

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. 67.

MAY, 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.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,
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.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

WARNER.—Aubrey Roland, son of Ira Ham and Jane Warner, born 17th Oct., 1896, baptized 1st April, 1897.

REED.—Charles Edward, born 26th November, 1888; Wilbert Earl, born 15th September, 1890; William Howard, born 18th November, 1892; Melville Reuben Victor, born 17th Feb., 1895; sons of William and Eliza Reed; baptized 13th April, 1897.

Burials.

SLOAN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 6th April, 1897, Joseph Wesley Sloan, in his 30th year.

CALVERT.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 29th April, 1897, Lizzie Phillips, wife of Walter Calvert, in her 21st year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Canada has given \$500,000 to the India Famine Fund.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has added 157 versions to its list since Queen Victoria began her reign.

The Cameron congregation are glad to welcome to their midst Mrs. J. H. Copland, and trust that her life in what is to be her future home will be prosperous and happy.

On April 6th the Y. M. A. instead of its usual monthly meeting held a reception in the schoolroom to welcome back to Lindsay and St. Paul's the Rev. T. J. Marsh, the first president of the Association. The president, Mr. M. H. Sisson, took the chair, and after an interesting programme Mr. T. Marsh was called on and gave an interesting address on his work in the far North. Then an unexpected but very pleasant incident took place, when Miss S. Perkins was presented with a prayer-book, hymn-book and bible by Misses Wingrove and B. Walters, on behalf of the S. S. teachers and friends. Miss Perkins has left for Hamilton City Hospital, there to go into training for a nurse. Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

At the meeting of the executive of the C. E. T. S. on the 14th ult. a resolution of regret of the departure of Miss Wingrove for Toronto, who thus severs her connection with the committee and as organist, was passed. Miss Browne was appointed and kindly consented to act as organist in the future.

"The highway of the upright is to depart from evil, he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul."—Prov. 16 : 17.

"We always welcome Parish and Home," says Mr. John Jewell, of Stouffville, who at one time was a sidesman of St. Paul's Church, well known to many of our readers.

At the Easter Vestry Meeting at Cameron Mr. Jeffery and Mr. Fittall were appointed Wardens, Mr. J. Naylor and Mr. J. McNabb sidesmen, and Mr. E. E. W. McGaffey delegate to the Synod.

We are glad to see that the Ontario Government at its last session passed a bill to prevent the running of Sunday street cars in most of the cities and towns of Ontario. As patriots who desire the best interests of our country and the welfare of our people, we cannot too carefully conserve the sanctity of the Lord's day.

Mrs. Lang, of Golden, B. C., kindly sent \$3 for the Good Friday collection, for work among the Jews, as no offertory for that work is taken up where she lives. It is pleasant to hear from former workers of St. Paul's Church, and to find them as interested in God's work as ever. Mrs. Lang also has a flourishing Bible Class in her far western home, and many who attended her class in Lindsay will be pleased to learn that she is keeping fairly well and strong.

The Annual Vestry Meeting was held in St. Paul's School Room on Easter Monday. The attendance was not as large as it should have been. After reading of God's word and asking His guidance, in the absence of Mr. Patrick, Mr. Flood consented to act as secretary, and read the minutes of former meetings, which were confirmed. The Rector returned thanks to God for his many blessings during the year and also to the officers and congregation for their sympathy and co-operation. He had made 881 visits during the year, had conducted 253 services, the Holy Communion had been administered on 13 Sundays and on Christmas Day, with an average attendance of 60, and a number of times privately to sick persons. During the year there had been 35 baptisms, 18 couples had been united in marriage, and some 24 persons were buried, and of the latter four had been brought from outside the parish, one had for a number of years been a member of the choir, one was for a year a sidesman, and three had for many years been connected with St. Paul's Church, and helpful in various branches of God's work. We trust that even through bereavement God may lead many souls nearer to himself. Mr. Sisson read the Churchwardens' report, which led to a good deal of discussion, and a surplus of which will be found in another place. Some thought that too much was given to Missionary work, and too little to reducing the Church debt; while the truth seems to be in most places that we spend too much on self and too little in forwarding God's work both at home and abroad. Mrs. T. Walters, Mrs. Goodwin and Dr. Burrows were elected as representatives on the Central Charity Committee. Interesting reports were given by Mr. Humphreys for the Sunday School, Mrs. Goldie for the Gleaner's Union, Mrs. Goodwin for the W. A., short summaries of which we hope to publish. A number of ladies were asked to solicit subscriptions through the envelope for church expenses and ordinary expenditure. The officers for the current year were then elected, their names will be found on the first page. We ask continued prayer that God will overrule and guide the work during the present year.

There were 116 present at the Lord's Supper on Easter day in St. Paul's.

The average attendance at St. Paul's Sunday School for the year ending Easter, 1896, was 156 as against 187 for 1897.

Twelve years ago the medical schools of London, Eng., had scarcely any representative in the mission field, now they have 74

At the adjourned Vestry Meeting the Auditors' report was adopted, a hearty vote of thanks tendered the choir, a committee appointed to consider the question of building a rectory, and steps suggested for wiping out the floating debt.

Sunday street cars in Toronto would probably lead to Sunday papers and other labour, and certainly would cause many men to work on the Lord's day. We send our boys to the city for one cause and another, so let each one, if he has friends in Toronto, do what he can to influence them to vote against Sunday cars.

Collections, St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
February,	\$83 75	\$42 31	\$126 06
March,	82 60	37 50	120 10
W. and O. Fund, additional			\$4 70
January Collection, "			25
January Collection, Cambray,			1 36

Mr. H. W. Frost, home director of the China Inland Mission, gave an interesting address on the work in China at our April missionary meeting. He described the journey out, how the missionary often felt as he neared the lands of heathen darkness, then as landed found so many who had never even heard of the God whose name is love. How at first the missionary could only *shine* for Jesus, then a little later *prattle* for God, and at last had the glorious privilege of *preaching* for the Lord Jesus. He gave instances in which the witnessing for Christ in each of these ways was wonderfully honored by God. Miss Rankin sang "The Holy Shrine," while Miss Bowes gave a missionary recitation, and members of the choir sang a quartette and so a very helpful, and we trust profitable, evening was spent.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LINDSAY.

The Churchwardens' Report for Easter, 1897, showed the following :

Receipts :

Subscriptions	\$1,042 09	
Collections	549 51	
Ground Rent	547 92	
Interest on Endowment	148 27	
Special—Collections, etc.	437 18	
		\$2,830 97

Payments :

Salaries	\$1,437 18	
Interest on Mortgages	510 00	
Interest on Floating Debt	71 65	
Life Insurance	157 11	
Light and Fuel	150 68	
Principal on Mortgage	200 00	
Other Expenses	259 43	
		\$2,802 14

Balance, \$28 83

Non-Parochial Purposes :

W. and O. Fund	\$12 92	
Superannuation Fund	3 00	
Missions	276 54	\$292 46

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1897.

No. 78.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

PROPER LESSONS.

- 1—**St. Philip and St. James.** *Morning*—Isa. lxi.; John i. 43. *Evening*—Lech. iv.; Colos. iii. to v. 18.
- 2—**2nd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xx. to v. 14; Luke xxii. to v. 31. *Evening*—Num. xx. 14 to xxi. 19, or xxi. 10; Col. iii. 18, to iv. 7.
- 3—**3rd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xxii.; John i. to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xxiii. or xxiv.; 2 Thess. i.
- 4—**4th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. iv. to v. 23; John v. 19 v. 24. *Evening*—Deut. iv. 23 to 41, or v.; 1 Tim. v.
- 5—**5th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. vi.; John viii. to v. 31. *Evening*—Deut. ix. or x.; Titus ii.
- 6—**Ascension Day.** *Morning*—Dan. vii. 9 to 15; Luke xxiv. 44. *Evening*—2 Kings ii. to v. 16; Heb. iv.
- 7—**Sunday after Ascension.** *Morning*—Deut. xxx.; John xi. 47, to xii. *Evening*—Deut. xxxiv. or Jos. i.; Heb. vi.

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT.

