

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 25.

SEPTEMBER 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. N. I. PERRY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

R. HANNAH,
DR SIMPSON,
C. D. BARR,

A. TIMS,
T. J. MURTAGH,
JAS. CORLEY.

M. SISSON,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,
L. ARCHAMBAULT.

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.

SLOAN.—Hazel Beatrice, daughter of Thomas John and Margaret Sloan, born 4th February, 1893; baptized at Union Church, Reaboro, 6th August, 1893.

WALKER.—Herbert Hackett, son of John and Deborah Walker, born 30th October, 1891; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 13th August, 1893.

WILSON.—George Edward, son of Thomas and Mary Jane Wilson, born 29th July, 1892; baptized in Union Church, Reaboro, 20th August, 1893.

GRAHAM.—William Henry Leroy, son of Thomas James and Mary Maud A. Graham, born ——— 1892; baptized in St. Paul's Church 13th August, 1893.

Marriages.

SHAW.—PINKHAM.—At Lindsay, on 23rd August, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Joseph Shaw of Lindsay, to Sarah Pinkham, of the township of Verulam.

Deaths.

WRAY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 16th August, 1893, Alexander William Wray, in his 24th year.

HARDY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on the 21st August, 1893, Hannah Hardy, daughter of A. Hardy, in her 10th year.

HAWKINS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 22nd August, 1893, Margaret Hawkins, widow of the late Thos. Hawkins, in her 88th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The Church has been repaired outside and cleaned and whitened within, and certainly looks much better. God's house should be kept as carefully, yea, more so, than our own.

The schools have re-opened and many are back from their holidays. We are pleased to see the Churchwardens, Sunday-School Superintendent and several teachers, as well as many others, back again at Church and Sunday-School, and trust that now, after the rest and change many

have enjoyed, we will all enter with renewed zeal into God's work and service for the coming fall and winter.

The price of Parish and Home is so small (40 cts) that some forget to pay. Miss Goodwin, two doors east of the Post Office, will gladly receive the amounts due.

The Rev. G. A. Rix, of Cannington, will, D. V., preach in St. Paul's, Lindsay, on September 10th, while on that Sunday Mr. Marsh will administer the Holy Communion at Cannington and Beaverton.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Cameron, for so many years the zealous superintendent of St. James' Church Sunday School, Fenelon Falls, has been obliged to resign that position through ill-health. "God lays aside the workers but carries on his work."

We have lately been reading a very interesting book entitled, "Infidelity, its cause and cure," by David Nelson, M. D. We would advise any of our friends who have doubts to read it. We will be happy to lend it, or, no doubt, our book-sellers will gladly order it for any who would prefer a copy of their own. The price is only about 40 cents.

The Young Men's Association had a pleasant meeting at the home of Mr. M. H. Sisson, their president, in August. Among other things, they decided to take 50 copies of "Parish and Home" for free distribution on R. R. trains and elsewhere. So good reading is scattered and seeds of truth dropped to bring forth fruit, it may be, after many days.

Harvest Thanksgiving services will, D. V., be held some Sunday in September in St. Paul's. Eight thousand hungry people were fed in New York city in one day in August by charitable people. One poor woman starved to death before relief was given. With so much suffering and financial uncertainty elsewhere, how much we in Canada have to be thankful for.

A new Church has been built, on an average, every nine days in connection with the Church of England in Canada during the last ten years; being rather more than by any other denomination.

"Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor."—Ruskin
Young men, young women of our Church, do not waste your labor. Life is short, eternity is near. The world wants you. God wants you. Be up and doing. May you not have to look

back over a life and sadly say, "Nothing but leaves."

The new Church at Gelert is to be opened shortly.

Subscribe for "Parish and Home," only 40 cents a year.

Mr. Percy Soanes took duty in Omamee and Emily two Sundays in August while Rev. Mr. McCann was visiting friends out west.

The venerable Archdeacon Weston-Jones is expected to take duty in Lindsay one Sunday in September. Many of his former parishioners will be glad to see him.

The rector has received a donation of \$40 from a lady who lives not far from Lindsay, to be devoted to the work of Wycliffe Missions in Japan and the great North West, especially Mackenzie River diocese. May her example stir up others. The work is great, "The harvest plentiful;" and the time short that some of us have to work. It is better to send the message of life to the heathen than have a big monument at the head of your grave when gone.

The General Synod of the Church of England in Canada and Newfoundland will hold its first meeting in Toronto this month, beginning on the 13th inst. Delegates are expected from most of the dioceses in British America. We trust many will remember them in their prayers and that they may be guided aright. We think a much larger representation should be sent. At present only one clergyman in forty, from a diocese like Toronto, together with an equal number of laymen, can take part in the deliberations.

Offeratory for August:—				
Aug.		Enve'opes	Loose	Total
6	.	\$15 71	\$7 60	\$23 31
13	.	15 90	8 73	24 63
20	.	18 40	12 33	30 70
27	.	11 45	8 24	19 69
				\$98 33
Missions:—				
P. M. A.,	July		\$ 95	
"	Aug.		4 25	
Wycliffe,	Japan		4 50	
				\$9 70
July Collection,	General Purpose Fund,			2 70
"	Cameron			1. 70
"	Cambray			1 30
				\$15 40

The Young Men's Association invite the members of the congregation and friends to accompany them on a trip to Burleigh locks, at entrance to Stoney lake, on Tuesday, September 12th, per Steamer Crandella. As the expenses will be about \$70 a collection will be taken up to meet them. Boat leaves about 7.30 a. m. Tickets limited.

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 34.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

LESSONS

- 3—14th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings 9; 1 Cor. 12, v. 25, and 13. *Evening*—2 Kings 10, to v. 32, or 13; Mark 6, v. 41 to 30.
- 10—15th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings 13; 2 Cor. 1, v. 23 to 2, v. 14. *Evening*—2 Kings 19, or 23, to v. 31; Mark 10, to v. 12.
- 17—16th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Chron. 36; 2 Cor. 9. *Evening*—Neh. 1 and 2, to v. 9, or Neh. 8; Mark 14, to v. 27.
- 21—St. Matthew A., H. & M. Ath. Cr. *Morning*—1 Kings 19, v. 15; 2 Cor. 12, v. 14, and 13. *Evening*—1 Chron. 29, to v. 20; Mark 15, v. 42, and 16.
- 21—17th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jer. 5; Gal. 3. *Evening*—Jer. 28 or 35; Luke 1, v. 57.
- 29—St. Michael and All Angels. F. *Morning*—Gen. 32; Ac's 12, v. 5 to 13. *Evening*—Daniel 10, v. 4; Rev. 14, v. 14.

A HYMN.

FATHER, to thee I come,
Owning how weak I am,
Grant Thy sustaining arm;
Lead me, I pray

More of Thy love I'd have,
Nearer to Thee would live,
Earnest heart service give
Day after day.

In the straight, narrow path,
Thou bid'st me walk by faith,
Oh, grant the grace that hath
Guided alway.

When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds can see,
Strengthen my trust in Thee,
Let me not stray.

When comes the final night,
Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be Thou the perfect light
Leading to day.

—Anon.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ON CHURCH PICNICS.

When I contrast the methods employed by many churches to-day, and consider the troubles and pains they take to advertise their excursions and sell their tickets; how frequently their church picnics degenerate into mere promiscuous gatherings of interested excursionists secured only for the sake of the money they pay, and the enjoyment

they get; how little the excursionists have in common, and frequently how they only who can afford to pay for them, or to buy them, can secure the necessary meals; how devoid they are of all religious character and frequently degraded by proceedings utterly inconsistent with the actions of a united assembly of professing Christians; and when I consider, in addition to all this, how frequently, notwithstanding all these attempts to recuperate the stagnant finances of the church by this ecclesiastical way of merchandise, the losses are greater than the gains, or, the expenses are so heavy that the profits are unworthy of mention—when I consider all this, I feel thankful that in one church, at least, a method of conducting the annual church picnic is adopted which is not only honorable from the standpoint of Christian consistency, but successful and satisfactory from the standpoint of the world.

"What is your method?" I have been asked again and again. So, for the sake of the honor of the dear Master's church, and in the hope that it may perhaps be a suggestion for imitation, I will briefly describe it for the readers of PARISH AND HOME.

Our ideal is this: That a Sunday-school picnic should have for its end, first, not mere enjoyment, but *profitable* enjoyment.

Second, that inasmuch as the Sunday-school represents the very body of the church *all the people* should participate in the outing, and thus an opportunity be afforded of unifying and consolidating the congregation.

