



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 108.

OCTOBER, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

THOS. WALTERS, } *Churchwardens.*
ROBL. BRYANS, }

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, W.M. GRACE, C. D. BARR.

Schismen.

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

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.

Youth is not so much a time for pleasure as for character building. A little pleasure along the way is good, but the great purpose and aim of the young, and of those who have the training of youth, should be character building.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

COPELAND—William John, born 14th April, 1898; Violet Ann, born 17th April, 1900; children of John Henry and Ida Copeland, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 30th Sept. 1900.

BEGGS—Mary Evelyn, born 19th August, 1898; Robert Stanley, born 8th July, 1900; children of Robert John and Mary Ellen Beggs, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 30th Sept., 1900.

PARKS—John Andrew, son of William and Catherine Parks, born 7th April, 1900, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 30th Sept., 1900.

PIERCY.—Alda Mary, daughter of Charles Henry and Addie Piercy, born 17th June, 1900, baptized 24th Sept., 1900.

Marriages.

HADLEY—CLARK.—At Lindsay, on 19th Sept., 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Levi Hadley, to Martha Clark, both of Bobcaygeon.

BROOKS—ANDREWS.—At Lindsay, on 24th Sept., 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Louis Brooks to Agnes May Andrews, both of Lindsay.

Burials.

HEPBURN.—At Eden churchyard, on 14th Sept., 1900, William John Ross, child of Charles J. Hepburn, aged 5 months.

PITTS.—At Riverside cemetery, on 7th Sept., 1900, Wilhelmina Pitts, in her 77th year.

BELL.—At Riverside cemetery, on 12th Sept., 1900. Mary Louisa, daughter of Henry Bell, in her 18th year.

BRADY.—At Riverside cemetery, on 15th Sept., 1900, Alexander Brady, in his 69th year.

CROFTON.—At Riverside cemetery, on 29th Sept., 1900, Adelaide, daughter of J. Crofton, in her 20th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Rev. C. B. Kenrick has resigned the rectory of St. Mark's church, Port Hope, and goes to New Brunswick shortly.

The Rev. W. H. Sparks has been for some little time taking the duty at Sunderland and West Brock, and we trust will be blessed in his work there.

The Rev. Cameron N. Wilson, who was ordained on Sept. 23rd by the Bishop of Toronto, preached in St. Paul's and took the duty at Cameron and Cambay on Oct. 7th.

Mr. Leigh Knight has gone to Toronto to continue his law studies at Osgoode Hall. He will be missed as a sidesman and also from his work in the Young Men's Association.

Services will D.V. be held in St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day, at 11 a. m. The offertory will be for the missions of our diocese. As Canadians how much we have to be thankful for.

The Rev. J. C. Davidson, M.A., rector of St. John's church, Peterboro, was the special preacher at the Harvest Thanksgiving service at Christ Church, Bobcaygeon, on Sept. 21st.

There are said to be some 6500 suicides each year in Japan, and yet some people think that land does not need the gospel. Contrast that with less than 400 in England the last year we saw statistics, counting both murders and suicides.

The Rev. Heber J. Hamilton, B.A., a returned missionary from Japan, well known in this rural deanery, has kindly consented to take the rector's duty on Oct. 14th, while he preaches Harvest Thanksgiving sermons at Christ Church, Onemee.

We congratulate Miss Annie Walters on her marriage to Mr. Jas. Devitt, L. D. S., of Bowmanville, and wish them both ears of happiness. The bride will be much missed from St. Paul's as she has not only been a member of the choir, but for long time taught a class in Sunday school.

The choir of St. Paul's assisted by Mrs. A. Palen and Mr. Robson gave a very interesting concert at Reaboro on the evening of Sept. 25th, which was much appreciated. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. William Thorne, assisted by some friends, kindly entertained the visitors at supper at their hospitable home.

Mr. E. A. Rennie, who one summer took duty for a short time in Lindsay, was ordained deacon at St. James' church, Orillia, on Sept. 30th, and goes shortly to work at New Orleans as curate to the Rev. Dr. Waters. His friends in this neighborhood will follow with sympathetic interest his labors in the great southern city.

The annual meetings of the Canadian Church Missionary Association, and the Gleaners' Union, were held in Toronto on Oct. 4th and 5th, and were very inspiring gatherings, being largely attended, and evidently guided by the Spirit of God. There was much to encourage and cheer recorded, even although owing to growth of work and other causes some \$2300 were required to meet all needs to date, and three missionaries were ready to go forward as soon as there were funds on hand to send them. One friend is sending a lady missionary to Persia, or rather is to support her after she arrives there. How many of us might support a substitute in the field and so help preach the gospel to every creature.

Let us try and pay all our debts before the century closes. If you and I pay ours that will help others to pay theirs. Let us if spared greet the new century as honest men.

The 50 prayer and hymn books purchased by the Young Men's Association, have had *St. Paul's Church* put on the covers in gold letters, and will no doubt be in use by visitors and strangers ere this is in print. We are sure both churchwardens and congregation appreciate the thoughtful gift of the young men.

Mr. G. S. Patrick, our estimable vestry clerk, with his mother, Mrs. Patrick, have returned to town after several months' absence in New Jersey and parts adjacent. Those who have had to look after his duties during his absence, are glad to see him back, and many rejoice in seeing both again in their places in St. Paul's.

Mr. W. H. Vance, who has so faithfully taken the duties at Cameron and Cambay for the last few months, has gone to Toronto to prosecute his studies at Toronto University and Wycliffe College. He will be much missed in the various branches of church work here, but we trust will be abundantly blessed in his preparation for future usefulness in the Master's Vineyard.

During the three months ending the 31st Aug., in the mission of Bobcaygeon and Dunsford, 43 Sunday services were held necessitating a drive of 239 miles. The average attendance at Bobcaygeon was about 72, and at Dunsford 56, while there was a good attendance at the other stations. The income for the quarter was \$206.91, and the holy communion was administered seven times, some ten week evening services were also held.

The Rural Dean of Durham and Victoria had the privilege of preaching Harvest Thanksgiving services at All Saints' church, Peterboro, on Sept. 21st through the kind invitation of Rev. W. L. Armitage. He congratulates the clergy and workers on the large congregation for a week evening, the beautiful harvest decorations, the appropriate music and hearty singing, and evident tokens of prosperity vouchsafed to the church in South Peterboro.

In addition to Thanksgiving Day, when all Canadians are invited to join in thanksgiving to God for so many national blessings, there will (D.V.) be special harvest thanksgiving services in St. Paul's church on Sunday, Oct. 21st.

"Come, ye thankful people, come
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin."

