



Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

NO. 42.

MARCH, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C.,
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

C. D. BARR, E. D. ORDE, A. TIMS,
T. J. MURTAGH, JAS. CORLEY, M. SISSON.
J. E. BILLINGSLEY, L. ARCHAMBAULT, J. JEWELL.

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 8 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.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

NEDDO.—Edward James, son of Louis and Annie Neddo, born 21st September, 1894, baptised 17th February, 1895.

Marriages.

BROWN—MAXWELL.—At Lindsay, on 6th Feb., 1895,

by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Finley Brown to Emma Maxwell, both of the Township of Eldon.

DAVIS—GALLON.—At the residence of the bride's father, Parkdale, on 20th Feb., 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William E. Davis, of the Toronto Street Railway, to Meta, youngest daughter of Mr. Jas. Gallon.

COOK—HEPBURN.—At the residence of the bride's father, on 20th Feb., 1895, by Rev. C. S. Smith, William Cook to Ida, daughter of W. Hepburn, both of the Township of Fenelon.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Bible Society distributed the word of God in twenty-four languages last year in Ontario alone.

The Rev. Wm. Farncomb, of Fenelon Falls, preached Mission Sermons at Cameron, Cambay and St. Paul's on Sunday, 17th.

Our readers will be sorry to hear that the Rev. T. R. O'Meara has been forced to give up his work for a month on account of ill health.

Mr. Wm. Hunter, student of Wycliffe College, took duty at Cameron and Cambay, and preached in St. Paul's, on Sunday, Feb. 24th.

Mr. H. Petter, who has been ill, has gone south for a short rest and to recuperate. He will be much missed, but we hope he may soon return much benefitted in health.

A lady living only a few miles from Lindsay gives the Sunday eggs for Missionary work. We are glad to hear that the hens lay almost better that day than any other.

The Bishop of the diocese expects to visit Lindsay, Cameron and Cambay, in July. We trust that many of our people who have not yet been confirmed are thinking and praying as to the duty and privilege of becoming full members of the church.

The C.E.T.S. meeting on Feb. 25th was very interesting. Several of the members of the executive, Messrs. Knight, Billingsley, H. Bell, G. H. Johnston and Archambault, gave short addresses. Mr. Petter also gave some helpful words, and there was a pleasing programme.

Lent is here—let us spend a little more time in the study of God's word, in prayer, private and public. Let us deny ourselves something for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Be more thoughtful for the needs of others, and we would suggest that those who have not been laying aside a definite proportion of their earnings, or income, for God's cause, would give at least a tenth during lent. If we really draw nigh to God in faith, prayer and obedience, He will through Christ give us a rich blessing.

The 26th anniversary of St. John's Church, Port Hope, was celebrated the second week in February by a social gathering of the congregation on Thursday, February 7th, and special services on Sunday the 10th, when the Rev Canon Mockridge, D.D., of Toronto, was the preacher. Archdeacon Allen, Judge Benson and Mr. John Smart gave some reminiscences of the beginnings of the church building. During the 26 years some \$28,000 have been spent on the church buildings, only a small debt remaining.

St. Paul's Church Collections February, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total.
3	\$32 05	\$ 9 55	\$41 60
10	11 50	8 69	20 19
17	19 25	10 70	29 95
24	12 50	8 61	21 11
	\$75 30	\$37 55	\$112 85

Will all worshippers of St. Paul's look at the record of our Sunday offerings. We need \$40 a week. When the average is less than that let us all try and give a few cents extra the following Sundays.

The concert that was postponed on Feb. 8th owing to the unusual severity of the weather, was held on Thursday, 14th, and though the original programme had to be somewhat altered owing to Mr. Petty's absence and others from previous engagements and sickness, the evening's entertainment was carried through with a brightness that was worthy of the appreciation that it brought forth. Miss Fox's class of singers, the "Sunflower," by a chorus of ten voices, and a march composed of 12 singers, elicited great enthusiasm. The platform was very beautifully decorated by the kind assistance of some ladies with drapery and plants. Mr. J. H. Knight very ably filled the chair. We hope to have another concert after Lent, when we trust the room will be crowded to the doors.

The Young Men's Association held their annual reception on Friday, 22nd ult., Mr. Sisson (the President) being chairman. After a short opening service, asking God's blessing upon the work of the society and the church, and a short address of welcome from the President, Mrs. Pilkie, Miss Leary, Mr. Lamont and Mr. Petty kindly sang, while Miss E. Dingle and Mr. Petter gave instrumentals. Miss Ella Twamley also recited, and about a hour was given to social intercourse, during which refreshments were served. The young men appreciated very much the kindness of those who gave the programme, as did also the audience, if we may judge from the rounds of applause that greeted many of the selections. Such

evenings we are sure do good and help to bind the congregation together, as well as being a welcome to new comers.

We are glad to hear that the Rev. F. J. Steen, of Berlin, who preached in St. Paul's in November last, is extending the church work. About four weeks ago he started a church service in Waterloo and already there is some talk of putting up a building for a Sunday school, and a new church is not very far distant.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house."—Is. 58: 6, 7.

The Rural Deanery of Durham met at St. John's Church rectory, Port Hope, on Feb. 7th and 8th. There were present the venerable Archdeacon of Peterborough, Rural Dean Creighton, the Rev. Rooney, of Perrytown, W. Allen, of Millbrook, McCann, of Omeme, Marsh and Smith, of Lindsay. It was decided to invite laymen from the various parishes to attend the next meeting, which will be held in Lindsay on May 16th and 17th. A portion of Greek Testament was read and commented upon, and an informal discussion upon church matters in the diocese took place.

The Orillia Packet says:—"Every number of Night and Day is interesting, because Dr. Barnardo's work goes on unceasingly, and the doors are never shut day or night. Yet there is no sameness in the recital of cases, but wonderful variations of misery in the objects taken in, who average eight every day. The Homes number eighty-two, and shelter, feed, clothe and train five thousand children. Dr. Barnardo must be a remarkable man, as the management of the multifarious work would seem beyond the powers of any one person. Though help comes from many quarters, the supply never equals the demand."

The Diocesan Board of the Women's Auxiliary held their semi-annual meeting in Lindsay on Tuesday, 12th Feb. Over 50 delegates from Toronto and the surrounding branches were present and seemed to enjoy their visit. Holy Communion was administered in the church at 10.30 a.m., with an address by Rev. W. Cooper, of Campbellford. At 2 p.m. the members re-assembled in the schoolhouse for a business meeting. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Diocesan President, Mrs. Williamson, the chair was taken by the Diocesan Secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings. After several short opening addresses, brief reports of the work done were given by the branches, followed by a beautiful address on "Women's Influence," by Mrs. Tilley, of London, Ont. Then came four short papers on the working of the Parochial Missionary Association, after which the meeting adjourned. An excellent tea was provided in the basement, which was partaken of by over 150. At 8 o'clock a public Missionary Meeting was held. The chair was taken by venerable Archdeacon Allen, who welcomed the visitors to Lindsay in a short address. The Rector also spoke a few words of welcome. Addresses were given by Rev. A. H. Wright, for many years a missionary in the diocese of Saskatchewan, and Rev. H. Symonds, of Ashburnham, whose sister is now working on the Blackfoot Reserve near Calgary, and who gave an account of his visit there last summer.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1895.

No. 52.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

LESSONS.

- 1 **1st Sunday in Lent (Ember Collect daily).** *Morning*—Gen. 19, v. 12 to v. 30; Mark 6 to v. 14. *Evening*—Gen. 22 to v. 28, or 23; Rom. 12.
- 10 **2nd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. 27 to v. 41; Mark 9, v. 30. *Evening*—Gen. 28 or 32; 1 Cor. 3.
- 17 **3rd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. 37; Mark 13, v. 14. *Evening*—Gen. 39 or 40; 1 Cor. 9.
- 24 **4th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. 42; Luke 1, v. 26 to v. 46. *Evening*—Gen. 43 or 45; 1 Cor. 14, v. 20.
- 25 **Annunciation of Virgin Mary.** *Morning*—Gen. 3 to v. 16; Luke 1, v. 46. *Evening*—Isaiah 52, v. 7 to v. 13; 1 Cor. 15 to v. 35.
- 31 **5th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exodus 3; Luke 5 to v. 17. *Evening*—Exodus 5 or 6, v. 14; 2 Cor. 4.

LOST AND FOUND.

THOUGH we long in sin-wrought blindness
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and all Thy kindness,
Willful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought and Thou hast found us.

Of from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves, ourselves disguise;
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll,
Death His signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul;
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star—and Thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm off gather round us;
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

—F. T. Palgrave.

