

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



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 100.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. G. E. LLOYD, M. A., Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON,

WM. GRACE.

C. D. BARR.

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS,  
J. H. SOOTHRAN,  
G. H. M. BAKER,  
L. KNIGHT,

H. J. NOSWORTHY, J. E. BILLINGSLEY  
J. A. PADDON, R. PLAYFAIR,  
M. H. SISSON, E. C. ARMSTRONG,  
J. M. KNOWLSON, THOS. J. MURTAGH

*Vestry Clerk,*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton,*

A. HOADLEY.

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

Mrs. Abraham Kennedy, who was buried at Riverside cemetery on Jan. 1st, by Rev. E. A. Langfeldt, was one of the old settlers of Ops, and mother of Mr. James Kennedy, churchwarden at Reaboro.

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Marriages.

POGUE—LANG.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 30th Jan., 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Arthur William Pogue, to Lydia Lang, both of the township of Ops.

#### Burials.

COPELAND.—At Eden churchyard, on 15th Jan., 1900, John D. Copeland, in his 72nd year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

On Feb. 15th and 16th the next meeting of the clergy of this Rural Deanery is arranged to be held in Lindsay.

We regret the removal of Mr. Hamilton, manager of the Telephone Co. here, from our midst, but congratulate him on his promotion to Owen Sound.

Good news was heard from Mr. Stanley Soanes from Fort Simpson, where he is doing patient and faithful work under the devoted bishop of McKenzie River, the Right Rev. Dr. Reeve.

Sunday, Feb. 11th, has been set apart by the bishops in Eastern Canada as a day of special prayer on account of the war in South Africa. Let heartfelt supplications go out to the King of Kings that soon the sad destruction and horrors of the conflict may be ended.

The Rev. W. C. Allen, M.A., and the Rural Dean visited Bobcaygeon on Jan. 25th, at the request of the Mission Board, and laid before the church people there the desirability of that parish becoming as soon as possible self supporting. We are rejoiced to say that both the clergyman and people who were present at the meeting entered heartily into the desire, and we expect soon to be able to record something very definite being done.

The annual meeting of the Lindsay Branch of the Bible Society was held Jan. 24th, Judge Dean occupying the chair. Mr. J. H. Knight read the reports of both treasurer and secretary, which were encouraging. The officers for 1900 were elected, and the Rev. Herbert Symonds gave a very instructive and thoughtful address on "The Message of the Bible to the 20th Century." We wish many more had been present to listen to it.

The rector of Cavan some little time ago, set on foot a subscription for the payment of the debt on St. Thomas' church, Millbrook, on a ten years' scheme; that is, amount subscribed to be paid in equal annual instalments during ten years. The amount of debt is \$2450. In ten hours, portions of 3 days, the debt was covered by subscriptions, so cheerful and ready was the response of the people to the rector's appeal.

Anniversary services were held in Christ's Church, Baillieboro, in the parish of Cavan, on Sunday, Jan. 7th, and the following Sunday. An entertainment was also given in the same village on Tuesday, Jan. 9th, the sermons were preached by Ven. Archdeacon Allen and Rev. W. C. Allen on the 7th, and by Rev. John C. Davidson, rector of Peterboro, on Sunday, the 14th; offertory was \$85, proceeds of entertainment \$32; the total amount, \$117, was devoted to liquidation of church debt.

Some able speakers and devoted workers are to take part in the C. C. M. A. missionary conference at Wycliffe College, Toronto, (Feb 6-8) as Rev. J. A. Hickman, from China. Rev. John de Soyres, St. John, N. B., Revs. W. H. Wade, Hamilton; G. B. Sage, London; Dyson Hague, Canon Sheraton, Toronto, and others; and such laymen as Mr. N. W. Hoyle, Hon. S. H. Blake, Dr. Crawford, (London), Mr. H. W. Frost and others. May God use the meeting to the extension of His Kingdom.

The following taken from the Mail of Monday, Jan. 22nd, is interesting to many of us. We were surprised at the large number of church communicants in the first Canadian contingent, and now we rejoice to find many in the second "An historic church parade took place to day to St. Paul's. The part of the contingent remaining in Halifax marched to church, headed by the military bands. Dr. Courtney the bishop, was present, and service was conducted by Rev. J. W. Armitage and Rev. Leo Williams. Mr. Armitage preached a patriotic sermon, reminding the soldiers that St. Paul's church, more than 150 years built, was the first Protestant church in Canada, and that although many had worshipped there before leaving Canada to fight for the empire, none ever left to suffer defeat. The officers and men partook of communion, and the scene was most impressive.

The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, M. A., and Mrs. Allen, of Millbrook, kept the 50th anniversary of their marriage on Monday, Jan. 8th. About seventy of their parishioners and friends called upon them at the rectory expressing their congratulations and good wishes. We join with many throughout the archdeaconry in thankfulness to God for the good work done in this part of the vineyard by Archdeacon Allen, and pray that God may long spare him and his good wife to be ensamples to the flock, and fruitful in good works.

A Sunday school Christmas Tree was given to the scholars of Christ Church, Onemee, on Jan. 11th. There was a large attendance, a very pleasant program and short addresses by the Rector, Rural Dean and Presbyterian minister. The young people were delighted when Santa Claus arrived and distributed the many nice gifts.

The welcome of St. George's congregation, Cameron, at the home of Mr. J. Perrin, to the Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Lloyd was a hearty and joyous affair. Mr. Perrin occupied the chair, and with Messrs. Cook and Oakley, on behalf of the congregation, welcomed them to Cameron. The choir, Miss Maunier, Miss Beall and Miss Campbell, made up a pleasing program. Mr. Parkin, on behalf of the Methodists, was glad to welcome Mr. Lloyd, while Mr. Vance and Mr. Marsh expressed their earnest desire that God's work would grow and prosper and gladly welcomed the new worker. Mr. Lloyd seemed to much appreciate the kind reception, and we feel sure that God has rich blessing and earnest work for both pastor and people.

The annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society was held on Jan. 29th, in the schoolroom. Fairly satisfactory reports were given of the year's work; \$5 was voted to the church for use of light and heat at the meetings of the society. An interesting program was given and the following officers were elected: 1st Vice-Pres., Mr. J. H. Knight, I. P. S.; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mr. L. Archambault; 3rd Vice-Pres., Mr. M. H. Sison; Secretary, Mr. W. Vance; Treas., Miss S. E. Twamley; Organist, Miss Wingrove; Executive, Mrs. Goldie, Mrs. Soanes, Mrs. Milne, Misses Browne, B. Walters, Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, Messrs R. Humphreys, Stoddard, E. E. W. McGaffey, Sergt. Major Martin. Mr. Lloyd gave an address on "Why I am an Abstainer," and we trust the coming year the work will be pushed with vigor. Why should there be drunkards in our midst?

On the evening of Jan. 11th a kindly and cordial welcome was extended to the Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Lloyd by the congregation of St. John's church, Cambray, at the home of Mr. E. P. Smith, V. S., who with Mrs. Smith, made all present realize the heartiness of their hospitality. After singing a hymn, and prayer for God's guidance on the work and workers, Mr. H. Fowler, in a few well chosen and appropriate words, welcomed Mr. Lloyd to the parish, assured him of the love of the congregation for the services of our church, and bid him God-speed in his work. Miss Fanning, Miss Beall, and Mrs. Wilkinson furnished the musical part of the program, the latter singing "Soldiers of the Queen", while Miss Wallace gave an interesting recitation. Mr. Vance, the Rural Dean, and the Ven. Archdeacon Allen all made short speeches, the latter especially welcoming Mr. Lloyd to this archdeaconry and giving words of wise counsel to all present. Mr. Lloyd replied in a happy way saying that a clergyman was not disappointed with a small congregation if all were present who ought to be, and promising, with their co-operation, to do his best to extend God's work in this part. Light refreshments, and a pleasant social time, with a closing hymn and benediction, concluded an evening that we feel sure will long be remembered and productive of good.

