

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 93

JULY, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. R. McNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, WM GRACE, C. D. BARR.

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A HOADLEY.

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

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p. m.

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

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

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

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

W.A. meets the third Thursday in each month at 4 p.m.

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month

We are glad to learn that week by week a bouquet of flowers with a card and text attached, often hand painted, are sent to the sick of our parish. "I was sick and ye visited me," said the Master.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

FLAVELLE.—Charles Bartlett, son of William Alexander and Jennie Flavelle, born 1st of April, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 4th June, 1899.

BRADSHAW—Robert Alexander, adult, son of Robert Alexander and Isabella Bradshaw, baptized in St. Paul's church, 8th June, 1899.

MILNE.—Vetta Jeannette, adult, daughter of George Alexander and Catherine Milne, baptized in St. Paul's church, 8th June, 1899.

BRADSHAW.—Blanche Gertrude, adult, daughter of Archibald Douglas and Louisa Price Bradshaw, baptized in St. Paul's church, 11th June, 1899.

BRADSHAW—Mary Douglas, adult, daughter of Robert Alexander and Isabella Bradshaw, baptized in St. Paul's church, 11th June, 1899.

Marriages.

INGLE—ALGER.—At Lindsay, on 7th June, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Ira Ingle, to Ada Frances Alger, both of Lindsay.

MORROW—STACEY.—At Lindsay, on 7th June, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Commodore Perry Morrow, of the township of Sinclair, Muskoka, to Bella Stacey, of the township of Manvers.

MCGAHEY—BURTON.—At Fenelon, on 28th June, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Albert McGahey, of the township of Emily, to Ella Burton, of the township of Fenelon.

Burials.

HAWKINS.—At Riverside cemetery, on 9th June, 1899, Fanny Hawkins, in her 20th year.

GROWDEN.—At Riverside cemetery, on 25th June, 1899, Ethel Helene Growden, in her 22nd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Now is the time to get a new subscriber for Parish and Home.

We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Graham from Bobcaygeon to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

The vases used for holding flowers in St. Paul's were presented by the Young Ladies' Sewing Class.

We congratulate Mr. Jesse T. Perrin on bringing a bride from Toronto to Lindsay and heartily welcome her to St. Paul's church.

For over forty years the Ven. Archdeacon Allen, of Millbrook, has preached the annual sermon to one of the Orange lodges in Cavan.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat have removed to Peterboro. They will be missed from St. Paul's, but we hope to see them occasionally.

We are glad to hear that a new church is likely soon to be built to replace the old one of St. James', Emily township, and wish success both to clergyman and congregation in their efforts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Flavelle have removed to Masson, Quebec. We wish them and their little ones every happiness in their new home. Mrs. Flavelle has been a worshipper in St. Paul's Church since she was a child.

We are sorry that only two (Mr. Wm. Grace and Mr. Robt. Thorne) out of the six lay delegates from Lindsay, Cameron, Cambay and Reaboro were able to attend the Synod of the diocese. It is very desirable to have representatives from all parts present.

At its last session the Synod of Toronto passed a resolution promising to give \$2,000 a year, for five years, to the Mission fund of the new Diocese proposed to be set apart, consisting of the Counties of Durham, Northumberland, Peterboro, Victoria, Haliburton and Ontario, provided the See is established within three years.

The Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A., Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, preached morning and evening at St. Paul's on June 18th, and in the afternoon at Cambay. His addresses were much appreciated and we are sure the evening one must have convinced many of the beauty of the service of Christ that his yoke is indeed easy, (when compared to the world's) and his burden light.

We are glad the strike on the G. T. R. is ended and hope satisfactorily to all parties. We trust also that every effort will be put forth to stop unnecessary Sunday traffic on our railways. The following resolution, passed unanimously at the great mass meeting in Lindsay, in June, is encouraging. In the absence of Mr. J. D. Flavelle, president of the board of trade, it was moved by the rector of St. Paul's, and seconded by Mr. R. L. McLaughlin, in an able address, that: We, citizens of Lindsay, in mass meeting assembled desire to enter our solemn protest against the running of unnecessary Sunday trains over the Midland division of the G. T. R. whereby many men are robbed of their birthright as citizens, and deprived of the rest of the Lord's day; the moral character of our people lowered and the danger to the travelling public much increased.

Mr. and Mrs. Granger and family have removed to Parry Harbour.

The Orangemen and friends attend service at St. Paul's on Sunday, July 9th, at 3:30.

Over 150 persons were confirmed in the churches of Peterboro and Ashburnham by the bishop on his visit there on June 11th and 12th.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Rankin, of Mattawa, as Mrs. F. A. Walters, to Lindsay and wish her and her husband many years of happiness in our midst.

On June 9th the Bishop of the Diocese held Confirmation in St. Paul's church, when forty-six were confirmed, of these, three came from Reaboro, and one each from Cameron and Omeme. Of the 41 in connection with St. Paul's congregation 20 were males and 21 females. We trust that the earnest faithful words of the Bishop will find a lodging place in many hearts, and that God will make strong loyal soldiers and servants of the newly confirmed.

The Rev. J. McQueen Baldwin, B. A., a returned Honorary Missionary from Japan, where he has been working at his own charges, gave instructive addresses at Cannington, Beaverton, Sunderland, Cameron, Cambay, Lindsay and Omeme during June. He showed a number of very interesting curios from that Eastern Land, and also dressed in the Japanese costume. We are glad that some of the week day meetings were so well attended, over 200 being present on Monday 16th, in Omeme. It is good for us at home to hear what God is doing among the heathens, and to know that His Kingdom is extending in the dark places of the earth.

The June meeting of the C. E. T. S. was held on the 26th inst., and was a pleasing variation from the usual program, being chiefly musical. The Rev. Septimus Jones of Toronto, who was spending a few days in Lindsay, gave all music lovers a treat by rendering several violin solos, which were deservedly encored. He was well supported on the piano by Miss Palen. Miss Gertrude Brown sang two songs with violin obligato, Miss Maggie Hoadley gave a good recitation, and Mr. Mus-sulman an excellent violin solo, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson, who also rendered an instrumental solo. Rev. Septimus Jones then gave a very short, but pleasant address, and the meeting closed with a hymn and the benediction.

Mr. R. Maconachie, who has become so well known during the three years he has been in this Diocese, has returned to England—yet he leaves behind a Sunday school at Burnt River, (now, we are glad to say, being carried on by his son) a regular Sunday service, where before he came there was none, and many an inspiration to a higher and nobler life. During his visit to Canada he has been a delegate to the Synod of the Diocese, a member of the Executive of the Canadian Church Missionary Association, and by his knowledge and telling of missionary work in India has done much to rouse and stir up a deeper interest in the evangelization of the world. We hope that he may still be used for many years in the Master's work.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1899.

