

"Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God"--Col. 1:10



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 19.

MARCH, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

Lay Delegates.

J. H. KNIGHT, WM. GRACE, JAS. CORLEY.

Sidesmen.

R. HANNAH, A. TIMS, M. SISSON,
DR SIMPSON, T. J. MURTAGH, J. E. BILLINGSLEY,
C. D. BARR, JAS. CORLEY.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton.

A. HOADLEY.

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

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 8 p. m.

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER.

Burials.

BATESON.—On 21st February, 1893, at Riverside Cemetery, Sarah Jane, wife of J. G. Bateson of Ops, in her 47th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

Miss Nettie Veitch has accepted a good position in Collingwood and has gone there to live.

The Rev. W. E. Cooper, M. A., rector of Campbellford, has been elected rural dean of Northumberland and Peterboro.

A Sunday School service is to be held (D. V.) on March 26th, at 3 p. m. in the church. All parents and friends are also invited.

Miss Goodwin receives subscriptions for the Parish paper. Do you take it? It contains excellent Sunday reading for old and young.

The young Ladies' Sewing society has been reorganized and meets regularly at Mrs. J. G. Edwards. We expect to hear good reports from them shortly.

Twenty-seven new books are being put into the Sunday School library, having been purchased by the balance of money given by the Little Girls' Sewing Class some time ago.

The parish of Windsor, Nova Scotia, of which the Rev. S. Weston Jones is rector, gave last year to objects outside itself, some \$777.74. A very good showing

The earth grows more beautiful as men grow better and wiser. Mark how the sense of beauty reacts upon the nature of all savage and civilized alike, disposing to deeds of gentleness and peace. Man treads more softly as the scene grows more beautiful.

Church of England services at Reaboro will, (D. V.,) be held on March 19th at 3 p. m., and on April 2nd (Easter), at 7.30 p. m., and then once a fortnight alternately at these hours. Will our friends in that part kindly make a note of this.

Confirmation classes are held every Friday evening from 7.30 to 8.30 in St. Paul's schoolroom. If you have not been confirmed, or are not a member of any church, we invite you to attend, even if you should not decide to unite with us.

Let us make our Easter offering for church expenses and church debt worthy of the occasion, and the result of some self-sacrifice on our part. David said, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

The new furnaces are in the church and seem to work very well; no more tears and wiping of eyes caused by smoke now. The cost is about \$300 and we should like to see most of this paid off by Easter. Let us all make some sacrifice this Lent, and so reduce our debt.

Several of our young people have lately left the parish. Mrs. Joseph Rogers has gone to Argyle, Miss Henderson to Winnipeg, Miss Cameron to Rochester, Miss Covert to Toronto and Miss Hungerford to Ottawa. They will be missed, but we wish them every blessing in their new homes.

Mr. Gladstone recently said: "The older I grow the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and forty-seven in the cabinet of the British Government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

On Easter day Holy Communion will be administered both after the morning and evening services. We feel sure that most of our people will make an effort to attend either service. "This do in remembrance of me" saith Christ, and "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup," we read in Corinthians. Our church says in the rubric. "Every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter is to be one."

The Hon. Miss Winifriede Sugden, who for ten years has labored as a missionary among the Zenanas of India, hopes to address a meeting in St. Paul's school house, on Tuesday, March 28th, at 8.00 p. m. Many of our friends will remember hearing Miss Ling speak on this subject some three years ago, and will be glad to hear Miss Sugden's account of the work among our heathen sisters. We bespeak for her a full house and a cordial welcome. A collection will be taken up in aid of the work.

The February C. E. T. S. meeting was held on 27th ult., and was well attended. Instead of a speaker from outside, several of the newly-elected officers gave short addresses. Messrs. J. H. Knight, M. H. Sisson, J. L. Perkins, R. Hannah and L. Archambault returned thanks for the honor conferred on them, and gave some very helpful and instructive words with

regard to the needs and modes of temperance work. An excellent program of music and singing was also given.

We find from report given to the House of Lords with regard to churches built and restored in England at a cost of over \$2,500: "For the last 20 years more than thirteen thousand dollars a day, (Sunday, Monday and every day of the week,) has been voluntarily given for building and restoring churches in England in connection with our church, and that in addition to the immense sums given for missionary and charitable works." Surely we may thank God and seek in a measure to emulate the example of our brethren.

There will be service (D. V.) on Good Friday, at 10.30 a. m. The offertory will be devoted to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. God has enabled our church to do a great work among the Jews principally by means of this society. More than one hundred converts have become clergymen of our church. We have a Bishop and several clergymen in Jerusalem itself where it is regularly proclaimed that Jesus is the one of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. There are schools and dispensaries, and a hospital, and other work being carried on there; and counting clergy, teachers, medical missionaries and nurses, Bible readers etc., the missionary staff of this society numbers forty in the city of David. Work is also being done among the Jews in England, Europe, Asia and Africa. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee"

Bishop Horden, of the diocese of Moosonee, has lately been called away by death. For forty-one years he has labored among the Indians and Hudson Bay Co. officials in the great country that surrounds Hudson Bay. God has honored his work and that of the faithful missionaries who labored with him. Out of a population of about ten thousand at least six thousand are baptized members of our church; with perhaps two or three exceptions no missionaries of any other church work in this great diocese and it is the most completely Church of England diocese in the world. Last year as many as three hundred and eighty-six were confirmed by the Bishops. In a report a little more than a year ago, he said, "Except in the far north, at Churchill and beyond, we have no great conquests to make; the land has been mostly won for Christ. In places there is much heathenism still mixed with Christianity, as might well be expected, but there is continual progress; Christ's cause becomes stronger and stronger, Satan's weaker and weaker. The Lord hath truly done great things for us, whereof we greatly rejoice." The Bishop also did much translating for the Indians, giving to many of them the Bible, Prayer and Hymn books in their own tongues. May Bishop Horden's life of self-sacrifice stir many of us up to seek likewise to spread abroad the knowledge of the truth.

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1893.

NO. 28.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

LESSONS.

- 5—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 37; Mark 6 v. 30. *Evening*—Gen. 39, or 40; Rom. 14 and 15, to v. 8.
- 12—4th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 42; Mark 10, 32. *Evening*—Gen. 43, or 45; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18 and 5.
- 19—5th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. 3; Mark 14, v. 27 to 53. *Evening*—Ex. 5 or 6, to v. 14; 1 Cor. 11, v. 2 to 17.
- 25—Annun. of V. M. *Morning*—Gen. 3, to v. 10; Luke 1, v. 46. *Evening*—Isaiah 52, v. 7 to 13; 1 Cor. 15, to v. 35.
- 26—6th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Exodus 6; Matt. 26. *Evening*—Exodus 10 or 11; Luke 19, v. 28 or 20, v. 9 to v. 21.
- 31—Good Friday. Pr. Pss. M. 22, 40, 51; E. 69, 88. *Morning*—Gen. 22, to v. 20; John 18. *Evening*—Is. 52, to v. 13 and 53; 1 Peter 2.

GOOD FRIDAY.

O MORE than merciful, whose bounty gave Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave! Whose heart was rent to pay Thy peoples' price;

The great High Priest at once and sacrifice! Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

When sin with flowery garlands hides her dart, When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,

When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care, Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,— Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

And, chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife, And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life; When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free, Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,— Help, Saviour by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain! —Heber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Drive in the Country. A LENTEN LESSON.

"I CANNOT see any good in observing Lent," said Walter Archer, turning away impatiently from the Ash Wednesday sermon, in which the rector had taken, perhaps, a not very wise view of the value of Lenten fasting. "What's the good of asking children to give up butter or preserves during Lent? If these do them no harm at other times of the year they will do no harm now. If they are bad for them now they are

bad at all other times. Such stuff may do for children and, perhaps, silly women, but men," and Walter straightened himself stiffly in assertion of his manhood, "now need some stronger meat than this twaddle."

