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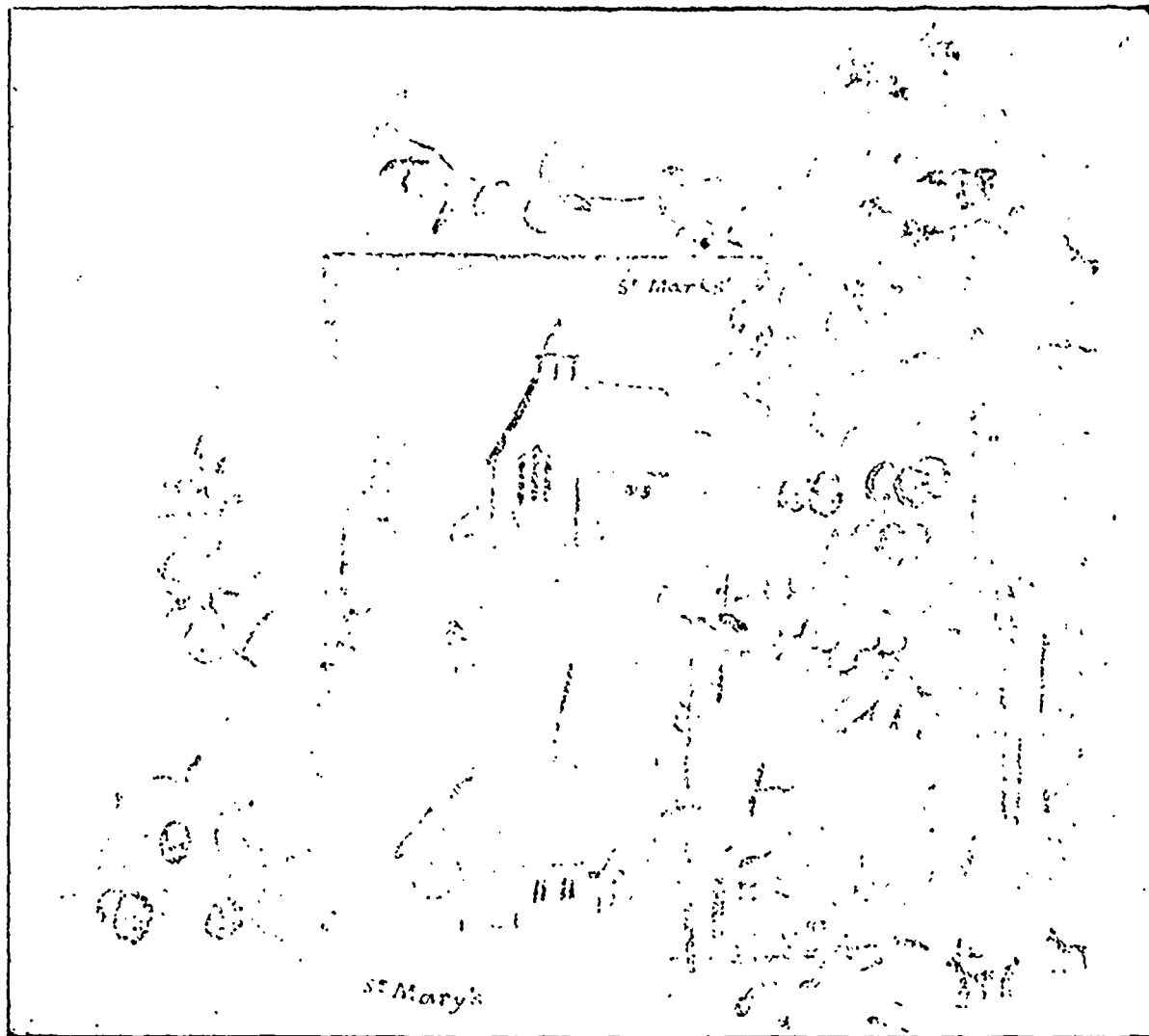
Parish and Home

A MONTHLY CHURCH MAGAZINE FOR PARISH DISTRIBUTION

VOL. III.

1898-99

Diocese of British Columbia



Incumbent: REV. EDWARD F. WILSON

CHURCH SERVICES:

St. Mark's Church, Vesuvius—Morning service 11 a.m., and Holy Communion the first Sunday in each month. Afternoon service 3:30 p.m. on all other Sundays, except when a fifth Sunday in the month occurs. Evening service 7:30 p.m.

North End School—Service 11 a.m. the third Sunday in each month.

The "Divide" School—Service 3 p.m. the first Sunday in each month. 2

Staver Point School—Service 11 a.m. the fifth Sunday in the month, whenever there are five Sundays.

St. Mary's Church, Fulford—Morning service 10:30 a.m. second and fourth Sundays in each month. Holy Communion on the fourth Sunday of every second month. During the summer months an additional evening service the first Sunday of the month 7:30 p.m.

Home Sunday School—Children prepare Sunday School lessons in their own homes. Bible questions and texts to learn are given in **Parish and Home**. Instruction and examinations at their homes every two months.

Ladies' Church Guild—Meets once a month.

Salt Spring Island Parish and Home

JUNE, 1899.

The Diocesan Synod meets in Victoria Wednesday, June 28th.

St. Mark's Ladies' Guild will meet at the post office Friday, June 2nd.

Miss Robertson, of Vancouver, has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. F. L. Scott.

A laundry, a shoemaker, and a butcher are three desiderata for the Island, not yet supplied.

Rev. C. E. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of Wellington, have gone to England for a six months' holiday.

Mrs. Haskins, of Fulford Harbor, is again ailing, and has been obliged to go down to the hospital.

During the Rev. R. J. Roberts' absence in Australia, our weather report has to be discontinued.

Mr. Edwin Abbott arrived on the Island May 9th, and is stopping with his brother at the Stevens' boarding house.

Mr. A. E. Wilson, principal of the Indian Industrial Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba, expects to re-visit the Island this summer.

Mr. Joseph Nightingale has been appointed "road-boss" for the north end of Salt Spring Island, and Mr. Sparrow for the south end.

Charles Henry Beale, aged 16, died of consumption March 28th, and was buried by Rev. E. F. Wilson, near to his home on Galiano Island.

It is reported that the steamboats calling at the Islands and elsewhere are not to be allowed to retail liquor, as has been the custom hitherto—the bar to be closed while the vessel is in port.

During the past five years the total contributions to Church work by the St. Mark's congregation have been as follows: Year ending Easter, 1895, \$304.60; 1896, \$284.55; 1897, \$350; 1898, \$282.40; \$1899, \$352.43. The contributions by St. Mary's congregation have been: 1895, \$38.75; 1896, \$34; 1897, \$38; 1898, \$32.45; 1899, \$42.65.

Preparations are already being made for the erection of a bell tower for St. Mary's church, Fulford Harbor; the lumber has been purchased and is ready on the ground, also squared posts for the corners.

St. Mary Magdalene is the name of the new Church at Plumper Pass. The fund raised for its erection amounted to \$1,120. Services are held by the Rev. Canon Paddon, of Victoria, and persons from Mayne, Galiano and Pender Islands form the congregation.

