

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



# St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

# PARISH AND HOME.

No. 47.

AUGUST, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year.

## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

H. PETER, *Lay Assistant.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, }  
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR.  
*Salesmen.*

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PEKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton.*

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

HENDERSON.—William Stanley, son of Christopher and Laura Henderson, born 14th April, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th July, 1895.

PRESTON.—Viola Maud, daughter of William Henry and Lucy Preston, born 2nd May, 1891, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th July, 1895.

PRESTON.—Agnes Ruth, daughter of William Henry and Lucy Preston, born 20th July, 1893, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 14th July, 1895.

#### Marriages.

LAMB—REVER.—At Lindsay, on July 17th, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, John Wallace Lamb, of Fenelon Falls, to Magdalena Rever, of Alexander, Manitoba.

#### Burials.

ARMSTRONG.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 6th July, 1895, Abigail Ida, daughter of John D. Armstrong, in her 19th year.

HARTWICK.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 15th July, 1895, William Henry, child of William A. Hartwick, aged 9 months.

### CHURCH NOTES.

41 new school houses have been built in East Victoria since Mr. J. H. Knight was appointed inspector of that district.

Rev. Edwin Daniel, B. A., rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, preached a very instructive sermon on "Abiding in Christ" in St. Paul's Church on July 21st, Mr. Smith taking the duty at Port Hope.

Mr. H. Hoyle, of Cannington, an active church and Sunday school worker of All Saints' Church, and who is Grandmaster of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, gave an interesting address on Decoration Day to the large crowd assembled in Riverside Cemetery.

A member of another denomination, speaking one day of the service in a Church of England not one hundred miles from Lindsay, said "I never went into any church where the people go to worship as they do there. Can't we make this true of every church in the parish? Let us all make the service bright, hearty and stirring by doing our share with all our hearts."

Canon Farrar has been appointed Dean of Canterbury Cathedral.

"Every word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him."

Rev. Canon Farncomb, of Newmarket, has been appointed to Newcastle, in this deanery.

Many will be glad to hear that the Rev. J. Vicars preached on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund at Beaverton on July 21st.

We are glad to know that Mr. Fred Walters is opening out as a dentist in Lindsay, and wish him every success in his profession.

Bishop Potter, of New York, one of the hardest working bishops in the Episcopal church of the United States, is spending his summer holidays by doing parish work in the slums of New York city.

"If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them, then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit."—Lev. 26 : 34.

At the last meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of of East York, held at Uxbridge, the subject of making Cannington Parish and Home into a deanery paper was discussed. It is a good idea, and we hope it may be carried out.

The Duchess of Teck, mother of the prospective queen of Great Britain, visits and works for the poor and needy of the slums of Whitechapel, London. She makes garments for and joins in the prayers and singing at the meetings of poor women and girls.

Rev. E. J. Etherington, of Sunderland, took the service at Sturgeon Point, and preached to a large congregation on August 4th. It is to be hoped that Canon Richardson, of London, Ont., whose family is staying at the Point, will preach one Sunday in August in St. Paul's Church.

The regular monthly meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society was held on the last Sunday of the month, Mr. J. H. Knight acting as chairman. A short programme was given. The addresses by the Rev. R. L. Weaver and Mr. Wm. Major were listened to with considerable interest.

St. Paul's Church Collections July, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
7	\$ 9 60	\$ 8 25	\$17 85
14	18 03	9 16	27 19
21	12 10	6 79	18 89
28	46 00	7 36	53 36
	\$85 73	\$31 56	\$117 29

St. James Church, Orillia, has lost one of its most useful members by the death of Mr. Frank Evans, barrister. For over 30 years he was a teacher in the Sunday school and sang in the choir, also being Churchwarden for a long time, and for some 25 years lay representative to the Synod, serving on the Mission Board and other Committees. Respected for his uprightness and sterling Christian character, and intensely interested in all good works especially those connected with St. James' Church, his place will be hard to fill. He gave as "God blessed him", and we remember once, as travelling together and speaking of the many calls and great needs of our time, we learned that his gifts for church and charitable works for the preceding three years had averaged \$350 annually, or within \$15 a year of a dollar a day. "He being dead, yet speaketh." May God lead many to follow his example in all good works.

We are please to welcome Mr. C. Creighton, son of Rural Dean Creighton, as a resident of Lindsay.

1343 persons were confirmed in the diocese of Toronto during the year ending 1st of June last.

The summer will soon be ended—how have I spent its bright and beautiful days, and used its golden opportunities?

The Orangemen attended divine service at Reaboro on Sunday, Aug. 4th, when a helpful address was given them by Mr. Petter.

Mr. Petter has kindly presented St. Paul's Church with a beautiful large prayer book for the reading desk, which is much appreciated.

Mr. Albert D. Lawrence, who has done such good work in Minden Mission during several summers, is in charge again during the holidays.

Only 40c a year for Parish and Home and yet so many neglect to send or give their subscription to Miss Goodwin, two doors from the post office

We hope all readers of Parish and Home have their shopping done early on Saturday evening. We have known of delivery men having to work until nearly 2 a. m. on Sundays to get home all their parcels.

The Rev. B. C. H. Andrews, curate of St. John's Church, Peterboro, took duty at Cambray and Cameron, and preached in St. Paul's, Lindsay, on July 14th, the Rev. Carl S. Smith taking his duty in Peterboro.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church" We feel sure the sad news from China will cause many to take a deeper interest in sending the truth to that dark land. The Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, curate of All Saints' Church, Toronto, expects to be sent out this fall. It was thought at one time that he would have been sent to work with Mr. Stewart, who has been so cruelly cut off.

It is reported in the public press that Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart, who visited Lindsay in 1893 and started our "Gleaners' Union," together with other Missionaries and one or two of their children, have been cruelly murdered by the mob in China. We trust there may be some mistake, but many friends will anxiously await further information, and many prayers will go up that all may be over-ruled to the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the making of human life safer in that dark and troubled nation.

A card was received from Miss Marsh, from Grand Rapids, Athabasca river, on her way north to Mackenzie river diocese. There are quite long delays sometimes in getting past the rapids, and she had been pressed into the pleasant service of bridesmaid, a Miss Thompson being married to a missionary, a Mr. Weaver, (brother to the young clergyman who took Mr. Smith's duty for two Sundays at St. Paul's). She also expected to spend a little while at Fort Chippewayan with the missionaries there, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, while waiting for the boat, and did not expect to reach her destination until September.

Letters were received the end of July from the Rev. T. J. Marsh, and as the latest news before was dated Dec. 4, 1894, his friends were glad to hear that he was well and happy. In one epistle he says, "I dare say you may be anxious to hear something about the actual mission work. There is only this to say, that I have steady and regular attendance at every service of nearly every Indian in the neighborhood, and when any stay away it is generally to watch the cattle and dogs that they do not get into mischief. I do my feeble best to tell them the glad gospel story, but it is often a very weak effort."

# Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 57.

## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

### LESSONS.

- 4—8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 29, v. 9, to v. 29; Rom. 4. *Evening*—2 Chron. 1, or Kings 3; Matt. 18, v. 21, to 19, v. 3.
- 11—9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 10, to v. 25; Rom. 9, to v. 19. *Evening*—1 Kings 11, to v. 15, or 11, v. 26; Matt. 22, v. 15, to v. 41.
- 18—10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 12; Rom. 15, v. 8. *Evening*—1 Kings 13, or 17; Matt. 26, to v. 31.
- 24—St. Bartholomew, A. & M., Ath. Creed. *Morning*—Gen. 28, v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18, and 5. *Evening*—Deut. 18, v. 15; Matt. 28.
- 25—11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 6. *Evening*—1 Kings 19, or 21; Mark 1, to v. 21.

### PRAYER.

"PRAYER is not eloquence nor measured tone,  
Nor memory musical of periods fair.  
The son forlorn forgetteth half his prayer."

Faith sighs its prayers, or weeps them with long  
moan,  
With tears that have a grammar of their own.

