

# ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

"Behold I bring you Good Tidings of Great Joy."—Luke II: 10.

VOLUME I.

LONDON, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1890.

NUMBER II.

## St. Matthew's Church.

REGULAR SERVICES every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
HOLY COMMUNION at Morning Service, on the first Sunday of each month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 3 p.m.

PASTOR.—Rev. W. Minter Saborn.

WARDENS.—Thomas Clark and Geo. Minbinnick.

SIDESMEN.—John Isaac, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Henshaw  
Geo. Oxley and R. Chadwick.

ORGANIST.—Mrs. Gray.

CHOIR MASTER—Edward Gardener.

SEXTON.—F. Murch.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—H. Herbert.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Coutier.

## Emmanuel Church.

REGULAR SERVICE—Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

WARDENS—F. Fitzgerald and R. Shoebottom.

ORGANIST—Miss McLeod.

SEXTON—Edward Turner.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT—Henry Shoebottom.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD—F. Powell.

### THE BOWLDER.

In the road of a mining district lay  
A worthless bowlder, huge and gray ;

Provoking many an oath and curse,  
And stroke of whip from teamster coarse.

But of all the miners that daily passed  
Never one thought from the road to cast

The bowlder he lingered to curse, that lay,  
A hindrance sore, in the traveller's way,

Until one day there thundered along  
A mountain teamster, brave and strong,

Who stopped to cast from the public way  
The hindering bowlder, huge and gray.

'Twas weary work, but, with patient strength,  
He strained and tugged, until at length

The task was done—and then, behold,  
Beneath it a nugget of shining gold !

The road of life that we daily pass o'er  
Is full of trials that vex us sore ;

And fuming and fretting in heart and tone  
Will never take out of our path one stone.

But every hindrance we overcome,  
With determined spirit, patient and dumb,

Will help us thro', may be, with panting breath,  
To find the gold that is underneath.—[F. H. Marr.

### THE BAD OLD TIMES.

For a change, how does the foregoing caption look? We have long been accustomed to the other phrase, "the good old times," let us change it. There were the bad old times of the French revolution, when blood flowed like water and the greatest murderer was the best fellow. There were worse old times before the French revolution; times of tyranny and

royal caprice and unutterable debauchery in high places; times that could only be purified as by fire. There were the bad old times of the middle ages in Europe, when children were allowed to have their feelings wrought up so that they would enlist by the ten thousand in a hopeless crusade against the Moslems, only to die by the ten thousand.

There were the bad old times in England when it was a perfectly respectable thing for a gentleman to get drunk once in while, and when no one was read out of good society because he was a gambler, and when the women labored half-naked in the mines, worse treated than the donkeys themselves.

There were the times when only the few could obtain an education, and the masses could scarcely hope to get above the condition of their fathers.

There were the bad old times in our own land when there was only one professing Christian to every fourteen of the population, instead of one in five as at present, when our rulers were pronounced atheists and our scholars were pronounced skeptics. There were the bad old times of slavery and disunion and civil war and carpet-bagism. There were the bad old times when not one voice, even of one crying in the wilderness, was raised against the curse of rum-selling, when some ministers of the gospel themselves tumbled at each house on their round of pastoral calls, and the members of the flock were not slow to follow their example.

Let us thank God that the bad old times have gone never to return, as we hope. The new times are not as good as those that are coming, but they are better than the past, and the eastern sky is brightening.—*Golden Rule.*

