

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 44.

MAY, 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 Cambray.*

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY.	J. L. PERKINS,
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.

EDWARDS.—Geoffrey James, son of James G. and Winnifred Edwards, born 16th Jan., 1895, baptised in St. Paul's Church 21st April, 1895.

Burials.

LEARY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 6th April, 1895, Richard Leary, in his 68th year.

CHAMBERLIN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 11th April, 1895, Robert John Chamberlin, in his 32nd year.

BRYANS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 16th April, 1895, Vera Eleanor, daughter of Robert Bryans, in her 7th year.

HAGGATH.—At Eden Cemetery, on April 7th, 1895, Mira Haggath, wife of George H. Haggath, of Cambray, in her 82nd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Bishop of Algoma is expected to sail for home early in May.

Last year Canadian Presbyterians raised \$140,660 for Missions.

There are said to be 47,000 Jews in Jerusalem and 67,000 in London.

A gentleman in Montreal lately gave \$8,000 towards paying off the debt on St. George's Church, of that city.

A refugee from Khartoum once said "If all Christians were like General Gordon then all the world would be Christian."

The Montreal Diocesan College has received the gift of \$100,000 from Mr. H. F. Gault to provide it with a new building.

Both the Wardens of St. John's Church, Dunsford, are named John Kennedy; they ought to work harmoniously together.

The Rev. C. B. Kenrick, curate of St. John's Church, Peterboro, has been appointed rector of St. Mark's Church, Port Hope.

The Missionary Society of England received in legacies alone in the month of February \$39,419.46 in sums ranging from \$5 upwards.

Mr. W. A. Parlane, of Collingwood, held a mission at Christ Church, Omeme, the week before Easter, and we are told that God vouchsafed a rich blessing to the work.

The C. E. T. S. invite you to their Excursion to Sturgeon Point and Fenelon Falls on the 24th.

The hot summer days will soon be here, and lazy Christians will be tempted to loaf away the Lord's day. Loyal servants will be found regularly in the house of prayer.

The Rev. Canon Brent, who for forty-two years had been rector of Newcastle, died early in April, and so one by one pass away the early settlers in this part of our fair country.

The Parish of Cannington and Beaverton raised for all church work from Easter, 1894, to Easter, 1895, \$1,965.60—a very good showing, indeed. May their zeal and liberality stir up others.

The Provostship of Trinity College, Toronto, has been accepted by the Rev. Edward Ashhurst Welch, M. A., Vicar of the church of the Venerable Bede, Gateshead, diocese of Durham, England.

Dr. Reazin gave an instructive address on "Medical Missions" at St. Paul's school house on April 10th. He expects to leave for the far North West early in May to work among the Chippewyan Indians.

Notwithstanding the hard times the C. M. S. received this message from Ireland: "I send you the joyful news that we are £2,700 better than last year, and I know of nothing to have caused this except the working of the spirit of God."

The Rev. J. M. Baldwin, of Japan, tells of thousands of copies of portions of the word of God being distributed to the soldiers. Both officers and men as a rule gladly receive them. One day they distributed some 1075 copies among the members of the engineer corps and the 7th regiment at Nagoya. Who can tell what the result may be of such scattering of portions of the living word. By a later report we find that 2,000 copies were distributed in a single day, and permission has been granted to send several Japanese evangelists to the front as Christian workers for the army.

The annual Easter Vestry Meeting was held on Easter Monday, April 15th. The attendance was better than usual, but not what it should have been. It is to be regretted that more members of the congregation do not think it their duty to attend these meetings. After prayers the various statistics of the parish were given by the rector. The minutes of last meetings were read and confirmed. Mr. McGaffey presented the Churchwarden's Financial Report which showed the following:

Receipts—Ordinary.....	\$2,425 69	
Special.....	766 68	
Non Parochial Purposes	319 07	
Total.....		\$3,541 44
Expenditure—Ordinary.....	\$2,630 29	
Special.....	504 50	
Non Parochial.....	349 07	
Total.....		\$3,513 86
Balance on hand...	\$ 27 58	

The floating debt appeared to have been slightly reduced, while the mortgage debt was lessened by \$200. The floating debt now is about \$1,060, and the mortgage debt, \$10,250. The reports of the various societies were read and adopted. The election of Officers was proceeded with, and in the matter of People's Warden the Vestry decided to vote by ballot. Mr. Sisson was declared duly elected, and Mr. McGaffey was re-appointed by the rector. The names of the other officers will be found on our front page. The Vestry then adjourned for two weeks to receive the Auditors Report. At the adjourned meeting, April 29th, the report of the Auditors, Messrs. Knight and Dingle, stating that the accounts had been found correct, was read and adopted. After some discussion the meeting adjourned.

Not a few of our readers will be glad to hear that at the annual vestry of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, on Easter Monday, the stipend of the Rev. N. J. Perry was increased by \$200, making it now \$1,000 a year. His work must be appreciated.

The rector preached at St. Luke's Church, Peterboro, on Wednesday, April 3rd, for Rev. H. Symonds. One thing he remarked was the number of leading men present at the week-night service setting a good example to the younger people.

On one Sunday in January, 1894, the Rev. J. E. Padfield baptised 45 adults and 40 children (85 in all) at a village in Southern India. So from "India's coral strand" men and women are being won in ever increasing numbers to Christ.

A family in which there are a number of children the other day brought back their Missionary box, and on opening it there was found 84 coppers beside several 5 cent pieces. It is a good thing to see young people ready to even deny themselves candy sometimes to help God's work.

Before leaving for British Columbia Mrs. Lang was presented with a beautiful silver tea set. We trust she may be long spared to use it. She desired us to thank, through the parish paper, all who so kindly remembered her in this and other ways, and all who came to the station to wish her God speed on her long journey. It will be a long, long time before Mrs. Lang's years of faithful and loving service in this parish are forgotten, and the influence therefrom will never die. The Sunday School presented Miss Carrie Lang with two of Ruskin's Works and a copy of Tennyson's poems. The Choir also gave Mrs. McClure a beautiful hymn book 'ere she too had to leave our church and choir. We are glad to say that the Churchwardens, on behalf of themselves and others, presented Miss Leary with \$50 in gold as an Easter remembrance in acknowledgement of her faithful services as organist of St. Paul's.

Vestry Meetings.

CAMERON.—The annual Vestry Meeting of St. George's church was held on Monday, 22nd instant. The Financial Statement of the Wardens showed a slight increase on that of last year, the amount collected for all purposes being \$82.92. The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—People's Warden, Mr. John Fital; Clergyman's Warden, Mr. W. F. Jeffrey; Mr. E. E. W. McGaffey, of Lindsay, was appointed lay delegate to the diocesan synod. The bishop will visit St. George's on June 21st and administer the rite of confirmation.

CAMBRAV.—The Vestry Meeting in connection with St. John's Church, Cambrey, was held in the church on Monday, 22nd inst., the Rev. C. S. Smith in the chair. The Financial Statements presented by the Wardens showed that the church had raised for all parochial, diocesan, and other purposes somewhere about \$85 during the year. Mr. A. B. Coats was appointed People's Warden, and Mr. Henry Fowler, Jr., was nominated by the Clergyman as his Warden, and accepted the position. Mr. William Beecham and Mr. W. Roddy were appointed sidesmen. Mr. Coats was appointed lay delegate to the Synod. The bishop of the diocese intends visiting the church in the month of June to administer the rite of confirmation. Classes preparatory to confirmation are being formed.

REABORO.—The Vestry Meeting in connection with this congregation was held on Tuesday, the 23rd, at 8 o'clock in the evening, in the Union Church, the Rev. C. H. Marsh being Chairman. Matters of interest to the congregation were discussed and the report of the Church Wardens received. The appointments to the various offices resulted as follows:—People's Warden, Mr. James Kennedy; Rector's Warden, Mr. Robert Thorne; Sidesmen, Mr. Peter Hawkins and Mr. James Brandon. Mr. Isaac Watson was appointed as Lay Delegate to the Diocesan Synod, which meets in Toronto some time in the month of June.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1895.

No. 54.

Calendar for May.

LESSONS.

- 1—**St. Philip and St. James, A. and M.** *Morning*—Isaiah 61; John 1, v. 43. *Evening*—Zech 4; Col 3 to v. 18.
- 3—**3rd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 22; Luke 23 to v. 26. *Evening*—Num. 23 or 24; 1 Thess 2.
- 12—**4th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. 4 to v. 23; John 3 to v. 22. *Evening*—Deut. 4, v. 23 to v. 41, or 5; 1 Tim. 1 to v. 18.
- 19—**5th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut 6; John 6, v. 22 to v. 41. *Evening*—Deut. 9 or 10; 2 Tim. 2.
- 23—**Ascension Day.** Proper Pss. *Morning*—8, 15, 21. *Evening*—24, 47, 108, Ath. Creed. *Morning*—Dan. 7, v. 9 to v. 15; Luke 24, v. 44. *Evening*—2 Kings 2 to v. 16; Heb. 4.
- 26—**Sunday after Ascension.** *Morning*—Deut. 30; John 9, v. 39 to 10, v. 22. *Evening*—Deut. 34 or Josh. 1; Heb. 1.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL BELL.

