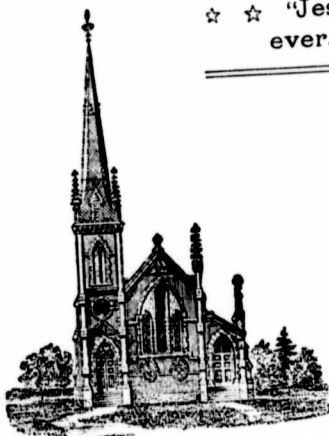


☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8.



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 107.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

### St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON,

WM. GRACE.

C. D. BARR.

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS,

H. J. NOSWORTHY,

R. PLAYFAIR,

J. H. SOOTHERAN,

J. A. PADDON,

E. C. ARMSTRONG,

G. H. M. BAKER,

M. H. SISSON,

THOS. J. MURTAGH,

L. KNIGHT,

J. M. KNOWLSON,

F. HOPKINS.

*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.

The Ven. Archdeacon Mills, of Montreal, has been elected Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese of Ontario. We trust he may have much of the spirit of God given him to guide him in his high office.

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Baptisms.

MCNABB.—Annie Isabella, daughter of John and Isabella McNabb, born 2nd March, 1900, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 12th Aug., 1900.

NAYLOR.—Stanley Osborne, son of John Thomas and Martha Naylor, born 6th March, 1900, baptized in St. George's Cameron, 12th Aug., 1900.

COOK.—Martha Ellen, daughter of Thomas James and Mary Etta Cook, born 24th June, 1900, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 12th Aug., 1900.

HEPBURN.—William John Ross, son of Charles James and M. Caroline Hepburn, born 18th April, 1900, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 12th Aug., 1900.

LOCKWOOD.—Thomas Edward, son of Harvey M. and Lillie May Lockwood, born 25th June, 1900, baptized 1st Aug., 1900.

#### Burials.

NEDDO.—At Riverside cemetery, on 3rd Aug., 1900, Thomas Andrew Neddo, in his 25th year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

The choir excursion this year to Crowley's Island was a very pleasant affair, and we are glad so many were able to take it in.

The Rev. R. A. Robinson, of Fergus, kindly took the duty at St. Paul's during the rector's absence. He made a number of friends during his short stay, especially by his visits and unwearied attention to those who were ill, of whom we are sorry to say there were quite a number. A visit from Mr. Robinson at any time will be much appreciated.

We are glad to see Mr. and Mrs. S. Champion and family back in town again.

News has been received of the safe arrival of Miss Wilgress and Miss Veitch at Hay River, McKenzie River diocese.

Mr. Vance has lately received several donations of books for the St. George's church Sunday school, Cameron, which are much appreciated.

The confirmation class at Cannington this summer was not a large one, but there was one thing unusual about it—four times as many males as females were confirmed.

Every man who has been baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, has promised solemnly before the congregation, not only to believe in God, but to serve Him. Are we doing it?

The Drinking Fountain presented to the town by the C.E.T.S., has been placed in position, and will no doubt soon be supplying water for thirsty travellers and teams, as well as dogs and birds.

Some have even yet forgotten to pay their subscription to Parish and Home. Kindly hand or send the amount due to Miss Goodwin, Kent-st. 40 cts. a year is a small amount, but one hundred people neglecting to pay that sum makes a large deficiency in our receipts.

As we think of the rich harvest lately gathered in, surely our thoughts should be as the Psalmist's when he said, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not his benefits." And as we eat and are satisfied we should be careful to send portions to those less favored than ourselves, at home or abroad.

The third Sunday in September is C.C.M.A. Sunday, when the work and needs of the Canadian Church Missionary Association will be brought before many congregations in Canada. The C.C.M.A. support in whole or in part 25 missionaries to the heathen, sent from Canada, scattered in Japan, China, South America, Palestine and our own far North-West. Three other missionaries are ready to go if funds were on hand to send them. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he thrust forth laborers into his harvest."

On Thursday, Sept. 7th, St. John's church, Dunsford, was consecrated, or set apart for the service of God, by the Bishop of Toronto. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, of Millbrook, the Revs. John Creighton, of Blackstock, Wm. Farncomb, of Fene-lon Falls, a former incumbent of the mission, E. Langfeldt, of Omemee, the Rural Dean, and the present incumbent, also taking part in the service. After the service, an excellent dinner was served in the adjoining building, and short and interesting addresses given by the visiting clergy and others. We congratulate the Rev. W. Creighton, the churchwardens, (two Mr. Kennedy's) and the church people of St. John's on having freed their church of all debt so that it could be set apart for "a house of prayer", and we hope their example may encourage many others to make earnest efforts, so that the large sums now paid as interest on church debts may be turned into better channels. We noticed a number present from Lindsay and Bobcaygeon and are sure they enjoyed a pleasant day, meeting with Dunsford friends as well as profiting by the earnest words of the Bishop and others.

"Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. 1 Cor. 6: 20.

Miss Leary, who has been so faithful at the organ, is taking a few weeks' holidays at Ottawa. Mr. Knight is taking her duty here.

It is nice to see so many back in their seats at St. Paul's, after having been absent at Sturgeon Point or elsewhere for the holidays.

Dr. Turner who has been for some years engaged in medical missionary work among the Indians in the diocese of Calgary, is at home again in Millbrook for a time.

The Widows' and Orphans' Fund collection is taken up in October, and St. Paul's church is asked for \$43.29 this year—Cameron, Cambray and Reaboro are asked for \$9.20 between them.

"As far back as 1497, five years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, John Cabot, when he sailed for our western shores, carried with him a minister of the Church of England"—said the representative of the church in the United States in their greeting to the S.P.G. on its 200th anniversary.

During his short absence the Rector preached twice at St. George's church, Clarksburg, and assisted twice at service, also addressing a missionary "At Home". He had the privilege of listening to sermons or addresses by Rev. Canon Hincks, of Windsor, Rev. Geo. Keys, of Clarksburg, and Rev. Heber Hamilton, a returned missionary from Japan.

The next meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria is arranged to be held at Millbrook on Sept. 18th and 19th. The Revd. R. Seaborn of Bowmanville, will open the discussion on: "How to reach the confirmed who are not communicants." Missionary exchanges will be arranged for, while Rev. E. A. Langfeldt will be the special preacher at St. Thomas' church Tuesday evening.

Sometimes a person thinks that because a certain work that he has done for the church, has not been as much appreciated by those in authority as it should be, therefore he is justified in stopping work. How many a wife has done work for the family that has been little noticed or appreciated, and yet does she give up? No. So if work is God's work, let us see that we do it, looking to Him for approval.

The new church of St. James, Emily Township, was opened on Sunday, Sept. 2nd, the Rev. Wilson McCann, a former incumbent of the parish, and the Rev. Prof. Clark, of Trinity College, being the special preachers of the occasion. Large numbers were present, and on the following day, a successful parochial gathering and concert was held. We congratulate the clergyman and congregation on such an auspicious opening, and trust St. James' church may be the centre of much work done, in bringing souls into Christ's Kingdom and building up God's people in their most holy faith.