- "When school is out I shall go home," she said,
"And all my heartache will be comforted."
"When school is out," she said, "once more I'll rest
My tired head upon my mother's breast,
And feel her tender cheek against it pressed,
And there, at last, I shall find perfect rest."
"When school is out," she said, "I know I'll meet—
Dancing for joy along the golden street—
My little child, my babe so stainless sweet,
Who went to heaven before his dimpled feet
Had ever learned in earthly paths to go,
Nor pressed the violets, nor trod the snow!
Oh, I will clasp him close, and I shall know
Those kisses that I taught him long ago!"
"Life's weary lessons all are learned," she said,
"And school is out." We bent—and she was dead.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

Two friends who are very much interested in the spread of good wholesome Church literature, and who desire to see the usefulness of PARISH AND HOME much extended, are offering as an inducement for some of our friends to go to work

at once to secure subscribers several rewards for their labours. To the two persons sending in to "The Bryant Press," 20 Bay street, Toronto, the largest and second largest lists of new subscribers, between May 1st and July 1st, \$5 each; to those sending the third and fourth largest lists, \$3 each; and to the senders of the fifth and sixth largest lists, \$2 each. In parishes where PARISH AND HOME is localized, a certificate from the clergyman that a certain number of new subscribers have been secured by any person will entitle that number to be placed to the individual's credit.

* * * *

Will our friends at once set to work to help us? Please remember that in every family where PARISH AND HOME is introduced for a year a voice is speaking every month for God and truth, and a messenger is pleading for pure and holy lives. The only condition attached to this offer is that before any one is entitled to the first or second reward he must have secured at least eight new names.

* * * *

WE have this month brought before our minds the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ; for forty days after His resurrection He frequently visits His disciples, coming and going, teaching them many things concerning the kingdom, and giving them many infallible proofs that He is the risen, living Saviour. Then, being assembled, He told them to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, promising that they should receive power after that the Holy Ghost had come upon them, and should be witnesses unto Him in their own country and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

* * * *

How it should impress upon His disciples in all ages their high call-

ing and wide responsibility when they remember that the last recorded words of their Lord and Master before His ascension were, "Unto the uttermost part of the earth." There is no question, no doubt as to His will in one matter; His Gospel is to be proclaimed to all people. Then, after this promise and message, He led them out as far as to Bethany, up the well-known slopes of Olivet, amid its vineyards, olive-yards, and rich luxuriance to the little village of Bethany, and near there He gives them His parting blessing, and as He blessed them He was taken up, up, up, before their wondering eyes, until a cloud received Him out of their sight. As they gazed up steadfastly two men stood by them and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus shall in like manner come again." They returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and we find them continually praising and blessing God. Our Saviour now sitteth at the right hand of God and makes intercession for His people; all power is His, and as He went He shall in like manner return. Let us see that with joy we are about the work He has given us to do.

* * * *

WE have reached again the bright and pleasant month of May, and our thoughts are filled with the beauty and growth of spring. We are reminded of the words of the Master, "Behold a sower went forth to sow," for many are and have been sowing grain in the fields, or seeds in the gardens, to spring up and grow and bring forth rich fruit in the harvest-tide, but alas! some to be choked by the weeds and thistles. How many, also, are sowing seed in the spring-time of life, the seed that results in action, life, character, little realizing that " whatsoever a man sow-

eth, that shall he also reap." Many are sowing the seed of the Word—the living Word—scattering it wherever and whenever they have opportunity, at home, abroad, in cultured congregations and in the dark, dreary places of heathenism, and while some, no doubt, will be choked by the briars, snatched up by the birds, or withered by the heat, some will fall on good ground and bring forth fruit thirty fold, sixty fold, or an hundred fold. Let us gladly, then, seize the bright and golden moments of this happy month, and sow diligently, faithfully, the Word of God on young hearts and older ones, and know that it shall not be in vain.

* * * *

To think of others is one of the finest traits of Christian character. How many of us fail to think at all of the trouble and even pain that our little whims may give to others, and of how much we might spare them if we only stop to think. The *Century* magazine tells the following fine story of Abraham Lincoln: "On a fierce winter night during the civil war a sentry was pacing up and down before the White House. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight despatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to night; step inside and stand guard there.' 'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied. 'Yes,' said the president, in his argumentative tone; 'but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.' 'I have been stationed outside,' the soldier answered, and resumed his beat. 'Hold on there!' said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; 'it occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside.'"

SIR CHARLES MURRAY tells in the *Cornhill Magazine* a striking story of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, whose policy regarding Turkey Lord Salisbury recently regretted that England did not accept. In June, 1844, when the Czar visited England, "I had placed," says Sir Charles, "about the person of the Emperor one of the Queen's principal pages, named Kinnaird, who had attended him when he visited this country in 1817, and whom he had not seen for twenty seven years. When the Emperor entered the luncheon-room this day at two with the Queen, the Prince, and the King of Saxony, Kinnaird was standing behind the chair appointed for him. The Emperor fixed his eye upon him for a moment and said, 'I remember you very well; you attended me when I was here before.' 'I had that honour, your majesty'; on which the Emperor walked across the room and shook hands with him. . . . On entering his apartment that night the Emperor observed Kinnaird, whom he desired to come in and shut the door, after which he carried on the following conversation with the astonished page: 'Kinnaird, many years have passed since I was last here; I was very young then, and we saw some merry scenes together. I am now a grandfather. I suppose you think I am a happy man because I am what people call a great man, but I will show you wherein my happiness consists.' So saying, the Emperor opened a travelling desk, and showed to the page miniature portraits of the Empress and the Princesses. 'There,' said he, 'there are the sources of all my happiness—my wife and children. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but there is not a better nor a handsomer young lady in St. Petersburg than my daughter, the Princess Olga. These are the sources of my happiness.' With these words the Emperor closed the box and permitted Kinnaird to retire, who was so astounded and taken by surprise that he could scarcely speak, and when he related to me the above particulars the tears stood in his eyes." Can anything be more pathetic than the picture of this man, with the lives

of millions in his hands, turning for sympathy to an almost strange servant and telling him that the best thing in the world was domestic affection? The story is all the more touching when we remember the Czar's death a few years later, at war with England and France and heart-broken by the slaughter of the Crimean war.

* * * *

Years ago, Dr. Forrest, the present Dean of Worcester, was preaching in his London church one Sunday evening. At the close of the service a lady came to the vestry to thank him for his sermon, which had greatly moved her. In the course of conversation it transpired that she was Jenny Lind, the well-known singer. Dr. Forrest took the opportunity of telling her that he was visiting a youth in his parish who was dying of consumption, and who was an earnest Christian. One day Dr. Forrest asked him "what had led him to know Christ as his Saviour?" He replied that "some time before his illness he had gone to the Leeds Festival, and there heard Jenny Lind sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that then and there he had yielded his heart to Christ, and had been His faithful follower ever since!" Tears sprang into Jenny Lind's eyes, and after a long pause she thanked Dr. Forrest for telling her this touching incident. Then she added: "It is not the first time that I have heard of a similar result from my singing of that song, and I never do sing it without first asking God that it may be blessed to at least one soul in my audience."—*The British Messenger*.

* * * *

The Rev. W. G. Lawes, who has recently returned to England from the South Sea Islands, says: "At the first missionary meeting held at Port Moresby, New Guinea, a few months ago, men met within the walls of God's house who, when I first knew them, never came together except in strife and war. One of them in a speech picked up a spear and said: 'This used to be our constant companion; we dare not visit our gardens without it; we took it in our canoes, and carried it

on our journeys; we slept with it by our sides, and took our meals with it at hand; but now, holding up a copy of the Gospels, 'we can sleep soundly because of this, and this book has brought us peace and protection, and we have no longer need for the spear and the club.' Under the influence and teaching of God's Word I have seen murderers and cannibals become men of peace, I have seen the shameless thief and robber become honest, I have seen the lascivious and filthy live a chaste and pure life, I have seen the quarrelsome and selfish become kind and generous; but I have never heard of such results from any human agency, nor from any other than that Word, the entrance of which giveth light, and the reception of which is the power of God unto salvation."

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

How many of us are too apt to judge others by ourselves! We take it for granted that others think as we do, feel as we do, act as we do. We think that the way in which certain things affect us is the way in which they will affect others, what amuses us will amuse others, what pains us will pain others, what soothes us will soothe others.