# Parish and Home

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 3

## CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

- 4—5th Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Proverbs i.; Matt. x x. 27—xx. *Evening*—Prov. iii. or vi i.; Acts xxi. to 17.
- 11—Septuagesima. *Morning*—Gen. i. and ii. to 4; Rev. xxi. to 9. *Evening*—Gen. ii. 4, or Job xxxviii; Rev. xxi. 9—xxii. vi
- 18—Sexagesima. *Morning*—Gen. iii.; Matt. xxvi. 57. *Evening*—Gen. vi. or viii.; Rom. ii. xvii.
- 24—St. Matthias, A. and M. *Morning*—1 Sam. ii. 27 to 36; Mark i. 21. *Evening*—Isaiah xlii. 15; Rom. viii. to 18.
- 25—Quinquagesima. *Morning*—Gen. ix. to 20; Mark ii. 1, 23. *Evening*—Gen. xii. or xiii.; Rom. viii. 18
- 28—Ash Wednesday. *Morning*—Isai. lviii. to 13; Mark ii. 13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah iii; Heb. xii. 3 to 18.

## "COME UNTO ME."

BY T. F. M. in *The Churchman*.

Oh, ye oppressed who have no comforter,  
Wherefore are ye so blind?  
Hath not the Master bidden such as ye  
To "seek, and ye shall find?"

Is there no balm in Gilead for your souls?  
No peace for which ye grieve?  
Behold, One speaketh unto such as ye,  
"Ask, and thou shalt receive."

Why will ye wander in the wind and rain,  
Upon the mountain's crest;  
While, in the valley, One is calling you,  
"Come unto Me and rest?"

Why are ye troubled? Is this world so  
wide  
Ye cannot find the way?  
The Everlasting Hills shall be your guide  
Unto the perfect day.

The Master calleth you, arise and go,  
All ye who are oppressed;  
In pastures green stay ye your weary feet,  
And by "still waters" rest.

DURING the month of January thoughts of Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, were much in our minds, and the great need of carrying the news of the living Christ to all the nations was strongly impressed upon us by the "Epiphany appeal" and in other ways.

We trust that all our readers have been doing something to carry forward the great work of proclaiming the everlasting gospel to those who are still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death; and out of our treasures have been bringing forth things new and old, and presenting

for the work of our King gold, frankincense and myrrh, yea, rich and precious things.

While the season of Epiphany-tide is now past, the need of continual prayer, thought and effort for the extension of the kingdom never ends, and never will end, until our Lord returns and the "kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

Surely as we draw on towards the season of Lent and the thought of self-denial is impressed upon us, there is nothing that we should more delight in denying ourselves for, than that others might have at least the opportunity of knowing about the love of our Saviour and King, and finding redemption from the bondage of sin and admission into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Brethren, behold your calling, to be witnesses for Christ, in all lands and to all people!

\* \* \*

IN some of the dioceses, and for some branches of the work of our Church, those in authority are appealing for a fund to mark the close of the XIXth century with thanksgiving and praise, and to usher in the XXth century with debts removed, and funds in hand for a decided forward movement.

We have many of us read of the large sums that are being raised by our Presbyterian and Methodist friends, and we congratulate them on their self-denying efforts, and rejoice in any movement for the forwarding and upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom; well remembering with shame that as yet only one third of the people of the earth are even Christian in name.

Whether our efforts take the form of a determined advance, say of a larger and more liberal scale of giving, working, and praying during the coming years; or whether in addition to that we make a large, special offertory to mark the close of the century; we trust that all true followers of Christ and lovers of our Church, are decided that

there shall be no standing still, no half-hearted indifference.

May we hear God saying to us as He did to Moses, even in the face of what seemed (and to man alone would have been) insurmountable difficulties: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward,"—and may we obediently and determinedly go forward.

\* \* \*

THE following, clipped from the *Orillia Packet*, will be of interest to many of our readers:

In the biography of Archbishop Benson there is published for the first time a letter from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Archbishop, in which reference is made to certain charges made against the Prince as to encouraging gambling. His Royal Highness says: "I have a horror of gambling, and always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which the country could be afflicted with."

## BEGINNINGS.

*Creation.* In the beginning—God! Not matter, law nor force, but life, given, sustained, beautified, employed and crowned.

*Wisdom.* "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." What is wisdom? It is the knowledge of God applied to the needs and capacities of the soul.

*Miracles.* The miracles of Jesus began at a marriage feast, a beautiful beginning; when you invite your guests don't forget to invite Jesus to put on the crown of His approval.

*Sorrows.* "All these are the beginning of sorrows," said the Master as He warned the people of the coming doom. Matt. 24: 8

We have sorrow because we have sin. Jesus has come to tell us how to get rid of the curse, the burden, the guilt of sin.

*Confidence.* "We are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Heb. 3: 14. We begin the Christian life with tender trembling confidence, then we grow, for where there is life there is growth. Let that growth be steady.

"If we would overcome at last,  
We must triumph as we go."

Prize your confidence, for it hath great recompense of reward.

"While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?"

H. T. MILLER.  
Beamsville, Ont.

#### LABOUR AND REST.

It is no part of true Christianity to discourage industry, and to encourage idleness. On the contrary, among the many reforms effected by the introduction into the world of the Christian religion, one of the most noted is the upholding and investing with dignity of all honest labour and manly toil.

Among those people who proudly called themselves Romans prior to and at the time of the Christian era, all manual labour had sunk to such a level in the eyes of the people that it was entrusted to and carried on only by slaves, even the work of education. All schoolmasters were chosen from this class. Their armies, instead of being composed of the noblest and best of Romans, such as had in former days fought for their country and home, were now composed of mercenaries who were hired for the purpose, and cared nothing for the result beyond their own payment and other advantages.

So disastrous was the result of all this that one of the chief causes for the downfall of Rome was this same failure to honour and engage in honest work.

Christianity, on the other hand, from its very inception, has encouraged faithful labour. Christ himself, both by example and teaching, made industry a cardinal point. He did not belong to the class of the rich and mighty in this world, but was one of the working class—a carpenter. St. Paul proudly de-

clares, "I have counted no man's silver, gold, nor apparel: yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities, and to them that were with me." He exhorts the Corinthians (1 Cor. iv. : 12) to "Labour, working with their hands."

There can be no doubt that these expressions, and many more like them in God's Word, in their primary application, have reference to physical labour, and such being the case they show the distinct relationship—for there is a distinct relationship—of Christ, the Bible, and the Church, to the great questions of capital and labour at present agitating the public mind. We may clearly infer that the Church of God has a work to do in lessening the yawning gulf at present existing between the employer and the employed.

We are living in an age of vast commercial activity. Everything about us tells of the amount of toil and industry in our land.

Now, if we look for a moment at the result of all this, this vast amount of work, we shall find that it is this, the absolute necessity for rest, rest. From every side of us, from the crash and rattle of this city street, the deafening confusion of the factory, from the trains rushing through our country, often Sunday as well as week day, there is going up one universal cry, it is the cry for rest.

Where can this be obtained?

It certainly cannot be obtained by spending a few weeks at the seaside, or at some fashionable summer resort, for such is not an abiding or enduring rest. It is one that will fail when work is begun again. There is a more excellent way, a more continuous and lasting way, a way of "casting all your care upon Him who careth for you"; and who will in the place of such care give you absolute rest and peace; peace that all the world cannot give.

Where else can such rest be obtained? "God hath spoken in His holiness, surely He giveth His beloved sleep," such sleep as is rest both for weary body and weary soul.

For, indeed, there is a need for rest greater than that of the body.

There are those who are labouring for rest of conscience and of soul. Labouring like the apostles on the stormy sea of Galilee, in their own strength, while Jesus was asleep in the boat. Oh! let us appeal to the Saviour, for He alone can save and thereby give us rest! Others there are who are "ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness."

Brethren, let us cease from all such labours and striving after self-righteousness. It is all in vain; and the words of that grand old hymn are perfectly true:

"Could my tears for ever flow,  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save and Thou alone."

St. Augustine has well said: "Lord, Thou madest us for Thyself, and we can find no rest until we find rest in Thee."

