take  
My soul to Thee for ever ;  
And let my body have  
A little space to sleep  
Beside my father's grave  
And friends that o'er me weep.

And when the Day is come,  
And all the dead are waking,  
Oh reach me down Thy hand,  
Thyself my slumbers breaking ;  
Then let me hear Thy voice,  
And change this earthly frame,  
And bid me aye rejoice  
With those who love Thy name.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE IN  
SHORT CHAPTERS.

## No. 2, EDWARD III. FROM 1327 TO 1377.

ONE of the first attempts at a translation of the Bible into the English language, as spoken after the Conquest, appears to have been made by Richard Rolle, a hermit, of Hampole, in Yorkshire; who translated and wrote a gloss upon the psalter, and a metrical paraphrase of the book of Job. He died in 1349.

A complete translation of the whole Bible, including the apocryphal books, was soon after performed by John Wickliff. This appeared 1360 and 1380.

The New Testament of Wickliff's version sold for four marks and forty pieces, equal to about \$16, as appears from the register of W. Anlwick, Bishop of Norwich, 1439, as quoted by Fox.

## RICHARD II., FROM 1377 TO 1399.

In 1390 a bill was brought into the House of Lords to prohibit the use of English Bibles.

The bill, however, being strongly reprobated, and opposed by John, Duke of Lancaster, Wickliff's patron, was rejected. The Duke is related to have said, "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language."

## HENRY IV., FROM 1399 TO 1413.

About A.D. 1408, Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, decreed, in convocation of the clergy at Oxford, that no unauthorized person should translate any text of Scripture into English, or any other language, by way of book or treatise, and that no translation made either in or since Wickliff's time, should be read, till approved by the bishop of the diocese, or in a provincial council. This decree was enforced by great persecutions; and as about the same time Pope Alexander V. condemned all translations in the vulgar tongue, they were, as much as it was possible, suppressed till the Reformation. It appears, indeed, from our bishops' registers, that in consequence of Arundel's commission several persons were burned for refusing to abjure their principles, for having read the New Testament and the Ten Commandments in Wickliff's translation. "Gray's Key."

## HENRY V., FROM 1413 TO 1422.

In the second year of Henry V. a law was passed by which all Lollards, or those who possessed or read any of Wickliff's books, were declared to be guilty of treason, and their goods ordered to be confiscated. This law was considered as particularly directed against those who read the New Testament in English



of Wickliff's translation. The following are the views of the writers of our old chronicles:—"In the said parliament," (namely, one held at Leicester,) "the King made a most blasphemous and cruel act, to be law forever, that whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures, in their mother tongue, (which was then called Wickleu's learning,) they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods, from their heirs forever, and be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land."—"Townley," page 156.

(To be continued.)

#### CHOICE OF COLOURS.

THE other day, as I was walking in one of the streets of Newport, R. I., I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop. It was raining hard, and the irregular pavement was filled with places where the water collected. In the very middle of one of these pools the child was standing quite unmindful of the rain and cold. I was wrapped up in furs and protected by an umbrella, she had on only an old plaid shawl and a hood of knitted wool. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at the articles in the window and talking to some one inside. Being envious to know what it meant, I crossed the road and came silently and unobserved behind her. I saw that the window was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colours. Tap, tap, tap went the little hand against the window-pane, and with every tap she murmured in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, "I choose that colour," "I choose that colour." I stood motionless and wondering. Soon she saw me, and at once the spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at seeing a stranger observing her. She did not run away, however; but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely developed faces of poverty-stricken children.

"What pretty colours those are?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I'd like a goon av this blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," I said. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She suddenly looked down at her wet dress, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining, and stepping nearer to the window out of the pool of water, she replied, "I'm not going home jist now, mem, I'd like to stop here a bit."

So I left her. But after I had gone a block curiosity impelled me to return and see if the child was still at the window. Tears started to my eyes as I caught sight of the little upright figure, still standing in the same spot, and pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues, and reds and yellows, while from the movement of her lips I could tell she was repeating as before, "I choose that colour," "I choose that colour."

I went quietly on my way without disturbing her evidently pleasant dreams. But I said in my heart, "Little Messenger, Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever colourless? There is always sun; there are always blue, and scarlet, and yellow, and purple. We cannot reach them, but we can see them, if it is only "through the glass" and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colours. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet, and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by, who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless—who has money in his purse to buy many colours, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colours are too dear for him—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that can look, and colour for those who "choose"—that "godliness" is the colour, that "contentment" is the possession.

#### DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

NOT long since I was conversing with a Methodist minister of over forty-one year's experience. He said, "I have never, in all my experience, known of a single instance in which a repentance on what was supposed to be a death-bed proved to be of any value whatever after the person recovered."

This was strong language. I involuntarily exclaimed, "Have you known many such cases?"

"More than I dare remember, and as many more where the person died."

"Did not the bitter failure of these death-bed repentances to bear the tests of time shake your confidence in their value under the tests of eternity?"

He replied, with tears in his eyes, "It did, it does."

His conversation made a deep impression on my mind. It was strong evidence, from a quarter in

which I least looked for it, of the utter paltriness and insufficiency of fear as a motive when brought to bear upon decisions in spiritual things. There seem to be no words strong enough to stigmatise it in all other affairs, except spiritual. All ages, all races, hold cowardice chief among vices; noble barbarians punished it with death. Even civilization, the most cautiously legislated for, does the same thing when a soldier shows it in the face of an enemy. Is there any language, then, sufficiently strong to denounce that system, or those systems, whether employed by individuals or denominations, that habitually use the arguments of fear, in order to force from a sinner, trembling on the verge of an unknown eternity, a confession of repentance? I do not remember a single instance in which our blessed Lord held up the terrors of future punishment as a reason why men should embrace His doctrine and accept Him as their Saviour; but on the contrary, all His words, all His deeds were words and deeds of love. True He did often refer to the terrors of the future, but only as the consequence of rejecting His offers of love. If the servants of God would walk in the footsteps of their Divine Master they must use the means which He employed, else failure and bitter disappointment will inevitably follow. Point not your fellow men, whether living or dying, to an angry God, who is ready to banish and destroy forever, but rather to the cross of Jesus Christ, the highest and most glorious manifestation of Divine love, and then may we faint hope and believe that the weakest and the most guilty and most deeply dyed in sin, under the teaching of the Spirit of God, may look and live, for it is written, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." But let none presume, because to look is to live! Sin continued in has the power of destroying the faculty of sight, and that man who has refused in health and strength to yield to the persuasions of the love of Christ, invites, by his own act, that condition of spiritual ophthalmia. There are, doubtless, many instances of true repentance on a death-bed. Few among those who have sat in our churches, and all through life, been privileged to listen to a faithfully preached Gospel, but without having accepted the message of salvation; yet many whose privileges have been few, whose light has been dim, and whose ears the message of God's love in Christ reaches for the first time like a sweet strain of music that hushes the hoarse clashing of a hard and struggling life. "The first shall be last and the last first."

—o—

Ferguson & Co.'s advt. is unavoidably crowded out.

#### TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

THE Church of Rome thrives nowhere more prodigiously than in those free countries in which she only enjoys the blessings of equal toleration and shares it with all other creeds and confessions. It is full time that those peaceful means of spontaneous persuasion which, if we may believe her own priests and bishops, win her such splendid victories in England or the United States, should be employed in Italy and in Rome itself, where, perhaps, they may lead to more satisfactory results than Antibes Legions or Dumont Missions. The Papacy has tried sovereign power for a thousand years, and the result is a paltry territory with a beggard population, a bankrupt treasury, and a nest of brigands. If it has not yet learnt that "its kingdom is not of this world," that salutary lesson should be no longer delayed.—*Times*.

—o—

#### "GRAPES IN THE WILDERNESS."

IN Hosea ix. 10, the Lord says, "*I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness.*" He is telling of His gladness in finding these lost sheep, His delight in taking them up when they were wayward, sinful, wandering souls. It gave Him great joy to save them. It was as refreshing to Him as is a cluster of grapes to a traveller in the weary wilderness, whose lips are parched, and whose eyes have long rested on barrenness, and who hails with satisfaction and delight the sight of a vine and its juicy grapes. Dr. Livingstone gives an instance of this feeling:—"In latitude 18 deg. we were rewarded with a sight which we had not enjoyed for a year before, large patches of grape-bearing vines. They stood before my eyes." The traveller thus gives utterance to his delight: "The sight was so entirely unexpected that *I stood for some time gazing at the clusters of grapes* with which they were loaded, with no more thought of plucking than if I had been beholding them in a dream." Be sure, young reader, that the Lord Jesus will welcome your return to Him. No fear of His casting you out. No: your coming will be to Him as pleasant as are grapes in the wilderness to a traveller; the very sight of your first arising to go will be as when the eye of the traveller is gladdened by the green leaves and hanging branches of the vine. And surely you cannot do anything more really satisfying to the Lord than bringing others, as Philip brought Nathaniel to Jesus. You are bringing, as it were, grapes to the lips; you are giving joy to God, who waiteth to be gracious. He has infinite pleasure in souls that return to Him and live.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY PRAYER.

