

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6: 33



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 48.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR.

Sidesmen.

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	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 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

STEWART.—Vera Gladys, daughter of William and Christina Stewart, born 2nd August, 1892, baptized 4th August, 1895.

WALKER.—Raymond Scott, adopted child of Samuel and Alcie Walker, born 8th March, 1895, baptized 4th August, 1895.

STEWART.—John Roscoe and Arthur Roy, twin sons of William and Christina Stewart, born 22nd October, 1894, baptized 4th August, 1895.

BURNETT.—Elizabeth May, daughter of John and Esther Burnett, born 17th May, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's church, 11th August, 1895.

HUMPHREYS.—Ann Ruth, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Humphreys, born 6th July, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's church, 11th August, 1895.

KENNY.—William Alexander, son of William and Maria L. Kenny, born 8th July, 1882, baptized 12th August, 1895.

KENNY.—Edward John, son of William and Maria L. Kenny, born 23rd December, 1885, baptized 12th August, 1895.

KENNY.—Margaret Ann, daughter of William and Maria L. Kenny, born 4th December, 1888, baptized 12th August, 1895.

KENNY.—Elizabeth Jane, daughter of William and Maria L. Kenny, born 27th September, 1891, baptized 12th August, 1895.

KENNY.—Ida Josephine, daughter of William and Charlotte Kenny, born 29th October, 1894, baptized 12th August, 1895.

Funerals.

STEWART.—At Riverside Cemetery, on August 12th, 1895, Arthur Roy Stewart, son of William Stewart, aged 10 months.

CHURCH NOTES.

The church and parsonage at Bobcaygeon have been repainted and are much improved thereby.

Extra copies of the Parish and Home can be purchased at the book stores. Tell your friends how many pages of good wholesome family reading is to be found in each copy.

The Rev. A. DeBarritt, who returned shortly as a Missionary to South America, gave some very interesting and instructive information as to the needs of gospel light in the "neglected continent" at the August Missionary meeting in St. Paul's school house.

The Rev. C.A. Sadlier, until recently a Wycliffe Missionary in Rupert's Land, has been appointed clerical superintendent of a mission to the Araucanian Indians, of Chili. This mission is in connection with the South American Missionary Society, to which Mr. Charles Darwin became a subscriber when he learned of the wonderful change wrought in the natives of Tierra del Fuego through the preaching of its Missionaries.

"Ye have not, because ye ask not."

Mr. Peter took the duty at Cameron and Cambridge on Sunday, August 25th, while Mr. Smith was taking the service at Sturgeon Point.

Wycliffe, Japan Missions, and the Deaconess Home, Toronto, have received anonymous donations of \$100 each within the last few weeks.

Read and ponder the article on "How to provide good reading for children" on page 103 of this issue. The history of John Newton, on page 99, should also be read by all men and boys.

Senator Dobson knew Mrs. Stewart (one of the Chinese martyrs) when she was a Miss Smiley, (daughter of a prominent Irish physician), also a number of her relatives, and with many others grieves over the awful butchery of herself and so many of her family.

The Provincial Synod of Eastern Canada meets at Montreal on Sept. 11th. Let many prayers be offered up that the members may be guided aright in all their deliberations. The venerable Archdeacon Allen, of Millbrook, and the Rev. J. C. S. Bethune and Judge Benson, of Port Hope, are the only delegates from this diocese.

It seems strange at this time of danger and death that a new diocese has been set apart in western China. The Rev. W. W. Cassels, M. A., one of the celebrated "Cambridge Seven," has been nominated Bishop, and has proved his fitness by work done in Inland China. The Rev. Mr. Horsburgh, author of the well-known little Missionary book, "Do Not Say," is one of the Missionaries in the new diocese. May the death of heroic Missionaries like the Stewarts lead on to new victories for our King.

One great need of this country is healthy books, which are fully abreast of the age and thoroughly in harmony with the gospel of Christ. On every railway train, and on many a bookstand, you see almost nothing but books of the most sensational or frivolous character. This evil must be met and counteracted by the Christian Church. These words are part of the report of the religious Tract and Book Society, and contain a great truth. We hope our readers will do what they can to scatter not only Parish and Home but all good, wholesome, ennobling literature.

Very many of our readers will regret the removal of the Rev. Carl Smith, to Peterboro, at the end of September. He has now been with us nearly two years, and very happy have our association been, and we are sure that many of his earnest words will long be remembered. While congratulating Peterboro, we know that many will join in earnest prayer that richest blessings may attend him in his new and enlarged sphere of labor. Mrs. Smith will also be much missed, but we trust she will be greatly benefited in health by the change. We hope often to see them both in Lindsay, to hear many more addresses and sermons from Mr. Smith, to spend happy hours together, and so to deepen and strengthen the friendships formed as the years roll by, until at last they reach out into the never ending fellowship of the children of God in the land of light and life.

Of the 24 delegates to the Provincial Synod from this diocese only four live outside the city of Toronto.

"Therefore said He unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—Luke x: 2.

Mr. Eugene Stock, editorial secretary of the Church Missionary Society, of England, is (D. V.) to visit Lindsay between now and Christmas. He, with Mr. Stewart (who was murdered in China), was a deputation to stir up Missionary interest in Australia a few years ago and their work was much honored of God.

Now that the summer holidays are over and we are home again refreshed in mind and body, it behooves us to ask ourselves what are we going to do for the furthering of Christ's Kingdom, both in our midst and in distant lands? A recent writer has styled the times in which we live as "days of aggressive Christian work." To this work the Church of Christ calls every son and daughter. For the carrying on of this work the co-operation of every member is needed. Let us, one and all, determine that we shall do all in our power to further this work of the Master's by constant attendance at the various services both on Sunday and during the week, by taking real interest in some branch of parochial work, and by earnest, fervent prayer to God that he will bless and prosper every effort for the extension of His kingdom.

St. Paul's Church Collections, August, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
4	\$15 35	\$ 7 25	\$22 60
11	12 80	7 82	20 62
18	11 93	7 30	19 23
25	14 90	9 15	24 05
	\$54 98	\$31 52	\$86 50
Sunday School for Church debt	.	.	\$5 00
Missions.			
P. M. A., July and August,	.	.	\$3 20
Diocesan, Confirmation Service,	.	.	3 60
General Purpose Fund, July,	.	.	2 02
Ascensiontide, Reaboro,	.	.	1 88
Students' Fund, Cameron,	.	.	40

There are, according to last year's report, some 92 children at the Indian Homes, Elkhorn, Manitoba 25 girls and 67 boys. They attend school for one half of the day and are taught trades and useful handicraft the other half. There is a printing office, boot shop, tailor shop, carpenter shop and other industries in connection with the institution. Mr E. A. Wilson, the Principal, says:—"Their duties are performed willingly." They attend prayer and church services with evident pleasure, never an attempt at shirking anything; in fact I think it is of Indian boys and girls this only can be said, but of them it can be said most truthfully." Here is an excellent work being done, training our Indian wards so as to make them good citizens and preparing their minds by inculcating scriptural truth. Help is needed.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 58.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—**12th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 22 to v. 41; 1 Cor. 11, v. 17. *Evening*—2 Kings 2 to v. 16, or 4, v. 8, to v. 38; Mark 5, v. 21.
- 8—**13th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 5; 1 Cor. 16. *Evening*—2 Kings 6 to v. 24, or 7; Mark 9, v. 2 to 30.
- 15—**14th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 9; 2 Cor. 7, v. 2. *Evening*—2 Kings 20 to v. 32, or 13; Mark 12, v. 35, to 13, v. 14.
- 21—**St. Matthew, A., E. & M.** *Morning*—1 Kings 19, v. 15; 2 Cor. 12, v. 14 and 15. *Evening*—1 Chron. 29 to v. 20; Mark 15, v. 42, and 16.
- 22—**15th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 18; Gal. 1. *Evening*—2 Kings 19 or 23, to v. 31; Luke 1, to v. 26.
- 29—**St. Mich. and All Angels. 16th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Gen. 32; Chron. 36; Acts 12, v. 5, to v. 18. *Evening*—Dan. 10, v. 4, Nehem. 1 and 2, to v. 9, or 8; Rev. 14, v. 14.

ANGELS.

In olden days God sent His angels oft
To men in threshing floors, to women pressed
With daily tasks: they came to tent andcroft,
And whispered words of blessing and of rest.

Not mine to guess what shape those angels wore,
Nor tell what voice they spoke, nor with what
grace;

They brought the dear love down that evermore
Makes lowliest souls its best abiding place.

But in these days I know my angels well;
They brush my garments on the common way,
They take my hand, and very softly tell
Some bit of comfort in the waning day.

And tho' their angel names I do not ken,
Tho' in their faces human want I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God-sent to bless it in its hours of need.

