

N. R. RICHARD HUMPHREYS

Having removed to the South End of Skitch's Row

WILLIAM ST.

Lindsay, will receive pupils there for PIANO ORGAN, VIOLIN, ETC.

or will visit pupils at their homes. Would invite the public to see STOCK OF MUSIC, both Classic and Modern, which he has for sale, and will furnish both MUSIC and INSTRUMENTS at reasonable prices. Pianos tuned.

The Watchman.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892.

SUNDAY READING.

CECILY'S BUNCH OF SHAMROCKS.

Go, pluck a bunch of shamrocks, Thade, To send across the sea; The thickest, freshest, greenest one For our sweet Cecily; She'll kiss it fondly o'er and o'er, Tears dropping on each spray; God bless the child, 'twill set her wild With joy on Patrick's day.

From the green hills of Tipperary A tiny sod I'll take, All covered o'er with shamrocks, Kate, 'Tis for old Ireland's sake; Our colleen thus will proudly wear, And huz each little spray; God bless the child, 'twill set her wild With joy on Patrick's day.

In the far-off Empire City, Stretched on a bed of pain, Poor blue-eyed Ciss lay dying fast, Dreaming she saw again The green hills of Tipperary Where the rosy children play; God bless the child, 'twill set her wild Took her on Patrick's day.

Death damps were in her golden hair When a voice was heard above; "Here's for Cecily O'Connell A letter"—'twas full of love; And the green sod, crowned with shamrocks, On her still heart it lay, With a wreath of moss, and a mission cross, That sad, sad Patrick's day. —Ellen O'Leary.

GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech With its direct revealing, It takes a hold, and seems to reach Far down into your feelings; That some folk deem it rude I know, And therefore they abuse it; But I have never found it so, Before all else I choose it. I don't object that men should air The Gaelic they have paid for, With "Au revoir," "Adieu ma chere," For that's what French was made for; But when a crowsy takes your hand A parting to address you, His drops all foreign lingo, and He says: "Good-bye, God bless you!"

THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

This seems to be a sacred phrase With reverence, impassioned; A thing come down from righteous days, Quantitatively, but nobly fashioned, It well becomes an honest face, A voice that's round and cheerful; It stays the sturdy in his place, And soothes the weak and fearful; Into the portals of the ears It steals with subtle unction, And in your heart of hearts appears To work its greatest function; And all day long with pleasing song It lingers to caress you; I'm sure no human heart goes wrong That's told "Good-bye, God bless you!"

The "Armour-bearer's" Last Despatch Concerning His Glorified Captain.

(Continued from last week.) "I shall be home in February," was the Pastor's reply to everyone who asked him when he thought of being back. He was home in February; not at "Westwood," however, but at the heavenly home that his Saviour has gone to prepare for him. Prayer was presented by Deacon Thompson, Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., and the "armour-bearer." C. H. S. read and expounded Psalm lxxiii., and afterwards read part of his printed sermon on verse 28 of the Psalm, entitled "Let us Pray," (No. 288.) The portion selected contained the three sub-divisions:—(1) Prayer explains mysteries. (2) Prayer brings deliverance. (3) Prayer obtains promises. Jan. 12.—Mr. Spurgeon drove round Boulevard Victoria, in order that another friendly photographer, Mr. P. W. J. MacKenzie, of Dover, might take more views to illustrate his "Drives at Menton." In the afternoon, Rev. Wm. Arthur, of The Tongue of Fire, had a brief conversation with C.H.S. If they had only known what was about to happen, how much more the veteran warriors would have wanted to say to one another!