In Newport Church, in the Isle of Wight, lies buried the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First. A marble monument erected by our Queen Victoria records in a touching way the manner of her death. She languished in Carisbrook Castle during the wars of the Commonwealth, a prisoner, alone and separated from all the companions of her youth, till death set her free. She was found that day with her head leaning upon her Bible and the book was open at the words: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

The monument in Newport Church records this fact. It consists of a figure reclining her head on a marble book with these words of comfort and rest engraven on its page. What a sermon is preached by that monument, what a lesson it affords of the utter inability of rank or high birth to confer happiness! It teaches the mighty truth that there is no true rest for any one except in Christ.

R.M.—Ontario.

Nothing is more degrading than a man who has lost his ideals, unless it be a nation which has lost its ideals.

### THE CHACO MISSION OF PARAGUAY.

We give in this issue a picture of the Rev. T. B. R. Westgate, of the South American Missionary Society, who is labouring among the Indians of the Chaco Mission of Paraguay. The report of the Canadian Church Missionary Association, just issued, contains this encouraging word about his work: "Since the Rev. T. B. R. Westgate, who is supported by the Huron Auxiliary of the C.C.M.A., arrived in this field last autumn, he has endeared himself

I consider complete, and if his objects are attained we shall soon hold all this vast interior for our One Lord." After listening to such words as these, can we wonder that Bishop Sterling, reporting his impressions of the Chaco Mission, says: "I have never come across a more hopeful band of missionaries in all my experience. Almost an air of triumph prevails. The barriers of language have been largely broken down; the reticence of the Indians has been overcome; the secrets of the prevailing witchcrafts



REV. T. B. R. WESTGATE.

to the other workers by his deep earnestness and straightforward manliness. The fact that there are nearly five millions of Indians in the vast interior yet unevangelized, presses heavily upon his heart. He writes: "The work here is going forward in a marvellous manner. Every man is pouring out his energy for these pagan Indians, and for the sake of Christ. We are all stirred to the depths over the way God is working in our midst. We want to go on; we must go on; we shall go on and claim the West and North. Mr. Grubb's plans

have been laid bare, and ears have been opened to the "new words," the message of God, from the lips of the missionaries; and not only do the people listen to the "words," they have quickly grasped much of their meaning, and, furthermore, have declared themselves under the duty of proclaiming them to others, and they do so."

#### BESET.

It is refreshing to an old chief officer in his watch below to recall the time when he was on deck and

had to bear the weight of responsibility which belongs to his station.

We know something of cold in Canada, but to be frozen in, in the Arctic regions, is something more, and when the chief writes down in his log, "Beset," it means something much more. We had caught two whales, and were thinking of squaring away for home, when adverse gales and a high sea drove us into a bay, and the word "beset" meant a winter in the frozen North.

How we fared it is impossible to tell, and volumes on the Arctic regions may give the readers some idea of the double darkness of that dreary winter time. It would be difficult to write down all that is suggested by the word "beset," but I will try. When it was calm our good ship was completely quiet, but when it blew a strong wind you would think that spirits from the vasty deep had come up to make a noise. Oh, the nip, the cripple and the crush; oh, the gripe, the grind and the groan, the fret, the fume and the fury, the rage and the rebound! Every timber a voice, every bolt a tongue. As the winter went on the grip of the ice became alarming, and more than once the crew were employed sawing ice to make a dock, to give the ship some relief from the terrible pressure. "Nothing like an Arctic winter for a good hug," said one of the sailors; "a fierce embrace never to be forgotten."

We had enough provisions and plenty of whale-oil for the lamps. The lamp of life gave us cheer, and when the word "beset" was read there was a correspondence, an appeal and a response, which found an echo in the hearts of some of the crew, as the fierce winds found an echo through the rigging and spars. "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me." Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. I cannot attain to all it means.

#### POINTS.

Was the ice close to the ship? God is close to me, consciously, joyously, lastingly.

Did the ice surround the entire ship? God surrounds me, fore, aft, weather side, lee side, overhead, underneath.

Was the ice faithful to the claims of climate? God is faithful to Himself, and to me as a part of Himself. He will never break His covenant.

Did the ice give forth sounds, strange, weird, startling? So let my heart break forth in glad noises, tumultuous, multitudinous, pre-eminently, and sometimes with the ecstasy of silence, with a voiceless song too deep for clamour.

SAILOR SAM, Ontario.

### SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORN.

By FREDERICK LANGRIDGE, M.A., in "Home Words."

The little ones—scrubbed from top to toe—  
Each fresh as a pin,  
Are just tucked in,  
And dinting the bolster three a-row.  
The baby (where did he get that cough?)  
Stares solemnly round, and won't go off;  
Grandmother still, with her tidying face  
Hovers about from place to place;  
While Johnny and May, by father's rule,  
Look over their text for to-morrow's school.

Oh, rare—when you wake with a start  
and shock,  
And half uprise

The sleep in your eyes,

And feel for the matches to see the clock—  
The thought, "Why, it's Sunday! not  
to-day!"—

I can wait for the light this once in a way.  
No whistle this morning, harsh and short,  
With a threat of fines in its rasping snort!"  
And so in the pillows to burrow deep  
For two more exquisite hours of sleep!

And rare to gather the gloves and books,  
And summon a mite

To left and right,

With a glance of pride at your wife's good  
looks;

To sit in the pew—no more a "hand,"  
But a soul that can listen and understand;  
To feel that the smoke rolls off the blue,  
And a Father's Face looks smiling through.  
While a voice on the heart falls kind and  
blest,

"Come! and behold I will give you rest!"

### KINDLING WOOD FOR LIVING FIRES.

By WILLIAM LUFF, Author of "Wave Whispers,"  
etc., in *British Messenger*.

A SAILOR'S HEART AND HANDS  
—A sailor carrying an umbrella!  
Wonderful! Next day I saw a  
sailor with a glove in his hand.  
More wonderful! But the wonder  
dies away when I explain that a  
young lady was beside the sailor  
upon both occasions. Love leads

us to do condescending things, to go beyond duty. Duty bade that man-o'-war's man haul a rope and carry a gun, but love came down to lesser deeds. Love measured not the deed, but the person for whom the deed was done. "As unto Christ," makes small services great. "Wherefore shew ye to them, and before the Churches, the proof of your love, and of our boasting on your behalf" (2 Cor. viii. 24). "Not with eye service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart: with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free" (Eph. vi. 6-8). "Lovest thou Me?" "Feed My lambs": and Peter never thought the service beneath his dignity.

A FORTIFIED CHURCH.—Staying with a friend in a quiet village, I was taken to see a fortified church, with a moat inclosing it, as if it had been a castle. Ferns and plants grew in the hollows. It was the abode of peace and good-will, although once upon a time it was the scene of war. Today the true Church is attacked, but, thank God, it is fortified, and the fortifications are as good as ever.

"On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them" (Ps. xxxiv. 7). "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever" (Ps. cxxv. 2). Blessed fortifications! angels, mountains, and walls of fire! yea, the Lord Himself! certainly, "the gates of hell shall not prevail" (Matt. xvi. 18). "For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield" (Ps. v. 12).

THE PERFECT LAW.—In Cambridge, I was shown what ought to have been ten balls upon a bridge; but there were only nine and three-quarters, a section of one having been cut out by night so that a

student might win a bet that there were not ten. The Scriptures are perfect and "cannot be broken" (John x. 35). Let us not give any "quarter" to the foe that would take even an atom. We must have "the whole truth." "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you" (Deut. iv. 2). The ten commands must be kept entire, if we are to merit salvation; nine and three-quarters will lose the day. God is a God of whole things. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (Jas. ii. 10). Only a whole obedience will be accepted. Give up the already broken law. "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference" (Rom. iii. 20-22).

### FAVORITE OF THE REGIMENT.

A colonel in a Southern camp overheard an excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and law-breaker, and when the war broke out he was given his choice to enlist in the army or to serve a term in jail.

The colonel was about giving an order to suit his case, when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said:

"Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling around with another half uttered oath he saw a red-cheeked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, 'Little Piety,'" he said, "I didn't know you were here," and he walked away, apparently more ashamed than if an officer had silenced him.