Babes have no words but only weep or e'er  
The mother reads the little hunger there.  
Faith looks its prayers. Behold, before the throne  
There be full many love-looks of the saints;  
And David's upward glance from the earth's snow  
To God's long spring, three thousand years ago,  
Is mark'd in heaven's best hymn-book of com-  
plaints. †

Ah! the best prayers that faith may ever think  
Are untranslatable by pen and ink."  
\*St. Luke xv. 18, 19, 21. † Psalm v. 3.

—The Bishop of Derry.

THE MORNING WATCH.—IN the June number of PARISH AND HOME we published an article entitled "The Morning Watch." It was so fresh and suggestive, and brought out so strikingly the possibilities of prayer and its opportunities, that it could not but make an impression upon many minds. We are glad to know that the article did not appear in vain, but that it has already influenced readers of PARISH AND HOME. But yet the thought arises, How many have read it, and perhaps admired its suggestions, and then put it aside to think no more of it? It will be just another of the thousands of unheeded suggestions

they have received, another call neglected. If we would only act upon half of what we read, what altered creatures we should be! So much of our reading is mere pastime, not the serious work of earnest people. At almost the same moment we can admire a beautiful thought and give it the lie by our conduct. How we do need to pray constantly to be made sober and earnest and watchful!

WANTED—A MAGNET. —THE late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said somewhere: "If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction." He applies this to the recognition of mercies received, but how truly it may be made to illustrate the experience of reading God's Word! The ordinary professing Christian takes little or no pleasure in his Bible. He is willing to grant all you claim for it—inspiration, infallibility, sources of spiritual truth, the power to guide and instruct and make wise, to gladden and console, to warn of danger, and to show the way to heaven. But to him individually, it has never been anything of the sort, and he rarely reads it. If he is honest, he will tell you that to him it is hard to understand, dry, without human interest, too far removed from modern men and modern aims. To read it carefully is great labor. He would much prefer the newspaper or magazine, or light novel. And the truth is, he is no more equipped for drawing out the contents of a page of Scripture than if he were to seek the particles of iron in the sand by the help of his naked eye and his unassisted hand. But how easy it is to make the Bible a living book, a fountain of inspiration, and a well-spring of joy and hope! The only obstacle lies in the want of seriousness. But how few lives are serious! An earnest man who resolutely takes up his Bible may not find it instantly luminous. It may require

hard work and great patience, but the reward is sure to come. What God wrote for our good He cannot deny us, when we seek it. We know that the artist sees forms and colors in the sunset clouds and the distant landscape that are withheld from us. Study and long experience have trained his eye and developed his perceptions. So it is with the student of God's Word. And more than this, as it is possible to take a magnet and sweep through the sand, and so gather the particles of iron by the power of attraction, so have we a magnet that nothing in God's Word resists. That magnet is the Holy Ghost dwelling within us. Where He is, He is in command, and what is easier than to draw out from the sacred page, written by Himself, the precious truth which He inscribed there? The true interpreter of a writing is the writer himself. The true interpreter of the inspired Scriptures is the inspiring Spirit, and He is at our service. "If ye therefore, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

CANNOT I DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN?—An English economist has recently been discussing how far wealthy men ought to be controlled by society in the expenditure of their money. The particular instance on which much of this discussion turned was the report that a Mr. Vanderbilt was about to erect a mansion for himself in New York at a cost of a million dollars or more. The argument was an economic one, and went to show that the money invested in such a house, after it has given employment to the builders, is unproductive—so much capital withdrawn from use, and, therefore, makes the world so much the poorer. Of course, we are not particularly interested in arguments of such a kind, but we all must feel compelled to ask why any man should desire a house costing one million dollars. If this world were all, and the proper rule of life were the gratification of self, it would be natural to engage in anything that seemed to promise even a transient joy. If it were any

pleasure to him, and he had the money, a man might sink ten or fifty millions in a house. But, if Christianity be a reality and not a dream, how can men put a million, or half a million, or fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand dollars in a house to cover their heads? Is this poor tenement of clay, soon to be dissolved, so very important that it must have thousands of dollars spent on its housing? Who are we, the creatures of an hour, that we take the good money—the gift of God—that might bring countless blessings to a weary world, and extend the glory of His Name, and squander it on stone and marble and works of art and all manner of costly fabrics, for the gratification of very unsanctified longings, and the glory of the name of Smith, or Jones, or Robinson? Our dear Lord and Saviour once walked the earth in our flesh, and in that body there dwelt all the glory of the infinite Godhead, all the beauty of sinless purity. And yet He sought no splendid apparel or costly dwelling. "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," were His own words. In poverty, often without even the so-called common necessities, He found room enough to play a part such as the world shall never see again. And must we, stained and debased by sin, with so much of the glory of true manhood and womanhood wanting, have houses, not only good enough to shelter us and keep us in health and strength, but of towering and stately proportions, fitted up with all manner of modern luxuries, procured at no end of expense? Can we do that and yet confess Him Lord and Master? What argument is there to plead for the mansions of the rich and well-to-do, which even now are breeding hatred and strife? How will he answer for his talents who can only say "Lord, I built with my money a very fine house. It has long since perished, but my neighbors thought it beautiful and very cheap for the money, and longed to have one like it, but they weren't rich enough"?

**THE CHURCH AND THE HOUSE.**—There is a cry to-day that our churches should not be such costly buildings, but rather plain, unpretentious structures, which will permit of money being given more freely to missions and philanthropic work. But from whom does this cry come? From men who are comfortably housed in buildings costing anywhere from two to fifty thousand, or more. Their first concern was to build fine houses for themselves.

Where they might have spent two thousand, they spent five. Where five would have been more than sufficient, they spent ten. Out of homes more or less luxurious they want to come to plain churches. And why? Simply because with their present manner of living they do not see their way to support the church more liberally, and are trying to make the same amount of money do double work after a fashion. But on what Christian principle should a private house be luxurious and the house of God plain? Is it reasonable that money should be freely spent on the building and maintenance of homes much more beautiful than our neighbors', and meanly doled out when a church is to be built? Missions must be supported. They are Christ's blessed cause. But is it to be at the sacrifice of the dwelling house or the church building? A man's house represents himself and his material everyday needs. The church stands for the invisible God of glory and His service which calls for beauty, and awe, and majesty, and splendor. Does not the majesty of an English cathedral speak eloquently for God and our holy faith? Even the heathen knew this, and made their temples their grandest architectural triumphs, far surpassing their royal palaces. Why should any man's house be a costly or splendid edifice? Is he to be glorified rather than God? When the appeals for money are made in church a great many of our so-called pillars ought to turn very uncomfortably in their seats. They have left, many of them, costly, pretentious, and luxurious houses. No expense has been spared on them, and their maintenance is a heavy item. They hear appeals, which are not calls for cheaper churches, but cheaper living, less luxury and grandeur at home, more money for the house of God to make it beautiful, and far, far more money for the work of God.

#### THE VOICE OF LOVE.

"Jesus said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—St. Mark iv. 39.

THERE is a voice of heavenly birth,  
An angel-visitor of earth,  
Like Noah's gentle dove :  
Its mission is to cheer and bless  
With garden flowers the wilderness—  
It is the voice of Love.

There is a voice—soft, sweet, and low,  
A ray of light in days of woe,  
A breath from heaven above ;  
The voice for every human ill—  
His, who could bid the waves, "Be still" ;  
It is the voice of Love.

—Rev. Canon Burbidge.

#### HE CONQUERED.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER tells an incident, which, he says, was current during war times and will bear repetition. It shows clearly how God aids his faithful servants.

"Last night," said a Christian soldier to his chaplain, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed, when suddenly my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw boots and clothes at me."

"Well," replied the chaplain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then silently lift up your heart to God."

Meeting him soon after, the chaplain said :

"You took my advice, I suppose. How did it answer?"

"Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings; but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour, so once more I knelt down and prayed as at first."

"What followed?"

"Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The whole fifteen now kneel down, too, and I pray with them."