There was a rather small attendance at the September meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society (on 24th ult.), but there was a pleasing program, in which Miss Wingrove recited, and Miss Colles sang for the first time to a Lindsay audience and was much appreciated. Miss H. Wingrove sent a letter resigning her position as organist of the society, she having gone to Parkdale; and Mr. Vance also tendered his resignation as secretary, as he was to leave for Toronto in a few days. Both these officers will be much missed. Mr. Knight explained the delay in regard to the drinking fountain; and later five new members (three ladies and two young men) were enrolled. There is much work for this society to do, but the numbers of earnest devoted male workers is alas too few. Who will come and help be a blessing to their fellows.

Parish and Home

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 10

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

- 7—**Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Jer. v.; Phil. i. *Evening*—Jer. xxii. or xxxv.; Luke viii. to 26.
- 14—**Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Jer. xxxvi.; Col. iii. to 18. *Evening*—Ezek. ii. or xiii. to 17; Luke xii. 29.
- 18—**St. Luke, Evangelist.** *Morning*—Isaiah lv.; 1 Thess. iii. *Evening*—Eccles. xxxviii. 1; 15; Luke xiii. 18.
- 21—**Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Ezek. xiv.; 2 Thess. I. *Evening*—Ezek. xviii. or xxiv. 15; Luke xv. 11.
- 28—**Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Ezek. xxxv.; 1 Tim. v. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvi. or Dan. i.; Luke xix. 28. **St. Simon and St. Jude, A. and M.** *Morning*—Isaiah xxviii. 9 to 17. *Evening*—Jer. iii. 12 to 19.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is sometimes a danger of us in the Church of England neglecting the country parts and devoting our attention chiefly to the towns and cities. While we can never neglect the larger centres with safety, it is well to remember that the cities are continually supplied from the country by strong, active, energetic young people coming up to seek their fortunes in the places where men most do congregate, and that if we as a Church lose the country we will sooner or later lose the towns and cities. Every country parish should do its best to support the ministrations of the Church in its midst, but there always will be a number of localities where this cannot be done. Diocesan and such-like mission funds should be kept in a strong, healthy state, so that a man who is doing good work in a country parish may not have to leave, just in the midst of his greatest usefulness, for the sake of a hundred dollars or two to enable him to sustain a growing family and increasing expenses. "No man liveth to himself," and it is equally true that no parish or mission liveth to itself. If the weak are allowed to languish and die, the strong must sooner or later suffer with them, but if the weak are strengthened by the sympathy, prayer and help of the strong, then all together will be blessed and enlarged.

THE season of the year is now

here when all the Churches' activities are in full swing, when, after somewhat of a lull in the summer, all the various organizations are doing their work. Surely every man who loves his church, every man who loves his Saviour, will ask: What can I do? Where can I be most useful? Yea, even like St. Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" To how many professed disciples of His in our parishes to day would the Master say, as of old: "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

MANY of us will soon be called upon to exercise one of the duties of citizenship at the polls, and it is well to remember that country is far above party, that a good government cannot be made out of bad men, and that righteousness exalteth a nation. It is well for us, therefore, if we be Christian citizens, to see that our vote makes for righteousness every time, and that if the party to which we belong brings out a man whose character is not honest, true and upright, he will not get our support. The men who go to Parliament, or who serve in our city, town or county councils, should receive our earnest sympathy and hearty support in everything that makes for the welfare of the nation or people. We are exhorted also to pray for all those in authority. At the same time we should do our best to see that none but men of the highest character are placed there.

MANY of us have been permitted to enjoy summer holidays of longer or shorter duration, and have come back to our regular work refreshed and invigorated by the rest and change. Should we not then remember those who are not so greatly blessed as ourselves in these things.

In the hospitals, homes for incurables, jails, asylums, are many

who are spending long, weary hours, with little, very little, of the good things of this life to enjoy. Of course in many cases they may have only themselves to blame for this, but still if we have the loving spirit of our Master, should not our hearts go out to these suffering ones in loving sympathy, and with an earnest desire to help and bless them?

If this be so, and we have ourselves been helped in the past by the monthly visits of PARISH AND HOME, shall we not try to give the same help to others? Every dollar contributed for this purpose will send four papers for a year to some who are not so well off as we are ourselves.

A request came in a few days ago for ten papers for distribution amongst the sailors at Collingwood, and although the fund was exhausted the papers were sent forward, the committee feeling sure that there were many who, if reminded of the matter, would willingly help in so good a work. Ten copies have from the first been sent every month to our brave boys in South Africa. Brave, stalwart men they were when they left the home-land, ready and eager for the fray. But the cable is telling us each day that this one and that one is wounded, and has been sent to the hospital. And then comes what most of them find even harder work than fighting. Who shall say how much may be done for God in the long, weary hours of convalescence by such silent messengers as PARISH AND HOME? Ten copies don't go very far. Would not some one like to increase the number?

And in our sympathy for those who have gone to distant lands shall we forget those nearer home? Is there nothing to interest us in the lot of the men in the lumber camps and backwoods settlements, where literature of all kinds is scarce, and so much of what is to be had is calculated to hinder, not to help, spiritual growth?

Contributions marked for the Free Distribution Fund from those whose hearts the Lord has touched, may be sent direct to the Bryant Press, or to the treasurer of the fund, Mr. H. Mortimer, Room 60, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

An anonymous contribution of one dollar, per Rev. C. H. Marsh, Lindsay, is most gratefully acknowledged by the treasurer.

ON DECK.

This is a small sentence with a big meaning. We say of a man who has come out of a long illness, that he is on deck again, and the word is suitable. But it means much more. The white sails of our commerce are on every sea, and on every ship, night and day, all the time, the deck is never deserted, before one watch can go below another must come on deck. Incessant vigilance and care belong to the deck, and the weight of responsibility can never be known by strangers.

In the dark, in the storm, the watchers stand, come what may, they are men of action, at least they are ready to act, prompt, resourceful, brave.

"Is there any danger?" asked a woman of a sailor in a storm.

"There may be danger, but there is no fear," was the reply.

Think of these brave men and lift a prayer.

Sometimes our thoughts go higher and we think of God, on deck! Oh, the ceaseless care, the power at hand, to control, to spare, to bless! Less than the infinite won't do! We must have the eternal God for our refuge and underneath must be the everlasting arms. Let us cherish these great facts, and embrace them with a living faith.

Let us be on deck and awake and ready. For a sentinel to sleep at his post has in all ages been death.

Let us watch for our Master, that His goods be not stolen, and we find our portion among the hypocrites.

Let us watch for ourselves, that we unload the unwelcome, and take in what is good.

Let us watch for others as faithful and wise servants and the Lord shall make us rulers over His household to give them meat in due season.

Ontario.

UNION JACK.

HOME.

A great part of the pleasure of possession is to bring things home.

