

NON-PAROCIAL PURPOSES:

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.....	\$19 16	
Superannuation Fund.....	5 16	
Missions.....	311 55	
		\$335 87
		\$4,973 27

PAYMENTS.

ORDINARY:

Salaries.....	\$1,456 00	
Interest on Mortgages.....	483 83	
Interest on Floating Debt.....	84 70	
Life Insurance.....	157 95	
Fuel.....	102 50	
Gas.....	74 39	
Synod Dues.....	18 10	
Insurance.....	15 75	
Church Grounds.....	16 00	
Stationery.....	4 72	
Furniture and Repairs.....	37 00	
Postage.....	7 54	
Contingencies.....	10 83	
		\$2,469 31

SPECIAL:

Interest on Mortgages overdue.....	\$676 53	
Churchwardens' notes reduced.....	150 00	
Fire Insurance due 1892 to Canada Life	60 00	
Principal on \$3,000 Mortgage to		
Canada Life.....	300 00	
Vocation on account.....	347 80	
Salaries unpaid at Easter, 1892.....	395 00	
Church Property, Kent-st.....	102.05	
Law Costs re Canada Life Mortgage ..	25 00	
		\$2,016 75

NON-PAROCIAL PURPOSES:

W. and O. Fund.....	\$19 16	
Superannuation Fund.....	5 16	
Missions.....	311 55	
		\$335 87
		\$4,821 93

Balance..... **\$151 34**

Audited and found correct.

A. F. D. MACGACHEN, } Auditors.
B. DINGLE,

Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

LIABILITIES:

Churchwardens' Notes under discount..	\$1,100 00	
Salaries unpaid.....	105 00	
Interest due Canada Life, 1st April, '93	162 00	
Note for Vocation balance.....	167 00	
Accounts unpaid.....	166 03	
Furnaces.....	285 00	
		\$1,985 13

ASSETS:

Ground Rent unpaid.....	\$197 25	
Subscriptions unpaid, say.....	200 00	
Balance on hand.....	151 34	
		\$548 59

Total Floating Debt..... **\$1,436 54**

Statement of Mortgage Indebtedness.

Mortgage No. 1 to Canada Life Assurance Co., (interest 6 per cent. yearly on 1st December)....	\$8,000 00
Mortgage No. 2 to Canada Life Assurance Co., (interest 6 per cent. yearly on 1st April) \$3,000, less amount paid on account; Principal by Mite Society, \$250, Young Ladies' Sewing Class, \$50; total, \$300.....	\$2,700 00
Total.....	\$10,700 00

The item of Ground Rent in statement of Receipts is from rental of the Church Property on Kent-st., being Lot No. 7 and Lot No. 8 (except part sold for Post Office site) on South side of Kent-st.

The item of Interest on Endowment, \$195, in said statement, is the amount received from the Synod for interest on the \$4,000—purchase money of the Post Office site—held in trust by the Synod for the Incumbent of this parish and his successors in office.

Statement of Mite Society.

This Society was formed in February, 1889, for the purpose of collecting small sums monthly to pay off the debt on the Sunday-School (being the Mortgage for \$3,000 and balance owing for furniture, etc).

RECEIPTS:

Collections for year ending 31st January, 1890...	\$263 35
" " 31st January, 1891...	201 58
" " 31st January, 1892...	155 00
" " 31st January, 1893...	172 20
Interest on Savings Bank account.....	24 93
	\$817 06

PAYMENTS:

1889-90 Paid for Account Book.....	\$0 25
Paid Churchwardens' to pay:	
W. McBurney, balance contract.....	37 50
H. Holtorf, seats for S. S. ...	192 00
H. Holtorf, chairs for S. S. .	15 50
1892 To pay Canada Life a year's interest on \$3,000 mortgage.....	180 00
To pay Canada Life on account Principal.....	250 00
	\$675 25
Balance.....	\$141 81

Audited and found correct.

A. F. D. MACGACHEN, } Auditors.
B. DINGLE,

Lindsay, April 11, 1893.

Since Easter the Mite Society have paid \$150 additional on account of the principal of Mortgage No. 2.

Our list of contributors per Envelope system shows the following: 3 at \$1.00 per Sunday, 2 at 75c., 10 at 50c., 1 at 40c., 1 at 35c., 3 at 30c., 39 at 25c., 7 at 20c., 5 at 15c., 23 at 10c., 2 at 5c., in all 96 persons paying \$25.45 per Sunday. There is great need for improvement in this matter. The number of contributors should be much larger and individual amounts also. The average loose collection per Sunday is \$7.90.

JOHN A. BARRON, } Churchwardens.
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,

St. Paul's Church,
Lindsay, April 24, 1893.

CHURCH NOTES.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

The boxes in the Church porches were opened a few days before Easter and were found to contain between nine and ten dollars for the organ fund.

During April Missionary collections were brought in, made as follows: by Mrs. McMahon and Miss Mary Hawkins, \$13.50; by Miss Houghton and Miss E. J. Thorne, \$10.25; by Henry Johnston, \$6.05; by Miss

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1893.

No. 30.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

LESSONS.

- 1.—**St. Ph. & St. Jas., A. & M. Morning**—Isai 61; John 1, v. 43. *Evening*—Ze.h. 4; Colos. 3, to v. 18.
- 7.—**5th Sunday after Easter. Morning**—Deut. 6; Luke 23, v. 50 to 24, v. 13. *Evening*—Deut. 9 or 10; 1 Thess. 4.
- 11.—**Ascension Day. Morning**—Dan. 7, v. 9 to 15; Luke 24, v. 44. *Evening*—2 Kings 2, 13 v. 16; Heb. 4.
- 14.—**Sunday after Ascension. Morning**—Deut. 30; John 4, to v. 31. *Evening*—Deut. 31, or Jos. 1; 1 Tim. 3.
- 21.—**Whitsunday. Morning**—Deut. 16, to v. 18; Rom. 8, to v. 18. *Evening*—Isai. 11, or Ezek. 36, v. 25; Gal. 5, v. 16, or Acts 18, v. 24 to 19, v. 21.
- 28.—**Trinity Sunday. Morning**—Isai. 6, to v. 11; Rev. 1, to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. 18, or Gen. 1 and 2, to v. 4; Eph. 4, to v. 17; or Matt. 3.

ASCENSION DAY.

May 11th.

"SIT THOU on my right hand, my Son," saith the Lord.
"SIT THOU on my right hand, my Son!"
Till in the fatal hour
Of my wrath and my power,
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne.
"Prayer sha'l be made to Thee, my Son," saith the Lord.
"Prayer shall be made to Thee, my Son!
From earth and air and sea,
And all that in them be,
Which Thou for Thine heritage hast won.
"Daily be Thou praised, my Son," saith the Lord.
Daily be Thou praised, my Son!
And all that live and move,
Let them bless Thy bleeding love,
And the work which Thy worthiness hath done."

—Heber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Papers on Christian Practice.

IV.—INFLUENCE.

INFLUENCE depends upon character, popularity upon the power to make one's self agreeable, or the possession of the time-spirit. Influence is not gained by effort, as popularity may be; it is the result of the life's purpose and work. It is said to be one of the healthiest signs of the times that thinking people

are becoming anxious about their personal influence, both for their own sakes and for the sake of others.

What is meant by character? It is difficult to define it. Character, which is the summing up of the higher perfection of the intellectual and spiritual sides of man's nature, like the highest development of the body, is a union of strength with beauty. It combines force with gentleness, power with tenderness, energy with mildness. It is the duty of the Christian to build up, by God's help, a character which will exert a wide and lasting influence in the world.