### A LITTLE PLANT.

It was a sad, yearning, wistful face that looked up at the two pictures on the wall her mother and father—yet her thoughts were not resting on the sweet, gentle face of the one, nor the brave, true one of the other, for, on the wings of a message which had come to her to-day, "If you wish to have your father's body moved, you had better do it at once," they had flown by rapid transit to a grave in a war prison burying-ground, and transported it, as thoughts can, to a beautiful green hillside, where her mother slept beneath the weeping willows. It was only in thought, however. In reality, each grave was alone, uncared for. No one to lay among grasses a flower of caressing affection, or drop a tear of unforgetting love. "If only they could be together," sighed the girl. "And, O, if I only could watch over them

a little as I would love so dearly to do! But it can not be. I have not the money now, and if I were to work ever so hard it would be too late to save father." While her young heart was aching with the longing, she felt a tickling touch on her cheek, and, putting up her hand, found it was a tender young branch of her house-ivy straying away from its home in the pretty hanging-basket, and reaching out after something to cling to. Almost mechanically she guided it over to the plain walnut frame of her father's picture, and stayed it there with the support of a bent pin. Lo! in a few days it had wound itself lovingly around it, sending off anon tiny, tender shoots in every direction, weaving such graceful drapery that it was a joy to behold. And then when it crept over to the other, and began joining the two together in such a tender evergreen embrace, it made the girl's heart glad whenever she looked at it, and many a leisure moment she spent helping to weave the lovely green leaves around the faces she held so dear. To strangers and visitors it was a wondrous mass of living green, beautifying the pure white wall with its delicate tracery and spring-time beauty. And it comforted a maiden's heart, thus, by her care of it, to pay constant, loving tribute to the beloved dead. So much can a simple little plant do to brighten the winter of our discontent.

It is the taint of selfishness, not the too much loving, that makes love idolatry.—*A. L. O. E.*

A mine is a pit in which rich men may sink fortunes, and the most successful miner is the one who makes them do it.

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would, for his own sake, do well to follow: "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

Or we may live to feel 'twas best  
That God denied our prayer,  
And tried and proved, till we confessed  
That waves and storms which broke our  
rest,  
And tossed us to our Saviour's breast,  
Our richest blessing were.—*Monselle.*

When the thistle seed is scattered to the four winds, it is hard to get it together again to destroy it. If one little seed, even, with its feather sail eludes pursuit, you may run across it any time far away from the centre of a thicket that it has propagated. Be truthful, check the idle word, and be as wary of a breath that can soil a good name as you would of wounding a soul that shall live through all eternity.

## ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

### St. Matthew's Message

Is sent out Monthly by the

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor,

IN CONNECTION WITH

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, - LONDON, ONTARIO

Subscription, 25c. per Year. Payable In Advance.

#### BISHOP BALDWIN'S SERMON.

On Sunday evening, the 2nd inst., his Lordship the Bishop of Huron preached to a large congregation in St. Matthews. The text was taken from the 12th chapter of Acts, verse 5 and the verses following—the account of the Apostle Peter's imprisonment by Herod, the prayers of the Church for his release, the manner of God's answering their prayers, and the astonishment of those who prayed when their request was granted. The congregation's interest was awakened by the vivid representation of the circumstances, which were narrated in stages, the great lessons of the chapter being earnestly set forth, while the minds of the hearers were eagerly watching for every syllable. His lordship spoke of the chains that were binding sinners, and of the efforts that were made by some to free themselves from those chains. Thousands had resolved to reform their lives in the hope of thus obtaining freedom. In pointing out the means that God has given for the loosening of the sinner's chains the plight of the thief on the cross was cited. The trembling hands and bleeding feet that might have been offered to God in Christ service or go on his messages were spiked to the cross. His writhing body was past all hope of being of use to Christ. His past life had been one of the blackest infamy, and his future was death. He had nothing to offer Christ. But he turned his eyes to Him and uttered his simple, trusting petition and his chains were loosed. Such a forcible setting forth of this great gospel truth, could not but make a deep impression on the mind of everyone who heard it.

#### THE YOUNG GIRLS' AID.

The Young Girls' Aid has been re-organized with the following officers: President, Mrs. Lawson; 1st vice, Miss M. Smith; 2nd vice, Miss M. E. Tibbs; Secretary, Miss Maggie Seaborn; Treasurer, Miss Emma Quick. Among the members are Misses Alice Seaborn, Alice and Ella Spearin, Lillie and Minnie Spicknell, Alice Baldick, Blanche Dale, Lizzie Standfield and Alice Tibbs. Several others of

the young girls have signified their intention of joining at the next meeting, which will be held at Mr. Quick's residence on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst.