# Parish and Home

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 9

## CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 2—**Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings xxii. to 41; 1 Cor. xii. to 28. *Evening*—2 Kings ii. to 16 or iv. 5 to 38; Mark vi. to 14.
- 9—**Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings v.; 2 Cor. i. to 23. *Evening*—2 Kings vi. to 24; Mark ix., 30.
- 16—**Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings ix.; 2 Cor. viii. *Evening*—2 Kings x. to 32, or xiii.; Mark xiii., 14.
- 21—**St. Matthew, A., E. and M.** *Morning*—1 Kings xix., 15; 2 Cor. xi., 14, and xiii. *Evening*—1 Chron., xxix. to 20; Mark xv., 42, and xvi.
- 22—**Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings xviii.; Galatians ii. *Evening*—2 Kings xix., or xxiii. to 31; Luke i., 26 to 57.
- 29—**St. Michael and All Angels.** *Morning*—Gen. xxxii.; Acts x. i., 5 to 18. *Evening*—Daniel x., 4; Rev. xiv., 14.
- 30—**Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Chron. xxxvi.; Ephesians i. *Evening*—Neh. i. and ii. to 9, or viii.; Luke iv., 16.

## SEPTEMBER.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

Purple asters here at last!  
And thistle-seed a-blowing!  
And what is this in the blackbird's song—  
The locusts pipe it shrill and long,  
Over and over: "Past—past—past—  
The summer days are going!"

Stay, chattering squirrel! Why this fret  
For hoard you're sure to gather?  
And zunning spinner, why so soon  
A shroud to weave—a last cocoon?  
The bitter frost is far off yet,  
Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (who knows?) to grass and fern  
Comes bitter pang in turning  
From youth to age. Perhaps the wood  
Rebels against a faded hood,  
And would escape it if it could;  
And that with wrath the sumachs burn,  
When the summer days are going!  
—*The Outlook.*

"BLESSED are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," saith the all-wise Christ, "for they shall be filled."

Yet we find men hungering and thirsting after wealth, pleasure, position, power, and such like things, though none of them satisfy. How seldom you hear of a rich man thinking he has wealth enough, or a seeker after pleasure satisfied with the amusements he has secured, or an Alexander who does not desire other worlds to conquer.

Yet righteousness is what this world needs, right living, upright

dealing, right thinking, speaking, teaching, doing.

The righteousness of Christ laid hold of by faith, and the righteousness of Christ being more and more received into our lives, is that which alone can and does satisfy the infinite yearnings of the sons and daughters of men.

On September 21 we are especially reminded of St. Matthew, the apostle and evangelist. As we know, he was a despised publican or tax collector, and was also named Levi. One day as he sat at the receipt of customs the Lord Jesus passed by and said to him, "Follow me," and he arose and followed Him, and afterwards made a feast at his house and invited many to meet and hear his new-found Master.

Christ's dealings with the publicans are very remarkable, being in such marked contrast with the Rabbis of His day. 'Twas while eating and drinking with them, and amid the murmurings of the Scribes and Pharisees, that He tells the wonderful parables of (St. Luke 15) the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the lost son.

We remember how He contrasted the prayer of the Pharisee and the publican, and again how on His last journey to Jerusalem, as He passed through Jericho, He saw the wealthy publican who had climbed up into the sycamore tree, and said to him "Zacchæus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house," and he made haste and came down and received Him joyfully; and was so touched by His love and power that he said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I return him fourfold."

Comparatively little is known of the after life of the apostle, but as long as the world lasts he will be loved and honoured by countless numbers of the followers of the

Lord Jesus as they read the wonderful story of the Divine life recorded in the gospel which he was moved and led of the Holy Spirit to write for our learning. May many of our readers be as ready to hear and obey the call of the Master: "Follow me."

## "THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

Rev. xxi i.

By the REV. W. J. ARMITAGE, of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S.

The apostle in graphic language thus sets before our eyes as a present reality and an accomplished fact that which is yet to take place in the blessed consummation of a new heaven and a new earth. It may be a strange thought to some of us to whom the sea is peculiarly attractive and who find a beauty in its waves and storms and a charm which is all its own by its shores. Thus Byron thought:

"And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy,  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be."

The poets have ever seen in the ocean a symbol of truth. Byron thought that it was the image of eternity and that as a mirror it reflects the almighty form of God. Whittier speaks of the ceaseless worshipping of the waves and as the surf beats upon the shore, it seems to kneel as bends the human knee, and there is to his mind a priesthood of the sea.

"They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea."

Others again have heard the song which the wild waves are ever saying and they tell us that it is an anthem of praise and that "evermore the waters worship God." And the inspired Psalmist teaches, "The sea is His and He made it."

The most practical of minds realize that the ocean plays an important part in the economy of the world. It is the secret of the earth's

fertility, it makes the world habitable in its effect upon climate and temperature and although once a barrier it forms now a most convenient mode of transport and is the world's great highway.

The revelation which St. John makes, "There was no more sea," only becomes clear in the light of Scripture. The Jews were not a maritime nation. Their chief city was difficult of access, and so was their land, for Joppa is one of the worst ports in the world. They looked upon the sea with dread. In Bible language the sea is always a symbol of power, or tumult, or danger. And St. John, the fisherman of Galilee, knew something of its perils in his earlier life, while now, in his age, he was chained like an eagle on the lonely, sea-girt isle of Patmos, separated from all whom he loved by the weary waste of waters. The blue Ægean, whether it smiled or frowned, was all the same to him; it kept him from the work in which his heart was centred.

But let us, in a closer study, attempt to discover the reason why, in the world to come, there shall be no more sea.

(1) *The sea is the emblem of separation.*—Matthew Arnold calls it: "The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." It is the world's natural divider, and almost all the divisions of countries are caused by seas and rivers. This, of course, has its good side, and for our present conditions was God-ordained. It was intended to develop the national spirit. We see this at its best in modern life in the British Isles. And for that reason Tennyson sings:

"Thank Him Who isled us here, and  
roughly set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming  
showers."

That, too, was the secret of the development of the character of Israel, separated from the world powers, so that in the fullness of time Christ should be born. But there are evils in separation. When families are broken up, and when the wide, wide sea severs fond hearts. In heaven there will be no more sea, nothing to divide or separate, but all will be united beneath a sky of cloudless love.

(2) *The sea is the emblem of change.*—There is nothing in the world more uncertain or unstable. At one moment quiet and gentle, moving on its way in majestic calm, the next storm sweeps its billows, soon lifting their heads almost mountain high. Its constant change makes it a picture of the life of the wicked apart from God. The prophet tells us that they are like the troubled sea which can never rest. It portrays too, human life which is like a restless sea, with its rises and falls, its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures. The sea has its outward changes through the influence of the sun and moon and wind; and the outward life of man is affected by trials and difficulties which he must meet on every hand. The sea has inward changes caused, as Maury tells us, by marine life, which has power to influence old ocean to its greatest depths from pole to pole. And man's life has its own difficulties which arise from within, the inward doubt and temptation and lust which war against the soul.

In heaven there will be no sea, instead of constant change, there will be rest and peace, peace which is compared to the gentle onward flow of some quiet word. God's peace which never knows the shadow of a change will be over all.

(3) *The sea is the emblem of life's storm.*—The greatest storms are at sea, or there at least they are felt the most. But they are necessary, stagnation breeds disease and issues in death. And so it is that in this life, the winds of adversity and loss serve their purpose, they send us to Christ for aid, they teach us to seek a refuge in Him as the fortress of our souls. But in heaven life's storms will be over for it is God's haven where His own are kept in safety.

