

☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 97.

AUGUST, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

### St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

REV. C. H. MARSH, *Rector.*

REV. R. MCNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

THOS. WALTERS.  
ROBT. BRYANS. } *Churchwardens.*

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, WM. GRACE, C. D. BARR.

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	J. E. BILLINGSLEY
J. H. SOOTHEKRA,	J. A. PADDON,	R. PLAYFAIR,
G. H. M. BAKER,	M. H. SISSON,	E. C. ARMSTRONG,
L. KNIGHT,	J. M. KNOWLSON,	THOS. J. MURTAGH

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton,*

A. HOADLEY.

*Sunday Services.*—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m.

*Week Night service.*—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p. m.

*Holy Communion.*—First Sunday in month, after Morning Service.

*Baptism.*—Second Sunday in month, at 4 p.m.

*Young Men's Association* meets first Tuesday in each month at 8 p.m.

*C. E. T. S.,* last Monday in month in School Room, at 8 p.m.

*W.A.* meets the third Thursday in each month at 4 p. m.

*Gleaner's Union* meets the first Wednesday in each month.

News has lately been received from Hay River and Fort Simpson, McKenzie River Diocese. The missionaries are all in fairly good health and the work going quietly on, but reinforcements are badly needed.

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Marriages.

BISSETTE—POTTS—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 11th July, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Clofa Bisette, of Lindsay, to Ella Potts, of Haliburton.

#### Burials.

FEE—At Riverside cemetery, on 7th July, 1899, James Fee, in his 80th year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

The Rev. Dyson Hague, M. A., spent a week in Omemece early in July and preached at Christ church on Sunday, July 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Beall celebrated their golden wedding a few weeks ago. While congratulating them, we still wish them many years of happiness together.

The Orangemen of Omemece attended divine service in Christ church, on Sunday, July 9th, when the Rev. E. A. Langfeldt preached a helpful sermon to them.

God has again crowned the year with an abundant harvest which is fast being gathered in. We trust that thanksgiving in word and deed will go out to the gracious Giver in return.

The moonlight excursion by the Young Men's Association, on June 25th, to Fenelon Falls, was a very pleasant affair, over two hundred taking advantage of it. Many visited the garden party on the Rectory grounds at the Falls, and were entertained, for about an hour, by the ladies and friends of St. James' church. Many friendships were renewed, and the tempting refreshments were in great demand. After bidding good bye to our Fenelon friends, the sail home was delightful, and the young men found they were about \$10 in hand for their work of distributing Parish and Home in addition to a pleasant evening.

Extra copies of Parish and Home can be had at the book-stores at 5c. a copy.

On Sunday, July 16th, Mr. A. F. Barr took the duty at Bobcaygeon and Dunsford in the absence of the Rev. W. Creighton.

During his absence the Rev. R. McNamara took duty and preached at Mono Mills, St. George's church, Hamilton, and Trinity church, Toronto.

The Rev. Wm. Major, of Cannington, who has been in bad health for some time, is away for a couple of months rest; we trust he will return much benefited.

Still the G. T. R. sets at defiance public sentiment and caring apparently for neither God nor man keeps on running unnecessary freight trains through these Midland counties on Sundays.

Mr and Mrs. McInnes and family have removed to Toronto. The children especially will be much missed from the Sunday school. We wish them all every prosperity in their new home.

Rev. Maurice Goodheart, of Haliburton, was married to Miss Wright, daughter of Rev. T. A. Wright, of Brantford, in June and they are now settled at Haliburton. We wish them years of happy usefulness together.

Some 20 new subscribers have begun taking our Parish paper in 1899. We are thankful for growth, and would be glad still further to extend the usefulness of magazine. All can help by promptly paying the small subscription, and trying to get another subscriber.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." How much good can be done under God, by a word wisely or kindly spoken, and how much harm by a bitter or unholy and evil word. The tongue is a little member, but it needs careful watching and guiding.

A thief or thieves got in through a window into St. Paul's church one night in July and took the boxes in the porches, which were afterwards found in the basement broken open and what little money was in them taken. "Thou shalt not steal" is not yet a universally obeyed command, but few we think would care to rob churches.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have declared against the use of incense and also of certain displays of candles in the church of England. We trust our people will unite in maintaining the beautiful simplicity of the service of our beloved church. Loyal service of the heart, manifested by joyous and united worship of the lips, is what our church and our Saviour desire, rather than gaudy or unnecessary ceremonials.

The zeal of converts from Heathenism in spreading the Gospel of Christ is well illustrated in Uganda to day. The C. M. S. General Review of the year says: "Bishop Tucker last year visited Toro, the far west of the Uganda Protectorate. He found there twelve churches with accommodation for 3,000 worshippers; 2,000 were able or learning to read, 100 were communicants, and 45 supported by the natives themselves. The pioneers of this work had been native evangelists from Uganda. And speaking of these evangelists the Bishop says: "These men are living lives of such denial and devotion as almost to make one ashamed of the little one has given up in the same great cause."

Miss L. Touchburn has gone to Vancouver, B. C. She will be missed from St. Paul's.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth".

We are glad to learn from the Rev. R. J. Carson, of Havelock, who passed through Lindsay recently, that church work is progressing favorably there.

Many of our readers will be pleased to hear of the marriage of Miss Emma Lang (who with her mother were such active workers at St. Paul's) to the Hon. F. W. Aylmer, at Golden, B. C., and to wish them many years of happy wedded life.

A pleasant "At Home" was given at the residence of Dr. Allan on July 29, from 4 to 7 p. m., by Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Sylvester. The audience was not very large but a pleasant and interesting time was spent by those who were there, and a small sum raised for decorating the church.

Mr. James Fee was at church twice on Sunday, July 2nd, in apparent good health, and by July 9th he had been two days in his grave—Truly "In the midst of life we are in death"—and yet what more could the true believer desire, than Sunday in the House of Prayer here, and the next Sunday in the Paradise of God, with scarcely any pain in passing over.

The Sunday school excursion and outing to Pleasant Point on July 6th was a very enjoyable and pleasant affair. The day, after threatening rain, turned out all that could be desired, the trip on the water was very invigorating and the games etc., at the Point, most interesting. Thanks are especially due to Mr. Hay for allowing the use of this beautiful spot without cost.

The adult converts from Paganism, Heathenism or Mohammedanism, through the instrumentality of the C. M. S. last year, who were baptised, numbered 6,829, an average of 131 a week. Surely such results, considering how little comparatively is done, should make us thank God and push forward the work, until every creature shall at last hear the story of God's love for the world.

The conference held at Niagara-on-the-Lake last month was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were privileged to be present. The committee are to be congratulated on having chosen such an ideal spot. One of the most pleasing features of the convention was the spirit of unity and brotherliness manifested by professors and teachers of different denominations and schools of thought.

The income of the Church Missionary Society last year was £380,000 over \$1,800,000 being £55,000 more than the previous year, £60,000 more than the former year, and £100,000 more than in any previous years. No doubt this was partly due to its being the centenary year; still we have reason to thank God that his people are beginning to realize the great work there is to be done and rising to their opportunities.

We are pleased to see so many of our former worshippers at St. Paul's coming home occasionally. It was cheering to see Miss Stella Wallace and Miss Ethel Perkins in the choir, and in the congregation teachers as Miss Holtorf, Miss Carter, Miss Dyer and Miss Cameron back for the holidays. Many others have been here for a shorter or longer time and we always cheer when we see them in their former places in the House of God.

# Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 9

## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

- 6—10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xii.; Rom. vi. *Evening*—1 Kings xiii. or xvii.; Mat. xix. 27, xx. 17.
- 13—11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xviii.; Rom. xi. to 25. *Evening*—1 Kings xix. or xli.; Mat. xxii. 13.
- 20—12th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xxii. to 41; 1 Cor. i. to 26. *Evening*—2 Kings ii. to 16, or iv. 8 to 38; Mat. xxvi. 57.
- 21—St. Bartholomew, A. & M. *Morning*—Gen. xxviii. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. iv. 18, and v. *Evening*—Deut. xviii. 15; Mat. xxii.
- 27—13th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings v.; 1 Cor. vii. 25. *Evening*—2 Kings vi. to 24, or vii.; Mark ii. to 23.

## THE HARVEST OF THE HAY.

The meadows, sacred until now,  
That none might through them pass  
Destroying with their ruthless tread  
The tender growing grass,  
Now vocal made with herd and bird,  
Sweet summer sounds, so gay,  
Are free to us, for now returns  
The harvest of the hay.

How beautiful the early dawn!  
How sweet the dewy eve!  
Not famed Arabia's mountains wild  
Can lovelier odours give.  
The country smiles with fields of grain,  
But not so fragrant they  
As meadows yielding up their store—  
The harvest of the hay.

With what delight the children press  
Into the open fields!  
What infinite delight an hour  
Of recreation yields!  
Exceeding far all other sports  
Which happy children play  
Is healthful pastime, when returns  
The harvest of the hay.

How kind is heaven—the spring-time  
past—  
To yield another joy,  
And, where the fragrant meads abound,  
To give so sweet employ;  
Now through the fields, no longer barred,  
Delighted we can stray,  
Right glad to see once more returned  
The harvest of the hay.

—Albert Millane.

'Tis said that July and August are the hardest months in which to be religious or to follow God. Perhaps this is true in Canada, for they are the hottest months, and yet how much we have at this season of the year to make us realize the goodness and mercy of God. Many get away from our towns and cities for a holiday, and surely they should

thank God, who gives them the change to river, or lake, or seaside. As they enjoy the pleasures of His hand they should love and glorify the Giver. Few things seem meaner or more despicable than for a professed Christian to ignore the claims of his Master at the very time when he is enjoying rest and recuperation among the wonders of his handiwork.

Again, to the many living in village or country, the gathering in of hay and harvest bespeak the bounty and goodness of God, and a thousand things should tend to make us thankful. Let "the fool say in his heart there is no God"; let the worldly forget Him if he is determined so to do; but let every disciple say "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom."

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NAPOLEON is reported to have said that the army which remains in its trenches is already beaten. A young Christian is not always to remain on the defensive. The one who does so has almost a harder battle to fight than is expected of him, and is inviting defeat. How poor a soldier is he who merely uses his left arm and shield, and leaves his right hand and sword idle at his side. The young or the older Christian warrior must not only defend himself with patience and faith when attacked by his enemies, but must also rain blows upon those enemies with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and take them prisoner for Him. He must in the name of God be aggressive, and not merely defensive.

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IN every parish there are what might be called positive and negative Christians. The latter class

are generally in the majority. They are of that number who can see the fault in any plan devised, can see the error in any individual's method of working, and are always ready to cry "Wolf, wolf" upon the slightest alarm. They are pessimistic, their strength is criticism, and their motto is "Don't." The positive Christians on the other hand are those who, when a difficulty arises, are ready with a plan for overcoming it, are willing to render any help they can to carrying out any plan which may be deemed advisable; they give their time and thought to promoting all the interests of their parish—they are the workers. They are hopeful, their strength is work, and their motto is "Do." Reader, which are you?

## THE WISE MAN'S EYES.

The wise man's eyes are in his head.—Ecc. ii. 14.

Where should a man's eyes be but in his head? There is no other place for them. The meaning is deeper.

In warfare a good deal depends upon the man behind the gun, so when I confront a human being I like to see a man behind the eye. This I do not always find.

1. A wise man looks upwards to God. God is a spirit and no man hath seen him at any time, yet the only begotten Son hath declared, displayed him to the delight of all who find him.

2. The wise man looks downwards to his footsteps. He ponders the path of his feet; he walks with care, for snares and enemies abound, "yet by wisdom he knoweth how to go to the city," which the foolish knoweth not.—Ecc. x. 15.

3. The wise man looketh inward. It is a sorry study, a fortress where treachery lurks, springs that are foul, thoughts that are hateful. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, and murders." "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

4. The wise man looketh outward upon the world. The world of

men. How many are crippled by disease, eyes dimmed by sensuality, intellects without power, hearts without hope. A place of work and woe, feet taking hold of despair.

"And I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done."—Ecc. viii. 10.

5. The wise man looks backward upon time. What is time? Time is a porch, it is introductory, it leads to something more. Time is a limited space, it is given that men may repent. Time is a childhood, with its toys, its vanities, and its tears. Time is seed-sowing, with its cold, and toil, and patience, and disappointment. Time is for testing, and trial, and training. 'Tis not a place to live in, but to die in, and to leave. Yet its lessons are priceless.

"O everlasting Father, God!  
Sun after sun went down, and trod  
Race after race the green earth's sod,  
Till generations seemed to be  
But dead waves of an endless sea,  
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.  
But Thou hast come! and now we know  
Each wave hath an eternal flow,  
Each leaf a life-time after snow."

6. The wise man looks forward to eternity. A place where all are awake, no dreams, no delusions, castles in the air all down, refuges of lies all burnt up, nothing left but character and memory and reward.

The wicked hath this lasting in junction laid upon them. "Son remember." Oh to read the book of memory and reflect.

The righteous shall rest in Abraham's bosom. How welcome the repose, the reward, the revelation. Then will the bud burst into bloom. Oh the fragrance, the beauty and the song!

I count the hours, the days, the years,  
That stretch in tedious line,  
Until, O Life, that hour appears,  
When at Thy touch divine  
Whatever is mortal now in me  
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,  
And deathless life be mine.  
And since Thy Spirit sheds abroad  
The oil of grace in me,  
And Thou art inly near me, Lord,  
And I am lost in Thee,  
So shines in me the living light  
And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,  
To greet Thee joyfully."

H. T. MILLER.

### A TRUE EDUCATION.

Education comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth and fit them for usefulness in their future stations. Education in manners, arts and science is important; a religious education is indispensable.

In coming in contact with many parents who claim to have the welfare of their children at heart, and wish to give them a good education, we find that their main object is to give them such an education as will lead to "advancement in life." They never think of the true education which leads to eternal life, and is so essential to earthly happiness, and which may be easily acquired if one sets about it in the right way. But wealth, position, or fame seems to be the goal for which many are striving.

True education, especially of manners, depends greatly upon the society in which we mingle; but are we always capable of making a proper choice of friends? Granting we were, how few are our opportunities! We cannot always associate with those whom we would, and by seeking to push ourselves into society we neglect many opportunities of educating ourselves by reading works of good authors.

If we wish to be the companions of nobles we must first make ourselves noble. If we wish to converse with the wise we must first learn to understand. Ambition must not be our sole aim, we must read our books because we love them and desire to be taught by them.

Education does not consist in the amount of reading we do, but the way in which we do it. He who reads a few pages "letter by letter" will obtain more knowledge than he who reads whole volumes carelessly. Accuracy in use of words and proper pronunciation are very essential points in one's education. A few well-chosen words will do more work than many taken at random.

Education teaches us to control our temper, to have a clear, cool judgment, and to have compassion

for all. It enables us to go to wise and great men in all difficulties. Physical education is also necessary to confirm our health and make us active and strong.