LENT: ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.—It seems but a few weeks ago that we were celebrating the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and yet the season of Lent has already overtaken us. The events in our Lord's earthly life, commemorated by the church, pass by in very quick succession. In four or five months we review thirty-three years. From Epiphany to Ash Wednesday we pass over our Saviour's boyhood, and youth, and early manhood, and the season of Lent directs

our attention to those forty days of fasting in the wilderness, immediately after His baptism, when Jesus was expressly led up by the Holy Spirit to be tempted of the devil.

The observance of Lent is of very ancient, if not of primitive, institution. It very possibly originated in a fast of forty hours observed in very early times, and commemorative of the forty hours that the body of Christ lay in the tomb. Gradually it was expanded to forty days, in allusion to the forty days' fast of Christ, and possibly, too, of Moses and Elijah. In the early and mediæval church, Lent was very rigidly observed as a season of fasting, the severity of the discipline increasing towards Passion Week. The Sundays, of course, were not included. The day before Ash Wednesday, known as Shrove Tuesday, or Carnival day, was usually a time of the greatest revelry, feasting, and mirth-making, in anticipation of the abstinence about to follow. Lent brought with it, besides abstention from flesh and various other foods, a withdrawal, at least outwardly, from all the levity, gaiety, and common amusements of the world.

THE SEASON OF LENT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The forty days of Lent are carefully observed by the Church of England. They are ushered in by Ash Wednesday, for which day there is, besides collect, epistle, gospel, and proper psalms, a special form of service known as the *Commination, or denouncing of God's anger and judgments against sinners*. The collects, epistles, and gospels for each Sunday have special characteristics in keeping with the season, which is regarded as one of abstinence and repentance—of deep heart-searching, and much prayer to God for stronger faith and a holier life. The forty days are referred to in the tables at the beginning of the Prayer Book as *days of fasting or abstinence*. But, as far as abstinence from food is intended, there is no compulsion. The matter is quite voluntary, and left to the feelings of each individual. The church in no way prescribes any special manner of fasting or

abstaining, and there are no special episcopal instructions or charges issued every year, as in the Roman Church. This has never been done in the reformed Church of England. The principle of our fasting must always be that voluntary one laid down by Jesus Himself. In pointing out the forty days of Lent, and certain other days, the church simply suggests that these are the most appropriate times in the year for fasting on the part of those who desire habitually to abstain from food for religious reasons.

HOW DO PEOPLE SPEND LENT?—Does not Lent come to us who are churchmen living in the last days of the nineteenth century with some practical suggestions, or a fresh reminder of our Christian duties? Of course, in a sense, the season never goes unobserved. The world of society, at least, feels it. Instantaneously almost, at the arrival of Ash Wednesday, the social whirl ceases. There are few, if any, large parties, or balls, or entertainments of a purely secular nature. The theatre is neglected by many; merry-making on a large scale is no more; and all the energies and aspirations of society are pent up for forty days—to burst forth again on Easter Monday. This is done, too, in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ.

But to a serious Christian mind there must always be something painful in it. It has long been the object of ridicule in the world, and furnishes every year to the weary, well-nigh exhausted brains of the artists of our comic papers material for many humorous sketches. Ridiculous it certainly is, but it's too serious to be taken altogether as a joke. Is that all that the forty days of Lent brings us? Oh, no! a chorus of voices will reply. People not only abstain from social amusements but they fast. They deprive themselves of many delicacies, and even necessary articles of food. Congenial and pleasant habits, like smoking, for instance, they break off for the time. But to what end is this? As expressive of a sincere desire to banish the world for a time, and draw nearer to God, it is commendable whatever its fruits. But as constituting in itself a little

treasury of merit to cancel sin or recommend us to God, it must be severely condemned. Fasting, as an aid to holiness, has Scriptural sanction, fasting, as a merit in itself, is an absurd idea—as absurd as to think of scourging or the mutilations of one's body as a merit. And yet, in the minds of many church people to-day, fasting and merit seem to be indissolubly linked.

Finally, it will be said that people attend church oftener and more regularly in Lent than at other times. Here we reach higher ground. The Church of England, by more frequent and solemn services, and by many a solemn call from the pulpit, extends to its members every aid in making the whole period a time of earnest self-examination and communion with God. But here, too, we must be on our guard. As with fasting so with churchgoing, the mere act is apt to be taken as meritorious. People attend daily service often as a Lenten practice, and then count up the number of services as so much merit placed to their credit.

THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF LENT — If we take the trouble to examine the collects and epistles and gospels for Lent, we shall find that they have the nature of a personal appeal, and that they bring forward matters of very deep and serious import. The beautiful collect for Ash Wednesday strikes the keynote: "Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness." We do more than commemorate the forty days' fast of Jesus. That is the least part of it. We recall these forty days when Jesus, by the will of God, was subjected to the fiercest temptations of the devil, and withstood them. Starving in body, cut off from all human sympathy, alone in the wilderness, He was met by the devil at a time when human liability to temptation would be greatest. The propositions of Satan took every advantage of His apparently desperate condition, and yet Jesus was the victor. The material and the carnal had no power over him. Temporal advantage failed to seduce Him. He knew only one line of action—the will of God.

And so the appeal comes to us every Lent to gird up our loins and prepare to overcome the evil one as our Lord set us the example. We are reminded that life is no easy course. Evil meets us at every turn, Satan dogs our footsteps, and we are

being constantly vanquished. The material and the carnal, the temporal and the agreeable, triumph over the eternal, and we are the poor tools of Satan. It's a time for arousing ourselves and measuring our strength with the enemy. We are to let all distractions be cast aside, and all that has "sore let and hindered" us in the past. The time calls for a mighty effort, relying on Him who went through the struggle and was the victor. The church's hope is that we may so use the opportunities of the season that when it is past we may be found, not drifting hopelessly down the river of evil, but anchored firmly by faith to Jesus Christ; no longer vanquished by Satan, but conquerors through Him who loved us.

Other religious bodies have at intervals their religious revivals, but the observance of Lent furnishes us with an annual one—a time for shaking off easy-going ways and all that is conventional in religion, and, by withdrawing from worldly pursuits, grappling as mortal, perishing souls with the problem of our salvation, or renewing our strength in Him in whom are all our fresh springs.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE SEASON. — It is a fact borne out by experience that customs and practices generally observed, however meaningless and even foolish they may have grown in time, rest upon some truth, or fragment of truth, or point to some original good purpose which has long since been distorted or covered up. So it is with many of our Lenten practices to-day. Though but formally and mechanically followed by many, they really stand for eternal truth, and it is for us to unearth and emphasize the truth, and prevent the travesty upon it. The customary cessation from social functions and the round of winter gaiety during the forty days of Lent, as commonly practised, is certainly a mockery of religion. Unwillingly, regretfully, many withdraw. The heart is not in the act. It is wrung from them by custom or the imagined sanctity of Lent, as if it were another Sabbath ordained of God. If they dared, perhaps, they would not observe it at all, and this is called self-denial, and is viewed as meritorious. Nay, to some the greater the desire to disregard Lent the greater the virtue involved in observing it. And yet sin, we know, is not in the act, but in the heart, out of which the act proceeds. The man who would steal, if he dared, is a thief, and the man or woman who is held down to keep Lent doesn't keep it. Even

if the retirement were with a willing heart, it has no merit in itself. What, then, is the great truth lurking? It is this. Lent is a season specially observed for religious self-examination and spiritual refreshing—a time for drawing closer to God and drinking great draughts of His Spirit, so as to fan our spiritual life, ever prone to relax, into a fierce flame and strengthen every moral fibre. We surely need these times of periodic refreshing; and a total withdrawal from the world is the greatest help in the furtherance of these—nay, it is imperative. To draw near to God, we must not be distracted by social duties or much-coveted pleasures. We want unbroken communion with God. Let us therefore try to make this Lent such a time of spiritual refreshing; otherwise to live "quietly" for forty days is of very little account—a mere prudential act.

Again, under the custom of abstaining from foods and delicacies there may lie a very noble purpose. But it must be more than abstaining for its own sake. Simply to eat less is as foolish as to sleep less or to put on less, except it be for reasons of health, or to chastise a greedy appetite. The self-denial of it is at best insignificant. Otherwise the monks are right. The self-denial of Christ is a far nobler thing. It is always for a purpose. His self-sacrifice was for the salvation of sinful men. "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." And to be like Christ our self-denial must be to benefit another, or advance, in some way, His cause.