When the streets are hushed and still,

Lone the thoroughfares,
And the heart, or good or ill,
Burdened is with cares,
Sounds the great cathedral bell
Out of midnight deeps:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"
"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the reapers on the plain
Heed the morning call,
And the hosts of golden grain
Like an army fall,
Floats upon the pure, sweet air
With its stroke sublime,
Like a blessing from a prayer,
The cathedral chime:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the children from their play
Mid noon shadows pause,
Their whole life a holiday
'Neath God's gentle laws—
Aye, from childhood to old age,
As their feet go on
To fill out life's pilgrimage,
All unchanged the tone:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the toiler of the sea
Spies familiar land,
Back brings heart of constancy
And an outstretched hand,
Hark! the old accustomed note
Melts his eye to tears,
Out the benedictions float
As in long-gone years:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the day of life is o'er,
And night-shadows fall
When from that mysterious shore
Comes the mystic call,
Mingled with the "dust to dust"
Said by open grave
Is that word in which we trust
Mighty still to save?

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

—J. E. Rankin, D.D., LL.D., in *Family Churchman*.

ASCENSION DAY.—When Jesus gathered His apostles together on Mount Olivet, forty days after His resurrection, they asked Him this question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" There was the undying hope of the Jew. God had said to David, "I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build an house for my name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever." The kingdom of David and Solomon had been destroyed six hundred years ago, but, relying on that promise, the Jew looked for its resurrection. He took this and similar promises literally, and was impatient of all spiritual interpretation. His heart was set on an earthly empire, and, by the light of the later prophets, he associated its restitution with the coming of the Messiah.

From the time that Jesus began to teach and put forth His Messianic claims, the test by which He was tried was the restoration of the kingdom. The Pharisee, who rejected Him, saw in Him no hope of the revived kingdom of David, and pronounced Him no Messiah. The apostles, who believed in Him, looked to Him for the kingdom, and actually saw it foreshadowed in His many discourses on the kingdom of God. Their conceptions of it certainly became more and more spiritualized as time went on, but the expectation was none the less real. Day by day, however, their hopes were doomed to disappointment, until the last and most bitter sorrow overwhelmed them when He was crucified. On the way to Emmaus it was with heavy hearts that the two said to the stranger who overtook them, "But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." At the news of

His resurrection, the sorrow of the twelve gave way to amazement, and at the sight of the risen Lord hope returned. The expectation of the restored kingdom was again strong as ever, but their conception was very little changed. Their last recorded question was, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" That is, "Lord, after so many vicissitudes, and so much ignominy and suffering, with hopes long deferred, are we now at length, that thou hast triumphed over death complete, to see the restoration of the kingdom of David?"

To-day, we wonder at the slowness of their understanding, but it is certain that on the morning of the ascension they had no true conception of the kingdom of Christ. They had not yet gone entirely below the letter. There was yet unfulfilled one condition necessary to the proper understanding of the kingdom of God—the ascension of Jesus. As long as He remained on earth, the old idea of a temporal kingdom would remain. The ascension was needed to dispel it forever. When the apostles saw Jesus ascend into heaven, the long-cherished vision of a temporal kingdom vanished. But no despair followed, as after the crucifixion. Their minds were simply lifted to the higher plane of spiritual conceptions, and when the Holy Ghost descended on Pentecost they were ready to go forth and preach the true spiritual kingdom of Christ built up of believing hearts, and animated by the power of love to Him who died for men.

The question which the apostles asked on the first ascension day we can answer for ourselves. The greatest, the mightiest kingdom on earth to-day is that kingdom owing allegiance to the one invisible Lord in heaven. Nations have risen and fallen, dynasties have passed away from the earth since then, but the kingdom of Christ, ever widening its bounds, goes on from victory to victory. When Jesus ascended into heaven, the promise of God to David was completed. He then established the throne of his kingdom forever.

CONFESSION.—There are some words of the Apostle John which it is our privilege to hear very frequently at church to

which perhaps many might give more attention than they do. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." As a condition of pardon and cleansing there must be confession, says the apostle. And not merely a confession of sin. Doubtless we all make that. But a confession of sins. Beyond the admission that we are sinners, the words call for a confession of the actual sins committed by each. But how are we to know them? Nothing escapes the memory like sin. At the time of any wrongdoing attention is too much absorbed in the aim to dwell upon the act. Otherwise the deed might be avoided. Afterwards we dismiss entirely from our minds what we have done, unless the consequences are such as to fill us with remorse and sorrow. Therefore the practice of periodical self-examination cannot be too seriously dwelt upon. The church catechism points it out as a prerequisite for participation in the Holy Communion! "To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, stedfastly purposing to lead a new life," etc. But to act in the spirit of St. John's words it should be a daily practice, as indeed it has been constantly from apostolic times with all the holiest and most devout servants of God. It is only then that we can kneel before God at all conscious of the extent to which we have transgressed and need forgiveness. Ten minutes' quiet reflection each night will revive the doings of the day, and let us see ourselves as in a glass. As we sit at night in the quiet of our room, the fever of the day is over, we are calm and collected. Then we are apt to see thoughts, and words, and actions in their true colors, and not as they seemed in the heat of the moment. Not only shall we learn the sins of the day, so as to confess them to God, but we shall come to know ourselves better and take sounder views of our lives. To recall and see each night, with all the clearness that a calm mind and quietness lend, the transgressions of the day cannot but have a wholesome, humbling effect, and tend to eradicate pride and self-sufficiency. The man of constant, earnest self-examination will never be reckless or swollen with conceit.

VALUE RECEIVED FOR VALUE GIVEN.

—There is a piece of advice in a statement made by the late Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, that will never lose its point. He said: "I have made it the rule of my

life never to receive anything from the world for which I did not render an equivalent in some form of service." It represents a moral standard to which few men in any community come up. Most men and women wish to be honest and keep their reputation unspotted in the world. That which society or the business world brands, without qualification, as dishonest they abstain from. But so many don't aim at anything higher than the common standard of morality, which is never very high. To be as good as one's neighbors is goodness enough. Now, the world at large has no objection to receiving to any extent good things for which it pays no equivalent. The more the receipts and the less the work the better. There is an eternal longing for some unexpected turn in fortune or some happy stroke by which there might be a sudden increase in wealth. The question of service to be rendered is not even entertained. The day when some unknown relative might die and leave a vast estate, or an imaginary ship might come home laden with wealth, is the day they would like to rise. And, therefore, we have a world of speculators, stock jobbers, land sharks, gamblers, betting men, bookmakers, lottery enthusiasts, and quacks of every description. Something for nothing is the world's maxim in brief. Not merely the disreputable classes, but all sorts and conditions of men, society from top to bottom, are infected with it. It is the cankerworm that is eating out the vitals of modern society. Besides his regular occupation a man is getting to have his little private speculation or deal, from which he hopes to net large sums, as it were by fortune's smile. The world cries to-day for the preaching of Peter Cooper's maxim, value given for value received, a *quid pro quo*, the only possible standard for an honest man. That's what will always make for the dignity of labor and the cause of the laboring man. It must be applied everywhere indiscriminately. It strikes at betting and gambling, but it strikes at many another occupation held in high repute, and betting and gambling will not disappear on the agitation of a society employing the same principle in its duly recognized pursuits. There is, however, this consolation amid the present ways of the world, that in the highest and only true sense there can really be nothing received without an equivalent given. It's only the degraded habit of regarding money as the only or chief value that deceives men. Ingenuity may bring us in handsome re-

ceipts, but unless, at the same time, we are doing somebody a service, we are getting nothing in return. We are losing heavily, abusing mind and soul. God's eternal decree is that money can never be real gain; the services we do in the world are themselves our gain. "Godliness with contentment is great riches. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out"—nothing but the characters we build up. St. Paul carried with him his character, and the rich man carries away neither the money he has spent, nor that he has hoarded, but simply the character he has formed.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

- A STREAK of light; a morning carol sweet;
A tiny star that struggles hard to meet
The dawn's first smile.
A child's young thought; a soul's born psalm of love;
A spark of God shot from the disk above
Grown strong the while.
A midday sun; a lily tall and fair;
A throbbing pulse of life and perfumed air;
A breeze half woke.
A youth matured; a maiden's tender dream;
A passion born, returned and pledged unseen;
A sigh half broke.
A still twilight; a lone, slow-growing star;
Tall pines, with gray, pale shadows stretching far,
Whence dew appears.
A sad, pale face; a yearning after peace;
For memories which never, never cease;
A few hot tears.
A silent night; a lily's broken stem;
Hushed flowers with the breath of life in them
Still ling'ring near.
A voiceless prayer; dark, dreamy, steadfast; eyes
Sweet, holy thoughts to higher realms arise
A silent bier.
—Julia H. Twells, in N.Y. Churchman.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is the putting forth of immense energy with a definite purpose in view. Nearly all the great achievements of the human race have been accomplished by means of the ambition of individuals. Alexander the Great, Caesar, St. Paul, Henry IV. of France, Raleigh, Gustavus Adolphus, Richelieu, Warren Hastings, Clive, Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, Faraday, Palissy, Livingstone, Gordon, Edison, all achieved great deeds through ambition. But as the names represent types of good and bad character, so there are two kinds of ambition, noble and selfish, good and bad.