The season has been a late one, but crops are looking well all over the Island; the frequent rains during April and May were favorable to seeding; the hay crop seems likely to be a heavy one; fruit trees have blossomed well, and there seems to be every indication at present of a good yield. Strawberries and other small fruits look promising.

A great many persons have left or are leaving Salt Spring Island at the present time, the chief attraction being the mining district to the north. Among the absentees are Ed. Lee, W. Stevens, J. Horel, C. Chiddick, W. Norton, Joy Haskin, E. Haskin, A. L. Wilson, J. Mahaffy, W. McFadden, W. Cotsford, Phillips, P. Brown, C. W. Tolson, E. Erikson, D. K. Wilson, W. Robertson, J. Chalmers, C. Pottinger, W. Bremer, A. Crate, E. Lakin.

HOME SUNDAY SCHOOL.—June 18th to July 16th (five weeks)—St. Matthew, chapters 13 to 21. *First Class:* (1) To whom did Jesus say, "Be of good cheer," and why? (2) To whom did Jesus say, "Great is thy faith," and why? (3) How many times did Jesus feed the multitudes? (4) What were the chief points of difference on the two occasions? (5) To whom did Jesus say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and why? (6) Describe briefly the transfiguration. (7) What was found in a fish's mouth? (8) Why did Jesus call a little child to him? (9) What did Jesus say to the rich young man? (10) Tell about Jesus riding into Jerusalem. Learn to end of catechism. *Second Class:* (1) What is a parable? (2) How many parables are there in Matthew, chapter 13? (3) What was meant by the seed sown on stony ground? (4) What was meant by the tares and the wheat? (5) Tell about the pearl of great price. Catechism, to end of Duty to Neighbor. *Third Class:* (St. Luke, chapter 2) (1) Name the Roman Emperor. (2) What did the angel say to the shepherds? (3) Why was Bethlehem called the City of David? (4) Why did the shepherds stay all night in the fields? (5) Who was Jesus' mother? Catechism, the first two questions.

Parish and Home

Vol. IX.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 7

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

- 4—1st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jos. iii. 7, iv. 13; John xv. *Evening*—Jos. v. 11, vi. 21, or Jos. xvii.; Heb. x. 19.
- 11—St. Barnabas, A. & P. *Morning*—Duet. xxxiii. to 12; Acts iv. 31. *Evening*—Nahum i.; Acts xv. 8.
- 2nd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Judges v. *Evening*—Judges v. or vi. 11.
- 18—3rd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. ii. to 27; Acts. ii. 22. *Evening*—1 Sam. iii. or iv. to 19; 1 Peter iii. 8, iv. 7.
- 21—Nativity of St. John the Baptist. (Ath. Cr.) *Morning*—Mal. iii. to 7; Matt. iii. *Evening*—Mal. iv.; Matt. xiv. to 13.
- 25—4th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. xii.; Acts vii. to 35. *Evening*—1 Sam. viii. or Ruth i.; 1 John i.
- 29—St. Peter, A. & P. *Morning*—Ezek. iii 1 to 15; John xxi. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Zechariah iii.; Acts iv. 8 to 23.

IN JUNE,

The hills are far, and a purple haze
Lies on their crests like a cloud of
smoke,
The breath of the pines, these warm June
days,
Flows softly over the dusty ways
Like smell of myrrh from a chest of
oak.

The pale, pink roses, with golden eyes,
Thrust wondering faces from bush and
fence
The sweet, white Indian blossom lies
Like snow in the fields—the sea replies;
With vague, deep chants to the yearning
sense.

Grey birds with silver beneath the wing
Fly up to the blue of the boundless sky,
A red-breast robin begins to sing,
An oriole (gorgeous, flame-lit thing),
Like a bit of sunset flashes by.

In yonder meadow we catch a hint
Of colour in swaying clover red,
While yellow buttercups bend and glint,
And a silken thistle of royal tint
Is nodding its plumed and lazy head.
—James Berry Beusel.

WE are glad to know that PARISH AND HOME is really doing the work for which it was started and meeting the needs in a satisfactory way of the Church people of Canada, and indeed of the United States. Here is one word of unsolicited testimony: "Having had the privilege of reading your interesting paper, entitled PARISH AND HOME, and finding it a very suitable paper for family reading, I beg leave to be permitted to become a subscriber to your paper, for which please find

enclosed one dollar for two years' premium." This is a word of encouragement to the promoters, whose services for years have been given gratuitously to the work.

* * *

THE maintenance of the clergy, by prayer, sympathy and financial help, is always an important question for the Church. Perhaps the manifest failure to do this satisfactorily in many parishes is largely due to ignorance of the work actually performed. We insert the following well-spoken words as an opportune item. It speaks for itself: "I maintain that the clergyman of a large town parish has very little spare time if he is a conscientious worker; for if he spends (as he is bound to do) the whole morning each day in his study "grinding at sermons and addresses, which must be ready by a certain near date, and in so doing, often pumping at a dry well, because he has so little time for reading and research; and if he spends his afternoons (as he feels constrained to do) by the bedside of the sick and dying, or in trying to reach the careless and encourage the weak—making all their troubles his own, and exhausting nervous energy in his earnest endeavours to sympathize with the sad and suffering, and to touch the hearts of the callous and indifferent; and if he spends nearly every evening (and he has no option if he wishes to make things successful) in attending services, classes, committees, religious meetings, and social gatherings, he surely finds at the close of such a day, that, with no Saturday afternoon's holiday, and no Sunday of rest to look forward to, a clergyman's life in a town parish has nothing of the "*otium cum dignitate*" about it, and that he needs no additional burden to weigh him down, or exhaust an already overstrained nervous system, in the shape of financial embarrassment in his Church work, or even the hideous dread of not being able fully to pay his way and keep all

the necessary agencies well afloat in the parish."

* * *

The treasurer of the Free Distribution Fund desires to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of two contributions; one, \$1.25, from Mr. Maconachie, Burnt River; the other, \$1, from a friend, per Rev. C. H. Marsh, Lindsay. Free copies of the paper are now being sent to some of the hospitals in Toronto and Hamilton and to friends in Peterborough and Haliburton counties for distribution amongst the lumber camps. This work might be greatly extended. In addition to the above, which refers to the General Fund for Free Distribution, the treasurer desires to acknowledge, with many thanks, two sums of \$1 each from a friend in Toronto, with a request that one copy be sent to each of eight designated institutions. This was very willingly done, and we only hope that some of those who read this paragraph may hear the Master's voice repeating those words He uttered so long ago, "Go, and do thou likewise."

* * *

"YE have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." These words of the Master's are as applicable to the latter part of the 19th century as to the beginning of the 1st, to the people of Canada or America as well as to Palestine, and, while the needs of the poor seem greater in the cold dreary days of winter, yet there are also summer needs.

How many a poor, sick and emaciated child might be restored to health and strength if taken away from the hot, stifling, vitiated air of the back street of a great city and sent out for a few weeks to some quiet country homestead!

For a number of years an excellent work of this kind has been done in Toronto under the direction of the Rev. H. C. Dixon, and in many other cities efforts of a like kind are carried on.