When the lost sheep was found the shepherd came home and called his friends to gladness.

These remarks suggest some precious lessons.

I. Purchased. God's possession in souls is a purchased possession. "Ye are bought with a price, ye are not your own." Bought, paid for, claimed with a rightful claim and all other claimants shut out forever. This is the heritage of the Lord's children.

II. Sonship. Born into the family of God. Once a stranger and an alien, now adopted and made an heir.

They differ, and yet they are



A Monarch of Algonquin Park.

When we make purchases we bring them home.

In the home we find the family. About the only thing God ever instituted was the family, for the Church is only an enlargement of the same idea.

In the home we find children, equality of relationship and privilege and protection. In the home, as time goes on, we hear, "What are you going to do brother?" and the kindly command of the father, "Son go work in my vineyard to-day."

alike; here we find equality of rank, rights, immunity, heirs and joint-heirs.

"One family we dwell in Him
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

III. Service. There is a difference between worship and service, we do not work in order to become sons, we work because we are sons. We work, not for life, but from life, and with life. If our work is mechanical or commercial we have not

yet arrived at the true idea of service. Some think their work will promote their salvation. Not at all. We are saved by mercy, pure, undeserved, unpurchasable mercy. We are rewarded after another fashion. It is according to our diligence and generosity and opportunity. All are saved without works, many are rewarded with a large compensation. Some get no reward at all and yet are saved, so as by fire. I Cor. iii. 15.

May all readers of PARISH AND HOME get some little star to shine in the crown given by the King, for a starless crown suggests something like a pain!
H. T. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

SURRENDER-TRIUMPH.

I am He...let these go their way.
John xviii., 8.

I. The challenge. He went forth and said "Whom seek ye?" Was it against a thief or murderer with lanterns, torches and weapons? No! but against a man who told them the truth, one who never wore a sword, nor had a body guard, but was daily in the temple teaching. Ah! blundering cowards, it was with different weapons Jesus fought and overcame. Did this torch-light procession inspire terror? No, not in a mind at peace with itself. He crossed the Kedron that afternoon not to plot but to pray. And in moral majesty He confronts them, with one withering glance and they reel backward and fall to the ground.

II. The condition. Here were many against one, and an armed band against one with no weapons, yet He imposes conditions "Let them go their way." In their weakness they will flee, but their drooping energies will revive, strength will return. My work is being finished, their's just beginning.

III. The triumph. They bound Him with a rope and by that rope they led Him to His trial. Did they win? No. With sublime majesty He had just dashed them to the ground as a proof of His power now He follows, not as a criminal; but as a conqueror, that the Scripture might be fulfilled!

1. He follows according to a plan. "I leave the world and go to the

Father. Ye shall be scattered every man to his own home, and shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone." John xvi., 52.

2. He follows voluntarily. "I have power to lay down my life and power to take it up again, this have I received of my Father."

3. He follows according to His Father's pleasure. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, and to put Him to grief. The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands

"Oh Lamb of God, was ever pain
Was ever love like thine?"

H. T. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

in the employ of the company willing to take their places. This arrangement made by the old company is not held by the new management to be binding now, and Anson Lane, an old employee with a most excellent record, has been dismissed for refusing to work on Sunday. In every other respect Mr. Lane's work has been satisfactory."

This is an example of the kind of thing the opponents of Sunday cars predicted would be the lot of the Street Railway Company employees if Sunday cars were permitted. It is only five years since the advent



Summer Memories—Algonquin Park.

SUNDAY SLAVERY.

The following news item is from the columns of the Hamilton *Speciator* of recent date and should be considered by us all:

"Under the old management of the street railway, a few of the men who conscientiously objected to Sunday work were allowed to escape that duty, there being plenty of men

of Sunday cars in Hamilton. At first the railway company boasted of the liberty it gave to its employees to work or not work on Sunday, though even then, many of the employees felt that it was as much as their job was worth to refuse when asked to work on Sunday, and it was rumoured that some men had been given a fortnight's vacation for so refusing. Now the company

openly declares its policy to be that the employees must either work on Sunday, conscientious scruples to the contrary notwithstanding, or they must accept their "ticket of leave." This, we fear, is what workmen everywhere may expect to be the not far distant result of Sunday labour of any kind. It means seven days in the week slavery.

Between two and three millions of men in the United States are already thus enslaved in the doing of unnecessary work on Sunday. The workmen of this country will be standing in their own light, and dooming themselves or their fellows to a serious form of bondage, if they do not stand together in resisting every form of encroachment on the weekly rest day. In the end it means not only slavery, but slavery without proportionate remuneration. The famous political economist, John Stuart Mill, was right when he said "Sunday work means seven days' labour for six days' pay." For a time extra remuneration for Sunday work may, like the option of doing the work, be granted, but only for a short time.

"TELL HER SO"

BY A MARRIED MAN.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
You who value your sweet wife—

Tell her so!

When days are dark and friends are few,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her your love is ever true—

Tell her so!

In days of old you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—

Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favour of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—

Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers are made to bless!

Tell her so!

You are hers and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—

Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!

Tell her so!

—Selected.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In this issue we give two half-tone photogravures taken by a friend of our paper during a recent visit to Algonquin Park. Algonquin Park is a large Government reservation lying to the north of Algoma, is beautifully situated, occupying the height of land, and containing most varied and picturesque scenery. It is one of the beauty spots of Canada, and is well worth a holiday visit by all lovers of our country. The park is reserved for the protection and preservation of game of all kinds and fish, and for this purpose is policed by a number of Government wardens. Looking at these pictures is like taking a parting glance at our summer holidays.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"Thirty-eight years ago I was called to be Bishop of the new field of Minnesota, and the Indians had then sunk to a depth of sorrow their fathers had never known. Friends tried to dissuade me from having anything to do with them, but I knew that there was room in the Saviour's heart of love for them, and I resolved that the first Bishop of Minnesota should not turn his back on the Indians. I dare not now describe what I saw when I went amongst them. It was too awful. I remember the first night I spent in an Indian camp. I could only cry, 'God help me!' We worked on and two forms of opposition always confronted us. One was the evil example of the white men. (An Indian came and asked me whether the Jesus whom we worshipped was the same as the white man mentioned when he got drunk.) The other was the influence of the medicine men who were always as an Alexander the copper-smith. Notwithstanding this perpetual opposition, the heart of one of the leading medicine men was softened, and he gave me his boy. I took him to my home and taught him, and that boy became a minister of Jesus Christ. When the father heard from his boy the story of the love of Christ, it broke his heart, and he sat at his son's feet, and I have known that father walk as many as eighty miles to tell his fellow-Indians the story of the love of Jesus."

—Bishop Whipple.