Child, mother, dearest wife, brave hearts that
take

The rough and bitter cross, and help us bear
Its heavy weight when strength is like to break,
God bless you each, our angels unaware.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE INIMITABLE CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.—Heinrich Heine, the German poet and satirist, once used these words in speaking of the Bible: "It is, indeed, God's Word, while other books evince only human skill. In the Bible is not a vestige of art. It is impossible to criticize

its style." Does not this express most truly the secret of the wonderful style of the Bible? To the educated and the un-schooled, the great and the lowly alike, it is a beautiful book, and not only for its message, but also for its style. There is an ease of diction, a directness, a simplicity and a melody, in its words that the most unlettered can appreciate, and the most learned can never grow weary of. And yet who can say how this style is produced? There are no rules that will procure it, nor do any literary canons seem to have been followed by its writers. Nay, it rather proceeds in violation of many of the recognized rules of literary composition. The New Testament, in particular, has been assailed for its barbarous Greek and its total disregard of Attic style. The writers are drawn from all ranks of life, from the shepherd Amos and the fisherman Peter to the cultured Isaiah and the learned Paul. As they were, so they wrote, without imitation, or attempt to conceal their identity. The style varies. With each it is unique, but always beautiful, however rude the hand that wrote it. And perhaps a still more remarkable fact is that no atmosphere and no dress can strip the Bible of its charm. Translate it into the barbarous tongues of Asia and Africa, and the result is still a book of exquisite beauty for all its readers. The Bible, as Heine says, is not art, unless, as has also been said, the highest art is the exclusion of all art.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, LIKE THE BIBLE, INIMITABLE.—Now, as with the Bible, so shall we find it with Christian character. It, likewise, is without art, and, in itself, above criticism. There is nothing so beautiful in all the world. In many who are without Christ we find very high types of character. We may admire them, and even love them, they are pitched so high above the common, low level. But we can also criticize and dissect them. We discover their component parts and the manner in which they are brought together, or developed, and the underlying principles. They are human productions, the outcome of human philos-

ophy, the teaching of the day, popular taste and the social atmosphere, and many similar influences. On the contrary, Christian character eludes all examination. You can't discover its secret. It will not be analyzed. It exists in spite of atmosphere, and cannot be explained by surrounding influences, natural motives, or the wisdom of the day, or current philosophy, or anything of the sort. But, wherever it exists, it is beautiful. It is not always completely identical. It expresses itself somewhat differently in peasant and in king, in scholar and in day laborer, just as the words of Peter are not the words of Paul, and the style of Amos differs from that of Isaiah. But in essence it is the same. And, transfer it where we will, it never loses its beauty. If it were a human product it might be local, and lose its meaning and its beauty in being transplanted, for the ways of one nation differ from those of another. But there is no rude tribe in Asia or Africa that cannot understand and appreciate Christian character, if an opportunity is given for its real display. The Christian heart of David Livingstone, the rugged Scotchman, left an indelible inpression on the natives of Southern Africa. Without preparation, they caught its beauty. But, of Bible and Christian character alike, there is this to be remembered: One Author is responsible for both. The Holy Spirit wrote the Bible, and the Holy Spirit creates the Christian character from the human heart.

MUST WE DENY CHILDREN FAIRY TALES?—In another column appears an article on proper reading for children that it would be well for all parents, and especially mothers, to read. Many will not agree with all its suggestions; indeed, there is one that will probably provoke general dissent. The reading of fairy tales and all such impossible story is condemned on the ground that it is storing the minds of children with untruth, the discovery of which a little later on is likely to give their hearts a wrench and shatter their faith in parents and the world. The point is supported by an anecdote relating the sorrow of a child who had believed in

Santa Claus, but, on being laughed at in school, asked her mother for the truth, and had to learn that there was no Santa Claus, though it was her mother who had taught her all about him. But really this anecdote and all that it teaches must not be taken seriously. Children are not grown men and women, and their reasoning faculties and moral sense, wonderful as they seem at times, are in a more or less incipient and chaotic state. Whatever their upbringing, they hardly live in our region of sober fact. They are dominated by strong imagination, and of themselves so color objects and incidents that they cease to be for them what they are for us. A little boy who can construct a railroad train out of four chairs, and put all his vim and the greatest sobriety into its operation for hours together, is not at all likely to lose faith in his parents later on when he learns there is no Santa Claus. He laughs at his own credulity, and realizes almost by instinct that it was his parents' love that tried to keep him absorbed in a world that he made for of his own accord. Is that not the experience of us all? When the bubble of Santa Claus burst, did we lose faith in any one on that account, and was not our only regret that the sweet mystery of Christmas had vanished? There are many acts of deception that love and careful parents to practise on children, but not one need ever disturb their faith in parental goodness. As their minds develop and detect the little frauds, they discover of themselves the wisdom and the kindness at the bottom of them all. And what would child life be without the fairies? Under any circumstances, it soon, too soon, comes down to hard fact and human life. Why not let it soar at will in the realms it takes to by instinct? What a poor thing mature life would be but for a little imagination to lift us up out of our ruts and grooves! And to neglect and starve the imagination in early childhood! is to attempt to kill it in the man. Surely there will always be a place in childhood for the old fairy tale book. It would be a great pity, after the happy days we've known with them, to see them delivered over to the hangman to be burnt.

THE BIBLE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.—But fairy tales are not everything. As the only food for early childhood they would be very unsubstantial, and the writer of the paper above alluded to takes up a very noble cause when she pleads for the use of the Bible in the training of little children.

The hard, unpalatable fact that confronts us to-day is that the generations are growing up ignorant of God's Word. Everything reveals it—Sunday school, examination papers, current literature, and everyday conversation. The Old Testament, in particular, suffers neglect. And yet, as Christians, we believe it to be the Word of God. It is the one indispensable book. Protestantism means the unimpeded systematic reading of the Bible, or it is an unsubstantial dream. The condition of religious education among Protestants to-day is a bitter disgrace. What would the Reformers have thought of an education that leaves little or no place for the Word of God? And what a glorious time early childhood is for instruction in Scripture, when there is a continual clamor for stories! Nursery rhymes and fairy tales have been specially devised to meet this need, but what can meet it half so well as the Bible story? What can surpass in interest for the child the simple narrative of the creation, the deluge; the life of Abraham and Jacob and Joseph; the career of Moses, and the journey of the Israelites to Canaan; and the achievements of judges like Gideon and Samson; the child Samuel; the call and failure of Saul; the whole life of David; the doings of kings like Solomon and Jehoshaphat and Ahab and Josiah; the captivity and return; and then, from the New Testament, the simple story of Christ's life, His birth, baptism, and early years, His miracles and His kind words, His suffering and crucifixion and resurrection; the early experiences of the twelve, and the life of St. Paul? Is there any material like it and so near at hand for the entertainment and delight of little children? What can the parent be thinking of who lets the precious years of child life go by without an earnest attempt to familiarize the young with the Word of God? There is the double inducement of its paramount importance and its wonderful interest. It costs but little labor, and may yield such splendid results. If thousands of young men and women at this hour take no interest in church or the reading of the Bible, are there not as many parents who, in large measure, are to blame for it? Moreover, the educational value of the Bible cannot be overrated. It is a whole national literature in itself, and these are days when men are never weary of advocating the power of good literature. Whatever the best literature can do for mankind the Bible can do. Even Professor Huxley, with all his hostility to Christianity, admitted his inability

to name a book which could take the place of the Bible in the education of little children.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

The Bishop of Ripon, in a pastoral to "The Clergy and all Fellow-Workers," writes:

"Is it too much to say that the temptation of our own day is to those mistaken confidences which the prophets of old denounced? We rely on our organization as Israel relied on its horses and on its chariots, and its allies. We rely on our carefully-made plans, our privileged position, our noble lineage; and we forget that these are merely external advantages—valueless unless filled with the loving power of God. We need to remember the apostle's words—'The second Adam was made with a quickening spirit.' The realization of this saves us alike from false confidence and false diffidence—on the one hand from the danger of imagining that we can do everything without Him, and on the other from that of thinking that even with Him we can do nothing. To realize that our means are inadequate is to learn humility. To realize that we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth is to learn faith. Our store, like that of the disciples, is ever unequal to the demands made upon it. In His hands the scanty supply becomes enough—we may, in His might, grow equal to the burden which is put upon us—when we are weak we are strong—joy and courage enter with us into our work, the tasks become easier, for He is at hand; the difficulties disappear, for He makes a way for us. As saintly Henry Vaughan sang:

"Lord! with what courage and delight
I do each thing
When Thy least breath sustains my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,
And with much gladness
Quitting sadness,
Make me faire dayes of every night!"

—*Church Guardian.*

THE ESSENTIAL TEACHING.

MAN must not be taught to enjoy, but rather to suffer for others; to combat for the salvation of the world. It must not be said to him Enjoy: life is the right to happiness; but rather, Work: life is a duty, do good without thinking of the consequences to yourself. He must not be taught "to each according to his wants," or "to each according to his passions"; but, rather, "to each according to his love."—*Mazzini.*

FAITH.