The education of girls and boys should be very much in the same course. Girls should be so educated as to enable them to understand and help the work of men; to sympathize with the feelings of their husbands and friends. All should be taught that "courage and truth are the pillars of the being."

An excellent means of educating ourselves is in travelling. Here, perhaps, the largest scope is given for our improvement. The observant traveller is constantly educating his tastes: his eye, his ear, his mind, in every phase. The daily occurrences of our own experiences will teach us important lessons, if properly considered, serving either as guides or warnings for our future life. We may say that our education is never finished in this life. We are daily receiving lessons in patience, resignation and perseverance.

A true education depends largely on oneself.

A TEACHER.

### FORE AND AFT.

Forward is written on the brow of youth. He passes from office boy to clerk, from clerk to cashier; then he becomes partner, and finally head of the firm. The man has seemingly moved forward all the time, but in reality, instead of making headway, he has made stern way, for he has travelled towards afterwards, that bay in which all must finally come to an anchor. Our face is turned aft, and not to the fore, for the drift of our life is to the a terwards. How humbling are the paradoxes of life!

"Bread of deceit is sweet to a man, but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

H. T. MILLER.

### AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

The Place of Pardon: Luke vii. 38 48.—"And stood at his feet behind him weeping and began to wash his feet with tears and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet and



anointed them with the ointment, and he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

The Place of Healing : Matt. xv. 30.—And great multitudes came unto him, having with them lame, blind, dumb and maimed, and many others and cast them down at Jesus' feet ; and he healed them.

#### FREDERICTON CATHEDRAL.

We give our readers in this issue a picture of Fredericton Cathedral. It is one of the finest church edifices in the Dominion, and quite the finest in the Maritime Provinces. It owes its erection solely to the untiring efforts of the late Dr. Medley, first Bishop of

removed. One very interesting event is related in connection with the building of the cathedral. When the foundation had been laid and the walls had reached a height of about ten feet above the ground, the whole work came suddenly to a stop. There was no money in hand to go on with it. The Bishop declared that the work must cease until sufficient funds had been secured to proceed with the building. On the very day that the step was taken to discontinue the work a letter was received from England, containing a large sum of money, several hundred pounds. It was an anonymous gift. Only three initials marked the donor. From that moment onward the work went on and did not cease until the building was finished. In the cathedral to day, close to the pulpit, cut deeply into a stone that marks the point where the work was stopped for want of means, are the three initial letters which came in the English letter. The Bishop never knew the name of the sender of this very generous and opportune financial help, nor did he wish to know before his death.

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

One of the quaintest customs observed is the locking of the gates. Every evening the Chief Warder, with an escort, goes to the Mayo's house to fetch the keys, after which there is a solemn procession to the outer gates, which are duly made fast and locked. Then the procession returns, and when it arrives at the guardroom, the guard, officers and all, turn out to salute the Queen's keys. The sentry challenges, and says :

"Who goes there?"

The Chief Warder, with his head uncovered, answers :

"The keys."

"Whose keys?" asks the sentry.

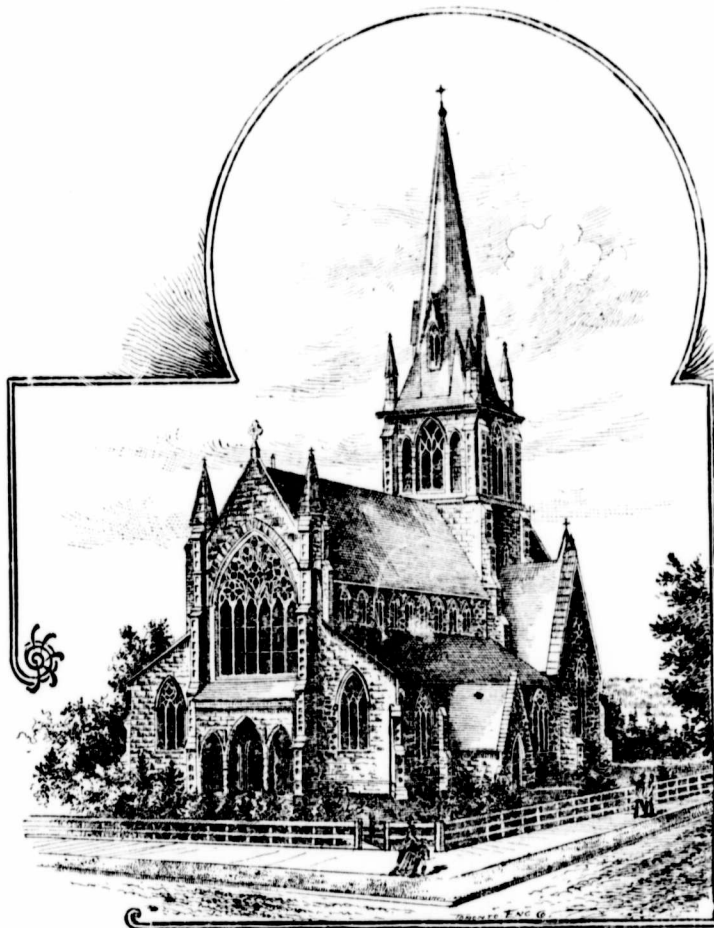
"Queen Victoria's keys," is the reply.

Upon which the guard presents arms, and the Yeoman Porter exclaims : "God save Queen Victoria!"

And the whole guard answers.

This ceremony has been gone through every night for the past eight hundred years and more.—

*Selected.*



FREDERICTON CATHEDRAL.

The Place of Thanksgiving : Luke xvii. 16 —And fell down on his face at his feet giving him thanks.

The Place of Rest : Luke viii. 36. —They found the man out of whom the devils were departed sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

Fredericton. It is said to be the only genuine cathedral in the Canadian Church, being extra-parochial and under the jurisdiction of a Dean and Chapter. It stands in the middle of a beautiful square in the city of Fredericton, overlooking the St. John River. Our picture shows a fence, but this has been

## THE LIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

Now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds: but the wind passeth and cleanseth them.—Job xxxvii. 21.

Fair Eden! Brightly shone thy light, its glorious dawn so near;  
When dancing sunbeams from thy skies descending bright and clear,  
Thy shaded paths and winding streams to fresh, new life were called—  
Spirits of darkness from thy groves retreating shrank appalled.  
Reflected heaven, here on earth met man's first wond'ring gaze,  
Created at His word, whom earth and heaven alike obeys,  
Oh, blessed entrance into life! oh, blest life to see!  
Sweet innocence surrounding all with heav'n-born liberty!  
A glimpse of life—a glimpse of light so swift dispelling gloom;  
And man, created over all, first seals Creation's doom.

A shadow creeps along those glades—dark harbinger of woe;  
The serpent rears his quivering head—the light—its glories go.  
Dark, dark those days! Sad, sad man's path; his weary course pursued  
Scant joys holds forth, scant peace attends, scant hope of life renewed.  
He plods his way thro' sin and strife in darkness and despair.  
Each day brings forth few hopes—new fears; each hour increasing care.  
Alas, for brightness now dispelled! Alas, for joyous ease!  
The earth itself must share the curse; its thorns foreshow disease.  
'Tis darkness dire, with but one ray to pierce it from afar,  
One beam of light, one promise bright—the blessed Bethlehem Star.

The ages pass; the light grows clear. Its calm, life-giving glow  
Again from God's own presence comes upon His courts below.  
Again, if man will raise his eyes from earth's poor toil and strife,  
Is offered, free as that first gift, the precious God-given life.  
If men would look—it men would ask—the blessed Spirit's breath  
E'en now is ready to dispel those clouds presaging death.  
The tidings of great joy ring down thro' Calvary's sad gloom,  
And brightly seals the promise given the rending of that tomb.  
Again to men in darkness wrapt, again proclaim "Tis free!  
The life is there! The light is there! Lift up your eyes and SEE!"