Third, that inasmuch as some members of the church are rich and some poor; some able to bring baskets and some none; some able to pay and some not able to pay; and inasmuch as all are one at least in profession, there should be at these gatherings a community of good things, and all share and share alike.

Fourth, that, for the same reasons, there should be no price charged or rate levied by way of necessary or compulsory payment that would, on the one hand, make it necessary for any one to pay a given sum, or, on the other, to forego the day's pleasure through not being able to do so.

Fifth, that there should be nothing throughout the day inconsistent with the high profession and character of a Christian church.

Grace to be said at meals, and hymns sung instead of songs.

This is the ideal, and practically it has been successful to a degree that can scarcely be realized by those who have been accustomed to the disgusting mercenary methods employed by so many churches.

In the first place, the people are given to understand distinctly that there are to be *no tickets bought and sold, nor any payment price whatsoever*, all expenses to be defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the people.

But where is the money to come from? From the people, who are to give it, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but spontaneously, and of good will.

But how is the money given to be collected?

By a small committee of men and ladies, to whom the people may hand the money on or before the time, or even by taking a collection at the time.

But what guarantee is there that enough will be collected?

The guarantee of faith and trust.

The guarantee that people are honest and true.

The guarantee that the church is not as mean as the world, or as likely to dodge its responsibilities, or shelter itself under the cover of other men's generosity.

This is the only guarantee, but it is guarantee enough. *Trust* people more. People—even bad people, mean people—love to be trusted.

Now, I speak that I do know, and testify to what I have happily experienced, and I can say from the bottom of my heart that faith in God and faith in man have never been found wanting, and that for seven or eight years I have tried this plan two or three times a year, and not only has there never been the slightest difficulty in raising the amount requisite for the expenses, but in every case the money has rolled in so freely that money far beyond the necessary expense has been obtained.

Why, one might almost say, from the fi-

nancial standpoint, the faith method is by far the more successful and satisfactory.

I repeat, people love to be trusted, and respond to it.

When I tried this for the first time three years ago in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, people said, "Mr. Hague, this plan of yours is all very well in a small parish where the expenses probably don't run up higher than twenty-five or thirty dollars; but here the expenses themselves are at least one hundred and twenty-five or thirty dollars, and the number of people vastly greater. The thing cannot be done! It's a dangerous experiment!"

The Sunday after that I announced that not only the Sunday-school, but all the congregation, were to spend the day at Princes' Lodge; that all were invited; that there would be no admission price; that tea would be provided for all who would come; and that it was to be a day of enjoyment for young and old; and I added, "Now, my dear people, I am going to trust you. They say—do some—that the money will not be forthcoming; that there will be danger of shortage. I do not believe it. I believe that you will give, and give freely. Do so, and God will bless you."

And what was the result?

The result was that the money flowed in so freely (and provisions, too) that not only was there enough to eat and to spare for the largest gathering ever known, but over and above the very large expense (\$125) there was a surplus in hand of about sixty dollars in cash.

Of course! People love to be trusted! People love to be thought honorable. People love to be relied on. People love to be considered superior to all meanness.

Treat people as mean—watch them; hedge them in—and you will make them mean. Treat people as open, and generous, and free-hearted, and they will become so, even if they are not.

This was the secret of Dr. Arnold's success at Rugby. He trusted the boys as if they were honorable and true, and instinctively they became so; and it is the same to-day.

The fact is, the entrance of the world into the church has robbed it of its faith.

Where is your faith, O church of the living God? Where is your faith? How is it that you have no faith in man and God?

You say, "Oh, if we have not a certain number of tickets sold, we shall not have enough money." Then that act of faithlessness leadeth to another, and you say,

"Oh, if we do not have a certain number of well-to-do and even worldly people, we shall not sell the tickets; we must have them, and, to have them, we must have things that are attractive to them." And so raffles, and shows, and dances, and all the round of worldly amusements, are brought in.

I say: It is all lack of faith—lack of faith. Lack, too, of Christian principle and consistent Christian action on the lines of I. Cor. x. 31: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Our church excursions should be for the church, and carried on as a church should carry them on, in a Christian way. Therefore, let us do away with these inconsistencies, and cry them down, even unto the ground. The right way is always the best way.

DYSON HAGUE.

Halifax, Aug. 1st, 1893.

MY SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me!"

And so I need not seek my own wild way

Across the desert wide;

He knoweth where the shaded pastures lie,

Where the still waters glide,

And how to reach the coolness of their rest

Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"

And though it be by rugged, weary ways,

Where thorns spring sharp and sore,

No pathway can seem strange or desolate

Where Jesus "goes before";

His gentle shepherding my solace is,

And gladness yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"

O Love that draws—but never drives me on—

Close be my following!

In blessed fellowship of joy or pain

Taught still Thy praise to sing,

And never thorn shall wound my wayworn feet

But Christ first felt its sting.

"He leadeth me!"

I shall not take one needless step through all,

In wind, or heat, or cold;

And all day long He sees the peaceful end,

Through trials manifold;

Up the far hillside, like some sweet surprise,

Waiteth the quiet fold.

—M.K.A.S.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WORLDLINESS.

Not so much what we do, as the spirit in which we do it, shows whether we are worldly. It is unwise to draw a hard line between, for instance, worldly and unworldly amusements. To go to a ball would be, in the minds of many good people, the extreme of worldliness. But what if an earnest Christian lady, who does not care for such things, happens to be the wife of some person whose official

position requires his and her presence there? Is there anything wrong in her going? Will her heart be led by it from higher to lower things? In a word, does she become worldly because she is one of the actors in a scene of gaiety?

We think not; because worldliness has to do with the spirit which governs the life, and a saint in spirit might be found upon such a scene—might, indeed, think it her highest duty to be there. "Love not the world," says St. John. The Greek word used here for love indicates a strong affection of the heart. It is used of God's love in sending Christ into the world, of His love in suffering for men. It means a passion of the spirit, an exclusive devotion to the object sought. "Love is strong as death," says the wise man. Many waters cannot quench it; stony limits cannot hold it out. St. John's warning is that we are not, in this sense, to love the world. It is not to have the first place in our affections, and those who give it this place are worldly. This is truly a terrible word. Contrast it with heavenly. A picture rises before the mind, on the one hand, of an eager, passionate striving for the vain things of this life—for place, honor, power, riches. The wise know that the heart of the seeker will not be at rest, even when these are gained. Yet the eager battle goes on! The weak are trampled under foot; holier ties are ignored in the vain rush; and the world claims for its own the embittered, saddened, unhappy men and women who find no rest even when they have reached the haven where they would be. Look, on the other hand, at the heavenly-minded. Trials and sorrows are in their path. There is little glitter and pomp in their lives. But there is also little unrest, and no vain rush after airy bubbles. Their minds are fixed on God, and they are calm and full of peace. With noble Henry Martyn, they can look up into God's face and say: "With Thee, O my God, there is no disappointment. I shall never live to regret that I have loved Thee too well."

We may sometimes doubt whether any one is really worldly in the sense of loving earthly things with so intense a passion. Experience, alas, dispels the doubt. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the vainglory, or, as it may properly be rendered, the *swagger*, of life have their devoted slaves, bound to them by every tie that can hold the spirit. The lust of the flesh holds the drunkard, and his passion for drink makes him willing to sell his soul for it. The miser will sacrifice

everything else to gratify *his* lust of the flesh. And the lust of the eye is no less exacting. It is the vanity of beauty. A London newspaper has recently been making enquiries as to the amount of money and of time that fashionable ladies spend upon this form of worldly passion. It appears that a really fashionable English lady requires about seven thousand dollars a year for dress. And, in order to wear all her dresses, she must spend most of her time in changing them. "She sips her early cup of coffee in a negligée; then comes the tailor-made morning gown. After lunch an elaborate calling gown, at five o'clock the tea-gown, and, finally, a dinner or ball toilette . . . Thus, you see, a fashionable lady does little but dress all day."

When we add to the time and money spent upon dress that devoted to useless and selfish luxury in making the house gratify the "lust of the eye," we shall see that here is, indeed, an absorbing passion. There is a love of beauty that is not worldly. The changing shadows upon the mountain side, the glow of color in the sunset, the quiet landscape, the varied hues of sea or river—all enlarge the receptive spirit that rejoices in the beauty that God's love has bestowed upon the world. To dress becomingly, to surround oneself with objects that refine and ennoble by their beauty, are, where this is possible, and where higher claims are not ignored, not only privileges, but duties. Yet many have sacrificed everything else to have a fine house, to dress fashionably, and this is the lust of the eye that shows the worldly spirit.