#### UNMINDFUL OF HIS POSITION.

THE young Christian worker who entertains the idea that some work for the Master is rather belittling will do well to read an incident told of the late Bishop Brooks, which shows not only the great sympathy he had, but his noble disregard of lines marked by social customs :

A poor woman, living in the parish, was sick. Dr. Brooks visited her frequently, and, besides ministering to her spiritual wants, provided in a substantial way for her physical needs. One day the doctor found her more than usually pale and miserable in appearance. Believing that outdoor exercise would benefit her, he advised her to go out in the air for recreation. She replied that she could not leave her sickly babe behind, and she was too weak to carry it. "Then go out for awhile, and I will mind the baby," urged the doctor. The grateful woman protested against such a seeming indignity to a clergyman, but he insisted, and while she enjoyed for several hours the sunlight and purer air of the park, the great-hearted, generous doctor, unmindful of his position as rector of a wealthy and fashionable church, sat in a dingy, meanly furnished room in a back alley, rocking the cradle in which lay the peevish infant until its mother's return.—Selected.



## COME SOON, SWEET LORD!

"Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"—Rev.  
xxii. 20.

When the light paints the eastern skies,  
With purple blush and crimson dyes,  
My longing heart within me cries,  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

When the day hastens on apace,  
And the bright sun runs fast his race,  
Then I pray, with upturned face,  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

When the evening shadows fall,  
And darkness gathers like a pall,  
I sigh, responsive to the call,  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

When my cherished friends depart,  
And I am left all sad at heart,  
And cry, "I cannot from them part,"  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

When all around the wicked reign,  
And the good seem to pray in vain,  
My trembling heart cries out in pain,  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

My soul grows weary, weak, and faint,  
While the sad years are slowly spent,  
And saint holds vigil long with saint,  
"Come soon, sweet Lord!"

—Rev. Edgar M. Levy, in *Parish Visitor*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

## GREAT MEN OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

ROBERT NELSON.

It is the peculiar glory of England that so many of her greatest men have been true Christians and devoted members of the Church of England, and have given much of their talents and their time to church and religious work. This is as true of to-day as of any past age. At the present time England is mourning the death of a very great Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Selborne, whose life and character will be among the best inheritances of Englishmen. Through all his length of days this most eminent judge and statesman was a meek and lowly follower of Jesus Christ, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord," and was known far and wide as a most devoted member of the Church of England. Amid a life of great activity and many cares he found time to write a masterly work in defence of the Establishment, and for which his career as lawyer and judge was a splendid preparation. It is well known, too, that with all his eminence as a statesman Mr. Gladstone's greatest interest has always been in theology, and the book which first brought him into prominence was on the subject of Church and State. The Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are enthusiastic churchmen, and give the work of the

Church in England their most careful thought and labor.

Robert Nelson, of whose life this article is briefly to treat, was another English gentleman whose chief interest was in religion, and whose best energies were given to the work of our church two hundred years ago. In one sense his is not a great name. It will hardly appear in the pages of any ordinary history of England, and, as a layman, he cannot figure very prominently in many church histories. But, if to be possessed of a beautiful Christian character, to have learning and practical wisdom, to enjoy the intimate friendship of the greatest churchmen of his day, clergy and laymen, to wield immense influence, and to throw all these, with zeal and foresight, into life-long labors for the Church of England, constitutes greatness, then Robert Nelson's ought to be a great name in the annals of the English Church. He was born in 1656, during the Commonwealth. His early days were spent at St. Paul's School, founded by the great Colet at the time of the Reformation, but the greater part of his education was received directly at the hands of a Mr. Bull, afterwards an eminent Bishop of St. David's, and the writer of a celebrated work on the Nicene faith. To Bishop Bull he owed much that was best in him. The bishop was a scholar of European reputation, and a man of marked personality. Nelson's last years were spent in writing the biography of his illustrious tutor—a real labor of love. About the year 1679 he went to London and became acquainted with the great Tillotson, then Dean of Canterbury, but afterwards Archbishop. A great intimacy sprang up between them, though in later years it was rather interrupted by the great difference in their views on all theological and ecclesiastical subjects. But love is stronger than doctrine—in Robert Nelson no church views ever circumscribed his love—and in his last illness the archbishop was nursed by Nelson with the tenderest love and died in his arms. In 1680 he went to Paris with the celebrated astronomer, Halley, and during the journey observed with his friend the comet that bears his name. While in Paris he had an offer of a position in the court of Charles II., but returned the answer that he should be glad "if England were so happy that the court might be a fit place for him to live in." It will be seen, therefore, how, as a young man, he looked to his ways and declined honors that could only be enjoyed at the expense of character. Though his prin-

ciples afterwards kept him from acknowledging William of Orange and bound him to regard the Stuarts as the lawful dynasty, they did not blind him to the fact that the court of Charles II. was grossly immoral.

It is not the intention to discuss the church views of Robert Nelson. The readers of PARISH AND HOME would, perhaps, strongly dissent from them. This article is to be a simple account of his really beautiful life, not a treatise on his churchmanship. He was a seventeenth century High Churchman—one of that group that numbered such men as Sancroft, Ken, Kettlewell, Beveridge, Bull, and Dodwell, so distinguished for true piety and saintly life. In politics, like most High Churchmen of the time, he was an advocate of the doctrine of passive obedience to the sovereign in all things. After the Revolution of 1688 he found it impossible to join in the state prayers of the church, regarding it a sin to pray for one who was not lawful king, and entered the Nonjuring communion—that is, the church formed by those bishops like Ken and Sancroft, who would not take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and had to resign their bishoprics in the Established Church. Later on, however, he saw his way to return with several other Jacobites to the communion of the national church. At this day all men will do honor to men of such principle, who had the courage of their convictions, and sacrificed so much to be true to conscience, however unenlightened it may seem.

It was an age of strong party feeling, and Nelson's views were very clear and distinct, but no political or religious opinions, and no strength of party animosities, ever narrowed his sympathies in practical matters, or made him mean-spirited or illiberal. He had no love for controversy, and rarely indulged in it, but when he did, as in 1688, in his work against transubstantiation, he demonstrated how Christian charity and generosity could take away all the bitterness of dispute. He took an active interest in the religious associations of young men which sprang up in London and other places about the year 1678, and a few years later gave the heartiest support, both to churchmen and dissenters in the formation of societies for the reformation of manners to check the growing immorality and profanity of the times. In 1699 the now venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was founded, and Nelson, though a Nonjurer and a Jacobite, was enrolled as a member with the most distinguished

churchmen of the day, and was not only a regular attendant at its weekly meetings, but sometimes acted as chairman. He was one of the most prominent in the formation, in 1701, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the oldest, perhaps, of the English missionary societies, and sat regularly at its board meetings in friendly conference with men whose principles were odious to a Nonjuror.

True Christianity can never be exclusive when a good work is to be done, and, though his creed seems to us very inflexible, Robert Nelson was at the service of every good work in England. Like his Master, he spent his life going about doing good. No vulgar ambition marred his motives, and made him seek fame or notoriety. In that work, which never ceases, of lifting up the masses, and bringing them nearer to God, he buried himself, and the story of his life can be discovered only by delving into the records of philanthropic Christian work in England. In 1710, he labored as a commissioner for the erection of new churches in London. He also worked for the promotion of parochial and circulating clerical libraries throughout England, for the advancement of Christian teaching in grammar schools, for improving prisons (anticipating Howard), and for giving help to the French Protestants in London and the Christians in Armenia. Still greater is the list of institutions which he proposed and commended to the rich. In these he wonderfully anticipated many ideas of our day, and, had his life been spared, some of them would, no doubt, have taken definite shape. Ophthalmic and consumptive hospitals and hospitals for the incurable; ragged schools; penitentiaries; homes for destitute infants; associations of gentlewomen for charitable and religious purposes; theological, training, and missionary colleges—such were some of the designs which he was not permitted to carry into execution. As a writer, too, he was not idle, and by many devotional works he sought to infuse into the hearts of Englishmen a spirit of practical piety and an appreciation of the church ordinances.

A prominent characteristic of Nelson, and a striking one, too, considering his church views, was his love of the word *Protestant*. It was to him, and to all those of his school, a term hardly less precious than *Catholic*. The Church of England was Catholic or universal, in the sense of being true to the doctrine and practice of the one primitive ante-Nicene

church, but it was staunchly Protestant in resisting all the errors of Rome. The term was very frequently on the lips of all Nonjurors.

