

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 87.

JANUARY, 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, M. H. SISSON.

Sidesmen.

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| A. TIMS, | H. J. NOSWORTHY, | J. E. BILLINGSLEY |
| L. ARCHAMBAULT. | 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.

We join with many friends of Miss H. M. Oxby, formerly of Cambray, in wishing her many years of happiness as Mrs. F. E. Brown in her new home at Hartney, Manitoba.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

STEPHENS.—Jennie, daughter of George Robert and Jennie Stephens, born 28th Nov. 1898, baptized 6th Dec., 1898.

Marriages.

WIMBUSH—BOWLER.—At Lindsay, on 27th Dec., 1898, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Wimbush to Rose Hannah Bowler, both of Lindsay.

SLUGGATT—HENRY.—At Lindsay, on 28th Dec., 1898, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Edward Archibald Sluggatt, of the township of Mariposa, to Mary Ann Henry, of Norland.

Burials.

HARDING.—At Riverside cemetery on 17th Dec., 1899 Kate McLean, eldest daughter of his honor Judge Harding.

POCHIN.—At Riverside cemetery on 22nd Dec., 1898, John Henry Pochin, in his 79th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Am I a drone or a worker in God's hive? and what will be in 1899?

We congratulate Mr. R. Bryans and Mr. Jas. Graham on their re-election by acclamation as county councillors.

We wish all our readers a very happy and prosperous New Year, rich with all the blessings that God sees best for them.

Mrs. Johns and family will be missed from St. Paul's and Lindsay, but we wish them success in their new home at East Toronto.

There were good congregations at Cameron and Cambray on Christmas day, the latter church being nicely trimmed for the occasion. The offerings, which went to Mr. W. H. Vance, who has been taking the duty there, were at Cameron \$5.00, and Cambray \$3.20.

We welcome Miss Ella Sylvester home after successfully finishing two years' training for a nurse in Boston. Her Sunday school class and many others will be glad to see her regularly at St. Paul's again.

Mr. Vance, we regret to say, has been ordered by his physician to take a couple of weeks' rest, having been unwell. He has gone to his home near Millbrook, and we trust will be back in a fortnight strong and well again.

Among the new arrivals to Lindsay we are glad to find three well tried Sunday school teachers, in the persons of Mrs. McNamara and Miss Jean and Miss Mary Harding, who have consented to help in the good work here.

Miss Carter has gone to Southampton and Miss Vera Dyer to near Cobocok as teachers; both will be missed from St. Paul's church, but we hope they will be much used and abundantly blessed in their high vocations as it is wonderful the influence for good that can be exercised by a faithful public school teacher.

Sunday, Jan. 1st, was set apart by the bishop as a "Day of Special Confession, Humiliation and Intercession for the work of our church." How much lukewarmness and worldliness many of us have to confess, both clergy and laymen. Let us this new year be "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," active and valiant for the truth and right.

We are convinced that it more than pays to have an advertisement in our parish paper, and so this year no personal canvass will be made of our present patrons. While thanking our friends for their past co-operation, and trusting that they may continue with us. Yet if any one, for any reason, feels that he would like his ad. taken out he only has to drop a card to Mr. G. S. Patrick, who will see that it is done.

Our two churchwardens have been elected to important offices in the community. Mr. Bryans as county councillor, and Mr. Walters, mayor of Lindsay. Also several of the members of St. Paul's church have been elected town or township councillors; while offering our hearty congratulations, the thought is borne in upon our mind that added honour brings added responsibility, and we wish our friends wisdom from above to discharge their high duties aright.

The tune set to the hymn, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," Hymnal Companion, No. 539, is called "Brading." It is so called because the music was composed for an epitaph written in Brading churchyard. The epitaph is as follows:

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confin'd to grow'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now would we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day."

Brading is four miles from Ryde in the Isle of Wight. The Rev. Leigh Richmond was rector of Brading when he wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter." Mr. A. F. D. McGachen, of Winnipeg, formerly of Lindsay, was born at Brading, his father, a successor of Rev. L. Richmond, being rector at the time. Dr. John W. Callcott, the author of the music, is chiefly known as a writer of glees.

"Far off pastures look green," but as a rule it pays to do most of our trading near home.

The Epiphany collection for foreign missions will be taken up on Jan. 15th. Let us see that our interest in and efforts for the evangelization of the world are somewhat commensurate with the great work.

The annual meeting of the Lindsay Branch Bible Society arranged for December 28th was postponed until January 6th, owing to small attendance. Every lover of truth and liberty should be interested in the spread of God's word.

We all like to see large congregations at the house of God, let us resolve then, by the help of God, that this new year we will be regular, and that our influence will be on the side of right every time. "You have a duty no other can do."

It is said that "The hour to take China for Christ has come." Who would not like to help send reinforcements to win that great country for the King of Kings? The Revs. Messrs. Boyd and White with their wives and Miss Gannett are the C.C. M.A. missionaries in that densely populated land—recruits wanted.

The Rev. R. McNamara who was recently married to Miss Thompson, of Georgetown, on Jan. 1st entered on his duties as assistant minister of this parish. We are sure many of our readers will join with us in wishing them many years of happiness, and pray that their work may be abundantly owned and blessed of God.

The united service and mass meeting of the Sunday schools of Lindsay on Christmas day was a decided success. There must have been between 1,500 and 2,000, (counting scholars and friends) present. The singing of the hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "When he Cometh," was most inspiring, and we are sure the words spoken by the pastor of St. Andrew's and the rector of St. Paul's will find a lodging place in many a young heart. That God would make the young people of Lindsay his faithful soldiers, we are sure was the prayer of many.

The Christmas congregations, morning and evening, were large; the decorations very pretty, the singing, especially in the morning, very appropriate and hearty, while the solos by Mrs. G. H. Hopkins and Miss Russell were much appreciated. The extra offering for the Clergyman amounted to \$38.50, and some \$22 were placed on for the church debt. Thanks are due those who so faithfully laboured in trimming the church and to the organist and the choir for their diligent preparation. Our great desire is that the kingdom of the "Prince of Peace" may have been set up, or enlarged in many hearts, by the services of that happy day.