Just to follow every day
Where God leads;
Just to scatter all the way
Sunny deeds,
Just to go, nor question why
Shadows fall,
Ever looking to the sky
Through them all,
Just to live through every day
Pure and right,
Keeping from the heart away
Cares that blight,
Just to stand with purpose strong
When I'm tried,
Learning thus my every all
To confide.

—*Menck Chambers, in New York Parish Visitor.*—

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

VI.

JOHN NEWTON.

JOHN NEWTON, "the old African blasphemer," the fearless sailor, the avaricious slave-trader, the country pastor, the London rector, the hymn writer, the author, is one of the most remarkable and picturesque figures in English Church history. He reminds us at once of St. Paul, of St. Augustine, and of John Bunyan. He was a living monument of grace. His career has an air of romance about it. It is a story of adventure, of contact with the darker side of the world, of grace as rich as it is free, of a changed heart and a new purpose, and of a life devoted to God and good.

John Newton's father was a sea captain in early life, and later became governor of York Fort, Hudson's Bay, where he died. His mother was an earnest Christian woman. "The memory of the just is blessed," and John Newton, at the age of seventy, wrote of his mother: "She made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct me, and to bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At the age of eleven his father took him on board his ship, and he made five voyages to the Mediterranean. His father had been educated by the Jesuits, and, while anxious to care for his son's morals, he was unable, on account of a distant manner, to win the sympathy of his son.

At the age of fifteen he was placed in a good position with excellent prospects at Alicante, in Spain, but, in his own words, he was both "wicked" and "foolish," and threw away his opportunities. He was not, however, without religious convictions and his conscience

was aroused by his providential escape from death when thrown from a horse, and by the capsizing of a boat, which caused the death of several persons, in which he had promised to visit a man-of-war. But his religion was merely external. He "lived a Pharisee." He confesses that while he gave time to Bible study and prayer, fasted and abstained from all animal food for three months, yet it was a poor religion, and tended to make him "gloomy, stupid, unsociable, and useless." It was a religion unable to meet the first temptation to skeptical opinions, for when Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" fell in his way he read it with avidity and imbibed its opinions.

All the world loves a lover, and Newton proved himself an ardent one. His father was anxious that he should take a position on a Jamaica plantation, which offered bright prospects. Before sailing John Newton visited some distant relatives in Kent. This visit put Jamaica out of the question. Here he met Mary Catlett, who, from the day of her birth, had been marked out both by her mother and by his as his future wife. It was love at first sight, though she was then but fourteen. And for the delights of the present he was ready to sacrifice the future. Like Jacob of old, he had to spend seven long and weary years before his love was rewarded by her hand in marriage.

Instead of a visit of three days in Kent he remained three weeks, lost his ship, and destroyed his prospects in Jamaica. He now sailed with a friend for Venice, but on his return to England repeated his visit, and was impressed on board the *Hurwich*, a man-of-war. The discipline was trying to him. He was placed over others to prevent their desertion, and deserted himself. When caught his anger was so great that he conceived a plan by which he purposed to take the captain's life; then, in remorse for such thoughts, he contemplated suicide, but the image of Mary Catlett stood between him and evil.

Through a fortunate circumstance, he was exchanged from the *Hurwich* to a vessel bound for Sierra Leone, on the coast of Africa. He became the overseer of a slave depot on the Gold Coast, where the traffic in human flesh was carried on, the business consisting of the purchase of slaves and their sale to traders at an advance in price. He had landed penniless, and his situation was at first desperate. Then his master's wife, a black woman, took a violent hatred to him, which led to

a life of ill-usage, bordering upon starvation. Reduced by fever to utter weakness, he would often have been satisfied, like the prodigal, with the food that "the swine did eat." The demands of hunger were so pressing and imperious that at night he would pull up roots that grew in the plantation and eat them raw, though he knew that they would affect his system in the same way as an emetic. He had but one shirt, which he washed at midnight, and allowed to dry upon his back. A change of masters improved his condition, and soon after he left Africa through the kindness of a friend, a sea captain. There was no change, however, in his moral condition. His language was so blasphemous and profane that even the sailors reproved him. The voyage was, nevertheless, for his spiritual profit. It covered 7,000 miles, and was full of peril. The turning point of his life occurred one night when the ship was struck by a terrible storm, and he was awakened by the violence of the waves, when he heard a cry that the ship was sinking. As he hurried on deck, the captain called for a knife, and while he was looking for one another person supplied his place, and was swept overboard, and perished in the sea. The upper portion of the vessel was soon a wreck. Hope came with the morning, and Newton, in speaking to the captain, said, without much thought, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us." Then the fear of death overwhelmed him. "What mercy," he said, "can there be for me?" He began to pray, but not the prayer of faith. It was a cry rather than a prayer, for he could not call God Father. He began to think of Jesus, whom he had often derided. The love of Christ affected him as he thought of a death for sins not His own. The ship was still in distress, beaten by the waves and driven. The captain was in a desperate mood. "We have," he cried, "a Jonah on board. Newton must be thrown overboard, if we are to be saved." But just as the dark night of despair was settling down upon them, and all seemed lost, as their last provisions were under preparations for dinner, land was sighted, and they were soon at anchor in Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland. Newton was no longer an infidel. He had learned in his own experience that God both hears and answers prayer. It was the beginning of a "new life." He had not the experience of an advanced believer, but he realized that God had been seeking him all his life long, and his heart responded to the Father's

love. The Holy Spirit wrought a mighty work in his heart, and he realized that Jesus Christ, as an infinite Saviour, meets an infinite need.

His life at this period was spent mainly at sea. He was in command of a ship in the slave trade, and made four voyages to Africa. At the end of the first, he married Mary Catlett. The fourth voyage was his last. He spent much time in a course of study, taking up Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and "the best writers in divinity, Latin, French, and English." He lived by rule; the discipline of his ship was admirable, his example an inspiration, his conduct exemplary. It is true that he was master of a slave ship, but his Christian conscience had not been awakened concerning the enormity of the traffic, and he lived up to his light.

For nine years after this he was a tide surveyor at Liverpool, a time rich in religious privilege, for he met there Whitefield, Wesley, and other men of great spiritual power. He now determined to enter the ministry of the Church of England. His life had been a wonderful preparation for spiritual work; his studies for many years had led in the direction of the ministry. He was, after some delay, ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, to the curacy of Olney, at a stipend of £300 a year. This step was the result of the influence of his wife, of Richard Cecil, of the Earl of Dartmouth, and of Young, the author of "Night Thoughts."

(To be continued.)

ASK, AND HE WILL GIVE.

CAN you see the dew fall? No one ever saw a single drop come down, and yet, as soon as the sun rises, you see that it has come and is sparkling all over the fields. It came long before you saw it, falling sweetly and silently in the twilight and in the dark. So, do not fancy that God is not hearing you because you have not felt anything very sudden and wonderful. He is hearing and answering all the time. You would not go on asking unless the dew of His Spirit were already falling upon your heart, and teaching you to pray. The more He gives you of His blessed Spirit, the more you will ask for; and the more you ask, the more He will give.

"Thou gift of Jesus, now descend,
And be my Comforter and Friend;
O Holy Spirit, fill my heart,
That I from Christ may ne'er depart!"

"Show me my soul all black with sin,
And cleanse and keep me pure within;
Oh, show me Jesus! let me rest
My heart upon His loving breast!"

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WHATEVER distracts the Church of England from the quiet performance of practical religious duties is opposed to her spirit and her character. The special note or distinction of her long history has been a certain tranquil piety. It has been exhibited in the lives of her noblest sons and daughters. She has been the least noisy, the least pretentious, of the churches. She has had a horror of extremes; the *via media*, which others sometimes despise, has been her glory. She has shrunk from excitement or eccentricity; she has been apt to regard it as a sin. Oftener than once she has made the mistake of rejecting enthusiasm, when it seemed to be irregular or extravagant, and has driven it from her precincts into the wilderness.

But her moderation, while it has sometimes put her out of touch with religious emotions and expressions, has been in other ways her blessing and her strength. No church has been such a mother as she has been of simple, steadfast Christian souls. She has not set her heart, like some churches, upon strong feelings, or emotional experiences, or abrupt concessions, as necessary to the Christian life. Nor has she asked, like another church, for an utter sacrifice of the will or the conscience; for the severance of the ties of home; for poverty, asceticism, celibacy.

The note of the Church of England has been always moderation; it has been the "sweet reasonableness" which the late Mr. Arnold was fond of attributing to her Lord. This will not be doubted; but if it were it would be enough to cite the names of those who have been at different times the luminaries of her history. No one will deny that they are types of her true character.