In January, 1715, Nelson died. He was a man so universally esteemed that not one word of adverse criticism can be found in the writings of the time. In his true, Christian character, the warmth of his love, the sweetness of his disposition, the nobility of his aims, and the restless energy of his life, he may well serve as an example to Englishmen of all time. Cana la needs many men like him to-day—men who will use great gifts and powerful influence strictly for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ.

His life is a touching example of how true devotion to Jesus Christ overleaps the bounds of rigid creeds, and makes all men akin, and teaches further that real liberality of mind is not to be found in indifference as to doctrines or creeds, but rather a loyalty to truth and conscience, so Christlike that it brings love for all those for whom Jesus suffered and was crucified.

#### PLANTING THE SEED.

"SINK, little seed, in the earth's black mould ;  
Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold.

There must you lie ;  
Earth I throw over you,  
Darkness must cover you,  
Light come not nigh.

"What grief you'd tell, if words you could say !  
What grief made known for loss of the day ;

Sadly you'd speak,  
'Lie here must I ever ?  
Will the sunlight never  
My dark grave seek ?'

"Have faith, little seed ; soon yet again  
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain.

Thou'lt lie so fair,  
With thy green shades so light,  
And the flowers so bright,  
Waving in air."

• — *Littell's Living Age*.

#### ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR ON PREACHING.

"SERMONS will be very largely what you, the congregation, make them. If the preacher fires them off over your head, and you take no notice of them, and never let him know whether you agree or disagree, whether you understand or were puzzled, whether you were moved or remained cold, what can he do? He knows nothing of what you are thinking and feeling. If you want sermons to be a reality and a living, sympathetic help, you must let the preacher know your doubts and difficulties; you must tell him what

kind of effect his discourses have had; you must suggest subjects which you wish to hear treated; you must encourage him without reserve to be practical, effective, useful, and suggestive; bringing the light of the Gospel of Christ into every department of human life. He will be greatly indebted to you on his side; and you will find the interest of the weekly exhortation or discussion so growing and increasing that you will never wish to be absent from it. You have lost your right of free speech in the Christian assembly by reason of ancient disorders; but in this way you can still exercise its equivalent. It is in your own power to make the pulpit as vigorous, effective, real, and pertinent for every aspiration of your heart, and every inquiry of your mind, as it was in its most powerful and popular days."—*Family Churchman*.

#### THE SIN OF SINS.

"THE question is not so much, Have I lied? Have I stolen? Have I murdered? as, What have I done with the words of Christ? What reception have I given them? How have I been affected by His mighty works and mightier sufferings?

"There is but one sin in the world, properly speaking, and that is the sin of not loving God; the sins we commonly speak of are but different manifestations of this one sin—different in degree, diverse in various respects, diverse in enormity, but the enormity is chiefly to be determined by the measure of the revelation made of the character of God unto us. God becomes manifest in Christ; and lo! this unknown God is found to be a being of most amazing love, humbling Himself to the meanest of mankind, bearing all things, suffering long, seeking not His own, answering the insults and contradictions of sinners with words and acts of incredible blessing.

"Thus does the glorious being who upholdeth all things by the Word of His power draw near to you with papers of manumission, whereby you may escape the captivity of sin and Satan, the liability to death and hell; with hands pierced in the conflict with him who has the power of death, winning for you a path to life and glory, and now the universe looks on to see how you will receive the words of this Redeemer. It is possible for you to commit a sin of greater magnitude than you conceive of, by simply neglecting the words of Christ. How fearful the alienation of the heart from God when such a surpassing embodiment of divine love fails

to overcome the indifference of that heart!

"The terrible thing about the sin of unbelief is that its life is a life of slumber. It makes no noise in the heart. It has no visible shape. An angry word that falls from your lips has a reverberation in the depth of your heart, but unbelief is simply a state, and does not ordinarily reveal itself by any overt symptom. It is the atmosphere in which you move; and, as you never moved in any other, it does not shock you. But it is the sin of sins, and until you learn to hate it above all sins there is little hope of your deliverance from sin.

"The love of the Father to Christ was not a love that refused to let sorrow make the acquaintance of its object, not one that speedily overwhelmed His enemies with confusion, or that defended Him against the approach of temptation. And the fact that the believer is compassed about with infirmities, sustains losses, encounters reverses, *seems* even to be looked coldly on by the God of providence, is no proof that he is not loved with the love of which Christ was the object."—*Alexander Mac-laren.*

#### "A NEW, COMPLETE HEART."

It is nothing less than character, nothing less than a new, complete heart, a fulfilled manhood, that Christ is trying to give us. Therefore, we may be patient, and be sure that the perfection of His gift cannot be all at once. He who enters into Christ enters into a region of life and growth which stretches far away before him. He steps across the threshold, and his feet are glad with the very touching of the blessed soil. Christ is so One that all which He is ever to be to the soul He is in some true sense already. But none the less there is much which He cannot be until the soul is more, and so can take more of the life to live by.

The world can give you blessings which will be complete to you at once. It is able and glad to set forth for you at the beginning of the feast the best wine it has. But Christ will take you, if you let Him, into His calm, strong power, and lead you on to ever richer capacity and ever richer blessing, till at last only at the end of eternity shall your soul be satisfied and be sure that it has touched the height and depth of His great grace, and say: "Now I know Thy goodness wholly. Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Oh, at the end of our eternity, may those words be ours!—*Phillips Brooks.*

#### CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day,  
Holds over the desert his trackless way,  
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,  
No sound of life save his camel's moan,  
Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,  
From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call:  
"Whoever thou art, whose need is great,  
In the name of God, the compassionate,  
And merciful One, for thee I wait!"

For gifts, in His name, of food and rest,  
The tents of Islam of God are blest.  
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,  
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of Love?  
O Christian! open thy heart and door,  
Cry east and west, to the wandering poor:  
"Whoever thou art, whose need is great,  
In the name of Christ, the compassionate,  
And merciful One, for thee I wait!"

—*Elizabeth Whittier.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### Happy in Believing.

A BRIGHT shining day in June. The flowers in the rectory garden never looked more lovely, the happy birds never sang more joyously. All the summer afternoon three young girls had wandered in the shrubbery and by the beds of sweet-smelling flowers; now evening was drawing on, and it was nearly time to go home.

"What has been the matter, Edith? You've been so quiet all day."

Belle had gone down the gravel walk for a last romp and the two elder girls were left together. Jessie and Edith were just the same age, and had always been close friends. They had sat together at school and been inseparable ever since, always sharing with one another the joys and sorrows of girlhood life. Only lately had there been a difference. A little while ago Jessie had learned to know Jesus as "her very own Saviour," and since that time the clinging tendrils had been twining themselves around the Great Rock; day by day she had been "growing up into Him," and there was a difference. Oh, how she longed to have Edith brought to Him too!

"Why do you suppose he spoke about *that* verse last night?" said Edith. "One might almost think you had been telling him."

"You know I have not told him, Edith. But I have been telling God about it, and God has told him."

"I don't see why he should have spoken like that. It was just as if he were speaking to me. I wish he wouldn't, I almost wish you wouldn't. I can't be like you; so there!" And petulantly breaking away from her friend, Edith gave way for a mo-

ment to the sobs that would come. Then Jessie came over to her, and, putting her arm about her, said, "Jesus wants you, Edie."

"But I don't see it as you do, and I can't, and I don't believe it's for me."

"You mustn't speak like that, Edie. Jesus does want you. He will make it all right if you will let Him. Shall we go in and ask the rector to explain it? He is in his study now, and I think he is alone. If he will, will you go and speak to him?"

"Yes, if you like."

Up the stairway and along the hall went Jessie, so glad to be sent on such a mission. Presently a knock at the study door.

"Come in."

"Edith wants to know if you will tell her how to be saved."

The rector looked at her, surprised at the strange simplicity of the request.

"Most gladly I will, Jessie. Ask her to come up here and we will talk about it for a while."

In a moment Edith came. "So you want me to tell you about being saved? Here is a Bible for each of you; let us see what God says about it. Edith, will you sit down at the table and take a piece of paper and write down what we find?"

Turning to the sixteenth chapter of Acts and at the thirtieth verse they read, "He brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

"That man asked the same question you are asking, did he not, Edith? Now, shall we see what answer he got? Will you read it?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

"Then, if we know what it means to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall know how to be saved. Shall we turn to the fourth chapter of St. John, and will you read, beginning at the forty-sixth verse?"