Jan. 13.—C.H.S. wrote The Sword and the Trowel "Note" on "The Bible and Modern Criticism." Let those who are insinuating that Mr. Spurgeon had changed his attitude with regard to the Downgrade controversy read this "Note" in the February number of this Magazine, and then say whether his last blow was that of a man striking his flag, or nailing his colours to mast. Let everyone especially ponder the memorable words with which the writer concludes: "The position is instructive, as showing that to be free

from all ecclesiastical entanglements is to the Christian minister a blessing worth all it has cost, even though an almost fatal illness might be reckoned as part of the price." We must now take out the word "almost," for, "part of the price" paid by our beloved Pastor in his contention for the faith was his own life. Henceforth his name must be enrolled as one of "the noble army of martyrs" for the truth's sake, for he counted not his life dear unto him in vindicating that gospel for whose defence he was "set" as much as the apostle Paul ever was. Those who are best qualified to speak upon the matter know that he never full recovered from the strain of that terrible conflict; and as one who was with him to the last, I can bear my testimony to the fact that his latest conscious moments were embittered by grief over those who had departed from the faith. The Baptist Union and "our own men" who had turned aside from the truth, were specially mentioned; and our dear sufferer was only comforted by the knowledge that he had done all he could to bring about a better state of things.

Jan. 15.—A day of mingled gladness and sadness—Mrs. Spurgeon's birthday, and also the day on which the rumours as to the death of the Duke of Clarence were proved to be only too true. Remembering the kind enquiries of the Prince of Wales during his illness, C.H.S. telegraphed to express his sympathy with the sorrowing parents; and he was especially pleased when he received a telegram conveying the Prince's "heartfelt thanks."

Jan. 17.—This afternoon, while we were arranging the hymns for the evening C.H.S. said:—"I am going to give a short address to-night." Fearing that he was not well enough to do this, we persuaded him to read something that he had already written. We knew that he was doing more mental work than he ought, though he assured us that he was only amusing himself, and that it was much worse for him to be idle than to employ his time in such literary labour as he felt able to perform without effort or weariness. He yielded to our entreaties, though he evidently wanted to give another little talk to his company of friends; and he never had another opportunity of addressing us! I found out, afterwards, what text he had selected, and the divisions of the subject that he made. Here is an exact fac-simile of the outline he had prepared; but oh, what would we not give to know what he would have said upon this topic, or what he could say upon it now!

The first hymn sung was the Scotch version of Psalm ciii.— "O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord!" Then the Pastor read and expounded Psalm ciii., and called on his secretary to pray. The next hymn was— "Jerusalem the golden!" C.H.S. then read his commentary on Matthew xv. 21-28, prayer was presented by Pastor G. Samuel, of Birmingham, and C.H.S. announced the last hymn he ever gave out. How appropriate it was to his approaching end, for it was that choice poem which is often wrongly attributed to Samuel Rutherford— "The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks. C.H.S.'s closing prayer was peculiarly impressive; and well it might be! Probably our readers will not grudge the space required if we give them the portion of Mr. Spurgeon's Commentary on Matthew, that he read to the twenty-one friends gathered on that memorable night, at the last service he ever conducted on earth.

XV. 21. Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. He left the loathsome company of the Pharisees, and went thence, going as far away as He could without quitting His own country. The great Bishop went to the very borders of His diocese. An inward attraction drew Him where He knew that a believing heart was yearning for Him. He was sent to the house of Israel as a preacher; but He interpreted His commission in its largest sense, and went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. When those at the centre prove incorrigible, the Lord goes to those who can be only reached from the circumference. Let us always plough to the very end of the field, and serve our day and generation to the extreme limits of our sphere.

22. And, behold a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto Him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. Behold! here is something worth beholding; good for eyes and hearts. Just as Jesus went to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, a woman came out of the same coasts to meet Him. Sooner or later, a meeting will come about Christ and seeking souls. This woman of Canaan had no claim on account of her nationality; she was a Gentile of the worst sort, of a race long before condemned to die. She came from the narrow strip of land whereon the Tyrians dwelt; and like Hiram, of Tyre, she knew the name of David; but she went further, for she had faith in David's Son. Love to her daughter led her to travel, to cry, beseech, to implore mercy. What will not a mother's love achieve? Her need had abolished the barrier between Gentile and Jew; she appealed to Jesus as though she were of the same country as His disciples. She asked the healing of her child as a mercy to herself: "Have mercy on me." She asked it of Jesus as "Lord." She asked it of One greater than Solomon, the "Son of David," the wisest and most potent of wonder-workers. She put the case briefly and pathetically, and pleaded for her daughter with all a mother's loving anxiety.

Her need taught her how to pray. Until we, also, know what we require, and are full of hopeful longings, we shall never plead prevailingly. Do we pray for our children as this woman pleaded for her daughter? Have we not good reason to take her for our example?

