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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a. m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a. m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. John Square.

Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods.

Mr. S. R. Hesson.

Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young.

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson,
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec-Treas., Mr. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson.

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Mrs. Irvine. No. of members, 31. Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President, Mrs. William; Vice-President, Mrs. Lawrence; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Wade. Members of the local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of members, 27.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Mr. Chris. McLellan; Secretary, Mr. Marchant; Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Copus; Chairman of Reception Committee, Mr. Alf. Johnson. Time of meeting, the first and third Monday in the month.

DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss Spencer; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss McWhinney. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencer and Fuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p.m.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 13. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Nield; Vice President, Winnie Ridgedale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 40. Regular meeting every Monday at 1.30 p. m.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher of Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Instructor, Col. Smith; Assistant Drill Instructor, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. No. of members, 38.

Parish Register.

BURIALS.

June 13th.—Rhoda May King, in Avondale Cemetery.

SYNOD NUMBER.

The Diocesan Synod.

THE NEW CANON ON THE MISSION FUND.

The attention of the Synod this year was mainly directed to the large deficit in the Mission Fund—how it arose, and how to avoid such deficits in the future. As to its origin, it was evident that it was due principally to these causes: (1) The liberality of the Canon, providing for grants to the Missionary Clergy beyond the means of the diocese; (2) the tendency of parishes to withdraw their own contributions to the support of their incumbents, and the tendency of incumbents to rely less and less upon their people and throw themselves upon the Mission Fund, both parishes and incumbents knowing that the stipends would be made up to the canonical standard from the Mission Fund; (3) the failure of the Missions Committee to make the PRO RATA reduction of grants which it was in their power to make, whenever the income of the Mission Fund was insufficient to meet the canonical amounts. These were the direct causes of the deficit. Then there were several parts of the old Canon against which much complaint was made, notably the following: (1) The Missions Committee, which was not a responsible committee, made all the grants; it was altogether too central, and opened the door to all the complaints that are made against centralization. (2) The allowance to missionaries were permanent. Besides, they were not grants in the ordinary sense, i. e. not temporary donations, but rather dues in accordance with the Canon. For these and other reasons it was deemed expedient to enact a new Canon on the administration of this Fund, free, it is hoped, from the above defects. Copies of this Canon may be had at the Church on any Sunday, by application to the Sexton. We give a brief summary of its provisions:—

1. The maximum grant to any parish shall be \$360 per ann.; under the old Canon it was \$400.
2. All aid from the Mission Fund henceforth shall be temporary.
3. The PRO RATA reduction of grants in case of a deficit shall be compulsory, not optional.
4. The Missions Committee is responsible to the Executive Committee, and its power of estimating what grants shall be made to missionary parishes has been transferred to the Rural Deanery of each County. Thus the responsibility for grants from the Mission Fund will rest henceforth largely, if not entirely with ourselves in each County.



“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”—ST. MATT. vi. 13.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

TWO questions at once suggest themselves in regard to this petition. The first is, What is temptation? The second, Why should we pray to be kept from it? To these we may suitably add a third, In what senses will the thoughtful Christian chiefly offer it? As regards the meaning of temptation, it is to be observed that the word seems principally employed in the Bible, to denote three things, between which, if we are to understand the subject fully, we must be careful to distinguish. It is used first, then, to describe an enticement either on the part of Satan, or his agents, or our own corrupt nature, to sin. Thus he whose action in this respect is so frequent and manifold that St. Paul speaks of him as “the Tempter,” tempted Eve to distrust and disobedience; while St. James tells us, “Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.” But, secondly, it is used in reference to circumstances and positions wherein desires and things, in themselves lawful, can only be gratified or done in violation of some higher law. We may instance here our Lord’s first and third temptations in the wilderness. *Hunger is, of course, a lawful appetite, and to satisfy it under ordinary circumstances is a blameless thing, but it could not have been sinlessly gratified in the way suggested to Him by Satan.* Again, of all things to be desired, surely that may be mentioned first which shall result in the complete manifestation of Christ’s everlasting kingdom; but never may the hour of Christ the Priest, or Christ the Prophet, be curtailed to anticipate the hour of Christ the King, and never may His kingdom be developed by means inconsistent with its own laws. Thirdly, temptation is an expression used in reference to the testing of our characters on the part of Almighty God. Thus Abraham was sorely tested in the matter of offering up his son; and the special object

of the wilderness journey, in respect of Israel, was thus stated by Moses. “Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no.” In the first case, then, we see that temptation means enticement to things distinctly sinful; in the second, to things, which, though ordinarily lawful of attainment, are unlawful under the surrounding circumstances, or by the means proposed; while, in the third, it consists in exposure to severe tests or hardships, or calls to self-denial, which serve to prove the reality of the work of grace, and the disposition of the soul to fear the Lord. And now, bearing these distinctions in mind as regards the Scriptural use of the word, we shall perhaps be better able to apply the teaching of St. James, “Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man.” This cannot mean that in no sense does God permit Himself to be proved and tried—for we know there are ways in which He permits this daily—nor yet that in no sense does He expose men to the fires of temptation with advantage, for, as Job said, “When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.” But it does mean that never, in the sense contemplated in our first definition, is it possible for enticement to evil to spring from Him, for as the Greek word signifies, He is “un-versed” in it.