No. 8

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

- 2-5th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*-1 Sam. xv. to 24; Acts x. to 24. *Evening*-1 Sam. xvii. or xviii.; 1 John v.
- 9-6th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*-8 Sam. i.; Acts xv. to 30. *Evening*-2 Sam. xii. to 24; Mat. iv. to 23.
- 16-7th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*-1 Chron. xxi.; Acts xix. 21. *Evening*-1 Chron. xxii. or xxviii. to 21; Mat. viii. to 18.
- 23-8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*-1 Chron. xxix. 9 to 20; Acts xxiii. 12. *Evening*-2 Chron. i. or 1 Kings iii.; Mat. xii. to 22.
- 25-St. James, A. & Fl. *Morning*-1 King. i. to 16; Luke ix. 51 to 57. *Evening*-Jer. xvi. 8 to 16; Mat. xiii. to 24.
- 30-9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*-1 Kings x. to 25; Acts xxviii. 17. *Evening*-1 Kings xi. to 15 or xi. 26; Mat. xv. 21.

REV. CHARLES A. SADLEIR.

The Rev. Charles A. Sadleir, Superintendent of the S. A. M. S. Mission to the Araucanian Indians of Southern Chili, is one of those graduates of Wycliffe College who are seeking to make known the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in places where it has never before been heard. In a very remarkable way God called him from his former work in Manitoba and led him to offer for service to the South American Missionary Society, the only Church of England Society which carries on missionary work among the heathen tribes of the neglected continent.

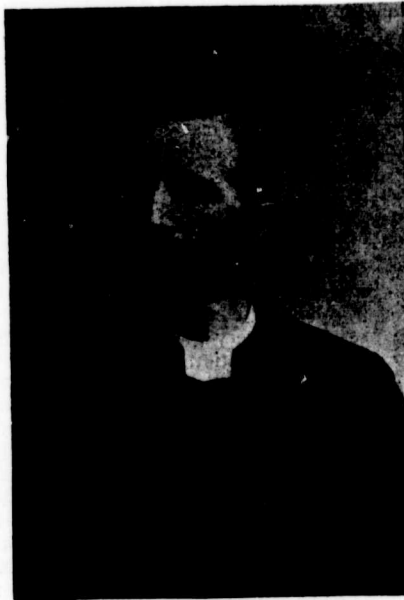
Though in some parts of South America the society's missionaries have been labouring for more than fifty years, yet Mr. Sadleir and his co-workers in Araucania are at the very beginnings of things in that country. They are the first missionaries, except the Jesuits of a hundred years ago, to study the Mapuche language (Mapuche is the name the Araucanians give themselves) and they have all the difficulties of pioneers. No competent language teachers are to be had, and no books worth speaking of have yet been written in Mapuche.

Yet Mr. Sadleir has begun the translation of parts of the Bible, and besides this he has been successful in gaining the confidence of several leaders of the people.

When Mr. Sadleir was sent out by the S. A. M. S. four years ago, he expressed an earnest desire to remain still in at least partial connection with his friends in Canada, and, not long after this, the Canadian Church Missionary Association became a recognized auxiliary of the S. A. M. S.

"righteousness exalteth a nation," while "sin is a reproach to any people": "Some statistics just published by the French ministry show that it is in France where the fewest marriages are contracted and the greatest number of divorces are pronounced. For 1,000 marriageable persons of both sexes there are in France 45 marriages; in Holland 49, in Italy 50, in Austria 51, England and Denmark 52, and in Germany

53. On the other hand, the number of divorces pronounced in France is increasing with extraordinary rapidity. In 1886 the courts released from their marriage vows 2,020 couples. In 1896 no fewer than 7,051 divorces were pronounced, and, according to the results, which are still incompletely known, for 1897, it is stated that the number of divorces that year will be shown to have exceeded 9,000. Evidently Chicago and Kansas in the matter of divorces must give place to France. The conditions of social life indicated by these statistics go to explain the restlessness of modern French life. In any country where the marriage tie is not honoured there is no true foundation for the home life; and the nation that does not rest upon the home life of its citizens must rest upon the shifting prejudices and passions of the passing moment, and these do not tend to stability."



Rev. Charles A. Sadleir, C.C.M.A. Missionary.

LATELY we read of even the President of France attending the race course on the Lord's Day and of his reception there, which gave some idea of the character of the people. Other signs are not wanting to show how far the inhabitants of that land are wandering from the commands of God. The following, taken from one of our daily papers, gives at least one other reason for the decline of that country and reminds us of the eternal truth that

and passions of the passing moment, and these do not tend to stability."

* * *
"O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful" Praise is the outgoing of the heart and voice in thanksgiving to God, and we should all learn to praise Him, for all that we are, and all that we have that is

worth having, we have received from Him.

Praise is sometimes defined as "The expression of the price or value in which any person or thing is held," and surely when a congregation of Christian people meet together to render thanks to their Redeemer, Saviour and King, how hearty and full and strong should their songs of praise be. Yet there is some times a danger in these days, when so much is left to the choir, that in some of our churches we will forget that ours is a service of "common prayer" and common praise.

We have sometimes heard our beautiful soul-stirring chants so rendered that few beside the choir could sing them—and only a little while ago we listened to the words, "Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee," so sung, that it seemed almost as if the aim was to prevent the congregation from joining.

Surely we should see that the music is so simple, yet so appropriate, that choirs and congregations may unite in making the courts of God's house ring with joyful strains of thanksgiving—remembering that He has said, "Whoso offereth praise, he glorifieth me."

* * *

"And Moses said, Who is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me."—Exodus 32: 26.

The people who first listened to these words have passed away and others have taken their places in the world's throng. But this question still remains, and though in an age and under circumstances in some respects different, it retains still much of its original force.

It remains because it is the word of the unchanging and omnipotent God. "His words shall never pass away."

While nations come and go and circumstances, change God and His searching question remains (abide).

Now there is a sense in which these words apply to us. We too, like Israel of old, are upon a journey—the journey of life; we have

time and again heard God's voice calling us to decide for Him, to enlist under His banner. But instead of manfully entering His service and continuing faithful in our allegiance, too many of us have become careless and forgetful, perhaps, even doubtful, of Him. We have set up idols of various sorts, yet from all these God is calling us to follow Him.

This decision we still have to make, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

It is a decision upon the most important matter that ever came under the notice of any man or woman. There are and can be only two sides. Which side are we on? It is either the side of God or the side of Satan; the side of truth or the side of falsehood; the side of holiness or the side of sin.

The following from the pen of the Rev. H. J. Hamilton, B.A., of Gifu, Japan, will be read with interest by many:

JAPANESE CONSCRIPTS.

Japan, like the great nations of the west, with the exception of England and the United States, is a land of compulsory military service. Every man after entering his twentieth year has to return to his native place and appear for examination before the military authorities. A few are exempt, such for instance as the pupils of the higher Government schools, who are not called on for service till they are twenty-seven.