A very little thought and observation will show us that this is not true. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man," is true only potentially. As a noted speaker has said, "The germs of the worst crimes are in us all," but it is not true that all these germs have borne fruit in all our lives. "We have turned each one to his own way," and thus lives are different, hearts are different. Two persons may go into the sick room of the same fever patient; one may be affected by the germs of disease and catch it, the other may escape. One young man may be so constituted that to drink one glass of stimulating liquor will mean to him inevitably a drunkard's death, while another may take a glass and think very little more about it. To one scholar a problem in mathematics is a delight and sought for, to another it is a burden and avoided.

So it is in dispositions. There

are no two persons exactly alike. The same thing affects no two persons exactly in the same way. Some are of finer grain than others, more sensitive, so that what would be almost unbearable to one is scarcely noticed by another. So it is that we who are of such coarse mould can scarcely begin to appreciate what Christ suffered in His daily contact with that from which His whole nature recoiled.

By remembering this fact of the difference between us we will become more sympathetic, more forgiving, more courteous. How much it would increase our sympathy for one in misfortune if we remembered that his more finely constituted organism makes him suffer far more keenly under the disgrace and humiliation than we would were we in his place! How we would forgive those who, as a direct result of their rougher, coarser, less sensitive nature, do things which pain us most deeply! How careful would we all be of our witticisms, of our words, of our actions, lest there should be amongst those who are present someone who would be shocked or wounded by that which we had intended should please.

H.

RESTS.

God sends a time of forced leisure—sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts—and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the keynote. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us.

With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There

is no music in a rest," let us not forget there is the "making of music" in it. The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson! —
Ruskin.

RESPECTABLE USELESSNESS.

One of the great objects which people have in view in their religious associations and affiliations is respectability. They like to get acquainted with nice people. They like artistic and agreeable surroundings, splendid architecture, elegant upholstery, costly carving, fine music, pleasant appointments; and when they have all these they pay their bills and settle down with a comfortable conviction that with them it is not a vain thing to serve God. And yet, how much of real *service* is found in this kind of religious recreation? What talents are wrapped in napkins there! What multitudes of men and women of wealth, influence, and ability settle down upon their lees, become lukewarm as the Laodiceans, and pass their time away without activity, effort, sacrifice, or fruit, and all this while multitudes go down to death; the sick and sorrowing and suffering cry for help; lost men and women struggle in the currents of temptation or sink in the depths of despair, with no one to reach out to them a helping hand or speak to them an encouraging word.

What must the Master think of men and women who have been bought with His own blood, redeemed by His grace, who have been forgiven their sins that were as scarlet, and who have consecrated themselves secretly, publicly, solemnly, to the service of God—what must He think to see such people taking refuge in the seclusion of a useless respectability, while multitudes perish for lack of knowledge, while the world in the madness of its anguish or the dumbness of despair, pleads for help which only the Gospel can afford, and which they, having known the Lord, might carry to the perishing and the dying.

Let us who know God not be content with a decent respectable use-

lessness. Let us inquire where we can best serve God, best rescue the perishing, best seek and save the lost, and, going in the strength of the Lord God, let us carry His Gospel to every creature.—*The Christian*.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

KEDESH: JESUS OUR SANCTUARY.

BY THE REV. RURAL DEAN ARMITAGE, ST. CATHARINES.

The first in order of the Cities of Refuge appointed by God was Kedesh, in Galilee, in Mount Naphthali. It was beautifully situated on a lofty ridge about twenty miles from Tyre. It was surrounded by a well-watered plain, which had been highly cultivated and sustained a large population. The city itself was well fortified against attack. It was the birthplace and residence of Barak, and it was there that he and Deborah assembled the tribes of Zebulon and Naphtali when they "jeopardied their lives unto the death" in the great battle against Sisera, the captain of the hosts of Canaan. It was afterwards known as Cades, and is now called Kedes.

The name Kedesh means a sanctuary, a holy place. The first thought connected with sanctuary is that it is a sacred or consecrated place. A temple implies a sanctuary, and the word as used in the Old Testament is well defined in Exodus, "Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them." But the word sanctuary has a wider meaning. It is a sacred asylum or refuge, a place of protection. It is also used in the sense of rights of sanctuary, of the privileges attached to certain places in virtue of which accused persons obtained protection for a longer or shorter period.

The sanctuary, to the saints of old, meant any place in which God deigned to dwell or to manifest Himself. Thus Jacob, when he awoke from the dream, in which God visited him with such manifest lessons of His loving care, said, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." So William Cowper, the Christian poet, could write,

"Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

But God also met His people in a special manner in His house. "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary." The tabernacle was His sanctuary, as was also the temple, afterwards, and the synagogues also, as places set apart for prayer and study of the Word. The holy of holies was also designated the sanctuary. The altar furnished rights of asylum in Israel. At the corners of the altar were four horn-shaped projections, to which the victims were tied in sacrifice, and which were smeared with blood in the sin offering. The symbolical meaning of the horns was might, and they were object lessons of the mighty salvation and the perfect security which God offered the believing soul in approaching Him, and of the mercy which He offers to the sons of men. Here was the inviolable sanctuary, grasping which the refugee, if free from criminal intent, was safe from the strongest, for his appeal was not only to the mercy of man, but also to the protection of the Almighty. It was this sanctuary which Adonijah sought when he "feared because of Solomon, and arose, and went, and caught hold on the horns of the altar" (I. Kings 1: 50). So Joab, for the same cause, "fled into the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar."

As a general rule all heathen temples and altars afforded the privileges of sanctuary protected by the rule that it was a sacrilegious act to attempt to remove by force, or to offer bodily harm to any person who had sought the protection of a deity. The provision made in the Jewish economy by which a refugee was kept free of all expense for good, did not obtain amongst the heathen, and he was only allowed to remain while his means lasted. The celebrated temple of Diana at Ephesus acquired rights of protection, even beyond its own boundary walls, and made a part of the city proper a sanctuary. We read in the Book of Judges that the house of the God Berith in Shechem contained an asylum, or place of refuge in a "hold," which probably means vault, for one thousand men.

In early days the right to take refuge in a Christian Church was recognized both by Church and State. The first Christian emperors granted this privilege with the clear understanding that it was not to be used to frustrate the ends of justice by sheltering hardened offenders and systematic criminals, but to afford a refuge to the innocent, the weak, and the misunderstood. Abuses soon sprang up, however, when the worst criminals received protection, and the right of sanctuary was abolished, except in a few Churches. The idea gained a strong hold upon the popular mind, which is illustrated from more standpoints than one by the case of Guntram, king of the Franks, in 561, who thought when he entered the Church at Arles that he required no guard of soldiers. Yet when he was attacked by an assassin, it was thought to be sacrilege to put to death even the man who attempted the murder, because he had been dragged from the Church. The privilege belonged to many Churches in England, notably Westminster Abbey and Beverley Minster. Tradition says that Sebert, the first Christian king of Essex (A.D. 604), conferred the privilege of sanctuary upon the Church at Westminster. Dean Stanley shows that the privilege was much abused, and says that "the precincts of the Abbey were a vast cave of Adullam for all the distressed and discontented in the metropolis who desired, according to the phrase of the time, to take Westminster."

Jesus Christ is the true *Sanctuary*. He fulfils all that the city of refuge suggested. He is our Kedesh, our place of refuge, our sanctuary, our sacred place. His name is Saviour, and He is mighty to save. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe" (Prov. xviii. 10).

The altar was the meeting place between God and the sinner, where the innocent victim was offered in the place of the guilty sinner. So Christ is the true altar, the meeting place between God and man, the one and only priest, the one and only sacrificed, the one and only atonement for sin.

The horns of the altar were symbols of mercy and grace, freely offered and freely given by God. They told of hope and of safety. To grasp the altar horns was to lay hold of God's strength and to rest under the shadow of his protecting love. So Christ is at once our shelter and our strength. He surrounds the believer as with a temple wall, keeps him in safety from all enemies and in peace amidst all alarms.

The temple was God's sanctuary of old. It represented God dwelling in the midst of Israel, and Israel drawing near to God in the appointed way. Christ is the true sanctuary. His manhood, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt (tabernacled) among us," is the "tabernacle of meeting" between man and God. His glorified body passed into the holiest place, where He ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is in Christ that God dwells with us, for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily," (Col. ii. 9) and it is through our abiding in Him and He in us, that God dwells with us and in us and is our sanctuary, and grace, blessing and peace.