(4) *The sea is the emblem of mystery.*—There is no object in nature so much so. In vain we attempt to learn its secrets. We may watch its surface, but will only find that while it is a mirror to reflect the face of Nature, it is also a veil which hides from human eyes "the deep, unfathomed beds of ocean," and that we cannot pierce its depths. So life is a mystery. The ways of Providence are beyond our mortal ken. We cannot understand

why it is that prosperity is grand in the path of the wicked, while adversity so often seems to be the lot of the godly. We have no eyes to read the mystery which covers life's sad fact, that the young, the lovely, the useful and the promising are taken, making life sad and home desolate, while the worn-out and useless are left almost a cumbrance upon the earth. Why is it? we ask, and there is but one answer: "What I do thou knowest not now." In heaven there will be no more sea, no more painful mystery, but all will be made clear in God's good time, and it will be seen that love reigns over all.

Life is compared to a voyage, and in our Church service for baptism the prayer is offered that the person may so pass through the waves of this troublesome world that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life. The desired haven is ever to be kept before the mind's eye, however weary may seem the sea: "Weary the oars, weary the wandering fields of barren foam," for heaven means perfect peace, where storms are unknown. Christ stands upon the shore, and His word is "Peace."

#### EVENTIDE.

I trace the rainbow through the falling  
rain,

A fleeting fringe of lace so deftly spun,  
What thrills of sweetness run along my  
pain,  
Divinely tinted rays attend my setting  
sun.

—H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

#### WINGS.

From the wings of the earth have we heard songs  
even glory to the righteous—Isa. 24: 16.

Where the people of the Lord  
are, they will sing. He giveth songs  
in the night, in the day, in the prison,  
on the sea, to the uttermost  
parts of the earth. When a harp is  
in tune and is touched by a master  
hand, it must give forth music.

Who has fully studied wings, their  
power, beauty, speed? They touch  
us, fire our imagination, and disappear;  
the colours of the wings are  
taken from the heavens, the sun-  
beams from the brush wherewith  
the great artist paints their perfect  
beauty.

Wings appeal to experience. "And

Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, Thus shalt thou say: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore if ye will obey indeed."—Ex. 19: 3.

How fleeting the pathway of wings! Men are warned not to set their eyes upon that which is not, "for riches certainly make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle towards heaven."

Wings indicate speed, elevation, expansion. How condescending is God! "He formed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub and did fly, and he was seen upon the wings of the wind."—2 Sam. 22: 10. Who does not sympathize with the man in middle life, his cares many, his comforts few? "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." Instead of asking for the strength of the ox to bear his trials, he asks for wings to flee; in other words, to turn coward and run away. God does not answer such prayers, for He wants us to stand and not to run.

Think of the wings of the morning! The morning of youth, of ambition, of opportunity, discovery in learning and in travel. Ho to the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea. Is it by the wings of the morning that English-speaking people are sailing to the uttermost parts of the sea, hoisting the ensign of liberty, law and salvation?

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious."

Wings speak of safety. "Hide me under the shadow of thy wing" is the prayer of many in distress. How many more declare "In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice!"

He cometh with healing in His wings and offereth the shelter of a covering which is renewed every summer in the sermon preached by the hen. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."—Matt. 23: 37.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

### LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

Ye say that love is strong as death—  
Ye know not what ye speak;  
Shall love be as the feeble breath,  
The color on the cheek?

Stronger than death, or woe, or time,  
Is he who reigns above,  
And down the ages love's words chime,  
Declaring, "God is love."

Death is the subject slave of love,  
For love is God on high!  
Stronger than death love rules above,  
Till death himself shall die.

—Clara F. Guernsey, in *Parish Visitor*.

### SILENT PREACHING.

Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said:

"Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

So they went forth, conversing as they went down the principal streets, and lanes, even to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?"

"My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at, our behaviour has been remarked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah, my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk."

This is in harmony with a most tender and precious experience. It occurred when I was thirteen years old. I was an office boy, and my master was secretary of the town mission. The brethren handed in their reports from time to time, and there was one who so impressed me, that he stands alone in his power over my receptive soul. This was more than sixty years ago. I have looked at Christian men for long years with a sympathetic interest, but no man ever came near to this one in his power to impress the spirit and meaning and bearing of his master. He never talked religion to me, never asked me about my soul, never spoke in words—and yet he did. Diviner words never reached me with such power, as did the silent words of this dear brother who has long since been gathered home.

—OLD MISSIONARY.

### MISSIONARY.

The following is an extract from a letter received from the Rev. F. N. Alexander, of Ellore, India, under whose direction St. Peter's native missionary, Jonah, works:

"The chief feature of our work at present is famine relief. In Ellore forty coolies are working and many children and old people depending on them receive batta or money help. These coolies have repaired the earthen wall round our compound and filled in mud on the low-lying vegetable beds. They have built two good schools of mud and filled up deep holes.

"I took a long tour of over a month's duration in the distressed parts to see for myself how things stand. I think there is great distress among the labouring classes and severe pressure; even among the well-to-do farmers as well there is much distress, the land above the canal being absolutely bare—no crop whatever. In government villages there is always remission of rent when crops fail, but in Zemindary lands full sist (rent) is charged. Often cattle have to be sold to pay the rent and this leaves the Ryot no means to cultivate his land when the next rain comes on. Bullocks and buffaloes do all the ploughing of the country. India is essentially an agricultural country. In these parts, for the bulk of the people, it is the only means of livelihood, so when rains fail there is nothing to fall back upon—people starve. There is no work to be had. Very many live by bruising the white mortar stuff, a stone that is used for marking figures in front of their houses for ornament. Vast numbers have taken to stripping bark from the acacia tree; it is used for tanning purposes. A whole sackfull brings only a few pence and as corn is at famine prices the poor get only a handful of grain after a long day's work and this has to support wife and children as well. They simply pound the grain on the mill-stone and, without cleaning away husk or dirt, they boil it into gruel just as it is and try in this way to keep body and soul together. The water famine also adds to their distress. The Panchamas (or low castes) have rarely wells of their own; they depend on tank water

for use, but all the tanks are dry, and most of the wells have not a drop of water in them. I have seen men and women up all the night long, with their earthen pots round the wall, waiting their turn to get a little of the precious fluid. The usual leaf vessel is of no use against the s'ony bottom. Kerosene tins can be got at a low price, and these are used to scrape the few drops that filter in. This is not the case of one well only. Over the side of a country you will find the wells all failing, and the distress of the cattle is very great. I took pains to ask about wild birds and beasts of the field. Nearly all the wild birds have flown away to the country along the Colar Lake, which you will see on the C.M.S. map from Ellore to the sea. That is always full of water, and the tanks below the canal are always filled before the canals close for three months. There all the villagers' cattle are to be found, and the birds follow them. Some birds satisfy their thirst by eating bitter fruits in the jungle, but huge vultures and eagles of every sort, crows and other birds suffer very much. Tigers, wild bears and huge monkeys leave the covert of the forest to get their thirst quenched. Sometimes they are found dead near the wells, sometimes they fall on man and cattle, so fierce are they made by thirst. By the help of the C.M.S. Famine Fund and private sources I have been able to start relief works in every part of the distressed districts. Heathen remark how Christians are cared for while they have no one to care for them, yet do they not turn unto God. I have begun to dig three wells. In another direction the people are digging stones to build two new churches. We have levelled up low places in our garden and in some low sites in the district. Other Christians are cutting timber in the jungle for roofing and for doors. I am building several prayer houses and schoolrooms to employ the people and make works that will be useful hereafter.