It was so with Hooker, that "obscure, harmless man," as he is described by Izaak Walton, "a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications"; it is known how glad he was to withdraw from controversy and contention to the quiet shades of Bascombe and Bishopbourne, and how faithful he was in the common duties to the priesthood, preaching and teaching, visiting the sick, speaking words of kindly counsel to young and old, "inducing" them "to meekness and mutual kindness and love" until death came; and, as he lay upon his deathbed,

one who watched beside him asked what were the thoughts that filled his mind at that dread hour, and he replied "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and, oh! that it might be so on earth." It was so with George Herbert, the sweet psalmist of the Church of England, who gave up what he calls "the painted pleasures of a court life" for holy orders, and who, during his brief ministry at Bemerton, so touched the hearts of his people that they "would let their plough rest," it was said, "when Mr. Herbert's saint's-bell rang to praise, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him."—*Family Churchman*.

NOT RICH TOWARDS GOD.

PRESIDENT ELIOT tells of a man living near Boston who was asked to give money to Harvard College, who received the suggestion kindly, promised to confer with his wife, and report, and after a few days did report as follows: "We have talked over the question, and have been all over our accounts. We want to give, but actually find that we must deny ourselves. Our accounts show that we are spending every year \$70,000, and our income is equal to just about \$70,000. I am very sorry that I have not a cent to give." And another poor man has been heard of who, when asked to make a subscription to a certain cause, answered with great seriousness: "I am very sorry that I cannot. I have \$500,000 in Suffolk Bank, and it isn't drawing me a cent of interest." Could there be a better illustration than the above of the Master's parable and the rich fool? (St. Luke xii. 16-21).—*New York Churchman*.

A DIVIDED SUNDAY.

GIVE to the world one-half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening according to your taste, in the cricket field or at the opera, and you will soon find that thoughts of the evening's hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion is thus treated like King Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one-half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

RULES FOR PLEASANT LIVES.

A WRITER gives the following rules for beauty of expression in women, which, he claims, is much more attractive than beauty of feature :

(1) Learn to govern yourself, and to be gentle and patient.

(2) Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

(3) Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.

(4) Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

(5) Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

(6) Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

(7) Beware of the first disagreement

(8) Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

(9) Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

(10) Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

(11) Do not neglect little things if they can affect the comforts of others in the slightest degree.

(12) Avoid moods and pets, and fits of sulkiness.

(13) Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

(14) Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

(15) Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

(16) Be gentle and firm with children.

M. MOREL, a distinguished French writer, gives the history of four generations of a family. First generation : The father was an habitual drunkard, and was killed in a public-house brawl. Second generation : The son inherited his father's habits, which gave rise to attacks of mania, terminating in paralysis and death. Third generation : The grandson was strictly sober, but was full of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears, etc., and had homicidal tendencies. Fourth generation : The fourth in descent had very limited intelligence, and had an attack of madness when sixteen years old, terminating in stupidity, nearly amounting to idiocy. The persistence of the taint appears in the fact that not even a generation of absolute sobriety will avert the fatal issue.

AT LAST.

FATHER, I scarcely dare to pray,

Too clear I see, now it is done,

That I have wasted half my day,

And left my work but just begun.

Too clear I see that things I thought

Were right or harmless were a sin ;

Too clear I see that I have sought,

Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

Too clear I see that I have hurt

The souls I might have helped to save ;

That I have slothful been, inert,

Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdom vast,

Father, the humblest spot give me ;

Let me the lowliest task then have,

Let me repentant work for Thee!

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from August.)

ANY account of the parties in Palestine about the second century before Christ would be incomplete without some notice of the Samaritans. To be sure, they were hardly so much a party as a distinct people with a national life of their own, but under better counsels they might have been incorporated with Judah at the return from Babylon, for they were of the same faith and the same stock, and had a common ancestor in Jacob. The references to the Samaritan people in the Gospels are very frequent, and some knowledge of their origin and life is hardly less important than a familiarity with the parties of the Pharisees and Sadducees. The exclusion of the Samaritans from the natural life of Judah is to be traced to that rivalry that existed from earliest days between Ephraim and Judah. The supremacy, as we know, was at first rather with Ephraim. Then at length Judah gave a king to Israel, and the supremacy was transferred. But Ephraim was not content, and the dissatisfaction broke out in the revolt of the ten tribes, first under Ishbosheth and Abner, and finally and successfully under Jeroboam. Of the two kingdoms then established Israel to the north was the first to fall. It was overthrown by Assyria, and a large portion of its inhabitants deported to the far East. Those Jews who remained unmolested, and they must have been many, formed the nucleus of the coming Samaritan people. To these were added certain heathen tribes sent by the king of Assyria to take the place of the deported Jews. They brought with them their heathen worship, but tried to incorporate with it the religion of the Jews whom they found in the land. At length there arose

out of this blending of races a single people, with a simple religion, differing not greatly from that of the Jews. Over a hundred years after the fall of the northern kingdom of Israel, Judah was taken into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. On their return seventy years after, their first work was to rebuild the temple. The Samaritans to the north of them offered to join them and erect a common temple at Jerusalem, but the offer was indignantly rejected. They would have nothing to do with a people of impure blood, but half Jewish, a blending of the remnants of Ephraim and Gentiles from Assyria. They had a passion for purity of worship that bordered on the fanatic. The Samaritans proudly withdrew, and built a temple of their own on Mount Gerizim. Here, then, arose the hostility between Jew and Samaritan. The hatred and contempt of the Jew for his neighbor was probably more extreme than if the latter had been an entire heathen, and yet they both worshipped the God of Israel, and differed very little in their faith. So it has been oftentimes since. Even in our own church to-day there is often more bitterness between the various parties within its fold than is ever felt towards those entirely without. Keeping these facts in mind, we can understand very well the position of the Samaritan in the Gospel records, and are furnished with a most useful key for interpreting that wonderful conversation between Christ and the woman of Samaria.

And now at length we are in a position to resume the thread of the historical narrative, and follow the events that had such an influence on the fortunes of the Jewish people. We have noticed that the country was under Greek rule, and that Greek influence was widespread and growing. But there had arisen the conservative party of the Pharisees, whose object was to stem the tide of foreign innovations, and keep their ancient faith and customs in all their purity, and who, therefore, demanded a return to the strictest and most literal interpretation of the law of Moses. If this party of reaction had been left unmolested, we can hardly tell what would have resulted. But it was fanned into a furious zeal by a systematic persecution, and rallied by a succession of great leaders, until it became supreme in the land.

In the year 175 B.C. there ascended the throne at Antioch the celebrated Antiochus Epiphanes, probably the fiercest enemy the Jewish people ever had to contend with. His avowed object was to root out the Jewish faith, and substitute Grecian

worship and Grecian life. Most nations had a contempt for the Jew, and hated his stubbornness and religious fanaticism, but Antiochus was the only ruler mad enough to attempt the extinction of his faith, and the heroic resistance which he encountered is among the most glorious episodes in Jewish history. A mere handful of people were able to defeat all the armies sent against them. That which God had established Antiochus found it impossible to overthrow. His root-and-branch measures and the ferocity of his onslaughts continually recall the words of the second Psalm: "Why do the heathen so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed. . . . He that dwelleth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." It had been decreed in heaven that the faith of Israel should endure till the coming of Christ, and not all the kings of the earth together could eradicate it.

As might be gathered from the description given of the Sadducees, the greatest corruption reigned in the office of the High Priest. It was commonly sold to the highest bidder. Antiochus had disposed of it to one Jason, who offered a most tempting bribe to secure the deposition of his brother. Once installed, Jason set to work to introduce Grecian customs everywhere among the people. He even set up a gymnasium in Jerusalem where Greek games were celebrated, to attend which even the priests left their daily sacrifices. But his triumph was short. His brother Menelaus, even more wicked than himself, offered the king a large bribe and supplanted Jason in his office. It will be seen, then, what ready helpers in his schemes Antiochus had among the Jewish people and in the most sacred office of high priest. But other measures were taken. Hearing of an attack made by his brother Jason at the head of 1,000 men, who thought Antiochus dead, he marched on Jerusalem, and entering it with his troops delivered the inhabitants for three days to the prey of his troops. Forty thousand were slain, and as many sold into captivity. Led by Menelaus he entered the sanctuary, seized all the sacred vessels, and carried off treasures valued at 1,800 talents of gold. Then he gave orders for a great sow to be sacrificed on the brazen altar, its flesh to be boiled, and the liquid poured over every part of the temple. But this was only his first attack on Jeru-

salem. In 168, as he was returning in disappointment from a campaign in Egypt, he sent Apollonius, one of his generals, with 22,000 men to avenge his disappointment on Jerusalem. Waiting until the first Sabbath, on which he knew there would be little or no resistance, he suddenly let loose his troops, with orders to slay and burn and plunder to their heart's content. The order was only too well obeyed. Even the temple courts ran blood. The daily sacrifices ceased, and the inhabitants fled, leaving Jerusalem desolate.