#### OUR PARISH PEOPLE.

Edwin Seaborn spent the Christmas holidays in the country.

Herbert Standfield recently spent a short time with friends in the country.

Mr. Brownlee, of Huron College, preached in Immanuel Church on the 2nd inst.

Mr. J. S. Freeland, of Hamilton, spent a couple of weeks among his London friends recently.

Miss Lydia Childs has returned from a couple of weeks' visit among her friends in Hamilton.

Rev. Colonel Roe, of Southampton, assisted at the evening service in St. Matthew's on the evening of the 2nd inst.

The social of the Women's Aid Society was greatly enjoyed by those who attended on the evening of the 22nd ult., at Mrs. Seaborn's.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Russel, of Dufferin avenue, a sister of Mrs. Chadwick, which occurred on Monday, the 20th ult.

Mrs. Johnson's sudden death will be regretted by her many acquaintances and friends in the East End. Deceased was Mrs. McClelland's mother.

The death of Mr. James Gammage, which occurred on Friday, January 31st, will cause deep regret among the people of St. Matthew's. The bereaved family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Missionary services will be held at St. Matthew's Church on Sunday the 9th inst. The Rev. Dean Innes will occupy the pulpit in the morning, and Rev. Principal Fowell is expected in the evening. The annual missionary meeting will be held on Monday evening, the 17th inst.

The Young Girls' Aid held a social at Miss Tibbs' residence, Dundas street, on the evening of January 29th. There was a large attendance, and the affair was in every way enjoyable and successful. Vocal and instrumental music by Messrs. Joseph Dilloway, Reid Depotic and Miss Tibbs served to enliven the evening, and magic lantern views exhibited by Theo. Roots created much amusement.

During the past month the attendance has been kept up wonderfully

well at every service in St. Matthew's, in spite of the fact that nearly every family of the congregation has been visited by the prevailing epidemic, and the congregations have been well repaid for attending by the interesting discourses of our pastor which always provide new subject matter for meditation to those thoughtfully inclined

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### THE GOOD OLD WAY.

There was a nice young fellow  
As ever you did see;  
Like wise a nice young lady,  
And just as good as he;  
And so they chanced one day to meet,  
When they were feeling gay,  
And so, of course, they fell in love,  
The good old way.

He feared he should not get her,  
So he was feeling blue;  
And she was in conniption fits,  
For fear he would not, too;  
But such thin trouble did not last,  
I am real glad to say;  
They soon were married firm and fast  
The good old way.

Then were the gossips watching,  
The tattle-bags perplexed,  
And Mrs. Grundy itching,  
For what was coming next;  
Some thought they'd have a family,  
Some cod heads answered, nay,  
They raised ten children, yes, they did,  
The good old way.

They lived and helped each other,  
As they agreed before;  
And so God's blessing came to them,  
In basket and in store;  
They knew enough to save a cent,  
Safe, for a rainy day;  
And peacefully through life they went,  
The good old way.

They lived long, useful Christian lives,  
In all good honest pride;  
Till old Time banged them with his scythe,  
And then, of course, they died;  
They had great, splendid funerals,  
The best words folks could say;  
Then side by side we buried them,  
The good old way.

This is a song and sermon, too.  
And true memorial rhyme;  
And folks who live so just and true  
Are blessed, all the time;  
A splendid, loving, useful life,  
Such always find it pay,  
Who walk like these, my kith and kin,  
The good old way.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,  
Their monuments I see;  
And memory loves them back again,  
For all their love to me;  
Love rules the world with power and might,  
Love guides us home to stay,  
And Heaven shines bright to kindle light  
The good old way.