What an opportunity is given to us in Lent to work in His Spirit! Take the cause of missions alone. Would that our church people denied themselves vigorously every Lent—food, clothing, delicacies, privileges of all kinds—and gave their savings in money to the mission work of the church! What millions would flow into the coffers of missionary societies! How the work might be extended! There is an object for people to put before them—*fasting and self-denial in aid of the Gospel for those without it!* It would put an end to the miserable casuistry of fasting, and secure millions of dollars for the noblest of causes. It's not the bare necessities of living that cost. It's the many privileges, and treats, and delicacies that people allow themselves. One Lenten season of such fasting would make the usual contributions of the church for missions sink into utter insignificance. And surely those people who believe it impera-

tive to fast in Lent believe, above all others, in missions to the heathen. Let us all try it.—YES, IN CHRIST'S NAME, LET US TRY IT.

CHRIST AND THE SOUL.

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern duty wakes to watch,
Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

—George Macdonald, in *The Spectator*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

IV.

HENRY VENN.

HENRY VENN was one of the spiritual giants raised up by God in the eighteenth century to revive His work in England, and, through England, to influence the whole world. He was a member of a band of select spirits who, under God, at a time of great spiritual darkness, awakened the Church of England to her true vocation as a teacher of primitive Christianity, and reasserted those Evangelical principles which were so long forgotten and obscured, but which were rediscovered and reaffirmed at "the bright and blissful Reformation." This band of Evangelical clergy was composed of men who were independent of the Methodist movement, who worked altogether within the parochial lines of the Church of England. Benjamin Jenks began to publish his writings just when William the Third was ascending the throne, and he rested his hopes of a revival of spiritual life, as the Rev. Charles Hole has pointed out, on the reassertion of the great doctrine of justification by faith, for his own history had "burnt into him the conviction that the article of a standing or falling church was also (as it has been well put) the article of a standing or falling soul." One of the earliest of this band was William Grimshaw, who adopted Evangelical views before the influence of Wesley had been felt in England. William Romaine was at Oxford in Wesley's time, but there is no trace of the influence of the early

Methodists upon his opinions. The same is true of Walker of Truro, Adam of Wintonham, Richard Conyers, Berridge, Toplady, the hymn writer, John Newton, Joseph Milner of Hull, Robinson of Leicester, Thomas Scott, and Charles Simeon. These men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were led to adopt their church views, under the Holy Spirit's influence, by an independent study of the Bible. They soon saw that the same views are taught in the Prayer Book.

Henry Venn was descended from ancestors who were clergymen of the Church of England in an uninterrupted line from the time of the Reformation. Like the Bardsleys, the Bickersteths, the Moules, and, turning to Canada, the Baldwins, the Venn family has given to the church many able and devoted sons. And as Bishop Ryle has pointed out, while Whitefield, Wesley, and Berridge left no sons "to keep their name in remembrance," for more than a century there has never been wanting a minister bearing the honored name of Venn to preach the same doctrine which Henry Venn loved and proclaimed.

Henry Venn showed even in early youth the marks of a strong character. He was so active in all that he undertook, and showed such strength of mind, that Dr. Gloucester Ridley declared: "This boy will go up to Holborn, and either stop at Ely Place" (the episcopal residence of the Bishop of Ely in London), "or go on to Tyburn." He was educated at St. John's College, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. While at college he was considered one of the best cricketers in England. The week preceding his ordination he played in a match between Surrey and All England. He was on the winning side, but at the close of the match, to the astonishment of the spectators, he threw down his bat, saying: "Whoever wants a bat may take that, as I have no further occasion for it; I will never have it said of me, 'Well struck, parson!'"

Henry Venn's religious impressions may be traced to deep heart-searchings concerning prayer. He had been accustomed to say in a form of prayer: "That I may live to the glory of Thy name." "Do I live as I pray?" was the question brought home to him, and as he listened in the darkness to the tolling of the great bell of St. Mary's he meditated much upon death and judgment, heaven and hell. Law's "Serious Call" was his devotional manual, but he soon learned to look less to such helps, to find in the Word of God his

special light and his special food, and then he was able to say: "Henceforth I will call no man Master!" It was from the Scriptures that he learned to rely for justification upon the all-sufficient merits and the infinite mercies of the Redeemer. He saw that sinners are brought through the power of the Gospel into a new state of reconciliation to God, of adoption into His family, of grace and mercy.

Venn's first ministerial work was the curacy of Barton, near Cambridge. He next served St. Matthew's, Friday street, London, and Horsley, in Surrey. He then went to Clapham, and at the same time officiated during the week at three different London churches, St. Alban's, Work street; St. Swithin's, London street; and St. Antholin's, in which churches he held lectureships. But it was at Huddersfield that he did the best work, as men see it, for Christ and His church. Like McCheyne at Dundee, he changed, under God, the life of the place. He found it full of darkness, error, and unbelief, and he preached a Gospel which alone can dispel the gloom by the clear shining of the light. His influence was felt far and wide. A parishioner used to say that he found in the church a foretaste of heaven. "Never was a minister like our minister." The first impressions of this parishioner were gained from a week evening service. He found the church crowded with people—all silent, many weeping. The text was, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." The sermon was blessed to the conversion of many souls. The secret of his success is told by another parishioner. "Always at work, he took every method of instructing his people; he left nothing unturned." He showed what Dr. Chalmers has well called the aggressive side of the Church of England.

At the age of 47 he was threatened with that deadly enemy of our race, consumption. His health compelled him to take up another sphere of labor. He found in the little parish of Nelling, in Huntingdonshire, a "providential retreat." Venn soon proved here that even the smallest place may be made a centre of influence. His congregation only consisted of twenty or thirty people, but as Nelling is only a short distance from Cambridge his personality and his views were brought to bear upon many young men at the university. Visitors flocked to him for special counsel from every part of the country.

Henry Venn was a great preacher. We judge this, not from his few published

sermons, but from the wonderful results of his ministry. Whitefield, in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, said, "Venn is valiant for the truth, a son of thunder." Sir James Stephen says he was "a preacher at whose voice multitudes wept and trembled." He preached with great power. His manner was always marked by kindness. He had sometimes a stern look which made his hearers tremble, but it soon changed to a look of sweetness, and it was often noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. At Huddersfield, a club composed of Unitarians sent two of their number to hear the preacher, whose earnestness they often ridiculed. Their purpose was to secure something to say before their meetings which would cause laughter. But they were compelled to confess, "Surely God is in this place! There is no matter for laughter here!"

Henry Venn was great as a letter writer. Correspondence with friends and others held a different place in his day to the position it occupies in ours. Newspapers and religious journals, if there were any, were few and far between, and had a very limited circulation. If one wished to spread news, or to ventilate opinions, it was almost a necessity to write letters or pamphlets bearing upon the subject at heart.

His letters cover over five hundred pages of his son's memoir of his life. They are chiefly upon subjects connected with the development of the spiritual life. They cover such questions as the love of God, the use of affliction, the need of meditation and retirement, family prayers, divisions among Christians, assurance, holiness, prophecy, infant baptism, controversy, difficulties in religion, schism, fasting, missions, the study of Hebrew, and the mistakes of young ministers. The letters are written in an easy, readable style, and are full of sanctified common sense.

Henry Venn was a man of strong convictions. He knew what he believed, and he was ready to give an answer for the faith that was in him. He was a man of great singleness of aim. Like St. Paul he could say, "This one thing I do." He gave himself entirely to the ministry of the Word. He was a man of sound judgment, whose opinion carried weight whenever given. He was a man of large heart and truly catholic spirit. The poet Cowper said of him: "I have seen few men whom I could have loved more, had opportunity been given me to know him better." He was a light set in a dark

age, one whose life was powerful as an influence for good, and whose example remains as an inspiration to those who follow after. His character was a very beautiful one. As Sir James Stephen says: "There prevailed throughout the whole man a *sympathy* which enabled him to possess his soul in order, in energy, and in composure."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

THE SCRIPTURES CANNOT BE BROKEN.

UPON the Word I rest
Each pilgrim day;
This golden staff is best
For all the way.
What Jesus Christ hath spoken
Cannot be broken.

UPON the Word I rest.
So strong, so sure,
So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure!
The charter of salvation,
Faith's broad foundation.

UPON the Word I stand!
That cannot die!
Christ seals it in my hand;
He cannot lie!
The Word that faileth never,
Abideth ever.

CHORUS.

The Master hath said it! Rejoicing in this,
We ask not for sign or for token;
His Word is enough for our confident bliss,
"The scripture cannot be broken."

—F. R. Havergal.

"OF WHAT REGIMENT?"

I READ once this story of the first Napoleon, writes Doctor Carradine. His horse had become affrighted, and was dashing down the lines beyond the control of the rider, when suddenly a common soldier darted from the ranks, and, flinging himself on the horse's neck, caught the reins, checked the animal, and placed the bridle in the emperor's hand.