BY JOHANN HEERMANN (1630).

O God, thou faithful God,  
 Thou fountain ever flowing,  
 Without whom nothing is,  
 All perfect gifts bestowing ;  
 A pure and healthy frame  
 O give me, and within  
 A conscience free from blame,  
 A soul unhurt by sin.

And grant me, Lord, to do,  
 With ready heart and willing,  
 Whate'er Thou shalt command,  
 My calling here fulfilling,  
 And do it when I ought,  
 With all my strength, and bless  
 The work I thus have wrought,  
 For Thou must give success.

If dangers gather round,  
 Still keep me calm and fearless ;  
 Help me to bear the cross  
 When life is dark and cheerless ;  
 To overcome my foe  
 With words and actions kind :  
 When counsel I would know,  
 Good counsel let me find.

## AN AFRICAN'S GRATITUDE.

M<sup>R</sup>. MACKENZIE, in his "Ten Years North of the Orange River," gives a curious anecdote, showing a Bechuana man's idea of gratitude. The story is as follows :

"Two men, belonging to the Batlaro town, some twelve miles from Kuruman, were returning home after a day's hunt. They had been unsuccessful, having spent all their ammunition without killing anything. The hunters were passing through some dense bush, when a tiger sprang on one of them, seizing him by the cheek with his teeth, and scratching his body with its claws. Having inflicted what it considered a deadly wound, the tiger let the man go, and retreated into the bush, for this animal does not immediately devour its prey.

"The wounded man's friend now returned and carried him home. His face was in a dreadful state, the jaw being damaged, the cheek torn and perforated, and even the poor fellow's tongue injured.

"The man who carried him home now walked to Kuruman to ask help, confessing to me, however, that he did not think his friend would survive. I gave him the wherewithal to make a poultice for the whole side of the face, and sent also some medicine to strengthen and support the man.

"Many a time that faithful friend walked the

twelve miles to report the progress of the cure. At length his visits became less frequent ; and I was wondering what had become of him, when one day a stranger walked into the mission-house. It was my patient, come to exhibit the cure, and, as I thought, to make at least a touching speech expressing his indebtedness to me.

"He sat down, and narrated the whole thing over again, mentioning the various medicines which had been given, etc. He then said, 'My mouth is not exactly where it used to be' (which was quite true, the damaged cheek being shrunk), 'but the wound is quite whole. Everybody said I should die ; but your herbs cured me. You are now my white man. *'Naea thipa tle, Ra :'* 'please to give me a knife !'

"I could not believe my ears, and asked, 'What did you say?' 'I haven't got a knife ; please to give me a knife. You see,' he added, as I wondered what reply I should make, 'you are now my own white man, and I shall always come and beg of you?'

"I mildly suggested that he might at least thank me for my medicines. He interrupted me : 'Why, am I not doing so? Have I not said that you are now my white man? And do I not now beg a knife from you?'

"After all, there was an explanation of his conduct, which subsequent intercourse with heathen people enabled me to discover. The man's position, so mysterious to me at the time, was this : 'Here is a person who has cured me ; I am come to do him honour. How shall I do so? By begging of him?' To be begged from is one of the marks of chieftainship among Bechuanas. A stranger will say that his chief is a great man : people come from all quarters to beg from him."

The story is quaint, and almost ludicrous. So strange a way of showing gratitude makes one smile. Yet it is not difficult to see here a parable ; a parable representing very closely the case of those who have received mercy from the Lord, and have learnt to come to Him as their God and Saviour.

The African had been cured ; his deadly wound had been healed. So has the believer. A far worse enemy had him in his grasp, he was sore wounded, and it seemed as if nothing but death—eternal death—lay before him ; guilt and sin were upon him, Satan had him in his power. Then Christ delivered him ; took away his guilt, healed his wounds, and saved his life—his soul's life.