The Collegiate Institute reunion on December 29th, was a very successful and brilliant affair, former students coming from far and near. We notice that of the fourteen men who have been "Chairman of the Board" since the establishment of the Grammar school in Lindsay in 1857, eight have been members of St. Paul's congregation and unitedly held office for 28 years. Their names are Rev. J. Hickie, G. M. Roach, esq., Rev. J. Vicars, B.A., J. Fiddler, esq., M.D., Hon. S. C. Wood, A. Hudspeth, esq., Q.C., M.P., Wm. Grace, esq., and Hon. John Dobson. Mr. Grace holding the office for the longest period, from 1876 to 1885. We notice also that very few of the "Headmasters" have been English churchmen.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 2

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

Lessons.

- 7—Circumcision of our Lord. *Morning*—Pr., Col., Epis., and Gospels, to serve till Epiphany. Christmas Pref. at Holy Com.; Gen. xvii., 9; Rom. ii., 17. *Evening*—Deut. x., 12; Col. ii., 8 to 18.
- 1—Sunday after Christmas. *Morning*—Isa. xxv. *Evening*—Isa. x. xviii. or xl.
- 6—Epiphany of our Lord. *Morning*—Isa. lx.; Luke iii., 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isa. lxi., 13 to 24; John ii. to 12.
- 8—First Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isa. li.; Matt. v., 13 to 33. *Evening*—Is. iii., 13 and 58 or 54; Acts iv. 32 to v. 17.
- 13—Second Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isa. lv.; Matt. ix. to 18. *Evening*—Isa. lvii. or lxi.; Acts ix. to 23.
- 22—Third Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isa. lxi.; Matt. xiii. to 24. *Evening*—Isa. lxx. or lxxi.; Acts xiii. 26
- 25—Conversion of St. Paul. *Morning*—Isa. xlix. to 53; Gal. vii., 11. *Evening*—Jer. i. to 11; Acts xxvi., to 31.
- 29—Septuagesima. *Morning*—Gen. i. and ii. to 4; Rev. xxi. to 9. *Evening*—Gen. ii., 4, or Job xxxviii.; Rev. xxi. 9 to 22, vi.

AN EPIPHANY SUMMONS.

By the Rev. EDMUND LEAP, in Parish Visitor.

O all ye sons of God,
Behold the land ye tread,
Whither God's hand and rod,
Your soul-tried fathers led.

Wide spreads it forth to view,
With all good gifts supplied,
Gifts from the heavens that fall,
And in the earth abide.

Behold, ye sons of God,
If sons of God ye are,
Go ye, and through the land
The love of God declare.

The people come from far,
Toilers with us to be,
To live and labour 'neath
The banner of the free.

Go ye and gladly tell,
O'er hill and level plain,
The Blessed One hath come
In every heart to reign.

Forth from the Eastern wave,
E'en to the Westward sea,
Of God's own love proclaim
The message full and free.

From north to south upbuild
The altars of the Lord,
Till all the people know
The tidings of His Word.

For teeming throngs await—
Of white and black and red—
The day when all shall be
Into one kingdom led.

Then, O ye sons of God,
Tell forth Messiah's birth
Until His light complete
The circuit of the earth.

St. James' Cathedral is the oldest church in the City of Toronto. The present building is the third on the same site, the former churches having been destroyed by fire. It is of early English Gothic style, of which it is an excellent example. One of the most noticeable things about the cathedral is its spire, more than 300 feet, the highest spire on the continent of America. The famous clock was made by Sir John Bennett, of London, England. The present staff of clergy are the rector, Right



St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

Rev. Bishop Sullivan; assistant clergy, Rev. G. C. Wallis and Rev. R. Ashcroft. Within the walls of this building are deposited the old colours of the Royal Grenadiers.

THE old year dies, the new year is born. The grave of the old is the birth-place of the new. The new is conditioned by and is the result, the fruit of the old. What the new will be to a great extent depends on what the old was. Our life in this world dies, the new life

of another world begins. The grave of the old life and our frail human bodies is the birth-place of the new life which in due time shall be clothed with glorious bodies such as Christ now wears. The new life, the life after death, is conditioned by, is the result, the fruit of the old life, the life before death. What the new life will be depends on what the old life was. It has been said "there is nothing so sure as death." Yes, there is, Life is more sure than death. There is the resurrection life, the new life, a certainty. But what that resurrection life will be for each of us will depend on what our present life is. It will be the outgrowth, the fruitage, the result of this. I ask myself at the beginning of the new year what will the new life of another world be for me, conditioned by what my present life is?

* * *

WE reproduce in the present number of our MAGAZINE a scene on the Nepigon River. An interesting account of "The Bishop's Second Trip to Lake Nepigon" appeared in the September issue of the *Algoma Missionary News*. One extract will suffice to suggest to our readers the picturesqueness of the scenery: "The next day was brighter, and we made good progress up the magnificent stretches of river and lake, stopping only for our mid-day meal and fighting black flies vigorously while we ate. That night found us in the middle of 'Pine Portage,' where, under the shades of tall fir trees, we pitched our tents for the third time. It was a lovely scene. Our table was set in a state-ly hall provided by nature; the walls were the towering trees of the forest; the ceiling, Heaven's own star-spangled canopy; a blazing fire of logs gave us light. And the wind blowing through the trees gave us music. Around the camp fire that night we had an hour or so of very pleasant intercourse with our Indian friends."

How good God is! He has brought us safely through the year now past, and allowed us to enter upon another with all its opportunities for happiness and usefulness. With the New Year, gladness and thankfulness fill our hearts—thankfulness for the blessings of the past and present, gladness at the prospects for the future. The winter, with the merry sleigh bells and joyous shouts of sleighing or skating parties, is not yet over; then comes spring with all its beauteous freshness of sunlight and budding life; then summer, with its yellow ripened harvest fields; and autumn, when nature prepares to retire to her winter rest. All, all planned by our Father for our needs, for our pleasure. How shall we receive His gifts? How shall we, His children, show our appreciation of His goodness? By seeking His pleasure as He seeks ours, by praising Him with heart and life and voice, by walking in the path where he would have us walk—the path of love.

