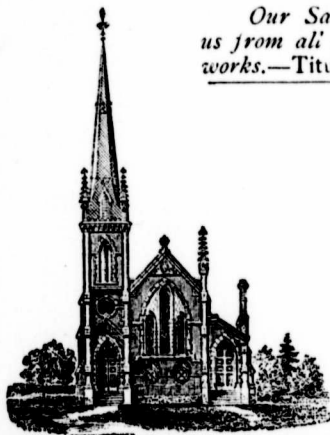


Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1 : 14.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 74.

DECEMBER, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

Sidesmen.

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT.	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYTLER,	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 7.30 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month.

It was encouraging to see so many laymen present at our Archdeaconal Conference. Among those reading papers were John Burnham, Q. C., Peterboro, F. E. Higgins and T. R. Clougher, Toronto, and W. Grace, Lindsay.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

MILLER.—Isaac Edwin, son of Isaac and Ellen Miller, born 3rd August, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th November, 1897.

HARDY.—Herbert John, son of Frederick John and Louisa Ellen Hardy, born 3rd August, 1897, baptized 12th November, 1897.

WALLACE.—John Walter, son of John Watson and Henrietta C. Wallace, born 5th October, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th November, 1897.

COOMBS.—Elwood Spencer, son of George Joseph and Harriett Ann Coombs, born 31st August, 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th November, 1897.

MCARTHUR.—Alexander Blanchard, son of Archibald and Mary Jane McArthur, born 12th July, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th November, 1897.

MCGINNIS.—Winnie Hazel, daughter of Thomas and Louisa McGinnis, born 9th October, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church 14th November, 1897.

Marriages.

POGUE—MCCONNELL.—At Lindsay, on 3rd November, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William Albert Pogue to Charlotte McConnell, both of the township of Ops.

NUGENT—TAYLOR.—At Lindsay, on 17th November, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Thomas Nugent, of Marsh Hill, township of Reach, to Margaret Taylor, of Cannington.

Burials.

MILBURN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 5th November, 1897, Leonard, son of L. Milburn, aged 11 days.

Let us see how much we can do to make Christmas a happy time to those less favoured than ourselves.

Rev. H. E. Benoit collected \$22.25 in Lindsay for the Sabreuois Mission work last month.

The Rev. Wm. Major, of Gore's Landing, has been appointed Incumbent of Cannington and Beaverton.

Rev. Arthur Lea, B. A., who was one time clergyman at Sunderland, and has lately been at New Glasgow, N. S., is being sent this autumn by the C. C. M. A. to reinforce our Canadian Missionaries in Japan.

The Rev. N. I. Perry was lately married to Miss Harris, of Yarmouth, N. S., and last month entered upon his duties as rector of St. Thomas Church, St. Catharines. Many in this neighborhood will join in wishing him years of happiness and extending usefulness.

Mr. John Hopwood, whose unexpected death in the prime of his manhood took place last month, was buried at St. Mary's Churchyard, Manvers, by the Rev. H. S. Burgess on the 17th, Mr. O'Malley taking the service in Lindsay. Many sympathize with the bereaved ones.

We see by the last report of the Canadian Church Missionary Association that between October 1st, 1896, and September 30th, 1897, they received rather more than \$400 for Missionary work from individuals and societies in Lindsay. We are thankful for this, but know also that few of us have as yet reached the measure of our giving when the needs are so vast.

The fourth conference in connection with the Archdeaconry of Peterboro was held in Lindsay on November 16 and 17. Some 31 clerical and about 30 lay delegates were present. The venerable Archdeacon Allen presided, while the Rev. H. Symonds was elected secretary, and Rev. G. Warren and Mr. E. Flood, press correspondents. Before the session service was held in St. Paul's Church, and the Rev. F. H. DuVernet gave a helpful address on "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," and a heart searching one on "Thou that teachest another teachest thou not thyself also." The Archdeacon gave his opening address in the school house, touching on a number of the subjects to be considered. Mr. J. Williams, of Port Hope, offered to the Archdeaconry a most beautiful home to be used in some charitable work; his generous offer was afterwards thankfully received and a committee appointed to make all necessary arrangements for using the building. The subject of the division of the diocese was considered in its various aspects, and the almost unanimous feeling seemed to be that a division was most desirable. The Archdeacon preached at the evening service, and a number of the visiting clergy assisted in parts of the service. On the second day there was Holy Communion at nine o'clock, and then an adjournment to the school room when "The work of the laymen in the Church" and "Church unity" were introduced by excellent papers and addresses and led to much useful discussion. In the evening a Missionary meeting was held, and Indian Missions and our Diocesan Missions were brought before us by Mr. DuVernet and Rural Dean Allen. We are sorry we have so little space to refer to the conference, but congratulate the archdeacon, council and members on there being scarcely a dull moment during the whole session, also on the large attendance of delegates and high order of the papers and discussions. We also feel proud and thankful for the excellent entertainments provided by our home friends in lunches, hospitality and the general interests taken in the gathering.

As we close we are sure the conference has been to the good of many, the glory of God and the extension of his work and kingdom.

We wish a very Merry and Happy Christmastide to all our readers.

The Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Cambray, gave an interesting address at the November C. E. T. S. Miss Johns, Miss Dunsford, Miss Edith Soanes and Miss Stella Way assisted in rendering a very pleasant program.

The Anniversary Services on November 28 were largely attended. The Rev. Dyson Hague gave two very able addresses which we trust will bring forth much fruit, and the offertory for the reduction of the floating debt amounted to about \$475.00. Let us not forget to thank God for His goodness.

Rev. A. P. Kennedy, of Santa Cruz, Jamaica, preached in St. Paul's on Sunday, November 21st, and gave very instructive addresses on Jamaica in Reaboro and St. Paul's School House the following week. Mr. Stevens kindly managed the lantern in Lindsay and there was a large attendance. Some eleven dollars were given to the work among the blacks.

Mr. W. H. Vance is much encouraged in his work in Cardiff. At Deer Lake the Church has been repaired and improved and a shed built for teams. A Sunday School has been started with an attendance of 18. PARISH AND HOME is much appreciated and Mr. Vance would be glad if the Young Men's Association or others could send him some copies to distribute in the lumber shanties to the north of him, as many men will be working there this winter.

On Thursday, November 18th, the congregation of St. George's Church, Cameron, presented the Rev. H. R. O'Malley with a beautiful clock, travelling case, and an address expressive of their sincere regret at his leaving this part of the Master's vineyard. The presentation took place at the home of Mr. John Cook. Mrs. Perrin read the address, and after Mr. O'Malley's appropriate reply short speeches were given by Mr. W. H. Vance, of Cheddar, Messrs. Perrin, Cook and Ayers. St. George's Church is a very different building from when Mr. O'Malley came to this parish, and both clergyman and people must rejoice at the measure of success that God has given to the work there.

Ten years ago October 14th the present rector came to this parish, during which time God has graciously granted a measure of blessing to the work here. The School House which was begun has been finished and furnished, a vocalion placed in the Church, the Church debt reduced by about \$2,000, and the seats made free. There have been 324 baptisms, some ten being adults, 257 have been confirmed, 128 couples have been married, while 214 have been laid away in their last earthly resting place to await the resurrection. During the last year the Sunday School reached its largest attendance, and some \$4,000 in all have been given to Missionary work. Reaboro from an occasional week night service has grown to a nice congregation with fortnightly Sunday Service, Union Choir, Sunday School, etc., and we trust lasting work being done for the Master, while work at Cameron and Cambray has been for the last four years encouraged and helped. Much more might have been done if clergy and church-people had all been filled with God's spirit, but let us thank Him for past mercies and seek His grace and power more for the future.