It must be confessed that ambition is apt to lead men astray. It is hard to be ambitious without being at the same time

selfish, proud, and covetous. Ambition is a dangerous possession to the young man whose character is not well grounded, and who has not learned to put the good of his fellow-men above his own personal advancement; and these two things always clash in questions of right and wrong. We are told that when the Russian engineers were consulting the Czar about the line of a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he refused to listen to a statement of difficulties, but took a ruler, and, laying it on a map of Russia, drew a straight line between the two cities, and ordered the engineers to disregard towns, and private homes, and obstacles of any other kind. Napoleon literally waded "through slaughter to a throne," and cared nothing for the sacrifice of his soldiers or the tears of a whole nation.

Ambition is bad when it leads men to seek power to gratify personal ends. Caesar's ambition was evil because he thirsted for personal power for his own gratification and pride. The thirst for money is a bad ambition. It nearly always ends in making man a miser, than whom there is no man more contemptible and pitiable. It is seldom a man amasses a very great fortune without depriving other people of their rights. The wise man said, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."

Ambition often destroys the character of the man who gives way to it. Macbeth was a great general, and a brave and honest man. In thinking over the murder of the king, which his wife proposed to him, he said:

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other";

meaning that he had no motive whatever for killing Duncan except the ambition to occupy his throne. Ambition destroyed him. Frederick the Great bound himself to befriend and support the young ruler of Austria, yet he violated his oath, robbed his ally, and plunged Europe into a long and desolating war. To quote his own words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war." He sacrificed his own soul for the sake of the glory arising out of victorious war.

The danger of ambition to young men is that it leads to discontent with their present lot in life. Many a young man has been utterly ruined by giving way to dis-

content because of ambition. A young man in a bank, filled with ambition, wishes to improve his position. His salary is small, and he feels cramped. He begins to speculate through brokers, paying a little cash down. Perhaps he is successful at first. Then he hears of some railway shares that are going up in price every day. If he can only get some money to buy he can repay it in a week, and make a great profit for himself. He takes the bank's money. He does this several times, until at last the crash comes, as it always does, and the young man is sent to spend some of the best years of his life in gaol. Ambition has destroyed his reputation, and has cost him his liberty and his friends.

To excel in his present calling is a lawful ambition for a young man, leaving it to the future, to his reputation, and to God to lift him higher. How much wiser and happier Macbeth would have been if he had kept to his first resolution:

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me."

It is quite possible for ambition and contentment to go together, and to produce the very greatest results in the long run. This was the ambition of General Gordon, that he might excel others as a soldier, and yet be content with a position humble as men count such things. He refused repeated offers of money from the Emperor of China. He accepted the Peacock Feather and Yellow Jacket to give pleasure to his mother, and to enable him to exert the necessary influence upon the Chinese in settling the country after the horrors of war. This was the kind of ambition held by Livingstone, Palissy the potter, and, above all men in modern times, by Faraday. When Faraday made known some of his discoveries, he was offered large sums to make experiments for merchants, and he might soon have become very rich, but it would have taken all his time. He refused; he remained poor; he gave himself up to scientific research, and he made the name of England great in the scientific world, as it had never been before.

The highest ambition a man can have is to be able to make a sacrifice of his inclinations, and to give himself up to some noble work for the good of mankind, without any thought of profit or pride, or place or power, or any other form of selfishness.

It may be admitted that purgatory works in this life in its sphere. True Christians are cleansed and purged therein.—*Luther.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

V.

WILLIAM ROMAINE.

If goodness be the highest type of greatness, William Romaine was a truly great man. And if pre-eminent usefulness in the church give title to greatness, William Romaine was a great churchman. It is too much the habit to limit the title "great churchmen" to men of conspicuous ability as preachers and administrators; whereas, as a matter of fact, the church often receives the highest service from men whose piety is an example and an inspiration, or whose pastoral care gathers in the lost sheep into the fold of Christ.

William Romaine was born in 1714, the year of the accession of George the First. His father was a Huguenot refugee who had fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a fatal blunder which cost France 500,000 of her most pious and industrious citizens, and drained her of her best blood. He settled in Hartlepool, where he carried on a prosperous business. He was much respected by all, and was elected to the position of an alderman in the borough. Romaine's parents were deeply religious, and his early home influences were all of the most helpful character. There is no greater blessing, as Carlyle has pointed out, than to be descended from parents who love God and seek to do His will. There is no richer heritage than the lessons of a Christian home. It is better to be descended from God-fearing parents, whose prayer of faith has ended in our new birth from above, than to be able to trace our lineage to Norman blood, or our descent from Arthur of the Round Table, if the strain has brought with it fierce passions and unholy vices which war against the soul. Romaine valued, above all else, the memories of a Christian home. Near the close of his life he wrote to a friend: "Mr. Whitefield used often to put me in mind how singularly favored I was. He had none of his family converted; while my father, mother, and three sisters were like those blessed people of whom it is written, 'Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus.' And as they loved Him again, so do we."

William Romaine was sent, at the age of ten, to the famous grammar school in the county of Durham founded in Reformation times by Bernard Gilpin, the great apostle of the north. He was sent to Oxford at the age of seventeen, entering Hertford College at first, but after a short time making Christ Church his academic home.

His great natural ability, coupled with unwearied diligence, gained friends for him, as Dr. Haweis points out in his Memoir, among "some of the ablest scholars of the university." Mr. Goode, his curate, and successor, in his funeral sermon, tells an anecdote which illustrates the esteem in which Romaine was held at the university. Romaine was very careless about his personal appearance. "Being observed at Oxford, on one occasion, to walk by rather negligently attired, a visitor inquired of a friend, Master of one of the colleges, 'Who is that slovenly person with his stockings down?' The Master replied, 'That slovenly person, as you call him, is one of the great geniuses of the age, and is likely to be one of the greatest men in the Kingdom.'"

Romaine was ordained deacon in 1736, and priest in 1738. His first curacy was at Lewtrenchard, in Devonshire. He soon removed, however, to Banstead, near Epsom, in the diocese of Winchester, where he labored for ten years. This period was spent in deep study. His parish duties left him leisure to enter upon literary pursuits. He spent no less than seven years in preparing for the press a new edition in four volumes of the Hebrew Concordance and Lexicon of Marius de Calasio, a very learned Hebrew professor at Rome. The work was one of colossal magnitude. Mr. Romaine republished the original, with many improvements and a preface. It counted upon its subscription list the Pope, all the crowned heads of Europe, and nearly all the greatest scholars of the time. The cost of production, however, was so great, and the purchasing constituency so limited, that the publisher failed, and Romaine received little or no monetary benefit for his labors.

At Banstead, Romaine met Sir Daniel Lambert, who became Lord Mayor of London, and made the almost unknown but brilliant young divine his chaplain. This gave him an opportunity to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral and in many other London churches.

But for some reason his thoughts were now led in the direction of the north, and he made up his mind to take up the work of the ministry amidst the scenes of his earlier years. How true it is that there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and that while man proposes God disposes! He had taken his passage, his trunk had been sent on board the ship, and he was hurrying through Cheapside on his way to the waterside, when a stranger suddenly

stopped him and asked him if his name were not Romaine. "That is my name," answered Romaine. "I knew your father, and I saw at a glance the father's look in the son," said the stranger. The two then entered into conversation. Romaine told his father's friend of the step he was about to take, when the stranger informed him that the lectureship of the parish in which he resided, St. George's, Botolph Lane, was then vacant, and promised to use his influence to obtain the appointment for him. His unknown friend secured his election, and Providence thus fixed the scene of his life-long labors in a city which he was about to quit forever. No wonder that Dr. Haweis sees in this interview, which fixed Romaine's choice in life, the leading of God's hand. "If a thousand unforeseen circumstances had not concurred just at that critical moment, the labors of that great reviver of Evangelical truth in the churches of London had been lost to the metropolis, and with it all the blessed consequences of his ministry, which thousands have experienced, and for which they will bless God to all eternity."