Kedesh, the city of the holy place of the sanctuary, points to Jesus the holy one of God, who is our one and only Refuge, the strong tower of the Lord in which we are safe for time and for eternity. Happy he who in trusting faith looks to Jesus as a refuge. It is related of that mastermind of the English Church, the great Christian apologist, Bishop Butler, that as he was on his deathbed he said to his chaplain, "I know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour but how am I to know that he is a Saviour to me?" The chaplain simply answered, "My Lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" The dying Bishop was lost in thought for a few minutes, but into his heart there came that blessed assurance which is the fruit of accepting Jesus as a personal Saviour; then he said, "I have often read and thought of that scripture, but never till this moment did I feel its full power, and now I die happy."

Do to-day thy nearest duty.

OUR ALL IN ALL.

(Deut. xxxiii. 27.)

Thou art ours, O gracious Father,
Ours to love and to adore;
Thou who art the Fount, the Giver
Of all good for evermore.

We are Thine, O loving Saviour,
Life and joy and peace we owe
Unto Thee, who didst redeem us
From eternal shame and woe.

Thou art ours, O dear Redeemer,
Our Immanuel, King, and Friend;
Thou hast loved, and still dost love us,
Love us even to the end.

Thou art ours, O loving Spirit,
Tender Guardian, ever nigh,
Leading earth's tired, wandering children
To their God and Home on high.

We are Thine, O Holy Presence,
Breath of heaven, of Christ within;
Witness, Comforter, Protector,
Midst a world of death and sin.

Thine for ever, tender Father;
Thine for ever, loving Son;
Thine for ever, blessed Spirit,
Safe in the great Three in One.
—*Harriet Julia Evans.*

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Julia Ward Howe, the writer, philanthropist and speaker, has a strong individuality. You could never mistake her for somebody else. She has a strong, sweet voice, a magnetic personality, and it is no wonder that people like to listen to her. "I wonder," said her warm friend and co-worker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of late, "when you are going to lose some of your warmth and enthusiasm. You are a wonder to me. Does your zeal never flag? Do you never look back over the long years of labor and feel that it is time to rest and take your ease?" And Julia Ward Howe shook her white head and answered, smilingly:

"These thoughts have never come to me—as yet. But I must not boast—my warmth and enthusiasm may possibly desert me when I get old."

She is only seventy-eight, a mere girl, you see. Her father, a New York banker, gave her a liberal education. She had teachers in French, Greek and German; she had the best music-masters of the day, and, having a nature ambitious and earnest, she made good

use of these opportunities. Fifty-three years ago she married Dr. Howe and went abroad with him. She was ten years a wife before she published her first book. It was a volume of verse, and met with but indifferent success. A year later she brought out a drama, which was better received, but it was during the war that she penned the glowing words which made her famous, and endeared her to the American people for all time. Enthusiasm is catching, and it thrilled through her poems and her verse. Somebody asked her on one occasion what work of hers she was the proudest of. Her reply is characteristic. "I am proud of nothing I have written, but there is one song I never hear ring out without thanking God that it is mine." "And that song is—?" "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," she said simply. It is worth a great deal to hear her telling the story as it was told to her by one who was there, of the first singing of that hymn in that place of torment, Libby Prison.

Her eyes fill up with tears, her voice falters, her lips quiver. She is all woman as she tells of the horrors of war, she is all woman in her love and reverence for bravery and strength, and her emotion spreads to you. You see the picture so plainly—the prison with its squalid mass of humanity, the wretchedness too awful to be told. You see the red ball of the sun creeping down in the west after a day of intense heat. You see the wan faces, the hopeless faces, the death-touched faces of the men. Oh, the suffering depicted in haggard cheeks, and in lack-lustre eye! All day they have lain under the blazing sky, no shade, no cover. A tantalizing sound is in the air, the murmur of the wind among the pines not far off, but not a breath comes to carry away the sickening heat, or to lift the stench-filled vapor shrouding the sick and dying. It is awful to think upon, more awful to look upon. The pity of it will never quite die out of our hearts.

"Men have told me of long marches, of weary days and weary nights, cheered by the Battle Hymn; of loss met nobly, and of

victories gained with its words on their lips, and I have been very glad," says Mrs. Howe. "But, do you know, nothing has ever moved me, nothing ever will move me, like this. Think of it. In the early dusk of the summer night they lifted themselves up, they gathered together, those men who languished in that fetid, sweltering place, and looking up at the southern sky, they sang in notes, whose echo will never die, a grand exultant anthem—I can hear it ringing out:

"I have seen him in the watchfulness of
a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the
evening dens and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His truth is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was
born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom, that transfig-
ures you and me;
As he died to make men holy; let us die
to make men free;
While God is marching on."

A confederate soldier who stood that night and listened to the singing of that hymn, writing to Mrs. Howe, said: "From that hour I revered the Yankee soldier—not for his superior valor, for in that we were his equal—not for his fortitude and devotion, for in them my comrades could not be excelled—but because of the sublimity of self-sacrifice which impelled him to do and suffer for others what we counted it heroism to do and dare for ourselves."

In 1867 she visited Greece with her husband, where they won the gratitude of the people of that country because of the aid extended in the struggle for national independence. Always liberal and broad, her opinions on men and matters carried weight. Coming home from Greece in 1868, she took up the suffrage movement. She believes firmly that men in withholding the franchise from women are acting tyrannically and unjustly, and, having a rooted dislike to both tyranny and injustice, she does battle. There is a lesson in this for such of us as do not agree with her. When the would-be witty individual refers to the suffragists as a parcel of discontented old maids, ignorantly grasping after something they have no

more right to than they have to the moon, let us just remember that Julia Ward Howe—intellectual, wealthy, cultured, travelled, educated in all the higher branches, covered with honors and rich in successes—has been in their ranks for thirty years. It will do us good. We are so apt to make light of all creeds but our own, you know.

One other old calumny is refuted by the everyday life of this, the best-known woman in America. For long enough it has gone the rounds that persons possessing great genius are hard to live with, that they make uncomfortable companions, that they are erratic, eccentric and exacting. Someone remarked to Dr. Howe that his wife was an exceedingly brilliant woman.

"So the world says," he made answer. "I only know that she is one of the best women that God ever made—and pleasant to live with."

Her hair is as white as the bit of soft lace she calls a cap; she has a large, well-shaped mouth, a determined chin, and the dark eyes are bright and unclouded. Hers has been an active and successful life, and at seventy-eight she has no idea of giving up work.

"When I grow old I'll think of it," she smilingly tells the friends who urge her to do so. "But don't build much on it, for I've put this little bit from a friend's pen in my daily prayer:

"Lord, keep me young until I find
Eternal youth with Thee."

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Very many Christians would expect all others to be fashioned in their mould. They expect them to be converted in the same way, through a similar text, with the same ecstatic feeling. They expect others to see things in the same light as themselves and to show to the world the same spiritual characteristics.

The Bible and experience, however, teach that there are types of spiritual character amongst men the same as there are varying types of physical or mental character. There is the loving St. John, the

fiery St. Peter, the active St. Paul, the befriender of the friendless Barnabas. Of course, the characteristics which are preponderant in each, are found to a lesser extent in the others, but each is of a type of spirituality which may easily be distinguished from the others.

So to-day, we make a great mistake if we expect every other man's spiritual life to be exactly like ours. On Rev. F. D. Maurice's monument are the words, "God is light"; on the Rev. Charles Kingsley's tomb are the words, "God is love," the inscription telling the most striking characteristics in the teaching of each man. So, in some, the intellectual rules, in others the emotional, in others the active will. Some wish continually to know more about God, others seek continually to sing His praises and tell His goodness, others seek to be active in doing work for Him. Again, the sanguine temperament makes much of the open sepulchre and the resurrection; the melancholy temperament lingers mostly in Gethsemane and around the cross. The one rejoices in having gained companionship with God and good, the other in having been delivered from the evil. One life is full of assurance and sunshine, the other is continually threatened with fears and clouds.

As to develop the best type of physical manhood, the weak points must be strengthened, so to get the best type of spiritual men, the points in which we are spiritually weak must be cultivated. Happy above others is he whose spiritual being is symmetrical, developed harmoniously on all sides, in whom hope for the future and repentance for the past, knowledge of God and love to God, joy in God and fear of God, praise of God and service of God, go hand in hand as they did in the perfect man Christ Jesus.

H.