R. A. ROBINSON.

## RECEIVING HOLY COMMUNION.

Why is it that so many confirmed persons habitually turn their backs upon "the Lord's table"? Is it right to do so? If there is anything in a life ugly enough to drive

the soul from Holy Communion, is it not also ugly enough to keep the soul out of Heaven? This is a widespread evil, and it may be a growing one. What idea has the person of Jesus who turns his back upon the table He has ordered spread for His children, and to which He so lovingly invites them to come and commune with Him and with each other?

A long and varied examination of these cases has shown that many, if not most of them, are caused by some hard feelings or misunderstandings between brethren. This certainly ought not to be. It should be a precious quarrel indeed that one had rather keep up and indulge in than to come with the rest of God's loved ones to His table and bow the humbled heart there seeking His forgiveness for the many wrongs we have done Him and His. It matters not what wrongs we have received, if we can forgive them we are affectionately bidden to the Lord's feast. Why should we not forgive them? What good does it do to carry them like millstones around the heart, making its chariot wheels drag, O so bitterly and heavily as we try to drive on in life? It does no good to a living soul to harbour hate, for such harbouring is the shutting of the eyes to the sunshine of God's love. If we are wronged—a bitter, deadly wrong—why, our place is to get as close to Him who died upon the cross as we possibly can, and with Him rejoice in praying for God's forgiveness on the misguided sinner, rather than to harbour bitterness against him. Again we should consider what effect it has on the people who know us to see us refuse the Lord's invitation to His Feast of Love. It surely do's take the edge of the non-communer's sword away. No one can systematically refuse to partake of Holy Communion and be a strong and successful worker for God. The very act seems to say to the outside world: "You and God are not on good terms; you refuse to accept His invitation." To decline to accept an invitation to a feast has ever been taken as a token of disrespect, unless there were reasons so clear and good that they could be explained. And so the world about us surely

takes note of the apparent estrangement between the non communing Christian and Jesus, who says, "Do this in remembrance of me." It is a matter of deep concern to be thus placed in the world before men and in the Church before God. It is too important to be left to work its certain harm.—*Southern Churchman.*

## A SONG FOR THE HARVEST.

Now sing me a song for the harvest,  
Thanksgiving and honour and praise  
For all that the bountiful Giver  
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,  
For fruits of the garden and field,  
For gold which the mine and the furrow  
To delter and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,  
For that which the hands cannot hold,  
The harvest eyes only can gather,  
And only our hearts can enfold.

O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,  
The Giver who gladdens our days,  
Our hearts are for ever repeating  
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.  
—Selected.

## LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

That was a touching story told by Mr. Disraeli when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow, and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered: "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love is stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the wide world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband, and the lover his sweet-heart, though death in a thousand forms lie concealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.—Selected.

## TO CARELESS MOTHERS.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"Where is thy flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?"—*Jer. xiii., 20.*

## The prattling little children

That cling around thy knee,  
So innocent, so free from guile,  
So happy in their mother's smile,  
What are they going to be?

Ah! little minds are quick to note,

And little eyes to see;  
What love of God or man, what awe,  
What gracious reverence for His law  
Have they e'er seen in thee?

And little ones are quick to learn,

And ready, too, to pray;  
This hast thou taught them at thy knee,  
Both morn and eve where they should be,  
Their lisping prayers to say?

Hast thine own speech been chaste and pure,

Meet for a Christian child?  
Hast thou taught boys and girls to hate  
All evil words and fierce debate,  
All that is coarse or wild?

Oh, mother, Christian mother, hear

If thou refuse to see,  
Go! give thee little souls to train  
For Him—for endless joy or pain,  
What will the issue be?

How wilt thou bear to hear Him say—

(How wilt thou bide that shock?)  
"Where are the souls I claimed as mine?  
Where is the flock that once was thine?  
Where is thy beautiful flock?"  
—*Exchange.*

## KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

"Kept by the power of God."—*I Peter i. 5.*

Probably few passages in the New Testament are more familiar than the above, but we are so conscious of our own weakness, and prone to look to ourselves, that we cannot be too often reminded that the power is not ours, but God's. The meaning of the word "kept" might be rendered "garrisoned," or guarded as by a company of soldiers inhabiting the "keep," as a fortress used to be called in parts of Scotland. We find in Col. i. 27, "Christ in you, the hope of glory," and in *I Cor. i. 24*, we are told "Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Therefore, to have Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith is to have all power and all wisdom, and also "He is our peace." Have we, then, opened every chamber of the heart for Him to abide in, or are there some from which He is shut out, and of which we are seeking to hold the

key in our own hands? If we are not enjoying the blessing that these statements should give us, this must be so, or else we are not simply taking God at His word, and allowing Christ to be all this to us.  
—*The Faithful Witness.*

## THE REST DAY.

By the *REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.*, Author of "Martin Bells" etc.

"The Sabbath was made for man."

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

Crown of all our week and glory  
Of the better days that start  
From an open Tom, the story  
Written on each Christian heart!  
Sunday, sweetest trust and treasure  
For these English homes and hands,  
Thou hast given their grace and measure  
To our grandest lives and lands;  
Thou, the pledge in all thy pureness  
Of that freedom, which is breath  
Unto every soul's secureness,  
Over sin and over death.

We will wall thee round with praying,

We will rampart thee with love,  
Light, that leadest earth from straying  
Back to blessed springs above!  
We will guard thee, dearest jewel,  
Blazing on the brow of Time,  
Though the breast of man be cruel,  
And forgets the heavenly chime:  
We will keep thee all unspotted  
Still, while systems break or bend,  
Working out Thy way allotted  
To the predetermined end.

Day of promise, day of blessing,

Which we never idly seek,  
Where the toilers find redressing  
From the burdens of the week.  
Other days but draw their splendour  
From the brightness that thou art,  
And we die if we surrender  
To the world thy precious part.  
If we slight the mercies given  
By our Risen Saviour sealed,  
Ours will be a lite unshriven  
And unhallowed and unhealed.

England's future, England's present,

Build on thee, our spirit's balm;  
And each hour is made more pleasant  
By the witness to that calm!  
Faith, if e'er it droops and dwindles,  
Or we murmur as we mount  
Upward, then, from these rekindles  
Light at the one central fount.  
Love, that in the silence sorrows  
Ere the morning wake and shine,  
Takes from the thee hope it borrows  
In a simple rest Divine.

Source of greatness, thou the charter

Of a fairer earth and sky,  
Signed by blood of many a martyr—  
Thou art more than liberty.  
From the passion and the peril  
Foaming round us, yet we flee  
Out of strife and pastime sterile,  
To a happier peace in thee.  
Forms will go, and fancies crumble  
At the first ungentle shock:

But we cannot stray or stumble,  
When we anchor on thy Rock.

We will fence thee with our praises,

We will keep thy honour clean  
From the dust that wrath upraises—  
For on thee foundations lean.  
We will hold thy statutes dearer  
Than the life itself and all,  
Till their mandate rings out clearer,  
Like our God's own trumpet call.  
For thou art the very token  
Of the one eternal Truth,  
Death forever bound and broken,  
Whence the world renews its youth.  
—*Guard Your Sundays.*

## "HE IS ABLE."

Heb. vi. 25.

