

Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 18.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1887.

[No. 6.]

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LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

FEBRUARY 13th—SEXAGESIMA.
Morning—Genesis iii. Matthew xxiv. 29
Evening—Genesis vi. ; or viii. Acts xxvii. 18

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

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

CULTURE STANDS BELOW CONDUCT.—The Rev. Dr. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow, in a recent address, said several good things in telling phrases worthy of record in this land of secular education by State authority.

"People sometimes said nowadays that there was not sufficient reverence for the upper classes and the cultured classes. But people got as much respect in the world as they deserved. Indeed, there were some who got a great deal too much. Of this, at least, he was assured, that the people who cried out about the decay of reverence and respect was not the most worthy of either one feeling or the other. The world needed to learn over again to love knowledge for its own sake. Love of knowledge was in danger of being crushed out of the world by examinations, which were always pitting one man against another. Examinations were valuable as tests of proficiency, but the man who worked only for place in an examination was not working from the highest possible motive. He often told his Harrow boys that the best reading for them were the biographies of ancient and honoured men of learning, upon whom the dawn of knowledge seemed to come as a sweet surprise. People cared more for learning when it was harder to come by it. He hoped they would not think it impertinent on his part, as a humble minister of Christ, to assure them that not knowledge but virtue was the one thing needful. Reverencing knowledge in all its forms as he did, he could not tell them how intensely he felt that culture stood below conduct. The events of the last few months had shown with abundant painfulness that it was possible to be possessed of high mental culture and not be secure against the basest of sins. It was important that possessing knowledge they should use it well. The opportunity was great. Those who had read the new *Locksley Hall*, and compared it, he knew not with what feelings, to the old, at east must have felt that the opportunity of doing

good was as great now as ever it was. He thought it was perhaps greater. He had a strong conviction that sooner or later virtue would triumph over vice, as knowledge would triumph over ignorance, and that, in the words of Tennyson:—
Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

THE ROCK INDIGNANT WITH DISSENT.—Our vigorous contemporary *The Rock*, which very ably, judiciously, and temperately represents the Evangelical aspects of the Church life of England, calls attention to the splendid statement which we give in regard to Church voluntary offerings. In doing so *The Rock* most opportunely remarks:

"Yet the Liberation Society is doing all in its power to injure a Church which can show such results as these, and many of our Nonconformist brethren, allowing themselves to be misled, support that Society in its fierce attacks, its calumniations, its destructive efforts."

We cannot afford to forget that the *Globe* and other organs of Romanism or Dissent are active workers with the Liberation Society so far as that Society seeks to damage the Church of England. The State Church in Quebec, which is a standing menace to the civil and religious liberties of Canada, which commits the grossest outrages upon Protestant liberty continually by its imposts, its tyrannous school laws, &c., is upheld by the *Globe* and the *Christian Guardian*, and other political and politico-religious papers who are shocked at there being a State Church in England. So do political interests blunt the conscience of even religious organists! *The Rock* calls attention to "a second statement which furnishes the means of comparing the respective amounts contributed by the different denominations to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund of last year. Of the total amount—£35,505—the Church of England is credited with £28,205, or very nearly four times the amount contributed by all the other denominations combined. The largest single contribution is from Canon Fleming's congregation at St. Michael's, Chester Square, and comes within ten shillings of the sum raised by the whole Baptist denomination—a sum which is only exceeded by two other bodies, the Congregationalists and the Wesleyans!"

VOLUNTARY OFFERINGS FOR CHURCH EXTENSION.—The honorable editor and secretary to Committee directing the Church of England Year Book, has issued a statement of the amounts received for Church extension in 1885, of which the following is a summary:

Church Building and Restoration.....	£1,399,817
Endowment of Benefices.....	166,888
Parsonage Houses.....	178,284
Burial Grounds.....	42,211
Total.....	£1,787,150

This sum, equal to \$8,670,000, is nearly \$2,000,000 larger than the sum contributed in 1884. This does not show much alarm at the proposed robbery of the Church by dissent! Possibly it is the largeness of these gifts which has so excited the cupidity of the enemies of the Church of late years, as their design is to grasp at every possession of the Church and convert all Church building into open public property. The largest contributions were made in the diocese of London \$700,000, the next, Manchester, \$660,000; poor Liverpool with its fabulous wealth, drops down to \$350,000; York even less, only \$305,000; the new diocese, Southwell, gave \$280,000. The record is a noble one. Let us repeat figures so eloquent. The Church at home in the year 1885, spent \$8,670,000 in building or restoring churches, endowing benefices, erecting parsonages and buying burial grounds. That is the result of fidelity to principles, based upon instruction in those principles. Faith in the Church produced these good works, and

wherever that faith is cultivated the good works will follow.

WINES OF THE BIBLE.—The *Church Times* says, "We are glad to see that the S. P. C. K. has published Mr. Bodington's admirable lecture on the *Wines of the Bible*, in which pretty nearly all is said that can be temperately said on the temperance question. It is well known that teetotal exegetes allow themselves the freedom of explaining the same Greek or Hebrew word as implying an alcoholic or a non-alcoholic beverage, just as it suits their purpose, and that they justify this practice by a few text, in the poetic Books in which wine is spoken of as being in the cluster, or the like. But there are other passages to which this method would clearly not be allowable. For instance, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. xi. 1), where the allusion is to sowing some sorts of grain in trenches filled with water, as is done with rice to this day. But the text would not justify anyone in maintaining that when bread is spoken of without qualification it means corn. Again, there is Pa. cv. 16, "Moreover He called for a famine upon the land: He broke the whole staff of bread;" which plainly refers to a failure of grain, not a destruction of loaves. Or, once more—"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you" (Gen. viii. 3); yet it is plain that a living thing could not be food, for the next verse says that "flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." If, then, Moses called a living sheep, for instance, 'meat' because food might be prepared from it, although a living sheep could not possibly be itself food, no argument can be drawn from expressions referring to wine in the grape for asserting that grape juice, without fermentation, could possibly be regarded as wine. It was only wine potentially, not wine in fact.

"We are extremely glad to see that some total abstainers are not fanatics. Mr. Howard Livesey, the son of one of the greatest lights of teetotalism, printed in the *Times* of Saturday, a long letter, protesting against the 'futile policy of prohibition'; which he has the penetration to see—though we are sorry to say that many members of the O. E. T. S. have not—is doing immense injury to the cause of sobriety. We believe that the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* is the chief object to the success of the dual basis; for it is not likely that temperate men will ever care for a partnership with total abstainers on the principle of 'Tu pulas, ego vapulo tan.um.'"

LORD SELBORNE ON THE CHURCH.—Lord Selborne is known the world over as a great lawyer and a great scholar. The quotation from him is beyond cavil, it closes the question. The *Church Times* says: "Leaving more distant times and coming down to the Middle Ages, the evidence of the independent existence of the Church of England is ample and complete. Of course, this is a free country, and if a man likes he can say that the moon is a green cheese. In the same way, he may assert, if he pleases, that before the Reformation there was no Church of England, but only an English branch of the Church of Rome, but saying so will not alter the facts; and what the facts are may be gathered from the statutes and other State papers of the realm. Here are a few lines from Lord Selborne, which bear to rags the *Case for Disestablishment*:

"It was the Church, not of Rome, but of England, (*Ecclesia Anglicana*) of which the rights and liberties were declared to be inviolable by King John's Great Charter, confirmed by Henry the Third. It was 'the holy Church of England' (*Sainte Eglise d'Angleterre*) which in the preamble to the Statute of Provisors of 28 Edward III. (A. D. 1350) was described as 'founded on the estate of prelacy within the realm of England.' The Papal encroachments which that statute was passed to restrain were described as tending to the 'annulment of the estate of the holy Church of England.'"

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A LARGE number of our Subscribers have not yet paid up their arrears and their subscription in advance. We ask ALL who have not yet done so, to forward the amount in the envelope enclosed in last number of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. *All arrears must be paid up to the end of 1886, at the rate of \$2 per annum; one dollar additional, if sent at once, will pay to 31st December, 1887.* Please attend to this now, also try to get us one new subscriber.

THE OFFENCE OF BEING A LOYAL CHURCHMAN.

THE recent proceedings instituted by the Mayor of Toronto, of Anti-Church of England fame, against a certain person for fraud, were made an opportunity for assailing the good name of one who, happily, is so far above reproach that he can well afford to treat his libellers with silent pity. The case was this. A clerk of a coal merchant fled from justice. In order to compel his employer whom he had robbed to withdraw from the prosecution, he made charges against him of sending coal to certain persons as a bribe. He then informed the Mayor of Toronto that he could blast the good name of certain prominent citizens, and he fancied that they, being threatened with exposure, would go to the coal merchant and compel him to cancel proceedings against himself. *It was, like most criminal plots, just a trifle too clever, it would have been stopped had not the Mayor seen in it a chance to catch popularity by a violent display of superior virtue, and a chance also to injure one of the leading Churchmen in Toronto.*

The merchant answered this scheme by setting the police to work to put the offender and his accuser and the accuser of many others in the dock. Among the persons so accused, was Mr. Bethune, the general manager of the Dominion Bank, who is a thorough Churchman, whose light, however, shines in deeds, not in words. Mr. Howland, Mayor of Toronto, caused it to be widely circulated that the coal merchant in question had given a few tons of coal to the general manager of the Dominion Bank, the inference being that it was done in order to induce him to grant his briber special and improper advances! What a vile imagination, and what a malignant spirit the man must have who would circulate such an infamously silly slander against one of the purest, and most honourable men in Canada, on the mere word of a man who was a fugitive from justice! But Mr. Bethune is a thorough Churchman, and the chance of hurting the Church through him was too good to be lost. As the Corporation of Toronto was concerned in the charges made by the absconding clerk, the Mayor of that city naturally felt bound to have the accused persons put on their trial. While this trial was in progress the Mayor was circulating other charges made by his confidential friend the absconder, charges which were

intended to blast the honour and the reputation of citizens such as the Churchman we have referred to. The opportunity of insulting and injuring men whose fidelity to the Church is a rebuke to such as make religion a stalking horse to ride into popularity, seems to have been greatly enjoyed by one whose high office and Christian profession ought to have made him more cautious and more charitable. These charges have turned like a boomerang on Mr. Howland, for every one believes them to have been *first invented by a scoundrel who fled from justice, and then taken up in spite of their vile origin, and malignant nature and manifest falseness*, in order to damage citizens whose reputations have not been won by pandering to party, or flattering the mob, or being false to their Church, or by harassing their clergy. In the case of Mr. Bethune, the universal verdict is "Evil be to him who evil thinks." Mr. Howland in causing mud to be thrown at him has merely stooped down to the dirt *to soil himself*, in which effort every right minded person thinks he has been successful beyond his anticipations.

THOSE SUNDAY POLITICAL MEETINGS.

OUR anticipations as to the process of development which would be seen in the Sunday Temperance meetings were rapidly realised. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 30th January, Mrs. Yeomans, a well known temperance lecturer, made use of the occasion to deliver a violent, untruthful, and most unchristian attack upon one of the representatives of the Queen in Canada, whose high office seems to draw out the savage animosity of a certain class of people who hate everybody above them in either rank, intellect, or character. It is one of the unfortunate features in the modern custom of women speaking in public, that while they may utter the bitterest slanders against those they dislike, their sex protects them from the retorts which are called for by justice and truth. It would therefore be well for women who go on the stump to be at least mindful of this exceptional privilege, and be restrained thereby from using it to make attacks of an offensive personal character. Depend upon it the respect now paid to women will vanish if they so abuse their privileges as Mrs. Yeomans abused hers on the occasion we allude to. If they slander, they will be slandered; if they tell falsehoods, they will be lied about; if they try to destroy character, their characters will be destroyed; if they deem all men who differ from them as dishonourable, they will be treated as without honour, if they fling mud at high officials, their "beautiful garments" will get badly soiled. It is worthy the serious reflection of women stumpers, whether the dignity, the purity, the influence of their sex for good, are likely to be enhanced or lowered by bringing down upon themselves the whip of party conflict. That a so-called temperance meeting was turned, on a Sunday afternoon, into a political gathering, should be a warning to all who reverence or

respect the weekly rest. It is a very strange fact that while Mrs. Yeomans and her friends were malignantly slandering a political opponent, and exciting on Sunday the hatred and contempt of an audience towards a high official for political reasons, the same parties who organised that political meeting were causing cabs to be stopped conveying travellers to the States for breach of the Sabbath! Whether gathering a crowd to have their baser passions stirred up against a political opponent, is honoring the Sabbath day, while riding in a cab is breaking it, we leave our readers to decide.