"If you can help us we will be much obliged. Jonah is doing his work well. We are not without troubles, chiefly from unruly and disobedient brethren who quarrel

among themselves and disturb the Church of God's elect. We are looking to His help for power to overcome every obstacle."

#### WHEN I GET TO THE END OF THE WAY.

"My life is a wearisome journey,  
I am tired of the dust and the heat,  
The rays of the sun beat upon me,  
The briars are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am going  
Will more than my trials repay,  
All the toils of the road will seem  
nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

"There are so many hills to climb upward,  
I often am longing for rest;  
But He who appoints me my pathway  
Knows just what is needful and best.  
I know in His Word He has promised  
That my strength shall be as my day,  
And the toils of the road will seem  
nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

"He loves me too well to forsake me  
Or give me one trial too much:  
All His people have dearly been purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By and-by I shall see Him and praise Him  
In the city of unending day,  
And the toils of the road will seem  
nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

"Though now I am footsore and weary,  
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,  
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said,  
come.  
So when I am weary in body,  
And sinking in spirit, I say,  
All the toils of the road will seem  
nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

"Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,  
There are cordials for those who are faint;  
There are robes that are whiter and purer  
Than any that fancy can paint.  
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day,  
The toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way."

#### GODLY PARENTS.

Godly parents are a blessed inheritance for their children. Parents who were loved in their day by their fellows are something to be grateful for by those who come after them. No matter how much of a man a man is in himself, he has an added treasure, in time of need, when he meets those to whom his father was

dear. When Solomon, in all his glory, wanted help from Hiram, King of Tyre, in building a temple for Jehovah at Jerusalem, he secured that help on account of his father; for it is said that "Hiram was ever a lover of David." Many a man since that day has found how good it is to be the son of a man whom God loved, and who was loved of God's children. This is a truth to be borne in mind in counting up our blessings. In serving God and in winning men's love our parents were laying up treasure for us to enjoy. This is also something to bear in mind in planning for the welfare of our children. If we serve God lovingly, and win men's hearts while in God's service, we are doing what may be a blessing to our children, for which they will be glad and grateful when they find its gain in their earthly future.—*Sunday-school Times.*

#### EVIL SPEAKING.

Do you govern your tongue? Do you really make it a point of conscience to speak evil of no man? The Word of God commands this just as plainly as it says, "Thou shalt not steal." What would you think of a man's religion whom you caught stealing? To rob one of his good name is often a far greater injury than to steal his money. Be careful what you say about an absent person. Weigh your words before you put them in circulation.

James makes the proof of Christian perfection to consist in the government of the tongue. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to govern the whole body" (Jas. iii. 2).

Observe carefully, and you will find this statement true. Sinful tempers may be smothered by a determined effort. But let them, through the medium of the tongue, come out into daylight, where they are fanned and fed, and they will rage with fury. "You may as well say it as think it," is one of the most pernicious maxims that the devil ever set afloat.

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren" (Jas. iv. 11). "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault, between thee and him alone."—*Earnest Christian.*

## RUDENESS.

Impertinence sometimes meets with merited rebuke, though not always in the kindly spirit displayed in this instance :

An elderly lady went into a large retail shop in this city during those busy days of Christmas shopping, and asked a young woman behind the counter : "Have you any gold collar buttons?"

The girl surveyed her critically a moment, and seeing an old, plainly-dressed woman, without a word took down a box, shoved it across the counter, and indifferently turned away to survey the passers by.

"These are sleeve buttons," said the customer, gently; "I said collar buttons."

Her accent was not that of an American, and the girl giggled, and looked significantly at one of her fellows as she took down another box and pushed it over the counter.

"These are enamelled or set with imitation stones. I want plain, gold buttons."

"The enamelled are the style now."

"I want the plain, gold buttons, if you please," said the stranger, quietly.

"If you can't find what you want there, we haven't got them," said the girl, tossing her head. "Ladies," she said, insolently, "are not buying cheap buttons for gifts now-a-days. They want the jewelled ones."

The stranger rose.

"They don't suit you? I knew they wouldn't from the first." She banged the lid on the box, and turned her back on the customer.

The lady hesitated, and said, in a gentle, firm voice: "I might call your employer and tell him how badly his interests are served by you. But I am sorry for you, and I am going, instead, to waste a little plain common-sense on you.

"I came from England. So did you. You would have waited on me humbly there for one-third of the wages you are paid here. Your purpose now is to show each customer that you think you are 'as good as she is.' That is probably the cause of your rudeness just now. You may be as good or better than I. But that is not what your employer pays you to show to

me. He pays you to show me his buttons. The more civil and attentive you are, the more buttons you will sell, and the more you will earn. That is your one chance to better your condition."

She went out. The girl looked after her, flushed and angry.

"Do you know who that woman is?" she asked a salesman who was passing.

"That is Lady Dash," naming a well-known noblewoman who is a leader in several international reforms. "Why? What was she saying to you?"

The girl hesitated. "She was trying to show me what a fool I have been, and I think she did it," she said, candidly.—*Parish Visitor.*

## THE CONVERSION OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

In the July number of the *Missionary Review of the World*, Rev. Donald Macdonald tells the following story of a New Zealand cannibal. He prefaces the story by saying that there is no more striking illustration of the Gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth than the conversion of the Maoris of New Zealand; a whole nation of cannibals in a quarter of a century made nominally Christians through the preaching of the gospel.

On a certain Sunday the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a clergyman of the Church of England, was administering the the Lord's Supper. Among the communicants were two rival chiefs, Tamati Puna and Panapa. When the former was admitted to the table, he happened to kneel next to Panapa, who had a few years previously killed and eaten his father. This was the first time they had met. For a moment the old spirit of revenge seized Tamati. His face changed, his tongue protruded, and all the muscles of his body quivered. He sprang to his feet, and when he was about to give the fatal blow to his rival foe, his hand seemed to have lost its power. He came to himself, and walked out. In a few moments he returned, a changed man, knelt next to Panapa, and he burst out weeping and sobbing like a child. When the service was over the missionary asked him "What

was the matter?" for his emotions were extraordinary. "Ah," he said, "when I knelt next to Panapa I recognized him as the murderer who killed and ate my father, and I could not control myself, but somehow I could not strike him, and as I walked out I heard a voice saying, 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' I thought I saw a cross and a man nailed to it, and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them.' Then I returned and felt ashamed. It was the love of Jesus that melted my heart and made me eat of the same bread and drink out of the same cup with the murderer of my father."—*Selected.*

## FEW DO IT.

There is still existing a manuscript letter written by Sir Thomas More to his wife, Alyce, when the news came to him that his great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries, had been almost destroyed by fire.

Instead of lamenting over his loss, he bids her first "find out if any poor neighbours had stored their corn in the granaries," and, if so, to recompense them. Secondly, to discharge no servant until he have another abiding-place; and lastly, to "be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God for what Hee hath given us, and what Hee hath left us."

He urges her, "I pray you, Alyce, with my children, to be merry in God."

Most of us, if we had lost property and home in a night, would think we did well if we were patient under God's will; but to be cheerful and even "merry" in Him is an almost forgotten grace.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in a prayer written for his family on the night before his death, asked that when the day returned it should find them strong to endure if it brought sorrow, and eager to be happy if happiness were their portion.