With a smile of appreciation, Napoleon said, "Thank you, captain."

As instantly did the soldier reply, "Of what regiment, sire?"

And the emperor's reply, as he swept on, was "The Old Guard."

What a wonderful appropriating faith the man had!

Would that the faith of this soldier in the word of a man might shame or inspire us into at least an equal faith in the Word of God!

"Thank you, captain!" "Of what regiment, sire?" is the lightning-like response of the soldier. And immediately, the story runs, he walked to the Old Guard, and took his position as an officer;

and, in reply to the indignant protest of the colonel as to what he did there, said, "I am a captain."

"Who said so?" was the colonel's inquiry.

And the triumphant rejoinder of the promoted soldier, as he pointed to the emperor, was, "*He* said so!"

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REWARD.

THE motive of reward holds a very prominent place in the ethics of Christianity. In the Bible we find many proofs that this power is used as an impetus to a noble life. That there is a reward for saintliness, for a self-sacrificing devotion to Jesus Christ, is very clear. "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is." These, and many similar texts, stamp this system, with all its consequences, upon the teaching of Christ.

Many objectors to Christianity have claimed that the principle of reward, applied as a motive to Christian activity, forms one of the weakest points in the whole system of Christian ethics. In the use of this incentive they say we make our appeal to that which is low and base in human nature; that it is an appeal to selfishness and what one might almost call an animal instinct, *i.e.*, self-preservation. A man is told to be good in order that he may escape certain harmful consequences which we know will follow if he still clings to the wicked life which he is leading. "You warn him," they say, "of the harm he is doing himself and others by a life of immorality, impurity, and vice, and then you cap it all by saying that such a life will lead him to a hereafter of misery and suffering of which we can form but the slightest conception—to a hell, with all that that word meaneth; whereas, on the other hand, if he accepts certain doctrines which you profess that Jesus taught, if he will conform his life to certain principles, then it will bring him at last to heaven, where the angels cease not, day and night, singing 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!'" In the face of these facts, it

is claimed that the man who tells us to be good for the sake of the good itself, to be honest for honesty's sake, to be pure for the sake of purity, is appealing to a motive far nobler, far loftier, far more elevating than that of the Christian. It is asserted that the heathen emperor of ancient Rome enunciated a principle far higher when he wrote: "What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not contented that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as though the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking?"

Now, the question is, How can we meet such objections? Is the hope of reward, after a certain manner of life, a low motive to appeal to? Are we, as Christians, merely using man's selfishness as an incentive to a Christlike life? The answer to such questions as these is found in that which constitutes the reward.

What is the Christian's reward? Surely it is not to be found in the thanks and good will which sometimes follows a service rendered. Poor and worthless would this reward prove in many a case. If this were all, many, no doubt, can recall service upon service for which no such recompense was given; service after service for which they have received but coldness and indifference. Nay, more than this; many a soul has had for kindness only harsh words; for deeds of service, sneers of hatred; for good things bestowed, the cutting rebuke which springs from an ungrateful heart.

Then, again, this reward is something more even than a future state of bliss and happiness, something which we are to receive when we have passed through the valley of the shadow of death. "The crown of righteousness" is the reward for a life of Christian service; but this was for the apostle, when he had fought the good fight, when he had kept the faith, and finished his course. It is true that this aspect of the Christian's reward is open to the objections mentioned above.

Now the noblest purpose of this life of ours, so full of strange surprises and apparently unsolvable mysteries, is the formation of character; the building up of that which some one has likened to the image and superscription on the coin. This peculiar stamp, this character which each one of us bears, is the result of many forces working silently and unknown, but all contributing something to the result. It is the sum of the forces of this life, for, says Goethe:

"Talent forms itself in solitude,
Character in the storm of life."

Slowly and surely this has been formed, each thought, each word, each deed, has added its portion. An illustration will serve to make this clearer. In the Vatican there is a famous piece of statuary known as the Apollo Belvedere, which for beauty, grace, and symmetry of form was held, until recently, to surpass all known pieces of statuary. Let us imagine we sat beside that unknown sculptor the first day he began his work upon that mass of marble fresh from the quarry. He begins, what seems to us, an almost hopeless task. Under his patient and enduring labor we have seen the outline of the figure gradually appear, till at last we stand transfixed by the beauty of the result. Each day's work has contributed something towards that beauty of form. Each stroke of the hammer, each cut of the chisel, has added something towards the grand result. The smallest line did something towards the perfection produced. Thus it is with the formation of character. Thus it is that every Christlike act brings with it a sure and certain reward. This reward is what we *become*, and not only what we *get*; what we *are* after such actions rather than what we will *receive*, i.e., we are brought, even by giving the cup of cold water, nearer "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The smallest service rendered in Christ's name contributes something towards attaining this noble ideal; adds something to the formation of that character which approaches somewhat to the perfection of our manhood found in our Lord Jesus Christ. What nobler, what more elevating, what more idealistic reward can be set before any man? Thus it is, as Christians, we appeal to man, not as a brute beast, but as one capable of being influenced by the method of motives. We call him to become a Christian, not so much that he may escape the torments of hell, but rather that he might become more like that great, good man, Jesus, the carpenter of Nazarus, who was none other than "the Christ, the Son of the living God." We find, therefore, that "the motive power lies not so much in what shall be given, but in what we shall be. If we are faithful we shall enjoy the peace and companionship and delights of heaven; but the more blessed fact for us is that we shall be found worthy of the vision of God, capable of the intensest, divinest happiness."

C.S.S.

GOD'S WAYS ARE BEST.

BELIEVE, tired heart, God's ways are best,
To make His will thine own brings rest.
Endured the weary day of pain,
Bright as the sunset after rain,
Shall dawn with smiling skies, to-morrow,
Ending the long black night of sorrow.

Obscure to our earth-blinded vision,
The steps that lead to heights elysian,
We see the thorns that pierce us so;
Why we were wounded we shall know
When sodden fields and briery path
Shall vanish in the aftermath.

—Nina R. Allen, in *New York Observer*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A MISSION INCIDENT.

It was the second night of the mission. We had announced that we proposed remaining in the church after service, and would be glad to speak to any on spiritual matters, but the large congregation had dispersed and none remained behind.

"Well, the Lord was here, though we are not to have an after-meeting," said the rector.

"Yes, I believe He was. Shall we go for a short walk before going home?"

We went out and turned down the street. Presently two ladies hurried past us, going toward the church.

"They have evidently forgotten something," said the rector. "I wonder if they will be in time, or are the lights out already?"

We turned to see, when suddenly they also stopped. "Is that you, Mr. R——? I have been hurrying back in the hope that I might see you before you left for home. I was at the service to-night, and want to speak to you."

We turned in the direction of her home, as by this time the lights in the church were out and the doors locked. The Lord was going to let us have an after-meeting after all.

The lady was evidently much in earnest, and began the conversation at once.

"You spoke to-night as if you knew all that was in my heart. Do you remember saying that there was something in our hearts which cried out for the knowledge, the assurance that our sins were forgiven? You said that we could have no doubt of our sinfulness; of that we could be quite sure, and for that reason we could not be satisfied without knowing that we had forgiveness."

"Yes, I said that. Is it not true?"

Without replying to my question, she hastened on:

"I cannot tell you how miserable I am. I looked forward to this mission, hoping to

hear you say something that would make me feel better, but you have only made me feel worse. I wanted to wait after the service to-night, but I wouldn't wait. I had got nearly home, but felt that I couldn't go into the house; I must come back to speak to you. I don't know what to do."

There was an intensity of manner which betrayed no little trouble of heart. Truly the iron had gone into her soul.

"What seems to be wrong?"

"I hardly know. I have tried to feel all right, but have never quite succeeded, and now what you have said to-night has made me feel worse than ever. I have no assurance that I am forgiven. I have tried to persuade myself that perhaps it is not necessary that I should, and that it is a blessing that only some Christians are privileged to have, but my heart has refused to be satisfied. Oh, what shall I do? Will you tell me what I ought to do?"

"What you want beyond all else is to be saved, is it not?"

"Yes, I do."

"You remember that the Bible says: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"Yes, I know it does, and I have tried to believe, but I suppose I have never exercised the right kind of faith. Sometimes I think I have no faith at all; despair seems to take hold on me."

"Do you see that house over there on the other side of the street?"

"Yes," said my companion, evidently rather surprised that I should thus break off from the subject.

"If I should think of going to live in that house, there would probably be some alterations to make, some decorating, and such like work to do. But before I could have those changes made something else must first be done. Do you know what?"

"I suppose you ought to secure the right to enter the house. You would be obliged to have the key."