We now enter our protest against these public political meetings on Sunday; the pretext is plausible but manifestly false. It is a serious reproach on the pulpits of any city if it is necessary to hold special gatherings on the Lord's Day to inculcate the necessity of one virtue. Temperance is for the tongue as well as the stomach, *and drunkenness from drink is no worse than intemperance in slanderous words.* By her very constitution a woman is impelled to regard matters very much more from the personal standpoint than men do. It is one of the signs of effeminacy in a man when he judges affairs literary, political, theological, and so forth, from personal feelings and motives. The curse of Canada is that there is so strong a feminine element in our public affairs. This arises from a low standard of our intellectual culture. Any fool, any dolt, any ignoramus, can abuse his opponent or flatter his political chief. The greater part of our political activity is made up of those forms of attack or support. The press just now seems to scream like an infuriated fish wife at opponents, there is therefore great need *not for women agitators to aggravate our personalities*, but for educated, thinking, men to introduce a better era wherein matters political will be discussed on their merits. Screaming by peacocks or spouters or by the press is very disagreeable. We much fear that our ears will be still more punished, and our sense of decency shocked, as our respect for women will certainly be lowered, if such scenes become a common incident in Sunday life as the political manifestation made at Toronto *under pretence of a temperance meeting.* We notice that Archbishop Fabre has forbidden Sunday political gatherings. It would indeed be an anomaly for Protestants to be taking up with such a custom just when the Roman Catholics are abandoning it as contrary to the interests of religion.

In all earnestness we beg the screaming sisters who have gone on the political stump to "*keep the Sabbath day holy*"—that is, to keep it quiet; that is, to keep their bitter tongues still and to refrain at least from lying and slandering their political opponents on the Lord's Day.

There is a further consideration worth reflecting upon by professional speakers. Is it lawful, that is, lawful under the Observance of the Sabbath Act for men and women to exercise their calling as secular agitators on Sundays? We cannot say how the law would

be interpreted, but it seems to us that to shut up a barber's shop on Sunday, or to stop cabs taking travellers to trains or to Church, or to enjoy the country air, under a law which permits a man or woman to earn his or her daily bread on Sunday by speaking on political topics, is a very unfair law. The stirring up of contempt and malice for a reward; the inciting of hatred for a fee, are surely most violently in opposition to the very purpose and intent of the Sabbath law! The American orators who for money seek to set our people at variance, are Sabbath breakers of a far more wicked type than the store keepers, or barbers, or cabmen, who follow *their* calling on Sunday. Such persons are enemies of Temperance, for whoever incites civil rancour and ill will is an enemy to the cause of Christ.

MORAL DEGRADATION ARISING FROM THE ROSS BIBLE.

A STRIKING proof of the lowering of the moral tone of christians arising from their taking up the Ross Bible as a substitute for God's Divine Word, has been shown in Toronto. In one division of the city a notorious atheist and socialist has been nominated by what is called "the labor party,"—as though we were not all laborers in Canada—as candidate for member of Parliament. There are we rejoice to say, hundreds of workmen who refuse to be dragged into shame by being represented by an infidel anarchist. But several citizens who are most enthusiastic champions of the Ross Bible, and *who are teachers in Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday Schools*, are now working and speaking to secure the election of an avowed atheist as a member of the Parliament of christian Canada! See what this implies. Our laws are based upon christianity, an atheist would endeavour to eliminate religion from the law, and those who are represented by an atheist practically declare that they are desirous of divorcing the christian religion from its association with the law of the land. The Ross Bible no doubt has set aside the warning against the people of God being unequally yoked with unbelievers, as it has other commands against association with such as raise the standard of revolt against the King of Kings, round which blasphemous standard we now see rallied champions of the Ross Bible. To commit a political party to such a scandalous association was seen by some to be a highly impolitic step. To be hand and glove with Papists, these Protestants saw no harm in, for it promised to help them into power, *but to be put to bed with atheists they objected to, as that was a risky alliance!* Therefore a number of members of the same party, led by a son of Dr. Dewart, refused to go into the shafts with an infidel. Their christian boldness and manly independence met with little sympathy from the Ross Bible party, and that party formally resolved to ally itself with an avowed enemy of Christ, an open blasphemer, a conspirator against social order. They were, we admit, consistent, for the man who accepts the Ross Bible as for any purpose a substitute for God's Word, is decidedly best

represented in Parliament by one who treats the Bible as of no more authority than an old wife's fable. We trust the ministers who allowed political passion to blind their judgment as to the influence the Ross Bible would exercise, will repent their approval of it now they see that it has led to committing their party to alliance with atheism. The person in question has again and again declared that the Sunday we observe, the moral code we honor, the social frame we enjoy, the Bible we revere, are each and all opposed to "the rights of man," and are merely devices of "priests" to keep the minds of men in bondage to superstition. Such a man is, as we write, receiving the active sympathy of those who, in the recent contest, were the most earnest defenders of the Ross Bible. Men are fairly judged by their companions, they are certainly to be judged by those whom they select to represent them. We must, therefore, consider the friends of an infidel, who select him as their public representative, as themselves infidels, however loud their christian profession, and in spite of their being teachers in Sunday Schools.

Indeed, the man who boldly declares his contempt for christianity, who laughs at our faith in God, is a very mild form of infidel compared to him who, while professing to be a christian, allies himself with an atheist for the purpose of making that atheist a legislator in the Parliament of this christian country. The former is possibly sincere, the latter is false, unfaithful to his God and his conscience, he knows he is a traitor but stifles his convictions by political passion.

There is in this case a singularly interesting illustration of the way in which men's offences are turned into a whip to scourge their guilty backs. The atheist in question, if put into Parliament, will be the representative of the editor of the *Christian Guardian* and of his party! If he is sent to fulfil that office, this infidel will owe his election to the Ross Bible party. So it will come to pass that the chief organist of the Methodist body will be represented by one to whom the faith of a Wesleyan is an object of scorn! We shall see in this, if it unhappily occurs, the result of political prejudice being allowed to ride rough shod over religious duty. Dr. Dewart gave strength to the Ross Bibleists and the reward they propose to give him, is to send as his representative in Parliament a blasphemer against God and a plotter against human society as based upon the christian religion. There is this also worthy of the gravest reflection on the part of those ministers in whose Sunday Schools the men are teachers who are allied with an infidel. Are such persons likely to influence youths for good, will they not bring a terrible scandal into their classes, will not youths argue that if their teacher chooses an atheist to represent him in Parliament, they may also get into such a dignity without being brought under the yoke of Christ?

—“O, ma, I have heard such a splendid minister. He stamped, and pounded, and got mad, and shook fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him.”

THE LUCY OF WORDSWORTH.

BY M. A. F.

Written for DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

WORDSWORTH is acknowledged by everyone to be essentially one of the Poets of Nature. The aroma of the mountain heather hangs around his poems; as we read them we can almost feel the fresh breezes of his northern home, almost hear the gentle ripple of the lake. He revels in nature; he has communed with the spirits of mountain and moor, he has seen fairies dancing on the greensward, he has listened to the songs of woodland sprites. Each tree, flower, grot, dell, has its spirit-lord, and he has seen and talked with all.

Amid a circle of god-parents from this fairyland, his Lucy enters life. For three years the little maiden grows 'mid sun and shower, 'mid smiles and tears, a bright, happy, healthy, young creature. Nature, Queen of Fairyland, sees the fair child, loves her, and determines to endow her richly. Not like fairy-godmothers in the old tales, with gold and princely suitors, but with all the graces which can make her a Queen among maidens. Thus she is an embodiment of health: healthful in body, healthful in mind. She has a keen enjoyment, too, of all that is beautiful; "sportive as the fawn," she roams over hill and dale with light, fleet foot, enjoying life to the full in the exuberance of her spirits. It is a tender, sympathetic joy; for in the silence of the far-off mountain glen, in the tangled woods, she is as sensitive to the influence of nature's stillness as elsewhere to its joyousness. Her soul is keenly alive to every phase of beauty, attuned by its purity to every key of nature's music: and, even in her gladdest moments, she possesses the calm which springs from sympathy with the voiceless loveliness of "mute, insensate things."

The poet goes on to describe her personal charms. Her form is lithe and light as the willow: her movements are graceful, born of accord with the floating summer clouds; yet can she, when occasion requires, bear herself with all the stateliness of the majestic storm-cloud. Let none presume on her child-like innocence and grace, for she lacks none of the dignity which knows how to repel the familiarity of vulgar minds.

But the poet's darling is not only appreciative of the sunshine, free air, and active enjoyments of life, she is possessed also of a depth of feeling which these cannot fully satisfy. The midnight stars are dear to her, attuning her spirit to adoration; in many a secret place she bends her ear to listen to the deeper whispers of nature, and her heart whispers back in reply:

"Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

What is this beauty "born of murmuring sound?" The thought is believed to be original with Wordsworth. It seems to be a something which baffles description, a blending of mirth and melancholy, of joy and calm, of earthly and spiritual, which neither pen nor pencil can portray. The very words have a beauty over which we love to linger.

Appreciative of all that is beautiful, loving life for life's sake, the little maiden grows from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to the verge of womanhood. The spirit's freedom being imparted to the body, the physical nature has risen with the spirit; and blending together, they are developed in a perfect and graceful figure, witching even nature's self to admiration. We seem to see the trees bending more lovingly as she passes, the flowers sending forth their richest fragrance for her, the grasses waving more gladly than before to greet her. She joys in nature, nature rejoices in her.

The bright girl has neared the gate to woman's life: where will her path lie? What will be her destiny?

A veil is suddenly drawn between us and her. Almost breathlessly we wait and watch for the next vision—what will it be? Alas! when the veil is withdrawn, all is changed. The mountain, the heather, the lake are there. But Lucy is gone.

The rivulets still murmur in the distance, we hear them not. The one sound which echoes and re-echoes from mountain and glen is the poet's wail for

"The memory of what hath been
And never more will be."

Who Lucy was is unknown; but this love of the poet's seems to have wound herself round his inmost heart. Again and again, some one or more of her characteristics are to be found in his descriptions of feminine beauty and attractiveness. Thus in a poem to "Louisa," (written about six years later) in whose company he took a mountain excursion, the following lines occur:

"With fearless pride, I say
That she is healthful, fleet, and strong
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May,
And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever, as they pass away,
Are hidden in her eyes."

Again in "the Triad," Wordsworth describes a beauty very much like that of Lucy and so *con amore* that, perhaps unconsciously, one of its greatest charms to him would seem to have been its similarity to that of his early love.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian nymph o'er field and height!

When she is beloved and loves
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free
That rifles blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with such audacity.
Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!

High is her aim as Heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill."

In Ruth, there seems to be an added interest aroused in the poet's mind from her being a child of nature; for Ruth drew music from her pipe,

"As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods."

In the short poem beginning "She was a phantom of delight," the poet seems to depict his ideal of what Lucy would have become,

had she lived; his "perfect woman," nature's child, grown into the guardian angel of man's home, and inspiring what is beautifully described by another poet as

"A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming even best and fairest now."

There is an ethereal charm about Lucy which is very attractive; probably because of her complete harmony with nature. Simple-hearted, ignorant of all that is artificial, she seems like the mountain daisy rejoicing in the pure, fresh air with her eye ever looking upward to heaven. A nature so sensitive to external influences as hers must have been keenly alive to every form of joy or sorrow for itself, deeply sympathetic with the joys and sorrows of others. So harmonious a being must needs have had a heart full of tenderness and love for every living thing, and would have suffered more for those she loved than for herself. Little wonder that she lived on in the poet's heart, ever cherished, ever young, as the early dead we have to aid do always live in memory. Happy as Wordsworth was in his after life, we feel instinctively that he always had a sacred niche in his heart for his early love; and we love him the better for it.