No doubt they do, and a few days later Walter found that the stronger meat was provided. He had a cousin, a country clergyman, and on the Saturday following Ash Wednesday Walter went, as he often did, to spend the Sunday with him and return to the city on Monday morning. The parish was a scattered one, and the two stations in which the services were held were four or five miles from each other. The sleighing was good, and the drive with his bachelor cousin was not one of the least attractions which drew Walter to these Sunday rests in the country. It was clear and cold when they started out, well wrapped up for their drive. So cloudless a sky and pure an air Canadians say can be found only in their own happy land. Wherever found they are almost sure to aid in giving vigour and ruddy health.

"I suppose you preached your Lenten sermon on Wednesday?" said Walter.

"No, somehow we cannot get the country people together on Ash Wednesday, so I have reserved my Lenten talk for this morning."

"I suppose it will be the usual thing," said Walter, who knew his cousin well enough to be familiar and even critical. "Cut down the butter and jam and don't go out to parties."

"Perhaps," said the clergyman quietly. "But I think I can say more than that."

"I wish you would then, for I should like to hear what a sensible man could say for so decayed and worn-out a superstition as that of Lenten observance."

Walter spoke vigorously, for he had radical views, and the silly sermon of the previous Wednesday had made him feel warm upon the subject.

There was a pause. Then the clergy-

man pointed to a house some distance from the road. "Do you see that neglected looking farm?"

The fences were broken down in many places. There were some ragged looking trees in front of the house, and its windows were in half-a-dozen places stuffed with straw or rags. There was not a sign of life about.

"It looks rather as if a tornado had struck it," said Walter, surveying the tumble-down establishment.

"Yes," said the clergyman, "that is just what has happened. A tornado has struck it. Do you wish me to spell the name of the tornado? I have heard of tornadoes that have picked up a man's farm buildings and dropped them on the next concession, but this one, somehow, makes him swallow them. They spell its name DRINK."

"Why, this is an object lesson for a temperance lecturer," said Walter. "What has that to do with Lent?"

"Wait a moment," said his cousin, "you will see." He looked about him as if searching for another illustration; and waited until they had driven a little further, then he said, "That is a comfortable looking brick house on our right, is it not? People ought to be happy in such a home, eh?"

"They might be," said Walter, who was himself accustomed to draw a moral and was not to be entrapped, "but I have good reasons for knowing that people's happiness is not necessarily in proportion to the size or comfort of the house they live in. But are these people happy?" he added in order to draw his cousin out.

"Far from it, it is a miserable place. The man and his wife are of middle age and have two girls just grown up. I never call there that I do not see some sign of a row, either in progress or just ended. The mother is nervous and irritable, and the daughters are unyielding and impertinent.

"Well, it isn't drink here, I suppose?" said Walter, and added slyly, "but what about the Lenten sermon? I believe you are ashamed of it and do not wish to talk about it."

"Wait until you hear it," said his cousin, smiling, "meanwhile I am preparing your mind for it. But do you wish to know what the trouble in that house is? You will smile when I tell you my opinion. It isn't a to nado in this case, it is only a leak in the nerve reservoir that causes the trouble, and the cause of the leak is the intemperate use of one of God's good gifts—tea. You smile: so should I four or five years ago, but I know of what I am speaking. The mother in that house drinks tea morning, noon and night. She takes it between meals, and takes it strong. She suffers from headaches and then takes more tea, and I believe and have told her that her disordered nerves and uncontrollable irritability are due to drinking too much tea. She laughs at me and says she has taken it all her life, as if that were any reason."

"But here we are at the church," he said, as they drew up at the door of a well-built, little brick church, at the side of the road. "You will have the sermon soon enough now."

Walter sat in the church and watched the farmers, their wives, their sons and daughters, file in for the service. It was a comfortably dressed congregation. The men were ruddy and healthy looking, but many of the women looked pale and overworked. The farmer's wife has no light burden of domestic work to bear, and Walter could see the signs of this in the faces of the women about him. The service began—that noble service in which, at that hour, many millions of the most progressive and moral and devout of God's people were joining. Then came the sermon, and Walter listened with some curiosity to his cousin's Lenten talk. To his surprise he said at first nothing about Lent, but preached, of all things in the world, a temperance sermon. He spoke of God's great variety of gifts to man and of man's abuse of many of them. The intemperate use of strong drink came in for its fair share of condemnation, but he spoke of other things as well, intemperate eating, intemperate money getting and intemperate means of spending. "People are intemperate even in their work," he said, looking into the faces of the hard-working men and women before him. "Many of you have no rest and leisure in your lives; perhaps some of you cannot afford to let it be otherwise. But some

of you can. The balance in the bank is growing larger, but the burdens of the men, and, worse than this, the burdens of the women do not lighten. Many a farmer has seen his wife work herself slowly to death before his eyes. He did not think she was doing this, nor did she, but, none the less truly, she was. O, men and women, this is the season when we commemorate our Lord's fasting in the desert. He denied Himself of food, and He did it for our learning. He also denied Himself of work. There were no people in the desert to minister to, and this too, perhaps, was for our learning. Let us follow Him. Cut off that habit of eating or drinking that makes you a less useful, a less happy man or woman. If it be beer or whiskey that has ensnared you, drink water during Lent. If it be even tea or coffee whose excessive use causes sleepless nights and overwrought nerves, cut them off too, for they mar your usefulness. But even your work may prove a snare. Try this Lent to see if you are not giving your heart to that rather than to God. If you are, cut off just so much of it as stands between you and God. I ask you, strong, brave, manly husbands to think of your wives during Lent. They have been serving you. Do you try now to see if there is not some shortcoming in your service of them. Perhaps they are bearing too heavy a burden. Do you see if you cannot lighten it. The special value of Lent is in this: that it lasts long enough for us to form new habits during it. If you are watchful for the forty days you will have formed a habit of watchfulness that will last for the rest of the year. If you give up excessive drinking or eating, or saving or spending during Lent, you will have learned to do it for the year. With God's help try it *now*. What may be done at any time is often never done. Lent comes every year with its renewed call to the heart. If you have been neglecting or postponing a duty, do so no longer. For these forty days God calls especially to repentance. It may be your last Lent."

The sermon was ended, and then, when the last hymn had been sung and the benediction pronounced, there were handshakings and greetings between clergyman and people. Walter sat by his cousin's side as they drove home, and there was a long pause; then

Walter said, "Do you know, old fellow, I think there is something to be said for Lent after all."

LOOKING BACK

HAVE we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life,
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near
And just within our reach? It was, and yet,
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost that once has been—
We always may be what we might have been,
Since good, though only thought, has life and
breath
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;
And evil in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Papers on Christian Practice.

III.—SELF-DISCIPLINE.

THE place of discipline in the spiritual life is as a training school for the development of character. It begins with the acceptance of the Gospel. It follows pardon, and in no sense is human merit used as a means of gaining God's forgiveness. It holds a high place in preparing the soul for its walk in the Christian course marked out by the blessed footsteps of Jesus Christ.

Christian discipline is deeply concerned about man's body. A perverted religion looked upon the body as vile, as something to be despised, as unworthy of care or thought. But truer views have prevailed and we remember that it is God's handiwork and designed to be "the temple of the Holy Ghost." The body, however, is to be kept under and brought into subjection to the spirit. It must not be allowed to hamper the life of the soul. The flesh is to be crucified with its affections and lusts. The body is to be sanctified through the power of God. It is for this reason that our bodies have been prepared. "The body is for the Lord." He has its future in His divine power. Death cannot destroy it.