The life of this lad—"Little Piety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the war of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow-privates, became the favourite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable way. In his character, religion was something more than an adjective, and the nickname the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At a reunion of this regiment, not long since, the colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanished names of the old muster roll, and said at last: "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts."

"We know whom you mean," the men answered. "We shall never forget 'Little Piety.'"

The colonel repeated the tale, old but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, where the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be sent to the front "with the boys," and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle and the after scene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to outgrow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men, mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge; and near the head of the line with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky we found 'Little Piety.'"

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live oak by himself, and sang over it the tune he loved:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller—a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not.

"You remember 'Little Piety'?"

"Yes."

"And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of gaol, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went in the army a desperado, and came out a man—and 'Little Piety's' gentle

influence opened the way for me to do it."—*Selected.*

#### THE TRAGEDIAN BOOTH AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseated in the drawing-room, someone requested Booth, as a particular favour, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to do this, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him.

Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned trembling upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, till at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth: "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearers.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, till, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, their host, stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man; and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before—never!"

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should

be read cost me the severest study and labour for thirty years; and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and in words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes with serious faces and full hearts.—*The Southern Churchman.*

#### TESTINGS.

I once visited a tube factory, and the iron sheets were brought to a white heat and rolled and welded, and cut and hammered and tested until the great tubes of iron rang like a silver bell, and were strong and fit to conduct the pure water, without any taste of the vessel through which it flowed. So He may burn and hammer and test you, and when He gets through, you, too, may ring like a bell, and the everlasting Gospel that shall flow through you will be sweet and living water to the thirsty soul. O! beloved, you are tired to-day of this self-love! You are crying out now in your soul, "How can I be rid of it?" Go down! down! The strata of believing atmosphere lies] at the very bottom. You cannot "grow" the self-life out, nor can you get rid of it by bearing crosses. I would have you remember that it was not when Jesus bore the cross that He died, but when the cross bore Him He yielded up His life. You must be crucified—must die. There is a life you must really lose. O give it up now, and yield yourself for this crucifixion, and you may now receive Holy Ghost baptism. Many would be glad to die to self if they could die in an orderly way and look nice afterwards. I once saw a preacher asking the Lord, in very precise terms, with head erect and on only one knee, that he might "die to self"; but nothing hap-

pened, and I told him afterwards that real dying out was never so pretty as that.—*Sel.*

### THE BLIGHT OF THE LITTLE CLAY IMAGE.

By BISHOP H. W. WARREN, D. D., LL. D.

The religious condition of a continent that has been for centuries without a Bible or Sunday-school is a matter of profound interest. It is especially so when a single system has dominated the thought and spiritual instincts for three long centuries. It has not only controlled the long past, but by force of habit and the heredity of emotions and superstitions it moulds the future. What is the religious state of South Africa?

It is extremely superstitious. There are little clay and doll images of the Virgin here and there, to which people resort for the satisfaction of all religious desires and the alleviation of all fears. It is said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees, on the north slope of which the miracle-working image of the Virgin is—at Lourdes. So one of these images in South America has yielded to the bishop having control of it as much as forty thousand dollars a year. The orgies and iniquities practised when thousands of people rush to a little village where an image abides, are of the grossest character. People come to it to pray for every object, good and bad, temporal and spiritual.

When superstition is so rank, many are found to profit by it. A shoemaker sets up a little image, sticks burrs in her dress, and says that she goes out nights to protect the crops. That was the origin of the famous image of Andacolo. A merchant was a seller of olive oil. On his voyage from Italy he said that he prayed to a small, portable image, and was not drowned. His particular Virgin claims to help by the sacred oil of her lamp. The merchant has become a great importer of oil, and the ladies of Montevideo come out in fine robes and carriages to pray at the shrine of Our Lady of Aguada. Far and wide in Chile are sold little packages of mutton tallow labelled "The holy grease of Our Lady of Sotayne."

In the cemetery at Santiago is a life-sized bronze image of the Crucified on a cross, with this inscription, "The most excellent the Reverend Senor Archbishop concedes eighty days of indulgences, applicable to the dead, for each time the creed is recited before this image." If men believe such exemption from the pains of purgatory was so easily purchasable, the whole large space would be constantly resonant with hundreds of voices reciting the creed. During several visits I never saw a single person doing it.

From such things these results follow. The more educated classes repudiate the whole system of religion. I attended the funeral of a very prominent government official. Hundreds were present, but there was no sign of religious rite or speech either at the house or grave. The most influential paper in Chile, *La Lei*, printed some very severe, circumstantial, and definite criticisms on certain doings of Church officials. The same Archbishop mentioned above ex-communicated the paper. Indeed, he was so liberal with his thunders that he specifically included the editors, reporters, printers, owners of stock, and even the readers, under the ban. Once it would have brought the whole city to a halt, but now a great crowd gathered, made addresses attesting the right of free speech and the liberty of the press, and publicly burned the Archbishop's bull right before his palace, which had meanwhile been filled with police. That was certainly better than the previous burning of fifty-nine individuals on twenty-three different occasions by the Inquisition on the public square in Lima. The subscriptions and readers of *La Lei* were immediately doubled. In the Argentine Republic there is a very active organization working for the entire separation of Church and State. In Chile and Argentina the laws begin to be more liberal in design and execution. The Freemasons are very numerous in South America, and everywhere show an intense hatred of the existent pretensions of the Church. And the Church intensely reciprocates the feeling.

It is very significant that about

twenty bishops and Archbishops have just been called to Rome to discuss the state of things in their continent. Could they have met in South America, away from the splendor, prestige and over-awing authority of Rome, much good might have resulted. At least, they would have had nothing to do but to open their eyes to existent facts.

To this state of things the loving hearts in the rest of the world have not been indifferent. The various Churches have planted their day and Sunday-schools along the west coast from Panama to Patagonia, and sporadically in Argentina and the coast of Brazil. But vast tracks of the interior are untouched. And in religions most cultivated there seems but a very little handful of corn scattered over high mountains. The hunger of long abstinence and the ardent nature of the Latin race have given cordial reception to the Word. The Gospel has developed heroes and martyrs here as well as elsewhere. Hymns have been translated, and are sung vociferously. The Bible is mellifluous in speech, and its words are still spirit and alive. Slowly and somewhat mistily dawns the day, but the Sun of Righteousness surely arises with healing in his wings.—*Sunday-school Times.*

### AVOIDING TEMPTATIONS.

(2 Tim. ii. 22.)

"To pray against temptations, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire and then pray that you may not be hurt. The fable saith, 'That the butterfly inquired of the owl, how she should do with the candle, which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold its smoke.' If you hold the stirrups no wonder if Satan gets into the saddle.

"A person who carries gunpowder about him, can never stand too far from the fire. If we accompany sin one mile it will compel us to go twain.

"If Achan handle the golden wedge, his next work will be to steal it."—*W. Secker.*



**Parish and Home.**

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

Subscription Price:  
50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10 copies, for one year, to one address,	\$ 3.50
20 " " " " " "	6.00
40 " " " " " "	11.50
50 " " " " " "	13.00
100 " " " " " "	25.00

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

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

**MY SECOND SELF.**

By MARY ESTHER ALLBRIGHT, in *Young People's Weekly*.

She is dreaming now in the sunshine,  
there,  
My daughter, aged nine;  
With form, and feature, and eyes, and  
hair,—  
They tell me,—so like mine!  
As I watch her, thinking of now and then,  
I know that in her I live again.

She plays the games that I used to play,  
She reads the books I read;  
And she asks the questions that puzzled  
me;  
(I have others, now, instead.)  
And she's building such castles-in-air, I  
know,  
As I used to build, twenty years ago.

I know not, sure, little maiden fair,  
Whether to smile, or weep,  
As I think of the life-time we have to  
share,  
And the roadway, long and steep,  
Which stretches away, in a distant line  
Between your end of the way, and mine.

But oh, if only my love could save  
You some of the rougher way!  
If now you might learn lessons that I  
Am only learning to-day!  
Or if I might go back to the starting, too,  
And travel the long way over with you!

But—nothing but time will give to her  
The lessons the years can teach;  
And never again shall I meet the days  
That are passing out of my reach;  
And only in her shall I ever see  
The child and the maiden I used to be!