"Your heart is a good deal like what we have supposed that house to be. There needs to be a great alteration. If you take the key to Jesus and ask Him to do it all, I am sure He will. If you had told the Lord Jesus Christ as much about yourself as you have told me to-night, you would be saved by this time. He can save you. I can not. Will you not tell Him about it?"

We had by this time reached the gate of her home, and, thinking it best to leave her thus in His presence, I said good-night. I looked for her at the next evening's service, but she was not present, or

at any rate I did not see her. The following evening, however, I noticed her in one of the front pews. "I wonder if He has given her rest yet?" I asked myself, as I sought her face for an answer. "I will know when we begin to sing," I thought.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed thy head,
Our load was laid on Thee."

I looked at her quickly. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Surely Jesus has the key of that heart," I said.

Afterward she sought me out. "I want to tell you how happy I am. It's all right. What you said about it being a mere matter of the will, apart from feeling, seemed to be what helped me. Did not Christ say once to some people: 'Ye search the scriptures, and do other things, but ye will not come to me that ye may have life'? I have been one of those. I have searched everything and tried in every direction, only to be disappointed. But now I have come to Him and He has given me rest. There's no burden now."

M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

A GIRLS' FRIENDLY, as the name implies, should, in the highest sense of the word, be a friendly society. And, to attain this ideal, all social distinctions must be ignored amongst the members during the hour of meeting. They must feel that, for the time at least, they are, as it were, one family, meeting on a ground of perfect equality.

And this can easily be accomplished by the display of a little tact, and personal interest in the individual members, on the part of the president and other officers, without at all lessening their own dignity, or causing them to be misunderstood, or annoyed by undue familiarity.

Then, to be free from all restraint of class distinctions, the members must feel perfectly at home; and I would suggest here that the best way to attain this is to let the girls take as much active part as possible in the meeting.

Let them distribute the books, play for the hymns, prepare and give out the work—in short, do everything that it is possible for them to do. Make them realize that it is their meeting, and their privilege to make it a pleasant and profitable one; and that they are not there to be amused or entertained by the presiding officers.

Now, as to work. Take up some definite object of work. If it is the mission field, select some mission which you con-

sider especially needs help, and write to the missionary for an account of his work and the needs there, letting the girls read the answer, and have a definite knowledge of the wants of the people for whom they are working. In this way it will be more real to them, and, consequently, far more interesting.

And now, leaving the girls for a moment, let me say a few words to the presidents, for in their hands, after all, lie largely the success of the society.

In the first place, let me emphasize the necessity of punctuality, both in opening and closing the meeting. A few minutes may make very little difference to you, but may prove of serious inconvenience to the members, especially those who are in service; for, if you keep them later than the hour named, they may be blamed for staying, or make it an excuse for staying out later still; whereas, if it was distinctly understood that the meeting closed at a certain hour, it could easily be known if they had returned home, or gone elsewhere in the meantime.

And, in conclusion, I would suggest that, while there may be other reading during the evening, the Bible lesson be given last. Send them home with the words of eternal truth ringing in their ears, remembering that many of those girls rarely enter the house of God, or get a word of religious instruction, except what they receive from you. And the more you realize this, the more anxious you will become to make the teaching of the lesson personally applicable and helpful to the members. But to do this it is necessary to have an insight into the character and a knowledge of their individual spiritual needs; and as, owing to their position, it is impossible for you to see much of them at other times, I would suggest that, leaving the girls to arrange the work in the earlier part of the meeting, you take this opportunity to have a little private conversation on religious matters with the different members, in order to ascertain what are their special temptations and failings, so that you may be able to make the lesson teaching profitable to them; thus showing them by your sympathy, counsel, and example that you really have their spiritual welfare truly at heart, and so teach them to look to you, not merely as the head of their society, but as a personal friend, to whom they can always turn for counsel and help, and from whom they can ever expect kindly sympathy and words of Christian counsel.

L. SANDYS.

"Deaconess House," Toronto.

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OUT OF SELF.

WHATE'ER thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must ;
As God, if thou lovest God ;
As dust, if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in ;
Die, and thou let Him live ;
Be not, and He will be ;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route ;
The way whose knowledge leads
Is but a roundabout.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

—*Angelus Silesius* (1426).

The Angel of the Beautiful.

By the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.
CHAPTER III.

THERE was great excitement in the city, for the new town hall was nearing its completion. It is true that there were wretched hovels in the town, where thousands crowded together in wretchedness, the victims and the authors of disease ; but the city magnates took a pride in their town, and they resolved to build a town hall and municipal buildings which should be worthy of their city, and which should outshine in sunptuousness and splendor the buildings of other towns. So they voted away the people's money for a most magnificent edifice. It was to be ceiled with cedar and pannelled with oak ; its staircases were to be marble and its vestibules alabaster ; its corridors were to be adorned with life-size statues of civic worthies ; and its council-chamber was to be decorated with pictures which should tell the story and glory of the town. While such a great work was in hand, the municipal authorities could not attend to

anything else, and, with such an undertaking before them, they could not afford to encounter any other expenses. So the proposal for the removal of the fever dens and for the improved sanitation of some of the crowded alleys was postponed ; and wretchedness and sickness continued to live in the courts and back streets, while the municipal palace and the municipal debt grew in dignity and dimensions together.

The artist had his hands more than full. His influence was now greater than ever ; and if he had not been kept so incessantly busy, he would most gladly have done something more for the suffering people of the city. But it was necessary for him to complete the task which had been given him. Besides some of the statues which were to flank the entrance hall of the new palace, to him had been entrusted the work of telling, in a series of pictures, the tale of how the city had grown from a swamp-surrounded village to be the superb and stately emporium of commerce and centre of intellectual and artistic life of which the townfolk were so proud. This great work, or this great series of works, made exceptional demands upon his time. He worked early and late. His "one day in country" had to be given up. He hardly gave himself the necessary meals ; he grudged himself the scantiest exercise. He had studied the history of the town ; he felt that he was its foremost and most illustrious artist ; and these pictures must be worthy of the town and of himself. And so the artist worked ; and the poor and suffering waited ; and the townfolk wondered, and the work-people toiled ; and the great building rose before the eyes of the civic worthies, who rubbed their hands with glee, and their eyes with proud astonishment, as the magnificence of the completed edifice was displayed before them.

But when the statues were ranged in vestibule and corridor, and when the historical pictures were hung in the council-chamber, the eager hum of expectation was suddenly silenced. The artist stood near. Was the silence the result of charmed admiration, or was it a quick doubt of success ? Was it fascinated delight which kept the people so silent, or was it complete disappointment ? No one would speak ; no voice expressed admiration ; and at length the painful silence was broken by the summons to the ample repast which was provided in the great public hall. The artist was left for a few moments face to face with the works

of his hands in the council-chamber, which he had regarded as the scene of his completest triumph. He could see no defect in the pictures. His toil had been as great as ever ; he had studied deeply, he had worked hard. He had even taken an interest in the grouping of the figures, the selection of their costumes, and the apportionment of color. But, as he looked, a misgiving crossed his mind : he could not put it into words. His work was before him : it represented to him days and weeks of indefatigable brain-wearing and body-wearing toil. All this he saw in his pictures. He saw his own work, his own time, his own thought. But he imagined that he ought to have seen something more. Was he wrong, but was there not always in his previous pictures something which was just not himself, but greater than himself ? Did not the open eye of wonder look out upon him from his earlier works ? Was there not always something which said : "You brought me into form, but I was life before you gave me the form" ? Or was he losing his mind in the confusion and excitement of the day ? Presently some of the simple folk who had been admitted to see the building came strolling in to look at the pictures, while the great and important functionaries and citizens were busy over the public lunch. The artist's place was empty at the table. He ought to be there ; but he could not go yet, or tear himself away from the council-chamber, and these pictures which were so like himself. He sat in a quiet, broad-seated window nook, thinking, and trying to brace himself for the duty of taking his place at the banquet. He heard the hesitating footsteps of the little stream of visitors now strolling, with the expressive sound of clumsy feet which their simple owners earnestly sought to put down noiselessly ; he heard the drawled, dragging, gritty shriek which followed the progress of slipshod walkers ; he heard the low whispers, broken by an occasional exclamation which echoed with sudden clamor through the room. Presently he caught coherent sentences. These simple people would give their opinion. Could he learn anything which would satisfy his own mind, or answer his self-questioning ? "Well, they are mighty clever, I make no doubt ; but I like that picture he gave to our Sarah a deal better. Why, these are but mere dolls aside of that one ! I suppose these tell us a lot about history and all that ; but I don't rightly know how it is,

but they don't talk to me, same as that there picture of Sarah's. Eh! poor girl! how she did like it! When she were as ill as ill, she put her eye on that picture, and never made no murmurs; and when she were dyin', she says to me, she says, 'George,' says she, 'I do believe as God is just like that.' And it were only a little bairn—the picture were—you know. Eh! dear, poor Sarah!"