Many are rejected on account of ill-health, defective sight, shortness of stature, etc., but from those favourably reported on a certain number are chosen each year to enter the army and devote three years of their life to a soldier's calling. At the beginning of December the chosen ones enter the garrisons, and as they leave their native towns a great display is made, flags are flying, fireworks are going off, banquets are given and processions formed with the conscripts in the place of honour. All the people seem to unite in congratulating them. But if the truth

were known and hearts were seen, one great and genuine cause for jubilation is "that my son was not chosen."

But to come nearer home, what enthusiastic "Dismissals" one reads about as taking place in Exeter Hall, London, or in Wycliffe College, Toronto, it may be, what congratulations are given, and rightly given, to those called forth as soldiers to the mission field. Yet when seeing how few go compared with those who could go, how many stay compared with those that need stay, one is almost tempted to ask, is there not sometimes within this congratulation an unseen reason, like that of the Japanese parent, "that my son, that my daughter, was not chosen."

These Japanese conscripts brought me another lesson not long ago. My teacher, when out in the country last week, stepped into a little wayside Shinto shrine, such as there are thousands of all over Japan, and was surprised at seeing on some matting under the shed an old man and woman with a young woman and baby. He could make nothing of them, but, on stopping at the nearest tea-house he asked who they were and why they were there? "Conscription time will soon be here," said the inn-keeper, "the son of the old couple, who is also husband of the woman and father of the child, is of the age for military service. They are afraid that he, the support of the family, will be chosen as a soldier and taken from them, and so the four have come to the shrine, where for a whole week they intend to stay praying night and day to the god worshipped there to avert such a calamity."

I am not mentioning this as simpleness to be smiled at or even just as ignorance to be pitied and truly helped, but as a patient continuance in prayer fit to teach a lesson to many of us Christians in this prayer neglecting age of ours.

What we workers need to ask the Lord many a time is, Whether our work for Him is really His work for us.

H. J. H.
Japan.

A CITY RAMBLE.

One day I took a walk through the streets of London, and not far apart I took notice of three buildings, very unlike, belonging to different owners, and built for a different purpose. The first was an hospital, the next the great law courts, the other was the palace of the Queen. I saw other sights, some of them wonderful, but these impressed me most. I never thought of combining these three buildings, but in my lodgings in the evening, I came upon a verse which combined the three in a very interesting relationship. "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God," 1 Cor. vi. 11.

(1) There is the hospital for cleansing and cure. Under the magnificent portico of Christ's hospital, we may stand and sing:

"Ho ye that pant for living streams,
And pant away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry."

(2) The court of justice. This court is open to the public and all may hear. How common to see the prisoner, witness and pleader. To hear the trial and acquittal! How sweet to hear the Judge of all say, "Save from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Redemption is founded upon law as revealed to Moses. Christianity thus stands upon the head-rock of revelation made before Christ and the living Church confirms every jot and tittle of the old Testament. There can be no redemption without law, no mercy without justice, no pardon without a stable throne. Christ's death exalted the law, a glory was added, which creatures from legal obedience could never render or obtain. All the redeemed sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

(3) The palace. How stable the British throne as compared with others. In the palace we think of rest, reward, honour, and satisfying fulness. It is necessary to be educated to perform the duties of the palace. We must

be in health, there must be fitness, we must be introduced. Who will bring one into the strong city and fit me for the presence of the king? There is only one answer. "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life."

"We ever may recur to Him
Who has the golden oil divine,
Werewith to feed our failing urns,
Who watches every lamp that burns,
Before his sacred shrine."

H. T. MILLER:
Beamsville, Ont.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER: A REMINISCENCE.

BY BISHOP WILMER.

I write that which I do know, and testify to that which I have seen. Receive my witness.

More than half a century ago, just after my ordination to the Priesthood, I was in charge of some churches along the banks of the James River in Goochland County, Virginia.

One day I received a letter from a venerable old lady, living in an adjoining county. It was a very plaintive letter, full of tears. She wrote of a dilapidated church building, no ministerial services, and a scattered and wandering flock; and implored me to come and give them some help.

It was impossible to resist such an appeal. A similar appeal, she wrote me, had been made to a dearly loved classmate of mine, who lived near—a man of peculiar earnestness and devoutness. We conferred together, and arranged to meet on a certain day for a mission.

We met, accordingly, in a wretched and neglected building—one in which cattle had often found a resting place. At the first service, I experienced sensations never felt before. I know not how to describe them, but a consciousness of the divine Presence pervaded my soul, and imparted a hitherto unmet reality to the whole worship. My good brother missionary testified to a similar experience.

As the mission proceeded, the interest of the congregation deepened with every service. After service on Saturday afternoon—we had no night service, because

the village in which the church stood was small, and the congregation was mostly from the country—the only surviving male member of the little church came to us, and entreated us to hold service again that night; saying that there was a deep interest existing among the people, and that they would try to accommodate themselves in the village for the night, if we would hold service. We were only too glad to hold the service, and the solemnity of eternity pervaded the worship that night—a night never to be forgotten by him who writes these lines.

On Sunday morning, a vast congregation filled the church, crowded the aisles, the doors and the windows. My good brother "read the service"—as the phrase is—Ah! he prayed the service, and when he gave utterance to the suffrage in the Litany—"O God, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners"—he sobbed audibly, the people joining with him, and we sobbed through the Litany—the first time I had ever heard that Litany prayed as we, miserable sinners, have need to pray it.

It fell to my lot to follow the prayers with a sermon. I spoke from the words "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him!" I write that "I spoke," but I felt that I was a mere mouthpiece, through which a mightier power than mine was demonstrating the truth—the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power," as I have since learned from the Holy Apostle—too little taught in these days of the "higher criticism," falsely so-called.

Every word that I uttered seemed to fall upon the hearts of the people as palpably as the hammer falls upon the anvil. For the first time in my life—although I had been through a three years' course at the seminary—I understood what St. Paul meant, when he wrote to the Corinthians—"My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstra-

tion of the Spirit and of power." That ambassador of Christ, who knows not of this power, has mistaken his calling, and is one that "beateth the air."

Now, for the sequel: My, brother and I were obliged to remain for days—going from house to house, and holding services in private dwellings for the benefit of the various neighbourhood—answering that question, most cheering to every minister of Christ—"What shall I do to be saved?" I hardly ever met a person who did not seem to have been deeply impressed by the services.