Let us now turn to consider the chief senses in which the thoughtful Christian will pray, “Lead us not into temptation.” No one, then, I think, who studies the Bible, can really suppose that our Lord meant us to offer this prayer in the sense of asking that our Heavenly Father would preserve us from all possible exposure to testing. To do so would be

obviously to ask Him to reverse His usual mode of training souls, and would go against the prayer of our Great High Priest Himself; Who pleads not that God would take us out of this world of temptation, but that He would keep us from the evil. The prayer, however, may be especially applied in three ways: first, to those sudden temptations to sin, in which, with great subtlety and malice, the powers of evil assail us, showering fiery darts upon us, and appealing to the traitor in the citadel of our hearts; next, to the restraining of that spirit in ourselves which is ready recklessly to expose itself to sin's allurements; and lastly, to negligence in using that watchfulness and prayer which are the appointed means for the fulfilment of this petition; for it cannot be too strongly impressed on us that while Christ teaches us to offer it He makes us, in a measure, responsible for the answer. A distinction was once drawn by the great Lord Mansfield, which strikingly illustrates the second of these thoughts. He said, "There is all the difference in the world between the popularity which follows and the popularity which is followed after." The man who pursues popularity finds that, like his own shadow, it flees before him, while if he is content to go on his way it will surely follow. In the same way there is all the distinction possible between temptation into which we plunge ourselves and temptation into which God permits us to be plunged. To use this prayer, and then to expose ourselves to temptation, is nothing less than to mock Almighty God; but to pray that we may not be exposed to it for reasons I am about to mention, combined with a spirit of trust and dependence if exposure comes, is the surest way to victory. But, alas! this salutary shrinking from temptation is not always the feeling uppermost in our minds. Sometimes we are self-reliant and unmindful that many an one who has exposed himself to temptation has come out of it with his head hanging like a broken bulrush. Sometimes we think that surely it would be a grand thing to stand like Abraham on Mount Moriah, in the forefront of the battle, and, like him, to win a splendid victory, forgetful that He Who thus tried His servant trained him for it, step by step, through the circumstances of his life; and though always able to make us

more than conquerors, if He confronts us with temptation, has taught us by His Son that our safety rather lies in praying constantly that He would keep us from it.

But now, lastly, why is this? A few chief reasons must suffice. Pray we first, then, "Lead us not into temptation," because of the strength, the malice, and the subtlety of our foes. More subtle is the serpent than any of us suppose, more able to disguise himself, more skilful to ensnare us, and more cruel in his designs. Next, let us use this prayer because of the proneness to temptation which exists in all our hearts. None of us can say what Christ said, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." In each of us, though truly Christ's, "the infection of nature doth remain"; and a chord within is usually only too responsive to the call of temptation from without. Thirdly, let us so pray, because, where resisted, temptation oftentimes means torture; and where yielded to it always means sin; and lastly, because He Who knows and loves us best has told us so to pray. No one knows the human heart so well as He; and just as lovingly as He said to His disciples in the garden, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," so now, in this petition, as we may be sure, He guides us for the best. Some day we shall know all the reasons why He says so, and all we have lost because we omitted to do so, and all the blessings which the petition has secured. And yet, though we pray on this wise faithfully, do not let us be surprised if at times temptation comes. The cultivation of the spirit which this prayer breathes forth will best qualify us to meet it. The desert bush may be enveloped in devouring flames; the furnace may be heated seven times beyond its wont; but the presence of the Lord is always able to deliver. And in such a case not only may we be confident and hopeful, but, if trustful and dependent, joyful too. "My brethren," says St. James, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations"; and for this reason that He Who teaches us, as a rule, to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," will, under these circumstances, not only make a way of escape, but fulfil the promise, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."



LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY.]

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

AT the time when this story opens Mrs. Jessop was a faded but still pretty little woman, verging on forty. She was fragile rather than delicate, very retiring, very quiet. She had lived with her children ten years in Heather Terrace, off Leaffy Lane, Liverpool, and few of the neighbours had seen her as many times during that period. Therefore they called her proud, and the majority disliked the widow, and that for no better reason than that they knew so little about her.

Poor Mrs. Jessop! Hers had been a blighted life, and her pinched yet pretty face bore pathetic traces of the sudden and cruel storm that had pierced her through and shrivelled her up, just as a few hours of east wind will nip and scorch the tender buds of a premature spring.

Let us draw back for a brief glance the sombre veil that had hung across the background of the family life of the Jessops now for ten bitter years. For the younger children all behind that veil was vague and confused; and even the elder ones cherished a recollection that was distorted and exaggerated. To the poor mother alone the past was a reality. That veil was for her as a dividing line between day and night, a point where one life ended and another began. In cases of this sort it seems to be sometimes mercifully ordered, that the sense of personal identity is blunted; people, as the saying is, "do not know them-

selves." So it was with Mrs. Jessop. She scarce realised that she was the same woman as of yore. Let us draw back the curtain softly, metaphorically.

Everybody thought Mary Pemberton a fortunate girl when she secured Frank Jessop for a husband. He was a handsome, brilliant young fellow, and a general favourite. Everybody said that he was doing an excellent business on the Liverpool Flags, and he certainly set up in first-rate style when he married. The young wife was perfectly happy. She loved her husband, and she also loved the comfort and pretty things that his thoughtfulness and liberality procured for her. If Frank were a bit "gay"—well, she liked her husband to be "in the swim." She never felt herself neglected; and as years went on domestic interests of necessity occupied a large and wholesome share of time and thought.