The poems in which Lucy is commemorated are tender and touching. Three stanzas, very simple in language, but full of feeling, form her epitaph:

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
So shining in the sky.

She lived unknown and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me."

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

From advance sheets of his Memoriam, in press of A. D. F. Randolph and Co., New York.

On June 10 1883, Hannington (who had been compelled by the state of his health to leave Africa), was again among his friends in England. They had anxiously followed his course homeward during his terrible journey from the Lake, and the infrequent letters which he had written when he was able to hold the pen had all been treasured up. He was received as one alive from the dead. Both in the Committee Room of the Church Missionary Society and from his people at Hurst, he met with the warmest welcome. He settled down to his work at Hurst as though he had never left it, and his young men once again rallied round him.

But with returning health the desire to assail once more the fortresses from which he had been driven back came strongly upon him. He never for a moment lost the idea that he was to renew his labors in Africa. He was saturated through and through with the Missionary spirit, and he counted the days when he should have sufficiently recovered his wasted strength to again face the Medical Board, and retrieve his first repulse. In the meantime, since he could not persuade anybody that he was well enough for work in the tropics, he placed himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society Committee for deputation work at home. During the next twelve months he both preached and spoke upon platforms many times on behalf of the Society. His graphic descriptions of the life and labors of an African Missionary, and his earnest appeals in behalf of the Mission cause, will be long remembered in many an English town and village. The "Church Missionary Society Report" for 1884 thus alludes to him: "The health mercifully given back to him by the Great

Healer has been employed without stint in service at home, and the Committee trust that the desire of their dear brother's heart may be granted to him, and that he may be enabled to go forth again into the field." Well did the Secretaries know the "desire of his heart," for there was no available occasion when he did not present himself at the "House," to see whether the doctors might not be prevailed upon to take a more favorable view of his state. On Oct. 8, 1883, he writes to his wife:

"I saw the Board to-day, and the verdict was 'Africa NEVER.' And so I say, the will of the Lord be done. Any question about other climates and countries must be left for the present. I am very melancholy about Africa. But I ought not to be." His state of mind may be somewhat realized from the following intensely characteristic letter, dated Dec. 5th:—

"My Dear,—Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen. HALLELUJAH!!! HALLELUJAH!!! And again I cry, Hallelujah!

"And now quietly to begin my tale.

"What a wonderful thing! I was feeling so fagged on Monday that I thought I would not go up to town until Tuesday, and almost made up my mind not to start, but was overruled. On arriving at the Square, I found that there was a medical board sitting, and asked how many were to be seen. I was told Only one. So I said to B—, more than half in fun, I wish you would ask them to see me. I scarcely thought he would say anything about it, but lo! he went and put my name down to be interviewed. I was quite frightened when he told me, as I thought they would be in an awful rage, as I had been told not to come up before April.

"I went in, and, after a long interview, the verdict was 'May go anywhere except Africa and Ceylon.'

"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!!!

"But this was not all (drowning men catch at a straw). At first I was not encouraged by it; but I presently learnt that Mr. Wigram had slipped into the Committee and told the news to Mr. Stock. I took that to be a good sign. But when, the next morning, Mr. Wigram shook hands with me and said, 'I am so thankful to hear the verdict,' I was not able to speak much, but my heart said Hallelujah, Amen; and I am quite certain that you will be able to join in the cry. Of course, nothing is settled. I am to see the board again in April, so that really we are only one step further advanced; but there are signs enough to make any Missionary heart rejoice. Once more judged worthy to anticipate.

"Fly in and tell my brother to rejoice together with us."

Such a letter was the safety-valve of a bursting heart. It reveals in a wonderful manner the intensity of the fires which were burning within him. At this time he had no thought of the Bishopric. It had not occurred to his mind that he might be sent out again in any other capacity than that in which he had sailed eighteen months before. Those who knew him best can testify that at this time it was impossible that ambition should have had any part in lighting those flames by which he was inwardly consumed. His friends thought that he had done enough; but it was borne in upon his mind with ever increasing insistency that a dispensation of the Gospel had been committed to him, and that he must return to the Mission-field; his heart made request that it might be to Africa; but, if that were forbidden, then—somewhere else.

"He saw a Hand they could not see
Which beckoned him away;
He heard a Voice they could not hear
Which would not let him stay."

When health had fully returned, and the Bishopric was offered to him, he took it as a sign from God that he had a work to do for Christ in Africa. About accepting the Bishopric he had his doubts and fears; about returning to Africa, none. When I wrote to congratulate him and wish him God speed, he replied: "I feel that I could no more say No than Gordon when he went to Khartoum."

When Hannington visited Edinburgh in January, 1884, we noticed a great change in him. His old exuberance of spirits was gone. We were almost inclined to say to him, "Is all laughter gone dead out of thee?" It was evident that he had passed through a heavy strain, which had taxed his constitution to the utmost. By and by flashes of the old wit somewhat reassured us; but it was plain that the rough chastening of those terrible months of sickness in Africa would leave scourge marks not readily to be healed or forgotten. At the same time, that "chastisement" had not been without its distinct benefit. He was in every way softened and mellowed. While his sense of the humorous was as keen as ever, his consideration for the feelings of others was much greater than formerly. He was gentler and more tender, quieter, and more outwardly affectionate in his manner than of yore. The current of his life seemed to run more stilly and more deep.

Just now and again the old "Jim" would leap into

life and almost make me forget that we were not still undergraduates together. As, when we were spending the two hours which intervened between the morning and afternoon Services in the vestry, he suddenly declared that his legs were so stiff with sitting still that he was sure he should not be able to ascend the pulpit steps, and so, placing two chairs close to each other, he leapt backwards and forwards over them till he was tired with the exercise and I with laughing. What a sight—had some "grave and reverend signor," some austere father of the Church, looked in at that moment! Ah me, would he not have concluded that the "deputation" who had so edified him in the morning had suddenly gone mad? But we knew better.

He remained with us rather more than a week. We found his society very helpful. His attitude of mind was deeply spiritual, and there was nothing which he loved more than to talk over some passage from Scripture, often throwing the most vivid light upon its inner meaning.

He was very full of his African work, and all the time he was with us was preparing those sketches of his adventures, many of which appeared in the *Graphic* and other illustrated papers, and a few of which have been reproduced in this work. Seated in a low chair in a corner of the study, with a box of water-colors and a sheet of drawing-paper, he would fight his battles over again, and narrate every incident with the keenest zest. I had the great advantage of hearing from his own lips most of those exploits which have been chronicled in these pages. He was full of hope after his last interview with the medical board, and was looking forward eagerly to the time when he should be again examined; for he firmly believed that he would in the end be permitted to return to the Dark Continent.

There was one change in him which, at the time, I failed to understand, but the cause of which has since been made clear to me. In former days Hannington had been the most generous of men. He did not seem to consider money, but rather rejoiced in spending it upon any object which took his fancy. Now, though he did not specially allude to the subject, I could not help seeing that he was careful in his expenditure, and weighed the cost of everything. I should not perhaps have noticed this, had I not been so familiar with his character; but, knowing his former habits, and that his income was not diminished, it did occur to me once or twice to ask myself whether this new phase implied that my friend was becoming "near." It was not until after his death that this was explained, and I discovered that he had been giving a FIFTH of his strictly limited income to one society alone, irrespective of his other charities. O thou noble soul; thy gifts did not stop short of self-sacrifice, nor didst thou offer to the Lord what cost thee nothing!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT)

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

ONTARIO.

OTTAWA.—*White Cross Brotherhood.*—Notwithstanding the dark and slippery condition of the streets of Ottawa on Saturday evening, the 22nd January, there was a satisfactory attendance at the meeting of the White Cross Brotherhood, held in the school room of Christ Church. The Rev. E. A. W. Hannington, as President, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with the very appropriate service compiled by the Parent Society in England. Mr. Hannington then said that the Brotherhood had determined upon holding meetings similar to the present one, in the various churches of the city, to which all persons would be invited. The work of the White-Cross Army was not carried on by means of large public meetings; each member was expected to do his duty by influencing his friends in the direction pointed out by his pledges, in a private and unobtrusive manner. All the said pledges taken by the members tended to elevate our nature, to make us manly, and to cause us to put away degrading vices. There was work even for the most timid, such as the repressing of impure language, oaths, &c. This could be done by tracts, reproof, example. The organisation was a young one, but he hoped to see it grow into a very strong one; there were already fifty members enrolled at present. The Ven. Archdeacon Lauder was then called upon; he said that his knowledge of the army and its work was only derived from books; he was interested in its welfare as being an organisation working for the accomplishment of worthy objects. It was the duty of every good man to follow the course pointed out by the army in its principles, even though he had not formally joined the force. The object of the White-

Cross Army was to combat the loose morality arising from the mixing of, and the freedom of intercourse between the sexes existing at the present day. The horrible accounts, as published, of immorality, not confined by any means to the lowest or most degraded classes, must give pain to every virtuous man. He hoped that the society would increase, spread, and exert a powerful influence. The Rev. Mr. Muckleson then acceded to the request of the chairman to speak. He stated that he had derived his knowledge of those matters within the scope of the Brotherhood, from the perusal of the excellent tracts written for the Church of England Purity Society, copies of which had been freely distributed by the local Brotherhood. The evils arising from sexual immorality are more serious in their effects than the mischiefs caused by drunkenness. He considered the seed of this vice as having been planted by the impure conversation of bad boys in the large schools of this country, where all natures and conditions were herded together. This Purity Society will encourage to defensive action those who do not like to have their ears insulted by ribald or blasphemous talk. From medical testimony he gathered that no indulgence of the reproductive faculty was required by nature in order to keep a man in good health and condition. The subject of prostitution was, unfortunately, tabooed in polite society:—a false prudery which was to be deplored inasmuch as this very secrecy was a danger, as being a protection to this wide spread evil. Capt. McElhinney thanked the reverend gentlemen for their encouraging remarks. There was a necessity for work in this special line of action. The world was, he was thankful to say, growing better as it grew older, owing to the great and increasing efforts put forth by philanthropists and moralists. He considered that the work of the society could, so far as men like themselves were concerned, be best done by influencing those they came in contact with in their offices, and while engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. He promised that St. Andrew's Church, of which he was a member, would open, in turn, the doors of its school room to the society. Mr. Magee, as a Methodist, would relate his experience. He was induced to join the Brotherhood after reflecting on the sacrifices which took place in the Jewish Temple and Tabernacle of old time. A rich man could afford to offer, for the use of the Temple, a lamb without blemish, while his poorer neighbour could only spare two little pigeons. He thought that he himself might be able to present his two pigeons as his offering to the treasury of the Brotherhood. He would endeavour to teach his friends and acquaintances to keep constantly before their minds eye the awful text: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Dr. R. J. Wicksteed remarked that he had modestly refrained from speaking inasmuch as he considered himself as one of the hosts of the evening, the meeting being held in his own church. But his modesty had cost him something, for it would be difficult for him to add anything to the facts that had been given by some of the speakers, and he could not hope to equal the eloquence displayed by others who had preceded him. His remarks would therefore take the shape of a personal experience. The speaker said that ever since he had come to the years of discretion, he had endeavoured to follow the advice of the old Attic philosophers contained in their maxim: "Know thyself." These vigorous old thinkers and moralists, to whom we moderns owed so much, meant by this proverb that each man was to examine himself critically and unflinchingly, and ascertain what were his mental and physical powers,—what could he do thoroughly and well? It might also mean, he thought, in each person's case, examine thyself as a moral and responsible being. What, each of us should say to himself, are my weaknesses, what my moral frailties, what are my temptations, what sin have I specially to war against as a good soldier of the White-Cross Army, the army of Christ? Our matchless Catechism and Litany recognised three classes of sins, viz.: those of the devil, the world, and the flesh. All temptations to do wrong arise from these unholy sources. He had himself kept a strict watch over the avenues of the heart, and had used every precaution to prevent surprise by this trinity of evil. He had made it a practice every birthday to take one step upwards, however small the lift, and on the last anniversary he had joined the White-Cross Army, and he had now an additional moral "creeper" or "crescent-heel-plate" to keep his feet from falling while walking on slippery paths. After prayers and benediction the meeting adjourned until Saturday, the 12th February.