We shall reap as we sow. How swift
Are the hours of seedtime flying!
Ah! already the shade
Creeps over the glade:
The blush of the day is dying.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reasons to be content.

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 20 Bay Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10 copies, for one year, to one address,	\$ 3.50
20 " " " " " "	6.00
40 " " " " " "	11.00
50 " " " " " "	13.50
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,
20 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

IN PARADISE.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—
St. Luke xxiii. 43.

How calm, how sweet, how strange it
seemed!

He opened not his eyes, but deemed
That he had slept, and still he dreamed.

Was he that wicked wretch forlorn,
Who left his prison cell that morn,
Cursing the hour that he was born?

A gentle air about him stirred,
And from the distance far he heard
A song more sweet than any bird.

At last he raised his wondering eyes;
How green the trees, how calm the skies,
How fair the fields of Paradise!

He looked around that lovely place—
Lo! bending over him a face
Of love and majesty and grace.

He, wondering, said, "Lord, can it be?"
"Why dost thou marvel?" Answered He,
"Said I not thou shouldst be with Me?"
—Lucy Ellen Guernsey, in *Parish Visitor*.

SNOW-BOUND.

Lily Armstrong was the only daughter of the richest man in town. Mary Dillon was the only daughter of the only Irishman in the district, and he was trackman on a four-mile section of the railroad. His wages were his only dependence, except a potato patch beside the track.

But if Lily was the lady, Mary was the beauty and the genius of the school. Yet neither of the girls appeared conscious of superiority. And best of all, they were particular friends, in the same Sabbath-school and members of the same church.

Dillon's cabin was by the track, midway of his four-mile beat, far from any road or path other than the railroad, Mary's route to school leading her more than a mile among the rough hills. Of course she could not attend school in winter. But last winter there was another reason for Mary's absence from the school-room—she began the winter with a cough, which grew worse as the weather became more bleak and cold. She longed for the happy company of the school, for the excitement of study and recitation, and perhaps more than all for the whispered intimacy with Lily. Often she said to her mother:

"Oh, how I wish I could go to school, even a day!"

And she was not forgotten by her summer mates. Frequently one or another spoke lovingly of her, and regretted the tempestuous weather that shut her away between the hills where the railway lay.

One day, at the beginning of a snow-storm, a beautiful white dove, unable to make its way against the blast, alighted on the narrow ledge of the window, within which poor Mary sat, and pecked the pane for admittance. A moment later it was taken in and nestled, cooing, in her neck, the girl exclaiming:

"Oh, mother, it's Lily's pet! I've often seen it there."

It seemed glad to find shelter and friends, perhaps mistaking Mary for its own mistress, and the sick girl soon added:

"It seems almost like Lily's spirit, come to keep me company while I'm so lonesome."

The storm was long, and for days the little creature was snow-bound in the Irish hovel, during which time it became so fond of Mary that when the weather cleared it did not care to go, but remained a part of the family, hovering about the sick girl as if it understood her heart.

At length Dillon became alarmed about his daughter and called a doctor.

"But Pat," the doctor said, "how am I to reach your house? I cannot drive within a mile of it, and I could not walk that mile through this snow."

"Niver ye mind for that, docthur;

I've got a han'car for ye, an' two men to run it down an' bring it back, an' we'll mak' ye comferable ez ye plaze."

At the end of the doctor's call he told the sad parents at the outer door that the child would never be better. Within a few hours all the school had heard the sad fact, and on his next visit the doctor carried a loving letter from Lily to Mary which said, among other things:

"My spirit is with you though my body is absent; but I mean to bring my body to see you in a few days. And I shall not come alone."

And sure enough, the following Saturday a hand-car came clattering down the track with a flock of her school-mates aboard, and for more than two happy hours the little house was full with cheeriness and sympathy.

"Why," said Lily, "here's my lost dove. How in the world did it ever come here? And so at home, too, for it always was afraid of every-body but me."

Then Mary told when and how it came and what a comfort it had been to her.

"And I told mother it seemed like Lily's spirit come to be company for me while I can't go out."

Lonely were the weeks to poor Mary, though several times Lily and other school-mates came to bring something dainty and sit with her a few hours. The invalid knew the fatal nature of her illness, but brought no fear to her heart. Often when Lily wept, Mary whispered:

"Don't cry for me, Lily! Heaven is so much happier than Earth, and Jesus so much better a friend than any earthly friend can be."

In April, as the flowers were budding and the young leaves unfolding the end came.

When her mother had placed the lifeless but beautiful form on her own bed, the dove came and hovered over it, and, lighting by the white, voiceless face, cooed and called. But when Mary gave no response the little thing flew to the open door, where broken-hearted Pat stood weeping his bitter tears, and passing out sped on swift wings over the hills and out of sight.

"Ah! ye purty bird," sobbed

Pat, "good-by! Yer honied mate has winged furdur an' higher nor ye can fly, an' leaves sorer hearts behind."

A moment later the dove alighted on Lily's arm where she sat on a piazza at home.

"There!" exclaimed she to her mother, "Mary is gone at last, I know, for here is my dove; it has come because its mission is done."

—*Lamar Beaumont, in Workman.*

WINNING SOULS WITHOUT URGING.

Christ's call to his fisherman disciples carried with it the power of all true evangelism. He called them, and in the same breath outlined the work to which He was calling them. It was for them first to follow, and then to be made, through that following, fishers of men. The call and the work went hand in hand. It was not for those rude fishermen to cast at once a magic net for the taking of souls. They were bidden to follow a Person, and to follow that Person still is the first need of the fisher of men. And it is quite clear, in the light of later events, that to follow, as Christ saw it, was not to lag after, to imitate, but rather to know, to become one with, to comprehend and to serve. All this first, and then the fishing for men.

It may be an outcome of temperament on fire with zeal which unfortunately makes men so quick to forget the patient following, and so eager to compass the work. Even among Christ's own close companions there were those who cut Him to the heart by their forgetfulness of the need of following and knowing Him fully, as the great preparation for their great after-work. Thomas would not admit that he even recognized Him, until recent and tangible proof should appear. Philip seems not to have known Him at all in the fulness with which Jesus longed to have at least His little circle of apostles know Him. How, then, could they carry word of Him to others? Could they represent Him? Could such as these describe Him, so to speak, intelligently, and could they even understand at all what He said and

was? If they would be wise and know Him first, he would see to it that they should become fishers of men. That was the glowing promise of His early call. That was the motive of all His patient training, and these, who were to draw men, not to a cause, but to Himself, had failed to follow Him with the intelligence and perception which He so longed to have them possess. Could such as these set Christ before men vividly, truthfully?

Wonder of wonders that out of stupidity and blindness and doubt did come the brave initial expounding of Christ, and the endless setting forth of Himself by man to man!

But in our day let us not dare to presume. Every good Christian is, by the new birth, an evangelist. The call and the work are forever inseparable. And yet the disciples' danger is our danger—to know Christ not fully, as we try to follow, to pass over this lack in forgetfulness, striving speedily to become fishers of men.

If the Christian with his message, his evangel, would draw men anywhere, it surely would be to Christ. To draw men to Him is the one supreme reason for speaking the message at all. And yet we beat the air, and totter weakly into the lives of thinking beings with our message, when our feet have not trodden the pathway where Christ has led, and when our eyes have not been widely open to His revealings of Himself. Do we hope to win men to Christ with any bald urging of duty and danger and blessedness, without telling them plainly, and with an eye to the facts, just who Christ is? Vain hope! And need we wonder that the dynamic of evangelism dies out flatly in us when we as Christians strive to win others to Christ without really knowing Him as He is?

Everywhere to-day men are ringing the changes on the word "come." But come to what? to whom? "Come" is a sweet word, a winsome, holy word; but preceding it must be a picture, an ideal, a spiritual reality. If we could really tell Jesus to men as He is, how often, do you think, one might need to say "come"? "Come," uttered

once, is enough for him whose eyes can behold Christ; but merely to say "come" until the world withers will never set Christ at all before men. You will hardly find that the man who sees Christ clearly fails to yield to Him. How could it be otherwise?