"Why," asked a Hindu sage, "why are the Christians melancholy men? If I believed as they say, that the great God was my Father, and that His Son was my Elder

brother, I should not groan though I lost a few bushels of wheat, or even an eye. I should be of all men most happy and gay. They do not believe what they say."

David, whose life was full of struggles and griefs and sins, taught the world its hymns, full of a mighty, joyous thanksgiving.

Paul in prison, knowing that death in its most painful shape might be near, could exhort his friends not only to be patient, but to "rejoice in the Lord alway. And again I say," he adds, urgently, "Rejoice."

Most men will laugh when they are well-fed and their lives are comfortable, but it is a different thing to sing in prison, or when one's home is burning to find time to be kind to the poor and "merry in God" like old Sir Thomas More.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### A BAD PROVERB.

Proverbs are sharp tools and powerful. But they are not always good. Depend on it, the power of evil sometimes works through proverbs as well as the power of good. This is one of the wicked proverbs: "At Rome do as the Romans do," or, as the Germans put it, "When you are among wolves you must howl." A man has been among a company that drinks hard. He does not want to drink. He believes he cannot fail to fall into sin by drink; but because he is at Rome, he will do as the Romans do. So he drinks till he loses his reason. Another has a small income, but he happens to have a good voice, or fine manners, or to be a clever talker. He is invited here and there, and launches into all kinds of extravagance that he cannot afford. His answer is, "I must do as the rest of the company; when one is at Rome, you know—." It is a pity we had not kept the German form, for it is not complimentary to a man to be classed among wolves, or considered a graceful accomplishment to howl. In most cases "wolves" are the best images of the company, and "howling" the best description of the conduct that requires the gratification this bad proverb is supposed to give. There

is a good answer that may be suggested to any who are met with the excuse of doing at Rome what the Romans do. It is very true that if a man be among the wolves he will have to howl; but he had no business even to have gone among the wolves. There is no necessity for going into company that "howls," and if you don't care for the company of the wolves, your anxiety will be not to howl with them, and you will think it but little if they howl at you.

An old story may be told to help those who have got amongst the Romans to come away. A certain philosopher once met a youth coming out of a disreputable house in Athens. The youth blushed, and hung his head. The philosopher said, "My friend, you need not be ashamed of coming out, but of going in."

#### MANHOOD.

The intrinsic quality, and not professions, nor station in life, is the basis of true manhood. The labourer, the mechanic, the professional man who is honest, truthful, industrious, patient and charitable, embraces the essentials of true manhood and highest royalty.

True to God—true to our neighbour—true to self, is the motto of the armour of manhood and Christian graces.

Excellent virtues and admirable faithfulness as often come in purest qualities from the heart of the toiler under the parching sun, as from the great statesman, who studies in the elegantly-furnished capitol. As often are golden words fitly spoken by the mechanic, whose brow is covered by dingy sweat drops, as by the lips of the wise counsellors in the halls of justice. The heart and not the appearance makes manhood. Noble men are those whose minds seek truths through the heart. The chivalric man exists in all conditions of life—and labour in every stage is honourable, if the heart is moulded in the furnace of righteousness. This royal line of manhood crowns all conditions of men, as the white caps ride the crest of the waves, when ocean heaves to listing winds. The true man who guides the plow

or lifts the hammer is the peer of the true man who wields the sceptre of empire.—*The Layman*.

#### "I BELONG TO THEE."

Wendell Phillips, the great orator, is an example of what a rich, young man may become who resists the temptations of early dissipation. He developed a great moral character, and must ever remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England.

An interesting illustration is related in his early manhood. One day, after hearing Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried: "O God, I belong to Thee! Take what is Thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it."

"And," observed Mr. Phillips in later years, "I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong exerting any temptation over me; nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right."

In other words, in that supreme hour his moral nature conquered and subjugated his lower self. For him henceforth there was no compromise with animalism, with selfishness, cupidity, or, in a word, with any debasing inclination; they were suppliants at the feet of his soul.—*Christian Leader*.

#### THE TEACHER WHO WINS

Loves God's word.

Encourages questions.

Uses his Bible in the class.

Looks after the sick and absent.

Is always in his place before time.

Teaches his pupils how to love the book.

Loves his pupils and prays for them by name.

Attends the teachers' meeting and comes prepared to give as well as to receive.

Sees that pupils have experimental knowledge of Christ rather than intellectual knowledge about Christ.—*Illustrator*.



**Parish and Home.**

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44 Richmond Street, Toronto,

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10 copies, for one year, to one address,	\$ 3.50
20 " " " " " "	6.00
40 " " " " " "	11.50
50 " " " " " "	13.00
100 " " " " " "	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.  
44 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada

**THE GOLDEN TIME.**

When is the golden time? you ask—the golden time of love,  
The time when earth is green beneath,  
and skies are blue above;  
The time for sturdy health and strength,  
the time for happy play—  
When is the golden hour? you ask—I  
answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand slips  
on the great world sea,  
As staunch as ever ship that launched to  
sail eternally;  
To-day, that wafts to you and me a  
breath of Eden's prime,  
That greets us, glad and large and free—  
it is the golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face and  
gone so far away  
As sands that swept the pyramids in  
Egypt's ancient day.  
No man shall look on yesterday, or tryst  
with her again;  
Forever gone, her toils, her prayers, her  
conflicts, and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold, may never  
come to bless  
Or blight our lives with weal or ill, with  
gladness or distress,  
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand, nor  
catch her on the way;  
For when we reach to-morrow's land she'll  
be by then to-day.

You ask me for the golden time; I bid  
you "seize the hour,"  
And fill it full of earnest work, while yet  
you have the power.  
To-day, the golden time for joy, beneath  
the household eaves;  
To-day the royal time for work, "for  
bringing in the sheaves."

To-day the golden time for peace, for  
righting olden feuds  
For sending forth from every heart what-  
ever sin intrudes;  
To-day, the time to consecrate your life to  
God above;  
To-day, the time to banish hate, the  
golden time for love.

—Messenger.

**"I DON'T LIKE THE MINISTER."**

"I don't like the minister!"  
That settles the matter. If you  
don't like the minister, you have  
no duties to perform. Not liking  
the minister absolves you from  
all responsibility. The fact that  
you "don't like the minister" re-  
leases you from your vows. If  
you are a warden or a vestryman,  
you need not take any further  
interest in the financial affairs of  
the congregation. The fact that  
the people entrusted you with  
certain duties, which you engaged  
to perform, is neither here nor  
there if you "don't like the min-  
ister." Of course you needn't  
pay anything, "if you don't like  
the minister." Certainly not.  
The easiest of all ways to get rid  
of supporting the Church and its  
ordinances is simply to say, "I  
don't like the minister." There  
are a number of reasons why  
some "don't like the minister." Some  
of these reasons are good,  
no doubt, but many are the re-  
verse. Neither good nor bad  
absolve a hearer from his duty.  
Perhaps it would be presumption  
to ask you why you "don't like  
the minister"?—Selected.