It is a mistake to suppose that the highest type of character can be developed apart from the power that Jesus Christ brings into the life. In our day education is thought to be the one moulder of men, as well as the panacea for all the ills in the body politic. Education, it is fondly claimed, will change the face of our world, and produce the highest type of character. But it can be shown that the disturbers of society, the men who want to tear down what it has taken long and weary years to build up, the men who are ready to seize all capital, drown in a sea of blood all who oppose their wishes, and let loose the spirit of anarchy, are in most cases educated men. M. Reclus, the anarchist leader, is a distinguished geographer; Mr. Hyndman, who preaches the doctrine "seize all capital and make all men equal," is a graduate of London University. Germany, the land of knowledge and enlightenment, has over half a million socialists. Education and knowledge bring power, but it may be only an evil power that education unleavened by Christian principles develops.

Influence should be looked upon as a talent which God has placed within our power and which can be used for good or ill. I am using the word talent in its scriptural sense. It has come to mean now mental endowments of a superior kind, possessed by those who have marked ability. But the word as used by Christ referred to any-

thing by which we are enabled to glorify God. We are but stewards of God's good gifts. Our mental acquirements, our means, our strength, our position in life, our gifts of every kind, our influence, are all talents. They are to be used to the glory of God and the good of men. Influence is one of the greatest talents entrusted to us. It may be made a mighty power for good, in the moulding of sound public opinion, in advancing the cause of right and truth, in the uplifting of all with whom we have to do. It is a talent given in some measure to all. All have influence. There is no one so obscure as to be without it. For just as no particle of matter, even the smallest, can be destroyed, just as no force is lost, but leaves its impress upon the earth, so no one can pass on his way through life without leaving his mark upon the world.

"The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tost
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each raindrop makes some flowerlet blow;
Each struggle lessens human woe."

It may be but the effort of a single individual in the great world of sin and evil, but the smallest effort for God is never in vain.

"Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful."

Like the world we know nothing of the greatest workers, they labour on often without public recognition, regardless of men's poor praise or blame, only anxious to fulfil the purpose of their being, to perform the mission on which they were sent. How true it is that

"The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints,"

and that the best work, and the most lasting, is often accomplished by those whose names are never noised abroad in the world.

On the other hand, failure in life can often be traced to the morbid desire to do great things, to discontent with the lot in which we are placed, and dissatisfaction with the work that lies at hand. One secret of greatness of

character lies first in the power to perceive that all work which God gives us is important work, and then in the ability from simple materials to bring about mighty results. It has been quaintly put in the verse:

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Discerns he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit.
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a unit.
That has the world here, should he need the next.
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

While it is true that men fail because they look for too large a sphere of influence, forgetting that it is by doing the duty that lies nearest that we become fitted for higher service; yet one cannot but feel how far one's life comes short of the ideals placed before it. How often failure seems to be written, as this world judges, over a life that was guided by pure motives and deep sincerity of purpose! How often the highest hopes are disappointed, and the truest aims are not realized! How often friends misjudge, and the world fails to understand the life of a true and earnest soul! Who has not found it true that

"Life itself
May not express us all, may leave the worst,
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism,
Never awaked."

The power wielded by influence begins very early in life. It was a grand epitaph, and an unconscious tribute to the value of influence, when the words were written over the green grave of one of God's little ones: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" Indeed the most powerful influence is often the most unconscious. Some one has well said that the Bible calls a good man's life a light. The light shines out because it is light, spontaneously it fills the world unconsciously with its glory. Just as Moses was unconscious that his face shone, so influence is often the greatest when it is exercised without our knowing it.

But who can estimate the power of personal influence? Carlyle says: "It is a high, solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all the ages, were he the very meanest of us,

have an end." Is it because our beloved Queen rules over the greatest Empire the sun has ever shone upon, that her personal influence is so great? Or is it because she wears upon her heart "the white flower of a blameless life"? When the treaty between England and Madagascar was made, these words were written on the margin: "Queen Victoria asks, as a personal favour to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecutions of the Christians." The treaty was signed in Madagascar with the insertion of the words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar." It was the gracious influence of the Christian woman, rather than the power possessed by the Queen and Empress, that won this great concession. In our measure, and according to our opportunity, we can all exert such an influence for good. We can take away from the heap of misery in the world around us and add to the mountain of happiness; we can stand for truth, for right, for freedom, for God. Let us, then, be up and doing; it is good to be here, our opportunity is great, our call clear, our duty pressing.

"Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day;
Sew the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of act! be up and cheer them
As ye may;
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!"

—W. J. ARMITAGE.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ON CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

"WHEN I look at my congregation," observed the rector one fine Sunday morning in the height of the season, "I wonder where the poor are. When I come to count the collection, I wonder what has become of the rich." An analysis of the Sunday collection in the average Church produces a sinking sensation that can hardly be described. That the standard should be so low seems incredible, and suggests an idea somewhat akin to that expressed by the young ticket agent who found it was the exception, not the rule, for

money by accident paid over to be returned. "The public ain't honest." Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that people are largely influenced in their actions by two powerful motives:

1. What others do. 2. What others think.

Now, in giving in Church both of these motives operate to lower the standard. For if they are moved by what others do, then they can find fifty who give cents to one who gives a quarter or a half-dollar, or a dollar. And if they are moved by what others think of them they are unobserved in the mass, and can evade the obligation altogether without being noticed. The church collection gives an opportunity for meanness to escape exposing its true character by offering something, and yet to give next to nothing.

But is there meanness? Is the giving of these small coins not possibly accidental? Is it fair to attribute this to such a low motive? After a careful consideration, we think that in many cases it is. Even charity is forced to admit that the church collection is a proof beyond all question that there are a large number of mean people in every Church when these things are considered, for, in the first place, the size of the coin that is found, in the vast majority of cases, to be the favourite one shows that its selection has been the result of deliberation. If out of an average congregation, for the most part composed of respectable and decently dressed people, of 300, five-sixths of the contributors are found to give cents and five cent pieces, this is proof positive that these coins have been the result of deliberate selection. In other words, that the copper and the five cent pieces have been provided beforehand, and have been put in the pocket for the purpose of being put on the plate.

Further, in over 90 per cent. of these cases there is very little doubt that the selection of these pieces meant the deliberate passing by of other and larger coins in their possession or their command. The dress worn, the occupations pursued, and the amounts given to other objects where their pleasure, or profit, or reputation is concerned, by these persons justifies the assertion that more could be given if there was the will. Therefore, it is clear that people who could give

more, but habitually prefer the lowest coin, are mean. The number of old, strange, battered, clipped and nicked pieces are additional evidence, if evidence is needed. Of buttons and bogus bills we make no mention.

But may not the prominent place taken by the copper or five cent piece be attributed, not so much to the meanness that tries to escape giving, as to the ignorance that does not understand that it is desired to give more. Possibly it may be. I think that quite a large number of people seem not only to be ignorant of the fact that it is their duty to give more than a copper, but that it is expected of them. They seem to think that their money is not required particularly for anything, but that respectability requires the contribution of something, and inasmuch as respectability is preserved by the cent or five cents, that is all. Possibly they never think at all on the subject, but if they do their thoughts are probably like that.

Or is it possible that they think somewhat thus: "The Church seems to get along pretty well; a good many well-dressed people come, and they can give if they are inclined to; what is the good of giving any more anyway, it only goes to the rector and tends to promote personal extravagance and make him lazy? We are conferring a favour on the Church by being there, and ought not to pay for our patronage. A copper is quite enough where there is no return." Now, this is ignorance. Ignorance first of all of the fact that to give more is required of them on the grounds of the great financial need.

First, on the ground of Church necessity. So far from these cents and five cents being enough, it is because of them that the spiritual work of the Church is crippled, and expedients are planned and resorted to that would be altogether unnecessary if the collections were larger. Debts would be paid; new works undertaken; improvements made; missions started, and general prosperity would take the place of stagnation. The meanness of the stingy contributors is accountable for a good deal of that heavy and cumbersome weight of financial care which is such a clog to Church progress. If they gave, as they easily could, in nine cases out of ten, five cents instead of a copper, and a ten cent piece instead of a five, there would be opportunity

for a great exercise of spiritual activity. This is now, Martha-like, wasted in distracting affairs of minor importance.