Who has not seen worldliness in the *swagger* of life, the pride of place, the scorn for those of a humbler rank? Our social life is full of this spirit. The desire to swagger leads to foolish rivalry. Money is lavished upon follies only for the sake of pomp and show. The young farmer must have a finer horse and carriage than his cousin on the next concession. The city lady must give a more gorgeous dinner or ball than her rival, and so the worldly race runs on, and its goal is sin and death. "This lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is full-grown, bringeth forth death."

God is calling earnest and sensible men and women to something better. The love of the world is a degraded, misplaced love. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." From the exhaustion and vanity of worldliness, He calls us to

something higher. It is, no doubt, very commonplace and unromantic to do the quiet duties of home cheerfully, to nurse the sick, to visit the lowly and often repulsive homes of the poor and suffering. Yet it is in this that the spirit will find a truer peace than in worldly vanities, because it is better that the will of God should impel us, and the expanding affections will find no bitterness in doing good. To do His will is full of its own sweet, satisfying consolations. It is thus that the wounded heart forgets its sorrows, and enters upon a path of abiding peace. W.

A HARVEST HYMN.

LET your eyes, look on the fields,
What abundance autumn yields!
Hill and valley shining white,
Ready for the sickle quite,
Barns cannot their bulk contain,
Bursting everywhere with grain.
Jubilant, lift up your eyes
To the God who rules the skies.

Other fields reserve our care,
For the Lord is every where,
Other fruit shall crown our gate
In due time, if we but wait.
If but patient, we shall gain
Early and the later rain;
Nobler harvests gathered in,
Souls redeemed from death and sin.

When the year's great toils are o'er,
Harvests safe within the door,
Then, with a united voice,
Does the happy land rejoice.
So, great joy at last shall crown
Those who garnered sheaves lay down,
To God's upper house shall come,
And join in Heaven's harvest-home.

—J. E. Rankin, L.L.D., in *The Home Messengers*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

V.

SOME EXPLANATORY NOTES.

It may be well, in connection with our short series of papers on several aspects of our Prayer Book, if we give a few explanatory notes upon difficult and obscure expressions used in the different services. There are many words in our Prayer Book that have changed in meaning since the last version. For instance, the word "*prevent*," which is the first word in a familiar collect, means now to hinder, or stop, or intercept; to impede; to thwart. In its original use it meant to go before, so that "*Prevent us, O Lord*," had the meaning "*Go before us, O Lord*." Traced to its derivation, it comes from *pre*, before, and *venio*, I come.

The following gleanings from my notebook are upon various words and phrases in the order they occur in the services.

In the words of the Exhortation, "*Acknowledge and confess*," we acknowledge something that is brought before our notice; when we confess we make our faults known, and often of our own free will. The expression "*pure heart*" does not mean pure as being entirely free from sin, but free from hypocrisy, sincere in the confession of sin, and earnest in purpose. The term "*general*" in the General Confession means that it is to be said by all, and stands in opposition to auricular or secret confession to a priest. The words "*no health*" mean that we have no saving health, *i.e.*, that we are unable to help ourselves, to save ourselves. The words "*proved me*" in the *Vente* refer to the tests Israel had made again and again of God's mercy and long-suffering.

In the *Te Deum*, "*cherubim and seraphim*" are different orders of angels. "*Sabaoth*" means hosts, "*Lord God of hosts*"; "*honourable*," worthy of divine honor as God's Son; "*heritage*," God's people, those who belong to Him; "*lighten*" is an old form for alight, so that it would read, "*Let thy mercy 'alight' upon us*."

In the Apostles' Creed the word "*hell*" does not bear its modern meaning of a place of torment. It is derived from a Saxon word which means to hide or cover, and according to its primitive significance would answer to the Greek word "*hades*," which means an unseen place, and thus the place of departed spirits.

The term "*Holy Catholic Church*" may be thus explained:

(1) "*Holy*" means something that is set apart or consecrated to the service of God.

(2) "*Catholic*" means universal. In its first meaning it was used to include the followers of Christ the world over, but afterwards it came to mean the orthodox as distinguished from heretics. The pretensions of the Roman communion to the exclusive use of the word are utterly baseless. All true Christians the world over who are united by a living faith to their living and ascended Lord are true Catholics.

(3) "*Church*." The visible church of Christ is defined in our Nineteenth Article as "*a congregation of faithful men*." It means an organized body of Christians whose unity does not depend upon outward things, but upon union with Christ, the living Head, and formed through the power of that life into an organic whole. The word itself is from the Greek *ekklesia*, house of the Lord, and hence to us as Trench points out, from the Goths, wh

were the first of the northern tribes converted to Christianity, and who adopted it from the Christians of Constantinople.

In the Collects the following expressions need explanation. The word "*concord*" in the second collect for peace means harmony or union. "*Standeth*" means consisteth or dependeth. In the prayer for the Queen's majesty, "*endue*" means endow, enrich, invest, or dress. "*Wealth*" means weal or happiness. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in the prayer for the president, has substituted for "*wealth*" the word prosperity. In the prayer for the clergy and people, the term "*curate*" has not its modern meaning of an assistant minister to a rector or an incumbent, but means one having the cure or care of souls. The distinction between "*advocate*" and "*mediator*" is that an advocate is one who espouses our cause and pleads to God for us. It is the same as paraclete, comforter, or helper. A mediator is one who goes between to unite those separated for any cause.

In the evening service, the expression "*God, my Saviour*," in the *Magnificat*, completely refutes the Romish doctrine of the worship of the Virgin Mary, for it is a confession on her part of her need of a Saviour from sin, and is in keeping with the truth that there is but one sinless One, even Jesus Christ the Son of God, and that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The Revised Version has "looked upon the low estate" for "*regarded the lowliness*," and "princes from their thrones" for "*the mighty from their seat*"; while the Accepted Version has "those of low degree" for "*the humble and meek*." The word "*holpen*" is an old English form for helped. In the *Cantate Domino*, the term "*shavens*" means sound. It is an old wind instrument somewhat similar to the clarinet. The Accepted and Revised Versions both translate it "sound of cornet."

The Litany has also several obscure terms. "*Deadly sin*" means deliberate and presumptuous sin; it may be that the expression came from the words of St. Paul, "The wages of sin is death." The words "*sudden death*" are closely connected with "battle and murder." The leading thought is that of prayer against a violent death. There are those who contend that this is not a proper petition, for Christians should be prepared at all times. While there is truth here, it is not the whole truth, for we might well pray for a quiet death, surrounded by our loved ones, and the prayer might also be said in

mercy to the living. "*Sedition*" is an offence against the state; "*pry conspiracy*" is a secret combination for an evil purpose; "*false doctrine*" refers to opinions at variance with Scripture truths; "*heresy*," to views opposed to a religious faith; "*schism*," to division or the spirit of separation in a church. "*Incarnation*" means Christ's act in taking a human body; "*passion*" refers to the sufferings of Christ; "*affiance*" is from *fides*, faith, and means trust or reliance; "*dread*" means to fear with reverence. The American Prayer Book has the words "to love and fear thee." The "*kindly fruits of the earth*" are the natural fruits of the earth, i.e., the fruits after their kind which the earth should naturally produce; "*negligences*" are sins of omission, the duties we have neglected to do; "*ignorances*" are sins committed through ignorance or duties neglected for the same reason.

One of our first duties, if we are really to appreciate the beauties of our Prayer Book, is to understand it. I trust that the few notes written above may serve the purpose of leading the readers of PARISH AND HOME to a closer study of the book which, next to God's Word, is the volume we love and cherish.

W. J. ARMITAGE

A STORY OF OLD TIMES.

A YOUNG Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a quiet part of the town where there were sentinels placed. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to leave his post and fetch it himself.

The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them at all; but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did.

Some of her companions blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier, but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save the Englishwoman, while the others in the house were killed.—*Alliance News*.

"Granny Francis."

"GOT any news? Any of you seen the new fellow that's coming into our class?"

"The speaker was a long youth of sixteen, who stood leaning against the fence that enclosed the grounds of the Ridgeway Academy. Around in various attitudes of ease, if not grace, were four or five other boys resplendent in the uniform of the Ridgeway Unquenchables, as the Academy Athletic Association was called.

"No, have you, Matt?" eagerly inquired an Unquenchable.

"Nary hair of him," answered Matt. "But he comes from the Harland Institute."

There was a chorus of exclamations.