"So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death."

"What do we find the nobleman doing? What did he do first?"

"He heard that Jesus was come into Galilee."

"What do you suppose it was that made him take such an interest in Jesus' coming into Galilee?"

"I suppose it was because his little boy was sick."

"I think so. Shall we put that down first, then? Will you write at the top of the left-hand side of your paper the words, 'He had need,' and then immediately underneath them, 'He heard about Jesus.' Now, look again to see what he did next."

"He went unto him."

"And the next?"

"He besought him that he would come down, and heal his son."

"There are three things, then, that the man did. He heard about Jesus; he went to Jesus; and he besought Jesus. What did Jesus give him?"

"He healed his son."

"Yes, He did. But before that; what does it say about it there?"

Edith read in the fiftieth verse, "Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth."

"What did Jesus give him in those words?"

"Jesus gave him His promise."

"Did the man receive the promise? Was he satisfied?"

Edith read on, "And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way."

"Now we will suppose that we meet him after he gets a short distance on the way home. Do you think he would be happy?"

"Yes, I think so."

"But he had not seen his boy yet; and he had not met the servants, and Jesus was not coming with him. What had he to make him happy?"

Edith 'hought for a moment, and then, her eyes resting on the open page, she said, "The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him. He had Jesus' word."

"Will you put that down next? 'He believed the word of Jesus.' Now, will you write down on the side of your paper opposite what you have already written, first, 'I have need,' then underneath that, 'I have heard about Jesus,' 'I must go to Jesus,' 'I must ask Jesus,' and then, last, 'I must believe the word that Jesus speaks to me'?"

Edith did all this wonderingly, hardly seeing yet what it all meant. Then the rector said, "When you go home, will you kneel down and ask God to let you change some of the words on the paper? and, when He does, will you strike out the word 'must' and write instead the word 'do'? Write, 'I do come to Jesus,' 'I do ask Jesus,' and 'I do believe the word

that Jesus has spoken to me.' Do you know what that word is that Jesus speaks to you? It is the twenty-fourth verse of the next chapter: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' Now, good-night. You will come back to-morrow and tell me about it?"

The next day Edith came alone to the rectory.

"Well, Edith, is it all right?"

"Yes, it is all quite plain and I am very happy."

"There is one thing more. You have given yourself to Jesus; He has taken you. He wants you to live only for Him. Will you?" M.

#### LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But, since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pilory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people that try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—*F. B. Meyer.*

JOHN BRIGHT, in a speech in Music Hall, Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, declared: "I don't believe that all the statesmen you have in existence, I don't believe that all the efforts they have ever made, have tended so much to the greatness and the true happiness, and to the security and true glory of this country (Scotland), as have the efforts of your Sunday-school teachers."

#### THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

THEIR Majesties do not travel much about Denmark, writes Arthur Warren in a profusely illustrated article entitled "The Domestic Court," in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*. The king says if he could go quietly like any other man he would like it; but the people would feel bound to do him honor with display and entertainments; they would doubtless spend more than they could afford in the hope of giving him pleasure, and so he stays at Copenhagen or Fredensborg. One day, journeying between the two places, the train pulled up unexpectedly at a small station where the line was temporarily blocked. A peasant who had been told that the king was in the train walked up the platform staring curiously until he saw a fine-looking old gentleman leaning out of an open window of a railway carriage.

"Good-morning," said the old gentleman.

"Good-morning," said the peasant. "Be you the king?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," rejoined the countryman, "I want to tell you something: You be the best king we ever had in Denmark."

His Majesty lifted his hat and replied, "Thank you; but that's a matter of opinion, and I can't judge it impartially."

The peasant expressed what the people of Denmark feel.—*Family Churchman.*

#### ATTENDING CHURCH.

YOU attend church. Have you ever stopped to think why? Is it because you have formed the habit of doing so, or is it because other people go? If so, you may be sure you are not in a condition to receive benefit from the services of God's house. In going to church we usually receive what we go for. If to worship, the service will be a benediction to us; the hymns will inspire, the prayers will uplift, and the sermon will be a source of instruction and inspiration. Almost everything depends upon our motives and the measure of our preparation. Honey is extracted from every flower by the bee, though some varieties yield more than others. Honey is what the bee is after. If we go to church to meet God, we shall meet Him. If we go to be entertained, to while away an hour in a pleasant, respectable way, to see and be seen, we shall come away with barren hearts, and our attendance will be a bane rather than a blessing.—*Parish Guide.*



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" FOLLOW ME."

WHEN the voices of the world are loudly calling  
Mid the tumult of life's sea,  
Like the dew of eve upon thy tired heart falling  
Comes a whisper, all thy restlessness enthraling,  
"Follow Me."

Does the pathway open rough and wild before  
thee?  
Feeble though thy footsteps be,  
Shouldst thou falter, He stands ready to restore  
thee,  
And His gentle tones in watchful love implore  
thee,  
"Follow Me."

When thy soul the night of death is swiftly near-  
ing,  
And life's fitful day-gleams flee,  
Lo! His form amid the doubt and gloom appear-  
ing,  
And His loving voice thy fainting spirit cheering,  
"Follow Me."

Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams of  
splendor,  
Heaven's portals thou shalt see;  
Dearer far than all the gifts the world can ren-  
der  
Is the love that welcomes thee in tones so tender,  
"Follow Me."

—Julia E. Goodwin, in *Churchman*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from July.)

THE social life and customs of the Jews were of the most primitive character, and time brought few changes. Our European civilization is a matter of constant change and progress, and even two successive centuries are separated by a very wide interval. But throughout the East, civilization is stationary. The customs of to-day are practically those of two or three thousand years ago. The Jew in Europe conforms to our western civilization, but in Palestine he lives just as his ancestors did in the times of which we are treating, and they, in their turn, were little altered in

their ways from the Jews of the time of Saul and David. The traveller in Palestine to-day gets a very fair idea of how men lived in the days of Christ. They had no art, no science, no music, save of a most primitive character, and no architecture. The only build-ings of note in all Palestine were the successive temples, and these were not native in design. Strictly speaking, there was even no calendar.

The new moon was celebrated by the feasts of trumpets, and these were regulated by actual observation of the heavens. The first appearance of the new moon was eagerly watched and instantly reported at Jerusalem. If the testimony were pronounced true, a beacon fire was lighted on Mount Olivet. This was the signal for other beacon fires throughout all Palestine, and from these fires the new month was reckoned. The cultivation of the land and the tending of herds, weaving and spinning, and the work of the tanner and dyer and potter and smith, were all that the people engaged in.

In an ordinary year, rain was expected at the autumnal equinox, and it continued until the vernal equinox. The great storms of these two seasons were known as the "former" and the "latter" rains. Just before the rainy season the ground was plowed, and the sowing began in October. In April the barley was green and high, and in May the wheat was ripe in the plains. The fruit season began about September. The land was cleared of stones and thorns, was plowed and cross-plowed, though not very deeply, and was allowed to lie fallow. But the rotation of crops was practically unknown. In May and June came the harvest. The grain was brought to the gora, or threshing-floor—an open rock platform—and trampled by oxen, and a rude sledge was dragged over it by horses or other beasts. It was winnowed by being tossed with shovels and forks, and was finally shaken in a sieve. There were two other principal crops, the vine and the olive.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that religious observances were of the essence of Jewish life. Everything made way for obedience to the law. Twice in the year every male Jew had to visit the Temple at Jerusalem. The priests were divided into twenty-four courses or orders. These orders relieved one another every week in the Temple service. The whole nation was divided in a similar manner, and a certain number of the laity visited the Temple with every company of priests. Such an organization of the nation was

admirably fitted to preserve the purity of the national faith, but that so strict a rule could actually be carried out shows how vital an element religion was to the Jew. There were four great feasts in the Jewish year—the Passover, early in April; Pentecost, or the Feast of Weeks, in May; the Feast of Tabernacles, in October; and a later Feast of Purim, held in March, and commemorative of the national deliverance by Esther. Besides these, six fasts were observed annually, including the great Day of Atonement at the end of October. In the observance of these festivals there were the minutest details to be followed.