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 85.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 5—**2nd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah v.; 2 Peter ii. *Evening*—Isaiah xi. to v. 11; or xxiv. 1; John xiv.
- 12—**3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah xxv.; 1 John iv., v. 7. *Evening*—Isaiah xxvi.; or xxviii., v. 5 to 19; John xix., to v. 25.
- 19—**4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah xxx., to v. 27; Rev. 4. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxii.; or xxxiii., v. 2 to 23; Rev. v.
- 21—**St. Thomas, Apostle and Martyr.** *Morning*—Job xlii., to v. 7; John xx., v. 19 to 24. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxv.; John 14., to v. 8.
- 25—**Christmas Day.** *Morning*—Isaiah ix., to v. 8; Luke ii., to v. 15. *Evening*—Isaiah vii., v. 10 to 17; Titus iii., v. 4 to 9.
- 26—**1st Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—Isaiah xxxv. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxviii.; or xl.
- St. Stephen, the First Martyr.** *Morning*—Gen. iv., to v. 11; Acts. vi. *Evening*—2 Chron. xxiv., v. 15 to 23; Acts viii., to v. 9.
- 27—**St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.** *Morning*—Exod. xxxiii., v. 9; John xiii., 23 to 36. *Evening*—Isaiah vi.; Rev. 1.
- 28—**Innocents' Day.** *Morning*—Jer. xxxi., to v. 18; Rev. xvi. *Evening*—Baruch iv., v. 21 to 31; Rev. xviii.

TRUST.

Father on high, Whose watchful eye
The sparrow's fall beholds,
Teach me to know each pain and woe
Thy sovereign will controls.

Teach me, O God, Thy chastening rod,
And every grief and pain
That wrings the heart is but a part
Of Thine eternal plan.

The tempest high, that rends the sky,
Obeys Thy mighty will;
The stormy crest is lulled to rest,
When Thou sayest "Peace, be still."

All power is Thine, and love divine
Through Heaven and earth doth dwell;
And not one pain is sent in vain,
Thou doest all things well.

Then let me rest my weary breast
Where all my cares are known;
And if Thy will permits them still,
O God, Thy will be done!

L.N., in Parish Visitor.

THE Ontario Lord's Day Alliance in issuing a special appeal speaks of the present crisis, and says: "The once proudly boasted American Sabbath is now almost a thing of the past. Gradually, gradually, each step being claimed to be a harmless encroachment, it has been allowed to slip from

the grasp of the toiling masses of the United States, until now the wage-earners of that country are crying out against the tyranny of Sunday labor, and Christian citizens are banding themselves together to 'rescue the Sabbath.' Precisely what happened in the United States is now happening in Canada, but has not yet gone beyond remedy. Our part it is to awake at once to the gravity of the issue now being wrought out, and to let history teach us its lesson before it is too late. Doing so we shall surely hold fast the old-fashioned Canadian Lord's Day, and hand it down unbroken to our children, and it will continue to be our proud boast that under the protection of Ontario's laws every wage-earner in the land enjoys the one universal rest day." Let Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific unite in keeping the Lord's Day as a happy, holy day for rest and worship; knowing that upon the way we regard and keep God's Day and God's Word rests the stability of our land, for "righteousness exalteth a nation."

THE C.M.S. secretaries, as an instance of self-denying giving, tell us that a lady who was brought up in the highest ranks of society found her income suddenly reduced to what might well have seemed the very minimum allowance for maintenance under tolerable social conditions. She contrived, however, by dispensing with servants, and by other self-denying economies, to reduce expenditure to about one-half of the diminished income, saving £70 a year to help missions. Then by numerous means, as ingenious as laborious, she earned a further sum of £200, assisting missions to the extent of £270, nearly twice her own income. And her

life—one long act of self-denial as some would esteem it—is by her own confession "one long song of praise." Many of us are planning to give some presents or tokens of love to our friends at this season, yet how many of us, like the Father, whose great gift we are at this time reminded of, are planning and denying ourselves to give the knowledge of God's "unspeakable gift" to those people who have never heard of His love, and are still in the darkness of heathenism?

* * * *

THE season of Advent is here again; how our minds should be filled with thoughts of the coming King. Once He came in meekness and humility as a Man of Sorrows. O infinite condescension, pity and love, that the King, at whose birth angels sang, and heaven was moved to hosannas, should for our sakes empty Himself, take man's nature, and suffer and die. Well may we think long and lovingly of His first coming; and yet we are also to look forward, for He will come again, not as a babe to Bethlehem this time, but in glory and triumph and power. How soon? When? Ah, who can tell! It may be at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning—and He says unto us, "Watch and be ready, for at a time when ye think not the Son of man cometh." Let us then see to it, if we be His disciples, that we are active and prayerful in preparing and making ready a way for the coming back of our glorious Lord and King.

* * * *

ONE of the most beautiful and encouraging truths in connection with the birth of Christ is contained in the angels' announcement "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be

to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour"—good tidings—great joy—born a Saviour. There was, and is, nothing so much needed by the sons and daughters of men as a Saviour, one who can and does save his people from their sins. Ah, the misery and degradation, corruption and sorrow, shame and infinite pain caused by sin and transgression!

There is not a reader of our paper, not a citizen of our country, not a member of our race but is touched, tainted and defiled by it. How many of us have again and again writhed under its cruel lash! and yet good news. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Ring out the message then, and let every one that hears know assuredly that the Lord Jesus can and will save *everyone* that turns from his sin, and looks to Him for salvation and power.

ADVENT.

There are, no doubt, great events in the unknown future of this world, but the greatest of all will be when Jesus comes again. There are matters of pressing vital importance to happen in my own life, but none worthy to be compared with that blessed event which is daily drawing nearer—the personal meeting with my blessed Lord, "face to face" in the moment of His glorious appearing. Jesus Himself gave His people the promise, "I will come again." The second coming of Christ, then, must be a real thing. Many people to-day forget or neglect this truth as if it was something which did not concern them. God's word tells us, however, that "every eye shall see Him." No one will be able to step aside in that great day, therefore everyone should have an interest in it now. Many again talk much about the second coming of Christ, and theorize not a little as to prophecies and dates, but the blessed truth itself does not seem to have any real effect upon their daily lives. When the Lord spoke of His return it

was always in a most practical light.

"Let not your heart be troubled... I will come again." He told them that it was to be as if a man was going on a journey who might be back at midnight or perhaps at the cock crowing, or perchance not till the morning—but all the time of His absence they were "to watch." They were to "watch" even as for a "thief in the night." Let this Advent season then—it may be the last—be a time of "watching" for us all. So let us be up bright and early in the morning at Bible study and prayer, instead of lying late in bed, lest He should come and find us there sleeping when we should be up and about the King's business. Let us be kind and loving and, oh, so forgiving to everybody, for how ashamed would we be if the Lord should come and find it otherwise with us. Let everything in our lives be straight and clear as the noon-day sun, for if He comes to-day there will be no chance of putting things to rights. He will find things just as they are. Let our lives be pure and holy every day, lives very near to Christ, realizing what is indeed the truth, that He is not far away but may be—yea He may be even now—at the very door.