The Harland Institute was a school in another part of the State, well known by reputation, having carried off the palm in athletics for several years, a fact which caused its students to be regarded with mingled envy and admiration by the Ridgeway boys. "Hurrah! we'll put him on the nine and make him lug off the honors for us next field day!" said Al Ferris, flourishing his bat.

"Better not crow till you're out of the wood, old man," put in a new voice.

Everybody turned to look at the speaker.

People always turned to look at Jack Darrington, and, in point of fact, he was well worth looking at, being as fine a specimen of young New England as one often sees—tall, well-knit, and handsome, with that commanding air that accompanies a fine combination of mental and physical strength. He was the best athlete as well as the best scholar in school, and of course an oracle among the boys.

"Why, have you seen him, Jack?" demanded a chorus of voices.

"No," answered Jack, turning to go in as the bell began to ring; "but he may be a muf, if he did come from old Harland. You'd better have a look at him before you set him upon a pedestal."

There was a general assent to this; nevertheless the boys watched eagerly for the newcomer, as they took their seats. But, alas, for too confident reckonings!

The door opened at length, and a slight, pale youth, having a general air of meek good-nature, walked up to the only vacant place and began arranging his books with hands as white and slender as a girl's.

The hopes of the Unquenchables fell with a crash. Al Ferris muttered "Dude!" under his breath, Matt Mayhew gave vent to an audible whistle, and Jack Darrington was about to remark "Muf!" when he

discovered that the newcomer was regarding him intently with a pair of remarkably clear, hazel eyes that somehow caused him to suppress the exclamation.

Gloom fell upon the classroom as the last hope of field-day honors vanished; but the new student, happily unconscious of the air castles he had demolished, settled himself to his books in a contented fashion, highly exasperating to the Unquenchables.

Perhaps he rose a trifle in the estimation of his classmates when the Virgil recitation came, for he read as if Latin had been his native tongue, and followed the erratic hero with a speed that left most of the class floundering helplessly in the rear.

But this favorable impression did not last long. "How about the new girl—what does he call himself—Francis Percival?" demanded Matt Mayhew at recess.

"Girl!—old woman, you mean!" said Al Ferris, disgustedly. "Let's go and get an introduction to the old dame and pay our respects."

Accordingly a squad of boys bore down upon the newcomer, and carrying him off to the gymnasium proceeded to bewilder him with demands for performances on the parallel bars, the latest exercises on the flying rings, and other feats.

"Really, boys, you must excuse me," he said, desperately, at length. "I was a special student at Harland, and—and I don't know anything about it," he ended in confused distress.

"Oh, you're too modest!" said Al Ferris, maliciously; "try the rings now, and show us country fellows the way they do it at Harland."

Amid such shouting and laughter the boys arranged the bar, and, persuading the novice to grasp the rings, set him swinging briskly in a most unscientific manner.

"Stop, stop!" cried Francis, in terror, as his head came on a level with the gallery high above the floor.

But the boys pretended not to hear, and as he came within reach again Al Ferris gave him a push that sent him higher yet.

"Go it, granny," he cried, with a wink at the boys, who were convulsed with laughter at the spectacle.

"What are those fellows about?" muttered Jack Darrington, in the gallery, where he was overhauling some apparatus stowed away there.

Just then Francis, sick and dizzy, feeling his fingers yielding, caught desperately at the gallery rail as he swung up.

In another moment he would have fallen heavily to the floor below, but Jack, with

a sudden spring, caught him and lifted him over the rail into the gallery.

"You're a pack of idiots; clear out, the whole gang of you!" exclaimed Jack, wrathfully to the boys below, who stood aghast at the catastrophe so narrowly averted.

The group of mischief-makers slunk away, and Jack turned to their victim lying prostrate on the gallery floor. He had fainted. Jack lifted him up and carried him to the open window, where the fresh air soon revived him.

"What must you think of me?" he said in a shamefaced way, as Jack bent over him.

"I think that was enough to scare any fellow that wasn't used to it. You might have broken your neck if you had fallen. Nobody can begin with the rings, but you'll work up to it by-and-by, if you'll let me teach you some of the lighter exercises. Come to my room now, and we'll look over the Greek for this afternoon," was all his rescuer said.

From that day Jack's warmest friend and admirer was "Granny Francis," as the boys persisted in calling him; and it soon became evident that the friendship was not all on one side either. Jack had championed the newcomer at first very much as he would have rescued a stray kitten from the hands of its tormentors, but he soon came to have a genuine regard for the quiet youth, who, under his delicate exterior, carried a clear, vigorous mind, a strong will, and an uncompromising honesty that made him respected by all who by any chance penetrated the proud, sensitive, half-irritable outer nature under which he concealed his many fine qualities.

"He's a bit flimsy outside, and he's been mollycoddled too much," said Jack to himself; "but he's made of the right stuff, and he'll beat us all yet, if I can only get him into the gym, and wake him up to something besides his books."

But Francis persistently refused to mix in the sports of the other boys. He gratefully accepted Jack's private instruction in gymnasium work, to the manifest improvement of his health and spirits, but from all but his friend he held himself coldly aloof. The memory of his rude introduction to his schoolmates rankled in his mind, while the boys, on their part, regarded him with a dislike which only Jack's presence kept from expression.

Al Ferris was his bitterest persecutor, and if Jack had known the meaning of that set look on Francis face when they met sometimes he would have made short work

of his secret tormentor. But Al never offended in Jack's presence, and Francis was too proud to complain.

Thus matters stood when one day near the close of the term an event took place which caused a strange confusion of ideas in the minds of those who still regarded "Granny Francis" as a "muff."

"Come on, fellows," said Al Ferris one fine Saturday morning. "They've taken away the boom above the Falls. Now's our chance to go canoeing without any logs in the way."

"The Falls," about a mile above the Academy buildings, was a favorite resort of the boys on half holidays. In a short time the whole school had assembled to join in the sport.

The lumbermen had just removed the "boom" that, stretched from the mainland to an island near the opposite shore, had spoiled the smooth stretch of water where the boys were fond of indulging in their favorite pastime of "canoeing." Higher up the river was intersected by sandbars or sprinkled with rocks, so that this smooth sheet of water above the falls was the only place for some distance where the members of the Canoe Club could disport themselves. Of course it was dangerous, but that only added zest to the sport.

"Now, look here, fellows," said Jack Darrington, coming up with Francis Percival, "the river's uncommonly high, and you want to keep a good bit above the Falls or you'll get into a scrape. The water goes like a mill-race out there beyond the Nose."

"Huh! guess Granny's been coaching him," muttered Al Ferris, who never lost the opportunity of a fling at Francis.

"Oh, shut up, Ferris," unceremoniously struck Matt Mayhew. "Jack knows more about the river than all the rest of us put together, and you know he ain't afraid of anything—except making a fool of himself like some folks. You'd better mind what he says, too; your old shell's the flimsiest in the club, and you can paddle about as well as a mud-turtle."

Al's only reply to this burst of frankness was to shove off his light shell and paddle nonchalantly toward the island, bent on showing that he was not afraid.

The other boys, more cautious, chose a point farther up, and the river was soon dotted by the gay little craft that flitted about like dragonflies.

Jack and Francis, standing on the bank, were meditating an expedition in Jack's little "Goldfish" when they were attracted by a shout from Al Ferris.

"Hi, there!" he said, "who wants to go around the Nose with me?"

The Nose was a ragged ledge of rock running out into the water a short distance above the Falls. It was a point beyond which the boys never ventured, for the water foamed and swirled with appalling swiftness around the rocks, making ready for its terrible leap beyond.

"Nobody coming? Well, you're a precarious set, ain't you?" said Al, with foolhardy persistence, paddling toward the Nose.

"Here, you young lunatic, come back!" shouted Jack, wrathfully. "Don't you know any better than that? You'll be over the Falls!"

But Al was in no mood for counsel, least of all from Jack, standing there with his rival.

"Keep your advice for your friends," he flung back, pushing round the outermost point of rock.

The frail shell beneath him gave a sudden lurch as it struck the swifter water, and swung half-way round. Al righted it, trying not to look startled. All the others had abandoned their sport to watch him, and he went on.

A submerged rock nearly grazed a hole in the side of the canoe, and the current grew stronger. There were warning shouts from the boys, but it was too late to turn back now.

Suddenly an eddy caught the canoe and whirled it round like a feather.

Jack Darrington sprang down the bank and ran up on the rocks.

"Here, Al!" he shouted, "bring her up into that cove and I'll catch you."