The greater part, too, of these cent and five cent contributors represent the offerings of those who do not take envelopes, or contribute to the Church in other ways; and often, too, of those who are just in the period of life when it is of the utmost importance that habits of that kind should be formed, and who have the means of giving too. I mean young men and young women. Do not let them imagine that their contribution is not required, *it is*; or expected, *it is*; or necessary, *it is*.

2nd. On the ground of spiritual necessity. If the Church does not need their giving more, *their own soul does*. They need to give more for *their own sake*. The act of giving lovingly, cheerfully, largely is a spiritual exercise of the highest benefit, and wherever there is developed that sense of *shame* which makes a man scorn to give a trivial sum when he can afford more, there is a sign of healthy soul growth. "I would never dream of giving five cents in a church collection if I had a quarter or fifty cents in my pocket," said a good Christian man one day, a man too with scarcely any possessions in this world, saving a good name and a clean conscience. Oh, for ten thousand such men, who are animated by the high principal of Christian ambition, and scorn to grovel as low as they can!

There is too little Christian ambition now; too little sense of shame; too little of that quick sense of zeal and animation that makes men strive to excel.

I am convinced that if our congregations were awakened to the love of God, the prominent place occupied by the cent in our church plate would be a thing of the past. They would be *ashamed* to give so little.

Read Ex. xxxv, 21-29; Ex. xxxvi, 5-7; 1 Chron. xxix, 3-18; 2 Cor. viii, 9-12. St. Paul's Rectory, DYSON HAGUE, Halifax.

WHEN we get to see God as He is, we then realize that there is nothing too great or too good for Him to do for us. Payson, in his triumph of faith, said: "I am sure that God, for Christ's sake, loves me so well that if He saw it to be necessary to my happiness to be put in possession of a world, He would create one expressly for me, and give it to me."

SPIRITUS DEI

(Whitsunday, May 21st.)

BREATHE on me, breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

—Edwin Hatch.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.
MAY 1ST.

ST. PHILIP—Two men bear this name in the New Testament. The collect and Gospel for the day leave no doubt that not Philip the Evangelist, so familiar to us from the chariot scene in the desert of Gaza, but Philip the Apostle is meant.

Our Lord began His active ministry, revealing both His authority over men and His insight into hearts when He found Philip and said unto him, "Follow Me." This was the first occasion that our Lord gave this definite call, which, repeated since then by the Holy Spirit times without number, has evoked multitudes of followers.

St. Philip soon proved the wisdom of the Lord's choice by finding Nathaniel, whose doubts concerning the Messiah he met with those memorable words, the simplest and most effective of all apologetics, "Come and see."

It was, no doubt, part of the Divine Master's plan to have among His apostles men of different types of character. St. Philip does not seem to have had either the impetuous energy of St. Peter, or the manly courage of St. Andrew, or the earnest inquiring spirit of St. Thomas, yet we may be sure that he had a place to fill for which he was best suited.

From the few incidents recorded of him in St. John's Gospel it is not wise to generalize too much. We gather, however, that though less contemplative than St. Thomas, he also was possessed with the spirit of inquiry—prudent almost to hesitation, in regard to assuming the responsibility of a course of action; he could speak out

what was in his mind with the utmost frankness, without trying to conceal anything.

When the Lord proved him with a question regarding the feeding of the five thousand, his calculating answer most transparently revealed his lack of faith.

When some Greeks, probably from the neighbourhood of his home, came to him in Jerusalem, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus," he cautiously hesitated to act alone, but went and told his great friend, Andrew, who at once communicated the fact to Jesus, Philip accompanying him instead of being the chief speaker—a course often followed in the present day.

On the night of the betrayal it was St. Philip who, with the utmost candour, gave expression to a desire, which, no doubt, was latent in the hearts of the other apostles, the desire of beholding God. St. Thomas had just asked a question seeking for more light in regard to the way to God, and was silently contemplating the Lord's answer that He was the true and living way—to know the Son of God was to know the Father—when St. Philip broke in with the question: "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." He wanted some dazzling vision, some overpowering manifestation of God, forgetting that the Divine Nature does not consist solely in power, but also in love and holiness, such as only a living person could reveal.

Most touching is the pathos with which the Lord appeals personally to one of His earliest disciples: Have I been so long time with you and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou, show us the Father? thou, who hast listened to My words and witnessed My works!

Alas! the blindness of even him who had once used the argument in regard to the Messiah, "Come and see." It was not for long, however. After Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit took of the things of Christ and revealed them to the disciples, we may be sure that St. Philip saw the Father as with spiritual insight he contemplated the image of the invisible God.

ST. JAMES—Three men bear this name in the New Testament. James, the son of Zebedee, the first of the apostles to suffer martyrdom; James, the son of Alphaeus, an apostle of whom

little is known; and James the brother of the Lord, surnamed, on account of his strict and holy life, "The Just."

The collect and epistle for this day, by speaking of St. James, both as an apostle and also as the writer of the Epistle of St. James, assume that James, the son of Alphaeus, and James, the brother of our Lord, were one and the same person. This is in accordance with a view first distinctly held by Jerome in the fourth century, for which there is but slight evidence.

St. James, the brother of the Lord, comes prominently before us in the Acts of the Apostles; he was clearly head of the Church at Jerusalem, its first bishop. It was St. James to whom St. Peter sent the news of his release from prison. St. James, who presided over the Council at Jerusalem and whose decision was adopted; St. James whom St. Paul visited and whose advice he followed on a later visit to Jerusalem. It was St. James who, as the representative of the Jewish Christian element in the Church of Christ, felt called upon to write a circular letter to the Jews of the Dispersion who had embraced Christianity, and who were in danger of secularizing Christian truth, and reducing it to a system of external observances, resting satisfied with an empty profession. His epistle is eminently practical, warning us still to be doers of the word and not hearers only—deluding our own selves.

The question now remains, why has our Church coupled St. Philip and St. James together? It is difficult to say unless it be that they represent two sides of the Christian life—the contemplative and the active—the desire for knowledge of the truth and the practical use made of this knowledge.

F. H. DU VERNET.

COMPLETE IN HIM.

Col. ii. 10.

MADE complete, complete in Jesus:

Who our life and surety is;

Made complete in Him who saves us

From our sin and wretchedness.

Yes, we're made complete in Jesus,

Marr'd by sin though now we be,

We shall bear our Saviour's image,

When His glorious face we see.

Oh the blessed, happy moment!

When among the blood-washed throng

We shall stand complete in Jesus,

And shall join the glad new song.

—H.A.B., in *Parish Visitor*.

SELECTED.

A FEW years ago we heard the question frequently asked, "Is life worth living?" In some quarters that question was seriously debated. It seemed to some minds to be a fair subject for discussion whether, after setting on one side the pains, the sorrows, the bereavements, the losses and the disappointments of life, there was a balance of good or not when those were placed against the pleasures and the happiness of existence. Or, if you wish to hear the same question put in a more profound way, you have only to listen to Hamlet saying in his soliloquy, "To be or not to be; whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or, by opposing, end them." You see that, behind both of these questions is this idea, "What can I get out of life,—what is life giving to me?" And the thought that I want to make clear to you is that Christ's idea was just the opposite of that. He says, "I am among you as one that serveth"; "My father worketh hitherto and I work." There is not a suggestion in all the pages of the Gospel that our Saviour ever thought of asking what life was giving to Him; but all through those pages the story is luminous with His own higher conception of life, "What can I do?—I am here as one that serveth."—*Se'h Low*.