It is a blessed thing to realize our own weakness and helplessness if it causes us to lean upon Him who is able. "Able to save to the uttermost," "Able to keep from falling," *Jude 21*; "Able to succour them that are tempted," *Heb. ii. 18*; "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," *Eph. iii. 20*. These are but a few texts, but we would commend them to a careful study by our readers, and see if they do not cover all possible circumstances or positions in which the believer may find himself. It is because He is able that He makes a way of escape with every trial that we "may be able to bear with it." *I Cor. x. 13.*—*The Faithful Witness.*

## PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send the darkness

If He thought you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to His guiding hand

If the way were always bright;  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish

For your sorrowing heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn crown  
For your tired head to wear;  
He knows how few would reach heaven  
at all

If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,

And the furnace of sevenfold heat;  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to His feet,  
For 'tis always so easy to wander  
When our lives are not glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,

And sing, if you can, as you go,  
Your song may cheer some one behind you  
Whose courage is sinking low;  
And, well, if your lips do quiver,  
God will love you better so.

## Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44-46 Richmond Street, Toronto.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.			
10 copies, for one year, to one address,	\$	3.50	
20 " " " " " "	"	6.00	
40 " " " " " "	"	11.50	
50 " " " " " "	"	13.00	
100 " " " " " "	"	25.00	

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.  
44-46 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

### "MY MORNING PRAYER."

O God, to Thee this day belong,  
With all it holds in store.  
O God, to Thee do I belong,  
Now and forever more.

O Father, God, this day is Thine,  
And I belong to Thee,  
And yet the day is also mine ;  
For Thou hast given it to me.

Let every moment of this day  
Speak to me of Thy love,  
Let every passing moment bring  
A message from above.

Oh ! may I every moment live,  
As Thou dost me command ;  
Oh ! may I see Thee lighting me,  
Unto that better land.

Unto that better land of peace,  
Where I my Lord shall see ;  
And seeing Him just as He is,  
I like Him, too, shall be.

—Selected.

### SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

By the REV. J. ROOKER, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Beckenham.

It is early spring. The village is dressed in its brightest, freshest colours. Against the dark background of pines, on which our eyes have rested during the winter, stands the delicate green of the budding larches. The hedges are thick with leaves. The banks are dotted with primroses. A new life has come to our world.

At the top of the hill where the wood is thickest the village stands, like a wedge driven up into the pines. The picturesque cottages, with their red tilings and porches covered with creepers, make another of the effective contrasts that artist loves. Each cottage has its garden, and there is not one

where the garden is neglected. A blaze of colour greets the eye.

A veritable Paradise the village looks, as scores of other English villages look, on this bright sunny morning.

But a special quietness is resting on the village. It is the Sunday stillness. Perhaps it may be the echo of the stillness in our hearts, but not altogether. There is no tramp of horses going out to the fields ; no rumbling of carts. The forge is shut. The two—the only—shops are closed. Where you hear on week-days the rattle of wheels and the ring of iron, to-day all is still. The cuckoo is calling, and the lark is singing ; the sounds are nature's and not man's.

Stroll down the street towards the open moor. You pass the children moving on to their Sunday-school, and even on them there is the Sabbath stillness. Perhaps the best frock and Sunday suit subdue them somewhat ; but plainly their behaviour is not that of the weekday. Now and then a villager passes you—a cowman, maybe, returning from the farmyard—but mostly the men are in the house or garden. The village opens out, and across the short moor is church and parsonage.

What a peaceful scene. How restful to tired body and weary brain ! Best Day of God ! The spirit and the scene and the day agree in one.

Now, my friend, I hope you go to the village church, whose bell is beginning to sound. You may have very broad ideas about church-going, and you may consider that you get as much good for your soul by wandering on the hills in solitary communion. I don't discuss that ; but I ask you to remember that our friend Giles, the cowman, has not your education, and that if he wandered over the hills on a Sunday morning he would not be likely to worship God, but would probably be speculating on the quality of the hay crop in the meadows, or on the piece of fern he means to choose for his rick. As an example, then, to him I beg of you to go to church.

Already the common is dotted with villagers on their way to the church, and behind them come the school children with their teachers.

Not a few men are coming as well, for the Squire and the leading people set a regular example of church-going, and the villagers follow it.

In the church all gather, and there in a simple service all join. Make no mistake, my friend, the people love a service *in which they can join*. Now and again they feel a pride in hearing the choir "do an anthem" ; but they like to have a service in which they themselves *take a part*. Giles like to sing himself. Moreover, Giles likes a plain sermon ; something like the plain teaching of God's own Word, which tells him how to live in the week, and bring God and divine things into his home. And it is the one opportunity he gets. He wants something to help him in his work—to keep him straight—and to cheer him up. And Giles will come to hear such sermons as do this.

He goes back to his cottage for his Sunday dinner, the event of the week, with his family around him. There he freely expresses his views on church, parson, schools, sermons and everything else. Then after dinner he may take a nap—he may take a stroll—he may have a read at one of his books or magazines—or he may look round his garden, and also his neighbour's. After tea the children repeat what they have learned at school—a hymn perhaps is sung—or they read a bit aloud. And then Giles goes again to church, or the wife goes, while Giles looks after the baby.

The day is soon done. After evening service it is time for bed. Half-past four in the morning is Giles' hour for rising, and he wants his sleep before then ; so the Sunday closes at eight or half past.

*What has it done for Giles ?*

He has had a day of rest for his body. That is one thing, and most important.

He has also been reminded that there is something besides his body for which he must take thought. He has been reminded that this life is not to last for ever, and that the main thing is to make life here the road home to heaven. This also is most important.

And so into the simple heart of the countryman comes on "the Day most calm, most bright," a reminder of those unseen things which are



eternal, and for which alone life is really worth the living. God's Love, the Cross of Jesus, the power of the Spirit, become real truths to the country mind, and fit themselves on to daily life, with all its trials, sins, temptations, and sorrows.

And there is this effect upon Giles—that throughout the week there is in his daily work a sense of something belonging to God. There is a reminder of something we owe to Him. Duty is not a thing merely for the master but for God. Giles is taught—and who shall say he does not take the lesson in?—that "none of us liveth to himself."

As he goes out to the fields and walks round the farm, and fodders the cattle and sees to the milking, who shall say he is the worse man because he realizes that all this work is done in the sight of God? I venture to say that the steady, God fearing, church going cowman is the servant every squire likes to get—and to keep.

And now, if anyone questions what I have said, let me ask the questioner, "What will you give Giles in exchange for his Sunday?" You smile it may be at his simple ways and simple thoughts. Well, what better will you offer?

*"A broadened view of Sunday!"*

How sick one gets of that cant phrase—"a broader view." Everything that lifts us nearer God is broadening; but that which separates us is broadening of another kind—not broadening of mind, but broadening of distance.

Will Giles be better for a Sunday where there is no difference between it and another day? Where the shops are open, and he goes to his garden all day—and the ale-house is tempting him at all hours—and village games are noisy, and the villagers are quarrelsome? Is he the better for a Sunday without its settled plan of rest—or settled hours of worship? Is he better for putting away all thoughts of God and Christ and heaven and duty? Is he happier for forgetting that he has a Friend in the sky, and a home which the Friend is preparing for him?

Out upon it all! Giles doesn't believe in your "broadened view" of Sunday. He is too wise, though he may be slow. "Hold fast to

your Sunday," friend Giles, and don't give up God's Day, or God's house. Don't work yourself, or make others work through your selfishness.

And you, sir, with the "broadened view," beware how you introduce a Sunday which, under pretence of brightening the day, and giving more recreation (as if Giles wanted it!), only tends to lead the village away from God.—"*Guard Your Sundays.*"

#### "FOR ME!"

"I nothing seem to do," she said;

"I seem to waste my life.

I hear the moans of pains and dread,

I hear the sounds of strife.