* * *

ONE after another the snowflakes fall. Many of the first to come melt and disappear, having apparently done no good. But this is not so, they have served their purpose, they have cooled the spot where they alighted and made it ready for a succeeding snowflake to remain visibly and usefully. One by one we do our duty in life. There is a work to be accomplished in building up the kingdom of truth, the Kingdom of God. As His messenger one of us is sent to deal with some man, but our efforts seem to do no good, the individual remains as he was. But we have done our duty, and he has been prepared for the next, and the next, and the next who shall be sent to him. Finally he is won. The first messenger has done his duty in preparing as much as the last who is said to have won him, for it was not the last but all together who won him. Without the work of the first, apparently so unsuccessful, the work of the last, apparently so successful, would have been impossible. In God's temple many of the stones are hidden from sight in the foundation, but none are hidden from God's sight, and the little noticed and al-

most unseen workmen who patiently lay the foundations of His Church in different lands have a glory peculiarly their own, a glory equal to, if not superior, to that of those workmen who many years later, and in brighter sunlight, erect the superstructure of the temple.

* * *

AT this season of Epiphany, when we are reminded of the manifestation of the Lord Jesus to the Gentiles, our thoughts naturally turn to the vast numbers of the Gentile world that even yet have not heard that the Christ has come.

We think of the wise men of the East, in the olden time, journeying all the way to Jerusalem and asking, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Then of their going on to Bethlehem still led by the star, and finding the child (disappointed a little, perhaps, at first by his humble surroundings), yet falling down and worshipping, and gladly presenting their treasures of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

What good news it is to think that the Lord Jesus is not only "The King of the Jews," but also the Saviour of the world; and how gladly His disciples should give of their treasures to-day to make this truth known.

We do not wonder, then, that many heralds are travelling over land and sea, pushing their way back into the dark places of the earth, that all people may soon learn that Christ came "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of His people Israel."

"Tell it out, among the heathen, Jesus reigns above;

Tell it out, among the nations, that His name is love.

Tell it out, among the highways, and the lanes at home;

Let it ring across the mountains, and the ocean's foam—

Like the sound of many waters may our glad shout be—

Till it echo, and re-echo, from the islands of the sea."

TAKEN IN TOW.

A man once said to himself, half mechanically, half legally, and with just as much conscience as made him miserable, "I must attend to my religious duties and give a copper in the dish when they come to

my pew, and, by a little prayer and reading, I must get to heaven anyhow." "No you can't," said an old sailor, who was listening, "that's not on the program; no man can set himself to get to heaven; no man ever did. Every adult soul has been brought to heaven, taken in tow, so to speak, by one who knew how to do it. There is only one who knows, only one who can, and that is the lonely Lord Jesus. I say lonely, for no one was so much cut off from all help and sympathy as was the Man of Sorrows when He came and accomplished our redemptive work. "When he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand."

Think of Him walking the deck alone, keeping watch alone, working out the problem of our eternal salvation alone, bringing individual souls into port, all alone; pleading at the right hand of God for all his people all alone. This is enough to make us bless Him forever.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

Luke xiv. 15-21

A MEDITATION.

How long the preparation for this feast. God does nothing in a hurry.

How ample, adapted, and ready it is. It begins with pardon, ends with eternal glory. It is interesting to mark how we come to share in this great feast. We have no right and no merit, for sin has deprived us of this. We come because we are invited, we receive because the blessings are offered.

But mark how the invitation was treated. It was very urgent, very sincere; none considered it a delusion, no one said, "I don't believe there is any feast at all." It was suited to their wants, but they made excuses. Now these were lawful and proper, but they were misplaced. It is very lawful to buy oxen, to hold a piece of land, or to get married, but lawful things become unlawful when they are put into an unlawful place. God must be first or not at all. And with what polite hesitation some people put off the day of decision for Christ. "I pray thee

have me excused." All this provoked the Master of the feast. "The Master was angry." Why? Because the unbeliever impeaches the truth of God, spurns the Son of God, holds him in contempt, despises the very mercy by which He saves, and tramples under foot the blood of the Son of God.

What is the end of such men? They generally perish; "none of these men shall taste of my supper." Let us be thankful that we are not lost already; that the feast is not consumed; that there is room, plenty of room, for us. But let us beware of delay, and remember that polite refusals are as fatal as the most insulting.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

"WHY AM I A CHRISTIAN?"

BY THE REV. W. J. ARMITAGE.

Rector of St. Paul's Church,
Halifax, N. S.

St. Matthew xvi: "Simon Peter answered and said thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." This was the confession of the disciple of Christ, and summed up in a line the Christian faith. It was accepted by our blessed Lord, and bears his sanction and approval. The question arises in every age, and comes to every individual soul, "What think ye of Christ?" This is a question of momentous importance which demands an answer. It will not do to say, "I am a Christian because my father was one, and because I was brought up in a Christian country, and under Christian surroundings." The religion of Jesus Christ calls us to prove all things, and requires us to be able to give at all times and to all comers a reason for the faith which is in us. It is not a religion based upon theory, supposition or speculation; it is a faith with an historical setting, founded altogether upon fact, and claiming to be a revelation from heaven. It is experimental rather than speculative. It asks a trial, and can only be understood by personal experiment; its truths being gained through practice, according to the saying of Jesus. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine

whether it be of God or whether of myself."

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

is, from its nature, active and aggressive. It is a living religion, because it is the truth. As an absolute religious teaching God's last word to man, must be intolerant of error, must be unsparing in its denunciation of evil, and must ever witness for the right. For this reason it naturally stirs up enmity and opposition. It has been compelled to prove its worth to every person who accepts it. The attack has been continuous and all along the line. Its truth has been questioned, its claims disputed, its adherents maligned. It has only won its way by slow degrees and in the face of the strongest opposition. No religion has been subjected to a more relentless scrutiny at the hands of the cleverest intellects, and the most subtle reasoners. It does not fear criticism, but rather invites study, reasoning and experiment. It is the friend of learning. Its spirit is the opposite to that of Omar the Mohammedan who, when he heard that the great library of Alexandria had fallen into his hands, said of the books: "If they agree with the Koran they are of no use, for it contains all that is necessary to be known; if they differ from it they deserve to be destroyed. They are either useless or bad, let them be burned."

This unfriendly scrutiny, and this fierce and undying opposition, instead of destroying Christianity has only established it more firmly. If there had been the slightest flaw in the gem of Christian truth, the treatment it has received would have shattered it into a thousand pieces, but like some priceless diamond, which receives such friction as would seem likely to destroy it, yet in reality only gains polish and lustre, so attack and criticism, while they have seemed to the timid to injure, have in reality only brought out the rich beauties of the Christian faith.

We frankly recognize in any effort to show the reasonableness of Christianity that there are sceptics and sceptics. There are some doubters who are honest seekers after truth. But there are others

who cling to error because they love sin.