The discipline of the body will teach that it is to be the servant and not the master. This should be made a guiding principle early in life. It is said of Hannibal that when he could have conquered Rome he would not, and when he would have done so he could not. The effect of ordinary

discipline is very marked in military life. It changes the raw recruit into one who moves and acts with machine-like precision. It gives him a control over his movements. It endues him with a power through which he rises superior to danger and is not afraid to face death. The triumph of discipline over the thought of self-preservation is well brought out by the action of our soldiers on the troop-ship *Birkenhead*, when she struck on a rock and went down off the coast of Africa. There were 124 women and children on board and they were placed in the only available boats. The men were drawn up as on parade, and Major Seton gave the word of command, "Stand still and die like Englishmen," and 440 brave men went down to their sea-grave in the trackless deep. Is it any wonder that Montalembert calls this incident the most striking proof of the discipline of the British Army? Now, it is said that the controlling faculties, by which self is ruled, mark the human brain as a stage beyond the powers of the lower animal. The power of control admits of culture. The Christian remembers that with a renewed will such a power can be cultivated to its highest point.

There is only space here to point out where discipline is sadly needed. First, there is physical indolence, the state of those who say that they were born tired. Such a nature, sluggish and inactive, is a great bar to usefulness in the world. There may be many excellent plans and much talk about work, but the life is spent in idle dreams—like the Lotus-eaters, many rest in the thought that

"Surely, surely slumber is more sweet
Than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean,
Wind and wave and oar."

We can only remind each of the language of inspiration, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." God placed us here with a mission to do good. He gave us an object in life, and He provides us with the highest motive for action. God has given a law to guide us in our life's work, "Six days shalt thou labour." If labour for daily bread is unnecessary, His loving provision only sets us free to work to greater advantage in His vineyard, but work we all must, both for the sake of body and of soul. "What are you doing in God's fair earth and task-garden?" asks Carlyle. There

can only be one answer, we must "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

Then, it is a Christian duty to remember that we must "put off the old man with his deeds and keep the body under and bring it into subjection." Varied, indeed, is the spiritual warfare in this great field of action. We must all learn for ourselves the weak point of our nature, and where the great Enemy is most likely to attack us.

"Ah, how can the unready will
At once, at every point, repel
The heart's own traitors, aided still
By energies of hell?"

It may be a self-complacent vanity or pride in physical form, it may be a love centred in self, which is impatient under the superiority of others, it may be the pride of outward show, "the giddy pleasures of the eye," it may be the temptation to intemperance, to self-indulgence, to impure thoughts, "the hidden evils of the heart," to impurity itself. The lusts of the flesh may take a thousand forms and woo us with the voice of a siren or the face of an angel. Our safety lies in Christ, who has provided for us, when we trust in Him, a way of escape for every temptation. Only let us learn from struggle the lessons of God's will. We will then find in self-discipline that only a will regenerated by the Holy Spirit can fulfil the appeals of the apostle to mortify our members, to keep under the body, to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit, and to purify ourselves, even as He is pure. In all self-discipline let us remember the work of the Holy Spirit and ever pray,

"O God, renew with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit."

It cannot be kept too clearly before us that our whole life is marked out by God as a course which we are to take as a discipline for our soul's good,

"Thou com'st not to thy place by accident.
It is the very place God meant for thee."

That life of discipline under the guiding hand of our divine Lord, and upheld by His grace and power, is a means of training in the great Gospel school of character. In that school Christ Himself is the master, teacher, guide and example. In that school let us learn the way to renew our wills

from day to day through the Spirit's power. In that school let us learn to follow our great Example, looking on to Jesus for daily guidance and keeping power, as we say in the spirit of the words,

"Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

TURN TO THY GOD.

TURN from the broken cisterns of earth;
Turn from its mockeries, turn from its mirth;
Turn from its promises, what are they worth?
Turn to thy God.

Turn from life's busy and hurrying crowd;
Turn from earth's voices discordant and loud;
Then, with Thy spirit in lowliness bowed,
Turn to thy God.

Turn from thy hopes, from thy noblest quest;
Even from human love, truest and best;
These cannot satisfy, nor give thee rest.
Turn to thy God.

Turn in thy weariness, weakness and woe;
Turn in temptation none other may know;
See, He is waiting "all grace" to bestow.
Turn to thy God.

He will enable thee sin to subdue;
He will refresh thee with heavenly dew;
He will the strength of thy spirit renew.
Turn to thy God.

There in His presence is wound-healing balm,
There dwelleth deep and unspeakable calm—
Peace leading on to a rapturous psalm.
Turn to thy God.

—G. M. Taylor, in the *Gospel Trumpet*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

JEWISH NOTES

THE influence of Christian modes of life and work is making great progress among the Jews. They are showing a revived interest in their feast of Chanukah, which occurs in the month of December, and is being made more and more a children's festival when presents are given and received. The Young Men's Hebrew Association has, for some time past, been a powerful factor in Jewish church life. A society of Jewish ladies has recently been formed under the striking name of "The Sisterhood of Zion and Daughters of the Star." In some quarters the changing of the Sabbath quarters from Saturday to Sunday has been openly advocated. Not unfrequently a New Testament text, if appropriate, is quoted by a Jewish writer with approval, even though it may be the words of Our Great Teacher who has so influenced the religious thought of the world.

We jump at no hasty conclusions, though we firmly believe, that the Son

of David, who was both the suffering servant of the Lord, and the anointed king foretold in prophecy, who is now enthroned on high, will yet be acknowledged by His own race to whom He first came in the spirit of Heavenly love.

Meanwhile though we grieve over the treatment that our Jewish brethren are receiving in Russia, we rejoice to know that here in America, Jews and Christians are living together on terms of peace and goodwill, and that there are silent influences at work which are breaking down barriers of prejudice and bigotry.

F. H. D.

THE GREAT DECISION.

IN Ethiopia there dwelt a man, who was an idolater, and worshipped gods of his own imagination, and who held an important position under his queen, Candace.

But he was dissatisfied with his religion. Rumours of wonderful events happening in a distant land reached him—rumours of the death of One who claimed to be the Son of the true God, and he determined to make a long pilgrimage to that land, that he might see for himself what this could mean, and discover whether there was anything that could satisfy the cravings of his soul. He arrived at length at Jerusalem; but the rigorous ceremonial of the law, the slaying of the victims for sacrifice, and the sprinkling of their blood, could do nothing but terrify him. All was inexplicable, and he proceeded to return to his own country.

One thing, however, he carried with him. Being wealthy, he was enabled to procure a parchment roll of the prophet Isaiah; this he held in his hand and read as his chariot carried him homewards.

As he thus read, greatly perplexed, Philip the evangelist drew near, and stopped the chariot. He had heard this man reading aloud from his roll, and he said to him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" and he desired the stranger to come up into his chariot.

The place where he was reading was in Isaiah liii.—"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like

sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

And from this passage Philip preached unto him Jesus.

Light dawned upon the dark mind of the Ethiopian. He saw Jesus to be the true sacrifice; he saw his sins laid upon Him. When they came to a place where there was water, he prayed to be baptized; his request was granted, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Now, reader, that Ethiopian had to make a great decision; and though it meant to him certain unpopularity, probable persecution, and possible death, he decided for Christ. You also have to make a great decision. What will you do?

Will you reject Christ, and go away sorrowful, burdened with sin, without God and without hope? or will you accept Him?

Is it so hard to believe God, when He offers salvation through His Son?

Read over again these words regarding the Saviour which the Ethiopian read from Isaiah. Believe in Him to whom they testify, and then you also will go on your way rejoicing.—*Cheyne Brady, in Good News.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

SOME years ago a party of English hunters in the far West, descending a thickly wooded mountain, came suddenly upon a glimpse of an Indian camp in the valley. A strange, unusual sound ascended from the camp, which, on their drawing nearer, proved to be an attempt at singing. About thirty in all, men, women and children, were gathered around a leader, who, to the surprise of the party, was found to be leading them in a religious service. They were singing "Rock of Ages." The settlement was an isolated one. They had no connection with any other tribes. For fifteen years no missionary had been among these people, and yet for all these years this daily religious service had been kept up. Fifteen years before a Methodist missionary had been there for a short time, and had taught them about God. And this was the result! For three weeks the party stayed with these Indians, and for the first time in their travels left all their property exposed and unwatched. Nothing was taken. On leaving, the chief asked them if they had lost any-

thing, and on being answered in the negative, said simply, "We love the same Jesus that you do."