I see the wounded fall behind,

And none their places fill.

When I rush forth with accents kind,

God always says, 'Stand still.'"

"You want, my child, something to do,

I give you just this thing:

For Me—Look glad the long day thro';

For Me—Smile oft and sing;

For Me—Take sunshine everywhere;

For Me—Soothe the tried hearts sad;

For Me—The lonely widow cheer;

For Me—Make orphans glad."

In lonely cot, or breezy down,

In quiet village street,

In busy, noisy factory town,

By murmuring waters sweet,

Is seen that glad and truthful face,

Is heard that sweet voice clear;

Her faithful footsteps leave their trace

In words and deeds of cheer.

—*Rosa Churchill, in the Home Friend.*

#### THE VULGAR GAMBLER AND THE CHRISTIAN CONDUCTOR.

Bishop Potter tells this striking story, from which he draws a pertinent lesson:

"I was travelling a few years ago in Southern Florida, and I encountered a gentleman who has gone out of the world now, and I cannot therefore pain anybody by speaking of him. He represented the great lottery system of Louisiana, a system which may be said to have held at that moment the Government of Louisiana in its iron grasp. He was a very important personage in his bearing. He had taken the only private saloon or stateroom on the car, and something in that saloon or stateroom gave him offence, and he summoned the coloured porter and addressed him in language which I hope never

to hear repeated, and then sent for the conductor. There was obviously no grievance in the case—the man had lost his temper, was irritable and unreasonable from last night's debauch, and if possible his language to this young man was more brutal and more insolent and unwarranted than to the coloured porter.

"I sat through it all, and may as well confess here that a sensation tingled at the tips of my fingers which was strictly unepiscopal, and which, if it could have found expression at the moment, would have landed me in eternal disgrace. This young man, who was a generous type of a Southerner, gave me his name when it was all over. When he told me who he was I recognized his old Virginia stock. It was just after the war, and he had to go to work for the first time in his life. This young man, this conductor, who through it all had illustrated the only gentlemanly speech and bearing I had witnessed, came to me and said, 'I beg your pardon, but you have seen what has happened?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and if you want to refer to me, have no hesitation about doing so. I want to congratulate you on the spirit you have shown, and thank you for an exhibition of good manners in the face of the boor who insulted you every time he spoke, and to felicitate you for the dignity with which you have borne this.' 'O Sir,' he said, 'when a man has come to learn how his Master controlled Himself, he ought to be ashamed not to be able to illustrate at least an equal control under less painful and trying circumstances.' I thought it was the finest testimony, gentlemen, to the power of the religion of Jesus Christ which I had ever been privileged to listen to, and I thought, too, if you will let me say so, it was a very noble and beautiful and, to me, a very rebuking, illustration of the way in which, by consistent Christian conduct, a man may always and everywhere, without any ostentatious profession, without any Pharisæism of speech, bear his witness to the power of that divine fellowship, the spell of that divine leadership, in which and under which he lives and serves!"

—*Parish Visitor.*

**"HOLD THOU ME UP."**

Hold Thou me up; I tread life's stormy sea;  
When high the billows, Lord, I cling to Thee;  
O'er all the deep I see no other thing;  
To Thee, to Thee alone, O Lord, I cling.

Hold Thou me up; for I am but a child,  
The sea is rough, the winds are very wild;  
O Thou who rulest over sea and land,  
Hold Thou me up, with Thy Almighty hand.

Hold Thou me up; my faith is very weak,  
And yet Thy side, O Lord, it bids me seek;  
Guide Thou my feet when dark the sinking wave,  
Thy hand alone, O Lord, is strong to save.

Hold Thou me up; when o'er the darkening deep  
The sun of life sinks slowly to its sleep,  
Take Thou my hand, and hold it, Saviour, fast;  
So shall I reach Thy loving breast at last.

—Selected.

**"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."**

At a summer resort, not long since, a clergyman and a lady sat on the piazza of the hotel. The lady's heart was heavily burdened, and she talked of her sorrows to the aged minister, who tried to lead her in her hour of need to the Great Comforter.

His efforts seemed to be in vain; the lady had heard all her life of the promise that if a tired soul casts its burdens on the Lord it will be sustained, no matter how heavy that burden may be, but she seemed to lack the faith to thus cast herself upon the Lord.

A half-hour afterward a severe thunderstorm came up in the west ern sky. With the first flash of lightning the mother jumped out of her chair and ran up and down the piazza, exclaiming: "Where is Freddie? Where is Freddie? He is so terribly frightened in a thunderstorm I don't know what he will do without me."

In a few moments afterward her boy came running up the walk, almost breathless, and his face plainly showing the great fear that was in his heart. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "I was so frightened, I ran just as fast as ever I could to get to you." The mother sat down and took the frightened child into

her arms. She allayed his fear and quieted him, until his head rested calmly on her loving heart.

The good minister stepped up gently, and putting his hand on the mother's shoulder, he whispered: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isa. lxvi. 13.

"I understand it now," she replied, as she looked up with tearful face. "I did not trust Him as my boy trusts me, but now I will throw myself into His arms as a little child, and remember His promise: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' I never felt the depth of divine love as shown in that promise before."

May we not all, as mothers, learn the meaning of this precious promise? We know how full our hearts are of love and sympathy for the little ones who come to us in their hour of trouble and fear, and how tenderly we gather them in our arms and comfort them with our words of love and cheer.

Is it not strange that with this sweet, practical demonstration of truth in our daily lives with our children we so often forget the precious promise, and try to struggle on alone with our burdens of sorrow and fear?

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." Isa. lxvi. 13.—Selected.

**THE ONLY ROAD TO VICTORY.**

A stingy Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear trumpet directed upward toward the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself: "I'll give \$10." Again he said, "I'll give \$15." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved and thought we would give \$50.

Now the boxes were passed. As they came along his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything.

"Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. This covetous-

ness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do?

The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment he took his pocketbook and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it: "Now squirm, old natur'!"

Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. Old natur' must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocketbook may, by and by, get the heart into the charity box, and then the cure is reached. All honour to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, besides pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature.—*Good Words.*

**IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?**

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That millions of beings to-day  
In the heathen darkness of China  
Are rapidly passing away?  
They have never heard the story  
Of the loving Lord who saves,  
And fourteen hundred every hour  
Are sinking to Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That in India's far-away land  
There are thousands of people pleading  
For the touch of the Saviour's hand?  
They are groping and trying to find him,  
And, although He is ready to save,  
Eight hundred precious souls each hour  
Sink to a Christless grave!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That Africa walks by night?  
That Christians at home deny them  
The blessed Gospel light?  
The cry goes up in the morning  
From a heart-broken race of slaves,  
And seven hundred every hour  
Sink into Christless graves!

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
Will ye pass by and say,  
"It is nothing, we cannot aid them?"  
You can give, or go, or pray.  
You can save your soul from blood-guiltiness:  
For in lands you never trod  
The heathen are dying every day,  
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?  
All over the world they wait for the light,  
And is it nothing to you?—Selected.

## DISCHARGED.

Preaching one Sunday in the New York Tombs Prison, while addressing some of the men who were there on short sentences, an official entered the corridor and called for "John Manning." A man rushed to the front, and the single word the officer uttered was "Discharged." The man made haste to escape from the gloomy prison without parley or delay. He was ready to go on the instant. He did not wait to bid men good-by; he was out, and glad to get out.

There are multitudes to whom there comes a message of deliverance and of freedom, who do not seem to appreciate its value, and do not make haste to accept and profit by it. The Gospel is a proclamation of tidings of liberty to men who sit in bondage, in darkness, and in the shadow of death. The Son of God came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," and the Lord is willing to discharge every prisoner. But how few there are who are willing to be discharged! Men hug their chains, delight in their fetters, cling to the bars and bolts that shut them in, are unwilling to part from their companions, and are not ready to be made free in Christ, and so made free indeed.