There were four children, two older and two younger—that is to say, between the firstborn, Reginald, and his sister, Sybil, there was but a year and a half difference in age, while an interval of nearly five years separated Sybil from Mary. The baby of the family, Dick, came almost two years after Mary.

Thus nearly a dozen years of wedded life slipped by, and Mrs. Jessop, who had married in her teens, looked young to be the mother of two such handsome, well-grown children as Reginald and Sybil. The little woman thoroughly enjoyed her life. She lived for the world, her husband, and her children, and with all three she was well content.

True, as time went on, ugly rumours began to circulate about Frank Jessop; but they never reached his wife's ears. People said that Frank was too fond of pleasure, and his best friends regretted that, with advancing years, he showed no signs of "settling down." Business was often neglected, or, when attended to, it was in a reckless and speculative fashion. Men of experience shook their heads, and began to give Frank a wide berth. Mrs. Jessop wondered vaguely why so many of Frank's old chums seemed to have fallen away from him. It used to be the regular thing for a friend or two to drop in for dinner, or later on a Sunday, but by degrees company became the exception rather than the rule. And the husband's explanations were not satisfying. Now it was that he didn't feel well, now that he liked to be quiet with his family, now that he had fallen out with such and such a one. Well, easy-going Mrs. Jessop didn't trouble much. What pleased Frank would please her; and she professed to be glad, now that the children were older, to be able to go to church with them sometimes.

At last the end came. It came suddenly, a sad and bitter ending to a careless un sanctified life. Frank Jessop had gradually become enslaved by the fatal passion for strong drink. Always a self-indulgent, free-living man, the habit had got a grip of him without his being aware of it, and before his heedless wife had come to suspect any danger. When at last the poor woman's eyes were opened it was too late: as for the man, his eyes were never opened at all. He went rapidly from bad to worse. The very men who had led him on now shunned his company. They "liked a fellow who knew when to stop, but Jessop was a fool."

The end, as we have said, came quickly. After one scene, when he had disgraced himself at his club, poor Jessop broke up completely. For days at a time he did not go to business; there was trouble, alarm and scandal in what had been hitherto an outwardly well-ordered and happy home. An influenza epidemic was at its height, and Frank Jessop, while justifying his drunkenness on the plea of warding off infection, was stricken down. He got better in a few days, went out, took cold, and was dead in a week.

It was a terrible blow to the poor wife. With all his faults, she loved her

husband; indeed, she was not the sort of woman to judge severely so long as no discomfort was felt by herself. She had not had time to appreciate the bitterness of the cup that the drunkard's wife is oft compelled to drain to the dregs through years of shame and sorrow. As it was, the anxieties of a few months were easily forgotten, and their true origin ignored.

But there were other things that could not be ignored. Frank Jessop's affairs were in a dreadful state of confusion, a confusion out of which one fact loomed clear—namely, that his widow and children were left well-nigh penniless. For many a day poor Mrs. Jessop could not realise the truth. She had lived from childhood a sheltered, selfish life. She had always had money enough, and she had generally had her own way. She had never been in the house with death till she saw her husband dead. She had never been obliged to assume any responsibility till she found herself the widow of an intestate bankrupt.

Mrs. Jessop accepted her fate with a dull, silent submission. She was not a religious woman; for though she had, in her prosperous days, cherished a somewhat ostentatious form of godliness, she had been a stranger to the power thereof. Her submission then was not resignation; nor did her trouble, in those first years of her widowhood, have the effect of teaching her to know more either of God or of herself. She pitied herself a good deal, but for the most part in silence. To do her justice, she was not one to make a parade of her sorrow, nor—as the manner of some is—to weary friends and neighbours with tales of bygone splendour, and of luxuries lost for ever.

Indeed, the poor woman's first instinct was to creep away and hide herself from all who had been the associates of her former life. Fortunately, the pretty suburban villa in which her children had been born, and in which she had spent so many happy years, was her own. It had been secured to her in the marriage settlement, and she would now have the rent to live on, and very little else. So Mrs. Jessop vanished out of the circle in which she had moved. The old neighbours soon forgot her, and ceased to talk about Frank Jessop, his fallings, his follies, his family, and their fallen fortunes.

It was thus that the Jessops had gone to live in Leafy Lane. The neighbour-

hood was secluded and quiet, not to say stagnant. The houses were roomy and old-fashioned, genteel-looking outside, but damp and inconveniently arranged within. The rents asked under such circumstances were by no means exorbitant, and thus a fairly constant supply of tenants was obtained—mostly people with large families and small incomes, who professed to love quiet, and to despise fashion. Such people generally “keep themselves to themselves.” Accordingly, there was not much social intercourse in Leaffy Lane; and in what there was the Jessops had no share.

But poverty was not the little widow's only trouble. She found herself at the head of a divided household. As she herself had lived two lives, so did she feel as though she were the mother of two distinct families. For the division between the two elder and the two younger children was more than one of age. Reggie and Sybil had never shaken off the effects of their early associations. Instead of looking forward, as youth ever should, they were perpetually looking backward. They talked together of the old days and cherished the old memories, till they felt as though they were exiles driven forth from some Garden of Eden to wander through a desolate world. Thus the pair—who were much attached to each other—had grown up discontented and supercilious, and haunted by a sense of wrong endured. Their mother did not deliberately encourage this unhealthy folly; but she was undeniably proud of her elder children, and liked to think that they bore the stamp of their early training. Reggie, who was now almost twenty, closely resembled his father in appearance and disposition. Handsome and plausible, he had obtained several situations without difficulty, and had lost them with at least equal facility. Without being absolutely vicious, he was vain, unreliable, and easily led. He prided himself on being a “gentleman,” and had a strong objection to being ordered about by persons whom he esteemed to be “cads.” The result was that he had more than once found himself “out in the cold.” At present he was working for poor pay in a situation in which he neither felt nor gave satisfaction.