Al, thoroughly frightened now, tried to obey, but his paddle coming in contact with a whirling fragment of some sort snapped short in his hands. There was a cry of horror from the boys, but Jack Darrington, leaping into the water, came alongside with a few swift strokes, and, bracing himself against a half-submerged rock, with a lift and a shove of his powerful young arm sent the light craft so near to the shore that Al, catching at a leaning willow, drew himself up, white and breathless, on the bank.

But where was Jack? He had, of course, lost his hold upon the rock when he sent the canoe ashore. The empty shell, spinning round and round, gave one mad leap over the Falls, and only a few splintered fragments told the story to the river below.

But a shout broke the awesome silence—a shout of joy, for there was Jack's head emerging from the water several rods be-

low. He was clinging, blinded and breathless, to a projecting root under the shelving bank.

But what was to be done next? For the water here was very deep and swift, and the bank was "honeycombed" for several yards by the corroding waters. Even now the frail root to which he clung was giving way, and it was impossible for him to get a foothold with the swift water dragging him down, even if he could have reached the firm ground.

Suddenly a new voice, clear and commanding, cut through the confused exclamations of the boys.

"Bring a rope, quick!"

It was Francis Percival who issued this order. He had thrown himself down upon the crumbling bank, perilously near to the treacherous edge, and flung to Jack one sleeve of his coat, which he had taken off. The other sleeve he held in his own hands.

Two or three of the boys rushed off toward the nearest house for assistance, while the rest gathered at a safe distance around those two hanging there above the Falls.

Francis' plan of rescue was clear enough. He would hold Jack until a rope could be brought and made fast to a tree some distance away on the firm ground; then Jack could be drawn up by the other boys.

But in the meantime the weight upon the bank was causing it to give way. A great clod of earth right under Francis' shoulder gave way and rolled sluggishly into the water, almost dislodging the rescuer.

"Get back, Francis!" said Jack, in alarm, "the whole thing is coming down. Get away, quick!"

"I won't," said Francis, with great deliberateness.

"I won't have you drowned for me," persisted Jack.

"Hold your tongue, Jack," said Francis, calmly, "this is my business. Look here! I'll take hold of this bush and creep further down—so—and you take hold of my other arm and jump, and I'll pull you up."

"But the bush won't hold—and I shall break your arm, Frank," protested Jack, looking at the slender arm stretched down to him.

"Then we'll be no more than even, Jacky," said Francis.

But Jack still drew back, and Francis, grasping the bush with one hand, seized his comrade with the other, and with an almost superhuman effort drew him up until Jack, getting a precarious foothold on the crumbling bank, leaped out of the water, and dragging Francis back from his

perilous position sank beside him, just as the whole point of land on which the struggle had taken place crumbled, with a dull, gurgling sound, into the swirling water.

When the boys came back with the rope, Jack was sitting on the ground beside his friend rubbing the strained arm, oblivious of his own bruises, while the other boys were all talking at once in a state of the wildest excitement.

"I say, Jack," burst out Al Ferris, throwing himself down beside Francis, "I wish you'd sling me in the river. I've half-drowned you and killed Francis."

"Killed your granny," murmured Francis, opening his hazel eyes with a laugh in them, and holding out a slim hand to his repentant persecutor.

The next moment a wild uproar rent the air. Across the water it rang distinctly, "*P-e-r-c-i-v-a-l!*" And then pealed out the old Ridgeway yell.—*Mabel M. Merrick, in Our Sunday Afternoon.*

NOTHING LEFT BUT GOD!

"How mournfully we write it or speak it at times: 'We have nothing left but God.' As though that were the extreme of destitution; just one spark of hope to save from despair, one faint star only glimmering through the deep black night! Nothing left but infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love! Why, having this, we have all the blessedness and wealth of heaven, the full joy of immortals, the glory and peace of the redeemed in the mansions of light."—*Selected.*

A KIND VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind voice is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.

A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—*Selected.*

Parish and Home.

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CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PARISH AND HOME should be in the hands of the editor at least one month before the date of the number in which they are expected to appear. Articles, for instance, for the October number should be sent in before the first of September. We again invite contributions from our readers. Some may have been disappointed because articles which they have sent have not appeared. Let them try again. It is not easy to clothe even the best ideas in a form which an editor can accept, and only constant trying will lead to ultimate success. We hope to see a larger number of our readers trying thus to improve the literary gifts that we are sure many of them have.

WHENEVER we find ourselves saying, "Oh, I could bear anything but this blow that has come to me," we may be sure that we are chafing against and resisting the will of God. If we can bear anything else, it is clear that we do not need the discipline that it should bring, and so God does not send it to us. But this which has come, and which we find we cannot bear, is the very thing that we need, for it will bring us humbly to One who is stronger than we are. The little chafings in the home are so hard to bear! Anything but these trifles! Can we be sweet and gentle when we receive sour looks and blunt words? Until we can, it is this, and not something else, that we need.

"THE sorrow of the world worketh death." Many will remember Byron's sad words, almost the last that he wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Love misdirected, passion wasted upon that could bring no peace, high gifts degraded, truly these brought the sorrow of the world and death. But "godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of." Put side by side with Byron's melancholy grief Tennyson's well-known words:

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
On one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Here is sorrow, but the sorrow of hope. We fall, but if there is true sorrow for sin we may rise even to higher, better things than if we had never learned the bitterness of sin by falling.

GOD forgives, and, we may reverently say, forgets. Our sins are blotted out by the blood of Jesus Christ. Let not our past sins, then, haunt us and make us unhappy. We fear that many who are truly penitent for past sin, who have asked pardon for Je-sus' sake, still allow the shadows of the past to weight down their spirits. It ought not to be so. The work of Christ for sin is thorough. It is entirely put away in Him, and we are free from the stained past, that brought us such bitter humiliation and repentance. If men are not generous enough to forget a past wrong that we may have done them, and abundantly atoned for, God is not like them. With Him is abundant redemption, and the repentant sinner may have the joyous freedom that an entire severance from his stained past ought to bring.

We are always thankful when we hear our medical men raising their voices in warning against the evils of intemperance. Their testimony cannot be lightly set aside. It is not the opinion of so-called temperance fanatics; it is the mature conclusion of practical men who have had the sad truth forced upon their attention by the inexorable logic of facts.

We do not know what will be the ultimate outcome of the recent Royal Commission appointed to learn the feeling of our Canadian people in regard to temperance legislation, but it has evoked at least some valuable information on the subject of intemperance. The following testimony was given before the Royal Commission by Dr. Campbell, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Bishop's College, Montreal, and also attending physician of the Western Hospital, etc. He testified that "a great proportion of the cases he had to deal with in his hospital practice was caused by drink. He would say at least seventy per cent. directly, and from ten to

fifteen per cent. indirectly. Closely questioned by the chairman, he repeated his statement that fully eighty-five per cent. of the hospital cases were the result of drink. He further volunteered the statement that after nine years' experience of dealing with one hundred and twenty soldiers in the St. John's Infantry School, he was prepared to state that ninety-nine per cent. of all the trouble with the men in that institution was caused by liquor. Some trouble came from the canteen in the school, but more from liquor facilities outside."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

EXCLUSIVENESS.

A recent number of the *Sabbath Visitor*, a Jewish paper, discusses the question whether the Jewish faith is strengthened more by orthodox than by reformed Judaism.

The writer says: "The essential and powerful element in our religion is our belief in one God. In what, then, lies the difference in the two various forms of our faith? In this: that reformed Judaism, stripped of its frills and ruffles, deprived of its many ceremonial accompaniments, shines forth as the true religion rather by the simplicity of its worship, the grandeur of its motives, the nobleness of its aims, the truth of its teachings, than by the strict observance of the letter of our faith, in the constant and sacred attention given the useless and minor features of our religion. Orthodox Judaism advocates exclusiveness; believing in the motto, "The Jew for the Jew." It is against this factor which inculcates the spirit of exclusiveness in our co-religionists, that we must strive with all the vigor of mind and strength of purpose at our command; for to this spirit can we trace much of the prevailing prejudice. Is it, then, within the scope of sound reason to advocate that form of faith which fosters this spirit of exclusiveness? On the other hand, reformed Judaism repudiates such an idea, and adopts for its motto, "Come, all humanity, embrace our faith welcome ye, of all nationalities, partake of the blessings of our religion, and join with us in our undertaking of making the world unanimous in the belief in one God."

"The successful performance of such an undertaking imperatively demands the triumph of reformed Judaism over orthodox Judaism. For the latter makes important and brings home to our fellow-men the mere outward shell of ceremony;

while reformed Judaism, brushing away these excrescences, shows forth the kernel which lies hidden therein, delineating it as clearly as a ray of the sun lights up the particle of dust in its path."