Romaine's ministry in London covered the long and fruitful period of forty-five years. His natural bent was in the direction of the country, for he was a close student of nature. But, as Cadogan observes, "God chose otherwise for him." God called him to be a witness for Jesus Christ in London, and endowed him "with abilities as truly suited for this meridian as those of the Apostle Paul to the meridian of Ephesus, Corinth, or Rome. He filled many difficult and important posts in the metropolis. He was appointed lecturer of the well-known church, St. Dunstan's in the West. There was some dispute about the legality of the appointment, and the rector, in order to prevent Romaine from preaching, took possession of the pulpit whenever he appeared to perform his duties. The courts, however, decided that Romaine had a legal right to the position, and named seven o'clock in the evening as a suitable time for the lecture. The churchwardens refused to provide lights, and would not open the doors until the clock struck seven. Romaine was compelled to read the prayers and to preach by the light of a single candle, which he held in his own hand. Great crowds often gathered in Fleet street, waiting for admission, and the Bishop of London, as he passed one evening, was led to ask the reason. The Bishop used his influence in Romaine's favor with the

rector and churchwardens, and with such success that the lecture was held at six o'clock, the doors were opened in good time, and lights provided. Romaine held this lectureship for the long period of forty six years. There have been only three rectors of old Niagara in one hundred years, and we consider this remarkable; but Romaine held the lectureship of St. Dunstan's for nearly half a century.

Romaine's next appointment was as assistant morning preacher at the fashionable church of St. George's, Hanover Square. His sermons soon attracted attention. They were marked by clearness of doctrinal position and great plainness of speech. They were, in every true sense, Gospel sermons. They attracted great crowds to the church, to the discomfort of the regular pewholders. Many took offence, perhaps because of the truths so fearlessly proclaimed, but they gave as the reason the inconvenience caused by the crowds. The Earl of Northampton showed good sense when he rebuked the fault-finders by telling them that they bore, without a murmur, a crowded ball-room and a crowded theatre. "If," said the Earl, "the power to attract be imputed as a matter of admiration to Garrick, why should it be urged as a crime against Romaine? Shall excellence be considered exceptional only in divine things?" But, to the disgrace of the congregation, Romaine was compelled to resign.

The only time Romaine became a political partisan was in connection with the bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. He opposed the measure, considering that it was an attempt to defeat the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the Jews. In this he had the popular ear of London, and acquired a more widespread influence, but in reality he was mistaken in his view, wanting in liberality and in the true spirit of Christianity.

The popularity Romaine gained in the agitation on the Jewish question resulted in his appointment as Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College. He attacked with all his might the Newtonian system of philosophy. But he was out of his sphere in his professorship, his opinions were disputed by the ruling powers, and he soon lost the position. This, however, was a great gain to the cause of the Gospel, which, without disparaging science, is of first importance, and, as a noble judge once said, it is wise to secure heaven first and to take the stars in on the way.

It was about this period of his life (1756) that he was called upon to preach before

the University of Oxford. But his sermons caused great offence. Dr. Thomas Haweis, his biographer, heard him preach "those beautiful and holy evangelical discourses" which led to his being "ignominiously interdicted from the university pulpit." The two sermons which were most disliked were upon one subject, "The Lord our righteousness." In publishing the sermons Romaine dedicated them to Dr. Randolph, the vice-chancellor of the university, and wrote, "In justice, not to myself, for I desire to be out of the question, but to the great doctrine here treated of, namely, the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only ground of our acceptance and justification before God the Father, I have sent to the press what was delivered from the pulpit. I leave the friends of our church to judge whether there be anything herein advanced contrary to the Scriptures and to the doctrines of the Reformation. If not, I am safe. If there be, you are bound to make it appear."

It was as rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, that Romaine exercised his greatest influence. He was only elected to the position after a sharp contest, which led to prejudice on the part of some parishioners, which was, however, soon removed, and they lived to bless the day he was made their pastor. He was the friend of rich and poor alike. He preached with greater power than ever. He made his church a centre of influence, and a rallying point for all who loved Evangelical truth in the Church of England.

Romaine was a great preacher. He studied oratory, and gained a knowledge of elocution from Garrick's acting. Whitefield was his superior in the pulpit in those gifts which make the orator, but his inferior in general learning and in the knowledge of Scripture. Romaine had no wish to swim into the stream of popular favor. He made no bids for the popular ear. He sought lasting influence rather than passing popularity. He was as bold and fearless as one of the Hebrew prophets; like John Knox, he never feared the face of man. His one desire was to preach a full Gospel, or a free Gospel. He was quick to see a point, and to take advantage of it. A lady in London who had become interested in his preaching said: "Sir, I like the doctrine you preach, and I think that I can give up every thing but one." "What is that, madam?" "Cards, sir." "You think you could not be happy without them?" "No, sir, I could not." "Then, madam, they are

your god, and to them you must look for salvation."

Romaine was a man of prayer. Prayer was his constant delight, and he constantly urged others to realize its privileges and its duties. He loved to join with others in prayer, and once a week he had what he called "the clergy's litany," when, after petitions for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all the ministers of our Church, he petitioned many by name at the throne of grace. He used to write to his friends: "Your name has been long in my list, and you owe me many, many prayers, a lawful debt, which now, upon demand, I hope you will repay me."

Romaine was a loyal and faithful son of the Church of England. He loved her Prayer Book, he clung to her scriptural position. He served her with all his strength. If love for the church, zeal in her service, hard and faithful work in her ministry, eminent success in winning and building up her children in the faith, wide and wholesome influence within and without her borders, give any title to greatness, Romaine was in the truest sense "a great churchman."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas Rectory,
St. Catharines.

I KNOW.

I know the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the crimson tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, helpless plaint,
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint";
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case—
So tenderly, so truly deals:
Because I know that Jesus heals.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN.

THE *Bible Society Record* tells of a priest in Japan who, two years after he had given up his bishopric, received from a missionary a copy of the Gospels.

A meeting was being held at Tanabe, in a hotel, and he was in bed in an adjoining room. He pushed back the sliding doors and sat up in bed to listen to the sermon. At its close he asked for and received one of the gospels.

He said afterward, when giving one the idol he formerly worshipped, that he had long felt that it was wrong for him to teach the people to worship idols, and had at length given up his office and work on that account. He told also of the sadness which filled his soul as for the last time,

according to his promise to himself, he bowed to worship the little idol which he had worshipped all his life, and which was given him by loving parents when he left his home to prepare for the Buddhist priesthood.

"For two years," he added, "I had nothing to worship. I had given up the only object of worship I knew, and there was no other one before whom I could bow. During those two years no one can tell what a lonesome heart I had. But when I got a copy of the Gospels, and began to read of the Saviour, the aching void in my heart was filled."

After hunting around through the country, he found a pair of boots in which to present himself in the house of a missionary. He walked up to Osaka, a distance of about ninety miles, in order to apply for baptism, which in time was duly administered.

A LADY BORN.

TRUE politeness does not consist of the artificial airs of the drawing room, in what is sometimes called "company manners," that continue so long as there are persons present to look on whose good opinion is desired, and relapse into barbarism as soon as the company has gone. It is the inborn impulse of a higher and nobler nature. Here is an apt illustration:

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and without looking to the right or left stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman.

The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young; but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips.

"God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way. What an example of true politeness!—*Our Dumb Animals*.

MY BEST.

I MAY perform no deed of great renown,
No glorious act to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confest
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame.
'Tis on the page of common life impress;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my best.

Sometimes I sing a very simple song,
And send it outward, to the east or west;
Although in silentness it rolls along,
I do my best.

Sometimes I write a very little hymn,
The joy within me cannot be repress;
Though no one reads, the letters are so dim,
I do my best.

And if I see some fellow-traveller rise
Far, far above me; still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing towards the skies,
And do my best.

My very best, and if, at close of day,
Worn out, I sit me down awhile to rest,
I still will mend my garments, if I may,
And do my best.

It may not be the beautiful or grand,
But I must try to be so careful, lest
I fail to be what's put into my hand,
My very best.

Better and better every stitch must be,
The last a little stronger than the rest,
Good Master! help my eyes that they may see
To do my best.

—Julia H. May.

WHEN St. Theresa was laughed at because she wanted to build a great orphanage and had but three shillings to begin with, she answered: "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing; but with God and her three shillings there is nothing which Theresa cannot do."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

The Pass-It-On Society.