Soon after these events Antiochus issued a decree commanding all his subjects to worship only his god. A royal commissioner, Athenæus, was sent to Jerusalem to enforce the decree. Some of the Jews fled the country, others weakened and consented to sacrifice to idols and profane the Sabbath. The temple was reconsecrated in honor of Zeus Olympius; a new altar was erected on the old brazen altar, and swine's flesh offered upon it. Every Jew was compelled to eat swine's flesh, and it was even forced into the mouths of the unwilling. Circumcision, the keeping of the Sabbath, and the reading of the law, were strictly forbidden. Every copy of the law that could be hunted out was torn to pieces or burnt. A mess of broth, prepared from swine's flesh, was sprinkled on the copies of the law. Pagan rites were substituted for Jewish, and all had to conform. The most horrible tortures were suffered by the unyielding, and many met with martyrdom. Two mothers who dared to circumcise their children were hanged on the wall with their dead babes dangling on their breasts. A scribe named Eleazar, ninety years of age, who refused to retain in his mouth the swine's flesh thrust into it, was stripped and led to the rack, where he was scourged to death. His only reply to his persecutors was, "It becometh not our age in any wise to dissemble, whereby many young men might think that Eleazar, being fourscore years and ten, was now gone to a strange religion." It was truly a dark night of persecution that Israel had to pass through, but the dawn of deliverance was near.

(To be continued.)

A MAN may be an eternal failure, although his footsteps glitter with gold and his words sparkle with knowledge. That man is most successful in the divine kingdom who sets in motion the greatest amount of spiritual power for the glory of God, whatever may be the opinion or reward of fallen mortals.—*John Reid.*

BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.

EVIL loves to use snares, and to clothe itself with deceit. Travellers tell us that the Eastern people used to catch monkeys by cutting in a cocoanut a hole just large enough to admit of the monkey's hand. When once the hand was in, it was sure to grasp enough of the contents to prevent its withdrawal. The monkey falls a victim to his greed. It is not the nut's hold upon him, but his upon the nut, and his belief in the advantage of that, which cost him his liberty. So the world holds us, indeed, by our own wills, for we are its willing slaves. But behind the will lies the illusion of a benefit we are receiving from our grasp on it—the illusion against which Christ warns us when He says: "Take heed and keep yourselves from all covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." All the hand can grasp is of less worth than the freedom of God's child, living by faith in God's fatherly care of us.—*Sunday School Times.*

OVERHELPING.

WE need the patience of Christ to keep us from overhelping others. No peril is greater than this to eager love, when brought close to those who are in need, whether of physical, mental, or spiritual aid. We would help too much or too soon. We would lift away burdens that God would have the person continue to carry. We would make the way easy that had better be left hard. We would hasten the learning of the lesson that could be far better learnt slowly. We would force the opening of the bud or the bursting of the flower before the time God has appointed, thus spoiling God's perfect work. We want to hurry the spiritual development of lives, not content to wait till the development comes naturally. There are hundreds of lives hurt by the impatience of good people to do them good. One writes, and we would do well to mark the lesson:

"Nerve his arm and cheer his heart;
Then stand aside, and say, 'Godspeed!'"

It is hard for us in our eagerness to help just to do our little, and then stand aside and let God work how and when He will. We feel we ought to be doing something ourselves; but, in truth, our doing is only hurtful intermeddling, and we had far better keep our hands off and our lips closed, save as we speak to God in love and prayer.

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"SUDDENLY."

"Absent from the body . . . at home with the Lord."—[Revised Version.]

SUDDENLY into the glory—
Suddenly face to face;
Suddenly past the mystic veil
Into the Holy Place.

Suddenly into the brightness
Out of a shadowed day;
Suddenly into fadless dawn—
The perfect Light always!

A sudden dropping of burden—
Sudden ceasing of sigh;
Sudden hush of a dear, dear voice—
A sudden song on high!

Standing so close to the portal.
One word—one low, swift "Come"—
Suddenly we may "absent" be,
Absent—because AT HOME.

—C. A. L., in *Parish Visitor*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME. HOW TO PROVIDE GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN.

(A paper read before the Women's Association of Canada.)

Some one has said: "Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are"; and hardly a greater truth could be enunciated, for there is no greater agency in the world in building up or destroying character than the books read; it is, to a great extent, the pabulum on which the mind is fed, and it is the material from which either strength or weakness is drawn, and if mature minds can be affected by what is read, how much more so must it be in the impressionable time of childhood, and how lasting the consequences! The children are either stimulated to admire and imitate high and noble characters, or they are weakened and dwarfed by the bad example of the people set before them, and who have been absorbing their attention. It behooves all, then, who have the welfare of the young

at heart, to watch with care everything that can affect the youthful imagination or injure the tender mind.

As a natural starting point, we will begin with the birth of the young soul sent fresh from the realms of creation, and confided to the care of virtuous parentage. God has entrusted the little creature entirely to the father and mother, as if saying, "Here is one of the most precious of all gifts committed to your care—a priceless human soul, to be trained for eternity." The little creature is very helpless; it rests upon its mother's bosom. Soothing tones address it, warm love protects it, and every one is fully alive to the importance of guarding and caring for it physically. But do they as often realize the importance of guarding the opening intelligence of the immortal soul, which begins as early as, and keeps pace with, the development of the body? The whole being is like a piece of plastic wax, or the snowy pages of an unwritten book, and the mother or nurse in charge is leaving indelible impressions which are to last forever, for good or evil, for weal or woe. How the little body is guarded from all danger of contagion! How alarmed and distressed would they be if fever or skin disease should fasten itself upon the tender flesh, while, all unconsciously to them, the first insidious poison of a deadly disease may have already made its first attack upon the soul. The dearly loved child, the beautiful little creature, is, after all, but the casket of a priceless jewel. Surely the jewel must be of more consequence than the casket! Indeed, how often is the finest and loveliest physique marred by the unruliness of the spirit within! Hence by far the most important duty which the parent or guardian has to perform is to guard the mental growth and spiritual welfare of the child.

The first question asked is how to provide good reading for the child. We should say, in order to pave the way for it as early an age as possible, begin with a softly-breathed lullaby, for this is the age when impressions are possible, before there is any responsive intelligence. Let it be, then, spiritual as well as tender, so that the ear may gradually grow accustomed to the blending of sweet names with equally sweet strains, as:

"Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name,
May Thy kingdom holy on earth be the same,"

etc., sung to a suitable air. Unconscious impressions are thus made which are afterwards to influence the tastes and inclinations of the child. Then, as intelligence

increases, the little one is told that it must be good, because a loving Father, an all-seeing Presence, is ever about it. It confides and has implicit faith in these early instructors, and believes and trusts what it is told, and we know that the very foundation of the future character of a child can only be well and happily laid on the principles of truth.

Never to tell a child anything but what is true is an exceedingly safe course. I will, I fear, be challenging the prejudices of many when I condemn entirely all fairy tales and fictitious literature until the age of at least eight or ten years, when a child is old enough to understand what fiction means. A sensitive child can never forget the rude awakening it receives when it learns for the first time that the enchanting creatures for whom its heart has throbbled have no real existence. The child, never before having doubted anything that parents have told it, when awakened to the fact that these stories, so sweetly read and told, have no foundation in truth, is in a maze of perplexity and doubt, wondering that the teachers of truth have themselves told them things which were not true. It is a trying time to a child, and may tend to shake its belief in things of more lasting importance, and prove a shock difficult to recover from.

The story is told of a bright little boy who was once teased at Sunday-school for believing in Santa Claus. Being an only child, he was no doubt kept more petted and under the influence of childish fancies than he otherwise would have been. He protested that he believed in Santa Claus and knew it was true about him—"because his father and mother had told him, and they would not tell him anything that was not true." Going home, he demanded of his mother about Santa Claus, and she had to tell him it was a fiction; the child was greatly grieved, and said: "Oh, mother, you have told me about *God*, too; how am I to believe that that is true?"

I would advocate that the first reading for the young should always be taken from the Bible, that marvellous book, the grandeur of whose imagery and the purity of whose diction is unrivalled in all the world. In it can be found incidents of the most stirring and interesting character, well suited to please and satisfy the most exacting and imaginative of children, and which are at the same time true and undeniable, and more interesting than any that could be woven from the fanciful brain of man. We can read or tell them of the little child from heaven, born in a stable,

and laid in a manger, with a star placed in the heavens to keep sentinel over His birthplace, while, not far from it, the gates of heaven opened, and the shepherds beheld the angels, and heard them singing and praising God. Or we can read to them of Joseph and his coat of many colors; of the shepherd king, David, the sweet singer, who, with his pebble and sling, went forth and slew the giant who had defied the armies of Israel—surely no giant of fairyland could equal the thrilling narrative connected with this one; of Daniel, and of Samuel, that sweet child, who, as soon as he was weaned, was presented to the Lord, and became of such an exalted character that, when in his old age, challenging Israel to bear witness whether he had ever injured any one or not, they had to declare his blameless life. There is also the story of Moses, placed in his little ark of bulrushes, watched by his sister and found by a princess. (What fairy tale contains more to excite the imagination than this?) My firm conviction is, the early years should be *entirely* filled with Bible story, so that the good obtained may be the most lasting. Charles Dudley Warner says "he believes that the present state of ignorance of the Bible on the part of college students is to be corrected only by attention to the fundamental cause of this ignorance—the neglect of the use of the Bible in the home in childhood"; and he adds, "In the family is where this education must begin, and it will then be as it used to be, an easy and *unconscious* education." We are told that in old age, when incidents of the moment make little or no impression on the mind, the aged person lives again in whatever constituted the *earliest* impressions of their life. Thus it is a safe thing to begin and end with the teachings of the sacred book.