Sybil was made of sterner stuff. She worked hard at millinery, and “kept herself respectable.” But, alas! her chief idea of respectability was to live

haughtily aloof from her neighbours, to affect the style of a fine lady, and to put, as nearly as possible, the whole of her hard-earned money on her back in the shape of showy garments.

The two younger children stood in strongly marked contrast to Reginald and Sybil. They had been brought up in poverty, and had received such education as they boasted in a public elementary school. They were neither of them bad nor troublesome children, but they undeniably bore the stamp of their actual position. Mary was an apple-cheeked, well-grown damsel, blunt in manner, awkward in gait, but boundlessly good-natured, and withal, she was such a self-reliant, helpful girl, that it was hard to realise that she was not yet fourteen. Dick, too, at least so far as physique was concerned, seemed to have thriven on his hard fare and rough schooling. He was a fine little lad, but—for truth must be told—with a good deal of the street-boy about him—a youth who could already maintain his own with tongue or fist.

Reggie and Sybil regarded “the younger ones” with horror, and treated them with habitual disdain. They could not “speak peaceably unto them,” and made no effort either to win their affections or



MARY AND HER KITTEN.

to improve their manners. Nor was Mrs. Jessop's conduct very judicious. She was fond of her younger children, and would not intentionally have displayed partiality, but their boisterous roughness perpetually jarred on her nerves, and she could not refrain from lamentations over the advantages they had been deprived of in consequence of their father's death.

CHAPTER II.

DICK'S HAPPY THOUGHT.



We have said that the Jessops had no friends; but to this general statement an exception must be taken as regards the Playfairs.

The Playfairs inhabited the last house in Heather Terrace—the house distinguished by a flagstaff in front of it; and for several years the two families had been on terms of intimacy. It was a wholesome, much-enduring friendship. The Jessops were the great gainers by it, though, in the first instance, they had imagined that there was a descension on their part in consenting to associate with the Playfairs as equals.

Mr. Playfair was a "sea-captain"—hence the flagstaff, and hence his frequent absence from home. He was a fine type of the English sailor; quiet yet resolute, brave yet modest, genial yet God-fearing. He was a thoroughly "straight" man—

sober, sensible, tolerant, experienced. He respected himself, and was respected by others.

And the character of the head of the house was reflected, with modifications, in the other members of the family. Mrs. Playfair was a homely, hard-working woman, not much to look at, not much to speak to, but one to be absolutely relied on in any time of storm or stress. No sensible person could call her vulgar, because she was entirely without pretension. She was born with the instincts of a lady, although her father had been a ship steward, and her mother had kept a small grocery shop.

To Captain and Mrs. Playfair had been born two children, to whom they had given the plain, straightforward names of Tom and Susan. Curiously enough, Tom had been born on the same day as Reggie Jessop, while between Susan and Sybil there was not more than a week's difference in age. This coincidence had tended to strengthen the bond between the two families. First the mothers had been drawn together over an accident which might have proved fatal to Master Dick had it not been for Mrs. Playfair's promptitude and skill. Subsequently, the young people had become intimate. It pleased Reggie to imagine himself a hero in Susan's eyes, and he was even ready to admit that, in some respects, the girl "was not half bad." That she was very pretty he was well aware, but he judged her lacking in sympathy and refinement. Still he had hopes that she would improve under the combined influence of time and of his society.

While Mr. Reginald Jessop thus cherished a well-regulated and moderate sentiment of attachment towards Susan Playfair, his sister was the subject of a much more enthusiastic passion. As a boy, Tom had worshipped the ground on which haughty Miss Sybil walked. Nor had the intensity of his love relaxed with the approach of manhood. Indeed, the sincerity of his devotion deserved a better return than it had hitherto met with. Sybil was proud and whimsical, and perhaps the best excuse that could be made for her would be to say that she did not really know her own mind. She loved admiration; but whether she loved Tom Playfair she had probably never seriously asked herself.

There was one great merit about Tom in Sybil's eyes, and one great drawback. The merit was that he was generous, and knew how to give handsome presents; the drawback was that his hands were often dirty, and his face, too, for the matter of that. For Tom, after having been a couple of years at sea with his

father, had now obtained a subordinate position in the engine-room of one of the great American liners. It was a good berth, from which honourable advancement was to be anticipated. But none the less, Sybil was inclined to turn up her nose at her greasy-handed lover when first she saw him in his working clothes. She would have preferred a clean-fingered clerk at fifty pounds a year.

Such was the state of affairs, and such were the relationships existing between the families of Jessop and Playfair, when the story with which we are immediately concerned was opened by Master Dick on a certain afternoon in March.

"I've been having a talk with the Captain, mother, and I vote that we have done with all this beastly rot," exclaimed the young gentleman, as he marched into the kitchen where tea was being got ready, with his cap on the back of his head.

Mrs. Jessop drew the boy towards her and removed his cap. There was tenderness in the action, and in the way she smoothed down the crop of wild hair with her hand.

"Such language, Dick; I'm shocked! My son must always remember that he is a gentleman, and must try to speak like one."