One of the joys of the Great Reaping time will be the ingathering of such unlooked for harvests.—*Selected.*

TRIALS.

WHEN the heart is faint and weary
With life's sorrows and its strife,
I would ever look to Jesus,
Giver of Eternal Life.

In the secret of His presence,
He will hide me, yes, I know,
Safe from everything that's harmful,
Safe from every earthly foe.

And what now to me is mystery,
Will some day be understood;
Then I'll know what God is doing,
Has been done to do me good.

Give me grace, oh! blessed Father,
Not to ask Thee, why nor what,
But to calmly, blindly trust Thee,
Thy dark clouds enshroud my lot.

—*E. M. Cox, in Parish Visitor.*

LOOKING AFTER ONE SOUL.

THE Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, New York, not long ago had printed the following extract from "Daniel Quorm," and sent a copy to each member of St. George's Chapter:

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now, I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em every one and he bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in Paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own. * * * Andrew didn't say, "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin' and meanin' it, too,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."

And because realm o' nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all."

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

I.—A LITTLE SNOW BIRD.

It was very early Christmas morning, and in the stillness of the dawn, with the soft snow falling on the housetops, a little child was born in the Bird household.

They had intended to name the baby Lucy, if it were a girl; but they hadn't expected her on Christmas morning, and a real Christmas baby was not to be lightly named—the whole family agreed in that.

They were consulting about it in the nursery. Mr. Bird said that he had assisted in naming the three boys, and that he should leave this matter entirely to Mrs. Bird; Donald wanted the child called "Maud," after a pretty little curly-haired girl who sat next him in school; Paul chose "Luella," for Luella was the nurse who had been with him during his whole babyhood, up to the time of his first trousers, and the name suggested all sort of comfortable things. Uncle Jack said that the first girl should always be named for her mother, no matter how hideous the name happened to be.

Grandma said that she would prefer not to take any part in the discussion, and everybody suddenly remembered that Mrs. Bird had thought of naming the baby Lucy, for Grandma herself; and, while it would be indelicate for her to favour that name, it would be against human nature for her to suggest any other, under the circumstances.

Hugh, the "hitherto baby," if that is a possible term, sat in one corner and said nothing, but felt, in some mysterious way, that his nose was out of joint; for there was a newer baby now, a possibility he had never taken into consideration; and the "first girl," too, a still higher development of treason, which made him actually green with jealousy.

But it was too profound a subject to be settled then and there, on the spot; besides, Mamma had not been asked, and everybody felt it rather absurd, after all, to forestall a decree that was certain to be absolutely wise, just and perfect.

The reason that the subject had been brought up at all so early in the day lay in the fact that Mrs. Bird never allowed her babies to go over night unnamed. She was a person of so great a decision of character that she would have flushed at such a thing; she said that to let blessed babies go dangling and dawdling about without names, for months and

months, was enough to ruin them for life. She also said that if one could not make up one's mind in twenty-four hours it was a sign that—but I will not repeat the rest, as it might prejudice you against the most charming woman in the world.

So Donald took his new velocipede and went out to ride up and down the stone pavement and notch the shins of innocent people as they passed by, while Paul spun his musical top upon the front steps.

But Hugh refused to leave the scene of action. He seated himself on the top stair in the hall, banged his head against the railing a few times, just by way of uncorking the vials of his wrath, and then subsided into gloomy silence, waiting to declare war if more "first girl babies" were thrust upon a family already surfeited with that unnecessary article.

Meanwhile, dear Mrs. Bird lay in her room, weak, but safe and happy with her sweet girl baby by her side, and the heaven of motherhood opening before her. Nurse was making gruel in the kitchen, and the room was dim and quiet. There was a cheerful open fire in the grate, but though the shutters were closed, the side windows that looked out on the Church of Our Saviour, next door, were wide open.

Suddenly a sound of music poured out into the bright air and drifted into the chamber. It was the boy-choir singing Christmas anthems. Higher and higher rose the clear, fresh voices, full of hope and cheer, as children's voices always are. Fuller and fuller grew the burst of melody as one glad strain fell upon another in joyful harmony:

"Carol, brothers, carol
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily!
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all your fellow-men;
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas Day again."

One verse followed another always with the same glad refrain:

"And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all your fellow-men;
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas Day again."

Mrs. Bird thought, as the music floated in upon her gentle sleep, that she had slipped into heaven with her new baby, and that the angels were bidding them welcome. But the tiny bundle by her side stirred a little, and though it was scarcely more than the ruffling of a feather,

she awoke; for the mother car is so close to the heart that it can hear the faintest whisper of a child.

She opened her eyes and drew the baby closer. It looked like a rose dipped in milk, she thought, this pink and white blossom of girlhood, or like a pink cherub, with its halo of pale yellow hair, finer than floss silk.

"Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily!"

The voices were brimming over with joy.

"Why, my baby," whispered Mrs. Bird, in soft surprise, "I had forgotten what day it was. You are a little Christmas child, and we will name you 'Carol'—mother's little Christmas Carol!"

"What!" said Mr. Bird, coming in softly and closing the door behind him.

"Why, Donald, don't you think 'Carol' is a sweet name for a Christmas baby? It came to me just a moment ago in the singing, as I was lying here half asleep and half awake."

"I think it is a charming name, dear heart, and that it sounds just like you, and I hope that, being a girl, this baby has some chance of being as lovely as her mother," at which speech from the baby's papa, Mrs. Bird, though she was as weak and tired as she could be, blushed with happiness.

And so Carol came by her name.

Of course, it was thought foolish by many people, though Uncle Jack declared laughingly that it was very strange if a whole family of birds could not be indulged in a single carol; and Grandma, who adored the child, thought the name much more appropriate than Lucy, but was glad that people would probably think it short for Caroline.

Perhaps because she was born in holiday time, Carol was a very happy baby. Of course, she was too tiny to understand the joy of Christmas-tide, but people say there is everything in a good beginning, and she may have breathed in unconsciously the fragrance of evergreens and holiday dinners; while the peals of sleigh-bells and the laughter of happy children may have fallen upon her baby ears, and wakened in them a glad surprise at the merry world she had come to live in.

Her cheeks and lips were as red as holly berries; her hair was for all the world the color of a Christmas candle-flame; her eyes were bright as stars; her laugh like a chime of Christmas bells,

and her tiny hands forever out-stretched in giving.

Such a generous little creature you never saw! A spoonful of bread and milk had always to be taken by Mamma or nurse before Carol could enjoy her supper; and whatever bit of cake or sweetmeat found its way into her pretty fingers, it was straightway broken in half and shared with Donald, Paul or Hugh; and, when they made believe nibble the morsel with affected enjoyment, she would clap her hands and crow with delight: "Why does she do it?" asked Donald, thoughtfully; "None of us boys ever did." "I hardly know," said Mamma, catching her darling to her heart, "except that she is a little Christmas child, and so she has a tiny share of the blessedest birthday the world ever saw!"

II.—DROOPING WINGS.

IT was December, ten years later. Carol had seen nine Christmas trees lighted on her birthdays, one after another; nine times she had assisted in the holiday festivities of the household, though in her babyhood her share of the gaieties were somewhat limited.

For five years, certainly, she had hidden presents for Mamma and Papa in their own bureau drawers, and harboured a number of secrets sufficiently large to burst a baby's brain, had it not been for the relief gained by whispering them all to Mamma, at night, when she was in her crib, a proceeding which did not in the least lessen the value of a secret in her innocent mind.