But when the little one has come to the age when you must tell it of the things which pertain to material life, why not substitute for the "Babes in the Wood" the story of the "Princes in the Tower," and, instead of fairy princesses, let them learn of our own "Victoria the Good," who, when a little princess, was trained day by day to fit her to rule the greatest empire the world has ever seen; and so on, making history easy for them. Then there is fairyland in nature. You can let them read of all the wonders of the field and forest, of which there are innumerable graphic and entertaining writers, of river and lake, of bird and bee, ever keeping closely to the truth, and I do not think the little ones will ask for anything more inter-

esting or exciting, if they should teach them of the starry heavens above, with its myriads of worlds and suns, and there surely will be enough in all this to feed the most ardent imagination. We have begun with the theory of keeping closely to the truth, and I believe it will bear fruit. An eminent divine has said, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I will not feel so anxious for the future."

When they have arrived at the stage when it is better for them to vary their reading, and they must have fiction, let them read such conscientious writers as "A.L.O.E.," Elinor Lewis, Hesperia Stretton, Miss Mulock, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Stowe, and many others. The Rev. Dyson Hague tells us in *PARISH AND HOME* of some of the dangers of reading fiction, even of the best. In the first place, he tells us, it is a waste of precious time to give as much as is frequently done to a custom, which, when indulged in, creates a slavishness of anxiety for a still greater waste of valuable time, to the exclusion of serious engagements and duties. In concluding the article, however, he says that he does not condemn the reading of fiction altogether, but begs that wise selections be made from such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stanley J. Weyman, Lew Wallace, and others. I would include such stories as "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe," stories which interest the youthful mind, while teaching them to know more of the nature of dumb animals, and to be kinder to them than they otherwise would. Annie E. Chase, in her "Stories from Animal Land," gives a pathetic little incident, which may not be inappropriate, and of which many thousands must occur daily, and which could be averted by making the children more familiar with their lives and habits. Then there is that sweet songstress, Frances Ridley Havergal, who must not be forgotten, and whose "Little Pillows" are read by myriads of children to-day; I would also advise selections from the poets Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, etc. There are also the church papers and parish magazines, of which we cannot speak too highly. I again repeat that the power for good or evil which good or bad literature exerts over the youthful mind cannot be over-estimated. A writer in the *Methodist Protestant* said: "A pastor found many of his parishioners who were too poor to take their church paper, but who took several secular papers and tales of fiction, that cost four or five times as much. Cause: they had little relish for religious

reading. Effect: their relish for religious reading lessened every year. Mystery: they wondered why their spirituality was so dull, and that their children loathed everything of a religious character. Result: those children who married and left home ceased church attendance altogether."

A deeply pious clergyman told me that one of the greatest men of the age, and a seeker after truth, had told him that he would give all he was possessed of if he could disabuse his mind of the evils instilled into it by the early reading of skeptical works, but there is no room for skepticism, and no taste to read of it, if the mind, in its opening years, has been fed upon the Word of God. Shaftesbury, the great philanthropic earl of that name, was converted by his pious nurse at the age of seven years, and dying at the age of eighty-four years, after a life of usefulness, would fain have lived longer, there was still so much to be done in the Master's vineyard. One of our own bright jewels in the philanthropic field, Miss Bertha Wright, of Ottawa, who has achieved so much in the service of God, told me that she was deeply impressed at the age of eight years. Lincoln, the great emancipator of millions of slaves, lost his mother at the age of seven years, and yet he tells us, after overcoming, with herculean strength and courage, the many difficulties that beset his path, that he owed everything to his mother. To mothers and to those who have the care of the young, I would beg begin with the prayer at the cradle, thus seizing the first and earliest opportunity for impressing good; with the sacred hymn for a lullaby, and the Book of Books for primary instruction; and the character thus built on truth will be strong and self-reliant. The tastes formed aright will guard them for the future, and I urge upon the parents, at the same time, to be as vigilant in guarding what their children shall read as though the child was to pass through a plague-stricken country, and could only escape by the most watchful care of mother or guardian. Sin is a hydra-headed monster, ever on the alert to ensnare the innocent and capture the unwary and unsuspecting, and thoughtful womanhood can have no higher aim or object in life than to do all in their power to protect and guide the helpless and to form the tastes and inclinations of the young aright, so as to keep their minds pure and spotless, while being intelligent and well-informed, and to fit them to take their places in the world, when the time

shall arrive for it, as young men and women, strong, intelligent, pure and self-reliant.

A. S.

HAVING HIS OWN WAY.

THERE is, perhaps, no way in which a man may be more dead sure of utter ruin than to have his own way. Many have tried it. They have determined that they would have their own way; they have had it; and the results have been most disastrous. Many a man to-day is in trouble because he *would have his own way*. He has alienated his friends, wasted his property, destroyed his chances for usefulness in the world, involved himself in troubles, and now finds at the last that he did not want what he thought he wanted; that things have not turned out as he was sure they would turn out; that his own way was the worst way he could have had; and has brought ruin and sorrow instead of blessing and prosperity. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to *his own way*." This is our fault, our folly, our sin, and our calamity.

It is not good for us to follow our own ways. If we choose our own ways, God will choose our delusions, and the time will come when we will lament our wilfulness and regret our folly. Men need guidance; God is willing to guide them. "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." Let us be meek, and take His yoke upon us, and learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart, and we shall find rest to our souls. —*Christian Guide*.

SEEK acquaintance with God as He is revealed in the Bible. Trust will be spontaneous if we really know Him. The notions of God which the world, and even many in the church, entertain are not true. *God is the most lovable Being*. Is not this the language of your inmost soul? If not, you are not acquainted with God as He is revealed in Scripture. Seek above all to know God, so that you shall from your inmost soul say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," Job xiii. 15; "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee," Psalm ix. 10. If one is really acquainted with the God, not of the world, nor of many in the church, but the God of the Bible, he is so satisfied that he will not complain of anything, but will rejoice in all things. I say deliberately, from my knowledge of tens of thousands of Christians in all parts of the world, that many of them are not acquainted with the God of the Bible. —*George Miller*.

THE HIGH IDEAL.

WHAT were men intended to be? What Christ was. What word condenses His character better than any other? Holiness. No thought of self; no plan for self; everything for humanity! So pure in heart that He could see God! To that all are called—to the very character of Him who hung upon the cross.

Is the ideal high? It cannot be too high. Is it an impossible ideal? When Robert Morrison started for China, an incredulous American said to him: "Mr. Morrison, do you think you can make any impression on the Chinese?"

"No," was the reply, "but I think the Lord can."

To the very life of God we are called. It is impossible to us, but not impossible to Him. —*Selected*.

CONSOLATION.

GOD does not merely pity us: He comforts us. And what skill, what delicate tact, what mighty power, what unspeakable tenderness, are conveyed and implied in that word! You know the kind of way in which human beings sometimes think to comfort; and how cold and hard and worthless the consolation offered by such miserable comforters must seem to the sorrowful heart. You may remember how Queen Elizabeth, with the best intentions I dare say, once wrote to a mother who had lost her son, and told her that she would be comforted in time; and why should she not do for herself what the mere lapse of time would do for her? It would be felt as something like a mockery, I think, that hard, heartless saying. It would, in a true heart, only make the present sorrow the sorer to think that indeed it was to be outgrown; and, to the credit of our nature, let me say that I believe that with worthy people great grief is never quite outgrown; it may leave us, but it does not leave us the men we were. And you will think of Cicero's friend, writing a letter of condolence to the Roman philosopher after he had lost his daughter; and insisting, by way of comfort, that really the loss was matter of no great consequence; asking, almost indignantly, how, when the Republic had fallen, Cicero could be so much affected for the loss of a single individual—"a poor little tender woman": these were the *consoler's* very words. But it is not in these hard ways that the True Comforter does His work! It is not by upbraiding our nature's weakness; it is not by any process of logic that

that Heavenly Messenger accomplishes His blessed end. It is rather by gentle soothing, we cannot say how; by presenting glorious and immortal hopes; by breathing resignation to the kind will of the kind Father above us; by sanctifying the affliction which has fallen, to wear our hearts from this troublesome world, and to set our affection above, where suffering, and sorrow, and change, and death, are done with for evermore! No doubt, my friends, the very fact that the name of Comforter is so dear implies that comfort is a thing we shall all often greatly need; no doubt, the law stands unrepealed as yet, that "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God"; but remember, brethren, that one great good of sorrow is this, that if we never knew it;—if we never knew what it is to have our hopes blighted and our hearts wrong;—we never should know, and never should love, as we ought, that Blessed One, who begins, carries on, and ends our Christian life.—*A. K. H. Boyd, in The Parish Visitor*.