Why am I a Christian? is the question. I am a Christian, because Christianity is a religion worthy of God. Its teaching is the highest known to human thought. Its morality is the noblest known, enforcing virtue, forbidding even the thought of sin. It is adapted to all sorts and conditions of men in every land and for all time. Its worship is at once holy and reasonable. It develops the highest type of character. Its ideal of life is the highest conceivable.

I am a Christian because Christianity satisfies all human need—it reveals God. Nature teaches that there is a God. Christ makes His character and purposes known to men. Unbelief says God cannot or will not reveal Himself. Faith answers surely an omnipotent being has the power and a loving God will speak. Jesus Christ is the word, and, as language expresses thought, He reveals the Father and is a perfect Saviour, able to meet an infinite need.

I am a Christian because Christianity satisfies my reason. It teaches many things which may transcend, but nothing contrary to reason. It is based upon historical facts and the testimony of eye witnesses. There is more abundant proof of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus than of the life of any character in antiquity. Then the Bible has stood the test of the ages, and no fact recorded in its pages has been disproved. True religion and true science are not at variance. The greatest living authority in science is a Christian. Lord Kelvin says: "Atheism and Materialism are rendered infinitely improbable by truth which has been amply given." The Bible remains the same, but science changes. An irreverent science would rob us of heaven and silence God's voice. A materialistic philosophy with its eyes fixed on earth so crowds the mind that there is no room for heaven. It is related of Buxton, the famous peasant, who could multiply nine figures by nine in his head, that he was taken to see Garrick act. His only impression was that he had seen a little man

strut about the stage and repeat 7,956 words.

It is want of spiritual appreciation which leads the materialist to speak of a soulless earth, looked down upon by a godless heaven, and to say:

"I saw a socket where an eye had been,
And I heard the moans of a fatherless
world."

Who would rest in a miscalled gospel of despair, when Christ reveals a God of love, and offers to believers a heaven of light?

ABOUT THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honour the face of the old man."—Leviticus xix. 32.

One of the most noticeable defects of our present life appears to be the disappearance of respect on the part of the young for the authority of the old, and, no doubt, this defect will do much in lessening and hindering the growth of national life and national happiness. The well-doing and prosperity and happiness of a nation depend upon its family life. Wherever this is pure, and animated by morally protected and educating influences, so that it might build up the character of the young, there it is serviceable to its purpose and helps to build up the state and gives the latter its proper place amongst the nations of the world. Such sanctifying influences has our God Himself invested in the family life. The relation of parents to their children, and children to their parents, is a relation ordained and willed by God, and is not at all instituted by parents for the furtherance of their own purposes. Therefore, the Lord has given a commandment, and this commandment has received a promise from Him, that He might reveal to all His own will and pleasure in the commandment, and His blessings to those who fulfil it.

It is not the age in itself which strengthens the parental authority or demands the respect for the aged, but it is the Divine Will alone, created in the relations of parents to children, and children to parents, an ideal image of that relation which the Heavenly Father desires to have with all in heaven and on earth that are called His children.

And that the wrath of God will come upon all who disobey this Divine Will, that, with the defiance of parents and the aged, the offender shall receive everlasting punishment, of this there is no doubt; for our God is a holy, a just God, who will visit the sins and punish the transgressor.

But neither is there any doubt that God will bless with His richest blessings all those who keep His commandments. It is a mystery to many how a people like the Jews, who are without a country, restless and always persecuted, yet are able to improve their condition in comparatively a short time, while others, even if they would employ the same zeal and talent, cannot do it. A Jew may settle down in a foreign country, may begin poor and humbly, yet he ascends step by step upon the ladder of success, his means increase, his reputation and respect is a matter of fact, the once poor Jew becomes a rich man, he gives others in the same condition in which he once was the opportunity to follow him in his steps. We believe that the secret of the success of the Jew lies in this fact, that God's Word and blessing are still working in the individual of that nation, which, though it sinned once greatly against God, yet always kept the Commandment of the Lord to honour father and mother, and this obedience is beyond doubt a source of blessing for the Jew. Every one who knows something about the Jew will admit that the most tender and loving bonds unite the Jewish families, and that in the relation of the young to the old amongst the Jews is given to us an example which is worthy of our imitation, and deserves our highest admiration. And for this respect and care for the parents and the aged the Lord fulfills His promise according to His own word. How different it is in many families of the whole of Christendom! In recent years Christian charity has opened a new field, or rather was compelled to do it, by establishing homes for aged people, to give shelter, food and raiment to lonely and poor people that they might be able to spend the evening of their lives without cares and sorrows. There the flame of Christian love has to brighten

many a dark spot in the sorrowful heart of the inmate; many sad things of the past have to be blotted out by the kindness of the Christian people, and many things, which heartless and dishonourable children occasioned, have to be made good by the good-will and love of Christ's followers. Oh, the complaints, the tears, the injustices and the sighs of many of these unhappy and homeless people; what a sad story do they tell about disobedient, heartless and selfish children! In many cases the Christian mind is enraged on account of the cruel acts and speeches, with which the children's duty of thankfulness is denied and the responsibility for the comfort and happiness of the parents is refused by many a child. Such children will not be blessed, but rather God will in His own time punish them according to His law. Even if the parents were peculiar in their ways, and perhaps unkind to the child, that would not in the least release the child from caring for and loving the parents. What a sad and unhappy condition there must be in a family when that tie of love is loosed which is ordained by God to unite parents and children unto death!

Wherever the Divine thought of this relationship is lost, wherever the thought of God and His will with regard to this family tie disappears, there is the best, yea, there is all and everything, gone, and the bonds which ought to be between child and parent must lose themselves in the heart of an ungrateful and unloving child.

But this harm will not remain to exert its poisoning influence in the home alone! It goes out into the life, it disturbs the right relations with our fellow-men; it disturbs the peace of the outer world as it has disturbed the peace of the home. Opposition against the parents will develop into an opposition against the lawful authority, in fact against all who by virtue of the 5th Commandment are entitled to respect and love, that is, those in authority in Country, Church and School. And inasmuch as a child is disrespectful at home, so it will act outside the house. Disrespectful in words and acts, many of the children usurp mastership where learning is

necessary; will reign where they ought to serve! Sad it is, especially in this country, how the children judge and criticize the actions and sayings of the old, whereas they ought to be humble and meek and submissive to the greater experience and better judgment of the older ones.