On the next Friday afternoon—being obliged to return to my own parish work—I rode out into the country to take leave of the old lady, who had besought me to come to them. Her extreme age and bodily infirmities had prevented her attendance at church. As I entered the wicket gate leading to her cottage, I saw her seated in the porch—the rays of the setting sun glinting her silvery hair. Because of her deafness, she did not hear my approach on the gravel-walk leading to the house. So I stood for some minutes behind her, without her knowledge of my presence. It was a beautiful scene. Her sun was setting, and her whole form was lit up by the light of the departing day. In her lap was one of those large old Prayer Books, so dear to the old Virginia Churchwoman of that day. I could see the tears trickling from her glasses, and falling upon the book before her. Dear old lady, she was shedding tears of grateful joy. All those dear grandchildren and friends for whom she had been praying these many years had come home, and were rejoicing in the Father's love. I was reluctant to break the spell, so beautiful was the scene. Were I an artist, I could paint it now, so ineffaceably was it impressed upon my vision. At last, as the sun went down, I touched her shoulder. She turned and looked at me with tearful eyes, but could not speak. I could not speak, but, following the motion of her hand, seated myself on

a little settle near her side.

When she was sufficiently recovered, and could speak, she said: "My son, you have just entered upon your ministry, and I want to tell you something you ought to know.

"Some two months ago I was reading our Saviour's words in the Gospel, and my attention was arrested, as never before, by His precious assurance—'If any two of you agree on earth as touching anything ye shall ask of my Father, He will give it to you.' The words came to me like a new revelation; I had been longing for some such sweet assurance from above.

"I called my daughter"—she had living with her a widowed daughter, a saintly woman—"Come here, my daughter, and see what our Saviour says. Look at the condition of our poor little church, and our loved ones straying like lost sheep. Let us two agree together, plead this promise before our Father, who tells us in His Word that 'He is more willing to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him than parents are to give good gifts to their children.'"

"My daughter responded to the thought with all her soul, and we prayed together for a blessing from on High. One day my daughter said: 'Mother, we are doing right, but something more is necessary. God works through His ministers, through the preaching of His Word. Let us try to get some of our clergy to come and hold a mission here!' That suggestion induced me to write you that letter and the one to your brother." Then, at the remembrance of all that followed, the dear old lady broke down, and with choked utterance exclaimed, "Oh, how good, how true, how loving is 'Our Father'!" I could but join her, and that hour thus spent was worth years of worldly pleasure.

There was a large class for confirmation soon after. They have all passed into Paradise. I knew of them for more than a half century and I never heard of one who had back-slidden from his holy calling. The reason was

that "the Lord," not I, but only through me, "had added to the Church such as should be saved." Ah, if it were always so now, there would not be such a lax membership of "lovers of pleasure" more than lovers of God.

FUH-KIEN MISSION—CHINA.

The following, read before the Gleaners' Union, Lindsay, and prepared by Miss M. Johns, will, we trust, help to stir up an interest in missionary work:

This mission has a remarkable history, as for the first ten years not a single convert appeared and two of the five missionaries had died, two had resigned, leaving a new-comer, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, in charge, and now, thirty-two years later, we find a Christian community of more than 13 000 souls beside the native clergy.

All will remember this province of Fuh-Kien as being the scene of an event which will forever stand prominent in our minds, that of the massacre of Ku Cheng, in which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and others lost their lives. "Sad and terrible as was this it was no doubt destined to be a source of rich and abundant fruit to the glory and praise of God." Many men have given their lives to this good work of saving the souls of those poor heathen in China and are following the command given so long ago, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," but as yet the labourers are too few, and the want of labourers can be shown better by the following extracts from letters received from the missionaries there:

"Archdeacon Wolfe, in his letter speaking of the Fuh-Kien Conference of European and native workers, says the speeches of the native brethren were most touching. 'One after another got up and declared how their hearts have been touched, and how this sad event (the massacre) had awakened in them such a burning desire as they never felt before for the salvation of their people, and a determination to work

harder than ever, by God's help, for this object.' Again he says, ' Foo-chow is filling my heart with joy ; our churches are crowded and the men continually beg that the ladies may be sent to visit and teach their wives and daughters.'

At a village near Fuh Ning, where there is a native catechist, Mr. Eyton Jones reports that twenty fishermen regularly attend the services and are joyfully in earnest. At another place five adults, the first-fruits of the place, have been baptized. One of them burned the idols which had been in his family over 200 years, and then threw the ashes in the sea. Miss J. E. Clark tells of encouraging visits to some of these villages. One woman had been cured at the Fuh Ning Mission Hospital, and when she returned home taught her husband and mother-in-law, and they had begun daily worship together, the baby having been brought to attend when only a week old, as its grandmother said, " At seven days old he ought to be offered to God."

In another letter Archdeacon Wolfe says, " This big city of Foo chow is being moved as it has never been before. Our churches and preaching halls are filled with eager listeners and inquirers, who beg that their names be placed on the church roll. In Hok chiang especially, the movement is spreading with great force. I had had deputations from several large towns and villages begging for teachers. We cannot meet all the requests that have been made to us, I deeply regret to say."

Miss Garnett, a lady missionary from Canada, in one of her letters, says, " One of our missionary ladies who has just returned from a trip through the country, has been giving us a most thrilling account of the tremendous need for more teachers, the people are coming by hundreds and even by thousands, and so few, so very few, to teach them. In one district she visited the women have no one to teach them, the men fill the church, and the women do not like to go, as there is no

lady teacher ; so they have prepared a large room for themselves and are longing for some one to come and take possession and teach them. This lady said, what is Canada going to do ? Such a time never was known before. One of the catechists said lately, God planted ten golden grains on Wha Sang last summer, and it has sprung up all over the province, some quite high, some not so high and some just breaking through the ground and, he added, they all need our care. Surely the fields are white unto the harvest, who will come ?"

The Rev. J. R. S. Boyd writes as follows: " The resurrection speaks to us of life and victory, and forbids us to sorrow without hope ; but for some days before and after, and on our Easter Sunday, might be heard the hopeless wailings of friends and relations at the tombs of the departed. Much of it may be a hollow mockery, but it is no less sad for that, and it is none the less incumbent upon us to preach unto them " Jesus and the resurrection." They bring all sorts of messes and place them in bowls before the tombs, and wait that the spirits may take the real nourishment from them, and then they are taken home and eaten. Besides this they place on the tombs oblong pieces of green and brown paper, cut in the shape of money, sometimes with gold or silver squares on them. They have silver paper representing an ingot of silver, and also paper clothes, etc. Some of these are burned, and thus are supposed to be transferred to the next world for the use of the departed spirits, and the rest placed on the tombs, as I have said, and give a rather extraordinary appearance to the landscape, for the hillsides are covered with graves."

These few extracts I have given only go to show the great need of more missionaries in that vast country of China. What is a hundred missionaries among 386,000,000 heathen? A mere drop in the bucket. The question is not, what is Canada going to do? but what are you going to do, and what am I going to do?

Many of us cannot go, but we can help to send others, and above all we can help with our prayers for blessings to be bestowed on those who will give their lives to this great cause of teaching those in China that Christ died for them as well as for us.

THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING.

By REV. W. J. ARMITAGE.