WHAT FAITH CAN DO.

It can open the windows of heaven.

It can win battles that soldiers in armor would lose.

It can rejoice in places where hope would die.

It can fill the heart with peace when home, and friends, and money, and all else is taken away.

It can see in the dark that all is well.

It can look beyond the mists of the grave and see God's Son walking, there.

PRAYER.

"THERE is no way," said the late Dr. Alexander, "in which we can more surely increase mutual love than by *praying for one another*. If you would retain warmth of affection for an absent friend, pray for him. If you would live in the regard of another, beseech him to pray for you. If you would conquer enmity in your own soul toward one who has wronged you, pray for him. Dissension or coldness cannot abide between those who bear each other to God's throne in supplication. It is what we meet to do in family worship. Often has the tenderness of a half-dying attachment been renewed and made young again, when the parties have found themselves kneeling before the mercy-seat. Everything connected with such utterance of mutual good will in the domestic worship tends to foster it, and thus the daily prayers are as the dews of heaven."

A MOTHER'S RESOLUTIONS.

A LOVING and pious mother framed for herself the following, which may serve as a hint to other mothers :

"That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to God, especially for strength and wisdom to properly instruct, guide, and govern my child.

"That I will never permit my child to willfully disobey me, or to treat me with disrespect.

"That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see and truly perform my duty to my child.

"That I will devote a certain portion of my time each day to self-instruction, in order to be able to properly instruct my child.

"That I will watch over my temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the little matters of my child, that I might thereby gain his love.

"That I will devote my time especially to those pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my home and forward the best interests of my child.

"That I will study the health of my child, reading on the subject, and asking the advice of those who are more experienced than myself.

"That I will not yield to discouragements from failure, but will persevere, putting faith in the promise of God to all those who earnestly and faithfully strive to do their duty."—*Christian Herald*.

DESPISE not little duties ; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility.

Mr. Potter's Thank-Offering.

"WHAT am I going to give to the Lord for a thank-offering on Thanksgiving day?" said Mr. Potter, looking at Mr. Elwell, the new pastor, in amazement. "Not anything, as I know of. I rather calculate I've earned about all I've got, and I don't see any particular sense in making a thank-offering of it."

"But," pleaded Mr. Elwell, "don't you want to show your gratitude for the many blessings you have that you could not possibly get for yourself, only as they are freely given to you by your heavenly Father?"

"I might, perhaps," was the reply, "if I had any ; but I've worked hard all my days, and I guess I have earned all I got.

I'll leave the thank-offering for those who have things put in their laps without lifting their fingers."

"I wonder," thought Mr. Elwell, sadly, as he walked home, "if I cannot in some way help him to realize how much that makes his life prosperous and happy is God's free gift to him?"

"Thank-offering ! Humph ! I think I see myself making one," was Mr. Potter's inward reflection as he sat down by his own fireside in his big easy chair, with the paper before him. "There I was, a poor little beggar boy almost, without a cent to my name, and I've worked, and scratched, and saved until I've gotten enough to be comfortable with, and he wants me to make a thank-offering for it ! I'm free to confess I don't see any particular necessity for any such proceeding on my part, and I guess I will omit it until I do."

And Mr. Potter unfolded his paper in a very self-satisfied way. He was what he called a "self-made man," and somehow he had grown to feel almost that he owed nothing to God or man.

Mr. Potter had but one child—a son, Harry—and he was the very apple of his eye. In fact, they were all in all to each other, for the wife and mother had slept in the churchyard for many years. Harry was a bright, lovable boy, and his father's heart was bound up in him. His every thought was for him. He worked hard early and late, he saved and economized, that he might have more for him. He could hardly wait patiently for him to get through his college course and be at home with him.

But to-night, in the middle of the night, the bell rang, and a telegram came—"Harry only just alive." Only four words, but they turned Mr. Potter's heart to stone. His Harry, for whom he had hoped so much, only just alive—perhaps—no, he could not say that ! Why, the thought that he could die had never once entered his mind.

He made his preparations, and started at once. He would get doctors, the very best, and all there were in the city. Some of them would save—they must. He would pay them anything willingly if only they would save his boy's life. The fast express seemed to crawl ; he longed to get out and run, it seemed to him that he could get there so much quicker.

He did reach there at last, however, and then he thought the pain before was nothing to what it was now, seeing that still, white face on the pillow.

"Get doctors, all you can find ! Tell them I will pay them anything they ask if they will only do something to help him !" he implored.

But the college president shook his head sadly. "Everything has been done that can be done," he said. "He is beyond human help. We will turn to the Great Physician in his behalf, and it shall be well with the child."

Then, even in that moment of supreme anguish, Mr. Potter remembered his pastor's words. Ah ! was not this dearly-beloved son a gift of God ? He had said there was nothing for which he need make a thank-offering ; now it seemed to him if he could only have him well again, it would be his constant thought to discover new ways of showing his gratitude.

He dropped on his knees, sobbing like a child.

"O God, forgive me ! I do not deserve him ; I do not deserve anything ; but if it can be Thy will, spare my boy to me !"

It was many long hours before there was any change, then there was a ray of hope, and slowly but surely the tiny ray strengthened until the doctors said : "He has passed the crisis and will live."

Then Mr. Potter went away by himself, feeling as he had never felt before in his life—utterly worthless and humbled.

"I do not deserve it. O Lord, I know it ! I could do nothing myself, but Thou hast spared him to me, and I thank Thee, from the depths of my heart I thank Thee !"

Thanksgiving day came, bright and clear. Mr. Potter and Harry had reached home the day before, and Mr. Potter appeared at his pastor's door early that morning.

"I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted you to know that my eyes have been opened. I've everything to be thankful for, everything. I see now—why, I couldn't have done a thing only as God gave me everything to do with, and blessed and prospered my efforts. I was puffed up, filled with conceit and ingratitude, but He has dealt tenderly with me, tenderly and mercifully. I tried to think of some suitable thank-offering, but nothing seemed good enough until Harry asked me if he might give his restored life to God's service, and I have given my consent to his going as a missionary. It is the happiest and thankfulest Thanksgiving of my life, even if it does sometimes seem as if my poor old heart would break to part with my boy."—*Zion's Herald*.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Aug. 4th. Num. xiii. 17-20; 23-33. Matt. vi. 5-11.
 " 11th. Num. xxi. 4-9. Gen. i. 1-9; 26-29.
 " 18th. Deut. vi. 3-15. Gen. iii. 1-20.
 " 25th. Josh. iii. 5-17. Gen. iv. 1-16.

BE IN TIME.

"Be in time for every call;
 If you can, be first of all,
 Be in time!
 If your teachers do but find
 You are never once behind,
 But are, like the dial, true,
 They will always trust in you.
 Be in time.
 "Never linger ere you start;
 Ever go with willing heart,
 Be in time!
 In the morning up and on;
 First to work and soonest done;
 This is how the goal's attained;
 This the way the prize is gained.
 Be in time!
 "Those who aim at something great,
 Never yet were found too late,
 Be in time!
 Life to all is but a school;
 We must work by plan and rule;
 With some noble end in view,
 Ever steady, earnest, true,
 Be in time!

PROMISING.

"How obliging Ed. Dayton is," said Martin Wells to Will Buchanan one day when they left the schoolhouse together. "He says he will lend me any book he has, and he has so many nice ones."
 "Oh, yes, he's very good about making promises!" said Will, dryly.
 "And he said he'd get me a ticket to the Mercantile Library, or speak to his father—he's one of the managers. There's some arrangement by which they give tickets to a number of boys. Wasn't it kind in him?"
 Martin was a stranger in a strange place, with little money to spend, and Ed. Dayton's pleasant words and obliging offers had made a strong impression upon a mind naturally sensitive and grateful.
 "Oh, certainly, very kind of him," said Will, who knew pretty well the nature of Ed. Dayton's promises, but would not prejudice a stranger against a schoolmate.
 "So different from John Fitz Adam," continued Martin; "I wanted to see 'Atkinson's Siberia,' and I knew he had it, and I did venture to ask him to let me take it this week, and all he said was 'couldn't promise.' It's the first time I ever asked a favor of any one in this school," said

Martin, proudly; "I guess it will be the last."

"It's not like John to be stingy," said Will—and then the boys parted.

The next morning Ed. Dayton had forgotten to bring the book, and then when Martin, two days after, ventured to remind him of his promise, he said that the book was his sister's, and that she didn't like to lend her books.

Seeing the state of the case, Martin said nothing about the library ticket, of which he heard no more, to his great disappointment, for he dearly loved books.