And then from another group came other words: "I suppose they cost a heap of money, and lots of paint is in them. Well, we've seen the show; let's go and get something to drink." And one after another the groups shuffled and shambled out of the room. The artist sat still; he could not stir, he could not think; but something was working its way up to its brain; it would come into clearness before long. But for the present a numbness had fallen upon his mind and body: he could not initiate any movement of thought or action. He sat motionless and with vacant mind, till the opening of a distant door, followed by a clattering sound of voices and the trampling of coming feet, told him that the banquet was ended, and he had missed it all. He could not stay to meet the coming people. How could he explain his absence? How could he, in the present mood, meet them at all? He started up and, darting out at the smaller door, made his way through the curious crowd without, and hurried through the garlanded and decorated streets to his own house. He unlocked his studio door, and, as he did so, his eye fell upon the dust-covered and long-closed door of the secret cupboard. He awoke from his mental stupor. He produced the key; he flung open the door; he drew out those precious tokens of his early life. "I have been too long—too long away. I see it. I have not tasted of the river of true beauty for long—too long." And then he formed a resolve. He would ascend. He would drink once more of the spirit-invigorating river. He would return, and he would paint again the whole series of pictures for the council-chamber. Yes, he saw the meaning of his misgivings; he understood what the simple critics meant, and what they missed.

He bore his burden out of the town, and he climbed the most solitary hill, till he reached an open clearing among the trees on the summit. He sat down upon the trunk of a tree which had been newly felled. He unfolded the contents of his burden. How old they looked!

These winglets for his feet, how dim they seemed! The dull earth seemed to have dulled them. Once they shone like silver wings, and the feathers like gold. He gently brushed the wings to clear them of the dust; but it was impossible to revive their former brilliancy. But, perhaps, as he reached towards the higher realms, the purer atmosphere through which he must pass would revive their early beauty.

As he thought thus, he was trying to adjust the winglets to his ankles; but he seemed to have lost the art; he kept thinking how to do it. He argued to himself that it was just this thinking how to do it which hindered his doing it. If he would only not think, and just let natural habit and instinct have fair play, it would be all right. But though he tried to keep his mind passive, it was not all right. Then he examined the winglets and looked at his own feet—was he mistaken, or was it indeed true that now as he looked at them the winglets did not seem to be made for his feet. Much more slender and ethereal-made feet must they be to which those golden sandals must be bound. His own feet, as he looked at them, seemed gross, heavy, and large. It was clear that he could not wear the winglets. So he unfolded his great wings, thinking, "With these I can fly upwards. No doubt the journey will be longer and the guidance less certain without the ankle wings; but this I must endure."

But the wings were difficult of management, and he had now lost a great deal of time; the sun was sinking away to the west. It had fallen below the hilltops, and the dark trees around him cut off the warmth of its beams. He felt a fear about attempting his journey. Crippled as he was by the loss of the feet-feathers, he began to doubt the wisdom of starting just at nightfall. So, with a newborn panic in his heart, he gathered up his bundle once more, and made his way down the hillside, and entered the city in the second dusk. There was a silence at the gate and in the main streets of the city, but as he passed through some of the narrower streets he caught snatches of men's speech, and they sounded full of fear. Anxious faces were peering out of half-opened doors into the darkness as though they looked for some one now and again a man would pass him hurriedly. Slowly he pieced together the meaning of the silence and the stir. The plague, which long neglect had nursed in the purlieus of the city, had broken out.

Death was on the move with his cold hands, cleaning in his relentless fashion the dens of disease which men were too busy to cleanse. The artist put his burden back into the cupboard for the night, and, as he did so, he thought of the wings of death which were spread over the city, and of the wings of life and heaven which he had left so long unused. "To-morrow," said he, "to-morrow with the sunrise I must take my flight." With the sunrise he was on the hilltop again. The large wings, as he spread them out, seemed to have grown in size. After working for hours he managed to fasten them to his arms and shoulders. But he felt uneasy, their size made them unwieldy, and they were as an united burden on his back. He essayed to fly, but he had not the art of their movement; he could rise above the ground and whirl uncertainly round, entangling his wings in the highest branches of the field-trees, but he could not mount upwards, and in the efforts he made he beat off some of the feathers, and when some were loosened others began to give way, and every time he attempted flight feathers of various hues fell in profusion to the ground. And again the day was wearing away, and he grew tired and faint, and with the approaching sundown the fear once more took possession of him; so, after looking dolefully at the skeleton aspect of his once-beautiful wings, he gathered up his burden again and departed to the city and his house, and, being faint and weary, he slept; and in his sleep he dreamed.

CHAPTER IV.

The voices were the voices of heaven: the tender blue and the pure light were the hue and light of heaven: he saw and he heard, but he knew that he was not there. No; for he was far away. And though these sights and sounds were those of heaven, they were dimmed and distant, and yet most clear. And in his sleep, he felt—"It is all real, but all far off, and I am of heaven no more." But he had little time for thought; for he heard that wonderful voice, majestic as the sea, which thrills all creatures, even the highest in Heaven's order, with the power which makes them tremble and yearn—grow faint and get strong—full of fear and full of courage; and which sends into their innermost being a most unutterable tenderness, making them full of longing for His presence, and earnest desire to take the weakest and feeblest things into their embrace, for His sake.

He heard, though it sounded far off, that voice of majesty and love. The Angel of Mercy stood near the throne, and the message was given to her. She was to descend to the city where the death-plague triumphed. She was to heal some, and to bear others upward to the plagueless city above. And the dreamer thought in his dream that none in the city needed mercy more than he, for was he not worse than the plague-stricken? for they, if they died, might be borne into heaven, whose beauties they had never known; but he lived in the thought of a heaven which had once been his, but which seemed now for ever out of his reach.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he became aware that the heavenly voices were speaking again, and that it was of him, the Angel of Beauty, that they were speaking.

"Nay, his wings are powerless now; the brightest and strongest feathers have fallen from them. He cannot return, winged, to heaven."

"Then must I bear him hither?" It was the Angel of Mercy who spoke.

"Nay, nay," came the answer; "nay, not now. Even you, strong and patient as you are, could not bear him back again as yet. It is only by love that any can come to heaven; and he, alas! has lost his love. He only now wishes to reach heaven and drink of the river of Beauty, that he may paint worthier pictures, and so recover his lost reputation. Such a soul does not love. He must wait; for only by love can he return. Yet, under your care, he shall return, but not winged, and not now, and not this way. Another road there is from earth to Heaven, which the wingless must travel with patient feet. That is the road by which he must return. It is a way much shadowed, and at times very dark; but they that learn love and trust can travel it. Bring him by that road—having first taught him love."

And the Angel of Mercy bowed her head, and knew that the way of which the Eternal spoke was the way of death. And the dreamer seemed dimly to know that it was only along a dark and shadowed way that he could return to God. Whether he still dreamed or not he could not tell; but the brightness of heaven faded, and the sounds of the marvellous voices ceased—only close to his ears, in the night-shadowed room where he slept, he heard a gentle voice, which said, "I am come to care for the weak and the sick, whom the plague makes sick unto

death. Your wings and winglets I am taking away—you must come and minister with me to the suffering and the troubled." And the voice in the sleeper's ear died away in soft murmurs like music, and he slept calmly and dreamlessly till the morn. And when he woke he found that wings and winglets had disappeared; and he knew that his dream had been a truth, and that the angel way to heaven had been closed to him. Yet he did not weep; he understood it all; he knew that it was just; his mind had been made up in the night. He saw the road that lay before him, and he was content to follow it humbly, willingly, and in trust.

CHAPTER V.

The city folk were rejoiced when a fair lady, calm, and bountiful, and heroic, undertook the nursing of the sick. Whence she came, they were too busy, and frightened, and sorrowful to ask. The weariest of the officials had fled from the city. The strange and unknown lady guided all the affairs, and enlisted into well-organized bands all who were ready to help her. Among the earliest who volunteered was the artist of the Green. Docile, earnest, self-denying, never shirking painful work, or shrinking from danger, he worked without self-assertion or the least touch of pride—always under the guidance of the Lady Bountiful, who directed all so wisely.