REJECTED, YET HONOURED.

MACAULAY tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that his master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed, the window won the admiration of all. The master's boasted work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist from condemned material was given the place of honour in the great cathedral. The wisdom of this world made its painted window of the wise, and learned, and the righteous, but the unknown Jesus of Nazareth became the architect of a new society. He rejected the noble and wise, and chose the very material that the wisdom of this world had condemned, and from the refuse of society. He has taken up the fallen sons of men and set them, like diamonds, to sparkle forever in the diadem of His glory.—*The Welcome*.

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

Continued.

"WELL, I have what I call a 'window-school.' It is too cold now; but in warm weather I am wheeled out on my little balcony, and the Ruggleses climb up and walk along our garden fence, and sit down on the roof of our carriage-house. That brings them quite near, and I read to them and tell them stories. On Thanksgiving Day they came up for a few minutes, it was quite warm at eleven o'clock, and we told each other what we had to be thankful for; but they gave such queer answers that Papa had to run away for fear of laughing; and I couldn't understand them very well. Susan was thankful for 'trunks,' of all things in the world; Cornelius, for 'horse cars;' Kitty, for 'pork steak;' while Clem, who is very quiet, brightened up when I came to him, and said he was thankful for 'his lame puppy.' Wasn't that pretty?"

"It might teach some of us a lesson, mightn't it, little girl?"

"That's what Mamma said. Now I'm going to give this whole Christmas to the Ruggleses; and, Uncle Jack, I earned part of the money myself."

"Yes, my bird; how?"

"Well, you see, it could not be my own, own Christmas if Papa gave me all the money, and I thought to really keep Christ's birthday I ought to do something of my very own; and so I talked with Mamma. Of course she thought of something lovely; she always does; Mamma's head is just brimming over with lovely thoughts, and all I have to do is ask, and out pops the very one I want. This thought was, to let her write down, just as I told her, a description of how a little girl lived in her own room three years, and what she did to amuse herself; and we sent it to a magazine and got twenty-five dollars for it. Just think!"

"Well, well," cried Uncle Jack, "my little girl a real author! And what are you going to do with this wonderful 'own' money of yours?"

"I shall give the nine Ruggleses a grand Christmas dinner here in this very room—that will be Papa's contribution, and afterwards a beautiful Christmas tree, fairly blooming with presents—that will be my part; for I have another way of adding to my twenty-five dollars, so that I can buy everything I like. I should like it very

much if you would sit at the head of the table, Uncle Jack, for nobody could ever be frightened of you, you dearest, dearest, dearest thing that ever was! Mamma is going to help us, but Papa and the boys are going to eat together down stairs for fear of making the little Ruggleses shy; and after we've had a merry time with the tree we can open my window and all listen together to the music at the evening church service, if it comes before the children go. I have written a letter to the organist, and asked him if I might have the two songs I like best. Will you see if it is all right?"

"BIRDS' NEST, Dec. 21, 188—.

"DEAR MR. WILKIE,—I am the little sick girl who lives next door to the church, and, as I seldom go out, the music on practice days and Sundays is one of my greatest pleasures.

"I want to know if you can let the boys sing 'Carol, brothers, carol,' on Christmas night, and if the one who sings 'My ain countree' so beautifully, may please sing that too. I think it is the loveliest song in the world, but it always make me cry; does'nt it you?"

"If it isn't too much trouble, I hope they can sing them both quite early, as after ten o'clock I may be asleep—Yours respectfully.

"CAROL BIRD.

"P.S.—The reason I like 'Carol, brothers, carol,' is because the choir-boys sang it eleven years ago, the morning I was born, and put it into Mamma's head to call me Carol. She didn't remember then that my other name would be Bird, because she was half asleep, and couldn't think of but one thing at a time. Donald says if I had been born on the Fourth of July they would have named me 'Independence,' or if on the twenty-second of February, 'Georgina,' or even 'Cherry,' like Cherry in Martin Chuzzlewit; but I like my own name and birthday best.—Yours truly.

"CAROL BIRD."

Uncle Jack thought the letter quite right, and did not even smile at her telling the organist so many family items. The days flew by, as they always fly in holiday time, and it was Christmas eve before anybody knew it. The family festival was quiet and very pleasant, but quite swallowed up in the grander preparations for next day. Carol and Elfrida, her pretty German nurse, had ransacked books, and intro-

duced so many plans, and plays, and customs and merryings from Germany, and Holland, and England and a dozen other places, that you would scarcely have known how or where you were keeping Christmas. The dog and the cat had enjoyed their celebration under Carol's direction. Each had a tiny table with a lighted candle in the centre, and a bit of Bologna sausage placed very near it, and everybody laughed till the tears stood in their eyes to see Villikins and Dinah struggle to nibble the sausages, and at the same time evade the candle flame. Villikins barked, and sniffed, and howled in impatience, and after many vain attempts succeeded in dragging off the prize, though he singed his nose in doing it. Dinah, meanwhile, watched him placidly, her delicate nostrils quivering with expectation, and, after all excitement had subsided, walked with dignity to the table, her beautiful gray satin trail sweeping behind her, and, calmly putting up one velvet paw, drew the sausage gently down, and walked out of the room without "turning a hair," so to speak. Elfrida had scattered handfuls of seeds over the snow in the garden, that the wild birds might have a comfortable breakfast next morning, and had stuffed bundles of dried grasses in the fireplaces, so that the reindeer of Santa Claus could refresh themselves after their long gallops across country. This was really only done for fun, but it pleased Carol.

And when, after dinner, the whole family had gone to church to see the Christmas decorations, Carol limped wearily out on her little crutches, and, with Elfrida's help, placed all the family boots in a row in the upper hall. That was to keep the dear ones from quarreling all through the year. There were Papa's stout topboots; Mamma's pretty buttoned shoes next; then Uncle Jack's, Donald's, Paul's and Hugh's; and at the end of the line her own little white worsted slippers. Last, and sweetest of all, like the little children in Austria, she put a lighted candle in her window to guide the dear Christ-child, lest he should stumble in the dark night as he passed up the deserted street. This done, she dropped into bed, a rather tired, but very happy Christmas fairy.

V.—SOME OTHER BIRDS ARE TAUGHT TO FLY.

Before the earliest Ruggles could

wake and toot his five-cent tin horn. Mrs. Ruggles was up and stirring about the house, for it was a gala day in the family. Gala day! I should think so! Were not her nine "children" invited to a dinner-party at the great house, and weren't they going to sit down free and equal with the mightiest in the land? She had been preparing for this grand occasion ever since the receipt of the invitation, which, by the way, had been speedily enshrined in an old photograph frame and hung under the looking-glass in the most prominent place in the kitchen, where it stared the occasional visitor directly in the eye, and made him pale with envy:

"BIRD'S NEST, Dec. 17, 188—.

"DEAR MRS. RUGGLES,—I am going to have a dinner-party on Christmas Day, and would like to have all your children come. I want them every one, please, from Sarah Maud to Baby Larry. Mamma says dinner will be at half-past five, and the Christmas tree at seven; so you may expect them home at nine o'clock. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am, yours truly,

"CAROL BIRD."

Breakfast was on the table promptly at seven o'clock, and there was very little of it, too; for it was an excellent day for short rations, though Mrs. Ruggles heaved a sigh as she reflected that even the boys, with their India-rubber stomachs, would be just as hungry the day after the dinner-party as if they had never had any at all.