MRS. BROWN boarded a Boulevard car one morning, without the previous formality of making sure that she had the change for her fare. Being a considerate person, unwilling to make trouble, she was sorry to find that the most persistent search through every corner of her pocket-book failed to discover anything of less value than a five-dollar bank note. She tendered it to the conductor with a deprecating face and a humble apology. He went through his pockets and could not find sufficient change; then he vainly applied to two gentlemen on board; finally he returned the note, saying that he would wait awhile, somebody might come in who

could and would relieve the situation. Not that he used precisely those words, but, in default of stenographic notes of what he did say, they represent his meaning with tolerable correctness. To his credit be it stated that he was entirely courteous, and neither hinted that the lady was unconscionably careless nor that she meant to get a free ride out of the corporation.

The car rolled on for four or five blocks without any change in the *dramatis personæ*, and was rapidly nearing the point at which Mrs. Brown's short trip was to end. Should she ignominiously get off without paying her fare? or should she wait indefinitely for some "not-impossible she" or he to come to her relief? But she was on her way to fulfil an important engagement, and there was no time to waste.

Probably her distress was written in her face, for a kind-looking lady sitting opposite produced a nickel from her purse and tendered it to the conductor, saying, with a smile:

"Allow me to pay your fare, madam."

Mrs. Brown's face flushed. It was a new sensation to be an object of charity, and she felt in every nerve and pore of her body that she did not enjoy it. But before she could speak the conductor had taken the coin and pocketed it—glad, doubtless, to have the matter settled so comfortably—for him.

"If you will kindly give me your name and address, so that I can return the money"—began Mrs. Brown.

"It is so small a sum that it really isn't worth while," interposed the lady.

"But—excuse me—I couldn't possibly accept such a favor from a stranger."

"I am sure you would do as much for me. But if it burdens you, pass it on to the first one that needs it."

And as the car was already at her destination, and the matter did seem too small to spend any more words upon, she could only say, "Thank you; I will," and alight.

Two or three days after, as she was waiting on a corner for a car, she noticed a poorly-clad young girl with a large bundle, carefully searching the slush in the gutter, in a way to indicate that she had lost something. "What are you looking for?" asked Mrs. Brown, sympathizingly, after watching her for a moment.

"The nickel that I had to pay my car fare, ma'am," answered the girl, brokenly enough to show that the loss was a serious matter. Probably the coin had no fellow in her possession.

Mrs. Brown's hand went to her pocket-book. Here was her chance to pass it on, as she had been told to do. "Allow me to replace it, my dear," said she kindly, "for you cannot find it in that filth." And the approaching car received them both as passengers.

That evening Mrs. Brown told the story to her friend, Mrs. Bright—it was easy to tell it now that the debt was paid. Mrs. Bright was a woman of ideas; she had the sort of mind that does not merely accept a statement, but turns it over and over until something of use is evolved from it. In this case she mused a moment, and then said:

"The incident suggests something to me—let us form a Pass-It-On Society."

Mrs. Brown lightly shrugged her shoulders. "We have so many societies and guilds and what-nots now that I see no room for more, at least in my life. I am secretary for one, and treasurer for another, and member of so many boards of managers that, positively, I don't dare to go anywhere or do anything until I have looked at my list to make sure that I am not due at some meeting, monthly, annual, or special. Still, if you particularly wish it—but I draw the line at office; nothing shall induce me to take another office."

"But this society is to have no officers. I don't think it needs to have any meetings, either," said Mrs. Bright.

"Indeed! that will be something new under the sun! How are you going to manage it, pray?"

"It is going to manage itself. You and I will start in by pledging each other that whenever an unexpected kindness is shown to us we will pass it on, or something as nearly like it as possible; regarding it not only as a pleasure to be enjoyed, but a debt to be promptly paid. We will tell our friends about it, and ask them to join, and to increase the membership in the same way. We will hope that it may grow to be a large society, but we shall never know how large until we meet the members in the 'heavenly mansions.' Perhaps we may then be so happy as to find that some of the things we passed on were treasures laid up in heaven."

It follows that the Pass-It-On Society has no officers, no meetings, no dues, no rules of order; and its minutes—if it has any—are made by the Recording Angel. Its membership has no limit as to number, age, sex, race, or denomination.

Will you be a member?—*W. M. L. J., in Mission News.*

Parish and Home.

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LIFE'S ANSWER.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;

If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me, when the billows smite
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Sate to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Dean of Canterbury.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BETWEEN the death of Malachi and the birth of John the Baptist there is comprehended a period of about four hundred years. These four centuries are often referred to in the writings of the day as four centuries of silence. That is because the Bible is silent as to their history. Old Testament history comes to an end with Ezra, Nehemiah, and Malachi. It is continued, of course, to some extent, in those books known as the Apocrypha, but these

Protestantism rejects as uninspired, and their ejection from the canon of Scripture has led, it must be admitted, to their neglect even as literature and history. There is, therefore, to-day, owing to the silence of the Old Testament, a very profound ignorance of the four centuries of Jewish history immediately preceding the birth of Christ. This is greatly to be regretted, for a more important period of history, in many respects, does not exist. Modern Christianity centres in the four gospels or accounts of the life and work of Jesus Christ. Jesus was a Jew of Palestine, and He labored almost exclusively among His own people. The gospels have, therefore, a Jewish setting. The country, the people, the national life, and the customs forming their background, as it were, are Jewish. And to read the gospels intelligently we need to understand Jewish national life as it was in the days of Christ. But the key to this is in a knowledge of the history of Israel from the return from Babylon. The kingdom of David and Solomon was no more. With it perished the national life, as we know it in the Old Testament. This latter is, therefore, a very imperfect key to New Testament times. The Jews of the time of Christ, though in much the same, were yet a very different people, and the cause of the differences was the captivity and return, and the many historical events and changes of the four hundred years after.

I desire, therefore, in the hope of being truly helpful to the readers of PARISH AND HOME, to give, in a series of papers, a short outline of Jewish life and history from the return of the exiles to the birth of John the Baptist. I shall try to avoid, as far as possible, the dry bones of history—mere facts and dates—and make the history of those times a living thing, or, at all events, a useful thing. Bible-reading is a practice oftentimes more honored in the breach than in the observance, and the fault may sometimes lie in the lack of equipment for an intelligent appreciation of what is read, though in this day of pointed and inexpensive commentaries and helps the excuse is somewhat lame. Still, if a brief survey of this period of Jewish history may lead even a few to take a warmer and a more intelligent interest in the reading of the gospels, these papers will not have been written in vain.

Our period may, for convenience, be divided into three smaller periods, according to the ruling power in Palestine; for it must be remembered that, with one short but brilliant exception, the Jews were

never a free and independent people after the return from Babylon. These are the period of Persian rule, the period of Greek rule, and the period of Roman rule. Of the first I shall have little or nothing to say. Of all but the opening years nothing is known, and what is known of these opening years is gleaned from the books of Ezra and Nehemiah. The first return from Babylon was in 536 B.C., when by a decree of Cyrus, king of Persia, who had added Babylon to his dominions, certain of the Jews were allowed to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple and city. About 40,000, besides some slaves, set out for Jerusalem under Zerubbabel, and under great difficulties built the second temple. These formed, as it were, the advance guard of the returning exiles. Seventy-five years after, in 459 B.C., came a second host of Jews under Ezra the scribe. The commission and purpose of Ezra was to restore the law to its old place and make provision for its thorough observance, and also to superintend the adornment of the temple and provide for its services and ministrations. Then, finally, in 445 B.C., Nehemiah returned under circumstances described in the opening chapters of the book of Nehemiah. His great purpose was to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which had been overthrown in the final siege of Jerusalem. Ezra and Nehemiah worked together with might and main for the welfare of the infant colony. From the return of Zerubbabel to the invasion of Palestine by Alexander the Great in 333 B.C., the returned Israel grew and prospered under the mild and benign rule of Persia. The civil head was the governor appointed from Persia. The religious head was the high priest. In course of time the high priest became virtual ruler of the country and sole head of the nation, Persia exercising but a nominal protectorate. This temporal power of the high priest was the source of endless corruption in the office, led to its being coveted by the unworthiest of men, and obtained by the most infamous means, and was accountable for such types of the priestly character as Annas and Caiaphas, who sat in judgment on Christ. From 445 B.C. to 333 B.C., there is not an event of Jewish history recorded save the murder of a high priest. If the remark of Carlyle is true, that those nations are blessed that have no history, the Jews in Palestine were singularly blessed during that time. It was a long period of uneventful prosperity, soon to be broken by a long course of events that brought untold misery in their train.