TORONTO.

Proposed Temperance Conference.—It is proposed to hold a Conference on Temperance work in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, on May 11th and 12th next. The subjects for discussion will probably be the work of the C. E. T. S.; Scientific

aspects of Temperance; Prohibition, how far desirable; Social Aspects; Coffee Houses; Woman's Work; and Bands of Hope. After the day meeting for discussion on the 12th, it is arranged to have a public gathering in the pavilion, at which Mr. Graham, Professor Clark, and other speakers will deliver addresses. It is noticeable that there is now living in Toronto the person, who, 31 years ago established the first philanthropic coffee house opened in England, who personally arranged for many others in various parts of the country, and who, many years ago, sought to arouse an interest in this aspect of Temperance work by contributions to the press of Canada. We trust that the Conference will not be ruined by falling into the hands of fanatics, but will display Temperance in practical operation by a severe prohibitory law against mere wind bags.

ALGOMA.

BROADBENT.—The children of this Sunday School, had their second annual Christmas tree, last month. Tea was laid for the children and parents, in the house of Messrs. Broadbent. The tree, which was larger than last year, on account of the increased number of scholars, was tastefully decorated with toys, articles of clothing &c., given by the C. W. M. A. Society, of Toronto. The tree was beautifully illuminated. The scholars sang several hymns, and after playing a few games, received their presents. Three cheers were then given for the kind ladies who sent the presents.

GORE BAY.—The Rev. W. M. Tooke, late incumbent, left here late in November, to take up his abode under the stars and stripes. While here Mr. Tooke was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the interests of the Church; and both he and Mrs. Tooke, took with them the good wishes of their many friends. The unexpected arrival, (by the last boat of the season), of Mr. C. A. Eaton, of St. Bell's, Theo. College, Cumberland England, agreeably surprised the Church people here. Mr. Eaton, though not large in stature, is a heavy weight man in the pulpit, is fast gaining popularity, and, is largely increasing his congregation by people from the other churches.

On Christmas eve, the Christmas tree or annual S. S. entertainment was held, which proved a success, \$32.60 being realized. The entertainment consisted of addresses, recitations by the S. S. children and others, and duets, solos, &c. The children acquitted themselves admirably, reflecting credit on their teachers, especially Miss Hunt who has been the moving spirit in the school since its organization, and, who was made, (by the congregation of All Saints Church), the recipient of a beautiful album, and other presents to the value of \$15, in recognition of her services as S. S. teacher, and organist in the church. After relieving the tree of its burden of presents, principally for the juveniles, the meeting dispersed all well satisfied with the entertainment.

SHINGWAWK HOME.—*Acknowledgment.*—The following donations to the Homes are acknowledged:—St. Bartholomew's Church Sunday School, \$5.89; W. F. and D. M. S., St. John's Church, Peterboro, \$11.75.

FOREIGN.

STATISTICS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Rev. James Johnston, a Fellow of the London Statistical Society, and the author of various statistical works, presents in a pamphlet recently issued, the following information concerning the number of agents now employed by the various missionary societies of Protestant Christendom for the evangelization of the pagan and Mohammedan world, the amount of money raised annually by the societies, the results in converts, and other facts:

Three thousand ordained missionaries, 780 laymen, and 2,500 women have been sent out by the Protestant Christians of Britain, America, and the continent of Europe, into all parts of the heathen and Mohammedan world. These 6,280 messengers are now preaching the everlasting Gospel in twenty times as many languages as were spoken on the day of Pentecost.

If the 870,000,000 of heathen and 170,000,000 of Mohammedans were equally apportioned to those 6,280 agents, it would give 167,000 souls to each man and woman sent out; but, as they are very unequally distributed, some may be found grouped with less than one thousand to each, while others are scattered as one in the midst of millions. As many of the women are the wives of missionaries, there is not one female missionary to a quarter of a million of women, in those countries in which they alone can carry the Gospel to the secluded victims, chiefly by the tedious process of visits to their homes. The 3,780 men have often to labor singly among ten or twenty millions of heathen—the most unproductive form of mission work.

Concentration, within certain limits, is generally the most effective form of labor.

Twenty-seven thousand native converts are now employed and paid as evangelists to their own countrymen, and 2,500 are ordained pastors of native congregations. Many voluntary workers give themselves willingly to evangelistic work, and many thousands of teachers and professors are employed in the more secular but important work of teaching the young in schools and colleges.

In America and Great Britain and on the Continent \$12 250 000 is raised to support the American, European, and native agents, and to cover all expenses connected with the work at home and abroad. Of this sum fully \$4 250 000 is raised in America, by more than fifty missionary societies, nearly all, so far as we can learn, directly or indirectly connected with the different religious bodies. Nine hundred thousand dollars are collected by thirty-four societies from all the nationalities on the Continent. Nineteen societies belonging to the religious bodies in England and Scotland raise annually \$4,750 000; while twenty societies, independent of them, collect for the most part from the members of these same bodies \$750,000 a year.

Eight hundred and seventy thousand adults, converts from among the heathen, are now in communion with the Church of Christ, as the result of Protestant missionary labor. These, with their families and dependants, form Christian communities scattered over almost every portion of the habitable globe, numbering in the aggregate at least two million eight hundred thousand souls. Two thousand five hundred of these converts are ordained ministers of the Gospel, placed over Christian congregations; twenty-seven thousand are employed as evangelists to their heathen fellow-countrymen, and a large number are acting as voluntary agents, in preaching and teaching in Sunday schools, and engaged in other works of Christian usefulness. The children of these converts, with a large number of the children of the heathen, are receiving secular and religious instruction in day schools.

These are facts which can be tabulated, but there are others of vast importance which cannot be so expressed: The wider influence of Christian teaching and Christian life of missionaries and their converts; the elevation of the lowest races to the comforts and advantages of civilization; the establishment of peaceful government among savage cannibal tribes, whose lives were misery, and whose work was war; the spread of commerce; the promotion of industry; the creation of written language, with the gift of the Word of God to more than two hundred tribes and nations; the abolition of cruel rites and religious crimes among those who still remain heathen, and the diffusion of new aspirations and hopes among thousands who are still strangers to the higher blessings of the spiritual life which the missionary seeks to impart by the preaching of the Gospel.

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

THE CRITICS OF THE INSTITUTE LEAFLET.

SIR,—The dogs of the Diocesan manager have begun to snarl again, they showed their teeth some time ago over the publication of the S. T. G., now they are threatening the work of the Sunday School Committee. Those of us with whom this work so far has won "golden opinions," are at a loss to understand, what good purpose the criticisms in your last week's issue, or others like them, are intended to serve. Is it desirable that our S. S. teachers, children and others who read the DOMINION CHURCHMAN and who are not disposed to question the claim of 'J. C.' to "wide reading and accurate scholarship," should be told by one of so high a reputation, that what they teach and learn, rests on a "bad foundation" and "must tumble." Would it not be possible to bring that "wide reading and accurate scholarship which all acknowledge, but of which we are becoming almost tired and weary, to bear upon the Institute Leaflet before they are given to the world." Better still, could not the Committee and others combine to buy out the right, apparently monopolized by "J.C. & Co.," of thwarting by ill-conceived contumely, and petulant criticism, every new enterprise undertaken in the interest of the Diocese. It is devoutly to be wished that the members of the S. S. Committee will, as far as possible, leave the bones of dispute about "sprinkling" and "pouring," &c., to the controversial kennel, and leave the future to show that the bark of over sedulous criticism is worse than its bite. The golden opinions already won by the compilers of the Leaflets and Teacher's Assistant are

only the First Fruits of the Harvest of Thankfulness; they will reap in these fields which do not claim to possess even such wide reading and accurate scholarship as is found in the work of the S. S. Committee. "CUI BONO."

C. W. M. A.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to give my sincere thanks to the C. W. M. A. for a good-sized box of articles most suitable for my Mission. It is indeed very acceptable and very appropriate, containing judiciously assorted prizes for Sunday School children, articles of clothing for older people, and books and papers for all; and our thanks are due, and are heartily tendered, to the ladies of the C. W. M. A. through the courteous and obliging Sec.-Treas., Mrs. T. W. O'Reilly. The books are quite valuable for Sunday School prizes. Allow me also to say, in this connection, that the resident Methodist Minister has presented one of our Sunday Schools with ten dollars worth of new and appropriate books for the library, "because it is the only school which is kept open during the winter." At the same time I wish to acknowledge with thanks a grant of \$8 worth of books to the four S. Schools in this Mission—two dollars to each—by the Diocesan Book and Tract Committee. Yours faithfully, Apsley, Jan. 21, 1887. P. HARDING.

INCOMES OF ENGLISH BISHOPS.

SIR,—In your issue of 18th ult., which has only just come into my hands, you call attention to the remark made in some quarters of the Bishops leaving large sums for the enrichment of their families, and cite as instances to the contrary the good deeds of the late and present Bishops of Durham.

Will you be kind enough to insert in your valuable paper this fact of which I have special knowledge. Being a member of the University of Durham, and it having occurred during my residence there. Bishop Lightfoot recently gave £3,000 towards Church extension fund in his own Diocese, and is continually giving liberal donations for the work of the Church. He is universally beloved for his true charity and great generosity, and his good deeds are household words among "all sorts and conditions of men" in his Diocese. He is only one among numbers of other Bishops who laid their worldly goods upon God's Altar at the time they dedicated themselves to His service, and it would be well for the Church of Christ throughout the world if all her professing children who are able would thus follow the Christlike example of our Fathers in God, instead of inventing excuses in order to rid themselves of the responsibility of aiding, as is their bounden duty, to the work of the Church.

Yours, &c., OCTAVIUS EDGELOW, Incumbent of Dundalk.

SCRIPTURAL READINGS.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you are taking such a noble stand against having the good old Book mutilated and brought into disrepute. The reform charges of hoodluming, bribery, &c., sink into insignificance even if true side by side with the gigantic dishonesty and moral turpitude of the Riel cry and the debauchery of emasculating the Word of God. Corruption which consists in the purchase of power by money or personal preferment is milk white compared to that which bids for power, by offering race feelings, the bribe of vengeance, to gain it, or by astutely blinding the eyes of Protestants by disguisedly omitting the chief corner-stone of their faith, by leaving out every one of the six allusions in the Bible to the "Mediatorship," giving children the instruction that there are only two persons in the Trinity, viz. the advocate and the Judge. This unholy attempt to reform the Bible, is in my opinion like the spirit that wanted to reform by rebellion, the Kingdom of Heaven, and which was justly and righteously cast out into another world; and which also wanted to reform this world by getting our Saviour to transfer His allegiance from God to it, and which brought forth the reply, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." I am not surprised that a committee of women are wanting to reform the Bible to be more in accordance with "Woman's Rights," or that Atheists rejoice, when they see a government of Christians getting a cooked up affair to meet their political greed for power.

If any one at a meeting asked me how I should like a lump of a boy of sixteen to sit next to my daughter, before giving my opinion, I should like to know whether it was the son of one who had taught him that the Bible was obscene, or whether it was one that thought "to the pure all things are pure," and could not realize that the Bible could make a mind impure that was not impure before, and believed that God knew better than he did what should be in His own Word or not. I am afraid the dumb watchman is powerless. Yours truly, No EMASCULATION.

DIPPING VS. IMMERSION.