He was going home Friday night, feeling rather tired, homesick, and lonesome, when John Fitz Adam came running after him with a book in his hand. "Here's the Atkinson," he said, out of breath, "I couldn't promise it the other day, because I didn't know whether father wanted to send it away to grandma or not, and it was lent to my cousins, but it came home last night, so it's at your service, and keep it as long as you like."

"Oh, thank you!" said Martin, brightening, and regretting his hasty judgment of John, "I am sure you are very good," and then the boys parted, and presently Martin was joined by Ed. Dayton.

"I think Fitz Adam is a regular mean fellow," said Ed. "I just asked him this morning to look out some references for me in some books I know he has at home, and he wouldn't promise to do it, because he said he thought his father wanted him this evening. I'd like to see the time when I couldn't promise to oblige a friend."

"And I'd like to see the time when you would keep your promise," thought Martin. "If people always keep their promises, they are generally rather careful how they make engagements. It don't cost any one much to promise who never performs."—*Clara F. Guernsey, in Child's World.*

OLD SAMBO.

"No, massa, not that; ask anything but that; old Sambo dare not tell a lie."

"You must, if I bid you," replied the master, angrily. He was a large slave-owner in the West Indies some seventy years ago, and had ordered an old negro to take a load of fish, which he knew were stale, and sell them in the town as fresh.

"Massa," replied the old man, gently, "the old times, when Sambo didn't mind a lie, are gone; now he's serving a new, good Massa, the Lord Jesus Christ, and can't tell lies any more."

"Stop that rubbish, and do as I bid you, or you shall feel the lash." Mr. Leary's temper had got the better of him, or he would not have spoken so to his favorite slave.

The old negro started; never since his boyish days had he felt the overseer's whip, and he shuddered at the thought. Looking appealingly at his master's face, he said:

"Massa Leary, I would work my fingers to the bone for you, you that I carried as a baby in my arms; but 'deed, massa, old Sambo cannot grieve his Lord."

Mr. Leary made no reply, but beckoned to one of his overseers, and, pointing to old Sambo, ordered him to be flogged.

Cruelly fell the sharp blows on the old slave's shoulders, but no cry escaped his lips except the words, "Lord, help me," "Lord, hold me fast." Mr. Leary was amazed at his endurance, knowing that naturally he was anything but brave. Suddenly he ordered the overseer to stop, and in a low voice told him to have Sambo well cared for. "His religion is worth something if it makes him stand this beating rather than tell a lie," muttered the master to himself, as he strode away.

In the evening the slave-owner went round to the negroes' quarters to inquire after old Sambo, for he was not naturally cruel, and now his anger had cooled down.

He found the old man ill and feverish, and his heart smote him as he heard the poor slave mutter to himself, "No; young massa not mean it, only angry. O my Lord, do bless our massa and teach him Thy love."

Again, as the old man turned on his mattress and gave an involuntary cry of pain, he prayed, "Lord Jesus, give old Sambo patience, let him not deny Thee. Oh! keep him from telling a lie."

Mr. Leary did not speak, but quietly left the hut and gave orders that he should be carried immediately to his own house to be properly nursed.

The next day he went to the comfortable room where Sambo was lying, and placed his hand gently on the big black arm. The old slave opened his eyes, and a bright smile lit up his face as he recognized his master, and saw that he was looking at him kindly.

"Massa!" he exclaimed.
 "Aye, Sambo; I've come to ask you to forgive me. I never intended to have you badly hurt. I only wanted to scare you, and make you give up those silly new notions. If it were not for them you and

I would never have fallen out. I do wish you would give them up."

"Massa," said the old man, "I can't give up my beautiful new life. It's my Lord Himself that's come into old Sambo's heart. He knew poor old nigger like me could never get 'long by himse'f, so He just say to me, 'Sambo, you gib Me your hand, you walk 'long side by Me. I'll be your good Massa all de way, and bring you right home to My beautiful country, where I've got a place all ready for you. I shed My blood to purchase your freedom, Sambo.' He says this to me very often, and it does old nigger such good to hear it."

All this was in said in broken sentences, for Sambo's lips were parched, and he was weak and ill.

"You are a happy man, Sambo, if you really believe that," said Mr. Leary.

"Yes, massa; old Sambo be real happy," answered the slave.

"Even though you are ill from those horrid blows?" said the master.

"Aye, massa; maybe it's just through those blows that my Lord has spoken to me more lovely than ever before. Last night He kept saying to me, 'Never fear, Sambo! I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee; here I am close by, you and I be going 'long together; remember, I never gib you up, Sambo.'"

To Mr. Leary's great surprise, he found tears rising to his eyes as he listened to his old slave's simple account of his trust in his Saviour. He hastily left the room, but day after day found him by Sambo's bedside, and the conversation between master and slave was always about God's great salvation.

A few weeks afterwards, Sambo said to his master, "Old Sambo quite well and quite happy now that massa know and love the Lord Jesus. He will soon take Sambo right into His own country, and leave massa down here a while longer to serve Him."

"Don't talk of leaving us, Sambo," Mr. Leary answered. "We can't spare you. Who would help me along the heavenly road if you were gone?"

"The good Lord Himself, massa, now and always, never Sambo," answered the old slave; "the Lord say, 'Walk close by My side, and let Me tell you what to do.'"

"Ah! Sambo, it was because you walked close to Him, and in His strength refused to tell a lie, that I first learnt what trust in God really is."

"And, bless the Lord, massa, you'll keep on finding out how good it be."

"Lord, grant it!" said the master, earnestly. And God did grant it, and greatly blessed Mr. Leary's work for Christ amongst both his friends and slaves.

And He whom Sambo and his master proved to be such a loving Saviour and Friend, "this same Jesus," asks you to let Him be *your* Guide and Friend. As the old slave put it, He says, "Give Me your hand; walk alongside of Me."

Will you not, poor sinner as you are, just look straight up to Him and say from your heart:

"With a childlike faith I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side;
And the only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is, 'Hold me fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last!'"

—*Fannie E. Turner, in Our Own Magazine.*

STARTING OUT RIGHT.

A YOUNG girl who occupies a minor position in the clerical department of a large railway company declared one day in a passionate tone, "I'd give anything in the world if I were out of the X. Y. and Z. offices!"

"Why?" asked a friend, knowing that the position was fully as good as she could expect to hold.

"Because I've started out wrong, and I can't get right."

"I thought when I began I could be on friendly, social terms with the men in the office, and have a nice easy time with them as we worked together day by day. But, oh! it hasn't turned out as I thought it would, at all! They treat me in a familiar, slap-you-on-the-back kind of way that humiliates me constantly."

"When I come in in the morning, they say, 'Jennie, what have you got that thing around your neck for?' or they ask if I didn't forget some of my hairpins. And when I try to resent it they only laugh at me. I am fairly degraded in my own eyes, and I can't help it because I've started out wrong."

There is a lesson here for the vast army of girls and young women who are privileged, under our liberal social requirements, to go out into the world and earn their own living.

It is hard for a girl who has lived a free and unrestrained life at home entertaining her male friends, usually in her mother's presence, and always with her sanction,

to realize that the same unstudied atmosphere should not prevail in a public office.

She does not take into account that she has not the accustomed background of home and parents to countenance her innocent gaiety. The proverbial inch is given, and the ell taken, and often when it is too late she finds that the charmed circle of womanly sanctity, which is every girl's birthright, is trodden down and obliterated.

Her name is banded from one pair of masculine lips to another, her actions openly commented on, the details of her dress discussed. She finds herself treated as a sort of anomalous creature, not a man, and not commanding the respect and deference due a woman. It is monstrous and humiliating, and, once allowed, is nearly irremediable.

Girls, earn your independence, if you must or will; go as wage-earners into the office or the shop, but carry with you that sweet womanly reserve which is at once your charm and your safeguard.—*The Lookout.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The Rev. J. Cooper Robinson during 8 months of deputation work gave 240 addresses or sermons to congregations averaging about 200. We are sure God will use his visit to Canada to impress upon the Church her duty to the heathen.

Before this issue is in the hands of its readers some five days will (D. V.) have been spent, and a number of addresses given by the Rev. J. C. Robinson, returned Missionary from Japan, in Lindsay and neighborhood. We trust that interest in this great work of evangelizing the heathen will have been deepened. It is amazing how slow many Christians are to obey the commands of their King. A passing circus or a sensational trial will give many people more to think and talk about than all God's mighty works which are to-day being wrought in heathen lands. Brethren, this ought not to be.

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.

The Rev. Canon Richardson, of London, took the duty at Sturgeon Point on September 1st, and preached an able sermon to a large congregation. He goes in a few days to Montreal to attend the Provincial Synod.

The Sunday School service held on August 11th was fairly well attended (not as well as the S. S. picnic) and the scholars joined heartily in the service. A short address was given by the Superintendent, Mr. Peter, on Faith and Obedience, while the rector spoke to those present on the lesson of the day, "The Brazen Serpent." The collection was for the floating debt and amounted to \$5.

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