Instinctively, as we read this interesting article, we think of the beginning of Christianity, for which, we believe, Judaism was the divine preparation. We think not only of the words of the Pounder of the Christian religion, "God is a Spirit: and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and truth," but we think also of the hindrance to Christianity caused by the same exclusiveness which this writer mentions. This was the dominant spirit of the Pharisees in our Lord's day. Again and again in His teaching He taught that religious privileges bring with them great responsibilities to those without; that the people of God were chosen to extend far and wide the knowledge of God, not to imprison it selfishly within their nation.

Our Lord's first disciples, being thoroughly imbued with the prevailing spirit of their race, only slowly grasped this profound truth of salvation for the world to be proclaimed through chosen instruments. It is most instructive to study the growth of this principle in the early Christian church as set forth in the Acts of the Apostles. We see even then indications of the difference between orthodox and reformed Judaism. The Hellenistic Jews, having mixed more freely with their surrounding Gentile neighbors, were, on the whole, less exclusive than the Palestinian Jews; and it is worthy of notice that it was almost entirely through Hellenistic Jews who had become Christians that the message of salvation was at first proclaimed to the Gentile world. All honor to the men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who, at Antioch, had the moral courage to break down the wall of exclusiveness and preach the Gospel, not merely to Hellenistic Jews, but also to Greeks! Some scholars hold that this was even before St. Peter received the vision which overcame his extreme reluctance to impart the blessings of the Gospel to the Gentiles.

All honor to those Hellenistic Jews, Paul and Barnabas, who travelled far and wide in fulfilment of the Lord's last commandment to preach the Gospel to the whole creation, and make disciples of all the nations!

Among our Christian churches of to-day, as well as within our own hearts, we can still find traces of the blighting spirit of exclusiveness. It exists wherever there is lacking the true missionary spirit, and can

only be expelled by an inflowing tide of the Spirit of Him who came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost; who went about doing good—not afraid in so doing of becoming ceremonially unclean through contact with loathsome lepers, or of losing His social position through eating with publicans and sinners.

F. H. DUVERNET.

THE SERVANT'S PATH IN A DAY OF REJECTION.

SERVANT of Christ, stand fast amid the scorn
Of men who little know or love thy Lord;
Turn not aside from toil; cease not to warn,
Comfort, and teach. Trust Him for thy reward;
A few more moments' suffering, and then
Cometh sweet rest from all thy heart's deep pain.

For grace pray much, for much thou needest grace
If men thy work deride, what can they more?
Christ's weary foot thy path on earth doth trace:
If thorns wound thee, they pierced Him before;
Press on, look up, though clouds may gather round;
Thy place of service He makes hallowed ground,

Have friends forsaken thee, and cast thy name
Out as a worthless thing? Take courage then;
Go, tell thy Master, for they did the same
To Him, who once in patience toiled for them;
Yet He was perfect in all service here;
Thou oft hast failed; this maketh Him more dear.

Self-vindication shun; if in the right,
What gainest thou by taking from God's hand
Thy cause? If wrong, what dost thou but invite
Satan himself thy friend in need to stand?
Leave all with God. If right, He'll prove thee so;
If not, He'll pardon; therefore to Him go.

Be not men's servant: think what costly price
Was paid that thou mayest His own bondsman be,
Whose service perfect freedom is. Let this
Hold fast thy heart. His claim is great to thee;
None should thy soul enthral to whom 'tis given
To serve on earth with liberty of heaven.

All His are thine to serve: Christ's brethren here
Are needing aid; in them thou servest Him.
The least of all is still His member dear:
The weakest cost His life blood to redeem.
Yield to no "Party" what He rightly claims,
Who on His heart bears all His people's names.

Be wise, be watchful. Wily men surround
Thy path. Be careful, for they seek with care
To trip thee up. See that no plea is found
In thee thy Master to reproach. The snare
They set for thee will then themselves inclose,
And God His righteous judgment thus disclose.

Cleave to the poor, Christ's image in them is;
Count it great honor if they love thee well;
Naught can repay thee after losing this.
Though with the wise and wealthy thou shouldst dwell,

Thy Master oftentimes would pass thy door
To hold communion with His much loved poor.
"The time is short;" seek little here below:
Earth's goods would cumber thee and drag thee
down.

Let daily food suffice; care not to know
Thought for to-morrow; it may never come;
Thou canst not perish, for thy Lord is nigh,
And His own care will all thy needs supply.

—J.J.P.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

CRITICIZING THE SERMON.

It is told of an old lady who used always to sleep during her pastor's sermons that, when taken to task for it, she defended her conduct on the plea that she "could trust him." It is to be feared that there are some in almost all of our congregations who have a similar confidence in their clergyman. Such implicit trust is, no doubt, commendable, and a truly pleasing thing in this sceptical, critical age; yet we question whether it is the very best spirit one can have. The opposite extreme—the suspicious, fault-finding, never-pleased spirit—is much worse. To keep wide awake and ever on the alert to pick out trifling flaws, doctrinal or otherwise, is much less commendable than the slumbering confidence of the old lady.

But there is surely a juster mean—an open-eyed attention that is more respectful both to God and His ambassadors than the doubtful honor of trustful sleeping during the sermon, yet without the carping, hypercritical spirit—an earnest desire and aim to discriminate, and so to learn and profit. It is this "more excellent way," this medium between the two extremes, that I would urge upon hearers of sermons.

Sermons should be criticized both for the sake of the preacher and the hearer. I do not mean criticism that is only fault-finding. The dictionary definition of criticism is, first, "The art of judging of the beauties and faults of a literary performance." This is true to the derivation of the word from a Greek root signifying to decide or pass judgment upon. A decision or judgment is not necessarily adverse and unfavorable. The critic, if he marks defects, also notes merits. His aim is to understand and judge intelligently, and he is, for those who really wish to learn and improve, by no means a dreaded, unloved being, but a valued and cherished friend.

It is good that in this sense the sermon should be criticized—good for the critic, who thus gets a better understanding of the truth the clergyman would teach, and for the clergyman, who will be chastened and ripened by the prunings his critics suggest.

The preacher will be a more useful man if his sermons are criticized. Instead of getting discouraged by no notice being taken of them, he will be incited to persevere in his endeavors by knowing that they are listened to and talked about, and made a large part of the moral and spiritual diet of his congregation. It will be more comfort to him than even the knowledge that they "trust him" to the extent of slumbering

contentedly while he is preaching, and he will be more careful and thorough in his preparation, since so much is depending upon what the sermons contain.

Not long ago a sermon was preached by the writer in which something was said on the return of Christ to this earth as "King of kings and Lord of lords." One who heard the sermon met him during the week, and began a discussion of this point. Ideas were exchanged, the hearer's inner religious life drawn out, and an opportunity presented for helpful, personal instruction and counsel. Others who heard the same sermon, and had conversation with the preacher during the week or soon after, made no reference at all to anything it contained. Perhaps it was a helpful sermon to some of those who said nothing as well as to the man who openly criticized; yet there was a degree of satisfaction felt after this occasion, and the conviction born that it would be better for all concerned if sermons were more generally subjected to some such criticism as that mentioned. Almost the worst state of affairs there could be is one of indifference. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." I am inclined to think that it would be better to have adverse criticism than none at all. It was probably better in the days of the Great Preacher that certain of His hearers only listened that they might "catch Him in His words" than that they should not have listened at all, for some were silenced by those "words," and others were even convicted. Better the criticizing spirit, whatever its nature, than indifference and inattention altogether.

I have heard a young woman remark concerning the sermons of a clergyman of my acquaintance that she never missed going to his church, because there was "always something fresh" in what he had to say. What did she mean? Not that his remarks were either crude or sensational, but that, though adhering to the old truths, he threw fresh light upon them, applied them to present needs and conditions, brought in new and modern illustrations, and was all alive, both in preparation and delivery, to make his sermons interesting, intelligible, and practical. What an enviable congregation would be one composed altogether of critics of this sort! We clergymen could not but raise the standard of our sermons many degrees, and continually. Therefore let it be said to all hearers, "Criticize (in the true sense) the sermon," and to all preachers, "Invite and welcome criticism." Is it not written, "Quench not the Spirit; despise not

prophecies (i.e., things preached); prove all things; hold fast that which is good."? M.

