

Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God" --Col 1:11



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 28.

DECEMBER 1893.

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 Cambray.*

JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., } *Churchwardens.*
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, }

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, WM. GRACE, C. D. BARR.

Sidesmen.

R. HANNAH, A. TINS, M. SISSON.
DR SIMPSON, T. J. MURTAGH, J. E. BILLINGSLEY.
C. D. BARR, JAS. CORLEY, L. ARCHAMBAULT.

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.

ARCHAMBAULT.—Lillian Mary, daughter of Louis Alexis and Frances Mabel Archambault, adult; baptized in St. Paul's church, 19th November, 1893.

Marriages.

MARSHALL—PALMER.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 1st November, 1893, by the Rev. C. H. Marsh, John Maxwell Marshall, to Lila Jane Palmer, both of the township of Fenelon.

Burials.

McMANN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 5th November, 1893, John McMann, in his 27th year.

CRANDELL.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 24th November, 1893, Nora Henrietta, child of Capt. George Crandell, in her 4th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

A new church is being built at Waverley, county of Simcoe.

No church family in or near town can afford to be without the parish paper.

Many of the miners of Northern Michigan are in great want, and have had to be supplied with food.

For one or two Sundays in November, owing to illness, Rev. Walter Creighton, of Bobcaygeon, was unable to do duty, but we are glad to say he is better again.

We wish a merry and a happy Christmas tide to all our readers. Christ's coming should bring "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

Don't forget to see that your subscription to the parish paper is paid up before the year ends. Some have even neglected to pay for 1892. Please hand it to Miss Goodwin.

Owing to bad weather the November C. E. T. S. was not largely attended. Miss Lena Wallace and Mrs. Soanes gave songs, Miss Josie Perkins and the Secretary and Vice president, readings, while Mr. Knight also gave an organ solo. The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Port Hope, who kindly took the place of Mr. Daniel, gave an interesting and instructive address on

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 37.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 3—1st Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 1: 1; Peter 5. *Evening*—Isaiah 2, or 4, v. 2; John 13, to v. 21.
- 10—2nd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 5: 1; John 3, to v. 16; 4, v. 7. *Evening*—Isaiah 11, to v. 11, or 24; John 18, to v. 28.
- 17—3rd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 25; Rev. 1. *Evening*—Isaiah 26, or 28, v. 5 to 19; Rev. 2, to v. 18.
- 24—4th Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 39, to v. 27; Rev. 14. *Evening*—Isaiah 32, or 33, v. 2 to 23; Rev. 15.
- 31—1st Sunday after Christmas. *Morning*—Isaiah 35; Rev. 21, v. 15 to 22, v. 6. *Evening*—Isaiah 38 or 40; Rev. 22, v. 6.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE COMING OF OUR KING!

Our King delays His coming;
Almost the lapse of years
Has made His promised advent
A legend to our ears;
Autumn has grown to winter
And summer followed spring
For more than nineteen centuries,
And still we wait our King!

When morn and eve we ponder
The stories of His grace,
Our hearts grow sore with longing
To look upon His face;
And well our love He loveth,
But work, not words, will bring,
The Springtide which we long for—
The coming of our King!

Till in the church He buildeth
Is placed the final stone;
Till the last soul is gathered
Which He would call His own,
Our hearts may break with longing,
But never day will bring,
Though centuries roll on centuries,
The coming of our King!

Let us be up and doing,
Give Him our hands to build;
And that His "many mansions"
May speedily be filled,
Our lips, our lives, His message
To those dear souls to bring
The missing stones that hinder
The coming of our King!

If for an earthly sovereign,
As in those days of old,
The wives and maids of Scotland
Could give their gems and gold,
Their husbands, sons, and fathers,
Shall we give less to bring—

Shall we grudge aught to hasten
The coming of our King?

Oh, let us prove by action
Our love and longing true
The fields are white to harvest,
But laborers are few.

Those only who work for it
With conscience clear can sing
The songs that speak of waiting
The coming of our King!

A. M. A.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

HEARTINESS.