SIR,—Mr. Cayley has overlooked the point of my letter. I did not seek to open nor discuss the large question of mode in Baptism; but simply—if as Leaflet No. 7 seemed to assume, that "to dip" is synonymous with Immersion in the Rubric—to ask, how the Rubric is to be complied with, supposing the subject should prefer to be dipped in preference to be baptized by pouring? I believe the Rubric is capable of common-sense reading, and capable also of being literally obeyed with the use of any ordinary sized font, I did not overlook the optional mode, nor did I wilfully give a part for the whole. In letters to the Press, brevity is a virtue, and short letters are more likely to be read than long ones; with your permission I now give the Rubric in full: "Then shall the Priest take each person to be baptized by the right hand, and placing him conveniently by the Font, according to his discretion, shall ask the Godfathers and Godmothers the name; and then shall dip him in the water, or pour water upon him, saying." Mr. Cayley says: "I would ask Mr. Mackenzie how he obeys the Rubric whether he dips an adult in his font in any sense." Mr. Cayley is not a Scotchman; he has no right to evade my question by replying "how do you obey the Rubric?" I do not teach that to dip is synonymous with immersion. I have no difficulty in obeying the Rubric. Again, I ask Mr. Cayley, supposing an adult desires baptism in St. George's Church and requests that he should be baptized by being dipped—well, having taken him by the right hand and placed him by the Font, will Mr. Cayley kindly say how he would then proceed to "dip him in the water"—that is according to Leaflet No. 7, immerse him? Mr. Cayley says: "I assume that by the use of the expression 'dip in the water' the Church means the same thing as immersion, and uses it as an equivalent for 'sub trina mersione,' of the olden Rubrics." But he immediately adds: "The compiler of the Leaflet sees a difference between immersion and submersion." Will Mr. Cayley kindly state, if as he says the Church means "dip in the water" the same thing as "sub trina mersione," what difference he sees between immersion and submersion? Allow me to add that I value the Leaflets very highly, and feel grateful to Mr. Cayley and the Committee who prepare them. As to the publicity of my letter. Leaflet No. 7 had become public before I saw or knew of its teaching, and I know of no other way to get further information, or correct an oversight not only for myself but for others, than through the press. I do not think the question before us necessitates any reference to Tertullian, Cyrel, Sadler, or Maclear, as to the probable mode of baptism in the early Church. I suppose we all know that immersion or submersion was very frequently practiced; my point is how are we to read and obey a certain Rubric to-day? I hope my communications have been written in a "kindly and courteous spirit;" I can assure Mr. Cayley, and so I intend them.

Yours truly, G. E. MACKENZIE. January 28, 1887.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ALGOMA.—A WINTER TRIP TO SAHGUDUHWAUG.

SIR,—It is pleasant to take a long journey "over the ice" when the weather is favorable, the ice good, and everything just as one desires; but on the other hand, it is exceedingly disagreeable, not to say dangerous, when a snow storm overtakes one and the road is lost and the ill-fated traveller wanders he knows not where, striving in vain for the light of some familiar mark to show him his way till he perishes, perhaps, from cold and exposure. Some such occurrence happened not long since to some travellers—among them some women—not far from the spot where we write. But of the trip about which we write now no such sad experience will be related; happily the weather on the day of our starting out was all that could be desired. It had been very cold but was considerably milder on the day of our departure, as we started from Little Current where we held service on the eve of the preceding day. Wishing to make an early start, and hearing that the mail carriers were crossing the lake the next morning, we joined them, and daylight found us some miles on our journey. (Our party consisted of the Missionary and his pony, by name Dinah.) There was a considerable quantity of snow on the ice and travelling was consequently slow, so it was drawing towards noon when we reached our first stopping place—the Hudson Bay Company's Fort at La Cloche. Here we parted company with the mail carriers, wishing to stay for the remainder of the day and hold service at the Post. The next day we were again on our way battling with a snow storm, and at mid-day we reached an Indian village where we held service again; a good congregation of red men and women assembling in a very clean and respectable Indian house. At night we rested at a friend's house on the bank of the river where we again held service, some neighbors and others attending. The next day

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we continued on our way and in the afternoon we reached Sabguduhwang.

The word Sabguduhwang means the place where it flows out, i. e., the mouth of the river. Here dwells a family of Indians consisting of father and mother and I think five children. The mother of those children is a clever woman, an hard working woman, and last of all and best of all she is a Christian woman. In addition to her household duties, she traps and hunts; and it is in these pursuits she excels, often carrying home valuable furs which we sell at good prices to help provide for her family. She shewed me a very nice clock which she had bought with the proceeds of her hunting. Last winter her husband went away to seek work, leaving her in charge of the family and very little to eat. The next day, our heroine trapped two fine large fishers, the furs bringing her sixteen dollars. It was Providence she said. On the day of our visit the whole family with the exception of the eldest son were home, and all assembled in the best room for worship. The second chapter of St. Matthew was read, and a few words of exhortation followed on the manifestation of it to the Gentiles; that now as far as the Ojibway Indians the light of the Gospel had come, and they were to walk in that light until they met the Saviour above. While the service was going on, a young Indian came in, and after service, on enquiring about him, we found that he was a pagan; but after speaking to him, he expressed a desire to be baptized. We instructed him carefully in the fundamental truths of religion, explaining to him the meaning of baptism. He seemed to understand, and professed his faith in the Articles of the Creed. We asked if he would wait till another visit before he wanted baptism, but he said he wished now to become a Christian. The father and mother of the young Indian were there, and they were invited in. It was a most impressive service, and all seemed to feel it so; and none less so than the candidate himself. John was the name given him in baptism. He promised to live as a Christian; let us hope that he may have grace given him to do so. Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may guide him and teach him and help him from evil until he reaches the home above. We discovered on enquiry that the father and mother of the young man were still pagans, and efforts were made to induce them to become Christians. I found them next morning just finishing their wigwam in the bush. The old man said that his father when alive had enjoined him never to become a Christian, but we reminded him that his father not being a Christian himself could not know the blessedness of God's service. We advised him to obey God who calls all men of every race and color to Him. We left him not without hope that his prejudices and unbelief may give way under the influence of Divine grace, and in answer to our prayers he may be led to the Saviour. We found that there was still a brother unbaptized, but he was a long way off in the bush. We expect to see him when we go that way again. F. F.

THE BISHOP'S TOUR.

SIR,—Will you allow me space enough in your columns for a few hurried notes of my recent tour in the Districts of Parry Sound and Muskoka. The points visited were Bracebridge, Falkenburg, Stoneleigh and Baysville (Rev. J. Boydell), Ullawater and Rosseau (Rev. A. W. H. Chowne), Leguire, Dufferin, Midlothian and Magnetawan (Rev. A. J. Young), Lambidge (Mr. G. Gander, who also, as catechist, has charge of South River and Eagle Lake), Burk's Falls, Emsdale and Bethune (vacant), Perry and Huntsville (Rev. T. Lloyd), Aspden and Lancelot (Rev. W. Crompton), Ilfracombe and Stanleydale (Rev. J. Manning), Port Carling, Port Sandfield, Brackenridge and Mortimer's Point (Rev. S. E. Knight), North Bay and Chapleau on the C.P.R. (Rev. G. Gaviller), I had previously visited just as winter was setting in. Three other missions yet remain to be visited, and comprising Gravenhurst and Northwood (Rev. A. Osborne), Uffington, Oakley, Parbrook, Ferris Hill and Lewisham (Rev. J. Green), and Port Sydney, Brunel, Beatrice, Ufford and the Townline (Rev. R. W. Plant). This will complete, not the whole circuit of the Eastern portion of the Diocese, but as much of it as can be accomplished this winter, owing to the pressing claims of my work elsewhere.

Your readers, I am sure, will be interested to hear of various indications, gathered up during this tour, showing that, while deeply grateful for the generous support given us by our fellow-churchmen in other dioceses, we still enforce and illustrate the principle of self-help as far as possible in the different departments of our work, whether the payment of stipends, or the erection of churches and parsonages. At Bracebridge, for example, mainly through the exertions of the women of St. Thomas' Church, a most desirable site was purchased and paid for at a cost of \$550. On this site has recently been erected a most commodious and handsome parsonage, now occupied by the incumbent, Rev. J. Boydell and his

family. A new church will follow bye-and-bye, so soon as the little flock has had breathing time from its late exertions, and has recovered from a disastrous conflagration, which, within the last few days, destroyed several of their leading business establishments. At Falkenburg, in the same mission, an old church, built several years ago by the then incumbent, Rev. J. S. Cole, has been removed to a more central site, about a mile from its original position, and rebuilt very neatly at a cost of about \$225, the people providing \$125 in labor and money. At Magnetawan St. George's Church has been improved by the erection of a very neat tower, of a design furnished gratuitously by Mr. Helliwell, one of our Toronto architects, and a bell mounted weighing upwards of 400 lbs. The Church has also been partially clapboarded, and lumber enough secured to complete the work. At Sunbridge a Sunday school has been organized, under the superintendence of Mr. Jos. Edgar, who will be glad to receive books, &c., while the catechist, Mr. Gauder, has already secured a local contribution of \$200 towards the erection of a church. At Emsdale the church (St. Mark's) has been lined and stained, the people doing all the work. At Huntsville the people have purchased and paid for a bell weighing 750 lbs., erected a hall for Sunday school and other parochial purposes, put new chancel furniture in the building temporarily used as a church, and paid off \$100 of a loan made to them for the purchase of a parsonage. At Gravenhurst, over and above the contribution to the clergyman's stipend, a large number of gifts have been presented for the interior of the church, while \$75 have been sent to the General Diocesan Mission Fund, in fulfilment of a pledge entered into last year "to try and raise \$100." At Uffington a comfortable parsonage has been erected, largely through local effort, while at Port Sydney another has gone up, making the eleventh in the list of homes which we can offer to our resident missionaries. But what are they among four and twenty? I must not omit, however, to make special note of the progress which has characterized the Aspden mission, under the charge of the Rev. W. Crompton, who, I am sure, has had the prayers and sympathies of hosts of friends in his recent affliction which deprived him not only of a lifelong companion, but of a true co-worker in all his plans for the temporal, social and religious welfare of his people. Out of his great sorrow, however, God has already brought good in the restoration of perfect harmony between him and his bishop, and the clearing away, I trust forever, of the mistakes and misunderstandings which during the past year or two had not only disturbed the harmony of our mutual relations, but created much of prejudice and heart burning among the friends of both, alike in England and Canada. Hence I have been able once more to enjoy the well-known hospitality of Mr. Crompton and his family, and to see for myself the substantial improvements that have taken place in his mission. First, a very spacious hall has been built (Cliften Hall) as a centre for the congregation for Sunday school and social purposes, and here, on the evening of Jan. 24th, despite bad roads and a pitch dark night, upwards of eighty persons assembled, old and young, to partake of some simple refreshments, play a few simple games (not confined to the children) and hear an address on the church work being done in other parts of the diocese. Close by, on the site of the old log predecessor, stands a substantial, ecclesiastical looking stone building, recognizable, to even the first glance of an uneducated eye, as an English Church, solid in its external appearance, tasteful and neat in all its internal appointments, the whole the magnificent gift of an unknown donor in England, who gave £1,000 for the benefit of the diocese, of which £600 has been expended in St. Mary's Church. Here services were held upon the 23rd morning and evening, a confirmation class of seven being presented at the former. Mr. Crompton will doubtless give you particulars. One feature of the services, however, I must not omit. Almost without exception they are the heartiest in the diocese, and, as several informed me, they were on the occasion of my visit exactly what they always are. The singing was remarkably good. The choir (i. e. the congregation) taking all the different parts. This is due partly to good training and partly to the presence of a number of young men, sons of English gentlemen, who have settled in the neighborhood, bringing with them brawny hands and faces, good voices, and, luckily for St. Mary's, the knowledge how to use them. St. George's, Lancelot, four miles off, was visited in the afternoon and found filled with a devout and attentive congregation. Here, also, a confirmation class of eleven was presented for 'the laying on of hands,' while on Monday afternoon the people gathered again to witness the distribution of prizes to the Sunday school children, and to hear an address from the bishop.