**TURNED AROUND.**

By ANNIE PRESTON, in "Light in the House."

It was a bright autumnal morning  
in the mountains, and as Mrs.  
Fenwick was potting geraniums  
in the well-kept front yard of her  
large, low farmhouse, her friend,  
Mrs. Kelsey, from the centre,  
driving past to the station, drew

up at the gate to talk over some  
detail of church work they were  
planning to take up to interest  
their people after the summer  
visitors left.

Presently a well dressed wo-  
man, flushed and heated, with a  
cape over her arm, and carrying  
a heavy grip, came hurrying up  
and paused to ask:

"Can you direct me the right  
way to Brewster's Grant? Every-  
body tells me wrong, and I have  
run hither and thither ever since  
the passenger train came in."

"You must have gone a long  
distance out of your way. You  
passed here an hour ago," said  
Mrs. Fenwick kindly. "Will  
you come in and rest?"

"Oh, thank you, no; I must  
hurry. They told me at the  
station to go straight west."

And this is east. You must go  
straight over that hill yonder,  
through a strip of wood past a  
red house, and then pretty soon  
you will come to the lumbermen's  
road that turns off for the Grant.  
There's an old wood coloured  
house just there."

"Oh, yes, I shall know it if  
ever I gets there. That is the  
boarding-house, and I am the  
cook. I've been off for a week  
to see my sister, but I took the  
cars at the railroad the other  
way, where they leads the tim-  
ber. I said I'd be back to-day;  
but it don't look like it, does it?"

"Oh yes—It's not far." And  
Mrs. Fenwick repeated her in-  
structions encouragingly. Mrs.  
Kelsey adding kindly:

"She has made thy way  
straight before thy face."

"That's Bible!" came the  
quick reply. "I used to hear it  
when I was younger; but, you  
see, I'm all out of the way."

"So are the paths of all who  
forget God," quoted Mrs. Kelsey  
again.

"Yes, I s'pose so. Thank ye  
both. Good-bye."

An hour later, as Mrs. Kelsey  
was driving towards the east, but  
by quite another road, she came  
upon the same puzzled woman,  
telling her perplexity in nearly  
the same words to a man pulling  
turnips in a field near the high-  
way.

"I'll tell ye," said the farmer.  
"You're all completely turned  
around, as they say, and you  
don't go where you are told ter  
go, becas' it don't seem ter be  
right to ye. All the folks you've  
asked hev turned ye right, but  
you wouldn't keep on."

"Surely after that I was turned  
I repented, and after that I was  
instructed," put in Mrs. Kelsey,  
whose horse had stopped as a  
matter of course.

"That sounds like Bible!"  
retorted the woman. "It's queer  
enough, but once before to-day,  
away off I don't know where, a  
lady in a carriage talked Bible to  
me but it didn't do me no good.  
Talk's cheap, any way"—and she  
picked up her bag and started  
off.

"Wait a moment," called Mrs.  
Kelsey, backing her carriage  
around through a tangle of gold-  
enrod and feathery clematis.  
"Get in, please. Here's room  
for your grip. You would better  
put on your cape. I'll drive you  
to the Grant myself."

"That's acting Bible!" said  
the delighted woman. "It's do-  
ing to others. Only a few does  
that, anyway."

They were driving swiftly  
along by that time, and Mrs.  
Kelsey said:

"I hope you are among the  
few?"

"No, I ain't. I don't even try  
to be good."

"What do you do that is bad?"

"I talk pretty rough sometimes,  
and I think swear words. I did  
this morning when I kept getting  
out of my way."

"That is bad, to be sure."

"Awful! And I drink cider  
and lager when I can get it, and  
I have drank whiskey."

"That is putting your influence  
on the wrong side, and a woman  
should never no that."

"I don't take no stock in influ-  
ence; it don't amount to shucks,  
in my opinion."

"Do you ever go to meeting  
or to Sunday school?"

"How can I, and get the men's  
dinner at the same time?"

"Influence the men to go with  
you!"

"You don't know much about

lumber men, I guess. Oh, here we are—and it seems all right. Oh, dear me, see how turned around I was!"

"You are turned around in your life too!" Now, if you would repent and be instructed."

"What can I do to begin?"

"Practise what Bible you remember."

"Do as you do, tuck it into my every day talk."

"Halloo, Jerushy! Glad to see ye!" called out a man trimming out a fallen tree by the roadside. "Now we are liable to have something fit to eat again!" And he made his words emphatic by an oath.

"Take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain, Jacob," said the woman seriously.

"Thunder, Jerushy! You hain't been an' got religion now, have ye?"

"Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below"—

and they drove on leaving the chopper gazing after them in blank astonishment.

"You will not make light of religion to amuse the men," said Mrs. Kelsey, with a tremble in her voice.

"No, ma'am, I won't make fun of my mother, nor of you, nor of your religion, nor hers—it's just the same thing, I know; and I sha'n't forgit this lift." So with a few more kindly words they parted.

A few weeks later Mrs. Kelsey's pastor came in, saying:

"They are having a revival over at Brewster's Grant, and it all grew out of the cook at the boarding-house quoting Scripture. They want me to come over and hold a meeting; I wonder if some of our people would not like to go?"

"I have no doubt of it, and Mrs. Fenwick and I will drive over this afternoon and see our friend the cook."

This they did delighting the poor woman with their sympathy and interest.

"I thought you'd come; I wanted to tell you so bad," she said. "At first I thought it pretty smart to talk out of the Bible, as you did, and I found

remembered lots of passages I had learned when I was young, and as I said them over I thought of mother; and first I knew I was different and so happy that I couldn't help singing hymns and talking to the men when they swore, and they knew I meant every word I said, and first I knew some of them come to me begging me to have a meeting—me, just to think of it!"—and the tears were coursing down the woman's cheeks.

"And you did?"

"I read the Bible, and we sang, and said the Lord's Prayer together, and the minister is coming to-night. I wish you would stay."

That was the beginning of a revival that not only swept through the lumber regions, but aroused the churches in the villages as well as turning many to ways of righteousness, and relieving the two ladies of the responsibility of interesting their people after the summer visitors left.

#### UNBELIEF THE RESULT OF SIN.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It is not the expression of an intelligent conviction, reached after patient and careful investigation, when a man says, "There is no God"; but rather the expression of a wish. He is a fool morally, and not intellectually, since he has sense enough to see that if there is a holy, just, and almighty God, it will not be well for him. The hearts of the children of men are "fully set in them to do evil," but this religion requires them to cease to do evil and learn to do well. The objector does not wish to give up all his ill-gotten wealth, to forsake his wicked companions, nor to renounce his sinful amusements. He dislikes to undertake the new duties required. He draws back from the life of self denial and sacrifice which might be his. Above all, there is a deep repugnance to the repentance, confession, and humiliation demanded. To one who knows how hard it is to induce the confession of a wrong, or to reconcile enemies to one another, there is no cause of astonishment in such a taste of mind. Un-

questionably there are many honest doubters and seekers after truth, but the moral condition of men is the chief reason why they have difficulty with Christianity. "He who is willing to do His will shall know of the doctrine."

#### "THOSE WHO STAND AND WAIT."

Milton, as all will remember, in his beautiful sonnet on his own blindness, represents himself as sorely distressed because he cannot do God's service by reason of his blindness. He consoles himself by a thought which should often press itself upon the Christian's heart, that "they also serve who only stand and wait." Dissatisfaction with one's existing lot may be overcome by realizing that God must have some work for one in this lot, though perchance that work may be only to wait and suffer. Willingness to remain and endure for Christ indicates as great love for Him as an inordinate desire to depart at once and be with Him. Principal Caird has eloquently taught this truth in the words: "It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be 'ready to be bound and to die' for Him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross, and to live for Him."