As soon as the scanty meal was over, she announced the plan of the campaign: "Now Susan, you an' Kitty wash up the dishes; an' Peter, can't you spread up the beds, so't I can git ter cuttin' out Larry's new suit? I ain't satisfied with his close, an' I thought in the night of a way to make him a dress out of my old plaid shawl—kind o' Scotch style, yer know. You other boys clear out from under foot! Clem, you and Con hop into bed with Larry while I wash yer underflannins; 'twont take long to dry 'em. Sarah Maud, I think 'twould be perfectly han'som if you ripped them brass buttons off yer uncle's policeman's coat an' sewed 'em in a row up the front o' yer green skirt. Susan, you must iron out yours an' Kitty's apurms; an' there, I came mighty near forgettin' Peory's stockin's! I counted the whole lot last night

when I was washin' of 'em, an' there ain't but nineteen anyhow yer fix 'em, an' no nine pairs mates nohow; an' I ain't goin' ter have my children wear odd stockins' to a dinner-comp'ny, brought up as I was! Eily, can't you run out and ask Mis' Cullen ter lend me a pair o' stockin's for Peory, an tell her if she will, Peory 'll give Jim half her candy when she gets home. Won't yer Peory?"

Peoria was young and greedy, and thought the remedy so much worse than the disease that she set up a deafening howl at the projected bargain—a howl so rebellious and so out of all season that her mother started in her direction with flashing eye and uplifted hand; but she let it fall suddenly, saying, "No, I won't lick ye Christmas day, if yer drive me crazy; but speak up smart now, 'in say whether yer'd ruther give Tim Cullen half yer candy ur go bare-legged ter the party?" The matter being put so plainly, Peoria collected her faculties, dried her tears and chose the lesser evil. Clem having hastened the decision by an affectionate wink, that meant he'd go halves with her on his candy.

"That's a lady," cried her mother. "Now, you young ones that ain't doin' nothin', play all yer want ter before noontime, for after ye git through eatin' at twelve o'clock me 'n Sarah Maud's goin' ter give yer such a washin' an' combin' an' dressin' as yer never had before an' never will again, an' then I'm goin' ter set yer down an' give yer two solid hours trainin' in manners; an' 'twont be no foolin' neither."

"All we've got ter do 's to eat!" grumbled Peter.

"Well, that's enough," responded his mother; "there's more 'n one way of eatin', let me tell yer, an' you've got a heap ter learn about it, Peter Ruggles. Land sakes, I wish you children could see the way I was fetched up to eat—never took a meal o' vittles in the kitchen before I married Ruggles; but yer can't keep up that style with nine young ones 'n yer Pa always off ter sea."

The big Ruggleses worked so well, and the little Ruggleses kept from "under foot" so successfully, that by one o'clock nine complete toilets were laid out in solemn grandeur on the beds. I say "complete;" but I do not know whether they would be called so in the best society. The law of compensa-

tion had been well applied; he that had necktie had no cuffs; she that had sash had no handkerchief, and *vice versa*; but they all had boots and a certain amount of clothing, such as it was, the outside layer being in every case quite above criticism.

"Now, Sarah Maud," said Mrs. Ruggles, her face shining with excitement, "everything is red up an' we can begin. I've got a boiler 'n a kettle 'n a pot o' hot water. Peter, you go into the back bedroom, an' I'll take Susan, Kitty, Peory an' Cornelius; an' Sarah Maud, you take Clem, n' Eily, n' Larry, one to a time, an' git as fur as you can with 'em, an' then I'll finish 'em off while you do yerself."

(To be continued.)

OUR DAILY BREAD.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, preaching at Westminster Abbey to a very large congregation on a late Sunday afternoon, continued his remarks upon the Lord's Prayer, taking as his text the phrase, "Give us this day our daily bread." Proceeding to speak of the words of the petition, the preacher said: "The prayer is broad and simple. There is nothing in it of the pestering importunity of the sturdy vagrant, the base whine of greedy mendacity. I hope that none of you, my friends, neglect the good old simple, beautiful English practice of saying grace before meat, and that by teaching the significance of it to your children you save them from the inexpressible calamity of living lives which do not habitually look upwards to their source. I find that sometimes at the splendid tables of the wealthy the practice of saying grace is falling into neglect, and I am deeply sorry for it. I cannot bear to sit down to the simplest meal, much less to God's choicest bounties, to tables radiant with His richest fruit and His loveliest flowers, without humbly and thankfully acknowledging the Giver. And what but godless indifference can prevent us from thus acknowledging Him who giveth food to all flesh?"—*Evangelical Churchman.*

OFTEN the most useful Christians are those who serve their Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else He would not hide His oaks in the acorns, or the wealth of a wheat field in bags of little seeds. —T. L. Cuyler.

Parish and Home.

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ASCENSION, Whitsunday, Trinity, this truly is a succession of important festivals. Our Lord rose from the dead; then, fulfilling His promise, He sent the spirit, thus completing the cycle of truth which we last of all celebrate on Trinity Sunday. "Seek those things which are above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God," says St. Paul. He is there to help mankind, and as our prayers go up to God through Him we know they cannot be unanswered, for eternal self-sacrificing love is there watching to minister to human need.

WE cannot date a letter without reference to Christ. Those words, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, take us back to the manger in Bethlehem, and we date every event in relation to that great event. The carpenter of Nazareth has triumphed. The world, even while it sneers, bows to His surpassing dignity, and dates its life from His life.

OLE BULL, the great musician, once said: "If I learn to practise on my violin for a day I notice the difference; if for two days my friends notice it; if for a week everybody notices it" Eternal vigilance is the price both of safety and of progress. The man who is too busy to take trouble about and care steadily for little things will never succeed. Our Lord carefully arranged the people in companies and thus made easy his further work of feeding the multitude. Even He took great pains about little things. Shall not we?

"A MAN'S reach must exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?" wrote Browning. We must not expect too surely to be satisfied here. We may enjoy calm, blessed peace. We may even look up into a cloudless sky, though few of us do; but there must always remain for the child of God a heart-craving that is never entirely satisfied on earth. How could it be otherwise when we are citizens of another country? There could be no faith if there were always fullness. Faith is the reaching out of the thirsty spirit to a God who promises, but withholds for a time the deep, sweet draught that will satisfy.

"WHAT great God is this," groaned the wild Frankish king Clotaire as he lay dying, "that pulls down the strength of the strongest kings." To the rich and the poor, the high and the low, death and sorrow, heart-breaking, desolating sorrow, come in turn. In the school of intensest reality—that of life—we all must learn the same lessons. The select few may learn to lisp a foreign tongue, all must learn the language of human weakness and human need, and from the same Father's love comes sweet solace for the rich and poor who are alike His children.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

I.

I PROPOSE, first, to ask and to answer the question, "Is it right to use a form of prayer?" The question hardly seems necessary in our enlightened age, when all Christians are coming to truer views of the manner and methods of public worship. Churchmen of all schools of thought agree as to the value and place of a Prayer Book in the services of God's House. The Wesleyan Methodists in England use our Prayer Book regularly in their worship. The Presbyterians are beginning to revive John Knox's Book of Common Order, to use forms of prayer for various services, and to adapt to their own conditions our prayers and collects. When I visited Dr. Parker's City Temple, in London, recently, I joined with the immense assembly gathered in that centre of Congregationalism, in our General Confession, in the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed. I have often heard the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's, Toronto,

(Pres.), use whole expressions from our Prayer Book in his service of prayer, in his church; and the Te Deum, which is the common property of the Christian world, often forms a part of the service of praise. Still there are some earnest Christians who object to the use of a printed form of prayer. They base their objections upon two main arguments. The first is that forms of prayer necessarily cramp the Spirit. The answer to this objection is not far to seek. When our blessed Lord was upon earth, and worshipped in the synagogue of His people, He followed their customs and, we may well believe, used a form of prayer. We know that He stood up, following the general custom, to read the Scriptures, and based His sermon upon the lesson for the day from the Prophet Isaiah. The service of the Jewish synagogue was not unlike our own. It consisted, Dr. Edersheim has pointed out, of eighteen collects, or short prayers, and two lessons from the sacred Scriptures. Then our Lord furnished His people with a form of prayer—a model prayer "the Epitome of the Gospel," "the pearl of prayers"—for all ages of the Church and all conditions of Christian activity and life, which, after eighteen centuries, we have not outgrown, and which is as fresh and precious to the oldest saint as to the child learning to lisp it at the mother's knee. It would seem, then, that to urge the objection that forms of prayer cramp the Spirit would be to forget that Christ, who gave a form of prayer, was filled with the Spirit above measure.