In 333 B.C., Alexander the Great, then on his career of conquest, appeared before the city of Tyre and laid siege to it. At the same time he sent messengers to Jerusalem, demanding the transfer of his allegiance to him and supplies for his army. The high priest declared this impossible; he had taken the oath of allegiance to Persia, and must continue loyal. After the reduction of Tyre, Alexander marched on to Jerusalem to chastise the stubborn city. Hearing of his approach, the terror-stricken inhabitants threw open their gates and went out to meet him, led by Jaddua, the high priest, clad in his priestly robes and wearing the turban, on which was inscribed the name of Jehovah. From the eminence of the ancient Mizpeh, Alexander watched the procession streaming towards him, and there, with Parmenio, his general, he received them. To the utter amazement of his followers, ready to fall to and plunder the city, the Grecian conqueror fell prostrate before the venerable high priest and adored the holy name inscribed on his tiara. Parmenio asked why he, whom all the world worshipped, should bow before the high priest. "It's not the high priest whom I worship, but his God," was Alexander's reply. Taking Jaddua by the hand he entered the city, visited the temple, and offered to grant the Jews whatever privileges they might ask. Their request was for free enjoyment of life and liberty for themselves and their brethren, and remission of tribute during the sabbatical years. Thus quietly, without striking a blow, Palestine passed from the control of Persia to Alexander, and there ensued a period of Greek influence and dominion, which lasted until the time of the Maccabees, about the middle of the second century, B.C.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A WITNESS TO CHRISTIANITY.

A MODERN historian, Mr. Lecky, in writing of the influence of the teaching of Jesus Christ, says: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love; and has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions." Let us examine what is the true significance of such a testimony to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

The true force of these words will appear all the stronger when we think of the people

amongst whom the founder of Christianity spent His earthly life. Every great man bears the character of his national surroundings indelibly stamped upon him. Their lives have been moulded, to some extent, by the conditions, customs, and habits of their countrymen. It is true that many of them have risen high above their fellows, but each one has been, as it were, the product of his environment, to some extent. This is found to be pre-eminently true when one reviews the history of the Jews. From the call of Abraham down to the birth of Christ, that nation had produced some great and noble men, yet they all are essentially Jewish. Moses and Joshua, Samson and Jephthah, Eli, Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, and Isaiah—all are marked with the characteristics of their race.

At the birth of Christ we find the great majority of His fellow-countrymen divided chiefly into two great parties—the Pharisees, the Puritans of His day; the Sadducees, the skeptics or rationalists of the times of Christ. Both these parties were marked with a narrowness and exclusiveness which manifested itself in a hatred of all that was not Jewish.

Of this race, and among this people, Christ was born, and lived. Yet in His teaching and in His life He stands among them as a unique figure. There was in His words so little of the purely Jewish spirit that they have been caught up by multitudes, and echoed and re-echoed down through nineteen centuries of human life. His life, His work, His example, have been the greatest incentive to a nobility of life which humanity has ever known. As a power for good He has transcended all mankind. As a teacher He stands alone. All ages, all nations, all temperaments, and all conditions of life, have been touched and influenced by Him.

The universal influence of the teaching of Christ is due to the universality of His character. As Robertson says, "He was not the son of a Jew, nor the son of a carpenter, nor the offspring of the modes of living and thinking of that particular century; He was the Son of man." Christ is the only Catholic man the world can ever know. The Gospel, or His message to mankind, so closely wrapped up with the person of Christ, is the only teaching which can touch the heart of humanity under all conditions of life. His teaching is of world-wide application.

The witness to the universality of Christianity is made more evident by comparing

it with Buddhism and Mohammedanism, or Islamism. By this contrast, we see that the power of the teaching of Jesus Christ far transcends anything that can be claimed for them. Where they are local, Christianity is universal; where they are ethnic, Christianity is Catholic. Where they are of influence upon certain ages, temperaments, and conditions, Christianity is a power for all. To the Buddhist the Christian church can send the message of the Gospel and win him for Christ. To the Mohammedan we can send ambassadors of the cross, and turn them to follow Him who is "this world's light." One can tell the simple story of the life and work of the Carpenter of Nazareth to the rude, untutored savage of the African forest, and it will be to him as gracious words. We can carry the same message to the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions, to the Indian of our own land, and they, too, will hear it gladly. China, with her teeming millions, is beginning to feel the influence of the Gospel of Christ. The Japanese, that shrewd and far-sighted race, are realizing the power of "the glad tidings of great joy" to make them a nobler and better race. These are some of the world's witnesses to the truth of Christianity. One by one, the nations of the world have given their testimony to the religion of Jesus Christ, that it alone is of world-wide application, and can influence all classes of men. Christianity is the only true religion for humanity, for "truth is universal, error is ethnic," for "God and truth are one."

C. S. S.

OLD MAIDS.

"As for unmarried women, what a dreary wilderness this world would be without them! In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family, the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too unscrupulously use her; by sick beds and deathbeds, a divine consoler; the depository of tender secrets of blushing hearts; the unwearied friend of the old, and the poor, and the lowly. Old maids, indeed! With certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth; the calm and clear light of the household that is blessed as to own them; their distinction to be wanted by everybody; their reward to be useful to everybody; their home the snuggest, warmest place in the hearts that can love."—*The Bishop of Rochester.*

FAITH.

DARK as a dungeon my chamber,
As, rising, I grope my way,
Step by step, to the window
That faces the far-off day.

So black is the night that I see not
Even the window bars,
Nor, straining my vision upward,
The palest glimmer of stars.

No faintest breath in the branches,
Buried in caverns of gloom ;
Even the rote of the ocean
Is hushed as the coming of doom.

Nothingness, nothingness reigneth
Above me, beneath, and around ;
A limitless realm of blackness,
A fathomless absence of sound.

Unreal, untenable seemeth
Even the spot where I stand ;
Lifting in trial before me
My undiscernible hand.

And yet, bewildered and baffled,
One consciousness keepeth its sway ;
I know, I am sure that my window
Faces the far-off day !

—*N.Y. Independent.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

VI.

GOODNESS.

THE Christian is often compared to a rich, strong, healthy, fruit-bearing tree. The mysterious process in nature by which a good tree brings forth good fruit, while a corrupt tree bears evil fruit, is not without its counterpart in the sphere of grace. The comparison, however, like many illustrations from the book of nature, is not perfect, and has its limitations. For when we assume that a tree may be bad, and do not blame it for not producing good fruit when it is not its nature to do so, for we do not expect figs from thistles, why, it may be asked, should we blame man, who may be naturally bad, for bearing the natural fruit of his life? The answer is simple. Man may be changed; his heart, the centre of his being, made clean and new. This change is the work of God's Spirit. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "Marvel not," said Jesus, "that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew."

Goodness is a fruit of God's Spirit, is seen in the Christian life, in acts of kindness, in deeds of loving service. It is that spirit of beneficence which aims at doing good. Benevolence is well-wishing, well-willing, it wishes others well; but beneficence is well-doing, it is the outcome of benevolence, it is benevolence in action.

Benevolence may exist without beneficence, may be in the heart and mind without resulting in the loving deed, but beneficence always presupposes benevolence.

Goodness is sometimes seen in actions which seem to be spontaneous, the heart acting upon its own natural impulses. There are some lives which breathe the spirit of goodness, it is the element in which they live. They have caught something of the spirit of the great Master "who went about doing good." Wordsworth had such in his mind when he wrote of

"That best portion of a good man's life
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

The power of goodness lies in the fact that it brings something of the life of God into the world. Whenever it is exercised, it reveals something of the spirit of the Father. It was Lord Bacon who pointed out that goodness, of all dignities and virtues of the mind, is greatest because it is the character of God. It was the life of David Livingstone which won the way for the Gospel in Africa. There was "a daily beauty in his life." The life was, like John the Baptist, preparing the way for the Christ. Livingstone found that nothing impressed the savage heart like the Christian life in action. And so he made "Goodness and unselfishness impress them more than any skill or power."

Goodness commands respect. It wins its way when beauty may possess no spell, and knowledge may exercise no power. It was a saying of Victor Hugo, that the only thing to which he had learnt to bend the knee was goodness. Its power was acknowledged when, as by a natural instinct, every gentleman in England put on mourning when the news of the death of Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of English chivalry, was received. William the Silent pronounced him one of the first statesmen of Europe. Elizabeth called him "one of the jewels of her crown." He lost his life on the field of Zutphen. As he lay wounded upon the field, with parched lips, it is said that as he was about to put a cup of water to his lips he heard the cry of a dying soldier, and, fanning with thirst as he was, passed it to another whose need was as sore as his own.