And as the parents, so is the authority of the country, so are the clergymen, teachers and others in authority. Behind every one of them stands God, and according to how a child will act towards them so will God act towards the child, as he has said in the Fifth Commandment. How much more happiness would everyone enjoy, how much easier would the battle of life be, if one could have the assurance that an honourable and respectful youth later on will care for and defend the true principles of Church, of School and of State, will preserve all that is noble and good, which alone can make happy the heart, home and country, will keep and hold fast the true doctrine of godliness, which is useful and good for all things, and has the promise of this and of eternal life.

Only with a godly and pious youth the future and the well-being of our great and beautiful country can be secured, only when this land of ours can depend upon a religious and God-fearing youth, only then will the sun of God's love and His blessings shine and rest upon the future of this country.

E. A. LANGFELDT,
Wycliffe College.

RESOLVES FOR ALL THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. CANON WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR
OF "SUNGLEAMS," ETC

My soul, look forward, add resolve

That by God's blessing thou wilt win,
Ere yet another year revolve,

More conquests over self and sin,
More love for duty and for God,

More peace within, more strength
abroad.

Resolve to read God's Word and pray;

To seek the Spirit's loving power;

To fill with useful work each day;

And lean on Christ from hour to hour.

Lord, to Thy servant be Thou near,

And this will be a Glad New Year.

A bad reaper blames the sickle.
Bad workmen quarrel with tools.—
Selected.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL IDEAL- IST.

BEING A RECORD OF THE INVESTIGATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE PART OF AN OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN, WHO HAS HIS OWN IDEAS ON PARISH WORK AND METHODS.

II.

"We are all very busy just now," said my friend, Theodore West, as we were discussing plans for my visit. "There is a debt of a couple of thousand on the Church and we are to have a two days' festival to raise funds. There will be a sale with tea each afternoon, and concert in the evening. We hope to clear three hundred dollars."

"Do you often have these affairs?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "Quite frequently. You see it has a double advantage—money made and the congregation brought together in a social way."

"How is it managed?"

"Well, the Ladies' Aid Society sews for some months. They make a lot of articles, useful and ornamental. Then, of course, they bake when the time comes and send the refreshments. There are lots of other little schemes that are worked at the same time—fish pond and the like. Finally, the entertainment is arranged—all local talent, unless some clever visitor is at hand to assist."

Just here my friend was called away and I was left to my meditations. My misfortune seems to be the possession of a mathematical, calculating mind. My old schoolmaster once offered to supply me with some exercises in Euclid for the summer vacation—he knew my taste! A later acquaintance, a retired schoolmaster, recently endeavored to interest me in finding "four numbers, the sum of whose cubes would equal the sum of the cubes of four other numbers." "For such problems," said he, "there is no special rule. It requires an extensive acquaintance with the properties of numbers." My meditations are based on this part of the above theory at least. "No special rule." I cannot claim a minute knowledge of the "properties of

numbers." Here are some of my problems on the present occasion.

There is that debt of \$2,000. Why can I not think of it without that expression ringing in my head, "Owe no man anything"? I suppose if the interest is regularly paid and the property, which secures the debt, worth far more than the amount, a church may be built, when it is known there will be a debt. It is better to pay decreasing interest, as the principal grows less, than rental for a hall, for all time. Still, cannot a congregation, an average congregation, pay in full for a building suitable to its need? Too large or too ornamental—two reasons for debts. But about these ways of raising funds—I wish St. Paul had said something about them. I wonder if he ever attended a tea-meeting on his travels, or during his visitations. "As the Father hath sent me," said the Master, "even so send I you." To His Father He had said, "As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." The Church, His Body, is then to do as He would do on earth—to be His re-incarnation, as is often said.

If the Church is to do as He would do, and He gave Himself for the world, what can reasonably be expected of the member of the Church? What should be the limit of direct contribution?

We see large posters and small bills, "Great Festival and Concert—Sale of Fancy Goods, Refreshments. Concert, admission only—cents, for the benefit of ——— Church"

Could I translate, or would He read it thus—"The — congregation of the Church of the living God is in debt. It owes \$2,000. The representatives of Him who gave His life for the world cannot freely give sufficient to reduce this indebtedness. They will give a certain amount for materials and a certain amount of time and talent, if other Christians, who have their own demands to meet, will pay for them. N.B.—Hard cash from 'the World, the Flesh and the Devil' gladly received also. A strong list of attractions provided, so that those who would not donate the amount to the

Lord's work may be prevailed upon to contribute indirectly. No matter what your motive in giving, we want your money, and we shall be satisfied."

The representatives of Him who said "the world is mine and the fulness thereof" advertise for all, friends or foes, to patronize the entertainment to raise funds for His work! Well, I suppose I am a crank. Somebody else will put it quite differently.

But how about the *social* side of the affair? It does bring the people together in a fraternal way, does it not?

Why, yes, of course. That young couple who are well off and have plenty of comforts and lots of society enjoy the fraternal intercourse for twenty cents. My poor brother over the way who gets a dollar and a half a day for nine months of the year and would like to bring his wife and six children to enjoy some of the brightness and Christian fellowship may do so for eighty cents—the price of more than half a day of hard work. It will not cost him that, though! He will *stay at home* and let the wife and two of the children go.

I once watched a young man go in for "fellowship" in this way. He told his chum beforehand that he "knew better than to take more than a V. with him." He was wise. From the time he entered the east door till he got out at the west, he *was* entertained. Little girls and big girls, young girls and—no, pardon me!—but it was "Slipper and Slipper Case," "Photo Frame," "Ice-Cream," "Ticket for Tea." Fellowship, social intercourse indeed! When he escaped he had to walk home for lack of car fare. And this for the glory of the great God, for the cause of the meek and lowly, the self-sacrificing Jesus! Surely I must be getting astray somewhere. I am getting cranky again. It is time to stop.

R.

Niagara Diocese.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley.*

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

Awake, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray
From every nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy homesick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before
thee;

And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,

Like doves, long absent, when allowed
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace—
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious,
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways,
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God Himself shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heaven itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

—*Thomas Moore.*

TRUE HEROISM.