Might not some of our readers help in the good work in their own locality, yea, might not many of us help to give a few weeks' holiday to the tired and needy by throwing open our hospitable doors, if living in the country, or by sending a contribution to some one (as Mr. Dixon) who would see that it was used to brighten the lot of those who could not otherwise get a change and a glimpse of the glories of God's works as revealed in the country in summer time? There is a King who says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

* * *

THERE is another question that we have always with us in these times and that is, the observance of the Lord's day. There is a great and apparently growing desire on the part of many, especially railway companies and large corporations, to compel many of their men to work on Sunday and that not in works of necessity, but in carrying large quantities of freight, as lumber and grain, and doing other work that could easily be left over until a week-day.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we trust every true disciple of the Master will use his influence against this evil: By himself keeping God's day as a glad, joyous, happy day for rest and service. By influencing, through voice, or pen, or example, others to do likewise.

We are called to it, 1. *By the plain command* of our King, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

2. *By the desire of the stability of our country*, for "righteousness exalteth a nation," and when any country (as, for example, France or Spain) makes God's day only working day or a holiday, the power and glory of that land will depart.

3. *By the need of our working-men.* Man's physical constitution requires one day's rest in seven, and we should stand by our brothers and see that they have not got either to work on Sunday, or else lose their places, when perhaps they have given long years of training to fit them for their present position.

Immortal men should not be compelled to grind, grind, grind as slaves.

Let us rally in this matter to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

The time to abandon or to despair of any good work, is when *God forsakes* that work, but *never, never* until then. Had the Jews in the days of Haggai and of Nehemiah refused to be encouraged by divine assurances, such as Neh. ii. 20, and Haggai ii. 4, how would the walls have been rebuilt? How would their temple have regained its exalted place of honour? When was any good ever accomplished by despondency? Take the primitive Church for example, and where would Christianity be now if the Apostles had not hoped against hope and refused, on any consideration, to waver or to despair? Or coming down to later times, would there ever have been a Reformation, such as there was in Europe in the sixteenth century, if such leaders as Luther and Melancthon and our own great Reformers had not been men of indomitable faith and courage? You remember what Luther said when some one tried to deter him from going to Leipsic by telling him that "Duke George" would kill him. "Duke George!" replied Luther, "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges for nine days." And so he did go, although, as Froude remarks in his essay on Luther and Erasmus, no such cataclysm, no such deluge followed. Or again, to borrow a case from secular history, would England stand where she stands to-day, in magnificence, in enlightenment, in liberty and in civilization, if in 1588 her defenders had lost courage; if, when her very national existence was threatened by the Spanish invasion, she had not possessed a courageous ruler like Elizabeth and such indomitable seamen as Howard, Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher? Or, once more, what might have come of the British Empire? Would there be a British Empire now if in 1807, when Napoleon had practically mastered Western Europe, Wellington had yielded to the pre-

vailing despondency in England? That was the year when even England's prime minister began to abandon hope of holding the peninsula, and when the City of London petitioned the Government to withdraw the British forces from Portugal, the result being that the whole responsibility of remaining there was thrown upon Wellington. And what was his answer? "I conceive that the honour and interest of our country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible, and please God I will maintain it as long as I can." In fact the history of our Empire seems to show that it has never been a British custom, any more than it should be a Christian one, to give up hope of anything so long as there remained a solitary peg to hang a hope upon, and that to this fact we owe, very largely, under God, our present strong national position.

Witness, e.g. Nelson's action at Copenhagen, or at the siege of Delhi in the Indian Mutiny, or at the defence and relief of Lucknow, or the battle of Inkermann. We mention such cases, not to uphold the spirit of war, which is at variance with the gospel of peace, but to suggest this question: Should a less determined, a less courageous, spirit animate the servant of Christ in his work for his Master, the soldier of Christ in his service of his King? Then, even in the Christian's darkest hours, there comes to him this word of power from Him who hath all power, "Be strong and work, for I am with you." Should not the answer be: "Oh, Lord, in Thy strength I *will* be strong? I *will* work, for Thou art with me, oh thou Lord of hosts!"

Port Hope. E. DANIEL.

WHO?

Sometimes I have been considered as wanting in politeness, because I upset plans and spoil calculations. You may see me in my tiny canoe at the meeting of the waters; I am often found where two ways meet. I climb to the apex of many a triangle. I am a good sailor, and know how to "luff" when the wind is contrary. I am at home with the holy in

prayer, and with the angels when they deliver. When hasty man demands "When shall these things be?" I swing on the pendulum which measures the hour, and sympathize with the angels in their ignorance. Sometimes I stand at the finger tips of trembling woman's hand, as she feels after healing. I play on the shore of the lake where saints are washed, and I attend the balances of the sanctuary when things of time and things of eternity are weighed. I attend upon death as he travels through the land, and my name is in the log when the disobedient is cast into the sea.

What is my name? My name is "but."

There are "buts" in every life; if it were not so we were undone.

Buts of restraint. Jonah ran away from duty, but the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea. The apostles essayed to go into Bithynia, but "the Spirit suffered them not."

Buts of constraint. "But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent," Luke xiv. 29.

Buts of impression. "She said if I may touch but his clothes I shall be whole," Mark v. 28.

"The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye,

Or a word exchanged with a passer-by;
A glimpse of a face in a crowded street,
And afterwards life is incomplete:
A chance remark or a song's refrain,
And life is never the same again."

Buts of revelation. "Neither was I taught this vital matter by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ," says Paul to the Galatians.

Buts of the moment. Belonging only to time, "our light afflictions are but for a moment," says the brave apostle.

Buts concerning the end. "But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer," 1 Peter iv. 7.

"Have you and I to-day
Stood silent as with Christ, apart
from joy or fray
Of life, to see by faith His face;
To look, if but a moment, at its grace,
And grow, by brief companionship, more
true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we to-day
Found time in thought our hand to lay

In His, and thus compare His will with
ours,

And wear the impress of His wish?"

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

REV. DYSON HAGUR, M.A., in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." My subject is "The life that lasts; the life that is eternal."

I suppose no misconception has gained a wider circulation with regard to the religion of Jesus Christ than the idea, the misconception, that the acceptance of Christ's religion divests life of all its buoyancy, vivacity, and variety. The idea is almost universal, in the minds of those who know not Christ, that there is a great inscription written over the beginning of His religion, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," that Christ's religion is a kind of disagreeable deathbed necessity, a kind of hard but necessary life insurance policy.

The truth is that Christ invests our life here with buoyancy and with satisfaction and with vivacity; as a man once said to a great Christian preacher, "I always had an idea that religion was a burden, but when I came to Christ I found that Christ carried me and all my burdens and gave me more real pleasure in a week than I had all my life before when I was simply living for worldly enjoyment." I believe that is a very true experience.

ENCOURAGING COMMAND.

Christ puts every soul when He gives him life where God put Adam. A splendid garden before him and the encouraging command "of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat save one." Everything in life is ours who are Christ's—all joy, all real pleasure, all powers, everything save that which is marred and stained by sin.

God puts us where God put Joshua: "There is the river and there is the promise; go into the land and expatiate in it from the wilderness to the great river, even to the great sea, aye to the uttermost bound that marks the going down of life's sun; it is all yours,

and every foot of it that your feet shall tread upon, that you shall have to enjoy abundantly in me."

It is the worldly life that is a burden; it grows smaller, and as it grows, smaller it robs life of its true satisfactions and nobilities.