THE SONG OF THE OLD DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was
gaping wide; the
rosy wine had
ebbed a way
and left
its crystal
side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed-like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. "They tell me—punny con-
querors!—that Plague has slain his ten
and War his hundred thousands of the
very best of men; but I,—'twas thus the
bottle spoke—"but I have conquered more
than all your famous conquerors, so feared
and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths
and maidens; come, drink from out my cup
the beverage that dulls the brain and
burns the spirit up; that puts to shame
the conquerors that slay their scores
below, for this has deluged millions
with the lava tide of woe. Though
in the path of battle darkest waves
of blood may roll, yet while I
killed the body I have damned
the very soul. The cholera,
the sword, such ruin never
wrought as I, in mirth or
malice, on the innocent
have brought. And
still I breathe upon them,
and they shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
tread the dismal road to death."

—Selected.

ABOUT BOYS.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

It came and went so quickly,
My sluggish soul saw not
The Master stand and beckoning
Toward one of humble lot.

And I rose not up to follow,
So slow was I to see,
That the help I might have given
Forever fled from me.

And often I am grieving,
And longing all in vain,
For a blessed opportunity
That will not come again.

Dear Lord, give Thine anointing
And make mine eyes to see;
And make me swift in doing
The work Thou givest me.

—L. Adda Nichols, in S.S. Times.

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

AFTER all had eaten of a feast prepared by the Indians, the chief, Wah-bon-a-quot, arose, and, addressing the bishop, said, "Would your friends like to see us as we were before the white man came?" Suddenly there appeared a tall, athletic Indian, with a painted face, and dressed in a robe of skins ornamented with porcupine quills, and by his side a pleasant-faced woman in wild dress.

Then, turning to his guests, the chief asked: "Shall I tell you what the white man did for us?" Then stepped out a poor, ragged wretch, with tattered blankets, and face covered with mud; and by his side a more dreadful specimen of womanhood. At the sight, the chief lifted his hands as if in amazement, and inquired, "Are you an Ojibway?" The Indian nodded. Sadly the chief asked, "O Manitou, how came this?" The Indian raised a black bottle, and spoke one word: "Iskotchah wabo!" (Fire-water.)

Then, after a pause, the chief added, "A pale-faced man (meaning Bishop Whipple) came to see us. I am sorry to say he has seen me and my people drunk. He told a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit coming to save men. He told us his fathers were wild men; that this religion had made them great, and what it had done for them it would do for others. We did not hear; our ears were deaf; our hearts were heavy. He came again and again. At last we heard! Shall I tell you what this religion has done for my people? You must see." There stepped out a young Indian in a black frock coat; and by his side a woman neatly clad in a black alpaca dress. "There," said the chief, "there is only one religion which can take a man in the mire by the hand, and bid him look up and call God his Father!"—Selected.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

ONCE Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, and his friend, Archdeacon Dearham, were on a long tramp together. Their food had run out, and there was none to be had nearer than a town which was still a day's march on. They sat down to their one little piece of bacon and small lot of meal, saying, "Now, let us have our food; we shall be all the better for it, and strengthened to get along." But as they were preparing it, and the savory smell was saluting their nostrils, a Maori came out of the bush. He was attenuated almost to a skeleton, having been for days wandering foodless in the forest. They gave him their supper and trudged on to the town, but they were so exhausted that Selwyn, strong man though he was, fainted away at the journey's end. It was like Sir Philip Sidney's cup of cold water handed from his own lips to those of the dying soldier, although he was dying too. Unfortunately, we are more moved by the spectacle of men's temporal miseries than by the cognizance of their spiritual hunger. Extreme as this example of self-denial was, it would have more imitators than would that other which Bishop Selwyn and Archdeacon Dearham were also exhibiting, viz., the example of going forth to seek and to save those who are lost. A million will be more easily collected for General Booth's scheme than for any work of purely evangelistic purpose, either for our home heathen, or for those abroad. How many, for instance, would be prepared spontaneously to sacrifice a single Christmas pleasure for the sake of that great work of mercy to souls which Jesus came amongst men to proclaim and to perform? There are those who would willingly do this, and we thank God they are not a few; but we are applying the touchstone to average Christianity, and we fear it will be found wanting. Therefore we can conclude, without uncharity, that had we lived when that first Christmas morning light shone down on Bethlehem we should not have been readier than the majority then were to hail the Prince of Peace.—*Rock.*

RESTING PLACES.

"IN our march heavenward, the Master has kindly provided some welcome spots for the refreshment of our souls. But they are only halting places. We come sometimes to an *Elim*, with its 'three-score wells and palm trees'—a delightful spot to sit down and cool off, and partake of

the manna and the king's pleasant fruits. Yet it is not Canaan, and we must up and march again. Elijah cannot spend all his life under the juniper tree. Jesus invited His disciples to go 'into a desert place and rest a while.' It was only for a little while. Calvary was just ahead for Him, and the Pentecostal baptism of blessed toil for them. God is very wise and very kind in providing scenes and hours of sweet refreshment during this life of varied temptations, toils, and trials. They take the tire out of us, cheer us up, and give us Eshcol clusters that taste of the promised land. Lest we should settle down with the fancy that these are our abiding places, God is evermore rousing us up with the call, 'Arise and depart, for this not your rest!' That rest remaineth for us, a little way farther on."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in Parish Visitor.*

TWO PICTURES.

I SLEPT and dreamed; before God's throne
Methought my spirit stood alone;
Far, far beyond all time and space,
I with my God stood face to face.

Slowly a panorama passed
Before me, troubled and aghast;
A human life was pictured there—
Each deed, each word, each thought laid bare.

The thought impure, the word untrue,
The cruel deed were brought to view;
A thoughtful word showed here and there,
A loving deed, an earnest prayer.

These gleamed like scattered rays of light,
Where all beside was black as night.
The Judge's face was stern, severe;
Trembling, I cried, "Whose life is here?"

A face from out the blackness shone—
A face—a portrait. 'Twas my own.
My spirit cried in agony:
"Where, Lord, is any hope for me?"

Those pictures vanished from my eyes;
Then others swiftly did arise,
Showing a life so passing fair,
My soul forgot its heavy care.

A life so patient, true, and brave,
So quick to love, so strong to save.
Some memory stirred my soul within—
"Tempted as we, yet without sin"

A voice spake to me from the throne:
"His deeds are counted as thine own.
Behold Him, for thy sins who died"—
The face was of the Crucified!

I woke; my very soul was stirred
With what I, dreaming, saw and heard.
Loathing for this low life of mine,
Since I had seen the Life divine.

And yet, and yet, a feeling sweet,
That I might lay it at His feet;
Forget the road already trod,
And live anew, with Christ, in God.

—*H. H. D., in Parish Visitor.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Sept. 3	Acts 27: 30-44	Exodus 8: 9: 12.
" 10	Acts 28: 20-31	Exodus 9: 13-35.
" 17	Rom. 14: 12-23	Exodus 10 and 11.
" 24	Rom. 13: 1-10	Exodus 12: 1-20

A DEAR ACQUAINTANCE.

SURELY children do get at the truth of things in a wonderful way, without fear, or fashion, or favor.

A little child, left at home one cold, tempestuous day, was applied to by a poor wanderer for shelter.

"I can't let you in," said the little one from an upper window, "because my father don't know you;" and she would not be entreated.

Suddenly the child's voice was heard again:

"Do you know Jesus?"

The poor woman burst into tears and declared that Jesus was her only friend.

Instantly the door flew open. "Oh, if you know Jesus," said the child, "it's all right, because he is our friend too."

Safe, indeed, are we in our friends if they are truly the friends of Jesus.—*Kind Words.*

AN UNTRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them in placing a brick had discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me that truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh!" said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intentions of lying."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold! the lie had

wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over again. Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.—*Selected.*

CHEAP OR DEAR.

"Oh, mamma, Isa Weed has such a lovely new spring hat, all trimmed with wings—six blackbirds' wings, with red spots on them. Somebody in the country shot the birds for her last summer. She made the hat herself, and it only cost three dollars altogether—wasn't it cheap?"

"Not very," answered mamma, gravely. "I should say it cost a good deal—more than I should care to give for a piece of finery."

Marjory looked surprised. "Why, mamma! It is much prettier than Nests Blackthorn's, which came to twice as much—the wings cost next to nothing, you see."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Rosebaum. "I fancy they cost a good deal."

"Now, mamma, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you a story to illustrate my meaning."

"Oh, do, please!" said Marjory.