The second objection urged is that forms are of necessity cold and lifeless. But this objection starts the question, "How are we to escape form?" The very expression on the part of one as a leader must make what he says a form to all who follow or listen. Is not extempore prayer a form to all who join in it, with the possible exception of the speaker? And does not the frequent use of extempore prayer lead to the throwing of certain wants and wishes into set forms or expressions? We are all agreed in the use of forms for the service of praise. All Christians now join in the same hymns. "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" is familiar to the ears of all who honour the name of Christ in everyland. Is it too much to expect that the time is near when certain prayers will be the common pro-

perty of "all who profess and call themselves Christians?"

There are certain reasons which make our Prayer Book a most valuable aid in Christian worship. It prevents uncertainty. The worshippers are not dependent upon the feelings and moods of their minister. Their sky does not become dark because his health makes him look on the world like Hamlet and cry that it "is out of joint." They are not compelled to go through the Christian year fed upon one or two pet doctrines or theories, while the wider field of Christian truth is left untouched. They are not compelled to accept the vagaries or errors of misguided men. But they follow the changing course of the Christian year, from Christmas to Epiphany, through Lent to Easter, from Easter to Whit Sunday and Trinity, and then studying the life, work and teaching of their Lord, may look forward to His coming again in His glorious Advent! It was the master spirit of his time, the great and good John Wesley, who saw the force of this when he said: "If you have nothing but chaff from the pulpit, you are abundantly fed with the finest wheat from the reading-desk."

It must ever be a gratification to us as Church people that many men of light and leading in their own Churches agree with us in our appreciation of the prayers and praises that make bright with holy light the services of our sanctuaries, through which we enter into communion with our Father in Heaven and breathe in prayer

"A breath that fleets beyond this iron world
And touches Him that made it."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

SAVIOUR AND SINNER.

It was no love of mine, dear Lord,
That won Thy love for me;
On me were Thy compassions poured
From the accursed tree.

And now I hold Thee by no bands
Of saintly prayer or deed;
I hold Thee with my trembling hands—
These hands of guilt and need.

Saviour and sinner, we have met;
And, meeting, will not part,
The blood that bought me claims me yet;
Christ has me in his heart.

So pure though vile; and rich though poor,
I have my all in Thee;
Beloved and loving, pledged, secure
To all eternity.

—*Rev. Hervey Gause, in Parish Visitor.*

FORGIVENESS.

A DISTINGUISHED divine, preaching on Isaiah xliii, 25, spoke feelingly and beautifully of the fact that the great Jehovah forgave sins, for His "own sake," and he brought out the idea that it was no selfish motive which led Him to forgive for His "own sake," but a necessity of His own nature because He is love.

But commenting on the latter part of the text, "will not remember thy sins," he said it was difficult to understand how God could forget our sins, and this thought came to me.

We are often reminded that the sculptor sees the angel in the block of rough, unsightly stone from which he is about to carve it. This production of his heart and mind is what he loves. Its perfect form is the only thing he sees during all the time he is chiselling away the unsightly surrounding mass. Thus I think He who undertakes to mould a human soul into the likeness of His Son, the express image of Himself, sees only the perfected ideal. Our sins are only the unshapely mass the Great Sculptor is chiselling off; they are the chips of useless stone. Does the sculptor think of these unsightly fragments? They are but as the dust under his feet; they never receive a second thought. So He who is moulding us after His own high model thinks not of, "remembers not," the sins He has forgiven and purged away; they are not recalled for an instant. "None of his sins which he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him," Ezekiel xxxiii, 15. The loving heart of omnipotence is contemplating and embracing only the perfected image of Himself He is developing—remembering only when we see Him we shall be like Him.—*T. H. S., in Parish Visitor.*

YOUR DUTY.

WHAT each man can do is a matter to be determined by himself as in the sight of God; what he can do, however, it is his duty to do. If he has the opportunity to give up his entire time in the ordained ministry, and is accepted by the proper authorities, that way his duty lies. If he is able to devote his entire time as a layman to works of mercy and Christian effort, he has no excuse to refuse his entire time. If he is making a living in some so-called secular pursuit, it is his duty

so to pervade it with the spirit of Christ, and so to use it in His name, as to make it no longer secular business but religious service. If he can give an hour a day, or an hour every evening to the service of man in the name of Christ, he has no right to withhold his tribute. If he can only conduct a mission service once or twice a week, or teach a Bible-class, or visit the sick, the poor, the new-comers, or receive strangers in God's house, or take any other part in organized Church work, if he can, he must. If all he can do is to speak a word of hope, guidance, or invitation, once a week, his duty is done; but not unless that is all he can do. If he lacks even the opportunity to do that, provided he has sought to make the opportunity, and yet has lived a straight, pure, square life amongst the men with whom he works, his full service has been performed. Such service Dr. Stalker thus tells of: "I have known a youth from the country enter an office in the city, where the daily conversation was so foul and profane that it would almost have disgraced the hulks; but a month after his arrival not a man in the place dared to utter an unchaste word when he was present. Yet he had scarcely spoken a syllable of reproof; it was simply the dignity of manly goodness that quelled conscious iniquity."—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

"OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN."

THIS is a strange translation. The Greek means this: "Our commonwealth, our community, or our citizenship is in heaven." It is a society or community of a heavenly origin. A divine and heavenly life pervades it. The members of this community live above the world. They rise superior to low, sensual and grovelling desires. In a word, they live in heaven—that heaven where the Lord Jesus is, and from which He is to come again into this world. The word *conversation* does not give half the meaning of the Greek word. Keeping the meaning of the Greek in mind, how wonderful is the next verse:

(Revised version): "Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto himself." What wonderful

language this is! We are here upon the earth struggling with sin and infirmities. But we belong to a heavenly community. Our Lord and Saviour is soon coming from the glorious world where He dwells; and when He comes He will transform these bodies of ours, now so frail and suffering, into bodies like His own. Every defect and deformity will be removed, and, clothed with immortal beauty and endued with the power of an endless life, they will live for ever and ever! All this will be accomplished by the same Omnipotence which subdues and controls all things, and makes the Son of God King of kings and Lord of lords!

"So then," or "therefore," in view of all the glorious things which had been spoken of, the heavenly citizenship, the coming of the Lord Jesus, the resurrection of the dead, the change of our bodies into the likeness of Christ's body—in view of all this, "stand fast." Have no doubts, or fears, or misgivings, but stand unmoved. But mark the language: "My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown!"—What endearing terms, what tenderness, what an accumulation of epithets! How beautiful this whole spectacle! It would seem that this venerable man could hardly find language in which to express his affection and sympathy for his brethren. And he was not ashamed to say all this, to write it down, and leave it to be read by all believers in all ages. Surely here was *demonstrativeness*.—A real, gushing love which would speak out. And why not? When we love people, let us say so.—*London Parish Visitor*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LOVE IN THE HOME.