**"SMALL SWEET COURTESIES."**

From *Harper's Weekly*: Life is  
so complex, its machinery so intri-  
cate, that it is impossible that the  
wheels should always move smooth-  
ly and without friction. There is a  
continual straining of every nerve  
to gain and keep a place in this  
over-crowded busy world. What  
wonder if, in the hurry and pushing,  
the rights of others are trampled  
or completely ignored, when every  
individual is in such haste that time  
fails for the "small sweet courtesies  
of life!"

But it is the little offices of friend-  
ship—the encouraging smile, the  
appreciative word, the thought for  
our preferences, the avoidance of  
our prejudices—which make life  
easier, and which lessen in a mar-  
vellous degree all its worries and  
perplexities. For nothing prevents  
friction so perfectly as the exercise  
of what we sometimes disdainfully  
call the minor virtues. As though  
one should be endowed with truth,  
and yet, lacking prudence and deli-

cate insight and circumspection,  
wound with sharp 'needle pricks  
the sensitive hearer. We do not  
care to be constantly reminded of  
our failings. "Faithful are the  
wounds of a friend," but friends too  
often show a fondness for the  
scalpel, and lay bare our pet weak-  
nesses in a truthful but exceedingly  
uncomfortable fashion.

A gentlewoman never fails in the  
small sweet courtesies. Instinctive-  
ly she respects the feelings of others,  
and having the golden rule by heart,  
it is from her heart that all lovely  
love compelling graces flow. "In her  
tongue is the law of kindness," and  
she has the ready tact which takes  
advantage of every opportunity to  
render the lives of others happier,

"And every morning with 'Good-day,'  
Makes each day good."

Her winning smile and gentle min-  
istrations, her soft voice and unfail-  
ing sympathy, insure her always a  
ready welcome, and, like the sun,  
she "finds the world bright, be-  
cause she first makes it so."

The fairy tale of our young days  
has a peculiar charm and attrac-  
tion. The courteous, cheerful  
maiden who draws water for the  
withered old crone, and who listens  
to her, and replies with amiability,  
is rewarded with the gift of uttering  
pearls and diamonds; and, in the  
less romantic German version, Frau  
Holle bestows gold pieces as the  
reward of civility and diligence  
with that delightful prodigality so  
characteristic of fairyland.

The small, sweet courtesies are  
so potent in their influence upon  
our daily life, softening its asper-  
ities, rounding its angles, and in-  
sensibly compelling imitation. For  
who could be churlish, or even cold  
and indifferent, when surrounded  
by an atmosphere of genial warmth?  
The little every-day and all-day  
thought for others is not hard to  
some gracious natures imbued with  
the rare virtue of self-forgetfulness;  
but to those who long for the ad-  
miration of their fellow-creatures,  
the practice of the small sweet cour-  
tesies can be recommended as an  
unfailing means of gaining that  
approbation. Mr. Browning ex-  
presses it thus:

"'Twas her thinking of others made you  
think of her."

In his exquisite portrait poem, "My Love," Lowell has translated into the diviner language of poetry the words of our text :

"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone or despise ;  
For naught that sets an heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

#### THE BIBLE.

The Bible is its own best witness as to its importance to man's life. It is full of testimonies to its worth as our guide and director. The Psalmist says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," and again, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom," says St. Paul. And again to Timothy he writes, "From a babe thou hast known those sacred writings, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Every Scripture is inspired of God and is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness : that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work." To this apostle "The sword of the spirit is the word of God." And to the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews "The word of God is living and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of Soul and Spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart." We see the Saviour foiling the tempter by "It is written," etc. This is no parrot exercise in Scripture, but its use is to show that the user knew where the deep things of life really lay.

#### THE BIBLE AND LIFE.

Nor is the testimony of those who use it behind that of "The Word" itself. Millions have loved it and found it "a lamp" and "a light" to all their lives. "There is scarcely any noble part of knowledge, worthy of the mind of man, but from Scripture it may have some direction and light."—*Hooker*. "The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples, has not half the influence

of this book of a despised nation. The sun never sets upon its gleaming page."—*Theodore Parker*. "In this book is all the wisdom of the world."—*Ewald*. "If we be ignorant the Scriptures will instruct us ; if out of the way, they will bring us home ; if out of order, they will reform us ; if in heaviness, comfort us ; if dull, quicken us ; if cold, inflame us."—*Transtators, 1611*. "Why will people go astray when they have this blessed book to guide them?"—*Faraday*. "What a book ! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of Heaven ! Sunrise and sunset promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in the book."—*Heine*. "I have always been in favour of secular education, in the sense of education without theology ; but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and colour ; and even the noble stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for the ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book would children be so much humanized ? If Bible-reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure."—*Huxley*.

—*Waterloo Deanery Magazine*.

#### THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

Mr. Sankey has recently related the story of how Mr. Moody and himself once appeared before an audience of men and women in London that was made up of out-and-out haters of the Christian Church. They only had been admitted. People who were churchgoers could not get into that meet-

ing. Most of the men and women present were rough scoffers. No regular clergyman could have induced such people as they to reform, but they came to hear Moody and Sankey because they never received such an invitation before. The idea of a religious meeting at which churchgoers were barred out had startled them. But having succeeded in getting them there, the problem arose how they should prevent them from going away more confirmed than ever in their wickedness. "We must interest them with the singing," said Moody. "We must have a hymn which will appeal to the hearts of them all, and what I want to sing is 'My Mother's Prayer.'" Mr. Sankey began that song amid the noise of shuffling feet and whispered comments. But before one verse of it had been sung a silence fell over that audience so perfect that he could almost hear the beating of his own heart and the ticking of the clock in the moments between the lines. He sang all seven verses of it with an enthusiasm such as he had never felt before. As the last note died away, Mr. Moody followed with a very tender and loving address. He carried the audience like a whirlwind, and when he ceased five hundred of those rude, irreverent unbelievers rose up from their seats beside their boon companions and their accomplices in iniquity and asked for prayers. The song had found the way to the one tender spot in their hearts. Everyone who has the gift of sweet song should dedicate it to Jesus Christ.—*Homiletic Review*.

#### "READ" AND "LEARN" THE CXIX. PSALM.

By THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.

Bishop Cowper calls the 119th Psalm "a Holy Alphabet, so plain that children may understand it ; so rich and so instructive that the wisest and most experienced may every day learn something from it." In Germany it is called "the golden alphabet of a Christian man," and children are taught to repeat it in their early years.

St. Augustine, who wrote a commentary on the Psalter, reserved his observations on this Psalm to the

last, "because," he says, "as often as I essayed to think thereon, it always excelled the power of my intent thought, and the utmost grasp of my faculties." In the Prymer of Henry VIII.'s time (1545), it is described as "The A B C of godly love; the paradise of learning; the shop of the Holy Ghost; the school of truth. In which appeareth how the saints of God esteem the Holy Laws; how fervently they be given unto them; how it grieveth them that they should be despised; how fervently they desire to learn to walk in them, and to fulfil them."

What a happy world it would be, and what happy homes we should have, if all of us were of this mind! God's "precepts" are all "promises" of good; and, as Hooker said, "The highest law is the highest liberty."

Matthew Henry, in his own quaint way, describes this Psalm as "A chest of golden rings, rather than a chain of golden links," while Bridges compares it to "many pearls on one string, of equal but independent value." In the diary of William Wilberforce we find the following entry, written during a time of intense political excitement: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm in great comfort." John Ruskin says: "It is a strange thing that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which to my child's mind was most repulsive, the 119th Psalm, has become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love to the law of God."