—Brooklyn Eagle

### RESIGNATION.

Epictetus, who lived one of the grand-  
est and happiest lives of any of the human  
race, said concerning the time of death:  
"If Death shall find me in the midst of  
these studies, it shall suffice me if I can  
lift up my hands to God and say, 'The  
means which thou gavest me for the per-  
ceiving of thy government, and for the  
following of the same have I not neg-  
lected; so far in me I have not dishonored  
thee. Behold how I have used my senses  
and my natural conceptions. Have I ever  
blamed thee? Was I ever offended at  
ought that happened, or did I desire it  
should happen otherwise? Did I ever de-  
sire to transgress my obligation? That  
thou didst beget me I thank thee for what  
thou gavest. I am content that I have  
used thy gifts so long. Take them again  
and set them in what place thou wilt, for  
thine were all things and thou gavest  
them me.'"

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Why is life like a harness? Because life  
contains traces of care, lines of trouble,  
bits of good fortune, breaches of good  
manners, and bridled tongues, and every  
one has a tug to pull through.—*Golden  
Days.*

# ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

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The celebrated John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day who refused to give him half of the side-walk, saying that he never turned out for aascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat. "Pass on."

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON NOTES.

A very short paper is here given of the Sunday School Lessons; earnestly hoping the parents will see that their children learn the Golden Text, Collect, etc. Parents do well to read all the parallel passages with the children, or the elder brothers and sisters with the younger ones.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1890.

TITLE: JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.

ST. LUKE 2, 25-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—St. Luke 2, 32.

Why was Jesus brought into the temple? What temple was this? Who built it? What was the character of the man Simeon? What was he told that he should see before his death? Who told him? What did he do when he saw the babe? What did he say? What was this babe to be to the Gentiles? Who are the Gentiles? What was he to be to the Jews? What distinguished the Jews from the Gentiles? What did Simeon tell Mary about this child? What about herself? What lesson on church-goers does this lesson teach?

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1890.

TITLE: CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS.

ST. LUKE 2, 40-52.

GOLDEN TEXT—Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—St. Luke, 2, 52.

What feast was this that the parents of Jesus went up to? (Exodus 12). What is the meaning of Passover? When was this feast instituted? How was it kept? What did it commemorate? Of what was it a type? What is said of Jesus as he was growing up? What was his character? Would you not wish to have such a character? How far did the parents of Jesus go on their way before they missed him? Where did they find him? What was said by Mary and by Jesus when they met? What commandment did Jesus fulfil when he went with Joseph and Mary to Nazareth?

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1890.

TITLE: THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.

ST. LUKE 3, 7-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—St. Matt. 3, 2.

Whose birth caused the song of Zacharias? What did John the Baptist do to the people besides commanding them to repent? What did he warn them to flee from? What sort of fruit were they commanded to bring forth? What was to be done to the tree that brought forth no fruit? What did he command the people to do besides repent and be baptized? For whom was John preparing the way? What was to be the difference between the baptism of John and Jesus Christ? Who shut up John in prison? Who was the greatest person John baptized? What occurred when he was baptized?

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

TITLE: THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

ST. LUKE 4, 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2, 18.

What is the meaning of "temptation"? How does St. James explain it? (St. James 1, 13-16). Compare verse 1 of the lesson and St. Matthew 3, 13-17. For how many days was Jesus tempted? What was gained by his temptation? (Heb. 2, 17-18; 4, 15). Who was the tempter? How many separate attacks on Jesus was made in this temptation? What will be the result if we resist the devil? (St. James 4, 7). What reward is due for us if we resist him? (St. James 1, 12).

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WHAT DOTHT IT BRING?

"The New Year smiled, and spake  
With earnest, tender tone:  
"I shall be what thyself may make,  
And not myself alone.

"I bring thee love to keep,  
And duty to be done;  
And faith to guard, and fruit to reap,  
Till sets my closing sun."