I regret to say that two of our missions are vacant, viz: Gore Bay, in Manitoulin Island, whose clergyman has been tempted away by a more attractive field in the States; and Burk's Falls, Parry Sound District, which lost its incumbent by his return to Jamaica,

the land of his birth. Another vacancy has remained unsupplied for several months now, in the Port Arthur District. None of our young deacons apparently having missionary spirit enough to prefer the rough, unattractive life of a pioneer for Christ's sake, to the smooth, easy, comfortable routine of a town or city parish. I have appealed for such a man through the church papers for more than a month, but not a solitary response has reached me! Meanwhile the field is white to the harvest. Rev. J. C. Machan is working on single-handed, but the extent of the field, and the impossibility of his supplying it with the necessary services, will be seen in the fact that in his confirmation class, presented last June, were two young women who had travelled no less than eighty miles to receive this apostolic rite! Alas for the Church, if the resources of her supply for the missionary field are so entirely dried up. Very soon I shall be calling for a clergyman for Parry Sound District, to occupy the field whose needs recently touched the sympathies of a Toronto churchman so closely that he wrote, offering to be responsible for \$200 a year for three years towards the stipend. Am I to appeal in vain? Are these poor souls, who are "as sheep having no shepherd," to be left uncared for? The whole stipend (\$750) will soon, I hope, be forthcoming. The offer of \$200 has already borne fruit as follows: Mrs. Alex. Cameron, \$100 per annum for three years; H. Pellatt, \$50 do; Dr. Wilson, \$25 do; Rev. Stuart Macklin, \$25 do; Sherbrooke Woman's Auxiliary, \$25 do; E. Blake, \$25 do; Miss Thornton, \$10 do; Rev. W. Craig, \$5 do; Mr. Burne, \$5 do; Box 41, Wroxeter, \$5 do; Rev. G. M. Wrong's Bible class, Church of the Redeemer, for 1—possibly 3 years each, \$100; per Mrs. Nixon, the sum of \$100 St. James' Bible class. The balance will soon follow, and then the hour will have come for the man to appear. "Pray ye the Lord of the Harvest that he will send forth labourers into the harvest."

One other item I conclude. It is our intention, God willing, to have a general Conference of all the clergy of Algoma in Parry Sound sometime next summer. The event will possess a special interest as the first of its kind in the history of the Diocese. But it cannot any longer be postponed. The feeling is growing among us that we need two things only, viz., a closer mutual acquaintance among the clergy, and a more effective organization for the details of our missionary work. The question of a Synod is also looming up. The possibility of making the Algoma Missionary News a more effective diocesan organ will be discussed. Means will be probably taken looking towards a temporary administration of our Widows' and Orphans' Fund should occasion arise, pending the formation of a Synod. The Canon passed at the late Provincial Synod, providing for Algoma representation in the Lower House will doubtless receive attention. All this, however, will involve a large amount of preliminary letter writing, and for this I have requested the Rev. W. Crompton, and he has consented to act as my corresponding Secretary.

I am now upon a tour in the Diocese of Huron, (kindly arranged for me by the Rev. Canon Innes,) which began on the 6th, and includes, as printed, to be visited, with the Bishop's approval, on behalf of Algoma; Galt, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Simcoe, Port Dover, Stratford, Mitchell, Seaforth, Clinton, and Goderich, closing with St. Paul's, London, Feb. 20th. The Treasurer has informed me that our Missionary Stipend Fund was overdrawn on Feb. 1st, by the sum of \$570.

Yours truly but mournfully,
E. ALGOMA.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

SEXAGESIMA. FEBRUARY 18TH, 1887.

The Way Through the Sea.

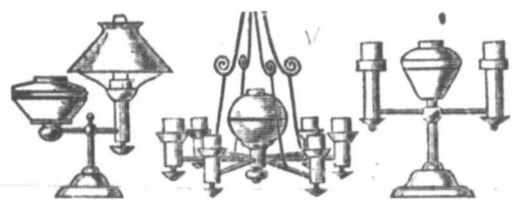
Passage to be read.—Exodus xiv. 21-31.

How silent the land of Goshen. The homes are empty, the brick fields deserted, the whole nation of Israel is departed. Word is brought of this to Pharaoh, and he realizes the result of his deed in allowing the people to go. He repents of it, and determines to bring them back. Taking his chariots, his horsemen, and his army, he pursues and overtakes them as they are encamped by the sea, verses 1 to 9.

1. Israel shut in (verses 9-14). Meanwhile the Israelites, instead of taking the direct road through the way of the land of the Philistines, have been led by God through the way of the Red Sea (chap. xiii. 17, 18), and now find themselves completely hemmed in. On the one hand is Pi-habiroth, "a range of craggy rocks impassable;" on the other the fortress of Migdol and the sacred city of Baal zephon, verse 2. Before them the sea, behind the Egyptians. There is literally no escape: and they murmur against Moses. So broken in spirit are they by their long slavery, that they declare the bondage of Egypt preferable to the death which they think threatens them in the wilderness. But God has purposely led them into this strait, not only, perhaps, that they may escape war

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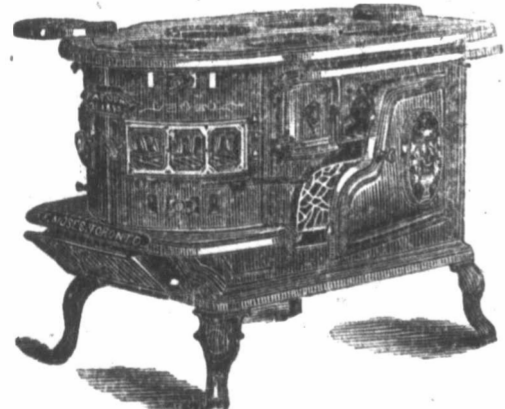
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with the Philistines may give a grand Israel and Egypt; and all his hosts. He is the Lord Israel is bidden. "Stand still a

2. The Way the command through the "Go forward! difficulties and God to Moses, sea, and divided caused the sea that night, and were divided."

—"Impossible are possible, a to do. "He during all the wind" was doing forward sea, the cloud removed and two hosts, and all light to the

8. Israel De through the the Israelites boldly plunge God hinders t so that they enabled to co Pharaoh can safely upon t to stretch for rushes back in Egyptians, an midst of the s

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with the Philistines (chap. xiii. 17), but also that He may give a great and final exhibition of His power to Israel and Egypt, and so be "honoured upon Pharaoh and all his hosts, that the Egyptians may know that He is the Lord," verses 17, 18. (See Isa. lxiii. 13, 14) Israel is bidden neither to fight nor fly, but simply to "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

2. *The Way Opened* (verses 15-22). And now comes the command from God, "Go forward." What! right through the sea? Impossible! Yet God says it,— "Go forward!" Take God at His word; face your difficulties and they disappear. "Take thy rod," says God to Moses, "and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it." Moses obeyed. "And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." (See Psalm cxiv. 3). "Go forward."—"Impossible," do you say? Nay, to God all things are possible, and what He commands, He enables you to do. "He made a way through the sea." And during all that night, while that wonderful "east wind" was doing the bidding of God, and Israel was going forward upon dry ground in the midst of the sea, the cloud which had gone before as a guide, was removed and stood behind them, thus separating the two hosts, and appearing all darkness to the one, and all light to the other.

3. *Israel Delivered* (verses 23-31). Thus Israel passed through the sea. But cannot the Egyptians do what the Israelites have done? They attempt it, and boldly plunge into the midst of the waters. Again God hinders them, taking the wheels off their chariots so that they drag heavily. Thus the Israelites are enabled to complete their escape before the hosts of Pharaoh can reach them. Now God's people stand safely upon the opposite shore. Moses is again bidden to stretch forth his hand over the sea. The water rushes back into its place, engulfing Pharaoh and his Egyptians, and completely overthrowing them in the midst of the sea. Well says Milton,

"—The sea
Swallows him and his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls."
(*Paradise Lost*, xii. 195).

Wonderful deliverance! Glorious miracle! Can Israel ever forget how God thus brought "them out of the land of Egypt, and from the house of bondage?"

Family Reading.

"MY FINGER MARKS."

We were struck by a thought of Elihu Burritt's that thousands of our fellow creatures will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they might have carried thither had we never lived; "the sunlight of the world," says he, "will reveal my finger marks in the primary formations, and in their successive strata of life and thought." A party of seamen believed they had gained sixty miles in one day in their course, but it was proved by observation they had lost more than thirty; the ship had been urged forward by the wind, but driven back by an undercurrent. How many undercurrents of trival actions or even looks and manners, influences scarcely heeded, may be hindering the Christian progress of others! but, on the other hand, how many an example that deems itself unnoticed, has been honoured by the Master as the means of doing immortal work for Him. Our concern must be present fidelity to God, leaving all consequences with him; the Evil One is ever ready to use the frailties of professing Christians as instruments of harm—may we all believe that every true, loyal, loving life is so employed by the All-seeing Christ as to move the waters of the River of Life to the healing and comfort of many? Angel James, a mighty instrument in the conversion and building up of souls, traced his solemn impressions to the consistent life of a lad with whom he was thrown into companionship. They shared the same bedroom, and he became powerfully influenced by the regularity with which his friend was wont to pray and read the Bible.—That boy, leading his quiet Christian life, little dreamed that he was stirring thoughts and feelings that would inspire congregations at home and abroad, for the writings of Angell James are dear to countless hearts. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things," whispers the Master; he will take care that his faithful servant is made ruler over many things, setting in motion, though perhaps unconsciously, even "the fountains at which God's angels drink."—*The Quiver*

WANTED, SENSIBLE WOMEN.

Specialized education does not necessarily create companionsable or even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a Greek scholar, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good allround education is likely to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our history, were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements, so much as for general character, and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshawe and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?—*The Fortnightly Review*.

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Are you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I don't know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the Temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to day, will you do as Jesus did? Not sit thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your Heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask? Not of learned doctors, but of Jesus Christ himself? He who once asked questions in the Jewish Temple now answers many a question in his own temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to day to tell you how you too can be about His Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which he wants you to do, you are sure, if you listen, to hear something else which he wants you to do when you come away.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

While we must see to it that our hearts are filled with love, let us not fail in the duty of "speaking the truth" to perishing souls. That truth must be clearly and forcibly spoken; otherwise the Divine method for their salvation will be frustrated. Love has been 'shed-abroad' in our hearts for this purpose. Every Christian bears in the gift of love the divine credentials of ambassadorship. It is not possible for him to suppress the truth and please his God at the same time. Many persons seem to

think that the mission of their lives is fulfilled by seeking personal growth; the work of saving others has seldom stirred their deepest sympathies. This is truly amazing. Is this after the manner of the Lord Jesus, who, when upon earth, came to seek and save them that are lost? It may be well to tarry for a season, until we are endued with "power from on high;" but to spend our lives in waiting, without speaking the truth to the multitudes around us, is a most serious misapprehension of "power" and of its purpose when received by us. Believer, speak the truth! Do not delay. The opportunity will soon pass away. Let it never be said, as applicable to ourselves, "No man careth for my soul."

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

WELL SPENT DAYS.

Let me take you into the cheery looking kitchen where a woman, whom I will call Lucy Grant, sat alone reading. It was quite by chance she took down that particular book from the shelf, and quite by chance that her eyes glanced on certain lines of poetry—excepting that, though we habitually use the expression, nothing really happens "by chance," for God has to do with the ordering or permission of the slightest incident in our daily life. These were the lines:—

"If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
Which eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went;
Then you may count that day well spent."

There was sufficient reasons for Mrs. Grant to muse over this, and it was well that conscience was roused by the simple words. Nothing is more to be dreaded than the time when this inward voice—this God-given monitor—does not make itself heard, because we have neglected to listen until it has ceased to warn us. In her youth, husband and child had been taken from her, and this woman had—as she was wont to say—"none but herself to look to."

Unfortunately she began to take care of self with an utter forgetfulness of any living creature; from that time until now, when she was some forty years of age, I do not suppose she was one sixpence the poorer for any help she had afforded those whose needs were greater than her own. I do not suppose either that she had scattered any kind words or actions along the path of her daily life.

Lucy was thrifty and industrious, and had managed to keep a tidy home about her, and yet to lay by savings, as wise people should, against a "rainy day." But if this rainy day comes to a neighbour, God would surely be pleased and glorified by our giving than by our saving; and this is what Mrs. Grant failed to perceive.

Only that very morning a poor mother had come to her with a petition for help—just a trifle to buy food for six sick children; but the childless woman had shaken her head, saying, "It's no business of mine to do for other people; I've no one to work for me if I fall ill."

Her solitary life perhaps had made her a reader and a thinker; but if reading and thought do not turn to the best and highest subjects, many a poor ignorant creature, to whom the easiest word is a difficulty, may be nearer far to the kingdom of God than a clever scholar.