"Even though he can't help his looks," suggested Reggie contemptuously.

"He can help coming to tea with dirty hands and smelly boots," cried Sybil. "I really never knew such a boy."

"I forgot it was Saturday, and that you two great swells would be at home," explained Dick. "If I'd thought of that, I'd have stayed for tea with the Captain and Tom. Tom's a brick; he was telling me about their last run. *He* don't mind a chap having dirty hands—not he."

Sybil had some sharp retort on the tip of her tongue, when they were all startled by the sound of a knock at the front door. There was a pause, and then Mary—who had doubtless been in the passage with Dick—was heard ushering some visitor into the front parlour. As she shut the door she shouted down the hall, "Mother, you're wanted." Then she went into the front garden in pursuit of a pet kitten.

"That fearful child! She's as bad as Dick," sighed Sybil.

"Worse I should say; but what can you expect?" moaned Reggie.

"Hush, my dears—hush! I must go and see who it is," exclaimed Mrs. Jessop,

as she let her large cooking-apron slip on the floor, and smoothed back her wavy brown hair. These preparations made, she hurried from the kitchen, and as she entered the parlour, they heard her say, "Pray excuse my little girl's rudeness; the servant has just gone out for a short time." Then, as the door closed, they caught the tones of a man's voice in cheery, hearty response.

What constitutes keeping a servant? We believe that some years ago officialdom started the theory that having a boy in to clean boots and knives for an hour or two of a morning rendered the employer liable to the tax imposed for keeping a "male domestic." So now perhaps Mrs. Jessop argued in the same way with her conscience when she spoke about keeping a servant. She had a small part of one; indeed, she had part of two. That is to say, a woman came to help with the washing one day in a fortnight, and a very small girl came two mornings in the week to whiten the doorstep, and to polish the brass. So there was an element of truth in the poor lady's remark about the servant having gone out for a short time. The girl was due to return in about thirty-six hours.

Reginald smiled faintly at his mother's words, and Sybil shrugged her shoulders impatiently; but Master Dick spoke out.

"There, that's part of the beastly rot! I'm going to quit it, and start right away for America."

"You had better start and wash your face and hands in the back kitchen if you want any tea in *this* house," said Sybil scornfully.

The boy obeyed in silence. To begin with, he had no objection to washing his hands when his attention was called to the desirability of so doing, and to go on with, he knew better than to try conclusions—either physical or argumentative—with Sybil.

Mary having captured the kitten now entered the kitchen, and the young people, with an eye to the afternoon meal, waited impatiently for the departure of the visitor. At last there was a movement, the opening of the sitting-room door, a rustling in the narrow hall, voices rising and falling in tones of mingled apology and thanks, then some final words on the steps, and, ending all, a gentle, deferential click of the street-door latch.

"It was the Rector, Mr. Turner," exclaimed Mrs. Jessop as she entered the kitchen. "And to think that you should

have bawled out 'wanted' in that unmannerly fashion, Polly."

"I didn't!" retorted the child bluntly; "and if I did it was the truth, wasn't it?"

"Had he anything particular to say?" inquired Sybil languidly.

"I should think he had!" was the somewhat peevish reply. "He said he knew we were poor, and asked would I like to take a lodger."

"A piece of gross impertinence, I call it," cried Reginald flushing up. "How

"Quite right, mother," said the son approvingly.

"Was the proposed lodger a lady or a gentleman?" inquired Sybil.

"Oh, a gentleman—a nice, quiet young man."

"Perhaps the new curate. It might have been worth considering," said the girl musingly.

"No, it was not the curate. I might have stretched a point for *him*," Mrs. Jessop hurried to explain. "It was only a sort of scripture reader, or



"I MUST GO AND SEE WHO IT IS."

does he know about our circumstances, I should like to know?"

"I must say he put it very delicately, and I am sure he meant to be kind," said Mrs. Jessop timidly. "Mr. Turner is quite a gentleman. Your poor father used to know his uncle intimately."

"And what answer did you give him, mother?" inquired Reginald.

"Oh, I thanked him, as was only right, but said I thought we could not manage it, that the house was small, and our servant not *very* efficient. Wasn't that right?"

licensed lay helper, or something of that sort."

"All beastly rot! I want my tea," said the ever-practical Dick.

"For my part, I'd have liked a lodger. I could have waited on him nicely," remarked Polly as she placed the teapot on the table.

"I believe you," assented Dick, "and he might have tipped us, if we were good children. Why, that old cove that stops at Playfairs gave me sixpence for running to the laundry for him the other day."

PAGES

MISSING

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

YOU ask, "But was not the Roman Church in England disestablished and disendowed by Henry VIII. ? and was not such Disestablishment and Disendowment of that Church confirmed by the subsequent legislation of the English Parliament in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth? And was not," you ask, "the present Church of England put in the place of the deposed Roman Church, and given possession of her endowments? And, further, you want to know, assuming that it was lawful and right for the then reigning sovereign and Parliament of England to disestablish and disendow the Roman Church, "why should it not also be lawful and right now for the present Sovereign and Parliament of England to disestablish and disendow the present Church of England?"

First of all, my friend, let me inform you that you are sadly inaccurate in your knowledge of English and Roman Church history.

The Church of Rome was never established and endowed in England, and therefore never could have been disestablished and disendowed by Henry VIII. and his Parliament, nor by any other Sovereign and Parliament of England.