The plague slowly retreated before their wise and vigorous efforts. It was nearly banished. Within a few days all would be well. Just then the artist of the Green was taken ill with the plague. He seemed to have lost the power to fight against the foe. Perhaps his long vigils had weakened him too much, and within a week he was dead. On the day he died the wonderful lady left the city. And soon all the story of the artist and of the plague was only told as a matter of history. The only things that remained were the pictures in the hall, which had improved with age, and the artist's tomb in the great cathedral, which bore the words which he had asked for with his dying breath. It was a simple monument. It bore the figure of Love raising up Beauty to life again. And the text it bore was: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—*The Sunday Magazine*.

Religion is not something that is fastened upon the outside of life, but is the awakening of the truth inside of life.—*Phillips Brooks*.

A PASSWORD.

A PHYSICIAN whose life has been made beautiful with good deeds and a high faith said once:

"If I have been happy or useful in the world, it is due largely to the effect on my mind of a chance question from a stranger.

"I was a poor boy and a cripple. One day, standing on a ball field, I was watching the other boys with bitterness and envy. They were strong and healthy, well clothed and well fed. Some of the mothers of the players sat in carriages, waiting to see the game, intending to drive their sons home after the game was over. I looked at them with an angry scowl, sick at heart. A young man standing beside me, and seeing, no doubt, the discontent on my face, touched my arm.

"Say, bub! You wish you were in the place of those boys, eh?" he said.

"Yes, I do!" I broke out. "Why should they have everything, and I nothing?"

"He nodded gravely. 'I reckon God gave them money, and education, and health to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it never strike you that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason—to make a man of you?'

"I did not answer, and he turned away. I never saw him again. But I couldn't get his words out of my mind. My crippled leg—God's gift? To teach me patience and strength?"

"I did not believe it. But I was a thoughtful boy, taught to reverence God, and the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me the stranger had told me the truth. I did believe that God pitied me, and at last came to believe that it would please Him if I rose above my deformity, and by it was made more manly and true. It worked on my temper, my thoughts, and at last upon my actions. Gradually it influenced my whole life.

"Whatever came to me I looked upon as God's gift for some special purpose. If it were a difficulty, He gave it for me to struggle with, to strengthen my mind and faith; if it were a helpless invalid cast on me for support, or even a beggar, I thought, God has given me another chance to do His work.

"The idea has sweetened and helped all of my life. I wish I could find the man who gave me this password, which has lifted my life to a higher plane, and has led me constantly to the Source of all good."—*Selected*.

"COME, LORD JESUS."

LORD JESUS, come.
From idols turned, in grace,
We seek our Father's face (1 Thess. 1:9);
We serve Him by the Spirit given;
We wait for thee, our Lord from Heaven,
Lord Jesus, come.

Lord Jesus, come,
Though many scoff and say,
Where is His coming day (2 Pet. 3:4)?
And even virgins wise now sleep,
And for their Lord no vigils keep;
Lord Jesus, come.

Lord Jesus, come,
May none of us e'er say,
That Thou dost long delay (Luke 12:45),
And live as those afar that roam;
Thy Spirit and Thy Bride say, Come,
Lord Jesus, come.

—*Author of Grace and Truth.*

PAROCHIAL INCIDENTS.

(By a clergyman in Eastern Canada.)

II.

The following story is one of the strangest that I have heard in the course of my ministry.

I well remember how, one day, as I was returning home from church, a very nice-looking man met me, and desired to speak a few words to me. I recognized him as a man who had lately begun to attend the church, and was one of the most devout and attentive worshippers. After a few preliminary words, he told me that he desired to tell me a wonderful story, and how God had led him to a changed life by the means of a dream.

And then he told me his story, which I wrote down at the time as an instance of God's mysterious ways.

"I dreamed," he said, "that the great day had arrived. I had come before God in judgment. My wife and children were with me, and we stood in a sort of antechamber, spacious and beautiful. A little way within was another room of great size, with high walls, carpeted and spacious, and beautiful to behold.

As I came in I stood within the antechamber near a desk which was at one side of the compartment, and a man stood before me whom I thought the Recorder, having in His hand a great roll. *It was the record of all my sins.* It was so large I hardly thought it possible that I had committed so many, and I knew they were still unpardoned. I stood in terror. I noticed, too, that away, far away beyond them, was a glorious space, all filled with light,

which I thought was heaven, and immediately beside me was a swiftly-declining precipitous slope, going down, down, down, to hell.

The Recording Angel now looked at me and upbraided me with my sins, and reproached me with the fact that my family was holy, which I was not. In my terror and distress of soul I knew not what to do. Lifting my eyes, I saw just in the room beyond what I thought was my Saviour. I did not see His face, I only saw a part of His form, but I knew it was He. I tried with all my power to go to Him. I knew if I did get to Him all would be well. But I did not. I could not move. It seemed as if I was rooted to the spot. The burden of my sin was so heavy, and the roll so great, that I was in despair. I cried out, but in vain, and, while I was crying in my agony to Him, I awoke."

He then went on to tell me that this dream had made the profoundest possible impression upon his mind. He had lived a careless, godless life, and was a drinking, profane, and intemperate man. Entirely apart from any seeking of his own, any effort, struggle, or desire on his part, God's grace began working upon him, as the result of this dream. He began to attend church, gave up drinking, swearing, and wickedness of all kinds, controlled his temper. Above all, holy thoughts filled his mind, and whereas formerly he never thought of God or holy things, God now was in all his thoughts. He never cared about these things previously; now he longs to talk with his friends about religion. In fact, a change has come over him. He is a new creature. This dream is remarkable to me for two reasons.

First, it is a proof that God now, as of old, works with men through dreams. Now, as in the day of Pentecost, it is a sign of the dispensation, Acts ii. 17.

Second, it is a proof that God's grace is free, and that the conversion of men can not be attributed to natural causes. In this case, unlike the case of the young man who has always been fairly moral, or the woman who has always been religiously instructed, but only needed the evangelist or missionary to bring him or her clearly into the light, the mind was entirely averse to divine things, and the life turned away from God.

NOTE.—This happened some years ago, but when I last heard the man was still a devout worshipper, and a really Christian man.

"YET NOT I."

"It is a heavy responsibility you are taking on yourself," I remarked to a friend about to engage in a work of Christian charity which would inevitably involve him in a large amount of toil and care and money.

"No," he answered quietly; "there will be no responsibility for me. There is a motto I learned long ago from the Apostle Paul, which is my shield and sword for all I may be called, as God's servant, to do or to bear."

I expected to hear such words as "Quit you like men; be strong," for my friend was one who had done great things for God, one who wielded, wherever he might be, a very powerful Christian influence.

"It is a very short and simple text," he continued, with a smile: "'YET NOT I.' The words occur twice, you will remember, in St. Paul's writings: 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me'; 'I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.'" (Gal. 2:20; 1 Cor. 15:10.)

Yes, of course I knew the words well, but I never thought over them before as I did that day, and as I have done many a day since; and especially when entering on any new stage of life's journey, if tempted to anxiety or fear concerning the trials that may be before me, these words, so simple, yet so full, come home to me with fresh help and most practical teaching.

For they tell a truth which, realized; takes away all such anxiety and fear connected with our own weakness and shortcomings. Well may he who can say with the apostle, "Yet not I, but Christ in me," say also, like him, "I take pleasure, I will glory in my infirmities." (2 Cor. 12:9, 10.)

Have we accepted our heavenly Father's salvation in Christ from the guilt and power of sin? Then, when the sense of unworthiness and failure would overwhelm us, may we say, in a true and most blessed sense, "Yet not I," since "He became sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in him." "Perfect through his comeliness which he hath put upon them" do His ransomed ones appear in the Father's sight.

—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

Truly, at the day of judgment, we shall not be examined what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Mar. 3rd.	Luke ix. 28-36	Matt. iv. 1-12.
" 10th.	Mark x. 17-27	John iii. 1-16.
" 17th.	Luke xix. 1-19	Heb. xii. 1-14.
" 24th.	Rom. xiii. 8-14	John iv. 1-16.
" 31st.	Luke x. 1-19	John iv. 43-54.

DO YOU KNOW THE LADY?

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from the Syrian shore;
Its figures are woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes,
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft;
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah, me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made;
Does she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?
—*Woman's Work for Women.*

THE DAVID WINDOW.

THE choir boys of St. Andrew's were preparing for their festival for two hours on this the evening before the eventful day; they had been singing in the guild house, and now Mr. Cole, the organist, wanted them to go over to the church, and try, for the last time, their anthem and solos.

"Mr. Cole," it was Ned Miller's voice, "couldn't we sing 'For all the Saints' to-morrow? We sing that best of all."

"Well, Ned, that doesn't seem very appropriate, but you certainly do sing it well. What do you say, boys?"

"Sing it, sing it!" was the universal verdict. Mr. Cole smiled and assented, bidding them hurry to the church and take their places, as the hour was late.