Then in our relationship with others about us in the world what a practical truth this should be. The teaching of the Word of God is that when the Bridegroom comes the door will be shut. Yes, when Jesus returns the door of grace will be for ever closed. That may be to-night or even before the sun sets to-day. Does my worldly friend or companion, my employee, the man I meet in business, know this? Have I ever spoken one real heart word to him about his soul? If I delay it may be too late. But what is keeping the Lord back? Why does He not come? His own peculiar people have not yet been gathered out from the nations of the earth. Perhaps it is because I am not praying, or studying, or giving, or going, or in the Lord's own appointed way, I am not taking my part in foreign mis-

sionary work that the Lord's coming is delayed. Certain it is because *someone* is not doing what the Lord told him to do. I wonder "Is it I?" When He does come may He find me just where He would have me. When He does come may He find me doing just what He would have me to do. So shall we each have great joy at His appearing.

T. R. O'MEARA.

Toronto.

GIFT SUNDAY.

I would like to commend to all the clergy in Canada the institution of Gift Sunday.

What is Gift Sunday?

Well, it is one of the most delightful and helpful things, not only a pleasure but a blessing. On the Sunday nearest to Christmas, before or after, the scholars of the Sunday-school, boys and girls, infants and Bible classes, and teachers alike, all come, bringing in their hands a gift, and the gifts are brought up and piled on the platform on the superintendent's table, an eye-gladdening and heart-cheering mass, to be afterwards taken and distributed amongst the home poor and needy; or, what is better, sent to some mission in the remote parts of our diocese to cheer and help them at Christmas time.

Now the basis of this happy institution is twofold. First: The thought that a very large number of our weaker and poorer schools can be brightened and helped by a little Christmas effort on the part of schools better off. Second: The idea that a vast majority of our Church Sunday-school scholars have come to that time when it is of the highest importance for them to learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

One of the best things about Gift Sunday is the way it takes.

In my parish, St. Paul's, Halifax, it was from the very first attempt a perfect success.

We had a very large number of poor children, a very large number, and it was thought by the most timid that the poorer ones might feel it very much if

all the others were bringing presents and they could not; but we found to our surprise that the very poorest even were able to bring some little article, and that in many cases their gift was better than that of one better off. Well do I remember from year to year that happy day. "Next Sunday," the rector announced, "next Sunday will be Gift Sunday. The teachers and scholars are requested to bring their presents to the Sunday-school at three o'clock." And at three o'clock you should have seen the Sunday-school.

There was a little girl hugging a flaxen haired doll in her arms, while her sister dragged along a little doll's carriage.

There was a boy with a big jumping-jack, while his little comrade was carrying a wooden horse. There was a sixteen-year-old girl, looking rather ashamed of the large parcel she half-concealed under her arm, which looked suspiciously like a big Noah's ark, and a fair-haired teacher, who held in her hand a box of halmia. Some were dragging carts along, others wheeling doll perambulators. But all were happy and all most orderly.

And now the bell sounds. The hymn is given out, then all is hushed in solemn awe in prayer. The sweet story of Matt. ii. 1-11 is read: "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child, and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts."

Then, one by one, beginning with the youngest, all came up, bearing their little gifts, which are laid upon the table on the platform. Higher and higher the pile begins to grow. Dolls and toy horses, jumping jacks, balls and tops, and games in every conceivable variety. The teachers and Bible class scholars bring in their offerings of books, story books, Prayer Books, Testaments, and Bibles.

At last the happy work is ended; a brief address is given, a hymn is sung, and all go home, feeling, indeed, how true it is, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Then on the morrow a

little busy band come and sort the various articles, and four large packing cases are filled with books and toys, which the ship or the boat soon bear away to some distant rural mission or parish to gladden the hearts of the Sunday-school children there.

Gift Sunday!

Could not *all* the town and city parish churches practice this happy practise each Christmas season? Try it once, and you will, I am sure, try it always.

Try it, and you, too, will perhaps appreciate the gladness and the joy that comes each year to the boys and girls and teachers of St. Paul's Church, Halifax.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Toronto. DYSON HAGUE.

KEEPING HIS BIRTHDAY.

— THEN AND NOW.

How did they keep His birthday then,
The little fair Christ, so long ago?
Many there were to be housed and fed,
And there was no place in the inn they
said,
So into the manger the Christ must go,
To lodge with the cattle, and not with
men.

The ox and the ass they munched their
hay,
They munched and they slumbered,
wondering not;
And out in the midnight, cold and blue,
The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept
too,
Till the angels' song, and the bright star
ray
Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and praised,
And only the shepherds came to see,
And the rest of the world cared not at all
For the little Christ in the oxen stall,
And we are angry and amazed
That such a dull hard thing should be.

How do we keep His birthday now?
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

Are we so better, then, than they
Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
To them a helpless babe—to us
He shines a Saviour gloriously.
Our Lord, our Friend, our All, yet we
Are half-asleep this Christmas Day.
—Susan Coolidge, in *Churchman's Magazine*.

HIS SUFFICIENCY.

Art thou weary? Jesus is
rest. Art thou hungry? The
Bread of Life is sufficient. Art
thou in darkness? The Morning
Star is bright. Is thy pathway
rough? Jesus will pave it in love.
Is thy soul desolate? Jesus can
fill it. Art thy garments stained?
Jesus can wash them white. Art
thou unwise? Jesus is wisdom.
Art thou weak? Jesus is strong.
Art thou powerless? Jesus is all
powerful. Hast thou nothing?
Jesus hath all things. Art thou
nothing? Jesus is all and in all.

FLORA J. MACNEILL.

Ottawa.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

So often one hears the remark,
"Why cannot we keep the young
men in our Sunday-schools?"
Well, why is it? Take the ma-
jority of the teachers, do they
really burrow into the subject,
bringing out the practical as well
as the Scriptural part of it? So
often Scriptural truths are lost in
practical life, because they are
looked for merely in Sunday-
school, church, or on Sundays.
How often wrong doing in one
might be stopped by a Scriptural
thought which had been brought
out through some everyday trans-
action, flashing across the wrong-
doer's mind. Then first teach
the lesson from some everyday
subject, and gradually from that
reach the Scriptural teaching and
lesson. Sunday-school teaching
is hard and trying work. The
word teach should be changed.
"Sunday afternoon talks with
young people," I think, would be
better. The majority of the
scholars attend school during the
week, and are tired of the drud-
gery of lessons and the trying
round of being taught.

Reach the young people through
their sense of honor. Put yourself
on a par with them. Learn from
them, as well as impart knowl-
edge to them. Lead them out
patiently, quietly, determinedly.
Find out their views; if right
ones, strengthen them; if wrong
ones, deferentially bring your
clearer and better ones to bear

on them. Always be firm with your hearers, never cross or anxious. Last, but not least, let God do the speaking; let the teacher strive after that great faith, and be content to be the humble instrument. How is that to be done? one asks. In quiet closet prayer, waiting on the Master, I would answer.

TEACHER.

Lindsay.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

The end of the year, which is so near now, serves always to remind us of the swift march of time; of the inevitable fact that soon, soon, we shall be numbered with those who have passed away. To many this shortness of life, this rapid flight of the years, bring gloom and sorrow. When we look upon our dear ones it is, at first view, saddening to remember that we are all on the brink of a vast mystery, and that at any moment some of us may be engulfed in it. Thus it is that Death appears to many to be the all devouring monster, waiting with hungry jaws to crush us one by one, and the whole course of life is darkened by the thought of this seemingly tragic end to all our sweetest joys.