You allege that, "if the Roman Church was never established and endowed in England, it is strange that so many people should hold and cling to the idea that she was so established and endowed, and who believe that there was no national Church of England until after the Reformation."

No doubt it is strange indeed that such a perverted and utterly false view of history should obtain currency, and should even be held by people who are otherwise fairly intelligent.

Nevertheless, we must face the fact that such is the case, and that it is most difficult to get many people, unacquainted with the true history of the Church, to understand that, throughout the whole history of England, the Roman Church was never in any ancient charter or statute of the realm recognised as the Church of England, or even as having any lawful, absolute jurisdiction over the English Church and realm.

So that, granted that she was never recognised as the Church of the kingdom, she certainly never could by any Act of Disestablishment of Henry VIII. have been deposed from that position.

In the same way, if the Church endowments of England had never been given to the Roman Church—which they never were—they never could have been taken from her.

You will see, therefore, that the popular, but very fallacious, saying, that "Henry VIII. took away from the old Roman Church in England her property, and gave it to the new English Church which he at the same time created," has absolutely not an atom of truth for its foundation.

The facts are that, from the time the Church was first founded and organised in the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms—on their conversion to Christianity—she was in royal charters, in the laws of the kingdoms themselves, and afterwards in the statutes of the one united realm of England, called the "English Church" and the "Church of England" or the "Church of the realm of England," or was designated by some such title to distinguish her as the national Church of England from the Church of Rome and from every other national Church.

It was, then, this "Church of England" or this "English Church" that was recognised, legalised, and established; or, in other words, confirmed, or made firm, in her position by the laws of England, which laws did not create her and did not claim to have created her, or profess in any way to have called her into being, but simply protected her, and guaranteed to her her constitutionally acquired rights and privileges, as they did to every other lawful institution within the kingdom.

And it was to this Church of England that Englishmen, individually as members of her communion and not as subjects of the State, gave liberally of their property—lands, charges on lands, buildings, and moneys which constituted her endowments—endowments which have been thus given to the Church throughout the successive centuries of her existence; though they have been handed down to us sadly diminished by the sacrilegious spoliation of certain rapacious English sovereigns, amongst whom Henry VIII. occupies the most unenviable and notorious position.

It is evident, then, on whatever grounds it may be attempted to justify the proposed Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, either in England or Wales, such proposed Disestablishment and Disendowment cannot be justified on the false assumption that Henry VIII. and his Parliament disestablished and disendowed the Roman Church in England and, at the same time, created a brand new English Church, to which they gave the endowments hitherto possessed by the Roman Church.

"Well, granted for the moment," you say,

"that the facts are as have been stated, is it not true that the Church of England was for some hundred years *lawfully* subordinate to the Church of Rome, and submitted herself uncomplainingly to her lawful supremacy?"

We answer no; certainly not. The Church of England was never *lawfully* subordinate to the Church of Rome, and she never submitted herself without complaint to Rome's claimed lawful supremacy.

No law of the English Church or realm ever made the Church of England subordinate to the Church of Rome, and no law of the English Church or realm invested the Church of Rome with any supremacy over the Church of England.

That the Church of Rome, through her enormous power in Christendom, through England's occasional political weakness, and through the treachery of English kings and the disloyalty to the Church of England of certain of her prelates—chiefly Italians—gradually acquired a position of great influence, of usurped authority and assumed supremacy in England, cannot be denied, but are sad facts, all too true in the history of the English Church; and that the Church of England was at times almost helpless in her attempts to resist the exercise of usurped Roman supremacy cannot be denied; but that ever such supremacy was authorised by the laws of the English Church and kingdom, or that ever the English Church submitted to it without protest, there is not an atom of historic evidence to prove.

On the contrary, throughout successive

centuries, the statute-book of England and the records of the Church contain repeated protests against this usurped Roman authority, which was totally abolished at the first opportunity in the reign of Henry VIII.

As to the endowments which you say, as you have heard alleged, were given to the Church in England on condition that she should continue to teach the doctrines and observe the practices of Rome, and that in honesty such endowments should be taken from her, the plain answer is that there now are no such endowments and there never were such endowments.

No endowments were ever given to the Church of England on such conditions.

The endowments of the Church of England were given by their donors, not to the Church of Rome, nor even to the people or nation of England, but to the Church herself, absolutely for religious uses—that is, they were given "to God and to His Church for ever," and were not given on any condition of her remaining in union with Rome, or of her teaching the doctrines or observing the ritual or religious practices and customs of Rome.

As to some minor endowments, other than parochial, resulting from gifts and bequests made for the saying of masses for the souls of deceased persons, they were chiefly in the possession of monasteries and chantries, not parish churches; and, as they were swept away by the monastic spoliation of Henry VIII., they passed into the hands of laymen, who now enjoy them.

POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,
Editor of "Fowls."

II.—MAKING A START.

IN commencing poultry-keeping, before anything else is done, a house and run must be provided. All kinds of houses and runs are now upon the market, and were we to endeavour to describe them all, we should need to claim far too big a share of the much-coveted space in the CHURCH MONTHLY. Now that technical education is so much in vogue, many are acquiring a useful and enviable dexterity in the handling of tools. This skill they have turned to practical account in the construction of their own fowl-houses and runs. Home-made appliances cannot compete, as a rule, in style and finish with the products of professional labour, but nevertheless, though lacking somewhat in these respects, there is no reason whatever why they should not compete successfully as regards the more important matters of



PAGES

MISSING

GARDEN WORK FOR JULY.