The Lord can free men who wish to be free, heal men who wish to be healed, and save men who wish to be saved. But the wish must be absolute, unconditional, and supreme. There must be no ifs ands, no halting or hesitations; and then when we are utterly and eternally given up to God He is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

## SAVED BY A LAMB.

A touching incident is related by the venerable Pastor Funke in his charming sketches of travel: "In the month of August, 1865, I was one of a party of tourists who set out to visit the Cathedral of Werden. When we arrived we found the door locked and we had to wait till it was opened. "When the sacristan's wife who was quite absorbed in weeding her little vegetable garden,

was at last induced to go for the great key, we had nothing to do but to examine the majestic architecture of the outside of the church. Looking up, we perceived, at the top of a high tower, the figure of a lamb, sculptured in stone. We were observing it with interest and surprise when our guide returned, bringing the large key. Her wrinkled face looked like a chronicle; and, hoping that she knew the history of her cathedral, we pointed to the sculptured lamb, and asked why it was placed at the top of the tower.

"We had touched a long familiar string. At once her interest and eloquence were awakened.

"Ah, gentlemen, you are looking at the lamb. Long years ago a tiler, occupied in repairing the roof, stood where that stone lamb now stands. Suddenly the rope which held the scaffolding broke and the man fell from that great height. Everyone who saw him fall expected only to find his corpse, for the church was surrounded by large, sharp stones, collected for the repairs. They were sure that the poor man would be dashed to pieces. What was their surprise when they saw him get up without even a scratch!

"A little lamb had been quietly nibbling the grass among the blocks of stone, and the man had fallen exactly upon it. The lamb had been crushed to death, but the man was saved. He never rested till he had employed a sculptor to make a stone lamb and place it where you see it now, in token of his gratitude."

"I was so much interested by this touching incident, and especially by its resemblance to Christ, the Lamb that was slain for us—the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

"I entered the Cathedral with the rest, and saw its paintings and its carvings, its rich decorations and magnificent monuments; but I felt utterly indifferent to them all. I could think of nothing but the tiler and the lamb; and, above all, of the Lamb who had given his life for me."—*Good Words*.

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
Aug. 6.—Ezek 36: 25-36.	Passages referred to in lesson.
" 13.—Ezek 37: 1-14.	Rev. 1: 9 to end.
" 29.—Ezek 47: 1-14.	Rom 6: 1-17.
" 27.—Ezra 1: 1-11.	Psa. 137: 1 to end.

## ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

1. "House of bread."
2. Joseph was sold into Egypt.
3. As the birthplace of our Lord.
4. Last clause of verse 19.
5. Three—King Saul, Saul, son of Rehoboth, and the great Apostle.
6. From Esau.
7. Edom.
8. Seventeen.
9. By making him a coat of many colours.
10. Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed bow down to thee?
11. On account of the treachery of Levi and Simeon (chap. xxxiv. 25).
12. In the Vale of Hebron (chap. xxxvii. 14).

## BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST

By REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, M.A.

1. Did Joseph find his brethren in Shechem?
2. When his brethren saw him what name did they give him?
3. What was their first intention?
4. Which of his brethren saved his life?
5. In saving his life, what was his object?
6. From whom were the Midianites descended?
7. Which of his brethren suggested the selling of him?
8. By what means did they deceive their father?
9. On arrival in Egypt to whom was Joseph sold?
10. Why did Potiphar promote Joseph?
11. How long, according to chronology of A.V., was Joseph in prison before the imprisonment of Chief Butler and Chief Baker?
12. How long, using same chronology, were they in prison before they had their dreams?



## LOST TOMMY.

"Come here, Tommy, you naughty boy! If you go running away like that I'll give you to a policeman."

The speaker was a girl of about fourteen, who broke off her conversation with a friend of her own age, to shout the above threat after her small brother, as he was starting on a voyage of discovery down the next street on his own account.

"Annie you shouldn't say that to Tommy; you'll frighten him for nothing; and you know it isn't true," said her companion reproachfully.

"Nonsense! It's the only way to make Tommy mind. He's terrified of a policeman. There, you see, he's coming back now," answered Annie, laughing.

"Teacher said on Sunday that we ought never to tell children what isn't true," argued Ruth.

"Teacher never had no little brothers to mind, or she'd know better," said Annie, lightly. "I could never do anything with Tommy if I didn't frighten him sometimes."

"I thought you were so fond of him."

"So I am, bless him! He knows I don't mean it," said Annie inconsequently. "We'll walk home with you, if you like. I'll show you a shop where the hats are perfectly sweet"

The two girls walked on slowly, discussing the fashions, while Tommy trotted on ahead, or lagged behind, as the fancy took him. He was a dear little fellow, four years old, with an inquisitive mind of his own; and when they turned presently into a crowded street, he found shop-windows and sights far more sweet to his taste than any number of hats.

Annie took it for granted that he would keep near her; Tommy had a firm faith that his Nan would not let him out of sight; and the result was what might have been expected. When he had watched the entrancing operation of taking blocks of ice from a cart into a fish-monger's, and had secured a nice cold fragment for himself, Tommy looked round, and could not see his sister.

Seized with sudden alarm, he took to his heels, and fled along the street. It was naughty of him to

have stayed behind, he knew; perhaps—dreadful thought!—Annie had really gone to fetch a policeman this time.

He ran till he could run no more, but he could see no sign of Annie. He wandered up and down, getting in every one's way, and being pushed and jostled about by busy people, and at last, in despair, he burst into tears, and went sobbing slowly along, realizing that he was really and truly lost.

"What's the matter, little man? Lost your way?" asked a kind voice some way above him.

Tommy looked up and saw a very tall policeman. He did not stop to see that this same policeman had a very kind face, but acting on Annie's teaching, he gave a shriek of terror, and fled across the road. The man's shout and start after him gave wings to poor Tommy's feet; he did not take in that they were meant for warning, as a heavy van came lumbering quickly by. The next minute there was another shriek, a fall, and poor little Tommy lay unconscious in the road with a broken leg.

Of course there was a crowd round him in a moment, which the policeman joined. A young man had picked up Tommy and carried him to the pavement.

"No one's fault. The child ran right under the horse's hoofs," he said; "a case for the hospital."

"I wish you'd call a cab and take him there," said the policeman. "I'm off duty and going home; I feel so dreadfully ill; I'm going to have that awful influenza, I believe."

So the good-natured clerk drove off with Tommy, and the policeman went home to forget all about the poor child as he lay in his own bed with agonies of headache.

Annie forgot him, too, till she had parted company with Ruth, and then she looked for Tommy, and looked in vain. It was her turn to be frightened now, as she hunted up and down calling to Tommy, and wondering how she dared go home without him. At last, as it grew dark, she was obliged to give up the search and make her way back, trusting as a last hope that the child might have got there before her.

Mrs. Green was a widow, who had lost two children already, and Tommy was the very apple of her eye. "How late you are, child. Where's Tommy?" she said, sharply, as Annie came slowly into their little room.

"Isn't he here?" faltered Annie, looking round.

"Here? Do you mean to say you've lost him?" cried Mrs. Green, springing up. "Annie, you bad girl, where's your brother?"

Poor Annie burst into tears and sobbed out that she did not know. Mrs. Green went almost wild with fright; she put on her bonnet and shawl, and hurried out to look for her child. But, of course, her search was fruitless, and she came back wringing her hands and crying. The other lodgers, who were all fond of the little yellow-haired lad, crowded round to give advice, and one sensible man started for the nearest police station to enquire if anything could be heard of him there.