Goodness brings happiness. The Sage of Greece said, "No man ought to be called happy till he dies," but one who breathes the atmosphere of goodness partakes already of something of heaven's happiness. The Christian's citizenship is in heaven, even while he remains a scholar

in earth's great school. The life of our beloved Queen has been happy, perhaps, above that of all other earthly sovereigns. Even the clouds have only brought into contrast the richness of the life in all that makes for happiness, like the clear shining after rain. It enjoyed the great advantage of a right beginning in the noble resolve of early life, and of the years of responsibility, "I will be good."

Goodness overcomes evil. It works in the way which Chalmers indicates when he speaks of the expulsive power of a new affection, which displaces the evil and leaves it no place. The old Grecian fable is that when Ulysses sailed past the island of the Sirens, he listened to that fatal music which ravished the ear and weakened the will. To save himself and his crew from being lured to the shore, he stopped their ears with wax, and had himself tied to the mast. But when Orpheus, in search of the Golden Fleece, passed that way, he played a sweeter tune, and produced diviner music than the Siren's ever knew, and by this means entranced the crew, so that they sailed past in safety. The way to overcome the evil is to have the life filled with the good.

Goodness reigns supreme. In the kingdom of God it is the only patent of nobility. In this world there have been other ideals. We have had the aristocracy of force, of intellect, of truth, of wealth. But in the spiritual kingdom the greatest are those who are most willing to offer loving service. Christlikeness is the mark of heaven's aristocracy. As Tennyson so truly said, "'Tis only noble to be good." The truest greatness is that "goodness" which is the fruit of the Spirit; it alone makes the character beautiful, the heart happy, the life useful.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.—*New York Parish Visitor.*

DELAYED ANSWERS.

We should wait upon God for the answer to our prayers. This is where many dear children of God fail and lose the blessing. They pray awhile, and because their prayers are not answered they write bitter things against themselves; and then say that their prayers are not answered because they are so unworthy. None are worthy. Only Christ is worthy. The answer is delayed for other reasons. The promise does not say at what time or in what manner our prayers will be answered.

Our requests may be for such things as will injure us; or God delays the answer in order to strengthen our faith. If all our prayers were answered immediately, our faith would not have the exercise that would be necessary to strengthen it, and it would remain as at first. God is well pleased to have His children offer the prayer of Peter, "Lord, increase our faith." And this delay is one of the means He uses to answer that prayer. If the answer is delayed, our patience is increased.

By delaying the answer God prepares us for receiving the blessing. I myself have had thirty thousand answers to prayer immediately, or in the same day and hour that the prayer was offered. Sometimes I have had four and five answers in one day. At other times I have been obliged to wait months and years—sometimes many, many years—before an answer was obtained. One request was repeated at least twenty thousand times before the answer came.

While a student in the university, the Lord showed me my sinful condition and brought me to Christ. Soon afterward, two of my university friends, with whom I had been intimate, living a life after the code of the world, came to me, and I told them what the Lord had done for me, a poor sinner. I exhorted them to repent of their sins, and ask God to have mercy on them. They replied that they did not feel that they were sinners. I fell on my knees and prayed the Lord to show them that they were sinners and needed a Saviour. After praying, I arose from my knees, left them in my sitting-room, went into my bedroom, and there prayed for them again. At length I returned to my sitting-room, and found them both in tears. While I had been praying for them the Holy Spirit had convicted them of sin, and they found the Saviour. One has since died, after laboring many years in Germany. The other is still preaching

in Berlin. Thus, when just converted, the Lord answered my prayer immediately, while in other instances I have waited years for the answer.

It is thirty-six years and two months since I began to pray for the conversion of five persons who seemed to be placed on my heart. The request was according to the mind of God. I continually offered the prayer in the name and for the sake of Jesus. I believed that God was able and willing to answer. *I thanked God many times that He was going to answer the prayer.* I prayed for this every day, sick or well, on land or on sea. I prayed eighteen months, and one was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of this one, and continued to pray for the other four. I prayed five years, and another one was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of these two, and continued to pray for the other three. I prayed for twelve years, and another was converted. I thanked the Lord for the conversion of these three, and continued praying for the other two. I prayed fifteen years, twenty years, five-and-twenty years, thirty years, until now thirty-six years have passed, and two remain unconverted. I am still praying for them.—*George Muller, in Good Seed.*

SUBTLE MEANINGS.

Give me but a flower, O God,
Fresh from Thine own hand,
And straightway in it I find
Subtle questionings for the mind,
Meanings I may not understand.

Give me but a song, O God,
Falling from Thy sweet birds,
And strangely all my soul is thrilled
As of mysteries unfulfilled,
Too sweet for mortal words.

Give me but a cloud, O God,
Floating serene o'erhead,
And in its purity I trace
Somewhat of an angel's grace,
And a message to be read.

Give me but to feel, O God,
Thy hand in everything,
From every tiniest blade of grass,
Or lowliest weed I chance to pass,
Mysterious joys upspring.

—*Lisa A. Fletcher, in the Churchman.*

THE secret of good manners is to forget one's own self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishments, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE.

"Now, wholly apart from its religiousness from its ethical value, the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated with it. There is scarcely a great work in the language that can be fully understood and enjoyed without this knowledge, so full is it of allusions and illustrations from the Bible. This is true of fiction, of poetry, of economic and of philosophic works, and also of the scientific and even agnostic treatises. It is not at all a question of religion, or theology, or of dogma: it is a question of general intelligence."

"In comparison with its position in the family a generation ago, it is now a neglected book. It is neglected as literature. There are several suggestions for reviving interest in it. One of them is already in operation in Sunday-school work. Another is its study as literature in the schools and colleges. But we believe that the change will only come effectively by attention to the fundamental cause of this ignorance, the neglect of its use in the home in childhood. If its great treasures are not a part of growing childhood, they will always be external to the late possessor. In the family is where this education must begin, and it will then be, as it used to be, an easy and unconscious educator, a stimulus to the imagination, and a ready key to the great world of tradition, custom, history, literature."—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Monthly.*

CHRIST simply places Himself by our side, and shows us a perfect life—God's life on earth in man; and He says, "You are to be saints and heroes, every one of you, in the only true sense, just where you are. That is the reason why I have come to you where you are." He uses no compulsion, no violence. He does not put His power in the place of your liberty. Whoever lives the heroic or saintly life will do it of his own choice, his free will. There is no manhood, womanhood, character, otherwise.—*Bishop Huntington.*

OUR Lord God is like a printer who sets the letters backwards: we see and feel Him set the types here, but we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder, in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straight forward.—*Luther.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

April 7th. Mark iii. 1-11. Isa. liii. 1 to end.
 " 14th. L. Cor. xv. 3-14. Matt. xxviii. 1-11.
 " 21st. Matt. xxiv. 42-51. Phil. ii. 5-14.
 " 28th. Mark xiv. 12-26. Luke iv. 16-31.

WHAT I MAY DO.

I CANNOT do great things for Him
 Who did so much for me ;
 But I would like to show my love.
 Dear Jesus, unto Thee ;
 Faithful in very little things,
 O Saviour, may I be.
 There are small things in daily life
 On which I may obey,
 And thus may show my love to Thee ;
 And always, every day,
 There are some loving little words
 Which I for Thee may say.
 There are small crosses I may take,
 Small burdens I may bear,
 Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
 Small sorrows I may share ;
 And little bits of work for Thee
 I may do everywhere.
 And so I ask Thee, give me grace
 My little place to fill,
 That I may ever walk with Thee
 And ever do Thy will ;
 And in each duty, great or small,
 I may be faithful still.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

It will soon be time to do the spring cleaning of our houses and homes, and this thought came to me as I saw a lady the other day very busy in "cleaning house," as she called it.

This is precisely what He wants us to do at this house-cleaning time, and our text should be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. For thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Has He not said, "Ye are the temple of the living God"? Also, we read of how He overturned the tables of the money-changers, and cleaned out the unclean things from His Father's house.

Now to our "house-cleaning." The first thing we must feel is that it is dirty, and needs cleaning, and we are ashamed of its condition. Next, we must consider what soap we will use. Generosity, good works, self-denial, may be all good soaps, but the soap we must use for our cleansing is the old Bible soap, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Our hearts, then, are the houses that we

would clean for the home-coming of the owner. I like the word "home." It means a stopping-place ; a place to dwell ; a place of welcome, refreshment, and rest. May we all so clean our hearts that He will take up His abode with us !

Then, the first room we notice that needs cleaning is the study, our thinking-room. My, my, how unclean it is ! No one would like to take up his abode in this place, full of black thoughts, jealous thoughts, evil things, bad tempers, bad pictures, unclean things. All these, and much more that we cannot mention, must be turned out. My, what a work the soap will have to do in this room to make it clean and nice, so that any one can come in, sit down, and enjoy a little study and thinking !