Another great feature of Jewish life after the captivity was the rise of religious parties. They did not attain their full strength until the first century before Christ, but, as their real origin dates back to the return under Ezra and Nehemiah, a brief description of some will not be out of place here. The most interesting and, in many ways, the most important party was that of the PHARISEES, or *separated ones*, as the term signifies. They were the separatists, the puritans, the exclusive ritualists of the time. The whole spirit of practical Jewish religion was, indeed, conservative and exclusive. God had separated them from all mankind, and given them, by direct revelation, a religion for themselves, and in the light of the fact the Jew acted. In the captivity, they had been thrown in with the heathen worship of the Babylonians, and so developed an almost fanatical attachment to the faith of their fathers. On their return, full of zeal for the old ways of Israel, Ezra and Nehemiah found the land occupied by many semi-pagan tribes from the East, who went to form the Samaritan people. Overtures for co-operation on a broad basis were received from these, but were indignantly repelled. Nothing but the Law carried out with scrupulous exactness to the last detail would satisfy, and they began the reorganization of the national faith with an uncompromising hostility to everything foreign or pagan. In this strict, purist spirit it is to be found the origin of the Pharisees. Later on, when Greek influence began to prevail in all parts of the country, and the Roman power got a footing in the land, the Pharisees came out as the national party, the bitter opponents of everything that was not ancient or Jewish. The patriotic cry is always one of power, and the Pharisees became the popular party and got the ear of the masses. At first their spirit and aim were, on the whole, commendable; but, as is so



often the case, they became narrow and bitter and hard in time. True religion almost died out among them, and left them the champions of empty ceremonies, irrational traditions, vain superstitions, and formalism in every department of life. Their hearts grew hard and their spirit unlovable. They flocked around the externals and symbols of religion when its inner spirit, which these are only to quicken and strengthen, was dead.

The other great party in the Jewish community was that of the SADDUCEES. The origin of the term is somewhat in doubt. Some think it derived from Zadok, the name of one of its earliest representatives. Dean Stanley thinks it is from a word meaning "righteous," and signifies *the righteous ones*. As the leaders of the Pharisees were the rabbis or scribes, so the leaders of the Sadducees were the priests. They were, in the first place, less rigid formalists than the Pharisees. The latter had developed a great body of tradition pertaining to almost every department of daily life, and supposed to have come down from Moses and the early fathers of the Jewish nation by an oral tradition, but recently reduced to writing. It had about as much foundation in fact as the tradition of a certain church of Christian times. This the Pharisee scrupulously followed, making it equal to the sacred Scriptures. The Sadducee, on the contrary, was satisfied with the written law, and cared for no oral tradition. He laid no claim to the exclusive superiority and sanctity of the Pharisee. He was content with being just, and mixed more freely with Greek and Roman. With regard to a future existence he had no definite belief, holding that such a thing was not mentioned in the law. If there were a future, nothing was to be known of it. He therefore closely resembles the agnostic of our day, and may be called a Jewish rationalist. It is strange that to this party the priests should have belonged. Another feature of the Sadducees was their extreme worldliness. Their interests were often far more political than religious. They were the politicians and the intriguers of the nation, their head, the High Priest, being virtually the ruler of the people. The bent of the Pharisee's mind was religious, although with him religion came to lose all its spirituality, and descended to a mere external routine of duties. As time went on the spirit of the parties degenerated more and more, until, when Jesus came bringing His sweet Gospel of the kingdom of heaven, He

found the people as sheep having no shepherds, their leaders, who alone could instruct them, being lost to the essence of religion, and absorbed in open or veiled worldliness.

(To be continued.)

#### THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THEY brought the little children,  
Who came all unafraid,  
For His smile was like the sunshine  
That with the shadows played.

His voice, as softest music,  
Thrilled the enchanted air,  
And reached the hearts of the children,  
Gathered about Him there.

With gentle arms enfolding,  
He bade the children come:  
Of such the Kingdom of Heaven,  
Heaven the children's home.

Forbid them not—but suffer  
Them all to come to Me—  
For in the sight of My Father  
All must as children be.

So they thronged close about Him,  
As clinging tendrils twine,  
In loving caresses returning  
Love for love divine.

Saviour, friend of the friendless,  
Like them, help us to be  
Sheltered, forgiven, accepted—  
Thine for eternity.

—Annie D. Darling, in *Episcopal Recorder*.

#### KEEP THE SUNDAY

It is one of the most remarkable facts of our time that those older nations from which some of us propose to borrow our habit of disregard for the Lord's day are striving at this very moment with most impressive earnestness to restore the early sacredness of that day. In Germany, Switzerland, and in France there are already organizations of serious and thoughtful men who are seeking to banish the Continental Sunday. They have seen, on the one hand, as any one may see in France to-day, that the removal of the sacred sanctions, which, with us, hold the first day of the week in a kind of chaste reserve, have eventuated not merely in degrading it to the level of a vulgar holiday, but also of degrading and enslaving him for whom its privileges were, most of all, designed—the wearied, overworked, and poorly-paid laboring man. They have seen that in such a capital as Paris it has already come to pass that the working-man's Sunday is often as toilsome a day as any other, and that since the law no longer guards the day from labor, the capitalist and contractor no longer spare nor regard the laborer. He is a person out of whom the most is to be got, and if

he can work six days he may as well work the seventh also, so long as there is nothing to forbid it. Such a condition of things may not directly threaten those of us who are protected by wealth from the necessity of daily labor; but, if ours is this more favored condition, all the more do we owe it to our brother man who is less favored to see to it that he shall have every sanction with which the law can furnish him to guard his day of rest from being perverted and revolutionized into a day of toil. And if he himself does not see that the more we assimilate Sunday to other days by the amusements, the occupations, the teaching, and reading, and thinking with which we fill it, the greater is the danger that ultimately we shall lose it altogether, the more earnestly are we bound to strive to disseminate those sounder ideas which set this first day of the week and its devout observance before our fellow-men and women of the laboring classes in its true light, and so help and teach them how not to lose, but to keep it. —Bishop Potter.

#### CHARACTER.

SAINTS are not made saints by doing extraordinary or uncommon things, but by doing common things in an uncommon way, on uncommonly high principles, in an uncommonly self-sacrificing spirit. Be sure that this is the only substantial thing. The bits of knowledge that we call our learning, the bits of property that we call our wealth, the momentary vanities of delight that we call the conquests of social life—how swiftly they hurry to their graves, or are lost in forgetfulness! Nothing, nothing else but character survives, and character is Christ formed within. The proof of the true man—where is it found? Not in the size of his performances, but in the fibre of his manhood; not in the quantity, or occasions, or noise of his actions, but in the uprightness of his soul. You will not have to wait to see how large the trusts are which are committed to his keeping, or how he will behave himself in some signal emergency. The world is a safer and stronger place on account of him, and heaven is more real. "I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock."

"Whate'er thou lovest best,  
E'en that become thou must;  
Christ, if thou lovest Christ,  
Dust, if thou lovest dust."

—Bishop Huntington.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

## THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

## IX. TEMPERANCE.

The word "temperance," as it occurs in Gal. v. 23, is translated "self-control" in the margin of the Revised Version. The Greek root implies self-restraint as to one's desires, natural appetites and passions. This is its meaning in Scripture. In everyday language it has gained a different significance, and is loosely used to mean total abstinence from all intoxicants.

Temperance, in its scriptural and wider meaning, covers a large sphere of character. It means self-government, self-control, self-restraint. The Christian is to show sobriety of conduct in all the relationships of life. Whether he eats or drinks, he is to eat and drink unto the Lord, doing all things in the name of the Lord Jesus. For intemperance may be shown in many ways. It may be shown in eating, for to eat to excess, to eat such things as injure the system, is intemperance, want of self-restraint, and is a sin against the body. It may be seen in the habit of smoking, which may gain such a hold upon a man as to become almost a necessity, and make him a slave to tobacco. And no man whose appetite is his master can adequately perform the duties of life. It may be shown in dress, when it is beyond the means, results in extravagance, and absorbs the mind. It may be seen in want of control of the temper, for self-mastery is the truest temperance.