"Here it is: Mr. and Mrs. Starling arrived one morning, toward the latter end of April, coming from the South, where they spent their winters. They had married the year before and looked forward to passing a long and happy life together, for divorces are quite unknown in the Starling family. They had come back to the place where their ancestors had lived for several generations, and intended to set up housekeeping near the homes of their parents. After much consideration, they pitched upon a proper location and set upon building their nest. It was placed in a willow bush on the edge of a small swamp, and carefully constructed of small sticks, roots, and dried grass, lined with softer materials. Here Mrs. Starling laid six pale-colored eggs, and assumed her seat upon them to wait patiently for their hatching. Mr. Starling was constant in supplying his wife with food, and brought her every delicacy of the season, besides watching over her safety and cheering her with his song.

"In process of time the eggs were hatched, and then how happy were the parents, and how busy; for it was no light

labor to supply their little gaping mouths with food. From early dawn to late twilight Mr. and Mrs. Starling were on the wing, returning to the nest every ten minutes with a worm or other insect."

"They must do a great deal of good in that way," remarked Marjory.

"Almost all birds do. Well, nothing disturbed the happiness of our friends for a time. The young birds grew and prospered. They were not yet able to fly, but they shook their little wings, peeped over the edge of the nest and talked of what they would do when they got out in the world.

"They are really getting on very well," said the father-bird, regarding his children with great satisfaction from the bough where he was sitting. "They will soon be able to fly."

"In a week or ten days, perhaps," replied the mother, who was perched on the edge of the nest arranging her feathers. "It is not best to be in too much of a hurry to get the little things out."

"Peep weep!" said all the young starlings at once. Now 'peep-weep' in the starling language means 'I am hungry.'

"You greedy little things," said the father, "you can't be hungry already."

"They are growing so fast, you see," remarked his mate, for starling mothers are like other mothers—they always find excuses for their children. "But sit still, my dear, and rest—I saw a fine nest of caterpillars not far off and I will go and bring something to stop these little mouths."

"She flew off accordingly, and was just returning with her bill full of worms when pop went a gun close by, and with a pitiful cry the poor mother starling fell to the earth, wounded to death. As she did so, two men appeared on the edge of the swamp. The younger was springing forward to pick up the fallen bird when the other checked him.

"Wait a minute and we will have the other," said he. "They always stay by each other."

"So it proved. With a cry of rage and grief the father-bird sprang to the help of his wife and was brought down in his turn.

"He is only wounded," said the younger man. "Poor little fellow, it was almost too bad to shoot him for trying to help his mate."

"Yes; the woman who wants the wings won't care about that," replied the other man. "Pick him up and twist his wings off. That will finish him."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Marjory, throwing down her work. "Could any one be so wicked as that?"

"It is often done by those who shoot for the sake of wings," replied Mrs. Rosebaum. "For two long days the little starlings pined and mourned for their parents. They could see their mother lying on the ground, and wondered why she did not come to their call, for, of course, they knew nothing about death. One, the strongest of them, got upon the edge of the nest and made a brave effort to fly, that he might bring food for the rest, but his wings were not fully fledged, and he was weak for want of food. He fell into the water and was drowned. The others perished one by one, and the pretty home in the willows was left desolate—all that a young lady might have a hat trimmed with bird's wings. Now, do you think that hat was cheap or dear?"

"I think it was horribly dear," answered Marjory. "I would not have it for anything. But, mamma, are all feathers got in such cruel ways?"

"Not ostrich feathers. They are not taken—at least from the tame ostriches—till the bird is ready to shed them."

"Mamma," said Marjory, wiping her eyes, "do you think the ladies who wear wings know what they cost?"

"They might know, if they do not. Enough has been said and written upon the subject."—*Lucy Ellen Guernsey, in Parish Visitor.*

STINGY DAVY.

DAVY was a very pretty little boy. He had light, curly hair, dark-blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen, where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She had company for dinner and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it, so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them, there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just the least little bit."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would ever think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly, he heard his sister Fanny calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have. If I have just a ginger-snap, they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"Oh, Davy!" said Fanny, running into the barnyard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that of course his sister would say that she wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fanny. "We had all the doll's dishes set out on a table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake, and raisins. Just as we sat down to it, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly, left from her dinner. We had a splendid time! You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! how mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—*Presbyterian*.

THOUGHTFULNESS.

"I NEVER pass a banana skin on the sidewalk," I heard a bright boy say one day. "I always kick it out of the way. Some old person might slip on it and get a broken leg." I looked at the boy with admiration, and said to myself, "That lad will make a thoughtful, useful man."

Not long ago, I read a true story of a boy of thirteen, the son of a poor widow. After many trials and so many disappointments, the lad obtained a place as errand boy in a good firm. He had filled it satisfactorily for a week, when running quickly on an errand he fell on one of these same banana skins, slipped, and broke his hip. He was taken to the hospital, and would probably be idle and suffering for months, while his poor mother had to work doubly hard to support herself and her younger children; and all this misery came, not from malice or wickedness, but only because somebody "didn't think."

A servant was brushing down the stairs and, being called away for a moment, left her dust pan and brush near the topmost stair. The lady of the house had occasion

to come down stairs quickly. The entry was rather dark, her foot slipped, she fell down the whole flight and was killed in an instant, leaving two or three little children. The servant meant no harm, only she "didn't think."

Believe me, boys and girls, when I say that "didn't think" is no excuse. You are rational beings, and you ought to think. Suppose you should come home from school, and found no dinner ready because your mother or the servant "didn't think" it was so near dinner time! You would be apt to say, or at least think, some hard things. Remember that, as the poet says:

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Try, then, to be considerate, and to save trouble. It will make a great difference in the week's work at home, if you remember to wipe your feet when you come into the house, to shut doors quietly if baby is asleep or mother has a headache, to keep your room in order, and put your books in their place. All these things take thought, and a little trouble, but they pay in the end, if only in the cultivation of a character which will be a blessing not only to the young person himself, but to every one with whom he has to do.—*Parish Visitor*.

TWO KINDS OF SERVANTS.

A KING had two servants, one of whom loved him and the other feared him. One day the king went on a long journey. During his absence the servant who loved him worked much harder than before, taking by far greater care than before of the king's garden and palaces. The other who feared him, now that the king was away, neglected his work and did nothing.

The king returned. He saw what both his servants had done, and said to the faithful and industrious servant who had showed his love for his master:

"I see that you love me, and therefore work for me whether I am near you or far away from you. As a reward, I will give you whatever you wish."

"O king," said the good servant, "my only desire is that I may always be in your service."

"Well," said the king, "you shall then be the steward of my house and the overseer of all the other servants."

"But as for you," said the king, turning fiercely toward the other servant, "I will give you harder work; and take care that you do it well, for if you do not you will be severely punished."

Such is the relation between man and God. These men who do God's will because they love Him, because they know that He is a kind and good Father of us all, will receive a great reward; but those who do good only because they fear to do evil will receive their due punishment. God wants us to do good out of love and not out of fear.—*From the Talmud*.

CHARACTER.

"MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made by womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, 'I forgot; I didn't think!' will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman."—*Christian Helper*.

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Bibles in their native tongue are as earnestly sought after by the people of Uganda, Africa, as dollars by many Canadians.

A very pleasant pic-nic of the Sunday-School and congregation of St. John's Church, Cartwright, was held on the rectory grounds of Rural Dean Creighton, near Blackstock, a short time ago.

We were glad to see that large congregations attended services at Surgeon Point this summer, and that God's day was, as a rule, well observed. Certainly people out for a holiday should be amongst the most thankful.

About 80 persons attended the August meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, although it was a wet evening, and a very interesting program was given by Messrs. J. H. Knight, Patterson, MacMurchy and others; one new member was added to the roll.

God lades the wings of private prayer with the sweetest, choicest, and chiefest blessings. Ah! how often hath God kissed the poor Christian at the beginning of private prayer, spoken peace to him in the midst of prayer, and filled him with light, joy, and assurance upon its close! As is the fresh air to a close, infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which peers into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices and passions and fancies of our

own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views. —Dean Stanley.

The income of the Church Missionary Society of England for the year ending 31st March, 1893, was \$1,374,432.30. Eighty-one new missionaries were sent out during the year and in many parts God abundantly blessed the work of the grand society, though in China there were some little persecutions. At one station in India as many as 800 candidates were confirmed by Bishop Ge'l. What might not be accomplished if all God's people heeded the command, "Preach the gospel to every creature."

Y. M. A.

The August meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at the residence of Mr. Sisson, Russell-st. The attendance was good. The following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this Young Men's Association of St. Paul's Church, at their first meeting after the removal of Mr. Henry Miller to Ottawa, desire to put on record their high appreciation of his services to this association, of which he was their third president, to congratulate him on his promotion, and to wish him God's richest blessing in his new sphere of labor."

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