You have conceived, perhaps, that soulful picture of Christ calling the fishermen. The little group of toilers is gathered about the Stranger on the Galilean shore. The beloved sea is beyond them, their nets beside them. It is a rough and homespun scene, save for the awakening fire in the eyes, and the eager looks, and the strong hand of the Master clasped winsomely over Peter's own. Even these fishermen can see well enough to need only one earnest call to follow. It was not the word, but the Man, that drew these men to Himself. So our picture of Him, in proportion to its truthfulness, will draw men unto Him, and our much urging is vain without the Man in clear vision shining through our word-painting. We must know Him first; we must represent Him afterwards. It is not that men need to be urged to follow Christ. They need to know Him.

What evangelist does not recall that first look of wondering longing which lights the pinched and haggard face of the castaway among men, when for the first time a real glimpse of Christ comes to him? Perhaps you have said to him, out of your own knowledge of how supremely true it is, "Brother, Christ loves you." He will wonder who Christ is. Can you tell him clearly? The longing to know is there. Are you to paint the true picture with skill, or are you to urge him to "come," and then to see the fine light fade, a puzzled look take its place, a shrug, a laugh—and he is gone? But if you know Christ, and will tell of Him plainly, the light will grow, and not fade. And let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that he who knows Christ will have any real difficulty in telling Him to others. Our words about Him now are weak only because we do not know Him fully. No man can win others for Christ who does not know Christ. Mark

the great soul-winners. They have a deep and clear knowledge of Him. They tell about Him. They study Him. They tell how others have found Him. But always, always, their talk is of Christ. Their lives are Christocentric. Unwise men sometimes speak slightly of these soul-winners, but that is because the ill-speakers do not know. Christ Himself, in His last agony, lifted up tenderly to His Father's consideration a people who He said did not know.

All we are stumbling sorely in our attempts at soul-winning because we do not take the trouble to know Him to Whom we would win men. We talk about Him glibly, until the keen-witted neighbor sees for himself that we do not know, and he shrinks from following in our lead. What good will urging do in such a case?

Let every one of us lay this charge fairly home. If men to whom we bring the invitation to follow Christ hold back and waver, and are away like a puff of casual air, we may be sure that what they need from us is not urging and forcing, but clear knowledge of Christ Himself.—*Philip E. Howard, in S.S. Times.*

SUNDAY REST.

Rest takers will do well to give rest. To a very great extent holiday tourists may, in this particular, "live and let live." A small amount of self-sacrifice and kindly consideration will enable lodging-house keepers and servants to enjoy a portion, at least, of Sunday rest during the holiday season.

The same principle of mutual consideration would also soon lessen the strain of railway traffic, which at present deprives so many of the weekly rest needed by all alike. It is worthy of note that, whilst different opinions obtain on the Sunday question, no one, we believe, has yet been found with courage, or rather folly, sufficient to argue for the total abolition of the Day of Rest. On the contrary, each has vied with his neighbor in expressing in the strongest possible way his high estimate of the physical and intellectual benefits conferred on the individual and the community by the present arrange-

ment. Not one has contended for that day being degraded into an ordinary working season. Their premises might logically be regarded as leading them to such a conclusion, but they have repudiated the idea beforehand. Equally general seems to be the consensus of opinion as to the propriety of doing what is to be done, not by overriding the law, but by having it modified to what is deemed the right extent and in the right direction. It is here that the Babel of conflicting opinions comes in. A certain amount of Sunday labor is necessary, is therefore perfectly legitimate, and the old, ever-recurring question has to be faced, Where and how is the line to be drawn? There may be a certain tract of what is to be called "debatable ground," but beyond that there is a wide range about which apparently there is no debate whatever; just as there may be a certain amount of difficulty in determining when the light begins in the morning, when the darkness ends, but none at all about its being broad daylight at noon, and unquestionable darkness at midnight. About certain kinds of work there may be more or less debate, and it may be difficult to settle whether or not these are to be ranged in the category of what is necessary or the reverse. But the universal feeling is evidently in favor of ordinary work being as much circumscribed as possible, and the more so the better.

As a general rule, "doing to others as we would have them do to us," would solve most of the difficulties referred to. As to railway travelling, it certainly might be restrained far more than it is. The rapidity of modern travel *ought* to be a plea for the extension, or at least the enforcement, of the weekly pause in the whirl of business. If we can now travel so fast on other days, the Sunday trains are, for that reason, the less needful.

If people would only be frank and say that they don't want *any* Sunday rest or any break in the regular toil of the working classes, it would be something. It would indicate the courage of conviction at any rate, though it would not lessen the folly of unreasonableness.

The enjoyment of one class, which is purchased by the oppression and degradation of others, cannot be worth much. Hence comes in the argument against by far the largest portion of Sunday travel, whether by land or sea. Notoriously there are literally thousands of railway officials who have never had a weekly rest of anything like twenty-four hours' duration for years, and never expect to have it again till they are either in their dotage or their grave. It is all very well to talk of the "off-day" for those who have Sunday labor. That may look beautiful in theory, and at the start it may for a short time be practised, but only for a short time. Ask the mass of railway men in Britain what they know about it, and the matter will assume quite a different aspect.

The high pressure at which life is being driven makes the weekly rest only the more indispensable, while the telephones, the telegraphs, and the "lightning expresses" ought to make such a rest only the easier and the more attractive. But, like the horse-leech, greed never says it has enough, and the weekly pause of twenty-four hours is more and more encroached on, till, before one knows, the whole will be gone.

Bianconi, the great Irish mail coach contractor, as a mere matter of business, insisted on every one of his horses having twenty-four hours each week of uninterrupted rest in addition to its daily period of repose. He insisted on this as a matter of money. He could not give them all the same twenty-four hours, but during the week all had their share. It was physically profitable to the horse, and pecuniarily profitable to the man. What was and is true of horses will be found equally true of men; and that man, therefore, is neither an enlightened patriot nor a far-seeing man of business who would do anything to weaken the obligation or lower the sacredness of the day of rest.

This obligation could easily be put on higher grounds, but the mere secular one of physical well-being and pecuniary profit is sufficiently strong; and every one who recognizes its strength ought to do his best to reduce the necessity to a minimum, which evidently might

be far lower than it is even now, if all were as solicitous about their neighbors' and subordinates' well-being as they are jealously careful of their own privileges, and sensitively alive to their own convenience. The mad rush of business becomes always madder, and Mammon always grudges more and more the day of rest as so much time practically thrown away. But the wisely prudent and the politically far-seeing will, on this very account, be the last to do anything which would cut our country adrift from our Sunday rest and its inestimable privileges—*C. B., in London News.*

MAKING SUNDAY PLEASANT.

The responsibility of making Sunday a pleasant day for the children ought not to fall upon mothers alone. Fathers often excuse themselves on the ground that they have worked hard all the week, and need rest on that day, forgetful of the fact that their wives have also been working through the week. In a certain family Sunday is called "papa's day," because he then devotes himself almost exclusively to the children. He takes one hour for rest, but the remainder of the time is given to them. The mother joins in the plans, but does not assume any care, and thus finds the relief from the watchfulness which she has exercised over them all the week.

In pleasant weather the family take a quiet walk together. This is far better than allowing the boys and girls to go off with companions of their own age. In this household those who are old enough to attend Sunday-school study the lesson together and talk about it at the breakfast table. The hour before the little ones retire is spent in singing hymns, ending with a simple devotional service, in which one of the older children reads the Scriptures, and each member of the family offers a short prayer. In this home the children consider Sunday the shortest and pleasantest day of the week.—*Congregationalist.*

Divine charity overcometh all things.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
May 2. Acts xiii. 1-13. . . . St. John xvi. 6-15.	
" 9. Acts xiii. 26-39. . . . St. Mark x. 13-16.	
" 16. Acts xiv. 11-22. . . . St. Mark x. 19-27.	
" 23. Acts xv. 1-6, 22-29. St. Matt. xxi. 33-46.	
" 30. James ii. 14-23. . . . Acts i. 1-11.	

LULLABY.

The light is fading out,
Baby dear, baby dear;
My arms are round thee close,
Do not fear.

Within our pretty room
Shadows creep, shadows creep;
Love watches over thee,
Go to sleep.

When darkness covers us
Love makes light, love makes light,
God's arms are round us close
In the night.

The light will often fade,
And shadows creep, shadows creep;
Love above watches thee,
Go to sleep.

—Selected.

KEEPING BACK A PART.

"Say, Ted, let's earn some money."

"How?"

"Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?" and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. "That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter."

"But likely the man himself is going to put it in."