All men admire a hero. Most men would like to be heroic. But only now and then is there a man who realizes what it is to be a hero, and how simple a thing is heroism. What is a hero? What is heroism? The primitive meaning of the Greek word "hero" is "a man." Heroism is acting like a hero—like a true man. Yet so rare a thing is it

that a man *is* a man, or that a real man—a real hero—shows himself fully competent to his position in an emergency, that men of old came to look at a real man, a real hero, as something more than a simple man, more than a simple hero: and so men came to think that a real hero was god-like, and finally to count him partly divine. Yet, after all, a real hero is only a real man. Even to this day we speak of an exceptional human personality as "a manly man," or as "a womanly woman"; and in thus speaking, we practically assert that a hero—of either sex—is a God-inspired, a God helped, a God-like man, or woman. We need not be more than God made us to be, we need not expect more power than God gave us, and that God will inspire and enable us to use, if we would be true heroes. It is a great thing, it is a heroic thing, for any man to do as well as he can do, to do as well as he ought to do, in an emergency. Any man who does that is a hero in God's sight, and he ought to be so in man's sight.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE SCORN OF JOB.

Ch. xxxi, 17.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"
The patriarch spoke in scorn.
What would he think of the Church were he shown
Heathendom huge and forlorn;
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the Church's ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone?

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"
The mighty apostle cried,
Traversing continents souls to seek
For the love of the Crucified;
Centuries, centuries since have sped,
Millions are famishing; we have bread,
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever of those who have largest dower
Shall Heaven require the more,
Ours is affluence, knowledge and power,
Ocean from shore to shore;
And East and West in our ears have said,
"Give us, give us your living Bread,"
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely as ye have received, so give,"
He bade, Who hath given us all,
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Deaf to their starving call;
For whom the Blood of the Lord was shed,
And His Body broken to give them Bread,
If we eat our morsel alone?

—*Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry.*

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 |
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| 40 " " " " " " | 11.00 |
| 50 " " " " " " | 13.50 |
| 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.

A SOLITARY WAY.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,

To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness;
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands,

Not one to enter into all I feel";
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wander in "a solitary way."

No matter what or where our life may be:
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?

It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart He wishes to be first,
He, therefore, keeps the secret key Him self,

To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary soul that comes to Him.
So, when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me."

And, every time we are "not understood,"

It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,

And say "I cannot bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it, purposely,

So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"

Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted, He can feel with you;
You cannot come too often or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day

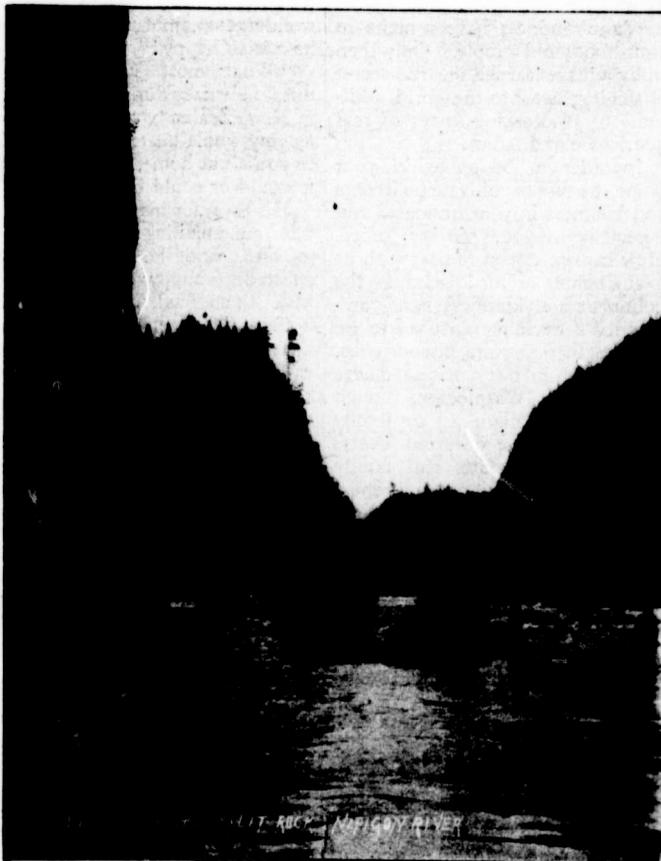
Can never have "a solitary way."

HOME POLITENESS.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say, "I thank you"? Why not practise it at home?—to your husband, your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you a little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your husband—ah! it's a matter of course; don't say, "No need of thanks."

you say. But they tell mightily upon the heart, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He doesn't see anything that requires an apology—doesn't even think an apology is called for; accepts everything as right, the cold supper, the cold room, etc.; but he goes home, where the wife has been caring for the sick ones all day, and working her life almost out. Hear



East Rapids, Split Rock. (See page 1.)

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress—your very, very best—and by accident tear it, how profuse you would be with your "Never mind," "Don't think of it." If your husband does it, perhaps he gets a frown; if a child, perhaps you think he ought to be chastised.

Ah! "These are little things,"

him: "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; never were such cross children before." No apologies waited for or accepted at home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound—those little words, "I thank you," "You are very kind." Doubly, yes,

thrice, sweet from the lips we love; when the heart swells may the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare?—to be happy at your coming?—to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then speak with all your dignity and mingled politeness, and with the utmost kindness both in manner and spirit. Let politeness and kindness have a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world additions to its working forces of real gentlemen and ladies.

In order to be polite in your home, be sure to cultivate politeness and kindness in your business, and especially in your business office. How can we expect to bear with us to the homes of our loved ones the politeness and kindness here commended if we suffer ourselves to be unsympathetic, severe, discourteous, and boorish in our business offices and circles? Washington, though of aristocratic origin as to family and associations, observed everywhere—in army, state, and family life—the most faultless politeness and the greatest kindness, both in manner and spirit, doffing his hat and kindly recognizing the salutations of even the humblest servant in the shop or street. And such were the manner and spirit of a greater than Washington—the Great Master, whose followers we profess to be.—*Selected.*

THE RT. REV. J. C. PATTERSON.

MISSIONARY BISHOP.

We are too apt to think solely of the death of the martyr-bishop, forgetting that such a glorious end could hardly have been attained by a "saintly life." And what is the leading characteristic of that life, spent as it was, first in one of the loveliest and happiest of English homes, and then amid the gorgeous tropical beauty of "the islands of the South"? His own simple words, in a letter to a little cousin, gave the key-note of his character.

"It is never right for us to try

and make ourselves sad. Good people are cheerful and happy, although they may have plenty of trials and troubles."