Take for instance the life of a woman who lived in a small, narrow, selfish round, making always her own little grievances and slights, and her small hatreds and narrow malices and unforgiving grudgings her chief thought, her life getting meaner as it gets narrower.

TWO STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Or take the life of a man who allows the smaller characteristics of life to have the predominance, lives in an atmosphere of jealousy, envy, spite, hatred, always envying the men around him, allowing the meaner parts of his nature to become large. Or take the man who allows his business to engross his soul, and becomes a mere money-making machine, a man of whom it might be written, as it was, "Born a man, died a grocer"—born of God, dying a worldling—allowing the petty elements of life to crowd out and kill all the nobler and the satisfying characteristics of our nature.

Lives like these are lives that are setting into the arctic current of dull, dark chilliness—aye, they are like the "Ancient Mariner," who came to be "alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea, so lonely it was that God Himself scarce seemed there to be." Oh, these little lives; we talk about "Little England," but alas for the people who live little lives, narrow, contracted, small. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

COMPREHENSIVE LIFE.

Christ gives enlargement; Christ gives expansion; Christ invests life with nobility; He gives a life that not only goes on growing there, but growing here; a life that in this life becomes stronger and truer, rises higher, reaches out into wider spheres, understands and appreciates character, powers that are wrought out by His grace within, and enters into the wideness of the

great sea of His life and of His revelation, and the precious promises which are there in infinite expanse like the stars in the sky for multitude, and the sand upon the seashore innumerable.

The life of worldly people is like one of those rivers in South Africa, of which you and I have read, wide and strong and great, but follow them for twenty or thirty miles and they begin to dwindle, then they are lost in the vast sands of the desert. And there are men and women here this morning, perhaps, who look back twenty years and see a beautiful beginning of a consecrated life, but it has vanished in this sad world's experience; the river that once was so large has dried up—but God's river is like the river in Ezekiel's vision, you go up to your ankles, then reach on and it spreads to the loins, then it becomes a river with mighty waters, waters that one can swim in, waters rolling on for evermore like the crystal stream of God's river in the world to come.

THE TRUE GROWTH.

The Christian is a man who grows. He does not stand on the edge of human experience watching the heroes on the march to war; he joins the ranks and he fights to fight; he has a cause worthy of engagement; he has a leader worthy of following; he has a prize worth fighting for, and he fights, and as he fights his life enlarges, his hope kindles, his sympathy deepens, his views of charity enlarge, life becomes more hopeful, life becomes stronger—new endeavours, new duties, new responsibilities make him understand how great God's life is.

He does not go forth to crow and to criticise and give men his grievances, his enervations and dispiriments; he goes out to give men his beliefs; there are doubts enough in the world without you scattering more; there are dismalities enough without your increasing the dismalness of life. The Christ man goes forth in the name of Christ, whose symbols are a cross that vanquished death, a conquered grave that told of life, a cloud of ascension rising into infinite light above, and a

crown of glory that all shall have who love Him.

This life of the Christian is not only a life of expanse by his duties, it is a life that actually grows upon its failures and rises from its defeats. The man who never made a mistake never made anything; the man who never was a failure never was anything; he never tried in the vigour of a strong enthusiasm to accomplish anything worth anything.

PROFITING BY FAILURE.

But the Christian is a man who rises out of his failures into a higher life, and the abundant life of God transforms his mistakes into victories and he is more than conqueror through Him who loved him. Men may rise on the stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, but, mark you, only on the stepping-stones of their dead selves.

We must die to live. "More and more" is the motto of the Christian; "more and more" is his inspiration; "more and more" is his stepping-stone upwards. I pray that your love may abound more and more, said the Apostle; "We beseech you, brethren, to increase more and more"—that is, Christianity; never backwards, ever onwards, never downwards, always upwards. It is like the message that the good rich man sent to the good poor man, enclosing a five-pound note and saying, "But there is more to follow"—aye, there is ever more to follow; every day is a resurrection life of victory for the Christian, and there is more victory to follow; every day sees him marching into grander living, but there is more to follow. That is the meaning of life; Christ gives life more abundantly.

THE ENDLESS LIFE.

Then there is another thought; this life goes on and on and on forevermore. We were not made to die, you and I; we were made to live.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathed with human breath,
Has ever truly longed for death;
It is life whereof our nerves are scant,
More life and fuller than we want,
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant."

In Christ this desire reveals a destiny; we see in Him we were

not made to die; He rose from death—"Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him; He ever liveth, and He ever liveth for us, and because He liveth we shall live also." We look forward to the life more abundant, and we know that this life is only a beginning.

THIS LIFE PROBATIONARY.

Do you remember that day when you climbed up the winding stairs of our university college in the park here? How you hugged in the darkness the side of the wall as you climbed a little bit and then you got a little higher up, then there came a glint of light through one of the narrow windows, and you were cheered with it, and thought that there was light beyond—and, doubtless, after much groping and silent, heavy climbing, you emerged through a narrow floor, and there was life in its broad expanse and the glory of God's heaven beyond. Death is not an end; it is a beginning: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Christ died, Christ lives, Christ lives for evermore, Christ loves, Christ loves you.

As I close, I say to each one of you, my brothers, my sisters, bring to Christ that life of yours. It may be broken; it may be marred by many things; bring it as it is; give it to Him with your heart and with your soul, and lay it at His feet, and He will evacuate it of its selfishness, failure and mistakes, and He will lit it up into His own, and identified with His, it will be ennobled, and you will live the life that never dies. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Thank God that we men and women have such a Gospel as this to-day.

FAILURE.

What, then, is failure?

We rush after success in this world until, perhaps, we lose sight of our true end and aim in the strife after gain; and what began in a noble and lofty desire to excel in our work resolves itself into

a mean and sordid determination to amass more money than our neighbour. By-and-by we awake to a knowledge of our selfishness—our eager laying up of wealth for ourselves and families—halt in the great battle for precedence, and cast our eyes around on the misery of the world at our feet. We realize that our money may be more profitable—in the eyes of our higher being and of God—used in helping others than in accumulating for the next generation, and are saved before it is too late.

But what does the world say? "I thought Mr. So-and-so was on a fair road to success. Had he continued as he was doing he might have bought an estate and founded a family. But he is a comparative failure after all." Failure! Do we feel that we have failed? In our awakened eyes, that turning point saved us from failure.

Every man knows on his deathbed, if he has time to think, whether his life has or has not been a failure. It is then we see things in their true light. 'Our true aims stand out with startling clearness, and in a different dress from the one we have been accustomed to see. Ruskin says: "There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there." Happy are we if it be so with us, and if in our last hours we can feel that our lives have not been uselessly wasted on the perishable things of this world, but that someone, at least, has been the better for our little time on earth.