"Oh, no, he ain't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away. Come, let's hurry," and Jim rushed down the street, followed by his companion.

They paused to take breath in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

"Why, yes," said that lady pleasantly; "I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off."

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal shed was, but they went at it bravely,

and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said:

"Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even."

"No more it won't," was the reply.

"Twelve for you and twelve for me," Ted went on; "but what about the other cent?"

"I don't know," Jim said, thoughtfully; "we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to one any more than to the other."

"There's your baby," suggested Ted.

"Yes, but there's yours, too, and they can't both have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even."

"I say, Jim!" Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, "there's the old blind man, corner Manhattan Avenue."

"That's so," said Jim, "and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him, don't we?"

"Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped, didn't we?"

"Of course; so he'll have the extra cent."

Having arranged that important matter, says a writer in an exchange, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

"Now we're done," cried Jim triumphantly.

"Yes, we're done," echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least half a pail of coal, and Jim was asking himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along and saw, too. Looking at Jim, he read his thoughts and said:

"Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired."

"There's the dust on the sidewalk, too," remarked Jim slowly; "the putter-in always cleans that off."

"But we're not regular putters-in," argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter and did not reply.

"What's the matter? What are you thinking of?" asked Ted.

"Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to the mission school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying."

"Nias and Sophia?" asked Ted. "Ananias and Sapphira," corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. "Yes, that's them."

"Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keeping anybody's money back, are we?"

"No, but"—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

"But what?" said Ted, with wondering eyes.

"You see, it's just like this," Jim went on, thoughtfully. "That man down to mission school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done."

"Well, then, let's take up the coal" and Ted started for the shovel.

"All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way, ain't it, Ted?"

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I think that this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing. You are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face.

One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones? —*Our Young Folks.*

JACK'S HAPPY DAY.

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," cried Jack Clavering, "I wish that I lived in a country where there was no such word in the language. It is just 'don't do this,' and 'don't do that,' and 'don't do the other' until I am sick of my life."

"Very well, Jack," said his mother, "if you would like to have your own way in everything, for one day you may do so. To-morrow, I promise you, that no one shall say 'Don't' to you, or take the least care of you, and you may do exactly as you please."

"Oh, goody, goody," cried Jack, "but won't I have a splendid time!"

"We will see," said his mother, smiling.

The next morning, when the rising bell rang, Jack rolled over for another nap. "No one will say, 'Don't be late for breakfast to-day, Jack,'" he said to himself, so he went comfortably to sleep again. He was awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs and many voices under his window.

"Not down yet," he heard them say, "oh, what a shame, oh, what a pity," and as he threw on his dressing gown, and ran to look out, he saw his uncle and two little

cousins in their dog-cart below him.

"Oh Jack," they cried, "there is the loveliest picnic at Red Crag to-day, and papa said that we might call for you to go. We are all to meet at the station at nine o'clock."

"Oh," cried Jack, "I am just up—but I will soon be ready—I won't wait to get breakfast."

"Very sorry," said his uncle, "but I have only ten minutes to make the train in, so we cannot wait for you," and off dashed the gay party, leaving Jack with the tears of disappointment rolling down his cheeks.

When he went into the dining-room he found his breakfast waiting on the table for him, and a sorry breakfast it was: an omelette, a piece of steak, and a plate of rolls, but all stone cold. "I think mamma might have had my breakfast kept warm," he cried angrily, and then he remembered that his mother was not taking care of him that day, and that he was going to manage for himself, so, with a very sour face, he sat down to his unpalatable meal.

As soon as it was over he started for a walk, and before long found himself by the side of a mill-pond where, tied to a stake, was a little boat with the oars lying in it. "Ah, ha," said Jack, "as I am to do as I please to-day, I will have a row in this pretty boat that mamma would never so much as let me look at," and in a few moments the disobedient boy had pushed off from the land. Bitterly did he regret it, however, when in a little while he found the boat was leaking and filling fast with water. Oh how he shouted and cried for help. Fortunately for him, some workmen, near by, heard his screams, and one of them throwing off his coat swam out to the boat and seized Jack just as the boat was going down, or else there would have been a sad end to my story. Cold and miserable and wet, he hurried home to change his clothes, and sorry enough was he when he saw that the pretty little new suit that he had worn was spoiled forever.

At the dinner table he took possession of the dish of pickles, and ate the whole of them, and was helped to three slices of rich pud-

ding. His mother looked at him but said nothing, nor did she call to him when she saw him up the cherry tree shortly afterwards, eating half ripe cherries as fast as he could stuff them.

"Dear me," said Jack, "but it is a splendid thing to be able to do as you please. Mamma is always saying, 'Don't climb trees, Jack'; 'don't eat unripe fruit.' Where's the risk I would like to know?" Just then crash went the limb he was on, and down tumbled poor Jack to the ground. Frightened and bruised, he scrambled up, glad to find that none of his own limbs were broken, but thoroughly convinced that his mother was right about the danger of climbing trees at all events.

It was nearly an hour before he felt able to move about again, but at last he remembered the wasps' nest behind the barn that his mother had often cautioned him to let alone. "Well," he said to himself, "I can do as I please to-day, and I mean to have some fun with that wasps' nest. I will just make a little fire under it, and give them a house-warming." Running upstairs, he possessed himself of some matches, a thing his mother had always forbidden, and soon had a nice little fire made. As he stood there, watching the angry wasps as they poured forth from their nest, suddenly he felt a sharp sting in his eyelid. Half blinded, he tried to run away, but instead of running from it he ran right in among the wasps, and they peppered him well.

Shrieking with pain, he rushed to the house, where his frightened mother caught him in her arms and tried to comfort him; but comfort there was none, though for at least a half hour she tried every remedy she could think of to relieve him, but then such a dreadful thing happened that, in his fright, he almost forgot his suffering.

A cry arose, "The barn is on fire! The barn is on fire!" and, as they looked from the window, they could see great tongues of flame leaping up to the very sky. Well did the naughty boy know who had started that fire, and when his mother, with a white face, said that she "feared that the house would

be burned down too," his agony knew no bounds.

The farm hands all worked well, however, and after a while the fire was extinguished, but by that time poor Jack was rolling about the bed in another awful agony. The pickles, and the unripe cherries, and the rich pudding he had had for dessert, had done their work, and the poor boy was so sick that the doctor had to be sent for, nor could he leave him until the night was half over, and dose after dose of horrid medicine did he have to swallow.

The next morning when, weak and pale and scarcely able to lift up his head from the pillow, he talked over the events of the day before with his mother, he begged her "Never to leave him to himself again but to take care of him all ways, always."

Whenever after that Jack was inclined to be self-willed, all that his mother had to do was to ask him, "If he would like to try another 'happy day,'" and that always brought him to his senses.

I would like my dear little readers to understand that their fathers and mothers are provided by our dear Lord to take care of them, and watch over them for their good, and that if they wish to live useful, happy, safe lives, they will obey them and follow out their wishes in every particular. The boy or girl who says, "I do not understand why father and mother forbid this, but I know that they know best," seldom gets into the trouble and difficulties that the children around them do, and moreover they have the happy consciousness that whilst they are obeying, they are pleasing their kind Heavenly Father who has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."—*Alix, in Parish Visitor.*

COTHERSTONE HOUSE

189 Bloor St. East, Toronto

Day School for Young Ladies

THE MISSES JOPLING will resume their classes Thursday, September 12th, 1895. The course of instruction includes Bible, English, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Classics, Music, and Art. For terms and prospectus apply to
MISS JOPLING, Principal.

Havergal Ladies' College

350 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

A Church of England Ladies' College.

Lady Principal, Miss Knox.

Board of Management:

HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C., Chairman.
N. W. HOYLES, ESQ., Q.C.
J. HERBERT MASON, ESQ.
PROFESSOR WRONG, M.A.
F. J. STEWART, ESQ.