It is well that we should face realities, and understand that life is short and that our stay here cannot be long. Too many dread and fly away from such thoughts, and are thus surprised and unready when they face the reality, which inevitably comes. The wise man will make the shortness of life a part of his working plan, and, if he has faith in God, instead of being saddened by its brevity, he will see that, since life is short, it is all the more necessary to get all that we can out of our few years here.

If he has faith in God—ah, there's the rub! So few have it! So many, who talk glibly of faith, are as despairing as professed unbelievers when sorrow overtakes them. If we have real faith, there is no place in our hearts for such gloom. The Christian goes from his home in the morning believing that God

will protect him during his absence from his loved ones, and take care of them and him. He lies down to sleep at night trusting to the same good God. Can we not learn to look upon death in the same way?—a temporary separation, a going to sleep, while God is tender and watchful all the time. No doubt the physical aspects of death are distressing. It is hard to see our loved ones pass through what seem terrible agonies. Probably, however, they suffer much less than we who watch them, for the approach of death brings a blessed insensibility to physical pain. Thus God is kind even at that stern time.

"I look upon death," said one of Lord Tennyson's brothers, in writing to the poet, "pretty much as I look upon taking off my clothes at night and going to sleep." If we could all learn to look upon death as cheerfully as this, how much sombre melancholy should we be spared! If we are Christians, we are learning to do this. This life is only a small part of a great whole. God has all in His hands. He does not let us see far into the future, because we should not be able to understand the changed life that we shall have after this life. Here and now, however, He gives us much to do, much to make us joyful, cheerful, hopeful. He does not want us to live as if this life were everything, but He does want us to believe that this life is real, and that much depends upon the use that we make of its opportunities.

Let us try then at this close of the year to revive a wholesome living faith in God, in His Wisdom, His love and tenderness. Fight despondency and gloom as you fight Satan himself. They are his emissaries. The Christian who believes in "the God of Hope" is yielding to sin when he shuts his eyes to the gladness that God allows all of us to enjoy if we will take it. *Keep busy.* They get the most enjoyment out of life who have interests that keep them busy all the time. It is not work, even hard work, that kills. It is worry, gloom, discontent, unrest.

The hardest workers, if they are free from these other things, live the longest and have the deepest joys. If our years here are few, let them at least be full. We should take a healthy interest in those about us—in the affairs of the members of our family first of all; but more than this, in the church, in the school, in the greater circle of village, town, city, even national events. We should give place in our life to little things, to joy in flowers, in the cultivation of the garden, to watching the birds, the colors in tree and hillside, the changing beauties of the seasons. All these sweet, pure pleasures are for the Christian. As we open our hearts to them we grow ever more cheerful and hopeful. Time cannot rob us of our delight in God's ways and works. Never for a moment shall we forget that life is short—but the thought does not haunt or appall us. Rather do we see calmly, even joyously, the beauty of this world ripening for us into what, we firmly trust, shall prove the deeper, richer beauty of the next.

E. L. M.

ENDS.

There is the end of a voyage, the end of a journey, the end of a frolic. There is the end of a career, the end of a fortune, the end of life. Man is often hard set to make both ends meet, but God is never short.

Man has many ends, God has one. Man's lines merge, cross, collide. God moves on in mighty parallels, majesty, sublimity, eternity corresponding with humility, condescension and sacrifice. There are sad ends: "The end of all flesh is come before me," the end is come upon my people "Israel." The end of things pertaining to sin is death.

There are enjoyable ends. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness. The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart. The end of faith touches the door step of heaven. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord," James v. 11. He has His end (a steady purpose) in dealing with His children. Pity, not re

venge, mercy for sinners, offered long, tender mercies for believers, and strength to endure to the end.

"Lord make me to know mine end and the measure of my days that I may know how frail I am." Psalm xxxix. 4. H.T.M.

Beamsville, Ont.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

God has not put the meanest Christian into His world and into His Church only to be held up, only to be rescued from falling, only to escape the wrath to come; but He has put every one of us here to serve and glorify Him, to contribute an active share to the great testimony which shall rise, and is ever rising, to Him, to His faithfulness, His purity, His righteousness, His glory, as from all His works, so in the highest and noblest degree from His Church the highest and noblest of His works. "My grace is sufficient to enable thee for the work which I have set thee to do, sufficient to enable thee, in spite of the trial—yes, and by means of the trial—to bring forth fruit to my glory." "My strength is made perfect in weakness." It is His purpose with all His people that they should work for Him in life and life's duties, not in their own strength, but in His; that their bearing up in their lifelong conflict and then issuing forth into glorious victory should be seen and felt at every step to be not of themselves, but of Him. And for this purpose it is that He sends to them hindrances, trials, infirmities, thorns in their way, that their own pride and strength and stoutness of heart, and firmness of resolve may be broken down, that they may not walk in a light of their own kindling and congratulate themselves on the brightness of their path, but may toil through darkness and disappointment, through briers and through tears, to the sunshine of the everlasting hills, where the Sun of Righteousness may light them to the work of life.—*Parish Visitor.*

MOTHER, BEHOLD THY SON.

PART I.

Source of my life maternal, that sweet bond
Which links me strangely with the race of man
In brotherhood, both human and divine.
Mother, behold thy son, whose welcome head
Reclined upon my breast in converse sweet,

Whose earnest heart of love I called my own,
Mother, behold thy son; his faithful hand
Shall stay thy trembling feet with constant care;
Oft shall he soothe thy throbbing, aching head,
And oft his prayers mingling with thine shall rise,
Till through the night of tears shall break the dawn
And darkness vanish in eternal day.

PART II.

Oh, tender trust, come to my home and rest
Till the last hour of time's fast ebbing tide,
When thoughts too big for utterance claim thy heart,
And memory, full freighted, press its store.
We will commune within our safe retreat
Of depth, and height, and range of mighty love,
And the lone place chosen for thee for pain
Unutterable, and for lasting gain a glory
Higher than the rest of all created.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

It would oftentimes help us bear our trials were we to reflect that all we are God's servants rather than His guests. This does not degrade us, for the work of all the world is carried forward by underlings. No monarch saves a state, no commander wins a battle, no captain sails a ship, no trader amasses a fortune, but by the fidelity of his servants. To be God's servants, if faithful, is to be the world's co-redeemers.

But no house is builded with special reference to the servant's chamber. No table is spread with particular attention to him, ignoring the proprietor. His is not the reception room, the boudoir, the conservatory or the art gallery. It is built for purposes foreign to himself, to his needs, his wishes, his understanding even. If, therefore, the affairs of this world seem to us at times more

than out of joint, it may be worth while to consider that the world was not built for our pleasing, but for divine purposes. Its owner and Creator has intents and aims into which we cannot be expected to enter understandingly. Not ignoring us He nevertheless built it as we build our homes, for Himself rather than for those whom He employs.

And the qualities of a faithful servant are such that he may make everything succeed which otherwise would fail. It is in the power of a scullion to ruin the comforts of a palace. The maid who knows more than her mistress, in her own estimation; the stable boy who prefers his own judgment to that of his master, each brings many a wise project to grief. It is hard sometimes for the servant to realize that his best grace is fidelity, his most valuable wisdom, submission.