Why should poverty be bracketed with failure and wealth with success? That it is so almost invariably everyone will admit. Your neighbour dies, and his vast fortune is noted in your daily newspapers. "What a successful man Mr. H—has been!" you hear echoed on all sides. You yourself say it. If you had looked on his miserable death, heard his groans of remorse, his agonized fear, his cries to an unknown God for forgiveness which he would not accept, successful would have been the last word you would have applied to him. Where success in life does not also mean success in death, it is a poor tri-

umph. Mr. L.—in the next street dies. His is a plain and modest funeral, few carriages follow the hearse, and its burden is laid to rest with little pomp or ceremony. This time we hear it said, "Poor L—, his life has been rather a failure," or "Did you see how much L— had left? Not much after a life of hard work, as he seems to have had, poor man!" Yes, you pity him, pity the man who died with a smile on his face, who humbly felt that his time was come, and that he was ready to go. Do not waste your compassion on those who need it not! Go into the dwellings of the poor, hear their sighs over the death of their benefactor, and their praise of him who gave their children food when they would have died of hunger. Pity them if you will, but do not pity L—, who has gone to reap the reward of his self-denying life, and to a land where money has no influence and worldly position is of no account.

Let us trace failure to the beginning.

Of what vital importance to our lives are the thoughts which pass through our mind! Time was when I used to comfort myself with the idea that my thoughts, at least, need not be controlled; as long as my actions were good, my inward meditations might take what form they pleased. But our thoughts will not long be unbetraysed by our actions. A low thought once entertained will return to be entertained again, and the second time your mind will all the more readily receive it. No man yet did a mean action without having *nearly* done it several times before. The first sin committed is by no means the first offence. The mind must be prepared by a long and hardening process before it will influence the body to perform one base action. A man once said to another, "I do things now that in my younger days would have blushed merely to *think of*." What a gradual descent we see marked out there. The natural shrinking overcome in thought the frequent recurrence of the mind to the lower line of thought, until by-and-by the doing comes almost as a lawful sequence. There is no very hard line of demarcation anywhere

although outsiders see the action alone.

With the ambition for worldly eminence and fame, which so often ruins a man spiritually, and in itself brings so little real satisfaction, it is difficult to deal. The innate love of praise which is born in us, and which all possess in a more or less marked degree, we cannot ignore. The child's first step alone is taken to please the mother and hear her word of delighted praise. It is through this very quality we train our children. We praise them when they do right, and blame them when they do wrong; thus teaching them that praise is a good thing, and to be desired. What we have to do, then, is to train our minds to discriminate, to strive after the good opinion of just, God-fearing men, and eschew the idle, and oftentimes hypocritical, praise of the worldly-minded, which will last only as long as fortune smiles on us.

All failure is comparative.

If our aims are low we shall not be dissatisfied with a life that attains to little. I once heard a man say: "I do not know what failure means. I am quite pleased with myself and my life." That may be, I thought, but you are not to be envied. I did not know the man, but I conjectured, from the sentiment there expressed, that his mind was narrow and worldly, that what he had done had been done for himself alone and to enrich his worldly position. It is a poor sign to be fully satisfied with ourselves. One has said: "Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the benefactors of the world." The best and noblest men who have lived have had their times of deep depression, when life seemed little better than a failure, and when they have groaned in secret, "O God, how little have I done!" Yet their lives have been one grand path of beauty to the eyes of others. The man who does the most is generally the man who falls furthest short of his own ideal; the world sees what we have done, not what we meant to do, and we are poor creatures indeed if, in our lives here on earth, we have done all we wished.

Let us, then, be careful how we judge of failure, for failure in the sight of man may not be failure in the sight of God. We are back, then, to the old story. The love of God is the one and only source of all good and true happiness. Without this our lives will ever be, let us strive and fashion them how we will, a *miserable failure*.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate love and faith, as flowers are the animate springtide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed, but what they were only.

—*Frances Leamington, in Young Men's Christian Magazine.*

GETTING READY TO BE HAPPY.

Too many of us are looking forward to happiness in the future years instead of getting all the enjoyment possible out of the present. It is well to remember that the time will never come in this world when we shall have everything we want, just where and when we want it. The only way to be happy is to enjoy all we have to the utmost as we go along. It is right to lay up for old age in youth, right to prepare for a rainy day, but it is not right to bend all our energies to this end, and put off until the future the happiness we might enjoy every day. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying themselves all recreation and many comforts, to lay up money to buy more land, to build a larger and finer house, or to save for their children, thinking that when they have accomplished this they will be happy and begin to take comfort. The hoped-for point may never be attained, or, if it is, sickness or death may have come first, and the dear ones whom we expected to be happy with may be gone forever.

How much better to use some of the good things of life as we go along—to make our humble homes as cheery and bright as possible now, instead of waiting for a better house! Don't starve to day, either

body, mind or soul, thinking that you will riot to-morrow. Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your wills. Life is uncertain, and it is better to make your children happy while they are under the home roof—to call to that home every agency which will make their lives sweeter and better, than to deny them these that you may leave them a large bank account when you are gone.

Don't keep the parlor shut up and live in the kitchen, unless you want the boys and girls to be anxious to leave you. Take time to read, to rest and to enjoy the society of friends. Especially take time to enjoy the companionship of your children. It will only be a few years at best that they will be with you, and these ought to be years of happiness to both you and them. If we are ever happy in this life we must enjoy what every day brings us. We must be grateful and glad for all the good which comes into our lives, and patiently bear our trials, believing that all, if rightly used, will fit us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness hereafter.

—*Selected.*

INSPIRATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

For Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus Christ has set the seal of His infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. He found the Hebrew canon just as we have it in our hands to-day, and He treated it as an authority which was above discussion—nay, more, He went out of His way, if we may reverently speak thus, to sanction not a few portions of it which our modern skepticism too eagerly rejects. When He would warn His hearers against the danger of spiritual relapse, He bade them remember Lot's wife. When He would point out how worldly engagements may blind the soul to a coming judgment, He reminds them how men ate and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, until the day when Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. When He would put His finger on a fact in past Jew-

ish history, which, by its admitted reality, would warrant belief in His own coming resurrection, He points to Jonah three days and three nights in the whale's belly. When, standing on the Mount of Olives, with the Holy City at His feet, He would quote a prophecy, the fulfilment of which would mark for His followers that its impending doom had at last arrived, He desires them to flee to the mountains when they "shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

Are we to suppose that, in these and other references to the Old Testament, our Lord was only using what are called *ad hominem* arguments, or talking down to the level of popular ignorance which He did not Himself share? Not to point out the inconsistency of this supposition with His character as a perfectly sincere religious teacher, it may be observed that in the Sermon on the Mount He carefully marks off those features of the popular Jewish religion which He rejects in a manner which makes it certain that, had He not Himself believed in the historic truth of the events and the persons to which He thus refers, He must have said so. But did He then share a popular belief which our higher knowledge has shown to be popular ignorance, and was He mistaken as to the worth of those Scriptures to which He so often and so confidently appealed? There are those who profess to bear the Christian name, and who do not shrink from saying as much as this; but they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as this, He can be safely trusted about anything else. Yes, the trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, if we believe that He is the true light of the world, we shall resolutely close our ears against any suggestions of the falsehood of those Hebrew Scriptures which have received the stamp of His divine authority.—*Canon Liddon.*

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THE MESSAGE.

By MRS. O. W. NOLLE, in *Parish Visitor*.

On a quiet summer evening when my heart was oppressed with care,
I turned my wandering footsteps, and entered the house of prayer;
Long had I craved a blessing that to me was still denied,
And I grieved that loved ones wandered afar from the Father's side.