For five years she had heard "Twas the night before Christmas," and hung up a scarlet stocking many sizes too large for her, and pinned a sprig of holly on her little white night gown, to show Santa Claus that she was a 'truly' Christmas child, and dreamed of fur-coated saints and toy-packs and reindeer, and wished everybody a "Merry Christmas" before it was light in the morning, and lent every one of her new toys to the neighbours' children before noon, and eaten turkey and plum pudding, and gone to bed at night in a trance of happiness at the day's pleasures.

Donald was away at college now. Paul and Hugh were great manly fellows, taller than their mother. Papa Bird had grey hairs in his whiskers; and Grandma, God bless her, had been four Christmases in heaven. But Christmas in the Birds' Nest was scarcely as merry now as it used to be in the bygone years, for the little child that once brought such an added blessing to the day, lay month after

month, a patient, helpless invalid, in the room where she was born.

She had never been very strong in body, and it was with a pang of terror her mother and father noticed, soon after she was five years old, that she began to limp, ever so slightly; to complain too often of weariness, and to nestle close to her mother, saying she, "would rather not go out to play, please." The illness was slight at first, and hope was always stirring in Mrs. Bird's heart. "Carol would feel stronger in the summer-time;" or, "She would be better when she had spent a year in the country;" or, "She would outgrow it;" or, "They would try a new physician;" but by and by it came to be all too sure that no physician save One could make Carol strong again, and that no "summer-time" nor "country air," unless it were the everlasting summer-time in a heavenly country, could bring back the little girl to health.

The cheeks and lips that were once as red as holly-berries faded to faint pink; the star-like eyes grew softer, for they often gleamed through tears; and the gay child-laugh, that had been like a chime of Christmas bells, gave place to a smile so lovely, so touching, so tender and patient, that it filled every corner of the house with a gentle radiance that might have come from the face of the Christ-child himself.

Love could do nothing; and when we have said that we have said all, for it is stronger than anything else in the whole wide world. Mr. and Mrs. Bird were talking it over one evening when all the children were asleep. A famous physician had visited them that day, and told them that sometime, it might be in one year, it might be in more, Carol would slip quietly off into heaven, whence she came.

"Dear heart," said Mr. Bird, pacing up and down the library floor, "it is no use to shut our eyes to it any longer; Carol will never be well again. It almost seems as if I could not bear it when I think of that loveliest child doomed to lie there day after day, and, what is still more, to suffer pain that we are helpless to keep away from her. Merry Christmas, indeed; it gets to be the saddest day in the year to me!" and poor Mr. Bird sank into a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands, to keep his wife from seeing the tears that would come in spite of all his efforts. "But Donald, dear," said sweet Mrs. Bird, with trembling voice, "Christmas day may not be so merry with us as it used,

but it is very happy, and that is better, and very blessed, and that is better yet. I suffer chiefly for Carol's sake, but I have almost given up being sorrowful for my own. I am too happy in the child, and I see too clearly what she has done for us and for our boys."

"That's true, bless her sweet heart," said Mr. Bird; "she has been better than a daily sermon in the house ever since she was born, and especially since she was taken ill."

"Yes, Donald and Paul and Hugh were three strong, wilful, boisterous boys, but you seldom see such tenderness, devotion, thought for others and self-denial in lads of their years. A quarrel or a hot word is almost unknown in this house. Why? Carol would hear it, and it would distress her, she is so full of love and goodness. The boys study with all their might and main. Why? Partly, at least, because they like to teach Carol, and amuse her by telling her what they read. When the seamstress comes, she likes to sew in Miss Carol's room, because there she forgets her own troubles, which, Heaven knows, are sore enough! And as for me, Donald, I am a better woman every day for Carol's sake; I have to be her eyes, ears, feet, hands—her strength, her hope; and she, my own little child, is my example!"

"I was wrong, dear heart," said Mr. Bird more cheerfully; "we will try not to repine, but to rejoice instead, that we have an 'angel of the house' like Carol."

"And as for her future," Mrs. Bird went on, "I think we need not be over-anxious. I feel as if she did not belong altogether to us, and when she has done what God sent her for, He will take her back to Himself—and it may not be very long!" Here it was poor Mrs. Bird's turn to break down, and Mr. Bird's turn to comfort her.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

(To be continued.)

No man is dissatisfied with the Bible unless he wants to live a bad life. No man grumbles at the God of the Bible unless he has a quarrel with purity. No man mocks at hell unless he finds himself on the way there, and is unwilling to accept repentance as the first step toward God.

If you are not living dependent on Christ Jesus there is not a sin into which any one can fall, but you may fall into it.—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

Parish and Home.

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LET the Lenten season find us watchful. It is now a time when we look for flaws in the character, and, having found them, devote ourselves for these forty days to the prayer and effort that will repair them. It is useless to give up merely for giving-up's sake. That is to leave the house empty, swept and garnished, and a seven-fold greater evil may come to fill the silent chambers. But to give up the lower for the sake of the higher is noble and Christlike. Let Lent, then, bring the giving up of ignoble desires and selfish aims, and a holy fullness of loving aspirations and resolves.

THE world would have joy without sorrow, gladness of heart without previous grief for sin, Easter mirth without the sadness and humiliation of Lent, life without death, the joy of the Resurrection without watching by the Cross, or bearing it with Him, Who alone bore it meritoriously for us, and hallowed the instrument of punishment so that it became the pledge of victory and glory.

THERE is a painful story told about the first Napoleon. A marshal of his, who was devotedly attached to him, was mortally wounded in battle; as he lay dying in his tent he sent for his chief. Napoleon came. The poor man who thought that his Emperor could do anything—who had, perhaps, put him in the place of his God—earnestly besought him to save his life. The Emperor sadly shook his head and presently went away. But, as the dy-

ing man felt death drawing near, he was still heard to shriek out, "Save me, save me, Napoleon!" The Emperor could do nothing for the man who trusted him. But one who is "able to save" has often to say, sadly, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life."

Do not lose courage because, sometimes the way seems very dark. Trust on, hope on. God will soon come. The Lord seems to send darkness that the light, when it comes, may have the more brilliant effect. Ishmael faints before Hagar finds the well. Joseph is left in prison and almost forgotten before he is raised to his dignity. The Assyrian host surrounds and almost takes Jerusalem before the city is freed. Jeremiah sinks into the pit before he is placed on a rock. The violent persecution of the Christians preceded the triumph of the Gospel, and the mediæval darkness went before the dawn of the Reformation.

WE have received the following from Class 36, St. Peter's Sunday school, Toronto: "The little girls of our class are glad to present to the Treasurer of the PARISH AND HOME Magazine Distribution Fund the sum of two dollars, the sum of small, personal sacrifices from October 16, 1892, until December 31, 1892. We are formed into a little band and have named it the Coral Workers. There are seven of us, and we have a short story on missionary life and work, each Sunday, interwoven with the lesson. We are pledged to pray every day for Missions, and to do some special act of kindness each day, as well as to deny ourselves of some little luxury or pleasure each week. From now till Easter we will give the funds to the Algoma Missions. And after that we will, D.V., continue the above work." We are glad to see our little workers taking part in the good work of sending PARISH AND HOME to the poorer people who are not able to pay for it themselves. These little girls of St. Peter's, Toronto, have made a beginning. Will not others join in too?

"SHAMGAR, what is in thine hand?" "Only an oxgoad for a lazy beast." "Use it for God." He did and the Philistines were defeated. "David,

what hast thou?" "Only a sling to keep wolves from the sheep." "Take it with thee to the army." He did, and by it slew the giant. "My lad, what hast thou to sell?" "Only barley loaves and fishes." "Give them to the Master." He did, and thousands were fed. "What is in thy palm, woman?" "Only two mites." "Cast them into the treasury." She did, and the jingle of their fall marks the rhythm of true self-denial to this day. "Weeper, what hast thou in the folds of thy dress?" "Only an alabaster box of ointment." "Pour it forth for my anointing." She did, and the fragrance of it even now lingers like an angel's breath in the Church. "What is in thine hand, Dorcas?" "Only a needle." "Stitch garments for the poor." She did, and lo, she has become the mother of charitable toil the world over. "Reader, what have you in hand?" "Only this or the other in the common work of life." "Then use it for God and man as if it were thine only opportunity for doing good." Is not this one of life's open secrets?—*Selected.*

A PASTOR says that he does not know what to try next to draw the crowd. He has had fiddles, quartettes and musical attractions, and the crowd does not come. He has preached sermons on bright, spicy topics and still the crowd does not crowd. We would timidly suggest that he try the Gospel. It might be the novelty and the sensation that the people want in his neighbourhood. Anyhow it is worth trying.—*Baltimore Baptist.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THIBET.