But Gospel truths are as sweet as they are strong. The parables which begin with duties end with promises. It is the faithful servant who eventually enters into the joys of his Lord. The parable which begins with girding, ends with crowns. He who is faithful in service is at last seated upon a throne. He who was a subaltern in the household becomes the ruler in the city. There is a chariot at last for God's every Cinderella; and He, who knows how and when to abase the haughty, is certain in His own good time to exalt them of low degree. That man is most sure to become a ruler over many things who has proved his fidelity over few.—*Interior.*

HOW TO READ YOUR BIBLE.

Do not read the Bible for others, for class or congregation, but for yourself. Bring all its rays to a focus on your own heart. While you are reading, often ask that some verse or verses may start out from the printed page as God's message to yourself. Never close the Book until you feel that you are carrying away your portion of meat from that hand which satisfieth the desire of every living thing. It is well

sometimes to stop reading and seriously ask, "What does the Holy Spirit mean me to learn by this? What bearing should this have upon my life? How can I work this into the fabric of my character?"

Let not the Bible be to you simply as a history, a treatise, or a poem, but as your Father's letter to yourself, in which there are some things which you will not understand till you come into the circumstances which require them, but which is also full of present help.

Above all, turn from the printed Word to prayer. If a cluster of heavenly fruit hangs within reach, gather it. If a promise lies upon the page as a blank check, cash it. If a prayer is recorded, appropriate it, and launch it as a feathered arrow from the bow of your desire. If an example of holiness gleams before you, ask God to do as much for you. If a truth is revealed in all its intrinsic splendor, entreat that its brilliance may ever irradiate the hemisphere of your life like a star. Entwine the climbing creepers of holy desire about the lattice-work of Scripture; so shall you come to say with the Psalmist, "O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day!" It is sometimes well to read over, on our knees, Ps. cxix., so full of devout love for the Bible; and if any should chide us for spending so much time upon the Old Testament, or the New, let us remind them of the words of Christ: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The Old Testament must be worth our study, since it was our Saviour's Bible, deeply pondered and often quoted. And the New Testament demands it, since it is so full of what He said and did, not only in His earthly life, but through the medium of His holy apostles and prophets.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

God always furnishes revelations of duty in instalments, according to the necessities of the hour and the measure of our faith.

WHY WE ARE CHURCHMEN.

We are churchmen:

1. Because we know of no Church that holds the great leading truths of the Gospel more simply, more fully, or more clearly than the Church of England.

2. Because our Church honors the Bible, and brings before the minds of her children every Sunday—and, indeed, on every day of the week—in the lessons, the Psalms and the Gospels and Epistles for the day, the great truths of Christianity, and also presents to us in proper order the life and ministry of Jesus Christ.

3. Because the Church of England can trace back her origin, almost, if not altogether, to the days of the Apostles themselves. At the reformation she was reformed, and they were her own children who cleansed her from the errors of Popery.

4. Because the matchless Liturgy of the Church is plain, full and fervent.

Whilst, then, we should love those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and respect the scruples of those who honestly differ from us, we should strive to become loyal and earnest members of the Church into which we have been baptized, and to which it is our privilege to belong.—*Parish Almanac.*

MIND WHAT YOU PROMISE.

A promise may bind you for a lifetime. It may be made in a moment, but may fetter and cloud and shadow one's whole existence.

Be careful what you promise. Do not be coaxed, or urged, or frightened into making promises. Get alone, think, pray, ask counsel of God and good men, and never promise in haste something which on mature consideration you would rather not perform. Do you consider first before the promise is made? Says a sensible writer:

"We may notice that facility in making promises is usually accompanied by a certain carelessness in keeping them. Many

otherwise good men fall into the habit of agreeing to do whatever is asked of them without first considering whether it will be within their power to fulfil their engagements. They do not intend to be untruthful, but they soon acquire a reputation for lacking perfect veracity. We beg our readers to be on their guard here. It is of vast importance to learn how to be deliberate and thoughtful in the matter of consenting to do this, or that, or the other thing. A perfectly upright man will not pledge himself to assume any work, great or small, without first being reasonably sure of his ability to do it, and then he will strive to keep his pledge at all hazards."—*The Christian.*

Once on a Christmas time there was sent the poet Whittier, a gentian pressed between two panes of glass. Looked at from one side, you saw but a poor, blurred mass of leaves and stalks; but from the other side you beheld the exquisite flower, delicately and beautifully outlined. Suppose the poet had persisted in looking at the object only from the blurred side. That is the way some people will persistently look at the well meant action of their fellows. But the poet was wiser. And this is the way he writes about it:

The time of gifts has come again,
And in my northern window-pane
Outlined against the day's brief flight
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travellers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass,
And the dull blackness seems perchance
Folly to their wise ignorance.

These cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it has for me,
For there the flower whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without the face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee,
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew.
The eternal eye that sees the whole,
May better reach the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side.

—*Selected.*

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A WELCOME.

The winds of dark December roar,
The hail beats on the window-pane;
Pile up the fire, throw wide the door
To welcome Christmas back again—
A light on life's dark wintry tide
To brighten every fireside.

It comes with many a glad surprise,
And loving tokens rare and sweet—
Perchance good angels in disguise,
With friends we long had sighed to meet;
And hands and hearts unite again,
After the parting and the pain.

While children of the merry heart,
Are sporting round the Christmas tree,
Amid our smiles a tear may start
For friends afar or o'er the sea;
Or those beyond Time's restless tide,
Who wait us on the other side.

While loving gifts we gladly greet,
'Tis still more blessed to impart
A Christmas boon with kindness meet,
To some forsaken, lonely heart
At Christmas—Christmas ushered in,
To still the storm of human sin.

—The Christian.

THE ROBE MADE WHITE.

By the REV. G. CRITCHLEY, B.A.

Once upon a time there lived a boy whose name was Philantos. The country in which he lived was a very curious one, for there was something in the light, or else there was something in the people's eyes that made every thing which belonged to another very much worse than it really was, while everything that belonged to one's self appeared very beautiful indeed.

Now Philantos was pretty much like all the other people living in this place. In his own

estimation he was a very superior kind of a boy. His own dress, manners, and education, gave him the very highest satisfaction. He felt good all over, and so did his neighbors.

But the king of this country had been very much displeased with his people's self-conceit, and consequently had moved away from his palace in the city to one in a distant town. Yet he still tried to bring them to a better mind, and so he sent a message to them from time to time that if any would come to his house wearing really a white robe, he should receive honor and reward. For, said the king, "Such shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

Well, the king's messenger arrived, and after sounding his trumpet, made this proclamation.

"Oyez! Oyez! This is to give notice that whosoever will go to the king's palace wearing a robe without spot or stain shall receive honor and reward."

Now it happened that just as the king's messenger was making this proclamation, Philantos was passing across the great marketplace of the city, and stopped to listen. He was greatly pleased and said to himself: "Why, I am just the one to go. I am the only one in all the crowd with a spotless robe."

So he hurried away, but just outside the city gate he met a venerable looking old man, one of the attendants of the king's messengers who said, "Whither away, young sir? You seem to be in haste."

"So I am," was the reply, "I am going to see the king."

"You?" exclaimed the old man. "The proclamation says 'a robe without spot or stain.'"