The spirit of Christ in the life sweetens the natural disposition, and tends to produce self-government. The world expects the Christian to possess self-control. The Rev. Henry Townley had a public discussion on the truth of Christianity with George James Holyoake, when the sceptic declared that the "temper and Christian courtesy of Mr. Townley had affected him more powerfully than all the arguments in favor of Christianity he had ever listened to." Such self-conquest is a result of the Holy Spirit's work. The Holy Spirit teaches us to overcome self, and gives us strength to gain the victory over our lower nature. It is well for us when, like Luther, we distrust self. "I am more afraid," said he, "of my own heart than of the Pope and all his cardinals." Look to Christ for strength to live the overcoming life. It is the secret of power amongst men. It was his own self-mastery that made Alfred the king Alfred the

Great. "So long as I have lived," said he, at the close of life, "I have striven to live worthily." Such a spirit is sadly needed now, when, as Bishop Westcott writes, "ease and self-pleasures are regarded as the obvious ends of exertion, and luxury the object of open competition."

Intemperance in drink seems to be the special curse of the English-speaking race. The late Duke of Albany, on the occasion of his last public appearance, said, "Drink, drink! the only terrible enemy England has to fear." Gladstone has declared that its results are worse than the effects of war, famine, and pestilence combined. The late Professor Huxley said that it has produced in Liverpool as "many savages, and as degraded savages, as in Australia—nay, worse."

The late Wm. Hoyle, perhaps the most eminent statistician of his day, said: "I have shown that during the last fifty years we, as a nation, by our drinking habits, have wasted upwards of £13,000,000,000 sterling, an amount of wealth as great and half as great again as the total wealth of the United Kingdom."

The late Mr. Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, said, as he looked upon the effects of the drinking habit on the English race, "Alcohol is the devil in solution"; and Lord Palmerston declared, "Drink is worse than any enemy thundering at our gates, for it is sapping our very foundations."

The testimony of English judges is that intemperance is the greatest cause to crime with which they have to deal.

The late Chief Justice Coleridge declared: "I can keep no terms with a vice that fills our gaols—that destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalizes the people of these islands."

Mr. Justice Denman said: "On one occasion, in a northern county, I sat to try a calendar of sixty-three prisoners, out of which thirty-six were charged with offences of violence, from murder downwards, there being no less than six murderers for trial among those thirty-six. In every single case, not indirectly, but directly, these offences were attributed to excessive drinking."

The testimony of English physicians should carry very great weight.

Dr. Norman Kerr says: "To drink I have been able to trace three-quarters of my cases of heart disease."

Sir William Gull, physician to Her Majesty, declared: "Alcohol is the most

destructive agent we are aware of in this country."

Sir Henry Thompson, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "There is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country than the use of alcoholic drinks." And at another time he said: "But if I venture one step further it would be to express a belief that there is no single habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest."

Dr. Carpenter says: "The habitual use of alcoholic liquors is unfavorable to the permanent enjoyment of health."

The late Sir Andrew Clark said that in his hospital experience, when he saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, he "could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than even it had been. . . . Can I," said he, "say any words stronger to you than these of the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol? It is when I myself think of all this that I am disposed, as I have said elsewhere, to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men—*Beware of this enemy of the race.*"

The old heresy, that if soldiers are to march well and fight well they should have an allowance of spirits, has been disproved by Canadian experience. Speaking of our Northwest expedition, General Middleton said at Regina: "The total absence of crime, I believe, was due to the absence of intoxicating liquors." And this in the face of the fact that our citizen soldiers had to face the rigors of a Canadian winter, and the changes incident upon passing from the winter to the summer months.

There stood up at a meeting in Paris Colonel Lehmanousky, who was for thirty-two years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, and who said that he had fought in two hundred battles, received fourteen wounds, lived thirty days on horseflesh, with the bark of trees for bread, with snow and ice for drink, the canopy of heaven for covering, without shoes or stockings, and only a few rags for clothing, during that terrible retreat from Moscow; who marched for days in Egypt, a burning sun beating upon his naked

head, his feet blistered by scorching sand; eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, the thirst so tormenting that he had opened his own veins and sucked his own blood. Do you ask how he outlived such horrors? He declared that it was because he had never drunk a drop of intoxicating liquor in his life!

The causes at work to produce intemperance are mainly heredity, the child inheriting the madness of the parent in an inborn love for stimulants; the social instinct, which has so large a place in some natures, and the desire to drown trouble.

Its cure lies in the Gospel of Christ. The pledge may, however, often serve the place of John the Baptist, and prepare the way for the Christ. But the pledge should be in the form of a religious obligation, with the thought prominent that we can only stand through Christ's grace. The Hon. Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, once made a fiery temperance speech, in which, with the glowing eloquence of Southern oratory, he said: "Were this great globe one chrysolite, and I offered the possession if I would drink one glass of brandy, I would refuse it with scorn, and *I want no religion*, I want the temperance pledge." With increasing fervor he cried: "We want no religion in this movement; let it be purely secular, and keep religion where it belongs." But, as Gough sadly confesses, Marshall, with all his confidence, fell, and died in clothes given him by Christian charity. The pledge is helpful in its place, and to many total abstinence is the only way of safety, but the cure of intemperance lies in the Word of the Holy Spirit in the heart, in the glad recognition of the truth: "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . temperance."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory, St. Catharines.

#### SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"We are too prominent, too self-important, too conscious of ourselves. Our shadows fall too much in front of us, and we see them on the sand, clear cut and defined. We need to keep our faces ever sunward, that our shadow may be well out of sight. And thus it is that God must sometimes hide us in the sick chamber, the valley of shadow, the cleft of the rock. He calls us to Zarephath or Carmel, the privacy of obscurity or of solitude. It is only when self is hidden in the darkness of the grave that the true light shines upon our hearts, or the power of the true life emanates from our acts."—*Rev. F. R. Meyer.*

#### WHAT PRAYER DOES.

PRAYER does not directly take away a trial of its pain any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection; but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fibre, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your father, though He seems cruel—and the paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The answer to prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.—*Stoford Brooke.*

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

ONCE a little boy came to a city missionary, and, holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted me to get a clean one to put in a frame 'o hang it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir?"

The little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, the poor little girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation.

#### THE POWER OF A PRAYER BOOK.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1810, while travelling through bad roads and new settlements, in one of the northern counties of the Union, the carriage broke down, and the travellers took refuge in a small but neat neighboring farmhouse. On quitting their temporary shelter the author presented to the son of their hostess, a pleasing boy of some ten or twelve years of age, a Prayer Book he chanced to have with him, as some acknowledgment of the kindness with which they had been received. Years rolled on, and the trifling circumstance had long been forgotten by the giver, when he was one day courteously addressed, while travelling on the Hudson, by a young student of divinity from the seminary. Upon the author's evincing that his new acquaintance was unknown to him, "Sir," said the young man, "you ought to know me, for it was you that made me a churchman. The Prayer Book you gave me" (he here recollected the circumstances) "made me what I am. My mother was brought up in the church, but our removal to the new settlements had long separated us from it; that Prayer Book renewed her love for it, and awakened mine." Little more need be told. The course begun under such happy auspices, with God's blessing, went on and prospered; and that youth became one of the firmest pillars of the American Church, the Right Reverend Bishop Ives, of North Carolina.

#### PERSONAL MISSIONARY WORK.

PASTOR BROCHER, of Brussels, in his address at the missionary meeting of the Wycliffe College Alumni, attributes the marked success of missionary efforts there to one feature which is worthy of the imitation of our churches in this land. He said that every convert seemed to realize so deeply the blessings of the light and liberty which he found in Christ that he made it his special business to tell the story to some friend and to try to bring him to that same light. Each church member was an aggressive missionary. If all the attendants at our churches exhibited half this enthusiasm, we should have no half-empty churches or lifeless services. No one who calls himself a Christian ought to sit by idly and supinely while his fellow-men are drifting away. Go after men and compel them to come in. In Bible-class work, in like manner, the active, aggressive personal effort of the members is the great means of advancing. The words Christian and missionary are really synonymous.—*Evangelical Churchman.*

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Aug. 4th.. Num. xiii. 17-20; 23-33. Matt. vi. 5-11.  
 " 11th.. Num. xxi. 4-9. Gen. i. 1-9; 26-29  
 " 18th.. Deut. vi. 3-15. Gen. iii. 1-20.  
 " 25th.. Josh. iii. 5-17. Gen. iv. 1-16.