HINTS FOR CHURCH-GOERS.

1. Always be in your seat before the service begins.
2. Always kneel reverently during the prayers.
3. Always join heartily in the responses and in the singing.
4. Always take your Bible with you, and carefully follow the reading of the lessons.
5. Always contribute as much as you can to the offertory, remembering the gift is to God, and not to man.
6. Always be regular communicants, obeying the command of the Lord Jesus, "Do this in remembrance of me."
7. Always spend a few moments in private prayer, and not hurry out immediately the service is over.
8. Always enter and leave the House of God as quietly as possible.
9. Always make a point of attending church on wet Sundays, when so many stay at home.
10. Always endeavour to attend the week-day services so far as you are able.
11. Always try and take someone with you and invite your friends who are not church-goers.
12. Always be civil to strangers and have a spare Prayer-book and hymn book ready for their use.
13. Always think over the sermon at home, and apply its teaching to your own lives, leaving others to do likewise.

—Fred Sherlock.

THE DRINK EVIL.

We earnestly appeal to all who have any sense of duty to look into the question for themselves, and then decide whether they can disregard it any longer. There are, undoubtedly, other sins which may be pronounced more mean, more polluting, more deadly than intemperance, but assuredly no other so terribly mischievous. Look, we beseech you, and judge, and then ask your consciences whether it is possible to stand aloof and leave the evil to take its course.—Archbishop Temple.

IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
Ofttimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street ;
If we knew, our pace would slacken,
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew that hearts are watching,
For the comfort we might bring ;
If we knew what souls are yearning
For the sunshine we might fling ;
If we knew what feet are weary,
Walking pathways roughly laid ;
We should quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell,
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet,
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—*Genesee Richardson.*

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

One of the most heartening passages in the Bible is this: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Were it not for this divine assurance, our hearts would often utterly despair. We have committed some sins which, as we first reflected on them, seemed too great to be forgiven, too foul for cleansing; but soon the truth that Christ's blood cleanses from "all sin," even all manner of sin, came to us with fresh force; and we took courage, thanked God, and rejoiced. If there were some sins which could not be cleansed from us by Christ's blood, we would indeed be hopeless; but it does cleanse from all kinds and degrees of sin. Why should we despair?—*Selected.*

SIR MATTHEW HALE ON THE DAY OF REST.

"Though my hands and my mind have been as full of secular business, both before and after I was judge, as, it may be, any man's in England, yet I never wanted time in six days to ripen and fit myself for the business and employment I had to do, though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's Day to prepare for it, by study or otherwise. If I had at

any time borrowed from this Day any time for my secular employment, I found that it did further me less than if I had let it alone; and, therefore, when some years' experience had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never in this kind of way to make a breach upon the Lord's Day, which I have now strictly observed for more than thirty years."

MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.

Remember that springs are little things, but they are sources of great streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship, a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the larger parts of buildings together. A word, a look, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil.—*C.D.*

READING THE WORD.

No other Church, as a Church, does so much for the New Testament by simply standing faithful to the New Testament, and by believing in the New Testament's own power to stand by itself without being helped, and to float in its meaning to the souls of men without always being explained. And how does our Church perform that? By its order of reading the Scripture in public every day. So of this we can be sure, that where our emigrants go, wherever there is one of our churches, however humble, wherever worshippers meet, there the voice of the New Testament is never mute from day to day. This, it seems to me, is one great reason why, thank God, we may say that our Church is fit to be made the Church of the colonies.—*Archbishop Alexander.*

GENERAL GORDON'S PRAYER.

The Bishop of Tasmania, in one of his recent sermons, told a story which brings out the character of a man whom all the world learned to respect before he died. The Bishop, so says the *Sunday Magazine*, was indebted for the story to a clergyman who had spent some years in Gaza, Palestine.

One night this clergyman was coming home late, and in the dusk

of the evening, when objects were not very distinct, he saw what looked like a man kneeling on the ground by the side of his horse. The place was not a safe one. Arabs might easily surprise the kneeling traveller.

"I must go and warn that man," thought the clergyman. "It will never do to let him remain there. He does not know that he may get into trouble."

As he came nearer to put his resolution into practice he was stopped by words that evidently were not addressed to himself. A moment's listening convinced him it was a voice of prayer which he heard.

"Oh, my God, take me away out of myself, lest I fall; make me to look unto Thee," said the voice of the kneeling man.

The clergyman hesitated to interrupt the stranger's devotion, but he could not persuade himself to leave him in danger. After waiting for a time he approached, saying as he did so, "I beg your pardon, but you are in danger here."

The man rose, and the clergyman's surprise was great when he found himself standing face to face with Gen. Gordon.

"What are you doing out here in this dangerous place?" he asked, not recovered from his astonishment.

"This morning I received a telegram from England, asking me to undertake a mission which I had longed to undertake all my life," replied the general. "It filled me with such elation that I felt I might get into trouble through pride, and I thought I would just get upon my horse and go away to humble myself before God."

EARLY RISING.

The Duke of Wellington was an early riser. An aide-de-camp who visited him early on the morning of the battle of Salamanca, perceiving that he was lying on a very small camp-bedstead, observed that his Grace "had not room to turn himself." The Duke immediately replied with much humour, "When you have lived as long as I have you will know that when a man thinks of turning in his bed it is time he should turn out of it."

Parish and Home.

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"JOY UNSPEAKABLE"

To gain a life for Jesus—
To speak some God-given word,
Whereby a heart that knew Him not
Is drawn to Christ the Lord:—

Time hath no joy so precious,
And—time's brief space gone by—
Methinks that e'en the eternal years
Will bring no bliss more high

Than, in His home of glory,
To see the love-lit gaze,
And listen to the raptured tones
Of gratitude and praise.

With which some white-robed spirit
(Who found the heavenward way,
Guided by words entrusted to
Our stammering tongues to say)

Will, His dear face beholding,
Take from the Saviour's hand
The palm and crown, of Him prepared
For all His sin-freed band.

Oh, happiness past measure!
Oh, hope supremely sweet!—
On earth to win a soul for Christ—
In heaven, that soul to meet!

AMY PARKINSON.

Toronto, Ont.

THE MISSION OF PERSECUTION.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."—John xvi., 33.