'Twas the hour of the vesper service, the people were gathered there,
And the words of the evening Psalter came soft on the summer air.
"I should utterly have fainted, but that I verily
Believed in the land of the living, the goodness of God to see."

"Oh tarry thou the Lord's leisure," came the people's answering word,
"Be strong, He thy heart shall comfort, and put thy trust in the Lord."
And all 'through the rest of the service, through lesson, creed and prayer,
Like some sweet strain of music the cadence lingered there.

My heart and voice, in triumph, were raised in the closing hymn,
And I knelt for the benediction in the quiet shadow dim,
My heart was freed from its burden, and I thanked the Father there,
For the message of comfort sent me, that night, in His house of prayer.

TELL IT.

I have a dim recollection of a story read many years ago.
A bashful young man was seated in a kitchen. Near by sat a girl he admired. He longed to tell her this, but his lips were sealed, while the quaint old clock in the corner, with measured tick, solemnly swung back and forth, and seemed to say, "Tell—her; tell—her; tell—her."

There are sober thoughts that may be gathered from the advice of the old clock.

Far back in the years running between 1843 and 1847 a young girl, who was a Sabbath school teacher, sat with a group of little ones around her. The words that fell from her lips were earnest and impressive.

The story of the Saviour's birth, sufferings and death touched the heart of at least one of the little ones, and it resulted in her conversion. But this was not developed until after the teacher had left the school. Years passed away, but in the interval the teacher frequently visited her former class. A few more years passed away, and then came a separation. The year 1868 was ushered in and had nearly ended. Then, and not until then, did the former pupil find courage to search out and find her childhood friend; to tell her of the fruit which came from her instruction. Why was not this done before? Why were twenty years allowed to pass before this testimony was given? A warmer friendship than ever before sprang up, and although death has now separated them, it will run through all eternity.

A young teacher in a day-school was sorely perplexed in relation to methods of teaching. She was taken out of the mist through the kind words and patient instructions of a public educator. She often longed for a favourable opportunity when she might tell him this, and, at last, the opportunity came.

"You have helped me more in my work than any one I have ever met." The aged eye brightened. "Well, once in a while we do meet with people who give us some encouragement by telling us these things," was the modest reply.

A few more years and the educator's work was ended. He sweetly "slept the sleep that knows no waking." The teacher stood by the side of the casket and, while in her heart there was much of sadness, yet there was also much of satisfaction. "I am so glad I told him!" came often to her thoughts, and almost escaped her lips.

A pastor, coming out of his church one Sabbath morning, was

met by a stranger, who warmly grasped his hand, and said: "You do not remember me, but I remember you. A sermon preached by you somewhere between the years 1858 and '60 led me to the Saviour." Very pleasant were these words to the pastor, but why did forty years pass before it was revealed to him? What cheer it might have brought to his heart in his early ministry, when he perhaps sorely needed encouragement.

These persons all lived to hear the good news, although they waited long. But here is another case:

A little boy sat at his grandfather's knee. The words of Christian counsel came from the aged lips. The boy grew into manhood, became a member of the church where his grandfather had held office, visited and talked often with the dear old saint, until his pilgrimage was ended. The young man married, a group of little ones were around him. One day, in the course of conversation, he said to me, "Grandfather's talk when I was a boy led me to God." "Did you ever tell him?" I inquired. "No," was the reply.

Dear old grandfather! He never supposed that his humble words amounted to anything, yet a star for the Saviour's crown awaited him in Heaven. But how happy his few remaining years would have been made if he had only known it. What a blessed tie there would have been between the two. Why, then, was it not told to him?

It is much to be regretted that this neglect is common; that so many fail to give the few words of encouragement to those who have helped them on in life's trials, or have turned their faces heavenward. But there is a more serious neglect than this, and it far exceeds the former. It is fully explained in Ps. cvii. 2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

If one believes that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, he must believe that he is included in the list. If, believing this, he can say from his inmost heart, "Lord, take me and make me Thine," he surely will not reject the precious promise, "Him

that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Then, having taken these steps, why not say so? Where? In the church. Yet there are hundreds of people who are seemingly out of the fold because they will not confess that they are already in it. It is a mean thing not to acknowledge our obligations to our friends. It is a meaner thing to refuse to acknowledge the Lord, who gives us "life and breath and all things."

Some of the good old hymns have given full expression to this sentiment:

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found.

In the great day when the sheep and the goats shall be separated, who will blush to say, "The Lord hath done great things for me whereof I am glad"? This will be before countless millions, and before One who is greater than the kings of the earth.

"They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard."

Tell it! Oh, tell it! Show your colours! Where would we have placed the man in our Civil War who failed to own on which side he belonged? There was no shirking at that time. Why should there be in a more important cause? Therefore, "Bless ye the Lord. Speak." Judges v. 9, 10.—*Mrs. Peter Stryker, in Christian Intelligencer.*

BAD BOOKS.

Never, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second-rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy, second-rate books is grievous waste of time also. In the first place there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and in the second place you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-

rate book. Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect to this as you can safely neglect any other duty that is cast upon you.—*Lord Coleridge.*

THE SHEPHERD.

I watched a shepherd following his sheep,
And saw him, through the shadeless summer day,
With rod and staff their wand'ring footsteps keep,
And guide them in the safe and pleasant way.

This through the day, but when the night had come,
And evening dews upon the grass lay cold,
I saw them meekly follow, one by one,
To the warm shelter of the waiting fold.

All save one stubborn sheep which still would stray,
And heedless linger in the meadows cold;
Till by his rod the shepherd showed the way,
And with sharp smiting drove her to the fold.

And in that straying one myself I saw;
Saw how to gentleness I would not yield,
Till from Thy rod I learned to love Thy law,
And by Thy stripes my wanderings were healed.

—*Mrs. Harriet G. Smith, in Parish Messenger.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was too delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in the rowing along the fringed shores of the Fjord. One day we had followed a narrow Fjord, landed, and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, making a devious track which it was hard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golosh was gone. To be without it meant an end to all the delightful rambles. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. But neither the owner's eyes, which are as keen as needles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woe-ful countenances we had to give it

up and start on our three miles' row along the Fjord to the hotel.

In the afternoon the idea came to me, "And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle as well as for all the weightier things which we are constantly committing to His care? If the hairs of our head are all numbered, why not also the shoes of our feet?" I therefore asked Him that we might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. When we reached the end of the Fjord and had lashed the boat to the shore, I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not how or why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen from heaven.

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayerless men. "And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything." And with a smile, not, I trust, scornful or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply: "Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father's love and compassion.—*Rev Dr. R. F. Horton, in London Sunday Magazine.*

CONFIRMATION.

By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., author of "Bright and Fair," etc.

I regard confirmation, when rightly understood, as affording real assistance in deciding for Christ. In many cases serious impressions have been received or deepened, and not a few can look back to this season as one when they yielded themselves entirely to Him.

Value this ordinance, and use it thoughtfully and prayerfully. If you have not been confirmed already, come forward when you have opportunity, and give yourself to a careful use of the precious preparation time. Study to gain a clear and distinct knowledge of Christian doctrine. Look backward on the path you have already trodden, and see where you have

failed. Seek the assurance of complete forgiveness in Christ. Wait upon God for the great gift of the Holy Ghost to teach, strengthen, and sanctify you. You will find the prayer in the Confirmation service, which is offered for you by the Bishop, one you may well employ for yourself:

"Defend, O Lord, me Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until I come to Thine everlasting kingdom."