Kitchen Garden.



August. Cabbage, savoys, and broccoli should now be transplanted, especially in

THE main crop of celery should be planted this month. The trenches should be about sixteen inches wide, and seven or eight inches deep. A good supply of rotted manure should be dug into the bottom of the trenches. When planted, the plants should be well watered. Prepare some ground for winter onions, which should be sown about the end of the month, or the beginning of

moist weather. If the weather is dry, each plant should have a good supply of water at the time of planting. Plant kidney beans for a late crop. Stake scarlet runners. Sow mustard, cress, and radish, in beds not too much exposed to the sun. Sow turnip seed thinly, also lettuce, winter spinach, and coleworts. Transplant leeks in rows six inches apart. Clear away stalks and haulms of beans and peas which have done bearing, also decayed leaves of cabbage and other plants.

Fruit Garden.

Bud pear, cherry, peach, apricot, nectarine, and plum trees. Vines must be attended to by rubbing off all new shoots, except where any are required to take vacant places.

Flower Garden.

Layer carnations, propagate pinks by cuttings or pipings. Plant out pansies. Continue to take up bulbs. Transplant perennials.

In dry weather it is necessary to water the kitchen and flower gardens regularly.

COMING LATE TO SCHOOL.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

BY THE REV. J. F. KITTO, M.A.,

Chairman of the Sunday School Institute, and Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

HOW trying to the temper it is to be kept waiting! Even when we have nothing particular to do, no urgent business to transact, no pressing engagement to keep, we can scarcely resist the feelings of irritation and resentment which grow up if the time of waiting becomes prolonged.

Try to remember how you felt, for instance, when, after leaving pleasant company, and hurrying in order to be in time, you were compelled to pace up and down the railway-platform, wearily waiting for the train, which some accident, or an unusual amount of traffic on the line, had delayed. How angry, how indignant you be-

came as time passed on and no train appeared! The railway servants, the officials, the directors, were all of them included within the reach of your wrath. Perhaps you occupied the time, and, to a certain extent, soothed your irritable feelings, by concocting imaginary letters to the newspapers, perhaps even to the *Times* itself, to complain that the railways should be so grossly mismanaged. You could allow no excuses for such unreasonable and intolerable delays. What right has any one to subject you to the inconvenience to which this unpunctuality has exposed you?

Nor is this by any means an imaginary or an exaggerated case. There is

perhaps hardly any fault from which we suffer so often at the hands of other people as this of unpunctuality. Sometimes, without doubt, it is inevitable ; but there are many people to whom it seems to be absolutely impossible to be in time for anything. Such persons can hardly understand how serious

carelessness of unpunctuality and procrastination, and let these memories be a continual spur to us, lest we should be guilty of inflicting such experiences upon others.

In religious work, like that of the Sunday School teacher, carelessness in the matter of regular and punctual



is the injury which they inflict upon others by habits of procrastination. The loss of time is bad enough, but the loss of temper, the disarrangement of business, the hurry and bustle which are the inevitable result, are even more trying than the waste of time.

Let us remember all that we ourselves have felt of anger and irritation when we have been the victims of the

attention to duty is even more unpardonable than in the ordinary affairs of life. And yet the young man who is never late at his office in the week-day, because he knows that he would risk dismissal, does not shrink from the responsibility of coming to Sunday School late, or of staying away altogether.

Consider what this means. When



ON THE SHORE.

I HID myself out of the heat,
 Where the rocks made a nice little
 nook,
 But the children found out my retreat,
 And startled me over my book.
 "Hurrah! it's a beautiful day,
 And we're going to dig on the sands;
 We haven't a moment to stay,
 For we've plenty of work on our hands.

"The sky like a blue tent is spread,
 And the sea is so calm and so fair,
 And the wind takes one's hat from one's
 head,
 And ties such tight knots in one's hair.
 It's so nice not to have to be neat,
 With no Nurse here to bother and
 fret,
 And to paddle about with bare feet—
 And oh! it's so nice to get wet.

"Why don't you come down to the shore
 Where the waves break against the
 sea-wall?
 We were almost afraid of its roar,
 But: indeed it can't hurt one at all.
 Do look! there's a nice little pool
 Where the water's as blue as the sky;
 If you paddled you'd find it so cool,
 And we wish you would just come and
 try."

"It really is safe, Father, quite,
 For the waves have so gentle a
 touch,
 And we hold one another so tight
 And we like it ever so much.
 To sit high and dry on the beach
 On a fine day like this seems a sin;
 It's so funny to be within reach,
 And yet not to care to go in!

"There's Ida, and Harold, and John,
 Going off on their donkeys to ride;
 Even little shy Alice has gone,
 Though the donkey-boy walks by her
 side.
 Perhaps we might find you a horse,
 If you'd come for a ride with us three;
 We had donkeys at Hampstead, of
 course,
 But you can't ride them into the sea!"

The children are wondering so
 At the stuff of which grown folks are
 made;
 They think me most foolish, I know,
 For staying up here in the shade.
 I laugh and go back to my book,
 And the bairnies dance off in the
 sun;
 But—ah me! how happy they look;
 I think they've the best of the fun.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

"Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go."

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by the REV. F. T. HETLING, M.A.
(Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, N.W.)

1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bour to pur - sue ;

Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do.

2. The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3. Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4. Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5. For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

1st line in vs. 2 and 5.