Of course, news there was none. "But they say he may be at any of the other stations, and they'll send a description of him to them all, so don't take on so, Missis, he'll turn up fast enough. Boys is not so easy lost," said the good-natured man, comfortingly.

But Mrs. Green was not to be comforted. She was sure her boy was drowned, or that wicked men had carried him off to make a thief of him, and she wailed and lamented all night long, while poor Annie sought refuge on the floor below, afraid to face her mother.

A kind-faced, bright young lady was walking briskly through a neighbouring square next day, when she came upon her favourite Sunday-scholar, Annie Green. But was this Annie? This dejected, untidy, miserable wreck of a girl—the child who was always first to greet her in class with a happy smile?

"My dear Annie, what is the matter?" she asked, almost thinking she was addressing a stranger.

"Oh, teacher," cried Annie, bursting into tears of relief, "Tommy's lost, and mother won't speak to me!"

Poor Annie, she was indeed being punished for her carelessness.



No one had a kind word for her, and her mother bid her "get out of her sight." So she had wandered out to hide herself and her trouble for a while; and now she had found a friend at last to whom she could pour out her story.

"But, my dear child, I wouldn't give up hope yet. Some policeman is sure to have taken charge of Tommy, and you will have him back safe and sound," said Miss Grey, consolingly.

"Tommy would never let a policeman take him. He's frightened of them. I told him they'd put him in the black hole," sobbed Annie.

"Oh, Annie! how could you have been so unkind?" said her friend, gravely. "Now see what you have done. If you had told Tommy the truth, that a policeman would take care of him, you might have had him home again by now. When shall I ever teach you children that it is wrong to say what is not true even in fun?"

Still she hoped that a policeman might have taken charge of Tommy in spite of himself; so she comforted Annie as well as she could, and parted from her, promising to call in on her way home, and ask if there was any news of the child.

"We have two new cases since you were here last," said the nurse, as Miss Grey entered the ward of the Children's Hospital she visited every week. "This poor little fellow was brought here with a broken leg, and we can't find out anything about him except that his name is Tommy," and she paused by the side of a cot where a yellow head reposed on the pillow.

"Poor little man! Would he like some violets?" said Miss Grey, pityingly, as she held out some of the flowers she carried.

The child's eyes were bright with excitement, and he said, eagerly, "Thank you, teacher."

"Do you know the lady, Tommy?" asked the nurse.

"Yes; Annie's teacher," answered Tommy, shyly.

A light flashed on Miss Grey.

"Are you Tommy Green?" she cried.

Tommy nodded, and looked very proud of being known.

"I can't stay to-day, I must take a cab, and fetch his mother at

once," cried Miss Grey, thrusting her flowers into the nurse's hands. "They think he is lost, and his mother is nearly out of her mind with anxiety."

"He was run over yesterday, escaping from a policeman, according to his own story," explained the nurse.

"Yes, of course. His sister foolishly frightened him into believing the police would put him in prison," said Miss Grey. "Good-bye, Tommy! I am going to fetch mother," and she hurried out.

It is impossible to describe Mrs. Green's joy and relief at hearing her boy was safe and well-cared-for. His broken leg was a trifle compared to the horrors she had been imagining, and when she found that Miss Grey meant to send her back at once in the cab to see him, her tears choked her thanks, and Annie's friend found it a seasonable moment to put in a kind word for that poor child also.

Miss Grey's class always had a text given them on Sunday to repeat next week, and on the following Sunday, after speaking to them seriously about the cruelty of frightening poor little children with untrue threats, and pointing out that we can never tell what the end of an untruth may be, she gave them this text to learn:

"As a madman who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?"

As for Tommy, he enjoyed himself immensely in the hospital, and he so changed his views of life there that his greatest ambition in life now is to be a policeman when he grows up.—*Dawn of Day.*

#### ONE KIND OF A HERO.

"Dear me! If only I could get up and be like some of these men, if I could be a real hero!" Felix said it often to himself, as he read of great and good men, until his heart glowed with admiration. He was lying on a couch, this poor little boy, to whom had come very early in life a sad, sad injury. He lay there week after week and month after month; and soon it would be year after year, for there was no hope of his ever getting up from it in the health and strength which

blesses other boys. As he watched their play he felt it keenly, but without quite the pain which might have come with the thought that he never could do anything to be like the heroes he loved; for Felix had a brave little soul, and was more anxious to do something which he felt to be great than to seek for amusement.

He talked it out with his mother one day—all his admiration and his longing to follow the example of his favourite heroes. "I would do anything," he said, clasping his thin hands. "I would not care how I had to suffer, or what I had to give up. O mamma, it's ten times harder to lie still."

"Then, dear, if you have the harder thing to bear, and you bear it well, why are you not as great a hero as any one of your great men?"

The idea was so new, so great, and so astonishing that Felix could not take it all in at once. He did not reply, but lay gazing at his mother with large, thoughtful eyes.

"I mean it," she said. "If you have more to suffer, more to give up, why are you not, if you bear it patiently and give up without murmuring, more of a hero than those you read of?"

She went quietly away, leaving Felix to think out the wonderful thought by himself.—*Sidney Dayre.*

#### A GOOD JOKE.

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school-time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone. He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and had a fashion of reading his history lesson and rolling his eyes around to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on the slate one day and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing anyway. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato that he had cut into a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in the forehead and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang and we hadn't a chance to show it to anybody else; but Dick said: "We'll put it on a stick and pass it around at recess. Won't Tom be mad?"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said—and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while another idea struck him and he whispered it to me: "Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell all the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it; he sits nearest to him."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and, when he got a chance, dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other, for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it; for the minute recess came before we had a chance to tell anyone, Tom rushed up to us, with his face like a full sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my little sister, Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

And there he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of that joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads our-

selves just then, for we stood and stared for a minute, with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't —" began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

"We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested, sure enough. We put that potato where nobody ever saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first rate now; he's tip top when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandma how we came to get acquainted, though, and she laughed a little and said: "A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if we only took the trouble to be kind to them.—Selected.

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Mr and Mrs. Hopwood and family have returned to Toronto, after having been with us for a year or two in Lindsay, but as some years ago they were residents of our fair town and among the most regular worshippers at St. Paul's, many will miss them. We wish them abundant blessing in the city.

"What next? or The Centenary and After" is the title of a small booklet which we would earnestly recommend to our gleaners and other missionary readers and workers. It deals with the three-fold message of the Centenary Celebration—Thanksgiving, Humiliation and Advance. Looking back over the past one hundred years, we realize that we have had cause for thankfulness. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." (Ps. 126:3.) But while we heartily praise God for what He has done during the century just ended, yet, we cannot but humble ourselves as we think of that (and of how much it is), that has been left undone. Nor must we content ourselves with reviewing the past and neglect the future. It is earnestly to be desired that the good work of the centenary

movement be followed up by greater efforts in the future. If our thanksgiving and humiliation have been heart-felt and true, they will be followed by a united advance upon the citadel of heathenism and sin. This is the cry of the Centenary. Its message from God to His people now is the same as that of Israel's day: "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward." (Exod. 14:15.) We can all do something in this breast-work. True, every one is not qualified or so circumstanced that they can go as missionaries to far off lands, but all can either go, help go, or pray for those who go.

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	Envelopes	Loose	Total
July 2	13 30	9 77	23 07
9	23 55	9 82	33 37
16	17 37	7 07	24 44
23	17 35	11 41	28 76
30	21 15	8 77	29 92
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