THIS institution has now entered its third year, and its success is more than gratifying to its friends. During the late summer vacation the staff was reorganized and enlarged, and is now most complete, over twenty-eight teachers and instructors being connected with it. Every effort is made to give to students a thorough instruction in all the branches of a sound English and classical education. Mathematics and the sciences are under the charge of specialists. Instrumental music is under the special charge of some of the most distinguished teachers in Toronto, including Mr. H. M. Field, Miss Dallas, Miss Canniff, and others. Vocal music is in charge of Mr. W. H. Robinson. Pupils in painting and drawing have the advantage of being under the personal instruction of the well-known artist, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, while elocution is taught by Mr. H. N. Shaw. Special courses are provided in many other subjects. Considering the superior advantages which the school offers to its patrons, the fees are moderate. The school announcement sent on application. Further information cheerfully given if required. Address, the Lady Principal, 350 Jarvis street, or,

J. E. BRYANT, M.A., Bursar,
20 Bay Street, Toronto.

"Glen Mawr"

Miss Yeals' School

651 Spadina Ave.

(Removed from 50 and 52 Peter Street.)

This school is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the city, and the residence, having been specially planned for the school, fulfils all the requirements of modern science necessary to health and comfort.

Pupils are prepared for entrance to the universities, and for the government examinations in art.

Bishop Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A High-grade School of the First-class for Boys.

Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities, the Professions, and for Business.

The undoubted advantages of the College as to location and the excellence of its staff commend it most favorably to those who contemplate sending their sons away from home.

Special attention is paid to moral training. The facilities for physical development are unrivalled in Canada. Cricket ground of eight acres, well-equipped gymnasium, four tennis courts, boat-house, bathing crib, etc., etc.

For calendar, list of pupils, etc., apply to

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,

Principal.

J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS,

◁ IMPORTING RETAILERS. ▷

Dry Goods. Millinery. Mantles. Clothing.

76 AND 78 KENT STREET,
LINDSAY.

CASH AND
ONE PRICE

You get full value for money expended on Tuition in Music, Piano, Violin, Voice, Etc., given by R. HUMPHREYS, Russell-St., opposite St. Paul's Church.

John A. Barron, Q.C. Wm. Steers
BARRON & STEERS,
BARRISTERS, ETC.
Collections Solicited. **LINDSAY**

J. H. SOOTHERAN,
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL
and INSURANCE AGENT.
Assignee in Trust. Money to Loan.
Office—91 Kent-St. **LINDSAY**

G. H. HOPKINS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc.,
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Offices:
6 William-st. South, **LINDSAY, Ont.**

WM. A. GOODWIN,
Wall Paper and Picture Framing
Opposite Express Office,
Next to Simpson House.

DR. BURROWS
CORONER,
WILLIAM-ST., - - LINDSAY

...WHEN IN WANT OF...
Anything Reliable in **JEWELRY**
Try **G. W. BEALL,**
Watchmaker and Jeweller
Engagement and Wedding Rings stamped.
G. W. B. are the best rings made.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1847.
"Year after year the Canada Life keeps in the even tenor of its way, enlarging the circle of its patrons, dispensing its inestimable benefits and rearing its great structure on sound financial principles. The four corner stones on which the Canada Life has been built up are Economy, Integrity, Liberality and Stability." F. C. TAYLOR, AGENT.

Oliver's!
PHOTOS ARE THE BEST
31 WILLIAM ST. LINDSAY.

JAS. H. LENNON,
—AUCTIONEER.—
VALUATOR and LAND AGENT.
LINDSAY, - - ONTARIO.

DR. F. A. WALTERS
DENTIST
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

G. A. LITTLE,
—DEALER IN—
Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Music
Wall Paper, Musical Instruments, Etc
Opp. Post Office, 108 Kent-St. **LINDSAY**

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND KNITTED WARE

It is an item of interest to know where reliable Goods are to be found in the above mentioned lines. Try **LINDSAY'S LEADER LOW CASH PRICES DRY GOODS HOUSE** for these articles. They are Specially Imported for our Trade.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The Sunday-School report at the annual Vestry Meeting showed an average attendance for 51 Sundays of 187 (which with Bible class would bring to over 200), the largest being 253 on January 31st, and the smallest 69 on the wet afternoon of Aug. 30. The total receipts had been \$85.63 of which \$24.66 was for missions. The library had books added to the value of \$18.40, and under God a good work has been done. We have much to thank our teachers for, and trust that the parents will uphold the hands of the teachers by seeing that their children are present and prepare their lessons.

The Lord Jesus said: They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick... I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

We sympathize deeply with Mr. Jeffery, Churchwarden of St. George's, Cameron, in the sudden calling away of his youngest daughter, through that dread disease diphtheria, and with others in that neighborhood threatened with a like affliction, and pray that through careful precautions taken and the good hand of our God upon us, all danger may soon be removed.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
**Choice Family Groceries
 and Provisions,**
*PORTLAND SMOKED FISH,
 China, Crockery
 and Glassware.*

There's a Heap

of difference between Baking
 Powders—put the JERSEY
 CREAM alongside any other
 and see how it excels. It is
 made with a single eye to
 satisfying use. Reliable be-
 yond peradventure.

WE have added many valuable im-
 provements to our different Machines
 for the coming season, and if you
 find yourself in need of a Binder, Mower
 Sulkey Rake, Combined Drill or
 Cultivator, Single or Gang Plows,
 or any other Farm Implement, we would
 be pleased to have you call and examine our
 Machinery, and have a talk with us before
 placing your order elsewhere.

**SYLVESTER BROS.
 M'FG. CO.**

A POINTER

FROM

S. J. PETTY,

"THE JEWELER,"

Get your Engagement
 and Wedding Rings from
 us. We carry a very
 large stock.

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS

DIRECT IMPORTERS.

—AND—

The Leading Dry Goods House

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

G. A. MILNE,

Fine Tailoring;

KENT STREET.

LOUIS ARCHAMBAULT BARBER SHOP,

49 Kent-st. - Three Doors West
 Simpson House.

STEAMSHIP AGENCY.
 Tickets to and from the Old Country and the East
 Dominion Building and Loan Association.
 Money to Loan, repayable monthly.
 When remitting Money buy Canadian
 Express Orders—cheap, reliable, safe
GEO. WILDER, AGENT, EXPRESS OFFICE.

SOANES' MARKET, - 99 KENT-ST

—ALL KINDS OF—

*Fish, Salad and Flowers, Vege-
 tables, and Plants in Season.*

All Kinds of Confectionery made to Order

C. BARTLETT, FAMILY BUTCHER,

14 Kent-st., Lindsay.
CALL AND SEE

J. G. EDWARDS & CO.

*Shelf and Heavy Hardware
 Paints, Oils, Glass, etc.*

Sign of the Anvil, Kent street, Lindsay

ALBERT JEWETT'S Livry, Hack and Boarding Stable,

York-st., in rear of Simpson House.

TELEPHONE 72. Cab meets all trains.

J. A. WILLIAMSON S

*For Good Reliable Harness, Etc. All
 Work Warranted.*

Kent-st. - A CALL SOLICITED.

Try our Pure Baking Powder
30 CENTS A POUND.

PHILIP MORGAN, - DRUGGIST,
 Nearly Opposite Post office. - LINDSAY, ONT.

BRYANS & CO.,

—DEALER IN—

Lumber Coal and Wood
 No. VICTORIA AVENUE.

H. HOLTORF,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

All kinds of FURNITURE.

Leading Undertaker.

LINDSAY, - ONT

THE RATHBUN CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Ties, Posts, Telegraph Poles, Lum-
 ber, Shingles and Timber.
 Clear, coarse Salt in Bulk, or 200 lb Sacks in
 car lots; also fine Dairy Salt in car lots
 Retail dealers in Lumber and Bill Stuff, Lath
 Shingles, Hard and Soft Wood at their
 Mill yard, Lindsay **G. H. M. BAKER, Agt.**

FAIRWEATHER & CO.,
 Manufacturing Furriers.

Leading Hatters and Mens. Furnishers, No. 96,
 Ke t-St., Lindsay. Buy your Shirts, Linen Collars,
 Ties, Scarfs, Under-Clothing, Hats and Caps, etc.
 from FAIRWEATHER & CO.

W. F. McCARTY

if you require anything in the Jewelry line.
 Fine Repairing a Specialty.

No 77 KENT-ST.

W. WOODS,

¡Kent-st., Lindsay,
 For House Furnishings, Stoves
 etc. Plumbing and Heating our
 Specialty.

DENTISTRY
 For first class Dentistry go to
J. NEELANDS'

Beautiful Gold and Porcelain crowns inserted
 Teeth painlessly extracted by gas and vitalized air

Office: Nearly opposite Simpson House, Lindsay