2. The task Thy wis - dom hath, &c.
5. For Thee de - light - ful - ly, &c.

3rd line in vs. 2, 3, 4, and 5.

2. In all my works, &c.
(And similarly in vs. 3, 4, and 5.)

N.B.—It is important that the right accent should be given to the words in these lines.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Tied and bound with the Chain of Sin.

A MOHAMMEDAN pilgrim arrived about a year ago at Bombay, who travelled partly as a passenger, partly as luggage, for he had caused himself to be loaded with chains weighing six hundred pounds! His story is that as a young man, more than twenty-four years ago, he began to put on chains to keep himself from committing sin. As he found the chains insufficient he added others, until their weight was so great that he could not move about. Even so he felt the power of sin, and was going on pilgrimage to see if he could wash away its guilt. What an illustration of the bondage of sin! And how one longs that all such as this poor pilgrim might learn to pray, "Let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us."

"Will He come To-Day?"

NEAR the town of Tarn-Faran in the Punjab is a settlement of about two hundred lepers. Through the ministrations of the missionary there, about thirty of the lepers have become Christians. Some time ago a stranger went with the missionary to visit them. Seated in the little mud hut which serves them for a church, the stranger questioned the poor lepers about their faith,

and amongst other matters, about the Creed. They knew of the Ascension and Second Coming of our Lord.

"When do you think He will come again?" was the next question.

"We don't know," was the reply.

The questioner passed on to other subjects, and presently put the question again in a simpler form.

"Do you think He will come again to day?"

There was much whispering among the lepers, and then a look of earnest longing passed over their faces as their spokesman replied, "We don't know, *but we hope so.*"

That mission will not have been in vain, even if it does no more than bring so glad a hope to these poor lepers.

- Leaving out the "Nots."

A boy in a Christian village school in India was given the Ten Commandments to copy out as a home-lesson. When he brought them to his teacher, it was found that he had left out all the "nots." The teacher asked him why he had done so. "I asked my father about it, sahib," he answered, "and he said *the other way didn't seem like sense.*" Such is the morality of heathenism.

Diocesan Collections.

Hitherto there existed no general standard as to what should be the contribution from each congregation for diocesan purposes. Some parishes gave at the rate of \$1.50 for each family; others, including ourselves as about the lowest on the list, did not give more than 25 cts. for each family. To make things more equitable, section 20 of the Synod's Constitution has been now amended so as to make the contribution of each parish average \$1.00 for each family in the parish. This will include the four quarterly collections for the Mission Fund, the House-to-House Collection for the General Purpose Fund, and the two half-yearly collections for the Widows' & Orphans' Fund. It will not include collections for objects outside the diocese, such as the collections for Algoma, Foreign Missions, Domestic Missions and the Good Friday and Christmas Day collections. This assessment of \$1.00 for each family may be taken up either as formerly by means of seven or eight separate collections, or by one collection, as we may think fit in each parish. We purpose taking it by means of one collection, on the first Sunday in October, i. e. Oct. 7th. By this arrangement the Easter Overture for the liquidation of our own debt will not be interfered with by the occurrence of a multitude of other collections almost simultaneously. Let us all be ready with our contribution for Oct. 7th, and let all who can, give liberally. There are 367 families in this parish. It is safe to say that 150 of those will not give their \$1.00; probably 100 families will give nothing at all,—perhaps are not able to give anything. Let those who can, therefore, be liberal. The \$1.00 for each family is the LEAST that is expected of us. We may give as much more as we like.

Reports of Committees, Resolutions, Etc.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE AGGRESSIVE WORK OF THE CHURCH:—

This Committee presented a very voluminous report, its most important recommendations being:—(1) The imparting of more definite church instruction to the children of the Sunday school and confirmation classes; (2) the need of more episcopal supervision and of supplementing episcopal supervision by archidiaconal visits, etc.; (3) the need of more thoroughness on the part of the clergy in seeking out and ministering to people residing in out of the way places, and of greater co-operation and help on the part of the laity in this and all the other work of the church.

THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION:—

This Committee recommended to the most earnest consideration of the clergy and laity the adequate support of Huron College, on which the diocese depends for two-thirds of its clergy. The efficiency of the College therefore means an efficient clergy for this diocese. Gwing, however, to the terms of the College charter, the Committee could not recommend any other relations between the diocese and the College than at present existing. Hellmuth Ladies' College as a Church of England training school for girls was also recommended.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE:—

This Committee reported that it was inexpedient at present to divide the Diocese of Huron into two. The Committee was re-appointed with instructions to confer with the authorities of the neighboring dioceses with a view to effecting such a re-adjustment of boundaries as will equalise the work of the various bishops.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND TEMPERANCE COMMITTEES:—

These reported progress in each department, but as there was nothing new in their reports by way of suggestion beyond what is already well known, it is not necessary to give details.

PROVINCIAL SYNOD RESOLUTION:—

It was resolved that a committee be appointed to effect a re-adjustment of the Provincial Synod system, so as to make the boundaries of each ecclesiastical province the same as the boundaries of the civil province, where practicable. This step is rendered necessary by the recent establishment of the General Synod.

DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE WELSH CHURCH RESOLUTION:—

It was resolved that the Synod of Huron expresses to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury its deep concern at the attack now made upon the Church in Wales, and trusts that in the providence of God the attempt to rob her of her lawful, just and ancient heritage may be successfully resisted.

Several other resolutions were also passed of which notice had been given and to which reference was made in the June Number of this Magazine.

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