#### POLISH UP THE DARK SIDE.

"Look on the bright side," said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy. "But there is no bright side," was his doleful reply. "Very well—then polish up the dark one," said the young man, promptly. Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to "polish up the dark side" is to work—work hard, and work with ceaseless devotion and energy. I once had the honour of working for a time with a famous and eloquent dignitary of the Church. He lost his wife very suddenly, and I knew that this was the most crushing blow he could possibly suffer. I quite expected, therefore, that he would go away and rest, perhaps for several months to come. But in a week he was busier than ever. His zeal in-

creased tenfold, his energy appeared to be boundless, no burden of work seemed too heavy. It was evidently a daily struggle to concentrate his attention on what we had in hand—but he did it, and by degrees the awful load of grief seemed to grow lighter. Honest work well done is the sure path to a cheerful spirit. Try it.—*Churchman.*

#### UNWILLINGNESS TO DO LITTLE THINGS.

I remember hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I heard of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing—all finished, but just one little stone that was left out. He said to the angel, "Why is this stone left out?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.—*Moody.*

#### WHAT STRANGE BEINGS WE ARE.

*We speak of the mercy of God,  
So boundless, so rich, and so free!  
But what will it profit my soul,  
Unless 'tis relied on by me?*

*We speak of Salvation and Love,  
By the Father, in Jesus, made known  
But if I would live unto God,  
By faith I must make it my own.*

*We speak of the Saviour's dear Name,  
By which God can poor sinners receive;  
Yet still I am lost and undone,  
Unless in that name I believe.*

*We speak of the blood of the Lamb,  
Which frees from pollution and sin;  
By its virtues by me must be proved,  
Or I shall be ever unclean.*

*We speak of the Glory to come,  
Of the heavens so bright and so fair;  
Yet unless I in Jesus believe,  
I shall not, I cannot be there!*

—*Selected.*

#### SEVEN DAYS' WORK.

"Working on Sunday," says a writer in the *Christian Guide*, "is very distasteful to the men who are obliged to do so. My nearest neighbour has been twelve years with a railroad company in this city. He has been obliged to work twelve hours a day, seven days in a week, or lose his job. He is a poor man, and cannot afford to be out of work. Those dependent upon him must have bread. He tells me that after a man has worked seven days in a week for five years he begins to decline in health and strength, and in a few years completely breaks down, and, of course, is then rejected by the company, just as a worn-out machine is cast away. These men are treated just as machines are treated. They are worked to the limit of their strength and endurance. No considerations of humanity enter into the question. My other friend is a motor-man on a street car. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year! Though a very stout man, he is nearly broken down from continued labour. He must work like a galley slave or lose his job, and let his family starve. The greed for money is such that sympathy for human weariness and suffering is forgotten. Both of these men are religious, and belong to church, but neither have any time to cultivate religion or attend church. I wonder that they are as good as they are"

But both of these men probably knew when they hired out that they would do Sunday work, and the time to say "No!" was at the beginning of the ten or twelve years of toil.

There is a good amount of work in the world besides that which is furnished by railway and trolley cars. Hence a man who for the sake of "an easier job," or "better pay," puts his neck under the yoke of some great corporation, must not be surprised if their burdens are grievous and hard to be borne. But God made man before corporations existed, and a man is not obliged to choose between working seven days in a week or starving to death in a land of broad acres and abund-

ant opportunities. But if a man will not endure hardness; if he must live in town or in city; if he must wear soft raiment and rear his children in luxury; if he will not eat the dinner of herbs, but must have instead the "stalled ox," then he may find that living in Egypt he must put on the Egyptian yoke, work seven days in a week, give his extra earnings to the doctor, and die years before his time—all that he may be in the midst of the world's rush and hurly-burly, instead of staying on the soil where God put man, and eating his bread in the sweat of his face till he return to the ground from which he was taken.—*The Common People.*

#### CHRISTIAN LOVE, THE BOND OF PEACE.

Bishop Whipple, in a late Convention address, gives his voice against partisanship in the Church, and in simple and loving words counsels the clergy and laity of Minnesota to a fuller practice of Christian love as the cure for intolerance in every form. We give the substance of his thoughts, as follows:

"In many a Convention address, I have told you that I will never be the head of a Divinity School which represents any party. The Church is entering on the battle for the last time. Every form of unbelief will be banded together against Christ and His kingdom. The keenest intellects the world has ever seen will marshal their oppositions of science, falsely so called, to gain-say and deny the revelation of God. The leaders for Christ in this battle must be large-hearted scholars, men who have proved all things and who do hold fast to that which is good, men who are free men in Christ because His truth hath made them free.

"Most of the divisions which have marred the Church and brought sorrow to her Lord have come from party strife and the lack of charity and love. Even when no open division has come, hearts have been bruised and lives have been marred by the sad record of narrowness and prejudice. I can remember when a Pusey was refused license to preach in Oxford, when a Maurice

was deposed from King's College, when Hampden was denounced as a heretic, and Temple branded as an unbeliever. I have lived to see Pusey revered by all who love devoted lives hid with Christ in God, and to see Maurice beloved by all generous hearts who believe in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. I have lived to hear the greatest scholar in England do justice to Hampden, and I have lived to see all men rejoice that the Church could call the great-hearted Temple to be the Shepherd of the millions of London. I can remember when our dear Church was torn with strife over the ordination of the holy Arthur Carey. I remember when the sainted Muhlenburg was deemed an impracticable enthusiast because of his teaching about free Churches and the reunion of all who love Jesus Christ.

"I am aware that many of the most stalwart representatives of party do believe implicitly that their definitions are the expression of the Catholic faith or of Evangelical truth, but I find that in the past it has been fierce loyalty to the opinions of party which has rent the Church of Christ and often deluged the earth with the blood of martyrs. Latimer, Ridley, and a host of others died as martyrs of Christ because they could not accept definitions of the sacrament of the Supper of the Lord which they believed to be idolatrous. The cruel persecutions of our own New England were all for opinion's sake.

"There have always been two classes of Christian men; the one magnifying the blessed orders and sacraments of the Church because they are the gift of Christ and His channels of grace; and the other magnifying the personal faith of the sinner in Jesus Christ and the renewal of the Holy Ghost, and seeing in sacraments witnesses of the love of the Saviour. Both hold opposite sides of divine truth, and ought to live together as members of one body.

"Strife is a great price to pay for the best results, but strife between kinsmen in the Lord's family is a grievous sin. If any man have a passionate devotion to Jesus Christ, if he has a soul hunger for perishing souls, if he holds the great

truths of Redemption as written in the creeds, if he preach Jesus Christ crucified as the only hope of salvation, count him your fellow-soldier. The deepest lines on my cheek and the heaviest sorrow in my heart have come from the lack of love.

"In my life as a bishop of the Church, I have never known of trouble between pastor and people, or alienation between brothers which the love of Christ would not heal.

"God has never given to any diocese a nobler field; no diocese in America has shared so largely in the bounty of His children. No diocese has a more blessed record of mission work in its red and white fields, and in no diocese in America is the Church more respected and loved by those without her fold. It is due under God to Christian love, which I have tried to make the bond of all our work.

"When I came to this diocese there were three warring tribes of heathen red men; there were sad divisions within and without the diocese among Christian men. Every bishop selects his own seal; I selected a cross with a broken tomahawk, with the motto '*Pax per sanguinem crucis.*' I have tried to live by the motto which I made the motto of the seal of the diocese. I have passed my three score and ten and am living on borrowed time, the gift of our loving Heavenly Father. These may be my last words; they shall be 'Love one another.'

"I believe in my heart that if this love shall make all men take knowledge of us that we had been with Jesus, and compel them to say, 'See how these Churchmen love another,' we may, in God's hands, be His instruments to heal these divisions which have rent the seamless robe of Christ. And when I plead for love, I plead for love for all who love Jesus Christ. Shall we not claim as our own kinsman, Carey, the English cobbler, who went as the first missionary to India, and translated for them the Bible; Morrison, the first missionary to China; David Livingstone, the Scotch peace weaver, who died for Christ in Africa; the Moravians, who offered to be sold

as slaves if the King of Denmark would only let them go and tell the poor black slaves in the West Indies of the love of Jesus Christ. We may and will, in love, witness for the blessed truths we have received from the Primitive Church, but we can never forget that there will not be one in that white-robed throng who shall sing the praises of the Redeemer who is not our kinsman in Jesus Christ."