To-night, searching upon a shelf where long unused volumes were lying, this one—a simple tale of the duty and the power of kindness—was taken, and, having lit her candle, Lucy Grant sat down to amuse herself for an hour or two of the long November evening. As I have told you them, the lines already quoted seemed to rivet her attention, and as she read them a second and a third time, there flashed upon her a keen remembrance, not only of the poor mother who that morning had left her in tearful disappointment, but also of many and many such cases extending back through several years.

"Count the acts"—ah, she might do that and find no self-denial in them; she might count the words too, but not one would have "eased the heart of him who heard."

Yet, had any one accused her of days not well spent, Lucy Grant would have denied the charge indignantly; she would have pointed to her neat home, her beautiful needlework, her constant industry, and said, "If my days are not well spent, show me who spends them better!" But as she closed the book, and took up her work as usual, she could not rid herself of the thoughts it had called forth, and she was filled with uneasiness. Probably no woman in the village bore a better character for honesty and sobriety than herself; she went regularly to church also on Sunday mornings, and yet a simple Christ like religion—the love of God and of her neighbour—had no place in Mrs. Grant's heart.

She thought to-night of one, alone like herself, and struggling far harder for a livelihood, whom all the neighbours turned to for sympathy, whom the little children clung to, or ran down the street calling to stop. She had rather despised Harriet Welch in her patched garments, who had but a poorly filled attic to call home; yet to-night she felt very likely that she might be a happier and better woman than herself.

"I might try to-morrow and see if a kindly action came in my way," was the next reflection; "I should see then if that bit of poetry was true, and if I could go to bed feeling the day had been better spent than a good many other days."

It was an excellent resolve, and my readers will hardly need to be told that not only one, but several opportunities of being kind in word or in action came to Lucy Grant, and that in using them she felt such a new and pleasant thrill of content and happiness, that she willingly tried again and yet again, and thus gradually unwound herself from the web of selfishness she had been weaving round her, and became both blessed and a blessing to others.

It is not enough to do well for ourselves, *we must do something for others if we would obey Christ, our Master*; and if any of those whose eyes fall on this paper may have fancied that their circumstances, their loneliness, their cares, have set them free from the duty of love to others, I would beg them to think over the lines by which a once selfish woman was roused to strive after "well spent days"—days in which, for Christ's sake, she had "done what she could."

LOST ON THE CANADA PRAIRIE.

"I will just take Effie," said Grandpa Walton; "and walk out on the prairie."

"Very well," said Effie's father, James Walton. "I will look after the teams."

Grandpa Walton had only taken a few steps when his son called out, "Which way are you going, father?"

"Oh, just round!" and the old gentleman waved his hand in a circle.

The son thought he said not "round," but "down." There is a difference between these words, is there not? Let us see what happened because the word that left one man's mouth as "round," reached another man's ear as "down." Speak plain, won't you? Also, listen carefully.

This was an emigrant party from old England. They had come over the waters in a swift, panting steamer. They had been rushed over the Canadian Pacific railway until they reached a point one hundred miles from their new home. There they had started off in teams, intending to cross the great prairie that lay between them and their expected Canada farm. Just now they had been halting by the side of a stream that wriggled like an eel through the prairie. Grandpa was impatient to be off.

"We will rest the horses a little while longer, father," said James.

"Then," thought the impatient Grandpa, "I will take a little walk. Come, Effie!" he called out aloud.

Effie was delighted to go, and they went "down,"

as her father thought, down the stream, whose course the teams at present were following.

"If they have gone down the stream I will start my teams and overtake them," remarked James Walton to his wife, riding in one of the bulky teams, her baby, Victoria, in her lap.

While the big wagons creaked away and creaked away, going "down," Grandpa and Effie were walking in the very opposite direction, going "up," for this was what Grandpa did unconsciously in his intention just to go "round."

"Oh, Grandpa, what a big place!" said Effie, "Can't see to the end of it at all! Oh my!"

The prairie was a big place indeed, and though Effie made her blue eyes as big as possible, they could not take in the great prairie. On and on and on it stretched, till far beyond, Effie saw the hills blue as her eyes.

"It is very lonely here, Effie," said Grandpa.

"Can't hear anything, Grandpa."

"No, I never saw such a place. Hark! There is a cricket! That sounds good."

He did make pleasant music, who plays a tune wherever he goes, taking his own little bagpipes with him, and never asking his audience for a penny. We will say a good word for you, Mr. Cricket, willing to travel such a weary way with your bagpipe, and pipe up any time a lively tune.

"Lonely!" said Grandpa. "Lonely! Makes me shiver! So different from England, where you could put your head out of a window, say a few words, and a hundred people would hear you."

"Isn't God here?" whispered Effie.

"Humph!" replied Grandpa. He did not like to hear of God. Somehow, God was to him a dreadful Being, away off; and what a wrong, unfair idea it was! God, our best Friend, our loving Saviour, our dear Father! How near, strong, and ever-open are His arms!

"I think we will go down to the stream, Effie," said Grandpa. They left the broad lonely prairie behind them, and sought the slowly moving waters, all the time going up, up, up the stream. And the teams, they clattered and rumbled on, James Walton saying to himself, "Must overtake father and Effie soon."

By-and-by Grandpa and Effie came up out of the trench in which ran the prairie stream, and Grandpa said, "We will hunt up the teams now, Effie."

"Yes, Grandpa."

But the teams, where were they? Just an empty prairie, big, far-reaching, lonely, could be seen!

"M—my, m—my," stammered Grandpa. "We—we—we must hunt them up now, quick as we can."

They hunted, and hunted, and hunted, and the teams refused to be found. Grandpa sat down on the grass, and he looked very sad. The sun sank like another discouraged grandpa, and though he tried to look cheerful above the blue hills, the evening winds roughly blew his light out, and the lonely night shadows crouched on the prairie.

"I guess," said Grandpa to Effie, "we won't go far from the stream. I think we had better go back to it, for your father may come to find us, you know, and I know he will be quite likely to hunt along the water. Come, dear!"

Together they trotted down the bank and nestled in a corner sheltered from the wind.

"Grandpa!"

"What, dear?"

"As he spoke, he felt a soft, tender little hand caressing his cheeks."

"Don't you be afraid, Grandpa. I'll pray to Jesus," whispered Effie.

Then he heard a sweet, low voice making the music of its evening prayer, and he caught the final words, "Dear Saviour, may they come and find us and take us home." In a few moments he heard the even, restful breathing of a little child asleep.

"Don't I wish I could pray like that and go to sleep!" moaned Grandpa. "I mean to try."

He never told anyone what he did try to do that night, but, finally, he too was asleep. The stream below them ran on very softly; the white stars far above poised their bright lamps; and the prairie in silence stretched to the hills. Effie was dream-

ing that she was looking up to the stars—and now were they coming down to her? Did they twinkle before her very eyes? And did she see angels coming toward her? Did the angels say, "Hullo! Hullo!"

She opened her eyes, and there were her father and "Jim," the driver of the other team, standing before her, lanterns swinging in their hands.

"Oh—my!" said Grandpa, springing to his feet, and rubbing his eyes open. "We—we—we—"

"Are glad to be found?" said his son. "We are glad to find you; mother has been worrying about you and Effie. Now we will go back to the wagons."

A few months after this the emigrants were settled on their prairie farm. They had built their log cabin for themselves, and a log barn for their live stock.

"It may be a rough log fence we have put up for ourselves and our creatures," said James Walton; "but it will keep off the winter wind."

Would it keep off sickness and death? Ah, these will enter everywhere. When they come let us not be afraid of them. What we call the darkness in these trials, is only the shadow of Christ coming to us, if you and I will have it so.

Grandpa was the one on whom the shadow now rested when it came into the prairie home.

The doctor came to see him, riding a long way over the prairie, his medicine-bag slung over his shoulders. When he saw Grandpa, he looked troubled and said, "The old man can't live long."

In their sorrow all gathered round the old father's bed. "He is wandering," said the doctor. "Has he ever been lost with any one on the prairie?"

"Yes, sir, with Effie," replied James Walton.

The old man's lips were moving.

"Hark!" said the doctor. "I'll tell you what he says."

He put his ear down to the dying man's mouth and said, "He wants Effie. The poor little crying girl came and stroked Grandpa's hand."

"Now he says, 'Dear Saviour—come—find.' He thinks he is out on the prairie again."

In a moment Grandpa spoke so that all could hear. His eyes opened. His voice sounded clear, as with a smile he looked up and said, "Found! Home!"

Another moment, he was gone.

SIX FACTS ABOUT INFANT BAPTISM.

1. It is a fact that Infant Baptism was the acknowledged doctrine and common practice of the Christian Church in the next age after the Apostles.

2. It is a fact that Infant Baptism was the received doctrine and usage of Christians before the books of the New Testament had been received among the various Churches, and the question of their inspiration settled.

3. It is a fact that Christian contemporaries of the Apostles, and the Primitive Fathers generally, taught that "all ages, young and old, were corrupt through the infection of original sin, and, therefore, Baptism was (in a ritual sense) necessary to all."

4. It is a fact that Infant Baptism had the consistent testimony of all antiquity to its validity; that it was believed "everywhere, always, by all," in the Primitive Church, so far as anything to the contrary has been found on record.

5. It is a fact that the most noted of the early Christian Fathers taught that Baptism had superseded circumcision—that it held the same place under the New Dispensation which circumcision held under the Old, and hence they called Baptism "Christian circumcision."

6. It is a fact that the first Christians (Jews) did for some time keep both the old Sabbath and the Lord's Day, and practiced both baptism and circumcision; and that circumcision and the Jewish Sabbath gradually ceased to be observed in the Church, leaving only Baptism and the Lord's Day remaining. Therefore, as an initiatory rite, Baptism has superseded circumcision; and as a day of rest, the Lord's Day has superseded the old Sabbath.—Hodges.

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Childrens' Department.

THE LEAK IN THE CHURCH OIL.

A TRUE STORY.

Johnnie Carr was a bright, pleasant boy and a general favourite in the town where he lived. His parents loved him very much, but, like other boys, he had his faults.

One was, reluctant obedience. He always intended to obey his father and mother, but wanted to do it in his own time and his own way.

One Saturday afternoon he was sent to the store for oil. His mother said:

"Go straight there, Johnnie, and don't stop anywhere."

Johnnie promised, but on his way he met Nicholas Barnes, called, for short, "Nick." He was a new boy in town, and had several times made a great deal of trouble for his folks. Johnnie had promised not to have anything to do with Nick.

But Nick had met Johnnie a few days before, and offered him some candy. Johnnie took it, saying to himself: "Nick is not so bad as some people think."

This time Nick met him as if he had been an old friend, asking, "Where you going?"

"Store for oil," replied Johnnie.

"How much money you got?"

Johnnie showed a bright piece of silver.

"All that for oil?" asked Nick.

"Yes."

"No change back? Not a red, Johnnie!"

"Not a red," answered Johnnie.

Nick thought a moment, then began to talk of something very different.

"When we going to have some chocolate creams?"

Johnnie's mouth watered, for he was very fond of that kind of confectionery. He sighed as he said: "Dun no, money is scarce down our way."

They were now nearing the church.

"Let's sit down here on the 'Old South' steps and talk it over," said Nick.

"Let's see, I treated on chocolates last time; now its your turn."

Johnnie had no thought of that when he accepted half the contents of the candy bag! For the first time it dawned upon him that Nick would expect him to return the compliment.

He said: "I dun no when it'll be, Nick. Pa's sold one of his horses 'cause he was short for money; he's going to make one do all the work, so I don't think I'll get much spending money this summer."

Suddenly a queer look came over Nick's face. He spoke quickly but in a low tone.

"You just keep still a minute, Johnnie, I'll tell you something."

He dashed away without giving any information. Johnnie kept "still," until he was tired of it; and was about starting for the store when Nick appeared, very much excited.

"Johnnie," he said, "we can have some chocolates to-day."

"How so?"

"It came into my head just now when I see the old sexton going down into the grave yard," said Nick.

"He's left the church open, the cellar door's unlocked, and there's a whole barrel of kerosene in there!"

As the plan flashed upon Johnnie's mind his face grew very red. Nick

did not seem to notice this, and went on:

"Let's fill the can; who'll know the difference? I guess two quarts of oil won't kill nobody."