Especially be very real and true in the solemn "I do," which each candidate gives as an answer to the question which the Bishop puts to them. What does it mean? Is it not your acceptance of His grace and your public testimony to desire to live for Him?

Let it be the language of your heart, and you will find in days to come that it helps you to abide faithful to His service.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

A little gift for Jesus' sake,
Unknown to ear or eye;
A little breath of kindness left
Adrift in passing by;
A smile reflected in some face,
A little worthy praise;
A touch upon some lonely hand
To sweeten many days;
Remembrance shown in little things,
Small favours scarcely seen;
A written word, a spoken word,
A flower heart 'midst some green;
A breath of incense daily given
In simple homely ways;
Because in man we see the Christ,
And noblest forms of praise.

—Selected.

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

The Litany.—The Litany has been called, "That astonishing remembrancer of human wants." Every conceivable case of distress appears to have been anticipated; not a person has been passed over; not a need has been forgotten. For three hundred years, tens of thousands of the holiest and best of men, next to their Bible, have loved and valued their Book of Common Prayer.—*Canon Burbridge.*

The Missionary Spirit.—The Reformers, it is true, lived in an age

when the world was almost unknown. But still they took care to teach us that no public service should be held in which "all sorts and conditions of men" were not remembered in prayer; and that the waiting desire of expectant faith should ever be this, "that God would be pleased to make His ways known unto men, His saving health unto all nations."—*C.B.*

The True Communion.—The preparation for Communion which is most important of all, and which must be always going on, is the preparation of a daily life lived close to the Lord Jesus Christ, in repentance, faith, gratitude, unselfishness, and love—that close walk to which every Christian is always called, and without which it cannot be well with the soul. Remember, Repentance is the soul's *turning from self to God*: and faith is *trusting God, taking God at His word*, and then *acting on this trust.*—*The Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D.*

The Te Deum.—This wonderful hymn is by an unknown author. It was probably composed (in Latin) some time between 350 and 450. It addresses the Heavenly Father, the Holy Trinity, and the Lord Christ, in close connection.

Note the following points: *Te Deum laudamus* means, literally, "We praise Thee as God." Sabaoth is the Hebrew word for "Hosts." "Noble army" is, in Latin, "*white-robed army*" (Rev. vii. 9). "When Thou tookest, etc.," is, in the Latin, "when Thou tookest Man upon Thee, to deliver him." "Sharpness" is, in the Latin, "*sting*." "To be numbered" was, in the Latin, originally, "to be rewarded"; *munerari*, not *numerari*. "To lighten" means "to shine," not "to alight."—*Idem, Home Words.*

'AVOID IT.'

The evils arising from jesting upon Scripture are greater than appear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we never hear the text afterwards without thinking of the

jeer. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false wit will come at length to have a large portion of Holy Scripture spotted over by this unholy fancy.—*Christian at Work.*

THE SOUL A PICTURE GALLERY.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting.

"Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture-dealer to an Oxford under-graduate, as he handed to him the engraving of a Madonna of Raphael, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and ballet-girls will disappear."

Try the same experiment with your souls. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean.

O, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!—*Farrar's Sermons.*

ANOTHER COMFORTER.

"I will give you another Comforter, and he shall abide with you forever."

Who in this life of ours does not often need a comforter? But how few among human beings know enough of the heart to be always a comforter! How many with the best intentions hurt instead of healing? There are sorrows on which the most intimate friend does not lay a hand. But the religion of Jesus promises to each one particular soul a Comforter, a Comforter whose knowledge is perfect, who can make no mistake, who can dwell in the soul, never indifferent or forgetful. Bolts and bars and prison walls cannot shut Him out—the soul that has received Him is nevermore alone. Neither height nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come, can separate that soul from the love of Christ.

There are sometimes in this world dumb souls who suffer, yet cannot tell their grief—they cannot make themselves understood, they shiver and bleed inwardly, but the world goes by, and nobody pities them. Yet the Comforter whom Christ sends can enter such souls, can understand without words—can take the things of Christ and show them unto them, and give them peace. It requires no worldly wisdom, no education, no earthly knowledge, to receive and understand this Comforter. The poor, ignorant slave, the pauper, the sick, whose brain is enfeebled by disease, can receive Him, can be consoled by Him. He is like sunshine, ever seeking to pierce the darkness, able and willing to enter in the lowest window and make all bright. It is His nature to console; it is His nature to seek and to save.

We have only to be willing to accept Him, to open the door of our hearts, that He may come in and be our Guide unto death.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

SALVATION.

It is the first message which mercy uttered to a ruined world. It is the end of every prophecy, the purport of every precept, the beauty of every promise, the truth of every sacrifice, the substance of every rite, the song of every inspired life, the longing desire of every renewed heart, the beacon which guides through the voyage of life, the haven to which the tides of grace convey, the end of faith, the full light of hope, the home of love. O, my soul! see to it that you are saved.—*Archdeacon Law.*

CLERGYMAN'S BEST HELPER.

"Which sort of man is most helpful to you?" asked one clergyman of another. "I mean to you, personally and individually."

His friend looked puzzled, and the questioner went on: "Is it the man who agrees with all your views, and so helps you with his sympathy and comprehension, or the independent thinker who argues with you and stimulates you to write convincing, stirring sermons?"

"If you really want to know," said the older man, with symptoms of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "it isn't either of those men who helps me most. It's the man who may or may not agree with my views, but who cares enough about my sermons to come to church on stormy Sundays, when most people stay at home. He's my best helper!"—*From the New York Mail and Express.*

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief,
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and
by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's friend of
snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber
deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "to-morrow," "the un-
known,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids
close
And dares to live when life has only
woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips
deny,
God knoweth why.

—*From the New York Tribune.*

THOUGHTS ON GIVING.

When a believer has once consecrated himself to the Lord his every act should be an act of worship. His very obedience to the laws of God may be such; much more so his stewardship of the property with which God has entrusted him. "The taking up of the collection," when this view prevails, will be regarded as an act of devotion in which the believer delights to participate with his whole being. It will be a privilege to "come into his courts and bring an offering," having laid by in store as God has prospered him. It is not merely

dead coin which he offers, but the power for benevolent work into which money is capable of transmutation. Little or small in amount, if it is according to the giver's real ability, the Lord's blessing will accompany His ready acceptance of the gift.—*The Moravian.*

Two Scotch farmers are reported as having had a conversation concerning their methods of giving to the missionary cause. One said: "I get my money ready before the collector comes, so that if I am absent it can be handed to him." The other farmer said: "Yes, I do the same; but I also, when the money is laid down ready on the table, kneel down beside it and give God thanks that He has put it in my power to give this as a free-will offering unto Him, and I beseech Him to condescend to accept the offering, and use it to His glory. I never like to give it to the collector till I have given it to the Lord." This last is undoubtedly the more excellent way. The greatest need of the cause of missions to-day is more consecrated money.

What thou givest is the only wealth thou wilt never lose. Give while thou hast time; be thine own heir. No one will be able to take away from thee what thou hast given to God.

Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the Gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a *Missionary* Christian will be a *Missing* Christian when the Great Day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. Inquire diligently what blood mortgage there is on your property in the interests of Foreign Missions, because of what you owe to Christ in redeeming you with His precious blood. I warn you that it will go hard with you when the Lord comes to reckon with you, if He finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries, or hoarded up in needless accumulations, instead of being devoted to give the Gospel to the lost—*A. J. Gordon.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

June 4th—St. John 19: 17-30. Acts 23: 12-25.
 " 11th—St. John 20: 11-20. Acts 25: 1-13.
 " 18th—Colossians 5: 1-15. Acts 27: 39 to end
 " 23th—Review of St. John's Gospel.
 St. Matt. 28: 19, 20, and 26: 16-30.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

BY REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, M.A.

1. Did any similar event, as at Mahanaim, happen when Jacob was leaving his father's home?
2. How old was Joseph when he reached the Holy Land?
3. Where did Jacob first reside when he reached the Holy Land?
4. Why did he change his abode?
5. What is the meaning of the word Bethel?
6. What was its former name?
7. Who was buried there?
8. What is the meaning of Allonbath-cuth?
9. What promise was made to Jacob at Bethel?
10. Had this promise been made to any one previously?
11. Where did Rachel die?
12. What name had this place afterwards?

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS, 1899.

1. Laban's sons were dissatisfied at Jacob's wealth and Laban joined them in this.
2. A direct vision from God, xxxi. 13.
3. Laban left home to shear his sheep.
4. Three days.
5. The Mounts of Gilead.
6. Stealings his gods.
7. No, Rachel had taken them.
8. Yes.
9. A heap of stones was erected on Mount Gilead.
10. Gilead was a range of mountains, Jegarsuhadulha is Chaldaic, Galed and Misphah, Hebrew.
11. The Angels of God met Jacob.
12. Two Hosts or Camps.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know.
 Does he live at the North or South?
 Or is it a lady fair to see
 Whose name is in every one's mouth?
 For Meg says "Somebody Else will sing,"
 Or "Somebody Else can play,"
 And Jack says, "Please let Somebody Else
 Do some of the errands to-day."
 If there's any hard or unpleasant task
 Or difficult thing to do
 'Tis always offered to Somebody Else—
 Now isn't it very true?

But if some fruit or a pleasant trip
 Is offered to Dick or Jess,
 We hear not a word of Somebody Else.
 Why? I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger lad,
 This Somebody Else will speak,
 And the poor and helpless who need a friend
 Good Somebody Else must seek.
 The cup of cold water in Jesus' name,
 Oh, Somebody Else will offer,
 And words of love for a broken heart
 Brave Somebody Else will proffer.

There are battles in life we only can fight,
 And victories, too, to win,
 And Somebody Else cannot take our place,
 When we shall have "entered in."
 But if Somebody Else has done his work
 While we for ease have striven,
 'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward
 To Somebody Else is given.
 —Union Signal.

FIVE CENTS FOR GINGERBREAD

Cyrus Hamlin has been one of the most successful of Christian missionaries in Syria. Here is a story of his boyhood as told by himself:

In my boyhood days the greatest event of the season was the autumn muster. It was the delight of boys to see it. Every boy who went to the muster had his money to buy gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

It was a bright September morning when I started for the muster. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread for my enjoyment during the day; and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece of gingerbread. I was rich; my mother was generous.

I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into Mrs. Farris's contribution-box as you go by." Mrs. Farris used to take the box home with her on the Lord's Day, and persons not at the service might stop at her house and drop in a few cents.

As I went along I kept thinking. My mother said a cent or two. I wished she had told me to put in one cent or two cents; but there it was: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two."

As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, "Well, I will put in two cents." Then I began to reason

with myself, "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread." It did not satisfy my ideas very well; because we always read the missionary news that there was, and the *Missionary Herald* came every month. So we kept full of all the missionary news that there was, and my conscience was a little tender on the subject. Two cents did not look right, and after a while I thought I would put three cents in the missionary box.

I went along for a time with a good deal of comfort after I had come to this decision. But by and by the old reasoning and comparison came back to me: "Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the souls of the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen and three for the gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that.

Then I thought of the other boys, who would be sure to ask, "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. I wished mother had given me six cents or eight cents. Then it would have been easy to decide; but now I did not know what to do.

I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt to this day. I got hold of my seven cents and thought, "I might as well drop them all in, and then there will be no trouble." And so I did.

After that I was well satisfied with what I had done; but about noon I began to be hungry. I kept shy of the gingerbread stand. I went off where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

Well, I stood without a mouthful till four o'clock, and then I started for home. When I got in sight of home it seemed as if my knees would fail me. But as I reached home I cried, "I am as hungry as a bear; I have not eaten a mouthful all day."

"Why, Cyrus, where is the money I gave you?"

"Mother, you did not give it to me right. If you had given me six

cents or eight cents, I could have divided it; but I could not divide seven cents, and so I put in all into the missionary box."

"You poor boy!" she said, and she went right off and brought me a big bowl of milk and bread. There were tears in my mother's eyes, and I said, "Pshaw, Mother! I would go without eating all day to have bread and milk taste as good as this."

But this was not what she was thinking of. It was the thought, "This little boy, my youngest, can deny himself for the sake of Jesus," that brought tears to those eyes.

When I grew to be a young man I told my mother, "I have decided to give my life to missionary work," and she wept heartily over it, but said, "I have always expected this, Cyrus," and she never said another word about it. She had already unconsciously educated me for a missionary.—*Selected.*

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Nell came running over the sands to where I sat, among a great pile of rocks, pressing sea-weed.

"See what Papa has sent me!" she cried, holding out a basket of beautiful fruit. "Does it not look delicious? I am going to have some this minute, so please put up your book and taste it, too."

One by one she began taking out the peaches, pears and plums. There were many very fine ones, but, as she neared the centre of the basket, the fruit began to be speckled.

"How strange," said Nell; but in another moment she uttered an exclamation. "Oh! just see, here is a pear that is quite decayed!"

"And which accounts for the spots on all the others," I said.

"Why, how is that?" asked Nell, looking up with interest.

"It is a well-known fact," I answered, "that one speckled apple in a barrel will injure those around it, and, if left long enough, may ruin the whole."

"I never knew that before, and I suppose that must be the reason why the farmer where we were in the country last summer would never put an apple into a barrel that had fallen to the ground; he picked every one 'by hand,' as he called it," said Nell.

"Yes," I said, "one bruised windfall might have spoiled his whole barrel. But, Nell, do you know that, between us, we have preached a small sermon? Do you think that you can add the text?"

Nell shook her sunny head, and looked puzzled; but the next instant her face lighted up, and she said, "I know what you mean; it is that 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Yes," I answered; "or, as the Revised Version has it, 'evil company doth corrupt good manners.' We cannot associate with evil companions without ourselves being tainted; one day spent in bad company, one hour with a bad book, may leave a spot on our character of which we may never be able to rid ourself."

"How very, very grave you make it seem," said Nell. "And I do not think," looking down with a serious expression at her pears and plums, "that I shall forget what you say. Is that what keeping one's self unspotted from the world means?"

"Exactly," I answered.

"Papa did not know that he was sending me a sermon," she said, a moment later, with a smile.

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