23. But He answered her not a word. And His disciples came and besought Him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. Silence was a hard answer; for it is translatable by fear into something worse

than the harshest speech. Not a word, not a word from Him whose every word is power! This was a heavy discouragement. Yet she was not silenced by the Lord's silence. She increased her entreaties. The disciples were mistaken when they said, "She crieth after us." No, no, she cried after Him. Should this have afflicted them? Oh, that all would cry after Him! Such a blessed annoyance should be longed after by compassionate hearts appeal to their Master, and though that was something, it was not much. Possibly they meant their complaint to help the woman by obtaining an answer for her one way or another; but their words have a cold look—"Send her away." May we never be so selfish as to feel troubled by enquirers! May we never send them away ourselves by cold looks and harsh words!

Still, the disciples were not able to neglect her; they were forced to plead with Jesus about her, they came and besought Him. If Christian people are apparently unsympathetic, let us warm them into feeling by our persistent fervency.

24. But He answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

When Jesus did speak, it was not to her, but to His disciples. She heard the word, and felt it to be a side blow which struck heavily at her hopes. She was not of the house of Israel; she owned that she could not number herself among the sheep. He was not sent to her; how could he go beyond His mission? It would have been small wonder if she had retired in despair. On the contrary, she redoubled her pleading.

25. Then she came and worshipped Him, saying, Lord help me.

Instead of retiring, she came nearer, and she worshipped Him. It was well done. She could not solve the problems of the destiny of her race, and of the Lord's commission; but she could not pray. She knew little about the limitations of Messiahship, but she knew that the Lord had boundless power. If, as a shepherd, He may not gather her, yet, as Lord, He may help her. The divine nature of Christ is a well-spring of comfort to troubled hearts.

Her petition was brief, yet comprehensive; it came hot from her heart, and went straight to the point. Her daughter's case was her own, and so she cried, "Lord help me." Lord, help us to pray as she did!

26. But He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.

At length he turns, and gives a reply to her pleading; but it is not a cheering one. How hard its language! How unlike our Lord's usual self! An yet how true! How unanswerable! Truly, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." Of course, privileges must not be given to those who have no right to them, nor must reserved boons be wasted upon the unworthy. The blessing sought is as bread for children, and the Canaanites were no more members of the chosen family than so many dogs. Their heathen character made them like dogs as to uncleanness. For generations they had known no more of the true God than the dogs which roam the street. Often they and other Philistine tribes had snarled at the heels of the Lord's people. The woman had probably heard such phrases as this from proud Jewish bigots, but she had not expected it from the Lord.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MILLIONAIRE'S STORY.

How he Rose from Poverty to Affluence.

"Would you like to know how I made my fortune?" asked a well-known city millionaire of a reporter. "Well, I will tell you. I was left an orphan at the age of fourteen. I had no relations. I had been to school for a year or two, but my parents were too poor to give me anything like a decent education. When they died I might have known the three "R's," but only imperfectly. At their death I was thrown upon my own resources and then my struggle began. I started in a small way. For every dollar I made I put fifty cents in the bank and that has been my principle ever since. I always keep my expenditure within my income. I never ran into debt, and if I had not money to pay cash for anything I required I did without it. I remember the first ten dollars I had in the bank; I was a proud boy, but when I reached a hundred I felt as if my fortune was almost made. It took me some years before my savings touched a thousand dollars. It was then I thought myself really rich, but I was determined to go on as I had begun. I invested the thousand dollars profitably, and slowly but surely my fortune began to grow. I did not smoke nor drink. I was successful in all my investments and in thirty years I had saved sixty thousand dollars. I lost every cent of that and again started at the bottom rung of the ladder and business successes again favored me. I have now an independent fortune. I have been twice offered the mayoralty and I have also been offered a seat in Parliament. I did not consider myself sufficiently educated to accept either of those offices.

"But fortunes are not so easily made now-a-days," said the reporter. "Every bit as easy. But you young men are too extravagant. You dress beyond your income. You smoke good cigars. You want to belong to a genteel profession. You want to be bank clerks with a salary of \$400 or \$500 a year. But I tell you that is a grand mistake. I believe in a trade for a young man be his parents rich or poor. Good day."