#### "IT WILL ALWAYS HELP ME."

It will always help me  
 To be kind and true,  
 If I ask in earnest,  
 What would Jesus do?

It is hard with patience  
 Minding what I'm bid.  
 Help me, heavenly Father,  
 To do as Jesus did.

When my heart is tempted  
 From the truth to stray,  
 Let me softly whisper,  
 "What would Jesus say?"

So my work and playing  
 Happy hours shall fill;  
 Not as I would rather,  
 But as Jesus will.

—Selected.

#### A LITTLE MAN.

It was a crowded railway station and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the centre of the room. A small boy called, "Tillygram and broken needle," which last meant *The Brooklyn Eagle*. Another boy shouted, "Cough candy and lozenges, five cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through the door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside.

The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!"

"No! you don't say so! I thought he went for peanuts."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes. What business has she to be right in the way with her bundles? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded on the window and motioned Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred! Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you! I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train:

"Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh, you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was opened. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the

same air he would have shown to his own mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with a grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly youth.

—*Silver Cross*.

#### A CHILD OF GOD.

THERE was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum, for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane with her.

Jane herself was bewildered with the thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway, and as she passed the hall door she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants, and it seemed like a dream.

"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady in her gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.

"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes, and a gold ring, and a box of candy, and books, and dolls, and blocks, and a swing. Now, do you want to go?"

"I don't know," said the child, still frightened.

"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed, and table, and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said anxiously: "But what am I to do for all this?"

The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said, and she folded the little girl in her arms.

God finds us orphaned, and desolate, and defiled with sin, and poor, and naked, and blind. He adopts us into His family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and His own name, and forgiveness, and the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and an inheritance in glory; and all that He asks in return is that we should love Him and be His children.—*Children's Record*.

#### A MISSIONARY STORY.

ON one of the Samoan Islands John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons, who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian



religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while and bring home some religion, "and when that is gone," he said, "I take my canoe and go and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man all full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

That is what is needed in all the heathen lands, a "man full of religion."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### A TALK WITH BOYS.

ONLY a boy; well, what of that? A boy will become a man if he lives, and then what great things he will do! Everybody likes a boy, if he is good; but, oh, dear, bad boys, they are awful! How mother's head aches, and mother's temper, I am sorry to say, sometimes is made very bad, and father, when he comes in to dinner or tea, is fearfully provoked, and declares that something must be done with this boy. Oh! what a hard time a boy has! He can't have fun or anything without being scolded, and perhaps sent up stairs to bed, long before bedtime. Do any of my boy readers ever have such a hard time?

Well, never mind, perhaps this same boy will some day become a good, useful man, and then he will laugh at the hard times he had when he was a boy. Perhaps he will be a lawyer, or a doctor, or who knows but that he will be a minister? Several little boys who are my friends tell me they would like to be ministers, but, do you know, I am afraid after a while their fathers will want them to make money, and perhaps they will want to make money themselves, and so they will not be ministers? But I want all my boy readers to be grand, useful men. You can all be useful if you only try.

I am going to tell you something about boys who lived a long time ago, about nineteen centuries or more before our time.

These boys lived in the great city of Rome. They were very much like you, with two hands to get into mischief, and two feet to run and skip, and a tongue to make a noise, only they spoke a different language from ours. They did not dress exactly like our boys, but they got cross, and laughed, and played just the same. The first thing a Roman father did after his boy was born was to take him in his arms and select a name for him, but he could only choose one out of a short list of seventeen. Why, now a father and mother have ever so many names to choose from, and they think about their fathers and

grandfathers, and then sometimes they look through books to find a pretty name which will just suit their boy, for they sometimes don't like to call him Dick, or Bill, or Tom; these are too common. After the Roman father had named his boy a big feast was made and a lot of relatives were invited, just as some people do to-day. Well, now, boys, between ourselves, some fathers and mothers are thinking all the time more of this feast and the nice robe which the baby boy is to wear, and whether he is going to cry or not, than they are thinking of what they are going to promise God for him. Now, that is very wrong. Do you know what your parents promised to God for you? Let me tell you. They promised that "You would renounce the devil and all his works, and believe in God, and serve him." Perhaps they are not acting up to what they promised. Will you ask them?

When a Roman boy was quite young they used to hang about his neck a round plate of metal, or, if he was a poor boy, it would be a piece of leather. What a queer thing! This was to keep away the influence of the evil eye. There was a bad spirit in those days just as now. Your parents promised they would protect you from the evil one, not by hanging a little thing about your neck, which can do you no good, but by praying to God that He would keep you from evil.

When the little Roman boy was seven his education began, and this was intended to make him a good soldier and a good citizen. A Roman was always expected to be a good soldier, and before he could be such he must be a good citizen, loving his country. He was trained to be strong by swimming, riding, throwing the javelin, and in many other ways. He was also taught to be temperate, not to eat or drink too much, and to be modest and well behaved—what a fine little fellow he must have been! Some of our boys do all the talking in a house, and their parents look on and admire their wisdom. When boyhood was over and he reached years of discretion, which was at the age of seventeen, it was not long before he had to think of the army. The Roman was a grand soldier. He was put through a wonderful, but very strict, system of drill and discipline, that could not help making any man a good soldier. Besides, he was taught to love his country, and so great was his patriotism that he became a most obedient and reliable soldier, ready to endure the greatest hardships and march wherever he was ordered. We have no period of mili-

tary service, in one sense, but we all ought to be faithful soldiers fighting for our King, the Lord Jesus Christ. We ought to lay to heart what St. Paul said to Timothy, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." When we are baptized the minister says over us that we are "to fight manfully under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers, and servants, unto our lives' end." The Roman boy did not know of Christ. He had not the opportunity of engaging in His glorious service. To serve as a good soldier of Christ is the greatest privilege that a boy or man can enjoy to-day. May all our boys grow up into manhood, strong and true and noble, and never ashamed to follow Christ and fight manfully for His banner until their lives' end!

N. I. P.

"KEEP the altar of private prayer burning. This is the very life of all piety. The sanctuary and family altars borrow their fires here, therefore let this burn well. Secret devotion is the very essence and barometer of vital and experimental religion."—*Spurgeon*.

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## E. E. W. McGAFFEY.

A lady in England left in her will that the trees in her  
park should not be cut down until the Jews entered again into  
possession of Jerusalem. This, under God, led to the formation  
of the London society for promoting Christianity among the  
Jews, which has been the means of leading thousands of them  
to Christ.

The St. Paul's Sunday school treat was held at Orillia this  
year on 25th of July. Over 300 turned out on the occasion. A  
special train conveyed the excursionists to and from the old  
asylum park, which was given over to them by the mayor of that  
town for the purpose. The weather was all that could be de-  
sired and a very enjoyable day was spent. Amongst other at-  
tractions was a cricket match with Orillia, which resulted in a  
victory of 59 runs for the Lindsay team. \$30 had been given to  
enable the officers to give the scholars the trip at a very low  
rate, but the excursion a little more than paid its way, so that  
the school is that much better off. Special thanks are due the  
superintendent and teachers for the treat.

You get full value for money expended on  
Tuition in Music, Piano, Violin, Voice, Etc.,  
given by R. HUMPHREYS, Russell-st., oppo-  
site St. Paul's Church.

The Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, returned missionary from  
Japan, is arranging to visit all the churches of this parish in  
September.

The Rev. Wm. Macormack, M. A., of St. Anne's Church,  
Brooklyn, a graduate of Wycliffe College, passed through Lind-  
say on his way camping the early part of the month.

Mr. William Major exchanged with Mr. Marsh on July  
28th, the latter administering communion at Gore's Landing  
and Harwood. He was pleased to see such good congregations,  
especially at Gore's Landing.

An interesting letter from the Rev. Heber Hamilton, of  
Japan, appears in the Evangelical Churchman of Aug. 8.  
Watch for the dates when the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson will  
visit this parish in September.

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