We are living in troublous times. The present year will mark an epoch in the tribulation of the Church of God. During the past few months hundreds of Christian missionaries and thousands of native converts have been massacred in the Kingdom of China. The horrors of the past in the way of religious persecution have been repeated and intensified with awful detail under the eyes of Christian nations. A

sad wail of suffering from agonized and dying men, women and little children has gone up again into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

I suppose, as a result of all this, that there is one chief feeling in the hearts of a great many; it is that the missionary work of the Church of Christ has received a most serious and perhaps disastrous and fatal check in that land, and that all future efforts in that direction must be abandoned. And then, perhaps, in some quarters, the feeling of heart depression is followed by another, and, to my mind, a far more serious one, a mental conviction, namely this: That the reason for the disaster is not so much the fault of the Chinese, their nation or their people, nor of the gospel, rightly interpreted and used, as it is the fault of the Missionary Societies and their agents. In a word, that the whole policy of the Christian Church in this respect is wrong, that foreign missionary effort is a mistake. From lips that are high as well as lips that are low utterances of this kind are coming to us.

Now if this be to any large extent the case, I think we are face to face in the work of the Church with a very grave duty, even this, the duty of maintaining Christianity at home, of maintaining it as it should be maintained, truly apostolic, truly evangelical, truly missionary, truly aggressive. If Christianity is not God's religion for the Chinese, neither is it God's religion for the Englishman, the American or the Canadian. But it is God's religion to us, and if we allow any discouragement of this kind to turn us aside for one moment from obedience to the great missionary commission, it will indicate, it seems to me, that we do not understand, or that we have forgotten, the divine claims of Christianity, on the one hand, and the no less divine method of its propagation on the other. We need to go back to first principles, to go humbly and penitently to the feet of the Master, and ask Him to teach us over again something we have forgotten, forgotten in the days of ease and quietness and prosperity, in the days of exemption from trial and persecution, namely this, what are the first principles of the doctrine

of Christ in regard to the extension of His kingdom among men. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

I. Consider the candidness of Christ in calling His disciples. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." There was surely no mistaking that call to service, as to what it meant, what it involved. It was a call to suffering, to pain and agony and death, to a life and a work like His own. It rung with the hissing sound of the Roman scourge, *tribulum*. The Lord Jesus concealed nothing in this respect from those who sought fellowship with Him. He declared to them, as fully as they were able to bear it, all that was involved in Christian discipleship. If any man came to Him encouraged by some false hope as to what such following might bring, some speedy millenium, some sudden exaltation to power, some world-satisfying glory, such an one could never turn upon Him and say: "Master, you deceived me in this; I was misled by your promises." No; it was about all such things, the trial and the travail, the loss and the labour, the sorrow and the suffering, the dying and the death involved in Christian discipleship that He said: "These things have I told you, that when the time shall come ye may remember that I told you of them." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." These words do not by any means stand alone as the bearer of this message. It would seem as if the New Testament were largely charged with it. The quiet, happy Sermon on the Mount did not ignore it: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." We remember the reply of the Lord Jesus to the young scribe who came to Him with that beautiful offer of service, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And we cannot forget that condition of discipleship which found a three-fold repetition in the

words of Jesus, first to the twelve, then to all the disciples, then to the great multitudes that followed Him: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Suffering? Yes, this is the divinely-ordained life of the Christian. It was not of an extraordinary, but of an ordinary, life that St. Paul spoke when he said: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." Persecution in the Christian life is never a reason for turning back, but the strongest reason for going forward. It is the proof of our ministry; it is a sign to the world that we belong to Christ; it is a sign to ourselves that we are living His life. "We are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him that we may be also glorified together."

II. Consider now the effect of persecution upon the spread of the Church. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The promise here of the overruling providence of God, the bringing of good out of evil, of changing tribulation into a song of good cheer, is perhaps in nothing more strikingly fulfilled than in this, the way that the Lord through it has always multiplied the membership of the Church. Tribulation produces saints. The result which followed the first persecution follows still where the same conditions obtain. The disciples were "scattered abroad" in consequence of the persecution that arose over the preaching of Stephen, and "they went everywhere preaching the word." It is not difficult to recognize the sequence of these events. First, the persecution, then the scattering abroad, then the preach-

ing of the Word, with the final and blessed result that multitudes of fresh converts were gathered into the Kingdom. So it is true, verified by centuries of Christian history, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Christian Church." Let us illustrate this by two historical pictures, one the persecution of the early Christians, the other the contemporary and rapid increase of Christian believers. First, the persecution of the early Christians. Ecclesiastical history furnishes us with the records of ten general persecutions, the word general having reference to the Roman Empire. The first took place under the iniquitous Nero, A.D. 64, and the others were continued from time to time under various emperors, ending with Diocletian, A.D. 303, or perhaps ten years later. Much controversy has been waged about the number of Christians that were put to death during these persecutions, the world side claiming less and the Church side claiming more. But it is safe to say that thousands and thousands of Christians, men and women, were put to death under these terrible outbursts of popular opposition, and that the sad record of the experience of the Old and New Testaments saints, of whom it was written, they "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," this sad record, I say, was more than surpassed in number and severity in the tribulations that came upon the Roman saints. So much for the first picture. And now the other, the contemporary and rapid increase of Christian believers. Tacitus, an historian of great reputation and an enemy of Christianity, in giving an account of the fire that devastated Rome, asserts that the Emperor Nero, in order to suppress the rumours of having been himself the author of the mischief, had the Christians accused of the crime.

"At first," he writes, "they were only apprehended who confessed themselves of that sect, afterwards a vast multitude were discovered." Pliny, the younger, also a heathen and an enemy to Christianity, is another witness. He was Governor of Pontus and Bithynia in Asia Minor. The situation in which he found his province led him to apply to his master, another emperor, for directions in dealing with the Christians. He says, "Suspending all judicial proceedings, I have recourse to your advice; for it has appeared to me a matter highly deserving of consideration, especially on account of the great number of persons who are in danger of suffering; for many of all ages and of every rank, of both sexes likewise, are accused and will be accused. Nor has the contagion of this superstition seized cities only, but lesser towns also, and the open country." Justin Martyr who wrote about 30 years after Pliny makes this remarkable statement: "There is not a nation, either of Greek or barbarian, or any other name, even of those who wander in tribes and live in tents, amongst whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered to the Father and Creator of the universe, in the name of the crucified Jesus." The Rev. F. W. Robertson, in one of his sermons, speaking about the same matter, says: "Read the account given by Tertullian of the marvellous rapidity with which the Christians increased, and you are reminded of one of those vast armies of ants which moves across a country in irresistible myriads, drowned by thousands in rivers, cut off by fire, consumed by man and beast, and yet fresh hordes succeeding interminably to supply their places." And who can read the story of missionary work in the Island of Madagascar or the story of more recent work in the country of Uganda without feeling convinced of this, that the Lord overrules persecution for good and brings out of the death of His saints abundant life in the hearts of multiplied believers? "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Christian Church."