IT was the saying of Voltaire that Christianity would not survive the nineteenth century. The century is rapidly drawing towards its close; as we look round with bated breath what do we find? Instead of a Christianity effete and ready to die, we find a Christianity that is marvelously renewing its youth.

Thibet, in Central Asia, has been regarded for some time past, as the only country closed against the missionaries of Christ.

For nearly forty years Moravian missionaries in the extreme north of India, have been patiently waiting and working to gain an entrance into Thi-

bet from the south-west, meanwhile translating the Bible into the Tibetan language. For a little while past China Inland missionaries have been seeking an entrance on the north-east, having lately established themselves at a small Tibetan village on the very border.

It is now reported that some missionaries have actually worked their way into this idolatrous country, and are quietly labouring there amidst great dangers.

F. H. D.

A PRAYER FOR UNITY.

SPIRIT of truth and grace,

Come from above;

Rest on us tenderly,

Peace-speaking Dove;

Cherish our holy life,

Banish our carnal strife,

Fill us with love

Show us Christ's lowly heart,

Humble our pride,

Bring us in penitence

Close to His side;

Bring us around His cross,

Counting our gain but loss,

There to abide,

Show his transfigured face,

Bright as the sun,

Show His transforming grace,

In us begun.

Make us His likeness bear,

Answer His holy prayer,

Let us be one.

Show us the ransomed throng,

Sealed as His own,

Out of all tribes and tongues

Circling His throne;

Help us with them to sing,

Jesus, our glorious King,

Jesus alone.

Hail, blessed Saviour! now

Whilst here we meet,

Loving and loved, in Thee

Union is sweet;

Brighter our love shall glow,

Sweeter our song shall flow,

Here at thy feet.

Rev. H. J. Van Dyke, in *The Church Union*.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MARCH 17TH.

"THE strength of God pilot me; the power of God preserve me; the wisdom of God instruct me; the eye of God watch over me; the ear of God hear me; the word of God give me sweet talk; the hand of God defend me; the way of God guide me. Christ be with me; Christ before me; Christ after me; Christ in me; Christ under me; Christ over me; Christ on my right hand; Christ on my left hand; Christ on this side; Christ on that side; Christ at my back; Christ in the heart of

every person to whom I speak; Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me; Christ in the eye of every person who looks upon me; Christ in the ear of every person who hears me. To-day, I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity. Salvation is the Lord's—salvation is the Lord's. Salvation is Christ's. May Thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us!"—*St. Patrick*.

DIGNITY.

DIGNITY is a matter of character, rather than of appearance. It cannot be assumed. Yet many a person thinks that dignity can be put on on an occasion, even though it is not shown in one's uniform conduct and bearing. "Dignity" is, in its root meaning, "worth," or "worthiness." He who has dignity has a consciousness of real worth, a prevailing sense of what is worthy in himself, and of what is worthy of him in his relation to others. Dignity is not haughty; it is modest and unassuming. Dignity shows itself in lowly service rather than in proud self-assertion. Dignity is always quiet, always self-composed, always gentle, and therefore always admirable. Wordsworth says:

"True dignity abides with her alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still respect, can still revere herself,
In lowliness of heart."

There is a charm in true dignity,—a charm that shows itself most clearly in one who has no thought of claiming dignity or of appearing dignified.—*Sunday School Times*.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

MORE and more there is growing up a disposition among parents to permit all matters of religious observance to be with their offspring mere matters of choice or preference. Your child must learn French and German and drawing; but he shall learn his Catechism and his Bible lesson and a reverent observance of this holy day if he chooses, and not otherwise. A more dismal and irrational folly it is not easy to conceive of. I do not say that there may not have been folly in another and in an opposite direction. I am not unmindful that religious teaching has been sometimes made a dreary and intolerable burden. But surely we can correct one excess (not, I apprehend, very frequent or very harmful) without straightway flying to

an opposite and worse one. And so I plead with you who are parents to train your children to ways of reverent familiarity with God's word, God's house, and God's day. Let them understand that something higher than your taste or preference makes these things sacred and binding, and constrains you to imbue them with your spirit. And that they may do this the more effectually, give them, I entreat you, that mightiest teaching which consists in your own consistent and devout example.—*Bishop H. C. Potter, in Parish Visitor*.

FAITHFULNESS.

It is not success that God most requires, but faithfulness. Have you remembered this when you murmured because you could not do as much as some one else? It is not the weight of the load you draw, nor the distance you pull it, but keeping the traces tight all the time that marks the true soul; no jerks or spurts, but a steady gait—that is the ideal way of moving. Exactly the same quantity of soul in both tradesmen called out precisely the same compliment from the capitalist in the parable of the talents, though the tasks and trusts differed in size. God judges by ratios. It was a spiritual use of the old "rule of three," the arithmetical doctrine of proportions. The percentage was the same, because there was equal faithfulness with unequal ability. Does not this cheer the most humble? What our Father values is the utmost use of ability and opportunity. He confers the one and provides the other; it is ours to use both. A glow-worm's flash is as much of a glory to it as the thousand lights are to the great dynamo that makes them. Star differs from star, but each shines as much as it can. Faithfulness, then, is what I am, plus where I am, used as best I can. "I am holding all the waters I can," says the ocean. "So am I," says the cloud. "I too," echoes the overflowing spring. "And I," confidingly whispers the violet, into whose throat the cloud just let fall a drop. And so they all are, and no one blames them for not doing more. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. Young Christian, while the way is fresh, settle it in your heart that you will be faithful through life just where you are, and God's promotion will soon follow. Every true life is travelled in spiral

route. Around loving fidelity to Christ as a centre, God leads us in a path that is ever taking in more and more life. The gold chord never leaves the pillar, but unwinds, and tethers us with lengthening radius as we move about. And so we hold to the old and embrace the new and are true to both. "Be thou faithful, . . . and I will give."

Then do not worry about results. That is God's care, not yours. Plant, water, and the increase will come. Sow, and you will reap. Be faithful, and you will be doing your best.—*Sunday at Home.*

GOD AND CONSCIENCE.

God is either peace or disturbance to us,—peace when we get into harmony with Him, disturbance until we do. "The idea of God is a pressure of ideals upon us," says a recent writer. The prodigal among the swine, the moment he comes to think, has to remember that he has a father's house, where all things are different and better. He knows he cannot find rest anywhere else than there, because the vision of the best, which is disclosed in the thought of his father, will leave him no contentment with less. We do not hear any longer of his being fain to fill himself with the husks, or grumbling because men thought husks too good for him. So with all of us; we might live the husk-fed life, and work ourselves downward to the beast's level, if we were not stung by the sense of the divine perfectness, and felt ourselves called to be like it. But when we are aroused to a sense of that lofty ideal, we want to bestir ourselves and seek our Father's presence, to find rest and peace there.—*Sunday School Times.*

FOUR BAD ACQUAINTANCES.

AMONG the many friendships that are forced upon our young people, there are four acquaintances to be especially avoided. They are a quartette always to be found around where there is any thing of interest going on, and so plausible, sociable and interesting are they that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Their names are: "There's no Danger;" "Only this Once;" "Everybody Does It;" "By and By." All four are cheats and liars. They mean to cheat us out of Heaven, and they will do it if we listen to them. The young especially should take pains to avoid such acquaintances and should

resent the first overture looking to familiarity. Let them be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and the quartette will look elsewhere for a victim. These spurious friends have no opportunity to impose on one whose time and energies are wisely occupied, and whose heart is fixed upon God.—*Selected.*

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

FATHER of mercies, God of grace;
Giver of every perfect gift,
Thou know'st Thy children's ev'ry want,
To Thee our waiting eyes we lift.