"It was the joyousness and "sunniness," so to speak, of his nature, which won to him all hearts, from the children and cottagers in the Devonshire village, to the gentle, affectionate, but untutored, Melaneseans, for whom he gave his life.

Again and again we find him expressing a beautiful and childlike wonder, that, amid this or that trial, he "is so happy!"

"What most surprises me is this," he writes during his first year in New Zealand, "that, though I feel my whole heart swell with love to you all at home, I did not think it would or could be so."

His love for his brown scholars was an unending fountain of joy to him, and he was most unaffectedly happy and at home with them, as full of fun as if they had been a party of Eton boys—amusing himself with their vain attempts to sit a stubborn donkey, listening to their stories of their home life, and so gradually winning their confidence and love.

Whence sprang this buoyancy and gladness of heart, which bore him through pangs of separation, especially keen to such an affectionate nature? Surely from his pure, whole-hearted devotion to One Supreme Will and Love, which ordereth all things aright. No mere natural high spirits of elasticity of temperament would have stood him in such good stead in the time of trial. Verily, "The joy of the Lord was his strength," and in that strength he went calmly and brightly on his way, till even when "quite a wreck" (as one describes him), with wearing illness, he could write home:

"I can't tell you of the very great happiness and actual enjoyment of many of those sleepless nights, when, perhaps at 2 a.m., I felt the pain subsiding, and prayer for rest, if it was His Will, changed into thanksgiving for relief. And Psalms seemed to have a new meaning, and prayer to be so real, and somehow there was a sense of a very near Presence."

His spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.

It is a comely fashion to be glad, and one that makes God's children very dear in His sight.

It is a mistake to think of joyfulness as a wayside flower that springs up of its own accord, or that can only be born of occasions and circumstances. It is a choice plant, not always easy to rear, for it is tender and delicate as it is lovely, and it must be carefully sheltered from the damp chill of every self-regardful feeling. It is, in fact, a plant that can only be firmly struck and well-rooted by the Psalmist's hearty resolution, "I will be glad."—*Selected.*

WHAT IS DUE ?

Is it not due the rector, to notify him upon change of residence ?

Is it not due the rector to notify him when your children are taken from Sunday-school, and why ?

Is it not your duty, when any of your family are sick, to notify the rector? How can he know unless you do? If you are in affliction and need his comfort and counsel, is it not due him to let him know it?

Is it not due the rector, if you are a stranger, regularly attending church, to let him know the fact, so that he can call upon you?

Is it not your duty, if receiving the benefit of the rector's ministrations, to support in some regular way the Church's work?

Is it not due the rector, when you expect his services at a funeral, to confer with him before you set the time and place for holding it?

Is it not due the rector to be regular in all your church duties and communions, and so to encourage him in his arduous work?

Is it not due the rector to pray for him, and to believe that he is doing all things for the best, till you know to the contrary?

In short, is it not due the rector to consider that he is a man, subject to like infirmities with other men, and to give him the benefit of charity in all that he does or says?—*Selected.*

Make your actions conform to your New Year resolutions.

MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady.

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece."

This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.

It has been forcibly and truthfully said that "an unimproved hour is a jewel lost beyond recovery." In your days of preparation for manhood's responsibilities, how many such jewels do you propose to lose? — *Young Reaper.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

| <i>International.</i> | <i>Institute.</i> |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Jan. 1—St. John i. 1-14. | Acts xiii. 14-17, 42-51. |
| " 8—St. John i. 35-46 | Acts xiv. 1-8. |
| " 15—St. John ii. 1-11 | Acts xv. 6-30. |
| " 22—St. John iii. 1-16 | Acts xvi. 1-16. |
| " 29—St. John iv. 5-15. | Acts xvi. 16-34. |

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

By Rev. Klement Richardson, M.A.

1. Why may we fairly assume that the angel speaking at Jehovah Jireh was the Second Person in the Blessed Trinity?
2. Who is the only woman whose age, death and place of burial are mentioned in Holy Scripture?
3. What is the name of her place of burial?
4. How old was she when she died?
5. How did Abraham become owner of the Land?
6. From whom did he buy it?
7. Who is the only Christian, as far as we know, who, at present alive, has entered it?
8. Where in Holy Scripture is money first mentioned?
9. What is the meaning of the word Machpelah?
10. Why did the place get the name Mamre?
11. How old was Isaac when he married if we use Chronology of Authorized Version?
12. Whom did Abraham send into Mesopotamia to take Isaac a wife?

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER FOR "ME."

- God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
- God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.
- God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.
- God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.
- M. Bethan Edwards, in "Home Words."*

THE BRAVEST DEED.

A few soldiers of the great civil war, Federals and Confederates, were passengers on the same steam-

boat, and they discussed the various events of the war in which they had taken part. At last they got into a discussion on the greatest acts of bravery each had known, and a Confederate told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1862 and General Grant was close to us with a strong force. Our men sheltered themselves in rifle pits, and many dead and wounded Federals lay up to the edge of our pits. In one of them was a rather uncouth, ungainly boy. Very little attention was given to him, though he got the reputation of being brave and resolute.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was dying, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The boy found it hard to bear them. He had lately joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"I can't stand it any longer, boys, I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen."

"For answer to this speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious

canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the kind act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of his pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quivering voice. — *Youth's Companion*.

A CHEERFUL LITTLE GIVER.

Tania put her fingers to her ears, trying in vain to shut out the sound of the fearful oaths that came to her from the next room, where drunken Teddy Mahone was beating his wife and children.

"Oh, how I wish he'd stop!" she cried; and as the oaths continued she could bear it longer, but crept out of the cold house into the colder street.

Tania was only ten, a poor orphan flower-girl, but as true a little Christian as one could find. Although often hungry and cold, her faith in her heavenly Father never wavered, and morning and night she thanked Him for His loving kindness. She

would rather go hungry or get her meals from the ash barrel than to owe Mrs. Draper for her lodgings—a straw bed in the corner of a room where seven or eight other girls and women slept. She had bought her clothes at the pawnshops, after her mother's death, two years before. Tania's only consolation was that now her dear mother was in a place always warm and bright and pleasant!

After a long walk, Tania found herself on Fifth Avenue, in front of a beautiful stone church. It was too grand a place for her to enter, but she stood outside enjoying the music until two ladies stepped from their carriage and passed her as they entered.