"Just so," said the lad; "and that is exactly why I am going. Look at my dress. There is not one single spot or stain to be seen upon it."

The old man did look, and then, with a strange smile upon his face, took from his pocket a black leather case, from which he drew a pair of spectacles. Offering them to the boy he said: "Please put these on and look

at yourself with them; they are genuine orthopanoptikon spectacles, which show all things as they really are."

Philantos, full of self-confidence, placed the glasses across his nose, and then gave a great "Oh," of surprise. His robe was not white—anything but that. All down the right side was a great smear of red, stamped with green letters—P-r-i-d-e. Down the left side was a streak of dull blue, stamped with sleepy-looking grey letters—S-l-o-t-h. Down the front was a yellow stain with black letters—S-e-l-f.

Tears of shame gathered in his eyes, and he said, "Oh, sir, am I really so bad as this? Then I can never see the king."

But as he was turning away, the old man said, "Stop! Stop! All these stains may be removed; you need not despair."

"What must I do?" asked Philantos.

"Come with me," said the old man, and led him a little distance along the road, until they came to a narrow path that stretched away across the fields and hills farther than the eye could reach. A strange path, for all along it were red stains, as if some one had walked there with bleeding feet. And pointing with his finger, the old man said, "Follow that path, and you will find out how such robes as yours are made white and clean."

Uttering a word of thanks, Philantos hastened on his way, and after a pleasant walk through some fields and woods he came to the bank of a river. It was neither very deep nor very wide, but it was swift, and the banks were lined with mud. Suddenly, just as Philantos was going to cross the bridge, he heard a cry, "Help! help!" He thought he knew the voice, and looking out he saw his own little brother struggling in the dangerous stream. He began to run, but then stopped, for the thought came, "Dare I go down there and get my robe more stained?"

It was only for a moment, for, to his surprise, he saw that the crimson trail left by the bleeding feet went straight down to the

place where the child was crying in its need.

He plunged in and saved his brother; but, alas for the robe! it was worse now than it had ever been before.

But while he was grieving over it, his old friend suddenly appeared and asked what was the matter, and why he was so cast down?

The boy pointed despairingly to his bespattered dress. But the old man only looked at him with the strange smile once more, and drawing out the magic spectacles said, "Look at yourself again and see what you really are."

Philantos did so, and lo! the great yellow stripe of selfishness was paler, and actually the robe looked cleaner than it had ever done before.

And the old man said, "Never be afraid to follow where the footmarks lead; nothing you meet with on that way ever leaves a stain."

So the lad was mightily encouraged, and never hesitated from that hour to go wherever the crimson footmarks lead.

Now, as time went on, the boy changed into an aged man, and his dress grew travel-stained and old. And one day, when he was very tired, he sat down and said to himself, "Alas! the king's palace is still very far away, and my dress, instead of growing white, is wearing into rags; what shall I do?"

But again his old friend drew near and asked the reason of his grief, and Philantos said, "Oh! sir, look, it is so old, so unclean, so unfit."

The spectacles were used once more and with delightful astonishment the pilgrim saw that the stains were almost gone, and scarcely a trace of those ugly words—pride, sloth, self—were left behind.

"But it is ragged," he said. "Never mind that," replied his friend. "Our King does not mind rags, so long as they are the rags of a white robe."

And so it proved to be, for when, at last, the pilgrim reached the royal palace and knelt before the king, the old travel-worn gar-

ment changed into a pure white robe of matchless beauty, and the king said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou shalt be called no more Philantos, self-lover, but Philochristus, Christ-lover, because for love of Me thou hast trodden the pathway with the crimson stain. Thou shalt walk with Me in white, for thou art worthy, and so I bid thee welcome home."—*Children's Friend*.

THE LONELY STRANGER.

[These beautiful lines were given to the Rev. Dyson Hague in Halifax, by an earnest Christian officer in the British army—Captain Gaise, of the King's Regiment.]

(Jer. xiv. 8—Ruth i. 16-18.)

A homeless stranger amongst us came
To this land of death and mourning,
He walked in a pathway of sorrow and
shame,
Through insult and hate and scorning.

A man of sorrows, of toils and tears,
An outcast man and a lonely;
Yet He looked on me, and through endless
years
Him must I love—Him only.

Then from this sad and sorrowful land,
This land of sin, He departed;
But the look of His eyes and the touch of
His hand
Had left me broken-hearted.

And I gazed on Him as He turned His
face
From the land that was mine no longer—
The land I had loved in the ancient days
E'er I felt the love that was stronger.

I would abide where He abode,
And follow His steps for ever;
His people my people, His God my God,
In the land beyond the river.

And where He died would I also die;
Far dearer a grave beside Him
Than a kingly place among living men,
The place that they denied Him.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

If you really desire to be happy and make others around you happy, think of others more than of self. Canon Kingsley well describes the selfish person who, to our mind, must be of all others most miserable. He says: "Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for

yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven, either."—*Exchange*.

A HYMN COMPOSED IN A STAGE COACH.

The well known hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old," was composed in a stage coach, somewhere between Bath and Bristol, in the year 1841. Its writer, Miss *Jemima Thompson*—daughter of Mr. *Thomas Thompson*, of *Poundsford Park*, near *Taunton*, a great friend of children in his day—had been accustomed, like many other young people, to write little poems and essays before she was thirteen years old. After this she became a Sunday-school teacher in the village near her father's park. One day at Bath, she happened to hear the music of a song—a Greek air, by which name the tune is still known—which took hold of her fancy; she could not help humming it over and over to herself, and while riding home in the coach—for the railway was not yet made—she thought, "I must teach this air to the children at *Poundsford*." But to what words? So, as she sat in the coach, the hymn seemed to grow in her mind—to fit itself to the music; and when she reached home she was ready to write it down; only two verses at first, afterwards the third; and now the sweet hymn given to those village children by their loving teacher is sung all over the English-speaking world. —*The Messenger*.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people. But why it should be counted more Christian like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.

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

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Dec. 5th. Phil. ii., 1-11	Joel ii., 12-17.
" 12th. 2 Tim. iv., 1-8.	
16-18	1 Kings viii., 35-44.
" 19th. 1 John i., 5, to ii., 6.	Isaiah ix., 1-8.
" 26th. 1 John iv., 9-16	Acts vii., 44 to end.

CHRISTMAS.

The inn was full at Bethlehem ;
 A busy crowd was there ;
 And some were rich, and some were wise,
 And some were young and fair ;
 But who or what they were, to-day
 There is not one to care ;
 But in the cattle's manger
 There lay a baby stranger,
 Soft nestled, like a snow-white dove, among
 the scented hay ;
 And lo, through Him was given
 Our song to earth and heaven,
 The song two worlds together sing upon a
 Christmas day :
 "Glory to God ! Good-will to men !"
 Oh listen ! Wake it once again !
 "Peace upon earth ! Good-will to men !"

They sing it, those who sang it first,
 The angels strong and high ;
 They sing, in shining white, the saints
 Who died long years gone by ;
 And all the fluttering cherub throng,
 The children of the sky ;
 They sing, the patient, waiting souls
 Who still faith's conflicts know ;
 They sing, life's happy innocents,
 Their faces all aglow ;
 One melody fills heaven above,
 And floats from earth below,
 The song of that sweet stranger,
 Who in the cattle's manger
 Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among
 the scented hay !
 All sin and wrong forgiven,
 Earth seems close kin of heaven,
 And sweet two worlds together sing upon
 a Christmas day.
 —*Marian Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.*

PATTY.