"SOME of us forget that everything must be cultivated in order to thrive. We don't cultivate the affections in the home so much as we ought to do. We don't love enough in the home. Fathers and mothers might love a little more, and brothers and sisters might exhibit a little more of that unselfish, self-sacrificing love, which yields when it might demand, and by yielding draws more closely the bonds of family union. We want to feed the flame of love, and stimulate the affections into unselfish activity." So writes another. How most of us fail here. How often we say bitter words

and do unjust, unkind things to those we love best on earth, thinking that within our own dwelling it does not matter. But, although the things that hurt may be forgiven and overlooked, yet they leave their scars in the heart. If Christian love can do this *in the world*, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you," ought not the sunshine that comes from the presence of love to be very bright and warm *in the home*. Love, like the burning globe, ought to grow hotter as we approach the centre. "Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

First of all, let us see to it that we minister to those of our households in a Christ-like spirit, anticipating their daily needs, and learning how and where we can help them in the best and truest way. We may all be together in the home now, but sooner or later some will go out of it to return no more, and others will be scattered far and wide from each other. Let us do while we may what we shall wish we had done when we see the vacant chair and long for the absent faces. If any unpleasantness occurs in the home circle, right the wrong before going to sleep at night. Let us make it a point that, with the Lord's help, we will give our first and best ministrations to the dear ones of our own family; and when the days come that we shall be separated, we shall have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that we did all that we could to make their lives pleasant. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do my fellow beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once." B. B.

STINGS.

A LITTLE boy went out from his home with some companions to gather berries at a "splendid patch" at the bottom of a neighbour's farm. Unfortunately, in trying to reach some very ripe ones that hung high up and seemed ready to drop, he disturbed a nest of bees. They were very angry at being thus disturbed and made after him. He got away as quickly as he could, but one bee flew straight at his head and stung him in the face. The wound swelled up and became very pain-

ful and sore. How much pain there is in these little stings! How one feels the poison working in the blood and producing for a time a very agony of suffering! But are there not other things that sting? Little stings! How they hurt! Not the sting of a bee or the bite of a serpent, but the sting of words—the stings which are the points of sarcastic remarks, thoughtless words and careless acts. The sharpness and the poison of these will fester and rankle in the wound long after the heedless author has forgotten them. Could he see the flushed cheek and hot tears when the victim has escaped to seclusion; could he hear that prayer, "O, Father, help me to forget these words, for I do not believe they were intended to trouble me so," he would have been sorry for their effect, and would have chosen his words with more care. There is innocent, joyful mirth which "doeth good like a medicine," but the sarcastic or rude jest has a penetrating sharpness which hurts while it amuses. Let us earnestly seek to have such an abiding love for our fellow men that we shall instinctively say and do those things which will cause a merry spirit devoid of a pang. And let us remember that we have no excuse to offer for our stings. The bee has. His are given in self-defence, self-protection, self-preservation; ours are given in cruelty, spite, envy, sin. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." B. B.

THE LAST DAY.

WERE this the last of earth,
This very day,
How should I think and act?
What should I say?
Would not I guard my heart
With earnest prayer?
Would not I serve my friends
With loving care?
How tender every word
As the hours wane!
"Like this we shall not sit
And talk again."
How soft the bea'ing heart
That soon must cease!
What glances carry love—
What, heavenly peace!
And yet this fleeting life
Is one last day;
How long soe'er its hours,
They will not stay.
O heart be soft and true;
While thou dost beat;
O hands, be swift to do;
O lips, be sweet! —*Selected.*

DAILY DEVOTION

"DEGENERATE souls, wedded to their vicious habits, may disclaim all commerce with heaven, refusing to invoke Him whose infinite wisdom is ever prompt to discern, and His bounty to relieve the wants of those who faithfully call upon Him; and neglecting to praise Him, who is great and marvellous in His works, just and righteous in His ways, infinite and incomprehensible in His nature. But all here, I would persuade myself, will daily set apart some time to think on Him who gave us power to think; He was the author, and He should be the object of our faculties. And to do this the better, let us take care that every morning, as soon as we rise, we lay hold on this proper season of address, and offer up to God the first fruits of our thoughts, yet fresh, unsullied and serene, before a busy swarm of vain images crowd in upon the mind, when the spirits just refreshed with sleep are brisk and active and rejoice like that sun which ushers in the day to run their course; when all nature just awakened into being from insensibility pays its early homage; then let us join in the universal chorus, who are the only creatures in the visible creation capable of knowing to whom it is to be addressed."—*Selected.*

SABBATH EVENING BEFORE
SUNSET.

It is as if the Lord had just ascended—
The air has grown so clear, so full of light—
And that white cloud with heaven's deep azure
blended,
Had just received Him from our fixed sight!
The radiance of His robe still seems to glisten
On the still waves of crystal, shining air,
And words of benediction as we listen,
Fall like a fragrance on the soul in prayer.
The golden air, the silence, and the blessing,
The van'shed Lord, the hearts that in us
burn!
Breathless we watch the pomp, our hearts confessing
His coming glory and His sure return!
—*Mrs. M. E. Gates, in Parish Visitor.*

DULL HEARING.

AN exchange gives its opinion at length concerning "Dull Sermons." And what it says thereon is pertinent and true. But there is good reason to believe that about the most prolific cause of dull preaching is dull hearing. And there is far more of the latter than of the former. It is really as necessary to prepare in order to hear well as in

order to preach well. "Their ears are dull of hearing," Jesus said of the people in His day. And it might with equal truth be said of many in our day. When people learn to go from the closet to the house of God, when they read the Bible instead of the Sunday newspaper before going to church, when they attend public worship with minds and hearts intent on spiritual things, and with souls hungry for spiritual food, there will be fewer "dull sermons" and less complaint about them.—*Apostolic Guide.*

HE COULD SEE THE POINT.

HORSEMEN take great pride in being able to see all the good points in a horse; but one man found a good point in a horse which his driver had never noticed before.

Dr. Plummer was once riding on the box of a stage coach alongside of the driver who was a Jehu in his line of no common order. He was profuse in his praise of his team, and especially of one of his horses, interlarding his praises with oaths.

"You have omitted one good point," said Dr. Plummer, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What is that, sir?" said the driver. "What is that? I have studied that horse over and over, and I did not think there was anything about him I did not know. What is it you have discovered?"

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "it is this: we have ridden so many miles, and up to this point I have not heard a profane word out of his head."

The driver looked at the doctor in surprise, and there was that same demure look, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thank you sir," said the driver, "thank you. You have made a good point, and I think I will try to go as long without swearing as my horses do."—*Good News.*

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.

A MINISTER once, in replying to the charge of credulity made by an objector against those who believe that God will raise the dead from their graves, gave the following beautiful illustration:

A workman of Faraday, the celebrated chemist, one day by accident knocked a beautiful silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and so

seemed utterly lost, and the question came up: "Could it ever be found again?" One said it could, but another replied that, being dissolved and held in solution by the acid, there was no possibility of recovering it. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and, in a little while, every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom, and he took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silversmith, and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before.

If Faraday could so easily precipitate that silver and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had before formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decayed bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!—*Canadian Churchman.*

BREAK THE MIRROR, OR WASH
HIS FACE.

A MAN one day, whose face was begrimed with soot, looked into a mirror and was displeased that the face seen reflected was so repulsive. So he broke the mirror, but that did not cleanse his face. But after a time he came to his senses, took water, washed, and was clean. Many a sinner has quarrelled with the Bible, and has been angry with the preacher, and has had a controversy with God, because his sin has been set in order before him. But he remained a sinner, unlovely and unsaved, until he came to Jesus Christ in repentance and faith, and was made a child of God with a clean heart and a pure spirit.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

'BE AYE STICKIN' IN A TREE.'