It is the especial glory of this Psalm that it bears such noble testimony to the Holy Scriptures.

#### THANKING GOD FOR OUR THORN.

Dr. George Matheson, of Scotland, is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. He was a member of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast in 1884, and no man in all that body of great men was heard with more profound attention than he. In oratorical power he had few, if any, equals in that body

of eloquent men. He spoke with such fluency, power and magnetism that he swept everything before him.

It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of the spirit of this man. Although he lives, and must always live, in total darkness, yet he is a cheerful and happy-hearted Christian. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children:

"My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee; then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'" — *Cumberland Presbyterian*.

#### LITTLE TRIALS.

Rust can best be removed by sand-paper or the file. Similarly we must be kept bright and clean. There must be no rust on our hearts resulting from inconsistency or permitted sin. To keep us from thus deteriorating is God's perpetual aim; and for this purpose he uses the fret of daily life, the chafe of small annoyances, the wear and tear of irritating tempers and vexing circumstances. Nothing great or crushing, but many things that gall and vex—these are the sand-paper and the file that God perpetually employs to guard against whatever would blunt the edge or diminish the effect of our work.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer*.

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Sept. 2.—St. Luke x. 1-12, 17-20.  
Sept. 9.—St. Luke x. 25-37.  
Sept. 16.—St. Luke xii. 13-24.  
Sept. 23.—St. Luke xii. 35-46.  
Sept. 30.—James i. 23-27

Most of our Sunday-school scholars are now back after the holidays at their week-day lessons and studies; but with all their duties we hope they will not forget the most important study of all—the study of the Word of God.

#### THE LIGHTHOUSE BOYS.

You have, perhaps, seen a lighthouse, with its tall tower and its great lamp sending bright rays out upon the dark waters. Maybe you have lived in a lighthouse far out on the rocky, wave-washed point, or on a cliff over looking miles of blue sea, or on an island where the breakers come roaring up to your door, and the spray is dashed by the wind against your window-panes. Out in the ocean there is an immense ledge, half a mile long, called "The Rock." On this rock in the sea stands a lighthouse tower, built of great blocks of granite. Close by the tower stands the stone house of the light-house-keeper. In the stone house live the keeper's boys with their baby sister. There is no place on the Rock for a garden. There are here and there bits of earth in the little hollows, but these spots are not large enough for one fat yellow pumpkin to get a living in. Five miles from the Rock lies the island. Just the place to raise dinners for the lighthouse boys is this fat, comfortable little island. So it happened that one November afternoon Mr. Lane, the light-keeper, got ready to go over to the island for supplies. As he started down the rocky way to the landing, Mrs. Lane called after him to be sure and remember the sugar and the condensed milk and the coffee.

"O papa," teased Bennie, as he tagged along at his father's heels, "won't you bring me one of Jim Tolman's kittens? They're big enough to eat fish by this time."

"I'll see," was the pleasant answer. "Don't bother now."

"And, father," shouted Rob, "bring us some popcorn; it's such fun to make cornballs cold winter evenings."

The tide was high and the sea smooth when Mr. Lane put out in his dory for the cat-boat, which was moored a short distance from the shore. The boys waited and watched till the sail was hoisted, and the little boat went dancing over the water. Then they ran back to the lighthouse to help mother. Little Carrie, the two-year-old sister, had been fretful the night before, and mamma had slept but little. So the boys were playing nurse for awhile.

It was very pleasant in the lighthouse kitchen that afternoon. The cook stove was doing its best to bake something spicy and plummy; the tea-kettle sang its cheeriest song; a cod-fish "muddle" was gently simmering itself done. Baby Carrie sat in state on a bit of rag carpet, and her devoted servants, Rob and Ben, were building splendid lighthouses for her out of pebbles from the seashore. So cheery was it, indeed, that nobody noticed when the breeze came blowing up from the south and ruffled the smooth blue sea into a thousand, curly, foamy waves. Mrs. Lane was dozing over her sewing when suddenly the kitchen door was blown open with a great fury and rush of wind. The baby cried, the boys pressed close to mamma with questions about father.

The wind grew wilder; the sea grew rougher. Mrs. Lane stood at the window watching a long time, watching for some sign of her husband's boat. At last she turned away, saying: "He won't come to-night. He knows better than to put out in such a gale. He couldn't possibly land while the waves run so high."

"And the light, mother?" said Rob.

"We must keep it," said the mother. "It is almost time to light it now."

Within an hour the night fell, and the rays from the great light began to stream over the gray, tossing sea.

The family ate their supper. Baby

Carrie went off to By-low Land in her mother's arms. The boys teased to sit up till it was time to trim the lamp at midnight. But the mother said: "No, no, go to bed, and wake up bright in the morning, and help keep house till father comes."

They went up-stairs obediently. As soon as they were in their own room, Rob said: "See here, Bennie, we must keep awake till the lamp has been trimmed. Mother was up with Carrie nearly all last night. What if she should go to sleep and not wake at the right time? Father says we must take care of mother when he is away, and, Bennie, we must."

"We'll take turns telling stories," said Bennie; "and you must pinch me good an' hard when I begin to get sleepy."

It was a difficult task that the boys had set themselves. They had been busy at work or play all day long, and it took sharp pinches and very exciting stories to keep the lips from drooping over the drowsy eyes.

Rob had an inventive turn, and he spun some lively yarns about smugglers and pirates and mutinies at sea. But, after all, the most interesting story was a true one. Mr. Lane was captain of a trading vessel for many years before he became a light-keeper. In the good ship *Esperansa*, he sailed to Spain, France, England, Ireland, Italy, and even as far as Norway.

One day, when the sea was in a calm, blue, shimmering lake, the captain thought he would like a bath. So, with a mighty splash, he plunged into the cool, enticing sea. Some of the sailors stood idly watching him, when somebody's bright eyes spied a terrible danger. "A shark! a shark!" was the fearful cry. A boat was instantly manœuvred. The captain swam for his life, and was saved almost from the jaws of the greedy monster.

This story Rob told with many embellishments, and the words, "A shark! a shark!" spoken in a loud whisper to Bennie's ear, caused the little fellow to open his eyes to the widest extent.

At last the situation became funny, and the boys laughed till they shook the bed. In the midst of the fun, they heard the clock strike

the half hour after eleven. Then they got up and dressed themselves very quietly. No more laughing now. They were on duty.

Downstairs they went with their shoes in their hands, through the kitchen to the warm, cosy sitting-room. Not a sound did they hear. Could it be possible that the tired mother was asleep? "Look!" whispered Bennie, as they reached the open door.

Ah! how glad the boys were that they had kept awake. There sat Mrs. Lane sound asleep, her knitting in her lap. The young light-keepers did not disturb her till the long minute hand of the old clock had travelled to five minutes to twelve. Then they gave her two resounding kisses, that brought her speedily from dreamland. Very proud was the light-keeper's wife of her faithful, affectionate boys. All three hastened up the stairway, that ran round and round up the tall tower. The lamp was trimmed, and they hastened back to the bright sitting room, glad in the thought that the guiding star would shine out over the pathway of the ships, till the sun came up to take its place.

After a little midnight repast, that the boys ate with great zest, the family went to bed and slept sweetly till the morning.

When the boys woke, they heard a man's voice in the kitchen, underneath their room.