By ADELE E. THOMPSON.
 (Concluded from last issue.)

Homer Lane was the oldest son of his house, "a fine young fellow," as people said, but the face shaded by his gray felt hat was at that moment anything but a pleasant or a cheerful one.

His forehead was clouded with a frown, there was an angry light in his downcast eyes, and his lips seemed still trembling with the angry words that had so lately passed them, and that to his father.

There had been a measure of provocation, and Homer, smarting under it, felt entirely justified in

what he had said; nor was this the first occasion of friction between father and son. Mr. Lane was a man of business cares, nervous, often petulant, sometimes exacting, especially towards those of his own household.

This at the best of times, and for the past two months an accident at the works had made him a prisoner in his own room, where pain and enforced inaction had together made his temper more irritable than ever before.

Of this, Homer who in the spring had entered the foundry, had to bear the most frequent expression; and most unjustly as he thought. For not only was he working hard to master the details of the business, and carry out his father's directions, but because of his accident he had given up his promised vacation, and instead of the anticipated excursion, had spent the month in a steady fag.

And with all that, because he had misunderstood his father, and written a letter declining a contract, instead of accepting it, he had brought a torrent of wrath on his head.

"Such dulness!" Mr. Lane had cried at the end of some remarks that had been anything but flattering, "you don't begin to save the trouble you make. A ten-year old child ought to have a better head for business than yours. If a clerk had made such a blunder, I would discharge him on the spot."

"You can fill my place as soon as you like," Homer had retorted hotly. "I will be only too glad to work for somebody else."

"Work," his father had repeated scornfully, "who do you suppose will give you your salt for your work?"

It was aggravating, certainly; and forgetting filial respect and duty, Homer flamed into a passion, and telling his father that he would never set foot inside the foundry again if he starved, had flung himself out of the room and the house with a determination to leave home then and there, and prove to his father that he was perfectly able to take care of himself.

In that state of mind it was that he dashed off through the meadow, with no clear idea of where he was going, nor did he look up till he reached the fence, and lifted his head to see Patty standing under the apple tree so near him.

But for the tears in her eyes she might have seen something unusual in his face, though hers was always the blindness of unsuspecting. As it was she turned to him with a misty smile. "How strange that you should come up just as I was thinking of you," she said. "This is the apple tree you helped Rob plant. I remember the day so well. I stood by and watched you. It was the last thing Rob ever did before he was taken sick, and now it is bearing for the first time. See; you must have some of the apples."

"I remember it all," said Homer. "Such a sunny April day, and how little we thought it was his last work. What a fine fellow Rob was, too. There never was any boy I cared for as I did for him."

"I know you and he were always together, almost like brothers. I never see you but I think of Rob, and oh, I am so glad, so glad always, that you are spared to your home, to your father, and mother, and your brothers."

The memory of his friend had touched and softened Homer's heart, and he blushed at the sharp contrast between her words and the real cause that had brought him there. "But I am not good as Rob was," he stammered, "I am no help to anybody."

"Oh, yes, you are." Patty's usually smiling face was earnest, and her brown eyes held the wistful look that often came with the thought of her dead brother. "You don't know what an older brother is to younger ones, and how much they imitate him, and are influenced by what he does. Ralph and Joe were always doing the things Rob did, and even now I often hear them saying, 'Rob did this, or wouldn't do that.'"

A sting of compunction pricked

Homer Lane as he thought, and for the first time, of the example he was setting to his own younger brothers. Would he want Will or Harold to speak as he had, or do as he was doing? It had not occurred to him in that light before.

"And how is your father now?" asked Patty. "I often think how hard it must be for him to be shut up all these weeks, and what he must suffer. Grandpa had his back hurt once, and he says it was dreadful."

"Yes, it does pain him a good deal, I suppose," admitted Homer, with another twinge of conscience at the scant consideration that, with his own young health and strength, he had given to his father's weakness and pain.

"I am so glad he is gaining, for at one time Dr. Lee told mamma he was quite alarmed for the result."

"Alarmed for the result." Homer started at the words. He had not heard that before. And with a sudden realization it rushed over him, all his father had been to them, what he was to them, and what it would be without him.

"And a father with a hurt back is a good deal better than none at all," Patty continued, with a little sigh. "And what a pleasure it must be that you can do so much to help him now."

Patty was not trying to preach. She never would have thought of preaching to any one, much less to Homer, who, besides being five years older than herself, had been Rob's dearest friend.

Of the atmosphere that had often existed in the Lane household she had no idea; the state of mind that so lately had been Homer's never entered her affectionate and loyal heart. It was all unconsciously, as he well knew, that she had touched the sore spots in his heart, and because unconsciously the more effectively.

"But I must take these apples in, or poor grandpa will not have them for his supper."

Still leaning on the fence, Homer watched her as she turned away. It was not only what she had said, but the life that lay behind her words, that had given

them their influence, to her so unconscious. What Patty's life was he was well aware.

He had seen somewhat of it in Rob's lifetime, and more and more he knew that all the family—the frail mother, the old grandfather, the young brothers—leaned on that young girl's love and courage. An easy life? No; and yet how its loving patience, its cheerful unselfishness rebuked and shamed his own.

"Patty," he called after her, "Patty."

She stopped, and turned at his voice, her smiling face like a fresh apple blossom against the trunks of the brown old trees.

"I wish you would come over and see father?"

"Me?" with an accent of surprise.

"Yes. You would do him good, I am sure. You have done me good."

"What, me?" with a still stronger accent of questioning incredulity.

"Yes, more good than you know."

A little later Homer Lane entered his father's room. "I have been over," he said, "and telegraphed about the contract, and that my letter was a mistake. And father," with a new tenderness in his voice as he came nearer the white, worn face on the pillows, "I am sorry I spoke to you as I did, when you have so much pain to bear, too."

"And I am sorry I spoke as I did, Homer. You mustn't mind me if I do get cross sometimes. It will be all right about the contract, and really you do very well, Homer. I should not know how to get along without you."

Then the young, strong hand closed over the older and thinner one, and with the clasp Homer Lane sealed the resolve to be, as never before, a helpful son, a faithful brother.

And Patty went about her household tasks, and drove up Dapple and Bess from the pasture, with a great sense of pleasure in her humble little heart, and the wonder if it could possibly be true that she, Patty Bruce, had really done any one good?

THE "C'MITTEE."

"Why I'm the c'mittee, mamma; I must go!"

"Committee for what, child?" inquired Mrs. Whaley. "You don't even know those people."

"Nora Stillwell is one of the Sunbeams, mamma. Miss Slade said she was in the shadow now, 'cause she's sick, and I'm the c'mittee to take sunshine to her to-day."

"Well, little Sunbeam, I suppose you'll have to go and carry your sunshine." So the good mother helped Olive to get ready.

Mrs. Stillwell looked a little astonished when she opened her front door that afternoon and saw a little girl standing outside with both hands full and both pockets stuffed full.

"I'm a Sunbeam c'mittee, and would like to see Nora Stillwell. She's one of our Sunbeams, and we heard she was sick."

There was such a sunshiny look on Olive's face that Mrs. Stillwell couldn't help but exclaim: "Bless your dear little heart! I really believe a sight of you will do Nora more good than all the doctors put together. Come right in, you dear little child!"