#### "WAFTED PERFUME."

A missionary gives the following as one trophy of divine grace in China:

"A woman was brought to a hospital for treatment, having an incurable disease. She was ignorant of her physical danger; she was ignorant, also, of the great salvation. Her gentle nurse hastened to tell her the 'old, old story of Jesus and His love.' It was new and wonderful to this heathen mind, but she at once believed the good news and accepted the freely-offered salvation. Then she was eager to go to her friends with this glad message of the Saviour's love. She said to her attendant:

"Will you ask the doctors how soon I shall be well?"

"The doctors say that we must tell you the truth—you will never be well."

"Please ask them how long I shall live?"

"The reply was, 'Three months, with the care and comforts with which you are now surrounded.'

"And how long shall I live if I go to my old home with this blessed message from heaven?"

"Possibly not more than three weeks."

"When the answer came, this new convert exclaimed, 'Get my clothes; I will start to-day.'

"Expostulation was useless, for she argued: 'Do you think I count the loss of a few weeks of my life anything when I have such news to tell my people who have never heard of the Saviour?'

"Is the love of Christ of so much value to us that we 'count not our lives dear unto ourselves,' if we may but tell the story to those who never heard it?"—*The Parish Visitor.*

**Boys' and Girls' Corner.****SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.**

February 4th—St. John i. 35 to 47,  
 " 11th— " iii. 1 to 18.  
 " 18th— " iv. 5 to 26.  
 " 25th—St. Luke iv. 16 to 30.

**BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.**

Only a little baby girl,  
 Dead by the riverside,  
 Only a little Chinese child  
 Drowned in the floating tide.  
 Over the boat too far she leaned  
 Watching the dancing wave,  
 Over the brink she fell and sank,  
 But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy  
 They would have heard her cry ;  
 But she was just a baby girl,  
 And she was left to die.  
 It was her fate, perhaps, they said,  
 Why should they interfere ;  
 Had she not always been a curse ?  
 Why should they keep her here ?

So they have left her little form  
 Floating upon the wave ;  
 She was too young to have a soul,  
 Why should she have a grave ?  
 Yes ; and there's many another lamb,  
 Perishing every day :  
 Thrown by the road and the riverside,  
 Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night  
 Clasping her darling child,  
 Willing to leave these helpless lambs  
 Out on the desert wild ?  
 Is there a little Christian girl  
 Happy in love and home,  
 Living in selfish ease, while they  
 Out on the mountain roam ?

Think as you lie in your little cot  
 Smoothed by a mother's hand  
 Think of the little baby girls  
 Over in China's land.  
 Ask if there is not something more  
 Even a child can do,  
 And if, perhaps, in China's land  
 Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl  
 Dead by the river's side,  
 Only a little Chinese child,  
 Drowned in the floating tide.  
 But it has brought a vision vast,  
 Dark as a nation's woe,  
 Oh, it has left one willing heart  
 Answering. " I will go ! "

—From the Children's Record.

**WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.**

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play

well on a harpsichord. But, from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said : " Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully :

" Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray ? "

Frederica asked wonderingly : " What shall we pray for ? "

" Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. " You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

" Yes," said Frederica, " we will." So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

" But how can we help papa and mamma ? " said Frederica.

" Why, don't you know ? " replied Wolfgang. " My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a gentleman who had just come from the woods. He made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him :

" Wolfgang means to be a great musician ; he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

" He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger. Frederica answered :

" He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

" That can not be," replied the gentleman.

" Come to see us," said the boy, " and I will play for you."

" I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang Mozart was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a Christian as well as a musician. The simple trust in God which he learned in childhood never forsook him.—*Exchange.*

**A TRUE INCIDENT.**

A carload of young people were en route to a Christian Endeavour convention. The possible monotony of a six hours' ride was broken when, soon after starting, someone began singing :

" Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
 And did my Sovereign die ? "

It was but a moment before the car walls resounded with the sweet strains of the melodious hymn, nearly every occupant joining. Then " Blessed Assurance," " Wonderful Words of Life," " I'm the Child of a King," and many another soul-stirring hymn was wafted out through the open windows and carried on the autumn breeze, as the train sped along.

Perhaps none of the earnest young Christians on that train knew that in the car with them was one with whom the Spirit was wrestling; but when a certain young man returned home and approached the pastor of one of the churches, and told him that he had accepted Jesus, and was ready to identify himself with the people of God, and that his stony heart had been melted by the gospel in song during that six hours' journey, it brought many to realize, more than ever before, the power of gospel hymns.

What a sermon on the converting power of sacred song! Would that it might teach us to sing the sacred words as though they were prayers, to sing them with our whole heart! —*Golden Rule.*

#### EARLY CONVERSION.

Many of the brightest lights in the history of Christianity have been converted in early life. Adam Clarke, the commentator was converted at four years of age. His influence will shine in the moral heavens while the sun shines in the natural heavens.

Alfred Cookman, the great revivalist was converted at ten years of age. He will shine in the kingdom of God as the stars in the firmament of heaven forever and ever, and thousands will rise in the judgment and call him blessed.

Isaac Watts, the great poet, was converted at the age of nine years. Robert Hall was converted at twelve, Jonathan Edwards at seven, and William Penn at nine —*Ex.*

#### "I DID IT."

During the wars of Napoleon I. there was a time when the French were about to sweep down upon the mountain region of the Austrian Tyrol. The brave mountaineers made ready for them. In each village a careful watch was set. The night-time was the hour for attack. The first one to become aware of the approach of the enemy was to light a beacon fire as a signal to all the other villages. There was in one of the villages a poor cripple boy, Hans. He longed to take a gun and join the troops, but could

not. He was seized with a longing desire to do something for his beloved Tyrol. Going to his mother's little cottage he tried to sleep, but could not. To cool his fevered brow he walked out upon the mountain. He heard the approach of footsteps, and seeing the form of a soldier saw at once that he was an enemy. He knew where the tinder was to fire the beacon, seized it, flung the spark into the kindling, and in an instant the flame flared up. It was answered from a neighboring hill-top, and from peak to peak flashed the signals; the people rallied, the French were beaten back. After the victory everybody asked who fired the beacon. Hans lay upon the mountain path shot through the shoulder. He was carried to the cottage, and, as his life ebbed away, he said, with a bright smile, "I did it." It is wonderful what little hands can do, when there is a strong will back of them. —*Selected.*

## "GLEN MAWR"

Miss Veals' School  
651 Spadina Ave.

TORONTO

## Bishop Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A High-grade School of the  
First-class for Boys.

Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities the Professions, and for Business.

The undoubted advantages of the College as to location and the excellence of its staff commend it most favorably to those who contemplate sending their sons away from home.

Special attention is paid to moral training. The facilities for physical development are unrivalled in Canada. Cricket ground of eight acres, well-equipped gymnasium, four tennis courts, boat-house, bathing crib, etc., etc.

For calendar, list of pupils, etc., apply to

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,  
PRINCIPAL

## Rolleston House

170 BLOOR ST WEST, TORONTO

Resident and Day School for  
Young Ladies

—00—

This School, beautifully situated in one of the healthiest parts of the city, affords superior advantages for a sound education, with careful training and discipline. Well equipped with a large staff of efficient masters and governesses, some of the latter having received their training in England and Edinburgh.

For particulars apply to

MRS. NEVILLE.

## THE HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE, LIMITED

Jarvis St.  
TORONTO

This school has been founded to provide, side by side with the advantages of a select school, an education that in thoroughness and efficiency shall surpass even that given in the government schools. The sum of \$50,000 has been spent upon premises and equipment, and the new buildings were opened in November, 1893. The methods are those of the best English Ladies' Colleges, which have recently made great advances in this branch of education.

Prospectus on application

MISS KNOX,  
Principal.

## THE CANADIAN CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

(In connection with the C.M.S.)

*Object*—To open the way for placing in the mission field Canadian Candidates who may desire to devote themselves to missionary work in connection with the Church Missionary Society of England.

*President*—N. W. Hoyles, Esq., Q. C.

*Treasurer*—Thos. Mortimer, Esq. Tel. 94.

*Secretary*—Rev. T. R. O'Meara.