III. Consider now the effect of Persecution upon the Spirituality of

the Church. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, so wonderful are the ways of God to us, the ages of bitterest persecution in the history of the Church have been the ages of the Church's deepest spirituality. What the fierce wind has been to the growing oak, the means whereby its roots were driven ever deeper into the soil; what the rough sea and hard weather have been to the learning seaman, the means whereby the man was trained and fitted for his life upon the deep, heathen persecution and world opposition have been to the Church of God, the means whereby and the periods in which it has developed its truest life, its deepest spirituality. We recognize in this a double effect: the Spirituality of the Church provokes the opposition and persecution of the world and the opposition and persecution of the world increases the spirituality of the Church. First, the spirituality of the Church provokes the opposition and persecution of the world. It has been often said that the great adversary troubles not the dead Christian. He smiles complacently upon a dead orthodoxy, a dead evangelicism, a dead Churchmanship in any man. The reason is that a dead Christian can do little harm to the kingdom of Satan. The lion who has slain his prey leaves it untorn, unmolested, to be consumed later. But let some signs of returning life take possession of the carcass, let sufficient vitality appear to produce an effort to escape, and even further to attack the lion, and immediately the great king of the forest will arise in his might and very soon settle the fate of his unfortunate victim Satan, unopposed, is not Satan at all. He is a friend, an angel of light. A similar analogy may be drawn between the world and the Church. The world does not trouble much a dead Church. It can tolerate pleasantly a dead orthodoxy, a dead evangelicism, a dead Churchmanship. But let the Church of Christ show some signs of real life, let it arise and separate itself from the world, yea, let it turn upon the world and attack and expose the iniquity of its ways, and the world and its master, Satan, as a lion, will turn upon the Church.

It means war to the death. "The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." But then the other effect follows, the opposition and persecution of the world deepens the spirituality of the Church. By tribulation the Church of Christ is driven into the inner chamber where she discovers the source of all her spirituality, her life, her strength, her holiness, even in the Lord Himself. It is in such seasons that she hears the voice of her beloved saying, "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." It is the time when she is able to mark definite advance in the way of holiness. "We glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." It is the time, too, when the Christian believer learns the indissoluble bond that binds him to his Lord. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? as it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." As David said, so the Church can say: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word."

IV. Consider now the note of victory. "I have overcome the world." The world, as far as Jesus is concerned, is a conquered thing. It is not dead; its opposition has not ceased; but it is at His feet, He beholds it as a thing brought into subjection to His holy will. Oh, there is great comfort and strength in regarding the work of Christ from the other end! Looked at from this side, the future presents much that is portentous, discouraging; but regarded from

the other side, the completed side, the view is compensating and full of glory. To the child the future contains always insurmountable obstacles, because he has never been that way before, but to the parent these obstacles bring no thought of discouragement because he has been over the ground and can see the end. The Saviour has travelled to the end; He is able to recognize the work as finished. "I have overcome." Gethsemane and Calvary, though still in the future, were potentially past and "overcome" when He said, "Father, I have glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." For our encouragement in dark days we often think of the bright and hopeful word given by that faithful missionary who, after labouring for years without a single convert coming to encourage him, and was about to be recalled because of the apparent failure of his work, in reply to an enquiry from home, said: "The future here is as bright as the promises of God." Let us look at the work from the other end. "I have overcome the world." That means victory, sure success, glory in the end. This is a promise for the Israel of to-day as well as for the Israel of the past: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Yes—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdoms stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more."

—BERNARD BRYAN.

THANK GOD FOR WORK.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

—Charles Kingsley.

MOTHER AT PRAYER.

Many a godly mother has lived a life of prayerful anxiety for her children, and often feels that she, after all, has accomplished little or nothing for the salvation of those for whom she would gladly lay down her life, if need be. Mothers, do not be discouraged. You do not know how much you are doing for your children. The following incident is for your comfort :

"Once I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew, with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times, in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came, at length, and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss that I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me. In John xvi. we hear Christ praying for us—just once, a few sentences; but we know that this is only a sample of the intercession for us that goes on forever. Nothing shall interrupt this pleading, for He ever liveth to intercede."—*Dr. Miller.*

The Earl of Aberdeen, in speaking at Ottawa, gave expression to an eminently sensible and seasonable view of what a church choir should be. "The true function," he said, "of a choir is to assist the singing and worship of the congregation; but that is sometimes lost sight of." His Excellency said that he had had ten years' experience as a choirmaster in a small chapel in Scotland, at his home, and, as the result of his own observation, he believed that the choir should as much as possible encourage the congregation to sing with them. "The highest function of the choir is the assisting and stimulating of the people to join in the praise."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 7.—St. Luke xiv. 1-15.
Oct. 14.—St. Luke xiv. 15-25.
Oct. 21.—St. Luke xv. 1-11.
Oct. 28.—St. Luke xv. 11-26.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart: and lean not unto thine own understanding."—*Prov. iii. 5.*

THE ARTICLES AND COLLECTS.

Bishop Stillingfleet says: "The doctrines of our Church are to be found in our Thirty-nine Articles; and, whatever the opinions of private persons may be, this is the standard by which the sense of our Church is to be taken."

Bishop Burnet says: "The Thirty-nine Articles are the sum of our doctrines, and the confession of our faith."

Bishop Beveridge says: "The Bishops and clergy of both provinces of this nation, at London, in 1562, agreed upon certain Articles of Religion, to the number of thirty-nine, which to-day remain the constant and settled doctrine of our Church."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth writes: "The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion contain an exposition of the doctrines of the Church of England—they contain no enactment of anything new in doctrine, but they are only a declaration of what is old. In them the Church of England affirms that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation."

The Collects.—The Collects are a storehouse of devotion. Their language is in the best and purest English known, and is thoroughly Scriptural. "It is a delight to us (says Dean Goulburn) to know and believe that in the results of the Reformers' work (forty-eight old Collects translated, nine altered, and twenty-nine new made) we have not only Scriptural truth but that truth as tinged and dyed in the experience of very learned and devout men, all of whom suffered, whilst many died for the championship of it. It was out of their own treasury that they brought forth things new and old; that is, out of the storehouse of hearts disciplined into the knowl-

edge of the truth of God's Word and Spirit and Providence."—*Home Words.*

DEAR JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

I used to be afraid at night
When all was dark and still,
And beg for just a crack of light
Beneath the door—until

Mamma said: "Would you be afraid
If I were with you dear?"
"Why, no, of course not; if you stayed
What would there be to fear?"

And then mamma, she softly said:
"The One who loves you best
Is caring for you in my stead,
He holds you on His breast.

"He will not leave His little one;
When shades of evening fall,
And joys and cares of day are done,
He watches over all.

"His holy angels hover near
Throughout the long, dark night,
Ask Him, and He will surely hear,
'Dear Jesus, be my light.'"