Give strength of faith to ev'ry one,
To boast in Christ our Righteousness;
To sing salvation to Thy name,
And glory in Thy sovereign grace.

Let what Christ hath for us endured
Be clearly by Thy Spirit shown;
And in Thy light may we behold
The glorious victories He hath won.

Let Thy humility, O Christ,
Teach us, and make us humble too;
And give us victory over pride,
And each aspiring thought bring low.

Thy suffering, self-denying life,
Thy want of all good things while here,
Teach us by these with cheerfulness
Self to deny—suff'ring to bear.

Corruption's power in us destroy;
Our love to creatures take away;
Our lust consume, and carnal joy;
And all our life be heavenly day.

Let us not seek our own, but Christ's,
His love be all our wealth and gain,
His praise employ our every breath,
His glory be our only aim.

[These lines appeared in substance in a weekly paper, being copied from the fly-leaf at the end of Fulkes' *Text of the New Testament, etc.*, 1601, in the British Museum Library. The author's name is not stated; but the inscription on the title-page shows the volume to have been presented in 1755 to Perronet, of Canterbury, who may have written the lines].

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"MARJORIE, you are just the one we were waiting for. Come here, and tell us how to arrange these flowers!"

"No, Marjorie, tell us first where these banners ought to go!"

"Marjorie, do look here."

The young girl who had just entered the church where a number of her friends were busily at work, preparing the decorations for a missionary anniversary, paused a moment in the doorway, as she heard her name spoken so many times.

"Where shall I go first?" she asked, with a smile. "I'll be there in just a moment, Bertha," she added, as an-

other and still more importunate voice arose from the corner of the church; then she moved about from one group to another, making a suggestion here, giving a graceful droop to a festoon there, and with her deft hands and good taste finding herself in great demand.

"What would we do without Marjorie Harrison," the young people in the church often said, and in truth it seemed as if she was quite indispensable in every thing that went on in the church. She was a born leader, and she was so unobtrusive and gentle in her leadership and her suggestions were always so sensible, that every one was willing to yield to her.

Strange to say it had not spoiled her, and there was not the least trace of self-conceit or pride in her manner. Perhaps the secret of this was that from her childhood her heart had been her Saviour's and she had so earnestly endeavoured to consecrate every talent and gift to His service that there was not room for much of self love to obtrude itself.

At last the church was ready for the evening's exercises, and gathering up the remnants of evergreens strewn around, the young people started homeward.

Marjorie Harrison was the last to leave the church, and in her haste to join a companion who was waiting for her at the foot of the steps, she slipped on the icy stones and fell heavily, striking her back against the sharp edges of the steps.

A cry of pain escaped her as she tried to rise, and she fell back again with a white face.

Her companions gathered around her, and loving hands lifted her and carried her back into the church, while a carriage was sent for.

"I shall soon be all right," Marjorie said, smiling faintly at her anxious mother, when she was carried into the house, but as day after day went by, and still she was held a helpless prisoner, she realized that her injury was more serious than she had imagined it could be.

"When shall I be able to walk again?" she asked the doctor at last, and as gently as he could, the old man, who had known her from babyhood, told her that it was probable that she would never be able to move about again, that she must reconcile herself to the thought of spending months and

years on the couch where the weeks had dragged themselves away so wearily.

At first the young girl's heart was full of passionate rebellion, but at last, when the first violence of her emotion had spent itself, she relapsed into a state of sullen apathy that grieved her mother even more than her first resistance.

"I am of no use in this world now," she said bitterly one day, when her mother was trying to comfort her. "What is the use of living when I will only be a helpless burden?"

"Tell me, darling," her mother said gently, "what is the hardest part to bear of your trouble; is it your suffering or your fancied inactivity?"

"The pain is hard enough," Marjorie answered gloomily, "but I could bear that if only I could keep on with my work. I meant to do so much for the Lord, and be such a useful Christian, and here I must lie with idle hands when there is so much to do in the world."

"But, darling, if this is the way he wants you to work for him, are you not willing to do it, even if you would rather carry out the plans you had made for yourself?" asked her mother tenderly. "Perhaps he has work for you to do that you could never accomplish if you had your health and strength. It may be that you can win more souls for Christ by patient, uncomplaining submission to your Father's will, than you could by any amount of active service. Can you not say, 'Thy will be done,' even if it is not your will, dearest?"

Marjorie's face grew brighter.

"If I can still work for him, I can bear the pain," she answered gently. "I have been thinking that there was not anything for me to do, because I had to give up all the work I had delighted in, but I will try to serve with folded hands since it is His will."

It was a hard lesson to learn, and sometimes when she remembered the brightness and activity of her former life she was tempted to repine, but she schooled herself to say, "Thy will be done," and in time she had the joy of knowing that she could still serve the Master with folded hands, and could win souls to him by patience and submission to his will.—*Christian Intelligence.*

WHY WILL YE DIE ?

O THOU, for whom Christ suffered, wilt thou ponder ?

If naught of thine harsh discord heavenward flows—

Thinkst thou that He, who, mid the bliss above us,

Looks on thy sinfulness, no sorrow knows ?

Thinkst thou that all is blessed yet in Heaven,

That naught but happiness can enter in ?

If there be joy, mid angels, o'er repentance,

How much of sorrow must there be for sin !

If thou wouldst know how God beholds thy sinning,

Go, look where o'er Jerusalem He weeps ;

Go, listen to the accents of His mourning,

And ponder on the grief His soul that steepeth.

If thou hast mourned o'er wayward son, or brother,

Hast anxious watched the ways of kin, or friend,

I pray thee, through thine own remembered anguish,

Our Father's waiting heart do thou not rend,

Let not the pains of Christ for thee be fruitless ;

Arouse thee, take : the Father pleads to give :

"Why will ye die?" He crieth through the prophet :

Come unto Me, saith Christ, and thou shalt live.

—*Leila R. Ramsdell, in Parish Visitor.*

HYPOCRITES IN THE CHURCH.

ANY hypocrites in the churches? Why, of course there are. It would be one of the strangest things in this world if there were none. Who was ever surprised at the announcement that the bills of a bank were counterfeited? Did you ever hear any one say that the existence of counterfeit bank-notes was a strange thing? No, never. People of all classes expect such a thing, and look out for the shrewd counterfeits.

Why, then, should ungodly people raise their hands in "holy horror" when referring to the existence of hypocrites in the churches? Because they wish to score a big point against Christianity. But do they thereby prove the falsity of Christianity? No; they only point to one of the best proofs of the reality and value of Christianity. The moment that one says there is a counterfeit bank-note, he virtually says that there is a real bank, and a good one too; and he also tacitly declares that its notes are valuable. Does a man who gets "taken in" by a counterfeit bank-note get angry at the bank and refuse to patronise it? No. Then let him not get angry at the Church of Christ, and refuse it his support, because there are hypocrites in it.—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS.

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." In these few terse words St. Peter tells us what Jesus did for each one of us. He came into the world to seek and save the lost, to do this it was necessary that atonement should be made for sin. As all had sinned—all had gone astray and were under the sentence of condemnation, so must someone take the place of the poor sinner, and suffer the penalty due to his sins. Who could do this? No man, no human being, for all were under the same condemnation. The case seemed hopeless. But in this extremity God came to the rescue. He loved—yes—so loved the world that He gave up His only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and He came and took our place. In His own person, His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree—on the cross. Thus it was that Christ crucified became the great central fact of the Gospel and His death the power of an endless life.