Romans viii. 18 " For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

There is, says Bishop Wescott, a strange fascination in reasoning about mysteries. That fascination belongs also to the problems of the spiritual life. The problem of suffering is one of the most difficult to deal with. It casts a dark shadow over man's earthly lot. It rises everywhere for solution. It meets us at every stage, from birth to death, of life's great pilgrimage. The knot which it makes around human hearts we find it most difficult to untie, and more difficult still to unravel the many consequences which are bound up with our acts.

When we turn to history we find the mark of suffering in every act of life's unceasing drama. Poetry owes its chief charm to it, and glorifies its crown of sorrow, even as Shelley declared " Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." Experience bears witness to its universality and sees its mark somewhere, or at some time on every human life. The world has been

A WORLD OF SUFFERING

from the first, and all its inhabitants have known physical pain, disease and death, mental stress, loss and trouble.

The problem of suffering is insoluble simply in the light of its own facts. It cannot be explained. It simply overwhelms the mind, where it does not break the heart. It is only a bearable thought in the light of God's revelation of Himself and the truth of His providential care ; unbearable, indeed, if we are left to blind necessity, cruel fate and careless chance, in a universe of unbelief, where the ruling powers are

callous to suffering, blind to pain, deaf to supplication, bound hand and foot with chains of law so that he cannot rise and help.

There are three main theories of life which have been urged as explanations of the facts of human experience. The theory of the optimist is that all is well, everything is for the best. It looks out upon the world with rose-coloured glasses, in a spirit of hopefulness. The great sea of life is as placid to its gaze as is a lake nestling in the mountains, sun kissed and guarded from storms. Or life's bright and shining river knows only now and then a passing shadow. Life is like a day in June, unfleeced by clouds. The theory of a pessimist is that all is wrong. The world is a hell of wretched misery and human existence is blighted with a curse. Schopenhauer, the apostle of despair, who voices the awful sentiment of this school, declared that this is the devil's world, and that life is so miserable that utter annihilation would be preferable. And the great Buddha, the founder of a religion which numbers millions, made the end of it extinction. When the soul enters Nirvana it is extinguished.

LIKE A LAMP BLOWN OUT.

Many modern poets are victims of this hopelessness as it was voiced in Shelley :

"I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away this life of care."

The Christian theory is that God rules above, that the world is a school of discipline, that God is able to over-rule seeming evil and to bring good out of it, and that all things work together for good to them that love God.

The problem of suffering faces us continually, and men and women who have felt its terrible effects ask what its meaning is and desire to know what purpose it serves. The question arises, if God is the author of the world, whose constant care over it never ceases, whence comes evil with its awful train of sorrow and suffering? The answer of the Bible is that all the evil and suffering that have fallen to man's lot can be traced directly to sin. St. Paul says that by one man sin entered

into the world and death by sin. We see that sin and death had their beginning together even as Milton hints :

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit,
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe."

When God looked out upon His creation, He declared that it was very good. But the entrance of sin marred it, corrupted man's heart, defiled his imagination, so that the first-born of men stained his hand in his brother's blood, and the wickedness of man God saw was great upon the earth.

Suffering, then, is a great fact of human experience. How is it to be faced and met? This question has been beyond human thought. Philosophy provides no sufficient answer. It attempts to rock the troubled soul to sleep, but it knows of no remedy for the heart's sorrow. There is still the old Epicurean answer—forget your troubles, put them out of your mind by thinking of something else, seek forgetfulness in pleasure. And the answer of the Stoics still survives, that a man should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and that it was a duty to bear pain and not to give way to repining. But hard facts often break down proud philosophy, and insensibility furnishes no cure. For when the heart is torn and bleeding, but no tears pass the eyes, it is like a deadly wound, which leaving no escape is

THE HARDEST TO CURE

and the most dangerous in character. The philosophy of tears is that they are a safety valve to an overburdened mind. Tennyson recognized this when he wrote of one who, grief-stricken, as home they brought her warrior dead, would have given way beneath the mental stress, if the sight of her child had not unsealed the fountain of tears.

We are not left to grope in darkness in the face of this problem. Scripture throws light upon it, which Christian experience has found to be true. As Balfour, the leader of the English House of Commons, points out in his "Foundations of Belief," the Christian's faith in

God's relation to man answers the problem. "For they worship one who is no remote contriver of a universe to whose ills He is indifferent. If they suffer, did He not, on their account, suffer also? If suffering falls not always on the most guilty, was He not innocent? Shall they cry aloud that the world is ill-designed for their convenience, when He for their sake subjected Himself to its conditions."

This is true testimony, for Jesus Christ is God's answer to the question. He experienced suffering in all its forms; of body, mind, and soul. He was the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He drank the cup of affliction to the dregs; He endured calumny, insult, reproach and mockery; He knew what the loss of friendship meant and tasted poverty's hard lot. Above all He bore upon the cross, as representative of our humanity and as substitute for man, the sins of the whole world. And all this was for us. He tasted death for every man, was forsaken that we might never know despair; died that we might live, suffered to the depth of humiliation that we might be

PARTAKERS OF HIS GLORY.

He stooped to our grief that we might be companions of his friendship. He traced the mystery of pain and sorrow to its centre and showed how it may become a Divine discipline; showed light upon its whole path and made clear its end.

Suffering in this view is a school of character in which God Himself is the great teacher. His one great aim is to develop in us a Christ like character. His love is too deep and true to be indulgent and chastisement is not a sign of anger but a mark of love.

Suffering is a school of discipline in which the spiritual athlete is trained. God tests us by labours, griefs and losses and teaches us the way to gain the strength from them all. Suffering is the crucible of the spiritual life and even as the fire removes the dross from the silver, so pain and sorrow destroy the dross of self, as they send us to Christ, in Whom alone our hearts can find their rest.

Parish and Home.

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SONS OF TOIL.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, M. A.

Sons of Toil, before ye labour,
Kneel in worship to the God
Who is nearest all, and Neighbour,
When alone the path is trod ;
Seek for service, that anointing
Which will give you secret health,
Though the wage be disappointing,
And but poverty your wealth ;
For with His dear early blessing
Poverty will lose its pain,
And no work be overpresing,
Or the soil of duty stain.

Sons of Toil, go forth now ; leaning
On the Mercy that is Might,
With new majesty and meaning
In the task however slight ;
Nothing now is common, brothers,
With the consecrating mark
Of that Presence, when another's
Is the burden or the dark ;
Nothing is unclean or little
Now the Master makes it grand ;
And the reed, that was so brittle,
Is a bulwark in His Hand.

Sons of Toil, arise, awaken
Out of sloth to labour's hour ;
By each buffet shaped and shaken
To a Christlike part and power.
One is with you, who will never
Leave you lonely or in shame ;
Till the weak and dim endeavour
Leaps to glory, in His Name.
He will let no footstep stumble,
Nor a brow be sadly bent,
Whose pure pity makes the humble
Rise with Him to crowned content.