—*Cora W. Gregory, in The Churchman.*

A GAME OF BASEBALL.

With considerable interest I watched the game. The players were boys of ten to fourteen years. They were old enough or young enough to want to be men. The small boy of seven or eight was a "kid," whose privilege it might be to watch his elders from afar. How awe inspiring is the boy who has entered his "teens"! Men? Smile if you will, but the man came out by no means infrequently.

There was noise—of course there was. There is noise when older boys than these play baseball. What a blessing noise is, too! You don't think so? Well, perhaps you have nerves, or rather you "know you have them," as the saying is. Perhaps, then, you are not a competent judge of what is desirable. Send a deaf man to enjoy an eloquent lecture, or a blind man to be enraptured in an art gallery, or a nervous person to instruct children.

Why, bless you, there must be noise or something is out of order. Get away to your padded chamber if you cannot endure it, but let the boys shout. God gave them lungs to exercise, as well as limbs. Let them all yell in chorus and what healthy man or woman can detect a discord? It is the way our ear-

drums vibrate that helps or hurts. Discord is not infrequently a thing within.

The ball is struck—"Run! To first!" Chorus indistinguishable and unquenchable. Triumph! He gets there! Success! Yes, say what you will, the boy tastes success. It is sweet, too. When he finally succeeds in the dash for "home," you may hold your ears. It is quite excusable.

There are others to share the victory in baseball. Later in life success may come and the heart be exultant. A few hearty congratulations will be extended, but the majority are on the "out" side. What a pity we don't yell! What a shame not to cheer the honest endeavour which has been blessed with success! Do him good? Certainly. It will open his heart. If some successful men are "close fisted," who knows whether the "outside" is not largely to blame? Instead of "cheer him," it is often "bleed him." He has abundance to-day, let us have his abundance to-morrow. Fair means or foul—let each get what he can. Which will make the miser—the cheer or the sullen acceptance and eager endeavour to transfer the fruits of the man's success to yourself? Cheer, boys, cheer, let hearts be open, pockets will not be closed.

Again, a strike—a run—and "out!" Close. Well, rather! Why not "kick?" No, "out is it!" Out of temper? Not at all. It is "all in the game." Perhaps it is good practice in the game of life. Perhaps these little men will learn to accept the "outs" of life as cheerfully as the "ins." It must have its "ins" and "outs." Then why not take it cheerfully. When "in" be prepared to meet the shock of "out" with equanimity. When "out" look forward to being "in" once more. The waiting may be longer than for an "inning" at baseball, but the man who, under God, takes life as he should, and does the life-work God has for him, will certainly be "in" at the last and on the winning side.

An incident of this particular game of ball deserves to be recorded. After an exciting run to "first" a voice was heard in tones of maternal authority calling, "George, come

here, I want you." What an inauspicious moment! Poor George! He would like to finish that run! "Boys, I've got to go. Someone take my place."

Bright as ever! Good boy, George, and God bless you! As you walk away I see you are as tall as your mother. You'll be a man yet! You will be! You are. If only some of us men, whose years are several times your own, could take the interruptions to our plans as bravely! God bless you, George; you have preached your little sermon and preached it well. So here you are, boys, and thank you. The "diamond" may not be a bad pulpit after all.

Fergus. R. A. ROBINSON.

WHO CAME WHILE EFFIE WAS AWAY?

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

"Has anybody been here to-day, mother, while I was gone?"

Effie had been away all day, since breakfast, and now daylight had faded out of the sky, and the moon's "silver sickle" was hanging above our heads.

"Let me see," said mother, putting on her thinking cap. "Yes, I have had one visitor."

"Oh! have you mother? Who was she?"

"She did not tell me her name," said mother with a quizzical little smile.

"Did not tell her name? How very queer! Where did she come from?"

"She did not say."

"What did she come to our house for?"

"Ah! for several reasons. For one thing, she cured my headache; she brought me a letter from a dear friend; she gave me a new book to read; she put a red rose on my table; she finished a piece of sewing for me, and gave me some sweet, new thoughts."

"What a strange visitor!" murmured Effie. "Was that all?"

"No; she wanted me to do many things for her. She asked me to make broth for a sick girl, to write two letters offering to help two people, to pay a visit, to make a pudding, and several other things."

"And did you do them for her?"

"I did some of them, and some I left undone. I wish now that I had done them all."

"I would give anything to see her, mother. Will she ever come again?"

"No," said mother, "she cannot come again, because she died at sunset."

"Died, mother? How dreadful! And yet you are smiling. I think you are joking somehow—are you?"

"Not joking exactly, Effie, dear, but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess, when I tell you that her sister is coming to-morrow at sunrise—her twin sister, so like my visitor that no one could tell them apart, though some of her gifts and some of her desires will be different from to-day's guest."

"You say you don't know her name, mother?"

"I didn't say that. I said she did not tell me her name. But I do know it—it is Thursday."

"Thursday!" cried Effie, laughing. "You just mean to-day then."

"Yes, to-day."

"And your visitor to-morrow will be named"—

"Friday, of course."

Effie was much amused at the idea of the Thursday visitor and the Friday visitor; but, when she woke up in her little bed the next morning, she said softly to herself:

"How do you do, Mrs. Friday? I wonder what you have brought me to-day? At any rate, I am going to do all the things you ask me, 'cause you have got to die at sunset, you know."

And, right away, Mistress Friday asked the little girl to get up and dress in time for morning prayers.—S. S. Times.

ONLY A PENNY.

And the soft fingers of a child slipped it into the mission box. Nobody thought much about it, a penny was too insignificant; neither a barrel of flour nor a pair of shoes would it buy; not even a Bible for a heathen or a railway ticket for a missionary. The child's heart could have been made glad by it with a twist of candy, or a marble. And

that was the end of it so far as a money-loving "wise" age was concerned. But the child heart gets so close to the King, it knows its pennies are dear to Him, and His eye never lifted from the bit of copper. It just bought one little tract, and travelled until it fell into the hands of the youthful son of a Burmese chief. So anxious did he become to unlock its message, he travelled 250 miles to learn to read it. That done, its message led him to Christ as Saviour and King. He returned home, ardent in his new life and love, told the story to his people, and 1,500 heathen were brought to Christ and received into Church fellowship.

"What is that in thine hand?"

A penny, a needle, a throne, a fishing-boat, a shoemaker's kit, an education, a voice? Give it to the King; and which shall do most for His glory, needle or voice, penny or throne, only He who adds His resources to the gift can tell.—*Selected.*

A BOY'S RELIGION.