How impressively this teaches us that being dead to sins we should live unto righteousness. For by His stripes we are healed—by His death we are made alive.—*Parish Visitor.*

A MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

DR. JOHN PATON, the veteran missionary from the New Hebrides, whom many here had the privilege of hearing lately in this country, gives in his book a very remarkable account of a journey during the night through some hostile tribes in Tanna. So dense was the darkness that at a certain point where he had to descend from the top of the cliffs to the shore, he could not find the path. He says: "I feared that I might stumble over and be killed, or, if I delayed till daylight, that the savages would kill me. I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down. Feeling sure I had found this spot, I hurled down several stones, but the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. At high tide the sea there was deep; but at low tide I could wade out of it and escape. First, I fastened all my clothes tightly so as not to catch on anything; then I lay down at the top on my back, feet foremost, holding my head downwards on my breast to

keep it from striking on the rocks; then, after one cry to my Saviour, I at last let go, throwing my arms forward and trying to keep my feet well up. A giddy swirl, as if flying through the air, took possession of me; a few minutes seemed an age; I rushed quickly down, and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below. It was low tide, I had received no injury, and, wading through, I found the rest of the way easier. When the natives heard next day how I had come all the way in the dark, they exclaimed: "Surely any of us would have been killed! Your Jehovah God alone thus protects you, and brings you safely home."

NONE LIKE JESUS.

A SAVED sinner said one day, "There is none like Jesus; I have tried Him for years; He can see a thousand faults in me, but I can't see one in Him." Another in his dying hour said, "My greatest grief is that I have done so little for Jesus, and my greatest joy is that Jesus has done so much for me."

Fellow-sinner, have you found out what that love is that has won so many millions, and bound them so fast when once they were won? Or have you never so much as said to Jesus, "I thank Thee for dying for my sins?" Is that fair? Would you treat any one else like that? Would you like it yourself? If He was willing to be punished for you, He surely has a right to expect that you shall be willing to be saved. He wants you to love Him because He loves you.

Should we be sorry to be appealed to so kindly?

No tongue can tell you how much He thinks of you. He would be so glad to save you, and He wants to know if He may. He will love you for ever, and be as kind to you as ever He can, and do you all the good that ever He can, and He will never leave you nor forsake you. What is there to object to, then, in Him?

If grief's dark hour, when your spirit is sad, He will comfort you as a mother never could. He will rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. He will be with you in days of brightness and in days of gloom.

He says if you will but call upon Him, He will save you; and you can do that; and can do it now if you like. A little child can call on its mother, and

to call upon the Lord is just as simple an action.

You can't save yourself, but you can let Him save you. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—*B. in Good News.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Mar. 5...Neh. xiii. 15-22.....Gen. xiii
 " 12...Esther iv. 10-17; v. 1-3 " xiv. 13-24.
 " 19...Matt. xxi 57-68..... " xvii. 1-22.
 " 25...Luke xxiii. 12-25... " xix. 12-29.

THE SLEEPY LITTLE SISTER.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

I SAT, one evening, watching
 A little golden head,
 That was nodding o'er a picture-book;
 And pretty soon I said,
 "Come, darling, you are sleepy.
 Don't you want to go to bed?"
 "No," she said, "I isn't sleepy,
 But I can't hold up my head.
 "Just now it feels so heavy,
 There isn't any use;
 So let me lay it down to rest
 On dear old Mother Goose!
 I shan't shut up my eyes at all,
 And so you need not fear;
 I'll keep 'em open all the while
 To see this picture here."
 And then, as I said nothing,
 She settled for a nap;
 One curl was resting on the frill
 Of the old lady's cap;
 Her arms embraced the children small
 Inhabiting the shoe—
 "Oh dear," thought I, "what shall I say?
 For this will never do."
 I sat awile in silence,
 Till the clock struck its "ding, ding,"
 And then I went around and kissed
 The pretty little thing,
 The violets unfolded
 As I kissed her, and she said,
 "I isn't sleepy, sister,
 But I think I'll go to bed."
 —*Georgiana McNeile.*

For PARISH AND HOME.

GIVING UP.

I WAS staying once at the house of a friend early in the season of Lent. He had two children, a girl and a boy, between the ages of ten and thirteen. These children had determined to deny themselves during Lent and fast from some article of food; and it was with them, as with many others—jam. It went hard with the boy, the younger of the two; and one day, as he gazed on the tempting preserves that the others were enjoying, he said, "Next year I'm

going to give up eggs in Lent, I never eat them, anyway." We could not help laughing and pitying the little fellow, it was so natural to choose such an easy form of self-denial.

Much different was it with his sister. On one occasion there was blanc-mange for dinner, with which jam was served, as a part of the pudding. But this young disciple refused to eat any jam even in this way, saying that she did not think it would be keeping her vow. Though her mother said it was only part of the pudding and offered it to her, she still refused and took the blanc-mange by itself. It was a pleasing thing to see the firm and determined lips that told of the natural longing, and yet the happy and bright expression of the eyes that showed contentment and peace.

Perhaps it was not necessary or wise for the children to choose the form of self-denial they did, but we see in this little girl the true way to deny ourselves:

First, to give up something that we do like. Second, not to take any loophole of escape that may be offered, but to go the whole length of our vow. And third, to deny ourselves willingly and cheerfully.

By contrasting the brother and the sister in this case, you can see how their giving up differed in these particulars. I hope that the boys and girls who read PARISH AND HOME will be like the sister in this story, when they practice self-denial this coming Lent.

And I would just remind them, further, not to forget the One for Whose sake they give up things that they like. Self-denial is so much easier, and does us so much more good, and we are so much happier through it all, if we do it for Jesus' sake. When we think of all He gave up for us,—not only His fasting for forty days in the wilderness, for that was only a very small part of all He did, but His Heavenly glory, and all He suffered and denied Himself when on earth, and then His own life-blood on the Cross of Calvary. When we think of all this, we cannot help being glad and willing to do anything in the matter of giving up that will please Him, and will benefit our own souls for His sake, and will help us to do good to others in His name. You know how often He Himself said, "For My sake." Let this be the chief motive for our denying ourselves during this Lent — M

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him.

"Why, of course, I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the workhouse, walked out in the garden, and went to his little chamber under the eaves. He

wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down-stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand, shake hands, I'll trust you, Sam. That's right that's right." Go to bed, boy. Never fear, I'm glad the saw broke; it show's the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—*Selected.*

MANNERS.

THERE is nothing which adds to a boy's success in life, next to honesty of purpose, like the practice of good breeding wherever he goes—on the sidewalks, in the buggy, as well as in the parlour. If you meet a boy who refuses to give you half the road, or turn out on the sidewalk, you may class him as a boy with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of a polite boy, we do not wish to be understood as referring to one who bows low, and takes off his hat simply, but we mean the honest face—the one who always carries a smile on his countenance—we mean the one who has a kind salutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant "good-night" in the evening—a boy whose face is always void of offence.—*The Parish Visitor.*

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An interesting conference of the clergy of the Archdeaconery of Peterboro was held in Port Hope on Feb. 23rd and 24th, under the guidance of Archdeacon Allen, with a large attendance. Sessions were held in St. John's church schoolroom. Papers were read on such subjects as, "Best method of supplying unoccupied ground in the archdeaconery," by Rev. Edwin Daniel, B. A. "Sunday School work," by Rev. A. Carswell, M. A. of Newcastle. "Religious tendencies of the age," by Rev. A. Symonds, B. A., of Ashburnham. "How

to make profitable intercourse between pastor and people," by Rev. John Davidson, M. A. The various branches of missions, Foreign, Domestic and Diocesan were introduced by Revs. R. A. Bilkey, rector of Bowmanville, Canon Spragge of Cobourg and Rural Dean Creighton of Cartwright. The good people of Port Hope most kindly entertained the visitors and with them took part in the conference. We are sure all who attended were edified, and we congratulate the archdeacon on the success of the first conference since his promotion.

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