This bound him to his Lord. Till now he had not known Him. Outwardly perhaps he had known Him, but not really. Never till now could he call Him "My Saviour, my Lord." But now he can and does. He is redeemed, rescued, healed. The blood

of the Lamb has done this. In his case, this and the grace of the Spirit have been the healing ointment, and the cleansing and restoring medicine. He loves his Deliverer. He claims an interest in Him now, and is joined to Him by a bond which cannot be broken. Now he can say "my" Saviour, my Lord, my King and my God.

One effect of this change is that he prays. He did not pray before. But now he has become a man of prayer. He prays habitually. And in every fresh trouble, difficulty or need, he prays to his newly-found Saviour and Friend, and to the Father by Him. The throne of grace was unknown to him before—unknown, unfrequented, uncared for; but now it is his delight, and his continual resort. He asks of God through Jesus Christ every day. He goes to Him again and again for fresh gifts; not ashamed of going so often, not afraid of asking for all he wants.

How is he received? The missionary was surprised at the African coming to beg of him; he expected thanks, not a petition. God expects thanks, too; and not in vain, for the grateful Christian mingles praise with his prayers: but God is not displeased at being asked for more. Such gratitude is not strange in His eyes; a gratitude that begs, a gratitude that asks, and asks again, by reason of a new tie, a new relationship. This petitioner, this grateful believer, asks because of what he has received. This may seem strange to man; but it is not strange to God. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. lv. 8, 9).

The other man, be it observed, asked for nothing; it was the man saved from death who begged for the knife. Why? Because he had been saved. The Christless soul does not pray: the man of prayer is he who has experienced Christ's healing power, and is knit to Him in faith and love.

F. B.

### BLIND DISCIPLESHIP.

"**T**ING, ting," went the old Bell-wether; and the sheep moved after him. "What makes you follow that old fellow whenever he chooses to change his quarters?" said a Goat to one of the flock that seemed unwilling to quit the sweet grass she was nibbling. "What? I don't know, we always do," said the Sheep. "Do you know where he means to take you?" asked the Goat. "No," said the Sheep, stopping for another bite. "Are you sure he won't walk

you off to the bare places on yonder mountain side, up which I see he is beginning to climb?" asked the Goat. The Sheep gave a disconsolate glance towards the mountain. "You ought to remember that he is half blind and very restiess, and so proud to be able to carry the flock after him with his ting-tang that he very often wanders off for the mere pleasure of showing his power," said the Goat. The Sheep looked blank. "There are very dangerous pitfalls in that mountain. Are you sure he will not lead you all into one of them?" asked the Goat. "There's the bell again," said the Sheep. "Good-bye; I *must* go after it. You see, we *all* go after it;" and away she went. "Go your way, for a silly sheep as you are," said the Goat; "before I gave myself to follow a bell as you do, I'd take care to know something about him that wore it; he shouldn't lead me from a fair and quiet pasture to a rough hill-side, just to please his vagaries."

### THE WHETSTONE.

**O**N the top of a hill which forms the boundary to the west of a narrow glen called the Kettles, about a mile to the west of Wooler, on the Scottish border, there are some remains of an encampment. The crag at the south end is called the King's Chair, because a king is said once to have sat there, while his army fought in the glen below. A little to the north of this, is a large stone, which might well be looked on as the parish whetstone, inasmuch as it is worn on every side, just as though a whole neighbourhood had there sharpened their edge tools. But what think you is reported as the real cause of the wearing away of the stone? Why this: that the soldiers of one of the contending armies retired there to sharpen their swords for renewed combat, after they had blunted them so much in hewing down their enemies, as to have rendered them unserviceable!

We see how soldiers will fight for a little praise, or a piece of money, blunting their weapons against the bodies of their fellow men, and then sharpening them again to plunge once more amid the bloody strife. How great their toil and danger, and how little their reward! Now, if those who live in strife and contention take such trouble to fit themselves to injure others, how much more should Christians exert themselves in doing good! Let us, then, look more closely to our whetstones, where we may rub up and renew our kindly affections one towards another. The house of God, and the throne of grace, should be more diligently sought by us, that an edge may be put on our zeal for the Redeemer's glory, and that our desires may be sharpened after every good word and work.



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