"Hurrah! father's got home," shouted Rob. Bennie ran to the window. The storm had cleared away, and there was the lighthouse boat rocking on the gentle waves. In a trice the boys were downstairs. As they ran into the kitchen, they heard the tall clock say, in sharp, clear tones, "Nine o'clock!" No wonder that the father had had time to sail over from the neighbouring island. But what was that soft, little ball rolled up on the hearth-rug? Bennie made a dash for it, and soon discovered that his father had brought him the very darlingest kitten that a boy ever called his own.

After Bennie and Robbie had eaten the breakfast that had been saved for them, they helped bring up the cargo that their father had landed on the rocks. Very inter-

esting business was this, as well as rather hard on boys' legs.

There would be no trouble now about breakfasts and dinners and suppers for many a day, though boys, and especially boys living on an island far out at sea, have a very good appetite indeed.

The boys were as good at bringing wood and water, making fires, and helping in all sorts of ways, as they were in keeping awake till the lamp was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had at their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the smooth sand when the tide was out, or to go, when the weather was not too rough, with father in the dory to see if an unwary lobster here and there had run into the cages set for them! Though the sea stretches for leagues and leagues around the solitary rock, and wild storms shut them in day after day, not many children in gay cities or on sunny, green farms were happier than the lighthouse boys.—*Mary F. Butts, in Christian Register.*

#### HIS MOTHER'S TRAINING.

Roland stopped and looked at the sign:

"Boy Wanted."

It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated, then with all the courage he could command went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

"What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well," pointing to some steps, "go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do."

Roland went down and found half-a-dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the

foot of the steps looked up and said:

"Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust; doesn't seem to be boy's work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see," he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, "the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen."

"Tisn't fair," said one of the boys; "some have more rust on than others."

"If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us," said the foreman, and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done.

When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him downstairs appeared, and, looking round at the boys, said:

"Well?"

"There is the boy we want," said the foreman, pointing to Roland. "He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained."

Again the tall man spoke quickly, "That's what we want. 'Boy wanted' doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life."

"I guess, mother," said Roland, when he told her about it, "it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a 'boy wanted'" — *The Sunday School Advocate.*

A better day is coming  
A morning promised long,  
When girded Right with holy Might  
Will overthrow the wrong.  
When God the Lord will listen  
To every plaintive sigh,  
And stretch his hand o'er every land,  
With justice by-and-by.—*M.*

#### SUPPOSE TED HADN'T OBEYED.

The boy who obeys his mother, even when the day is warm and his book is unusually good, may not have his reward quite as soon as Teddy, whose story is related in the *Youth's Companion*, but he will generally have "good feelings about it," as one little fellow expressed it.

"Teddy, dear!" called mamma.

"Yes'm," replied Teddy. He was busy over his book on the cool, shaded piazza, and it was a warm August afternoon.

"I want you to take Victor down to the river for a bath. The dog is so hot in the cellar."

"But, mother, at sundown?"

"Who promised to play the hose for Patrick at sundown?"

"I did," said Teddy, a little smile replacing the sober pucker over his nose. "Dear me, mamma," he remarked, pulling on his cap; "what a thing it is to be the man of the house!"

"Yes," returned mamma, "it is a beautiful thing to be a cheerful little man of the house."

Presently she loosed the big St. Bernard, and he came leaping toward Teddy, eagerness in every movement, for his freedom usually meant a bath these hot days.

"Come on, Vic!" called Teddy.

"You're more bother than you're worth, old fellow!" he declared, fondling him. "Just think of me, a two-legged boy, waiting upon you, a four-legged dog!" Victor could not think about it, but he licked Teddy's hand lovingly, as if to acknowledge the condescension, and they started off.

"It seems to me," said mamma to Betty, when they sat on the porch later, with their fancy work, "that Teddy and Victor have been gone a long time."

"They're coming this minute, mamma!" murmured Betty, peering through the creeper.

"Why, Ted, how flushed you look? Charge, Victor. That's right! Did he have a cool swim, dear?"

"Did he?" cried Ted, excitedly.

Then his round face sobered. "Mamma," he said, "how strangely things happen! If I had not promised to play the hose—why, you see, mamma," he continued, breaking off and plunging into the heart of

his story, "when we got down to the water, there was Patrick's old father trying to swim for his straw hat, which had blown into the river. He's so old and feeble, I thought it queer he should be swimming for his hat so wildly, with all his clothes on. So I sent Victor for it and what do you think?"

"What?" cried Betty, breathlessly.

"He never went near it, but straight for Patrick's father instead, and brought him to shore. A wise thing, too, for the old man had given out. I pulled him ashore dripping and then away went Victor after the hat and brought that! The poor fellow grabbed it and pulled a ten-dollar bill out from under the leather. He had drawn it from the bank and thought he had lost it and they're so poor! He cried over the money. Vic and I took him home and his sick old wife cried over him. Oh, I tell you 'twas a wet time!" he finished, winking oddly at himself.

Mamma and Betty both looked suspicious, also, and Ted said, "Come here, Vic, till I apologize. You darling old dog, I am proud to wait on you, sir!" and he buried his arms in the damp fur of the noble fellow's shaggy neck.—*Parish Visitor.*

#### SWEET VOICES.

Let all read and heed what the *Boston Journal* says on this subject:

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice; but it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp voice, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed, you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that

one gets a voice or a tone which is sharp, and which sticks to him through life and stirs up ill-will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the listener. Some people have a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those whom they meet elsewhere. We would say to all girls and boys: "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Do you believe in so plain a thing as "Thou, God, seest me"—that in every thought and deed and purpose you are seen by God? What, then, is the thought you think, the purpose you intend, under that secret, blazing inspection? What the sentiment you express, upon the faintest features of whose expression that unearthly, penetrating light falls? What good and righteous purpose shall I not make predominant in all the frame of my mind and all the work of my hands if Thou, God, seest me!—*Selected.*

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Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hewson and family have removed to Midland, they will be much missed from St. Paul's, as they have now been with us about ten years. We wish them every blessing in their new home.

At the last meeting of the Young Men's Association it was decided to buy fifty new prayer and hymn books for use by strangers and visitors in St. Paul's church. If by accident anyone should carry a book home, it is he hoped will be careful to bring it back, as it is sometimes difficult to keep up the supply. At the same meeting Mr. Vance tendered his resignation as Vice President, which was regretfully accepted, and earnest appreciation of the good work done in the Society by Mr. Vance recorded, with the hope that he would be abundantly blessed in his studies in Toronto, and in his future life of work for the Master. The loss of two other members of the Association through removal was also referred to, Mr. Chas. P. Muckle, late teacher at the Collegiate Institute, and Mr. J. Harold Hartman, both of whom had been workers in the Association.

Among the new comers whom we are glad to welcome to Lindsay and St. Paul's are Mr. Connors and family of Melbourne-st., Mr. Johnston, V.S., and family of Lindsay-st., Mr. Deihl of the Dominion Bank, and Miss Colles, daughter of the Rev. W. H. G. Colles, P.S.I. for East Kent, who is on the Public School staff; also a number of the students at the Collegiate Institute. We trust all may find their stay in Lindsay, be it long or short, both pleasant and profitable.

### St. Paul's Church Collections, August, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Aug. 5	18.85	9.26	28.11
12	12.75	7.97	20.72
19	12.05	5.63	17.68
26	11.15	4.71	15.86
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