Sons of Toil, your Lord has striven
Likewise in the noontide heat,
Daily mocked and daily driven,
With no rest and no retreat.
He who paints the harvest yellow
Yet despises not your aid,
And will be a true Yokefellow
When the flesh is most afraid.
If some weight would fret the shoulder,
He is quicker than your call ;
For He makes the feeblest bolder,
And is Servant of us all.

—Home Words.

MISS LOUY THOMAS.

It was in answer to Mr. Sadleir's request for a lady who should be able to teach and train the women and girls of Araucania, that the C.C.M.A. sent out their first missionary to S. America, Miss Louy Thomas, an under graduate of the University of Toronto, and an experienced High School teacher. While most of the men in Araucania can be reached by Spanish, the ordinary language of Chili, work among the women is impossible without a knowledge of Mapuche, a much more difficult language. Happily Miss Thomas is not



Miss Louy Thomas, C.C.M.A. Missionary.

kept from doing anything among the people while waiting to learn Mapuche. A continually increasing number of youths are coming to the school established for them, the assistant missionary usually in charge has been obliged to go to England for a time on family matters, and Miss Thomas' experience with the High School boys of Ontario is being turned to good account in Chili.

On behalf of themselves and their work among the Araucanians, our missionaries ask for earnest, continued prayer.

God fails not to sow blessings in the log furrows.

THE BETHEL YACHT OF GALILEE.

"And he spake to his disciples that a small ship should wait on him," Mark iii. 9.

"Yacht" is from the Dutch, and means a passenger boat. It is supposed that it was kept for the Master's special use.

The Lord spent three parts of His public ministry here both in time and works.

Sea of Galilee —

"It is not that the wild gazelle Comes down to drink thy tide, But that 'twas He who saves from hell Olt wan-led by thy side."

I. THE MASTER.

1. A man ; real, uncommon, compassionate, patient, delighted to call Himself the Son of man.

2. God, mysterious, wonderful. He put forth the power, exercised the authority of God. Calmed the raging sea, rolled back the winds behind the mountain tops and these were but emblems of His power to pardon.

II. THE CREW.

The chosen twelve. I fancy Peter at the helm of his best little ship, never such a master, such a crew, such a ship ! Bound not by articles, but by love ; work not for themselves, but for Him. In trouble He was nigh. Blessed followers of a blessed Master.

III. HER VOYAGES.

Not for traffic, barter, pleasure, plunder, or war. She went fishing, not for fish but for men ! voyages of blessing, unmixed, we are not told how many, but where sick folk were clustered, thither her course was shaped, and as she touched the strand, how would her happy crew bound up the beach to tell of His arrival.

LESSONS.

1. This Master still lives mighty to save.

2. Disciples are still found, and alas ! exhibit the same dull characteristics.

3. Voyages not yet ended, she goes to bless the world.

Will ye also be His disciples ?

H. T. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

EMPTY SEATS.

"Are you going to church this morning, Susie?" asked Dr. Clark, lying back in his easy chair, with the morning paper. "A doctor who is out day and night can't be expected." "No. I made jelly yesterday, and I'm tired. I'm faithful enough to stay at home this cloudy morning," and Mrs. Clark curled up on the couch with the Bible she had not opened for a week, but it soon dropped from her hands. She was aroused by a strange voice saying:

"Now, my good imps, what have you done to day to weaken the kingdom of God?"

The voice came from a suspicious-looking personage seated on a throne of human skulls. Around him was gathered a crowd of terrible beings, each with a crown of fire, in which gleamed some name, such as malice, envy, pride, hatred, and kindred passions. "We have been busy to-day, making empty seats in churches," began one. "Nothing could please me better," answered their king. "I persuaded one man that he had a headache, and kept him from a sermon that might have changed his whole life," said one. "I induced one good man to slip to his store and fix up his books," said another, with a horrid grin. "Good!" said the king. "He'll soon give up the Sabbath altogether." "I was able to get one devoted young man to visit some old friends," said one imp. "I worried a good sister about her old bonnet until she decided to stay at home until she got a new one," spoke up the imp labelled "Pride." "And I made several poor women who were hungry for God's word stay at home to repine over their trials. I just said to them, 'O, these rich people don't care for you; you can't wear fine clothes, so I wouldn't go where I was looked down upon.' That way I kept many poor people home whom the rich would have been very glad to see."

"That is one of the best ways to cheat poor people out of heaven that I know of," answered the king with approval. "I induced a

good many men and women to think they were not strong enough to go out," said one called "Indifference." "Of course, all these men will be at their business tomorrow, even if they feel worse. But they could not go to church, where they would have no special mental or physical strain. And the ladies would have been able to clean house or go calling; but I made them think they couldn't walk to church unless they were perfectly well." "Very good," said the king, with a sulphurous grin. "Sunday headaches might often be cured by getting out into the air, and backaches forgotten by thoughts drawn to higher things. But you lying imps must use every weakness of the flesh to help make empty seats." They all smiled, for in their kingdom "lying" was a great compliment. "To make ladies think that their servants need no Sunday privileges is good," suggested one. "Very true," said his superior. As long as we can get Christian people to work during work hours, we can cause or allow men and women to keep many empty seats in churches, and men and women away from God." "I'm the weather imp," said one gloomy fellow. "I go around persuading people it is going to rain, or it is too cold or damp or too hot to venture out to church. It is enough to make even your gloomy majesty laugh to see these same people start out the next day in wind and weather. One would think it a sin to carry umbrellas and wear gum coats to church."

"Confidentially," answered the king, "when I find a Christian who has no more concern about weather Sunday than Monday—determined to make as much effort for spiritual gain as he would for worldly profit—I just give him up. It's no use to try to drag back the man or woman who goes to God's house in all kinds of weather." "I'm able to do a good deal with some of the ladies of the congregation," spoke up the imp labelled "Fashion of this World." "I can make some people stay at home because the new hat did not come, or because their clothes are out of style, or

they have not gotten a new cloak." "I have a better scheme than that," said another. "These people you keep away are indifferent—generally good-for-nothing folks, who are hardly worth getting into the kingdom of his Satanic majesty, but I have a plan that empties seats of the workers in the church."

"That is just what we want," said the king.