When they entered the sick room Nora dropped the book she had been trying to read, clasped her hands in her lap, and laid her head back against the pillows for very joy.

"Nora, you know our c'mitties! Well, I'm a Sunshine c'mittee come to see you. How do you do? Here's a beautiful pear I've brought you; here are two lovely fresh eggs in this cute little basket—my own Biddy laid 'em; and here in my pocket is a puzzle that Willie Ogle said you could make out, Nora Stillwell, if anybody could and here," tugging at her other pocket, "is THE GEM for last Sunday, and it has a story in it that our teacher wrote." So she continued to prattle. And thus "the c'mittee" flooded the room with sunshine.

Olive had been told not to stay too long, so, in a little while, she bade Nora good bye telling her to look out for somebody else, next day.

When mamma came in, she found Nora looking just like another little girl; and when papa came home he found mamma looking like another mamma; and, at the supper table, mamma and papa were so happy that it made Martha, the servant, feel better; and, out in the kitchen, she said to John: "It all comes from the visit of that little Sunbeam."

At any rate, Nora began to get well from that time; and mamma and papa Stillwell always pray: "God bless the little Sunbeams all over the land, especially the 'c'mittees' who take sunshine to little sick girls."—*Agnes Anne Osborne, in The Gem.*

THE LAST DAY.

Were this the last of earth,
This very day,
How should I think and act?
What should I say?
Would not I guard my heart
With earnest prayer?
Would not I serve my friends
With loving care?

How tender every word
As the hours wane!
"Like this we shall not sit
And talk again."
How soft the beating heart
That soon must cease!
What glances carry love—
What heavenly peace!

And yet this fleeting life
Is one last day;
How long soe'er its hours,
They will not stay.
O heart, be soft and true
While thou dost beat;
O hands, be swift to do;
O lips, be sweet!

—Selected.

MEMORIES OF THE FAR EAST.

The following memories of the East are written by one of the students of Wycliffe College, Toronto, whose father, a retired clergyman of the Church of England, was working in Persia as a missionary and interpreter. His stories and adventures will be found interesting to the boys and girls of the Canadian Church:

"Although it is many years since the happy time that I spent as a child in Oriental lands, I have very vivid recollections of my life there. If you look on a good map of Western Asia, and particularly at a country called

Persia, will see a lake, very small, just to the southwest of the Caspian Sea. This lake is called Uramyah, and on its southern shore is a town, having the same name. 'Myah' in the Persian language means 'water,' so that the name means, 'the waters of Ura.' What 'Ura' means I do not know. Probably it is a personal name. The northwestern portion of Persia is the most healthy, as it is more hilly than the other parts. The central and northeastern portions, in fact, are composed almost wholly of dry, arid deserts of salt, more to be dreaded than deserts of sand. But in the hilly northwest the climate is delightful. There, in summer, the peach, the pear, the apple and the orange grow to a state of perfection which can only be reached by those fruits in their native home, for any botanist will tell you that Persia was their original home, from whence they have been introduced into the countries where they now grow. Grapes, too, in fact all fruits of the temperate zone, reach a state of excellence seldom equalled. How different to the other parts of that great country where nothing but salt, salt, is to be found, accompanied by intense heat!

When winter visits this hilly region, it is quite cold. All water freezes over, snow falls to the depth of a foot or so, and in spite of its southern latitude, the cold is as intense as it is in England. This is due to its elevated position.

The Persians are adepts in the art of irrigation. They make use of every drop of water, for they know its value. In times past droughts have visited their land, which taught them their need for irrigation, so that in times when water is scarce, the land gets as much as possible, and when water is plentiful, it is well distributed. In the town of Uramyah (pronounced Ura-meé-ah), every house has a garden, and in the garden there are always one or more pits about 20 feet square, usually lined with stone. Then there are others, never lined with stone, and of irregular shape. The latter are

always in the gardens, the former are sometimes in the courtyards in front of the houses. You will see what these pits are for, in a minute. There are mountains rising behind the town, and the lake Uramyah is in front of it. Many streams rise in the mountains and run down to the lake. But before reaching it they have to run through an intricate system of artificial channels, for the purpose of watering the land. At Uramyah these channels are so arranged that one or more pass through the garden of every house, sometimes through the courtyard too. Thus, in our garden, there was a shallow pit, roughly circular, and about 18 feet across. A stream ran into our garden from the next one under the wall. It filled up the pit, and then went along the channel into the next garden, where it did the same thing, and so on, till it reaches the lake. In our courtyard was a similar system, but its channel was deeper, and the pit into which it went before proceeding on its journey was about 20 feet square by about 12 feet deep, and was lined with stone. Its water was reserved for drinking purposes, while the water of the other stream served for watering the garden, in which grew all kinds of fruit, as well as flowers and vegetables.

I would like to tell you about my varied experiences in that place, when I was a child; how I was once nearly drowned, how our neighbour's house was once attacked by mountain brigands in the night, how the Armenians and Jews are oppressed, and many other things, but space, or rather, the lack of it, compels me to come to a close.

However, at some future time I hope to give you some more of my memories of that wonderful land in the far, far East.

F. WAHL.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing is stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because love is born of God, and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.

THE TRUTH BEFORE THE PRIZE.

I have heard of a boy who lost a prize at school by choosing the truth. But it was a prize nobly lost. His opportunities to learn had been fewer than most of the boys, and he knew that he could not hope to win a prize unless it were for writing. So Willie tried with all his might to get the special prize for that. When the distribution day came the chairman said, as he held up two copy-books: "It would be hard to say which of these two books is the best; but for one copy in Willie's book, which is superior to every other, and also better than any copy in the other book, Willie therefore gains the prize."

"Please, sir, may I see that copy!" said Willie, with hope and fear in his heart. Then, as he glanced at the page and handed the book back, he said: "Please, sir, that is not my copy. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake one day."

Willie lost the prize, and some of the lads laughed at him, but the brave boy said: "I have chosen the truth rather than gain a prize wrongfully, for the truth is better than gold."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

HOW A BOY SUNK A CHURCH.

She had long been moored to a post in a Liverpool dock, and had been set apart for worship as early as the year 1827.

An earnest man made application to the Lords of the Admiralty, and an old frigate which had been engaged in action many times, carrying twenty-eight guns, was given for the purpose.

Under the deck of this old ship the gospel of the grace of God had been preached to seamen and landsmen. She was under the care of an old sailor who was sexton and ship-keeper; every Sunday morning he let down the gangway and opened the bow-port and rung the bell for service. During the week he had the general oversight of the ship, and one daily claim on his attention was

the pump. The old ship was somewhat leaky, but a few strokes of the pump-handle would cause the pump to "suck," which meant no more water in the well. But both ship and ship-keeper grew old, and the daily duty of the pump was confided to the nephew of the old keeper who did his duty well for a time, when he slackened for some reason, either the water increased or he grew indolent; at length, one morning, the dock-master discovered that the church had gone to the bottom.

Prompt action was necessary, a steam pump was brought alongside and the church was pumped out, when she was moored and gently taken out of dock and up the river. She was laid on the "land" and her timber and planks were sold to make posts and fences for the farmers.

In that boy's memory there is a mark, and not a pleasant one; by his neglect he sunk the church. Boys! do your duty and have a pleasant memory. H. I. M.
Beamsville, Ont.

He that planteth the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?—The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers.

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