*Editorial Secretary*—Rev. F. H. DuVernet, B.D.

*Central Sec. of Gleaners' Union*—Miss Thomas.

*Sec. for Missionary Boxes*—Miss E. B. Cooper.

Business address of the Treasurer and Secretaries:

C. C. M. A. Office and Depository  
87 Confederation Life Building  
8 Richmond St. East, Toronto.

*Publication*—"Canadian Church Missionary Gleaner," price 40c., a monthly magazine, consisting of the "C. M. S. Gleaner" and four pages of news from C. C. M. A. missionaries in China, Japan, Palestine, South America and Canadian North-West.

Send subscription to the Editorial Secretary, C. C. M. A. Office.

The C. C. M. A. is also the Canadian Auxiliary of the South American Missionary Society of England.

# J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS,

◁ IMPORTING RETAILERS. ▷

Dry Goods. Millinery. Mantles. Clothing.

76 AND 78 KENT STREET  
**LINDSAY.**

CASH AND  
ONE PRICE

## G. H. HOPKINS,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc.,

Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Offices:  
6 William-st. South, LINDSAY, Ont.

## W.M. A. GOODWIN,

Wall Paper and Picture Framing

Opposite Express Office,  
Next to Simpson House.

## DR. BURROWS

CORONER,

WILLIAM-ST., LINDSAY

### WATCHES JEWELLERY

We appreciate the confidence placed  
in us as shown by the very large  
share of the trade we command.  
You can always rely on what you  
buy from

GEO. W. BEALL.

### D. SINCLAIR,

Manufacturer high grade Carriages,  
etc. Hor-shoeing and Repairing a  
Specialty.

Works at market, LINDSAY

*Oliver's!*

PHOTOS ARE THE BEST  
128 Kent-St., LINDSAY.

## Armstrong Bros.

Leading Hatters and Furriers,

Repairing and Remodeling  
Furs a Specialty - Lindsay

## DR. F. A. WALTERS

**DENTIST**

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

## G. A. LITTLE,

DEALER IN

Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Music,  
Wall Paper, Musical Instruments, Etc

Opp Post Office 108 Kent-St. LINDSAY

## GLOVES, HOSIERY AND KNITTED WARE

It is an item of interest to know where reliable Goods are to be found in the above mentioned lines. Try LINDSAY'S LEADER LOW CASH PRICES DRY GOODS HOUSE for these articles. They are Specially Imported for our Trade.

## E. E. W. McGAFFEY.

Interesting letters have just been received from St. Peter's mission, Hay River, McKenzie River diocese. All were in fairly good health. Last winter Mr. and Mrs. Marsh took a 160 mile journey together, the former walking and the latter being driven with the dog team. One night they slept in an Indian house in which were four families, and another in the woods under the open heaven with the thermometer 41° below zero, yet they enjoyed their trip, visited friends, encouraged Indians, and called on some miners. They now have 20 boarders in their Indian school and about a dozen day scholars whom they are seeking to lead in the way of life. In the autumn they harvested 350 bushels of potatoes and some other vegetables, had an early catch of 1,200 fish, so are fairly well provided for the winter. One of the miners, a Mr. Johnston, has been led of God to give himself to lay missionary work, and his services are much appreciated. They have at last got into their new mission house, and speak with great appreciation and thankfulness of the bales so kindly sent to help clothe and pro-

vide for the children and others. Miss Tims has a night school for teaching English to those busy during the day, and she also imparts the word of truth at the same time. Sunday is a busy day with services both in English and Indian and a Sunday school. Great thankfulness is expressed to God, for His continued blessing upon the work—and yet earnest prayer is asked that He may still continue His loving kindness, and also that He may thrust forth more workers, for since the departure in June of Miss Marsh and Miss Veitch they have been very shorthanded, especially as the 20 children have to be fed, clothed and taught—brethren, pray and help.

St. Pau.'s Church Collections, January, 1900.			
	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Jan. 7	16.25	9.02	25.27
14	15.35	12.11	27.46
21	31.85	10.81	42.66
28	22.90	7.18	30.08
	\$ 86.35	\$ 29.12	\$125.47
Church Debt Fund	-	\$ 1.00	

# ARCH. CAMPBELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**Choice Family Groceries  
 and Provisions,**  
*PORTLAND SMOKED FISH,  
 China, Crockery  
 and Glassware.*

**...15 CENTS...**

—per pound—  
 is the price of our

**CRYSTAL  
 BAKING  
 POWDER**  
 A. Higinbotham.

WE have added many valuable improvements to our different Machines for the coming season, and if you find yourself in need of a **Binder, Mower, Sulkey Rake, Combined Drill or Cultivator, Single or Gang Plows,** or any other Farm Implement, we would be pleased to have you call and examine our Machinery, and have a talk with us before placing your order elsewhere.

**SYLVESTER BROS.  
 M'FG. CO.**

# A POINTER FROM S. J. PETTY,

"THE JEWELER,"  
 Get your Engagement  
 and Wedding Rings from  
 us. We carry a very  
 large stock.

# DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF  
**DRY GOODS**  
 GERMANY, FRANCE  
 and GREAT BRITAIN.

# G. A. MILNE, Fine Tailoring;

KENT STREET.

**E. GREGORY,**  
**FOR PURE DRUGS,**  
 Cor. Kent and William-sts.

**G. T. R. SYSTEM AND  
 STEAMSHIP AGENCY.**  
 When you travel call or phone and get all  
 information, rates, routes, etc.  
 Buy Canadian Express Money Orders  
 --- AGENT, ---  
**GEO. WILDER,** EXPRESS OFFICE.

**SOANES' MARKET - KENT-ST**  
 --- ALL KINDS OF ---  
**Fish, Salad and Flowers, Vegetables,  
 and Plants in Season.**  
*All Kinds of Confectionery made to Order*

**W. S. BRAUND,**  
**FAMILY BUTCHER,**  
 Kent-st., Lindsay.  
**CALL AND SEE**

**J. G. EDWARDS & CO.**  
*Shelf and Heavy Hardware,  
 Paints, Oils, Glass, etc.*  
 Sign of the Anvil, Kent street, Lindsay

**ALBERT JEWETT'S**  
**Livery, Hack and Boarding Stables**  
 York st., rear of Simpson House.  
 TELEPHONE 72. Cab meets all trains.

**J. A. WILLIAMSON'S**  
*For Good Reliable Harness, Etc. All  
 Work Warranted.*  
 Kent st. - - A CALL SOLICITED

**J. H. SOOTHERAN,**  
**REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL  
 and INSURANCE AGENT,**  
*Assignee in Trust. Money to Loan*  
**Office—91 Kent-St. LINDSAY.**

**BRYANS & CO.,**  
 --- DEALERS IN ---  
**Lumber Coal and Wood**  
 No. VICTORIA AVENUE.

**H. HOLTORF,**  
 Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
 All kinds of Furniture.  
 -----  
 Leading Undertaker.  
**LINDSAY, - ONT**

**THE RATHBUN CO.,**  
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
 Ties, Posts, Telegraph Poles, Lumber,  
 Shingles and Timber.  
 Clear, coarse Salt in Bulk, or 200 lb Sacks in  
 car lots; also fine Dairy Salt in car lots  
 Retail dealers in Lumber and Bill Stuff, Lath  
 shingles, Hard and Soft Wood at their  
 Mill yard, Lindsay *G. H. M. BAKER, Agt.*  
**GO TO SISSON & CO.**  
 when you require a Pair of  
**FINE BOOTS AND SHOES**

--- TRY ---  
**W. F. McCARTY**  
 if you require anything in the Jewellery line.  
 Fine Repairing a Specialty.  
**No. 77 - KENT-ST**  
**W. WOODS,**  
 Kent-st., Lindsay,  
*For House Furnishings, Stoves  
 etc Plumbing and Heating our  
 Specialty.*

**DENTISTRY**  
 For first class Dentistry go to  
**J. NEELANDS'**

{ Beautiful Gold and Porcelain crowns inserted  
 Teeth painlessly extracted by gas and vitalized air  
 Office: Nearly opposite Simpson House Lindsay