The next room that draws our attention is the dining or appetite room. Just look what we have here—uncontrolled appetites ! We eat here, and never give thanks. We eat too much, what is not good for us ; waste a lot, and—shall I say it?—drink too much. Oh, how this part of the room makes us suffer ! My, what a lot of trouble it is ! The worst part of it is that it grows so that the other rooms in the house are all swallowed up ; the dining-room is turned into a drinking room. Let us say now, while we can, "No drinking room in my house." Is the soap strong enough to wash this room out ? We answer, "Yes, because it is the best soap in the world ; no other would do the work." Yes, we are going into a regular spring cleaning, all the house over.

The parlor comes next. We look around this room for unclean things, and find a great many little things that are very unclean, such as gossip, repeated stories, stories enlarged, mean acts, backbiting, scandal, and a lot of things like this that must be cleaned out. A little room off this, almost joining, is the amusement room. Unseemly, coarse, degrading, and immoral games, all must go, for fear a little uncleanness left behind will spoil the look of the room as we get it cleaned up for the Master's use.

Now, we cannot go into all the rooms, but mention some : Bad Habit Room, Dressing Room (how fond we are of this room !), Ball Room, Furnace Room (hot place), Living Room (No-Prayer Room), Dying Room.

This is just a little description of the house, perhaps to let us see what the soap has cut out for it. Does the house not want washing ? Well, dear little readers, before your house gets older, will you not

try this cleansing of your heart, and say with the leader of old, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord ?" Decide now to have a Prayer Room, a Praise Room, and a Giving Room, so that we will be clean and ready for Him to live in us, and use us for His service. "Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you."

So much depends on how we are fitted for the service of the King ! I hope we will be able to say with all our hearts, as did the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. For thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Let us all, big folk and little folk, hide God's Word in our hearts, so we will walk in the path He has planned out for us, until we come into His everlasting kingdom with joy and rejoicing.

BE ONE NOW.

"WHEN I am a man, I will be a soldier," said Fred. "You can be one now," said his mamma.

"Ho !" he laughed, "I'm too little to fight."

"No," she said, "you can fight a bad thought out of your heart. You can fight an ugly word off your tongue."

That is a good fight. All boys and girls can be soldiers. Can you tell who their Captain will be ?

KIND DEEDS.

THERE is a story told of a little beggar boy who was found one morning lying asleep upon a pile of lumber, where he had passed the night. A laboring man passing by on his way to work, touched with a spirit of kindness, stopped, and opening his dinner-pail, laid beside the sleeping boy a portion of the good things in it and then went on. A man standing not far off saw the kindly act, and crossed over to where the boy lay, dropped a silver half-dollar near the sandwich the laborer had left. Soon a child came running over with a pair of shoes ; and thus the good work went on, one bringing some clothing and another something else. By and by the boy awoke, and when he saw the gifts spread around him he broke down, and burying his face in his hands wept tears of thankfulness. Thus did one kind deed inspire others to acts of kindness, and sow the seed of much happiness in one sad little heart.—Selected.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"LET's have some fun to-night, boys."
 "All right; what shall it be?" was the eager query, and the group of boys drew closer together, that their consultation might not be overheard by any of their schoolmates.

Dan Ellis was a good-natured, overgrown boy who was made the butt of all practical jokes, and who took, as a matter of course all the merriment that the boys at school were apt to enjoy at the expense of his red hair, his irregular features, wide mouth, and shabby clothes. The boys were so used to teasing Dan, and having him receive everything good-naturedly, that I doubt whether any of them ever took into consideration the fact that he had feelings which could be hurt by unkindness.

That evening Dan was on his way home from a neighbor's, where he had been doing some chores, when he suddenly tripped and fell full length, with one foot doubled up under him. A hearty shout of laughter greeted his fall, but when Dan, with a faint smile on a face that was pale with pain, made an effort to rise and fell back again with a low moan, the boys were frightened at the results of their joke and ran to his aid. One of them cut the strong string which had been stretched across the street about a foot from the ground, while the others tried to help Dan to his feet.

"I'm afraid I've broken my leg, boys; I can't stand," and a moan escaped Dan's lips in spite of his effort to hide his pain.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dan, old fellow," said Harvey Beach, earnestly, as they laid the injured boy down again. "It's all my fault, for I put the boys up to it; but I only meant a bit of fun. I never meant to hurt you, don't you know I didn't."

"That's all right," began Dan feebly, but before the words were fairly out of his lips he fainted with the pain he was trying to endure so bravely.

The boys carried him home as carefully as they could, and while one went for the doctor the others helped his mother put him into bed. The time seemed very long to the boys, who were waiting in an anxious group by the gate, before the doctor came out.

"Well, boys?" he said, kindly, as one of the boys stepped forward to detain him.

"How is Dan?" queried Harvey, eagerly.

"I am sorry to say his leg is broken and it will be some time before he can get about again," the doctor answered. "He

would not tell me how he came to have such a fall, but if it came from a practical joke I think the only return the jokers can make to their victim is to relieve his mind of the anxiety he feels about the work he will have to give up."

The boys stole into the house again to consult Dan's mother, and to ask whether there was not some of his daily work they could do for him until he was well again. They knew he kept the schoolroom in order, but the mother told them that besides this he did the chores every morning and evening at a neighbor's, and the little money he earned in this way was a great help to them.

"Tell Dan we will do his work for him," said Harvey, glad that there was some return they could make to the boy they had injured so severely in their practical joking; and though this promise meant perseverance in hard work for many a long day, they never neglected their self-imposed duties. A new respect for the boy who could keep his standing in the class and yet work so bravely grew in their hearts, and during the days of his suffering and imprisonment they showed him many marks of love and sympathy. There was general rejoicing when Dan reappeared in school one day and took his old place.

"I've done with practical jokes," said Harvey. "I think this one cost more than it was worth, and for my part I never mean to play another. You're a brick, Dan, not to bear malice, when it has cost you so much pain."

A smile lighted up Dan's plain face. "I don't mind," he said, "for I feel as if you were all my friends now; but I agree with you that it is an expensive kind of fun, and it's well to count the cost first, and see if the joke is worth it."

The lesson on the folly of practical joking had cost poor Dan many a day of pain, and the boys many hours of hard work, but they had learned something that they would not soon forget, and while they were as fond of fun as any other boys, they never again devised a piece of mischief which might lead to serious results.

—M. E. Kenney, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

SHE KNOWS GOD.

DOCTOR P. was riding in the suburbs of Buffalo with his small boy, and stopped at a haven to water his horse. The child watched the operation intently, and, evidently thinking it clumsily managed, piped out:

"Papa, why doesn't the horse take the pail up with his feet and drink?"

"Why, he isn't made that way."

"Why not?"

"Well, God didn't see fit to make him so."

"Why didn't God make him so?"

"Ah! that beats me. How should I know?"

The infant's respect for his father clearly suffered.

"I'm!" he said, after a moment's hesitation; "I'll ask grandma. She knows God."—*Selected*.

A LITTLE girl going along a crowded street, carrying a child not much smaller than herself, was accosted by a lady.

"Isn't he a burden?" she questioned, kindly.

"Oh, no'm," answered the child; "he's my brother."

That is, indeed, the secret of helping others. When one becomes your brother you no longer find it hard to bear with his sins and follies.—*The Outlook*.

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Mrs. Sidney Smyth and Mrs. Geo. Finlay, both of whom
at one time were members of St. Paul's Church choir, have left
town, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay going to Cookstown, while Mr.
Smyth and family have gone to Orilla. We wish them success
in their new homes.

A Jewish Rabbi came to a meeting of a Missionary of the
London Jews Society in Morocco, and after trying to disturb the
thread of the speaker's address went hurriedly away. When
asked afterwards, why, he said "If I had stayed any longer
that Christian would have persuaded me that Jesus was the
Messiah." Many Jews, we are glad to say, are being per-
suaded.

St. Paul's Church Collections March, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total.
7	\$45 61	\$ 7 02	\$52 63
14	39 50	9 21	48 71
21	67 30	10 04	77 34
28	19 60	10 99	30 59
	\$172 01	\$37 26	\$209 27

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P. M. A., Feby.,	\$2 60
Good Friday, London Society for Jews	10 42
Superannuation Fund.	1 00
Missionary Boxes, \$4.42 for Japan	21 16
Home Missions,	5 00
Sunday School—Wycliffe, Japan,	14 42
" Indian Homes,	14 42
From Cameron—Jan. Coll.	1 84
" Good Friday,	85
" House to House,	5 25
From Cambray—Good Friday,	1 90
" House to House,	5 90
From Reaboro—House to House,	13 25
" Good Friday,	1 56

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