At Port Huron on Thursday, the 4-year-old son of James Wakeham fell from the top of a fence into a pen in which were a number of St. Bernard and mastiff dogs owned by James J. Lynn. The dogs pounced on the child and mangled him so horribly that there is little hope of his recovery.

Rev. Prof. Scrimger Describes the Vast Vatican Building and His Visit to it.

"The Vatican" was the subject of Rev. Prof. Scrimger's address last night before the Young People's Association in the lecture room of Calvin church, although "The Catacombs of Rome" had been mistakenly announced as the theme. Prof. Scrimger recalled the fact that he had lectured on "The Forum" just after his return from Rome in 1882. It was fitting now that, returning again from "The Eternal City," he should describe that marvellous architectural relic, so typical of Christian Rome. Since the unification of Italy the Pope had been represented as a prisoner in the Vatican and he (the lecturer) had heard that enthusiastic devotees had sold in many distant lands considerable quantities of straw from the pallet upon which the Holy Father was compelled to sleep. Most of the audience would, however, like to become prisoners in a palace so magnificent as the Vatican, the most imposing palace on the face of the earth to-day. Some idea of the amount of housekeeping therein involved could be gathered from the fact that the building had 11,000 rooms and that it was a quarter of a mile long by nearly one-fifth of a mile in width. Externally, the view was not advantageous. It was too near St. Peter's and like an Irish friend's house, "the best view of the front could be obtained at the rear." The building was the product of the zeal for architectural grandeur of many Popes. It was 1300 years in process of completion, and, doubtless, the work would go on for many years to come. Happily, access to the Vatican was free to all Protestant and Catholic alike. The first department described was the Library. It was 200 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 30 high, with a corridor in front of 1200 feet length. A casual observer passing through would see no books. They were carefully cased from sight, but the guide exhibited them, and the first volume seen was a Greek copy of the Bible written in the year 350 A.D., the oldest copy of the New Testament in the world. The reverend lecturer said he could not adequately express his emotions at sight of this venerable parchment on which the word of God was written 1500 years ago, almost identically word for word as it now appeared. Prof. Scrimger proceeded to describe the other scenes of the Vatican, closing with the magnificent view of all, the interior of the Sistine Chapel, the grandest product of the genius of the greatest painter who ever used a brush—Michael Angelo. The frescoed altar in this chapel was the climax of Angelo's fame. "Whatever," concluded the lecturer, "one may think of the occurrence of the Vatican, or the future of the system of which he is the head, it is certain that he has collected around him incomparable treasures of art, which any man will be the better of seeing."

The Grand National Steeplechase was run at Liverpool yesterday, and was won by Mr. G. C. Wilson's Father O'Flynn, Cloister being second and Hex third. It is the greatest steeplechase of the English turf season.

A report by Lieut.-Col. Otter to the Malta Department at Ottawa, that has just been made public, shows that the Queen's Own Rifles was successful in winning the efficiency competition for the Gzowski Challenge Cup.

A Triumphant Venture.

In order to prove the superiority of their skill the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons, now permanently located at No. 171 Jarvis Street, Toronto, will, until further notice, treat all curable complaints for \$5.00 PER MONTH, and furnish medicines free of cost. A more liberal offer it would be difficult to make. No extra charge for anything; \$5.00 PER MONTH AND MEDICINES FREE.

These eminent doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity, and perform all surgical operations, viz: The removal of cancers, tumors, cataract, polyp, etc. All diseases of the eye, ear, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, and all female difficulties arising from whatever cause, all nervous prostrations, falling sickness, and diseases originating from impure blood, are treated with the greatest success.

Catarrh, in all its various forms, cured by their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching tendency, to which every person suffering from catarrh is susceptible.

Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Invalids who cannot visit the eminent doctors in person can write, and be treated by mail, but at least one personal interview is preferable.

All correspondence should be addressed to Mr. John Murray, Manager, 271 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge St.—Rev. T. M. Campbell, Pastor. Services at 11 A.M., and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 8 P.M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. Newton Hill, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M., and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P.M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M., and 7.00 P.M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P.M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.—All seats free.