"I make these people overwork on Saturday. For instance, I make some good man the preacher depends upon, or some devout Sunday-school teacher to make Saturday the busiest day of the week. I just keep him rushed with neglected things till late at night, and then he oversleeps or is sick the next day, and can't get out." "Splendid plan!" cried Satan. "Yes, it works well with delicate women. If they clean house, or have Saturday company, they can be kept at home without knowing they have broken the Sabbath the day before. A church party late Saturday night helps with empty seats." "You are doing finely, my imps," his majesty said warmly—for his breath was a flame of fire. "Preachers may work and pray over their sermons all week, but there will be no results in preaching to empty seats. One of the most important things we have to consider is how to keep people away from churches on Sunday. Your plans are excellent, but I might suggest another good point. All preachers have human imperfections—some fault of manner or speech. Get Christians to criticize their pastor, especially before their children. If you can stir up a spirit of fault-finding against the preacher or among the members it will help empty seats. People who get mad at each other do not care to go to church together. If the seats are empty, the minister may be a saint and preach like an angel to no purpose. See the result of your labour on High street Church to-day. Not only did the 200 people who stayed at home lose a blessing, but each empty seat did its work against the Lord's kingdom. The preacher made unusual preparation, and went with

his heart on fire, but the empty seats chilled him, and he did poorly. There was a special collection, but the best givers were away, so it was a failure. It isn't a smart preacher, nor a rich congregation, nor a good location, nor a paid choir, that makes a successful church. It is the church members always being there that draws in the unconverted, and makes an eloquent preacher. As soon as a Christian begins to stay at home, from one excuse or another, I know I have a mortgage on his soul, which, if he does not shake off, I will foreclose on the judgment day."

"You have none on mine!" cried Mrs. Clark, who had been listening with bated breath; "I'll go to church, if only to defeat you."

"What's the matter, dear," asked the doctor. "Have you been dreaming?"

"Perhaps so; but I'm going to church if I get to my seat just in time for the benediction. I'll cheat Satan from this day out of one empty seat." She has kept her word, and influenced many others to let nothing trifling keep them from God's house; and one "down-town" church has begun to grow, and will soon be a great power for God, because of no "empty seats"—*Selected.*

A MISSIONARIES' SONG OF TRUST.

God has given me a song,
A song of trust;
And I sing it all day long,
For sing I must.
Every hour it sweeter grows;
Keeps my soul in calm repose;
Just how restful no one knows—
But those who trust.

I sing it on the mountain
In the light,
Where the radiance of God's sunshine
Makes all bright.
All my path seems plain and clear—
Heavenly land seems very near,
And I almost do appear
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley
Dark and low,
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain, and woe.

Then the shadows flee away,
Like the night when dawns the day.
Trust in God brings light alway—
I find it so.

Tekkali, 1898
—Home Words.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
July 2nd—Hos. 14:1-9.	Acts 28:1-15.
9th—Daniel 1:8-21.	Acts 28:15-30.
16th—Daniel 5:14-28.	Acts 28:30-31.
23rd—Dan'el 6:17-31.	Acts 2:37-41.
30th—D.niel 6:10-23.	II. Tim. 4:5 to end

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

BY REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, HALIFAX.

1. What is the meaning of the word Bethlehem?
2. What event occurred the same year Rachel died?
3. For what is Bethlehem eminently famous?
4. What words in chap. xxxv. could not have been written by Moses?
5. How many "Sauls" are mentioned in Holy Scripture?
6. From whom were the Amalekites descended?
7. What other name had Esau?
8. How old was Joseph when he was sold into slavery?
9. How did Jacob shew his love for Joseph?
10. What expression of Jacob implies that Rachel was alive when Joseph had his two dreams?
11. Why might Jacob reasonably fear his sons going to Shechem?
12. At this time where was Jacob living?

JUNE ANSWERS.

1. Yes, at Bethel, when in a dream Jacob saw angels ascending and descending on a ladder to heaven.
2. 7 years.
3. Shechem.
4. By God's command.
5. House of God.
6. Luz.
7. Deborah, Rebecca's nurse.
8. The oak of weeping
9. That God would give the Holy Land to him and his seed.
10. Yes, to both Abraham and Isaac.
11. At Ephrath.
12. Bethlehem.

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY TREASURE.

The inhabitants of a little village in Hungary were peacefully going about their daily work, when one morning their ears were terrified by the too-well known sound of rushing waters.

Heavy rains had swollen the mountain streams, and these in their turn the great river, till it had overflowed its banks and was now impetuously rushing on, sweeping all before it.

Alas for their little homes! the raging waters came foaming on, rising up, and carrying them away, so that they escaped with just their lives.

One man was standing gloomily contemplating the scene of wreck and confusion. All he had was gone! Suddenly he noticed a little book floating on the water.

"I will at least save this," said he, "for a keepsake."
So he fished it out of the water.

It was a Bible, and as he opened it he found to his great surprise that his own name was written on one of the first pages.

It was most remarkable to him; he could not remember ever having read the book. It had evidently been swept off the shelf in his house by the rushing waters, and floated down to where he was.

He dried the leaves in the sun, and began to read it, his only possession saved from the general wreck.

God the Holy Spirit impressed the words he read deeply on the man, and for the first time in his life he saw sin in its own horrid light, and *himself* as the sinner.

Did he stop? Do you ask? No? God led him on to read yet more, and he found that the same book which brought conviction of sin told him also of the precious blood of Jesus which cleanses from all sin, and so in losing all his earthly goods he found the riches which no flood can ever sweep away.

Is it not wonderful that those precious riches lie hid there for all who will seek them? Let *your* Bible, dear boy or girl, tell *you*

of these treasures, and then, by God's grace, make them your own.—*Good Words.*

"THE LAND OF THE 'PRETTY SOON.'"

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve:
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels, of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—*Home Words.*

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

1, Honest; 2, Pure; 3, Intelligent; 4, Active; 5, Industrious; 6, Obedient; 7, Steady; 8, Obliging; 9, Polite; 10, Neat.

Any boy who wishes to make a mark in the world should possess these ten points. Thousands of places are open for thousands of boys who can come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. Places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them, no doubt, are filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One boy within our knowledge is fond of smoking cigars and dressing too much. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to do so. His employer is quietly watching him, and we shall expect soon to hear that he

has been detected and his place filled by some boy who is getting ready for it by observing No. 1.

Other places will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts gathered from these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys are ruined and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into the vacancies in the front ranks. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more to you than diamond rings.—*C. B., in Home Words.*

"WHAT IS PRAYER?"

A deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is Prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening to see their work. He then left them to themselves, and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said, "What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side it runs out on the other."

The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such foolish work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless, after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and as he bid the man keep the ring, he said, "Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—*Selected.*

JOHNNIE.

It rained dismally. Johnnie had been in the house all the morning. He was a bright boy of seven, full of life and energy, and very fond of outdoor sports; but his mother was afraid to let him go out in the rain, and he amused himself indoors for a time quietly, and then he began to be restless.

"Johnnie, don't," said his mamma, as he began to drum louder and louder on the window-pane. Johnnie became quiet.

"Johnnie, don't," said his mamma, as he vociferously imitated the locomotive, ending in a shrill whistle. Johnnie subsided.

"Johnnie, don't," said his mamma, as he got the pet dog barking with all his might, and Johnnie let the dog alone.

The boy went from one thing to another, and every time he

began to find interest in the new occupation, his mother's "Johnnie, don't," sent him off to something else.