LORD SHAFTESBURY, in one of his speeches, gave an admirable concluding piece of advice to all Christian workers:

"I trust that you will persevere, and by God's blessing double and redouble your efforts. You cannot do better than take the saying in one of Sir Walter Scott's tales. An old Scotchman sends for his son, and says to him: 'John, be aye stickin' in a tree John, it'll be dein guid to the world when you and I are gone.' So be you everlastingly circulating books and tracts of the right kind; they will be doing good when you are gone, and many of you will live to see the good done in your own day."—*Montreal Church Guardian.*

UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

A CHRISTIAN worker was visiting one day in an infirmary. As he passed from bed to bed he spoke to the patients, trying to comfort the believers and lead the unsaved to Christ. At one bed he dealt faithfully with a man about his salvation, and quoted the text, Isaiah xliii. 25, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." After speaking with him for a time he left, and passed by the man on the next bed without saying anything to him. A considerable time after, the worker on entering the refreshment room of a hotel one evening for tea, was accosted in a cheery voice by a hale, hearty man, who said: "Oh, Mr. D——, I am glad to see you. It was the verse, 'I, even I,' that did it," and in presence of quite a number of strangers he began to tell the story of his conversion. He was the man who was lying next to the one with whom Mr. D—— spoke in the infirmary. He said he was passed by that day and was not spoken to, but he had listened attentively to the conversation, and the verse quoted to his neighbour had been the means of his conversion. How wonderfully the Lord works in bringing men to Himself! We sow the seed in many directions, but we little know in what seemingly out-of-the-way places a rich harvest may spring up. A casual word spoken, a tract given with prayer, even a look may influence a soul for eternity.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine.*

"TAKE MY HAND!"

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."
We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.
—*J. G. Whittier.*

HIS FEAR.

AN infidel said, "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life." "Indeed," replied his friend, "what is that?" He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I knew for certain that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy—my joy would be complete. But here is the thorn that stings me; this is the sword that pierces my soul; if the Bible is true I am lost forever."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

May 7	Prov. 3, 11-24	Gen. 32, 24; 33, 15
" 14	Prov. 12, 1-15	— Review
" 21	Acts 2, 1-8	Gen. 37
" 28	Eph. 2, 14-22	— 49

DULL BOYS.

DON'T be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys; so was Goldsmith; so was Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty in learning his latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood, that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid in his younger years that his father more than once said that if God took any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac, as he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.—*Exchange.*

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I TREAT him as well as he treats me," said Hal.
His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.
"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.
"Do you enjoy that?"
"O, I don't mind; I don't stay long."
"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."
"Well, that's different, you're grown up."
"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke, "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble no other boy's

meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly his father added: "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because someone else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Well-Spring.*

SOME TIME.

(For the children to learn by heart.)
Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!
Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look up on a face
Calm in eternal sleep,
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!
Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here, to-night—
See, O my darling, how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And fall once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.
—*Eugene Field.*

WHICH IS WORSE?

A LITTLE girl came to her mother with the question, "Which is worse, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it, and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the child's face, "a lie is forever."—*Occident.*

CONQUERED OR CONQUERING.

"THERE IS NO use at all! I may as well give it up first as last!" and Helen Newman threw herself down on the lounge, hiding her face in her hands. She had spoken aloud, thinking in the gathering twilight, that she was quite alone, and she started as her mother's gentle voice came from the opposite end of the room, saying:
"Come here, little daughter, and let us see if it is so bad as all that!"
"I didn't know you were here, mother," said Helen, stumbling across

the room as she spoke, and dropping to the floor at last with her head against her mother's knee, "but I'm very glad you are; perhaps I'll feel a little better if I talk it out. You see, it's my awful temper; I've just been horrid to Jack, and he's so good to me, nearly always, dear boy! He upset my work-basket, quite by accident, but I was very tired with mending the carpet, and setting the closet to rights, and I went on as if he'd done it on purpose, and he kept picking things up, with a little smile on his face that made me feel perfectly raging, and at last he handed it to me with a bow and said, 'Let me congratulate you on your growth in grace!'"

"And what did you say then, my darling?" asked Mrs. Newman, tenderly stroking the hot forehead, as Helen paused.

"I burst out crying," she answered, "and begged him to forgive me, and I was trying to tell him that he mustn't think it was because I had joined the church—to make him understand that that made me feel, oh, so sorry and ashamed! Then he turned, and went right out of the room, without another word, and oh, mother, what can I do to make him believe it isn't that?"

"When I was a young girl," said Mrs. Newman, "I heard a lecture; I have forgotten what the subject was, and I imagine there was a good deal of commonplace in it, but one expression has remained in my mind, and done me active good ever since. I think the lecturer was speaking of the army of Leonidas, and he said these men were 'not conquered, but exhausted with conquering.' I am very sure we mistake the one for the other, sometimes, and I believe, dear, that you are doing so now. Tell me—if this had happened a year ago, would you have been so quickly sorry for your hasty speech, would you have apologized to Jack?"

"No," said Helen, slowly, "I am quite sure I should not. I should have stayed angry at him—very angry, until he did something to make up."

"Then it is as I said, my own dear little girl," said Mrs. Newman, speaking with a sort of joyful eagerness which seemed to Helen to fill the darkening room with sunshine, "and you must 'thank God and take courage!' He knows, far better than your nearest and dearest earthly friends can know, just how hard your battle is, and He will help you hold every inch of ground you gain."

The door opened softly as she paused, and a hesitating voice called "Nell?"

"I'm here, Jack—with mother,—did you want me?" and Helen tried to speak in her usual voice, but a little quiver escaped her control.

"Yes," he said, groping about till he found her, "I merely came to say that I was a perfect pig and that I implied a lie. There! I've been watching you lately—I couldn't help it—and Nell, I can't make a speech, but a girl who fights as you're fighting must know who and what it is she's fighting for, and to-night was a clincher, the idea of your apologizing to me! I'm not going to be a coward, a sort of nobody-on-the-fence any longer. I'm going to join!"—*Margaret Vandegrift, in Our Sunday Afternoon.*

HIS OWN JUDGMENT.

"Oh, come on!"

"Well, I don't know," said Jim, "I want to, awful bad."

"Your father didn't say you couldn't, did he?"

Jim slapped his book strap against the gate post.

"No, he didn't. He said to use my best judgment. But he'd rather I wouldn't, I know. That's just the point. If father said right out I couldn't go I might growl about it. But it's forty times worse this way. He's just got the better of me every time! You see I don't want father to think my judgment doesn't amount to what he thinks it does. Besides, you know, if father really wants anything, why I'm bound he'll have it, and that's the end of it. So I don't see any way out of it. I'll have to not go!"

Dick nodded good naturedly. "It does look like that, doesn't it! Well! All right!"—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A SHUT-THE-DOOR-EASY SOCIETY.

It was just a number of little girls about eight years old, who agreed that they would try not to annoy older people by slamming doors.

I think they might have called it the "Mouse Society," they went in and out so softly.

Mamma, with her tired nerves, Aunt Susie who had the headache, and papa writing in his study, were so thankful for the quiet in the house.

Don't you want to try it?—*Christian Observer.*

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T. Graham, \$1.00; Missionary boxes, \$29.94; Sunday School, \$23.21. We thank those who so kindly did the collecting.

A lady who has left town and now lives twelve miles from a Church of England, said the other day, "You can't think how much I enjoy Parish and Home every month."

Mr. L. Archambault kindly placed a nice comb and brush in the vestry on April 18th. Such a thoughtful action is much appreciated

Mr. and Mrs. Spilsbury have removed to Ashburnham. They will be missed from St Paul's Church, but our loss will be a gain to St. Luke's, Ashburnham.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Toronto administered Confirmation in St. Paul's Church on April 19th, when fifty-seven candidates were admitted into full membership. The Bishop gave a very earnest, heart-searching address. We trust that the newly confirmed will be much blessed of God and be faithful and earnest workers in His vineyard.

Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Archambault and Miss Deacon attended the meeting of the Diocesan Women's Auxiliary to Missions in Toronto, on April 19th, 20th and 21st. Mrs. T. Walters was to have gone but was prevented by illness in her family. A very enthusiastic and successful meeting was held and we are sure the delegates will be glad to give all information.

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