ST. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian), William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P.M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P.M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15.

ST. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A.M., and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

ST. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russell Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurence Pastor. Rev. Father, McCall, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P.M.

Search the Happy Homes of the County and You will find our Furniture

It's a well recognized fact that daily surroundings have much to do moulding of character. If the home be neatly furnished the chances are that the good man will come home early o' nights and that the children will grow up refined and gentle.

YOUR HOMES CAN BE FURNISHED CHEAPY nowadays compared with the outlay that would have been necessary a few years ago. Well-made Furniture was never cheaper in price than it is to-day—with us, at least.

WE WILL GIVE YOU A Handsome Parlor Suite for \$30, A Bed-room Suite for \$11,

A Sideboard for \$4.50, a Bureau for \$4, a Bedstead for \$2, or a Mattress and Springs for \$5. Common Chairs, Hall Furniture, etc., very low. We are making a special drive in Mattresses.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers, near the Market.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

Art in the household and beauty in the ordinary surroundings in life was the gospel propounded by the late Professor Ruskin and other elevators of the human mind, and to realize what progress has been made in this direction it is well worth while paying a visit to the magnificent show rooms of the old established furniture house of Messrs.

OWEN MCGARVEY & Son. 1849-1853 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL.

A walk through those spacious show rooms is a revelation; in fact they really amount in themselves to a Montreal Industrial exhibition in their line. Such must necessarily be the reflections of anyone who pays a visit to this firm's prominent establishment and makes a tour of inspection through their attractive warerooms.

Everything in the furniture line is to be found there, from a twenty-five cent chair to a fifteen hundred dollar bedroom set, and prices to suit everyone.

No one need despair; the millionaire can furnish his house from top to bottom with the finest and most costly, and his junior clerk can fill his little tenement with useful and pretty articles at prices to suit his more limited means.

On entering the well-known and extensive warerooms on Notre Dame street, the visitor is struck by the excellent display of

Sideboards, Dining Tables, Hall Stands, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Library Tables, Writing Desks, and Easy and Combination Chairs of all descriptions.

On reaching the second floor a beautiful assortment of PARLOR FURNITURE

meets the eye, such as 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 piece parlor suites. Odd piece suites, gilt chairs, corner chairs, ottomans, divans, tete-a-tetes, piano and foot-stools in plushes, brocatelles and silk damasks of all the newest and latest shades; also a full line of fancy centre, card and work-tables, statuette-stands, ladies writing desks, music stands and easels.

On the third floor a fine selection of Rocking, Easy and Reclining Chairs claims particular attention. The celebrated bent wood furniture imported from Vienna, Austria, and of which the Messrs. McGarvey make a specialty, also occupies a prominent position on this floor.

On the fourth floor bedroom sets in profusion are to be found from the cheap ash wood to the elegantly carved set valued at fifteen hundred dollars. Brass and iron furniture, of which they have just received a very large consignment from Birmingham, England, is an especially noticeable feature; handsome solid brass bedsteads and pretty cots for children from \$30 up to \$125—there they are of the newest designs; neat iron bedsteads as low as \$5, and rising to much higher figures, can also be found here. A great advantage in this house is that the price of every piece of furniture and article is marked in plain figures, but owing to the widening of Notre Dame street west, which will necessitate their removal next spring, they are now offering special inducements in the way of Discounts off the marked prices. The entire establishment is a model one, neatness and order prevailing everywhere; all available space is taken up to accommodate the enormous stock which they carry, and from which purchasers can select at their liberty. Their new passenger elevator will be found not only a great convenience, but also a luxury in its way to carry their customers to any of their six flats of show rooms.

The firmly established reputation of this well-known house is a sufficient guarantee that outside show is only the last thing aimed at, and that stability and good value for money are to be found in the old established firm of Messrs.

Owen McGarvey & Son. 1851 and 1853 Notre Dame Street, corner of McGill street.

ANC... Owing to t... more... Two... Of different notch... 100... Were plac made up... We offer... We ha Land Plas load and... W... PE... Wil... BOO... POST... LET... CIRC... Th be fou and a distri list. Lette neatly JO