If he had been sent out during the morning on a series of errands, protected by overcoat, waterproof and rubbers, it would have done him no harm, but a deal of good. If he had been set to splitting kindling, or making something with saw and hammer and nails, that would have used up some spare force. Cutting out pictures might have occupied him, or helping his mother in making cake, or modelling in clay, or stringing buttons, or sewing patchwork. Johnnie felt nagged. If his mother would have said, "Johnnie, do this or that"; but she only said, "Johnnie, don't."—*Presbyterian.*

HOW GOD TEACHES THE BIRDS.

On the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odour of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near the plant in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveller on the Island noticed, one day, a peculiar fluttering and cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake climbing slowly up the tree in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little feathered songsters by dealing a death-blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up

he saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then, alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast, down he went to the ground as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.

The little birds were unharmed; and as the mother bird flew down and spread her wings over them, the poison leaf (poison only to the snake) fell at the feet of the traveller; and he felt, as never before, the force of the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father"; for who but he who made the dear little birds could have told this one the power there was in this little leaf?—*Good Words.*

THE FRIEND OF THE KING.

The other day, there appeared in the papers an article headed, "Romance in Real Life," and it gave a most wonderful account of a deep attachment on the part of the king of Wurtemberg for a young American, by the name of Jackson, who was a native of the State of Ohio, and engaged at the time in studying music in Germany, while holding a consular clerkship there.

The king had noticed him at various times and sought his acquaintance, which had ripened into the tenderest feeling and desire for his company. At last he sent for him and invited him to become a member of the Royal Court of Wurtemberg. The proposition involved the following important particulars.

He was to renounce his nationality to America and swear allegiance to Germany, and thus give up his citizenship and become a subject of the king. He was to give up his present occu-

pation and pursuits and share those of his royal friend. He was to give up old companionship and association for the companionship of the king. He was to drop his old name and take a new name given him by the king. He was to change his civilian dress, and wear the royal uniform. Instead of being a common man, going about on foot and alone, he was to ride out with the king, surrounded with the royal retinue, or if he desired to go abroad, the kingly equipage and royal servants would attend him.

After careful consideration, he decided to accept the marvellous proposition. So one pleasant morning one of the royal coaches from the king's stables, with coachmen and footmen resplendent in royal livery, was seen standing before Mr. Jackson's modest boarding house.

A large crowd soon gathered to see what it was waiting for. Would it be the king or some royal member of his family? Soon Mr. Jackson came out, took his seat in the coach, the footman closed the door, the driver cracked his long whip over the backs of the handsome blooded horses and the young American—now, American no longer—was borne to his new home in the royal palace.

Elegant suites of apartments awaited him. Footmen, valets, servants, gorgeous in scarlet liveries, were ready to wait upon him and run at his beck and nod.

He was appointed as "reader to his majesty," a position created expressly for him.

Soon the friends of the king began to show their recognitions and favours to him. The king of Holland presented him with the "Knight's Cross of the Golden Lion of Nassau." The king of Saxony bestowed on him the "Knight's Cross of the Albert's Order." The emperor of Austria invested him with the very ancient "Order of the Iron Crown of Austria," one of the highest and most honourable gifts that could be bestowed on a subject. And then the queen gave him the "Knight's Cross of the Crown of

Wurtemberg," and he was made a baron.

The king seems to grow more and more fond of him. He keeps him by his side. He dines at the king's table. The horses of the royal stables are at his command and his travelling expenses are paid out of the royal treasury. Gifts, such as rare and beautiful books and paintings, and diamonds, flow in upon him.

Is not all this like a fairy tale. Yet, we give it to our readers to illustrate the far more wonderful choice and love of a far higher and more glorious King for us. Mr. Jackson's royal friend is only a mortal man. These earthly honours can last but a little while at the longest. This mortal king may die or lose his crown any day. The brightest and most dazzling pleasures will not always satisfy. It is all earthly, human, fleeting, dying.

But the friendship and love of the King of kings is not so. It shall never change. It is limitless and eternal. The King of Wurtemberg and Jackson will grow old and feeble, even if they live long, but he that accepts the love and companionship of Jesus Christ has eternal youth and increasing capacity to enjoy all the honour and glory that infinite love bestows.

What message comes to us from the King of Heaven? Hear it. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." "As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you." "Henceforth I call you not servants * * * but I have called you *friends*, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full." "I appoint unto you a *kingdom* as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink *with me at my table* in my kingdom."

What are the conditions of all this?

To renounce our earthly citizenship for the heavenly; to disown the god of this world and swear allegiance to the God of Life and Glory; to part with old

companions of sin and sinful habits and to side with Christ and his people; to give up the old name of "sinner" and to bear the "new name" which Jesus will write upon us; "to put off the old man with his deeds, and to put on the new man in Christ Jesus"; to cast off our own good works as filthy rags, and to accept and wear the white robes of Jesus' righteousness; to take it all in loving truth and confidence, believing that what He hath promised He is able also to perform.

Now this story of the King and Jackson is a picture of *grace*. It was all free—unearned, undeserved, without compensation, and to be had for the taking. So of the offered love, honour, righteousness and glory of the Son of God to be had for the taking, it is all of grace. Oh, what a gift it is! Who will not accept it, and be the friend and companion of the King of glory, wearing His gift and mark of favour, a crown of glory which fadeth not away.—*E. D. G., in Good Words.*

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The Synod of the Diocese was in session in St. James' School House, Toronto, from June 18th to 21st. Many encouraging reports were given and useful work was done, while, of course, in some things we could have wished for more progress. The Bishop reported 189 clergy in the diocese; of these 155 are engaged in parochial work, the others being engaged in tuition, or on leave, or superannuated. Two thousand and thirty eight persons had been confirmed in the diocese during the year. What a strength, if faithful to their promises. The total number of baptisms was 2,810—78 less than last year. The scholars in the Sunday Schools had increased by 1,440 and their contributions by \$48. Voluntary contributions to clerical stipends and parochial needs had increased, while we are sorry to say there had been a falling off in gifts to Missionary Work, and in both the Widows and Orphans' Fund, and the Superannuation Fund there were shortages. Yet the Bishop said the outlook was bright and hopeful and that he had travelled through the length and breadth of the diocese and, to quote his own words, "never before have I seen more faithful, active, effective

work being done by the clergy, nor have the parishes ever been so fully manned." The Bishop gave it as his opinion that the growing spirit of worldliness was one of the great dangers of the church to day, and who can deny it? While we thank God for what he has permitted our Church to do let us ask Him to make all our members more unselfish and Christ like and then He will bless and increase our work.

St. Paul's Church Collections, June, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
June 4	15.25	9.43	24.68
11	27.35	12.02	39.37
18	14.05	10.17	24.22
25	20.75	10.71	31.46
	\$77.40	\$42.33	\$119.73

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