Johnnie was greatly shocked, but before he could speak Nick disappeared with the can. When he returned it was full. He passed it to Johnnie, who shrank back.

"I can't take the oil, Nick; it don't belong to me. It's stealing."

"Stealing? Oh, no," said Nick, slowly. "Now you look here; this oil belongs to the parish, and your pa is one of them. So you see a part of this oil is his'n."

He stopped suddenly with a look of fright the old sexton was returning. Evidently Nick thought his argument would not convince him, for he, said, hurriedly:

"It won't do for us to hang around here any longer; he'll know the whole thing. Let's hide the can and have some fun up town."

As they went, Nick, seeing that Johnnie did not feel right about it, said:

"The 'South church' folks are rich as mud. An old fellow died here once, and left them piles of money to run things with. So this oil don't come out o' them. It won't hurt them to give us a little once in a while, as long as they got a whole barrel. If the sexton don't lock up the oil cellar I'm going to fill mother's can."

By this time the boys had arrived at the store. Soon their pockets were full of chocolates. Johnnie did not enjoy them as much as usual; he began to feel sick. This was soon explained away by the bad boy. He said some of the oil on their hands got on the candy, and he was feeling very much the same; which was some comfort.

That night Johnnie was very ill, and tossed sleepless in his little bed. Somehow he did not want to call his mother, neither did he feel like saying his prayers. He was not alarmed at his sickness, for what Nick had said about the oil seemed reasonable. Often he turned his pillow and closed his eyes, saying:

"Of course, everybody knows kerosene oil and chocolate creams won't mix!"

But this did not appease his stomach or his conscience, and give sleep. He longed to return the oil; but this he could not do without being found out. He thought it would be just as well to put its value into the contribution box as soon as he could earn it. He half resolved to tell his mother all, but something held him back. He decided to confess to her when he had paid for the oil.

After such a miserable night and the pleadings of conscience, one might suppose that Johnnie would never have been tempted again. His intentions were good; but Nick's influence was bad; having taken the first step in wrong-doing, the second and third were easier.

The boys filled their cans again and again, but one day they filled them for the last time, for, as they knelt before the great barrel, a heavy hand was laid upon them, and they were both in disgrace.

That night Nick disappeared and was never seen again; but Johnnie had to come before the Parish Committee. The church people heard the

story, and it was on the lips of all the school children. Johnnie felt the disgrace keenly, and to be called "oily" at school seemed more than he could bear.

Not long after, Johnnie's parents removed to another place; but Johnnie learned a lesson he never forgot. If he had obeyed his mother's command on that Saturday afternoon, he would not have been tempted to sin, and the South Church would never have had leak in its oil.—N. Y. Observer.

AN OBSTINATE CASE.—"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Gorrie, Ont.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;

No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man a stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it,
A joleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it,

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and other kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 6c. in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

—A kind little thought, an unselfish little act, a cheery little word, are so sweet and comfortable that no one can fail to feel their beauty and love the giver, no matter how small they are. Mothers do a deal of this sort of thing, unseen, unthanked, but felt and remembered long afterward, and never lost, for this is the simple magic that binds hearts together, and makes home happy.

—One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is the load-stone of all hearts and loadstar to all eyes. Christianity should be taught at the mother's knee; it is seldom really taught elsewhere save in the school of suffering.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.—There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietors of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all painful complaints.



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

SELLING

:- OFF!

We are selling "Dry Goods" at much lower prices than you can buy "Wet Goods," as our whole stock must be cleared out within sixty days. Petley and Petley.

Fancy Goods and small wares selling at 40c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Millinery, Flowers, Feathers, etc., selling at 40c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Ladies' and Children's Mantles selling at 50c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Silks, Velvets and Satins selling at 50c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Dress Goods and Mourning Goods selling at 60c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Hosiery, Gloves, and Corsets selling at 60c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Blankets, Flannels, and Woollens, selling at 70c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Table Linens, Towels, and Napkins selling at 70c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Cottons, Sheetings, and lace curtains selling at 80c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Carpets, Floor Oilcloths, etc., selling at 80c. on the dollar at Petleys'.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Winter Suits selling at about half price at Petleys'.

This is no humbug or advertising dodge, but a genuine Clearing Sale, which a visit to our stores will prove.

Petley & Petley,

128 to 132 KING ST. E.,

**Opposite the Market,
TORONTO.**

QUICK RELIEF.—"One bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured me of a sore throat and loss of voice. One trial relieved me when all other medicine failed," says Miss J. McLeod, Belfountain, Ont.

JACK'S MISSION.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Had you not better stay at home, to-day, Jack?" said Mrs. Harwood, a little anxiously, looking out at the dull, leaden sky. "I fear that you may have a snowstorm to come home in."

"But I'm neither sugar nor salt, mother dear!" was the cheery answer. "And, you know, I've set my heart on having no absent marks this term."

"Well, if it should storm very hard, you had best go to Uncle Joe's for the night."

"All right, mother! If only you won't worry about me!"

The boy kissed his "little mother"—he was almost as tall as she, now—buttoned his jacket closely, and throwing his satchel across his shoulder, went out into the foggy weather.

A walk of three miles lay before him, for settlers were comparatively few, and school-houses far apart. The distance did not seem long to Jack, however, for he was too well used so it

"Dear mother!" he said to himself, fondly, as he walked on with rapid, swinging step, that sent the warm blood tingling to his fingers' ends, "she wants to make a baby of me, and I am almost old enough now to begin to take care of her!"

Mrs. Harwood had been right in her conjecture, for as the day went on, the clouds grew thicker, the wind rose, and the snow began to fall.

By the time the afternoon session was over, it was already nearly dark. Jack looked doubtfully out into the storm, scarcely knowing whether to take the homeward path, or the opposite direction towards Uncle Joe's, only a mile and a half away. Having decided on the latter course, he set bravely out, but soon found that he had far underrated the violence of the storm. The wind, which had risen to a gale, blew the cutting, blinding particles of snow directly into his face. The early darkness closed about him. It had grown bitterly cold, and the rapidly drifting snow blotted out not only his own footprints, but all traces of the beaten roadway. There were no fences to guide him, and he could not see a yard before his face. Forced to hold his cap with one hand, while the other grasped the strap of his heavy book satchel, he felt both growing benumbed. He strove to catch the friendly light in Uncle Joe's window. In vain! not a ray of brightness rewarded his anxious gaze. He felt that he must have walked for miles. Could it be possible that he had missed his way? Horror seized him at the thought, and he dropped upon his knees in the snow.

"Oh, God! for my mother's sake, help me!" he cried.

Rising, he staggered on. Could that be the bark of a dog? Yes, yes! he was not mistaken.

"It must be Uncle Joe's 'Prince'!" he thought, joyfully. A great, black creature—not Prince, surely—came bounding towards him through the snow. The dog, whining piteously, tugged at the boy's jacket. Yielding readily to its guidance, Jack soon found himself at the door of some dwelling. There was no light within but a faint voice bade him "Come in!"

The room seemed cold and fireless as he entered, and the voice explained:

"I am all alone. My husband left me on business yesterday, and last

night I was taken very ill. I cannot get up. My little girl is here with me in bed—she has cried herself to sleep with hunger and cold."

All Jack's own suffering was forgotten in a moment. Under the sick woman's direction, a lamp was soon lighted, and a cheerful fire kindled on the hearth. Now he could put into practice what he had learned in "helping mother." A slice of nicely-browned toast and a cup of hot tea revived the sick woman. The little girl awoke and stretched her arms to him, quite unafraid, at sight of the bowl of bread and milk in his hand.

When his own supper had been eaten with a raging appetite, and the fire carefully covered, he lay down before it on the hearth, wrapped in blankets, and ready to spring up at the slightest call.

With the morning, the storm had ceased. A passing sleigh was signaled, and dispatched for neighbors and physician, and at their coming Jack was relieved from his faithful watch.

How his mother wept and smiled together, as she heard the story.

"Surely you were not lost, my dear boy! You were led by a way you did not know. God, who heard your prayer for help, gave you not only your own safety, but the blessed privilege of saving others."

CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

A gentleman was once lecturing in the neighborhood of London. In the course of his address he said, "All have influence; do not say that you have none; every one has some influence."

There was a rough man at the other end of the room with a little girl in his arms.

"Everybody has influence, even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing to her.

"That's true, sir," cried the man. Everybody looked around, of course, but the man said no more, and the lecturer proceeded.

At the close the man came up to the gentleman and said:

"I beg you pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard, but as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry this child. As I came near the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child,' 'Please, father don't go,' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir; all have influence.'"

YOU CAN'T READ THIS without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallet & Co., Portland Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

THE HONEST INDIAN.

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man and a bad man here, and the good man say, 'It is not mine, I must return it to the owner;' the bad man say, 'Why he gave it to you, and it is your own now;' the good man say, 'That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money;' the bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram;' the good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.'"

"So I don't know what to do, and I think to go asleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me: and now I bring the money back I feel good."

AS IF BY MAGIC.—This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of NERVILINE to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in a house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents, at any drug store.

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

CONVINCING VERIFICATION OF WIDECOST PUBLIC STATEMENTS.

To the readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our large patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Three years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1888 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected diseases of the kidneys.

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were

insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of the country would be alarmed, yea, nearly panic stricken, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different diseases because it and it alone, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it cured our senior partner, who was given up by doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

The eyes by humors which affect them. Sarsaparilla, to the digesting the blood every scrofula.

After having with weak eyes at last found relief. My general health improved by the use of Dr. Ann Sears.

I have us family, for daughter with ulcers, and would lose sight of her eyes. — G. I.

I have few months. Eyes. I hope for this come and consider — Mrs. C. I.

My little Scrofula, a Weak and obtain relief administered.

sarsaparilla of Scrofula and strong Prepared by



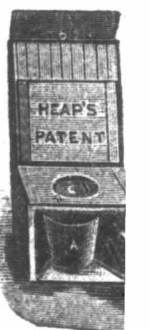
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Care For

The eyes by expelling, from the blood, the humors which weaken and injuriously affect them. For this purpose use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives tone and strength to the digestive apparatus, and, by purifying the blood, removes from the system every scrofulous taint.

After having been constantly troubled with weak eyes from childhood, I have at last found, in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a remedy which has relieved and cured me. My general health is much improved by the use of this valuable medicine. — Mary Ann Sears, 7 Hollis st., Boston, Mass.

Nearly Blind.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for over nine years. My oldest daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her eyesight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever. — G. King, Killingly, Conn.

I have, from a child, and until within a few months, been afflicted with Sore Eyes. I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for this complaint, with beneficial results, and consider it a valuable blood purifier. — Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

My little girl was badly afflicted with Scrofula, and suffered very much from Weak and Sore Eyes. I was unable to obtain relief for her until I commenced administering

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured her of Scrofula, and her eyes are now well and strong. — H. P. Bort, Hastings, N. Y.

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My little boy has always been afflicted, until recently, with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. We gave him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, his eyes ceased to trouble him; the humor disappeared, and his health was restored. — P. Germain, Dwight st., Holyoke, Mass.

Perfect Cure.

I suffered greatly, a long time, from weakness of the eyes and impure blood. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cured me. My eyes are now strong, and I am in good health. — Andrew J. Simpson, 147 East Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

My son was weak and debilitated; troubled with Sore Eyes and Scrofulous Humors. By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla his eyes have been cured, and he is now in perfect health. — Alarie Mercier, 3 Harrison ave., Lowell, Mass.

My daughter was afflicted with Sore Eyes, and, for over two years, was treated by eminent oculists and physicians, without receiving any benefit. She finally commenced taking Ayer's Sar-

aparilla, and, in a short time, her eyes were completely cured, and her bodily health restored. — C. R. Simmons, Greenbush, Ill.

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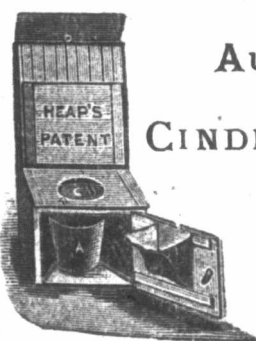
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