There was a rush and a scramble, as always, among the sopranos for the favorite spot, the great red tile beneath the "David window." In the beautiful new church were many finer windows, but this the boys loved best, because it was their own, bought with money that represented

many childish sacrifices. The figure was that of the lad David, holding in his hand the harp, its strings twined "with lilies still living and blue," designed by the great artist in the description from "Saul." The boys had learned Brown- ing's lines, not because they cared for the poet, but because Mr. Cole told them it was about their window.

There was great rivalry among them as to who should stand just below the David, but to-night Ned Miller held the place. The anthem and the solos rang out gloriously, and at the last they sang, "For all the Saints."

A little thrill went all through Ned's body when they came to the words, "O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold." Some times it almost made him cry. If only he might stand to-morrow under the David window and sing that verse, he felt that he would be perfectly happy.

As the boys were dismissed, they gathered in the vestry room. Who should have the place of honor to-morrow? Why not settle it to-night?

"I think," Ned broke in, "that every fellow should have his chance. Let's have it this way. The one who gets here first at the early service to-morrow can stand under David all day." And so they left it, each determined to be up very early, and to claim the honored post.

Ned hadn't intended to go home—he lived too far away, and had decided to spend the night with Jack Allen. But, as he and Jack had quarrelled that afternoon, it made it a little uncomfortable, and he took a sudden resolve not to go with him. By starting from home half an hour earlier, he had as good a chance as any one for the place beneath the David. Telling Jack, with unnecessary shortness, that he wasn't coming, he took the home path. It did seem a long distance, and it would seem longer still the next morning, when his eyes were only about half open. Why go home at all? They would not miss him, as he was not expected. Why run such a risk of missing his chance to-morrow? To be sure, there was no place to stay, except the church itself. Very well, then, why not stay there? Then he would surely be in time. He almost laughed to think how astonished the fellows would be to find him before them, for he could be on hand the moment the doors were opened. "It isn't fair—it isn't fair," something inside seemed to say, but Ned was too much absorbed to pay any attention. Going softly into the building, he lay down in a dark pew to

wait for morning, and in a few moments was fast asleep. The hours slipped on quietly; the moonlight, falling through the David window, cast a great shadow of the lectern on the marble floor, until deepening night swallowed it up in the universal gloom. The boy slept on, undisturbed.

The next thing Ned heard was the scraping of a key, and, waking at once, every sense alert, he realized that the janitor was coming, and that the boys would not be far behind. Making a dash for the vestry door, he presently emerged fresh and triumphant, and, when the first boy entered, sure of success, he saw Ned Miller's white-robed figure, hymnal in hand, standing in the golden light of the David window.

A few moments later Ned heard Jack Allen and Dick Townsend talking together, and he caught Dick's emphatic—"He's a sneak! He never went home at all. It wasn't a fair fight, but we can't make a row, for Mr. Cole will be here in a minute."

The slow crimson mounted to Ned's hair. A sneak! After service he would teach Dick Townsend to call him that again! The hot, angry thought rushed tumultuously through his brain, while his voice joined in the responses. At last the service was almost over, and the rector gave out the last hymn, number 176. The organ swelled in the opening chords, and the church was filled with the boys' voices as they sung:

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old."

Mr. Cole looked across anxiously. Ned Miller's high, strong soprano was silent. The truth was his heart was beating furiously, and his eyes were full of tears. The words sounded in his ears—"It wasn't a fair fight—it wasn't a fair fight. He's a sneak!" And then came the boys' voices, "Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold."

After the service, when the vestry door was closed and the last Amen had sounded, Ned Miller, with a fierce, determined look on his flushed face, stepped forward and spoke.

It was a very boyish speech, but it came from a truly penitent heart, and it did its work:

"Fellows," he said, "I had no business to stand under the David. I stayed in the church all night. It wasn't faithful, true, and bold, but I won't be a sneak any longer, and Jack Allen got there first."—*Grace Duffield Goodwin, in New York Churchman.*

THE BOOTBLACK'S DIME.

"HAVE your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy, near the Union Station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with the splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity—for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But as he was pulling himself together for a new start he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime in his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that wuz me tenth dime ter-day; an' me teacher at Sunday-school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord—see? An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him, see?"—*Exchange.*

AS THE ZULUS DO.

DR. TYLER has told about the Zulus for the benefit of the youthful reader. At the time of the "Zulu War" you may have heard what brave warriors they were, he says, and how, in an hour's time, they cut down an entire regiment of British soldiers which had gone into their country. They are a strong, athletic race of people, hospitable and good-natured. They are of different shades of color, from brown to black, their favorite being "dark brown," or, as they say, "black with a little red in it." They are a finer-looking people than the negroes of Western Africa, and have some customs like those of the Jews.

The man, if married, has a peculiar ring on his head, made of gum, gutta-percha like, which, sewed to the hair, rises with its growth four or five inches, making a convenient place for snuff spoons, porcupine quills, toothpicks, and feathers. The women shave all the head except a little tuft on the crown, which they work into a topknot with red clay and tallow.

The young men let their hair grow in a variety of strange shapes, now rising like ridges with valleys between, and now like a sugar loaf, while the more fat they can get for anointing the head the better.

They are fond of perfumes, and are glad to get them from white people to use in their toilet.

When they are infants, holes are bored in their ears, in which are placed reed snuff boxes. They all use snuff made of tobacco, burnt aloes, and ashes ground together. The powder is quite pungent, causing them to sneeze violently, and the tears to roll down their cheeks, which they wipe off with snuff spoons, their only handkerchiefs. When they sneeze, they thank the departed spirits for this sign of good health.

Their language is a soft and pretty one, easy of acquisition. Their houses, or huts, are made of long sticks fastened in the ground, bent over, and lashed with monkey rope. This makes a large basket frame, ten feet high, or is supported by a horizontal pole, placed on two posts. The covering is long grass, and when you first see a number of these huts they look like large haystacks.

The door is about two feet high, and this opening is a window and chimney as well as door. Creep in on your hands and knees and look about. A saucer-shaped hole is in the middle of the floor, with a rim around it to keep the coals and ashes from scattering. This is the fireplace, where the food is cooked, and around which the natives eat, sit and chat, or sleep.

The floor is smooth and hard, being made of ant heaps, a glutinous kind of earth, and pounded by the women.

On one side of the hut you see a small fence. What is that for? To separate the calves and goats, at night, from the people.

The furniture of a Zulu home is not very extensive. A few pots of earthenware for cooking, a few wooden spoons, some gourds for water and sour milk, a few mats of grass for sleeping, a wooden pillow, or four-legged stool, on which to place the neck, not the head—these are the principal articles of a Zulu hut.

If the huts were provided with doors and windows they would not be so uncomfortable to live in. I spent six weeks in one, and what annoyed me most was the smoke. The natives did not seem to think of it much, for they were used to it.

I tried to persuade the head man to allow me to insert an upright door in his hut, but he refused, saying: "Our fathers went in on their hands and knees, and we shall continue to do the same. Moreover, when you are with the Zulus, you must do as the Zulus do."—*Evangelist.*

"TASTE AND SEE."

PSALM 34: 2.

SUPPOSE I pulverize a little sugar and a little salt. I put them on separate papers, and ask you to guess which is which. Though hundreds of men and women were to examine the contents of the two papers, even with microscopes, they could but guess which was salt and which was sugar. But let me call a little five-year-old girl, and say, "Nellie, wet the end of your finger and touch this white stuff. Now taste it." She does, and immediately says, "It's sugar." Does she know any better than the others? Yes. How does it come that she knows better than the others, when any one of the men and women knows a hundred times as much as she? Oh, but she TASTED, and the others only GUESSED.

God tells you, dear children, to "Taste and see that the Lord is good." One little girl or boy who has tasted, and knows by experience that Christ can save from sin, is a better authority than all the infidels and unbelievers that ever lived, for they only have guessed at what they didn't know.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

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Archdeacon Farrar, speaking on church music, said, "My friends, if we would indeed speak to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, it can only be when there is melody in our hearts, and melody not for ourselves but to the Lord, and the united melody of many voices. All the singing of our public worship should be not only correct and fitting, but also spirited and congregational. We do not go to church that a priest may pray for us, or a choir sing to us, but that our prayer may be our "common" prayer, with the clear and fervent responses of high and low, rich and poor, one with another." These are weighty words. All God's people should join in prayer and praise in his house.

We would particularly ask our Christian workers to pray for a still greater blessing in our parish, and that God's word may be more universally read in every home.

Several new members have recently been added to the Band of Hope. We trust that many more may be led to join our branch this year, and that an ever increasing interest may be shown in this particular sphere of work.

"Thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Math. 6: 17, 18.

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