The late Henry Drummond said to a company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants, them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted, Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of call-

ing him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church and to Sunday-school.—*Selected.*

CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

The grip of famine was over the land. All through June, July and August, the ought-to-be wet months, no rain had fallen in Upper India. The crops had not grown up, and the people were starving. In India, when the rains fail, much the same state of things occurs as that from which (we read in the book of Genesis) Jacob and his sons suffered. There are such millions of people, very, very poor, almost all living on grain and grain food, with little or no meat.

So it was very sad camp life that Bobbie and his parents started on that October. His father was a magistrate, and all the cold weather he had to move about all over his district and look after the people generally. This camp life, this moving nearly every day to a green, shady grove, Bobbie always looked forward to. But this year was to be his last in tents. Bobbie was growing too old to be kept with safety out in India any longer. Next month he was to be sent home across the seas to grandmamma.

So altogether it was rather a sad camping out. The country looked so wretched, all bare and parched, and the people in the villages too miserable for words. They were more like skeletons than human beings, and, as they wore hardly any clothes, you could almost see their bones coming through their skin. It made Bobbie feel quite miserable to meet them.

One day he sat eating his breakfast outside the tent, under the shadow of a big mango tree, when some little half-naked children came slowly wandering across from the native village of mud huts near by; such wretched-looking little objects, their faces all big black eyes, their legs and arms all bones. There were three of them—two tiny toddlers and an elder boy. They stood at a distance and watched Bobbie eat his nice breakfast with a ravenous look like starving animals. Yet they were patient and dumb, they did not cry

and beg. Bobbie could not stand their mute appeal. He jumped off his chair and ran toward them with all his food piled on the plate. The little ones hardly realized what he meant, but the elder boy snatched the plate eagerly. Bobbie thought he was going to eat it all himself. But no. This good little elder brother turned to the others with it. They grabbed it like hungry puppies, and not till they had eaten it nearly all did he touch a morsel himself.

In the evening, at Bobbie's supper time, the children, emboldened by their success, drew near again, and the same performance was repeated.

"Oh, Bobbie!" said his mother, "it's all very well, but remember we cannot possibly feed all the children who are starving round."

"Just this one lot, mother," pleaded Bobbie. "We move away from here to-morrow. And he is such a kind little brother!"

At breakfast time next day they crept up again. But their brother was not with them. A man, evidently their father, brought them, and then stood at a distance, and they toddled up to Bobbie alone, holding out their hands beseechingly.

"Ask him where the big boy is," said Bobbie to his mother, standing near.

The father shook his head and began to weep.

"The boy died in the night. He was too weak for want of food to live. Half the village has died these last few weeks. But his highness the little sahib" (meaning Bobbie) "has spared these only two of my children who are left me by feeding them. For to-morrow the Government opens the relief work near the great city, and I go to work and get money to buy food."

Mother this time made no demur. With her own hands she fed the starving mites, and the father himself was not forgotten.

Months passed by. Bobbie was far away in England with grandmamma, when his parents once more came and camped by the mango grove. There was once again comparative plenty among such inhabitants of the village as

were left. The Government had been building a bridge over the great river and making a road, and there had been money earned, and money meant food.

There was more money to be earned that day by the villagers, too, for the magistrate had news of a tiger afoot in the great thick jungle across the stream. So he got up a shooting party. He sent for his friends, the other European officials of the district, to come with their elephants, and ordered out all the villagers to come and beat the jungle. At early dawn next day the shooting party set out. On each elephant rode a sportsman, but on the last, along with her husband, rode Bobbie's mother, eager to see a tiger slain. It was too dull, now her boy was gone, to be left behind in the camp all alone.

Such a jiggle-joggle! Nashiban, the magistrate's elephant, a well-trained and wise old beast, rocked to and fro in her lumbering walk like a ship at sea. Mother had hard work to keep her white umbrella from thrusting off father's big white sun hat. It was very hot as they proceeded slowly across the plain, and mother longed to reach the shade of the thick jungle; but there was the river to be crossed first, a deep, sluggish stream, flowing stealthily along over its sandy bed.

Three of the elephants had waded safely across and Nashiban had nearly reached the further bank, when, for some reason or another, she got out of the straight line and walked into a dangerous quicksand. First one foot, then the other sank down, as fast as she tried to find a firm footing. She staggered and stumbled, and father and mother were in danger of being pitched off. The cowardly mahout or driver had slipped off the elephant's neck at the first sign of danger and half-swam and half waded ashore. But to get out of the howdah was no easy matter, especially as the animal's hind legs were sinking up to her hocks and her back was an inclined plane.

From the safe shore the natives shouted, encouraged, implored. But the elephant is the wisest of beasts and she hit upon a device to

save herself from being sucked in; but a horrible one!

Her curling trunk came whirling over her back. It snatched off father's sun hat, mother's white umbrella, and flung them down at her feet, where she trampled on them to gain a firm foothold. Round came the cruel trunk again in search of fresh material. In another moment it would have snatched off helpless father and mother and made use of them, when a warning cry came from the bank.

Ere Bobbie's parents quite realized their imminent danger or had time to slip out of the howdah beyond reach of the trunk, a native, bearing a big bundle of hastily cut grass and branches, plunged into the water and brought it to the elephant, who, seizing it in her trunk, laid it at her feet, and with its help struggled safely on to dry land.

The native was the father of the little children Bobbie boy had fed!

—Little Folks.

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Mr. M. Sisson has resigned the position of S.S. superintendent which he has held for some years. His duties he expects will take him away from Lindsay a great deal, and while helping in the S.S. work whenever possible, he thinks it better that some one who can be present every Sunday should be head of the school. Let us ask God to raise up several good workers.

Death was busy in our midst during September, and there are now a number of bereaved hearts with whom we deeply sympathize. The taking of two young girls, just in the bloom of their early womanhood, one of whom was still in the Sunday school, seemed especially sad. Still while the autumn reminds us that "we all do fade as a leaf", yet we rejoice to know that Christ is the resurrection and the life, so that our loved ones gone before in the Lord are in Paradise with Him, and so we may well comfort our hearts, and look up with joy even through our tears to our Saviour and our God.

In September the clergy of the rural deanery met at Mill brook, being kindly entertained by the clergy and people of that beautiful village. A portion of the Greek Testament was studied, the winter missionary meeting and exchanges arranged for, and other business transacted; while service was held in the evening at St. Thomas' church and an able discourse given by the Rev. E. A. Langfeldt. The archdeacon took the visitors to the top of a high hill from which they could see the goodness of the land far and near, and some will long remember the beauty of that autumn scene.

St. Paul's Church Collections, September, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Sep. 2	15 70	5 76	21 46
9	24 65	8 76	33 41
16	19 00	7 21	26 21
23	21 42	8 71	30 13
30	22 93	10 03	32 96
	\$103.70	\$40 47	\$144 17

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