"What beautiful eyes!" exclaimed one, as the long fringes of Tania's large, dark eyes lifted.

"And what beautiful hair!" said the other. "I'd give a good deal of money for a head of hair like that," lifting, as she spoke, one of Tania's numerous long curls, and smiling into the beautiful face of the girl.

"Please, lady, may I go in, too?" pleaded the child. "Mamma used to take me before she died, but I haven't been since."

The ladies took her in with them, telling an usher to give her a back seat, which he did, keeping an eye on her to see that she did not steal one of their gilt-edged hymn books.

Her first few moments were spent in admiring the marble floors, the soft, velvet-cushioned seats, the golden, satiny look of the rich oak carvings, the softened gleam of electric lights shining from behind ground glasses set in the wood-work at the sides, the flowers, and the exquisite music! Tania held her breath as she thought of the sweetness of the heavenly choir in which her dear mother was singing.

When the music died away the preacher began, in a rich, eloquent voice, to discourse upon the subject of Home Missions. At the close of his sermon he made a touching appeal for funds to help in the good work of redeeming the slums of their city. He said that not one in that great congregation ought to leave without giving something.

"Oh, if they only would!" thought Tania. "If they'd only send some

one to convert Teddy Mahone and make him stop swearing! They surely would have enough if everyone gave something. Every one?" Why, that, she pondered, meant her, too. She had absolutely nothing except her flower-scissors, as she had spent her last cent the night before in paying for her lodgings. As she put her hand in her pocket and touched them, her scissors suggested her hair and the lady's remark, "A good deal of money for a head of hair like that." Yes, that was what she had said. Instantly the scissors came out of her pocket, and then the thought of how much her mother had loved her hair crossed her mind.

"If it comes in long and thick again, it will never be the same hair that mamma used to stroke," she said to herself, but she put away the thought as unworthy of the God who loves a cheerful giver, and of the dear, dead mother, who would rejoice if she could hear the Gospel messages preached amid the filth, squalor, misery and sin of Tin Pan Alley.

With tearful eyes but smiling face, Tania cut off her beautiful curls, and before the astonished usher could stop her, she had started rapidly up the aisle and laid her treasure in the hands of the amazed clergyman.

"I hadn't even a cent," she explained, "but I heard a lady say she would give 'a good deal of money for a head of hair like that,' so I cut it off, and hope the missionaries will come to Tin Pan Alley and convert Teddy Mahone. He swears awful, sir. I couldn't stay in the room this morning and hear him."

The minister smiled down kindly into the earnest face of the child, who was now beginning to look frightened and abashed at her boldness. After reassuring her, he drew from her, with a few skilful questions, a description of the horrors of the alley and its location.

Then, with the hair before him on the desk, and Tania's story for a text, he made a second appeal to the congregation, that drew tears to all eyes, and a collection such as the church, wealthy as it was, had never given to the Lord.

Not long afterward a neat little chapel arose in Tin Pan Alley, which

was soon followed by an industrial school for boys and girls. Tania, in short curls and a clean new dress, is studying the Bible in the mission school, and sewing, and the duties of a lady's maid, which she wants to become, in the industrial school. She notices the improvement in the alley with much satisfaction, especially the change in Teddy Mahone, and never once regrets the cheerful sacrifice of her hair.—*The Presbyterian*.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix. 14.

Let the little children come
To a Saviour's breast;
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest-field;
To the touch of fingers small
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming—silencing.

Jesus lids those little feet
Carrv comfort rare
To some troubled, weary soul,
Full of dark despair.

Little saints have work to do,
Little souls to win,
Standing at the golden gate
Asking children in.

Perhaps, amid the crowding throng,
No one else might see
That some little faces asked,
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

—Selected.

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

A poor idiot, who was supported by the parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the High and Holy one, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or

performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that, if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and coters, and always replied in the same words: "Na, na, ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll aye gang on my ane feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?" "Neither the one or the tither, laddie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!" The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please, minister, let Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came only quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded. "Oh, minister, if ye but kenned how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!" This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near, and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the

poor boy, and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hal owd elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it almost between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among his ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye and a word fro' His tongue; and he's afeared to speak lest he lose memory o't, for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day, that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder; and one whispered to another, "Sure he's no longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted; and, after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ah, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more! Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loft, all goold. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her

knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before, since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine, too, and then cried for more, such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, Granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied Granny's guest, "doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himself, when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of'? Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were seated upon the grass has na' been feeding the poor Yeddie as he sat at His table?"

"Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thoct he was carrying a candle in his hand! I e'en hope he brocht the blessing hame wi' him to 'bide on the widow. Aweel, aweel," continued Granny, "if I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for that. I seemed ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was mindin' one o' His little ones; I ken it better to-night."

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her pillow to perform his humble tasks herself. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made the "porritch"; and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with

his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand on his head, but instantly recoiled. While she was sleeping, the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away, had been put upon his brow. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, and as he slept—he had gone to be with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden. Poor "Granny" was not left alone in her cot; for He who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie was with her, and His promise was fulfilled: "I will not leave you comfortless."—*Selected.*

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It is encouraging to see the union services of the week of prayer so well attended; even on Monday, Jan. 2nd, notwithstanding election and social gatherings, there was a very fair attendance in St. Paul's schoolhouse, when the Rev. T. Manning gave a thoughtful and helpful address on "Confession and Thanksgiving," showing that humility was the right spirit in which to approach God, and pointing out some of the things that we as individuals and as a community need to confess our shortcomings before God. The spirit of God seemed to brood over and guide the service. We trust the remaining services may be fruitful in much blessing.

The Rev. H. C. Dixon gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Around London," illustrated by lantern views,

in St. Paul's Schoolhouse on Tuesday, December 27. He also showed a number of views of scenes along the Rhine. Owing to the very stormy night the attendance was not as large as it would otherwise have been. The collection taken up for the work of the Young Men's Association amounted to \$6.66. Many were pleased to see and meet Mr. Dixon again, and if the night had been fine a number expected to have driven in from Cameron.

The congregational re-union on December 6th was very pleasant affair. Mr. Thomas Walters occupying the chair with his usual kindness and tact. We were glad to see so many present, and feel sure that those there enjoyed the excellent program and were pleased to meet Mr. Perry and hear words of such good cheer from him. The refreshments, kindly provided by the ladies, and the social time arranged for, made us feel as if we were all members of the same household of faith.

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