"I try to take an interest in every one I meet," said an aged and very successful clergyman, and the principle explained his success. All persons we meet are full of interest, just because they are human. If we show cordiality towards them, their hearts will open, and then we may pour in whatever good things we ourselves rejoice in. But both to feel and to show this sympathetic interest is by no means easy. There is an increasing tendency, as our experience grows, to become *blasé*, and indifferent to new faces. We discover that most people are commonplace, and that we must not expect anything very witty or very bright from them. To talk with one is to talk with all, we say cynically, and we are apt to shrink into ourselves more and more and to expand only with a few old and tried friends.

But this is a selfish and a worldly view. Each person we meet is in reality a mine of interest, and more than a volume for study. The fresh-cheeked farmer's lad does not clothe his thoughts in choice diction. He may seem dull and stupid, but the dullness and stupidity are as much in us as in him if we do not see, besides, something in him that keenly interests us. A human soul is growing before our eyes. The rose, as it unfolds its bud, is marvellous; but here is a more wonderful unfolding. An immortal spirit is beginning to ripen its fruit. We can only watch the rose, but we can help to mould and form this fruit. Words that we speak will make the boy a better or a worse man. Sympathy that we feel and show will expand his mind and heart. Can we think any longer of him, then, as only a clohopper? Rather,

here is a strange and complicated instrument ready to give forth sweet music if we have a touch sufficiently refined and tender to awaken its harmonies.

The first requirement for a useful heartiness is that we should feel an enthusiasm for the truth we hold. Your doubting, hesitating man will never help to build up souls. If we are only half sure that the story of our Lord's life and passion is true, if we half-doubt whether it is an amiable and beautiful fiction, we can never bring the pity of His love home to the hearts of others. No firm structure can be reared on a base of shifting sand. We must get a strong hold of truth ourselves before we can help to support others. The accent of conviction must be in all that we say. We *must* know whereof we speak, or our hearty words will be vain sound, and our warm handshakings will mean nothing. The beginning of usefulness will be found in an earnest probing of our spirits, and a consequent conviction riding secure in every storm, that Jesus Christ satisfies the heart as nought else can satisfy it, and that in Him is the only hope of men and women.

Given this strong conviction, we shall be useful in the degree in which we are cordial. Note the meaning of the word—pertaining to the heart—the counterpart of our good English word hearty. We shall not greet the stranger with a lackadaisical smile and a formal and faltering shake of the hand, but with word and gesture that show warmth and interest. If it is hard to do this, we may be sure that we shall learn by trying. Love in the heart will soon learn to express itself in word and action, and our first care must be to make sure that the love is not wanting.

As we watch the putting together of some piece of mechanism, we see that each part has a place prepared for it into which it fits with exact nicety. The dead iron is better off than many a human soul. Care and thought have been lavished upon fitting it to its place, while hundreds of men and women have had no such thought spent upon them by their fellow-men. They are seeking the place of rest. Even if they do not realize their unrest, we know

that it is in their hearts if they are not Christians. Their place is ready for them, our Lord has taken bountiful care of that, and we are now asked to help to fit them for their places. The *heartiness* of Christian love will be our strongest instrument. As we show it, we shall win the confidence of others. Our heartiness will lead them to make us known of the secrets of their bosoms. Their needs will be laid bare to us. They will turn to us in their times of need, and we shall be able to win them for our Master.

An amusing story is told of a negro quack doctor. He had an invariable specific of alum and beeswax for every disease. Asked why he always gave this remedy, he replied that whenever anyone was ill it meant that some portions of the body had fallen apart, and he gave the alum to draw the parts together, and the beeswax to solder them. It is to be feared that many would-be physicians of the heart have a theory as baseless and a practice as uniform. Every one, they think, must be treated in just the same way. They must be preached to, their sin denounced, their want of faith reprov'd. This is the ignorance of spiritual quackery. Men need not so much reproof and denunciation as sympathy. Not the repellent righteousness of the Pharisee, but the cordiality and variety of love will win them. For no two persons is just the same treatment wise. A quick sympathy will probably divine almost at once the needs of each case, and what cannot be thus divined a hearty interest will soon unfold. There is a place of peace for every heart, and our love has the blessed mission of leading souls to their home. Let it be said over and over again—not theories nor "views" will win men, but love. Nothing else shows such variety as love. See how it manifests itself in the work of God. Now it is found in the beauty of a wonderful world, now in tender pleadings with a sinful heart, now in wise leading in a path of perplexity, and now in a strong and terrible justice that punishes sin. And we must strive to reflect its variety in dealing with men. We shall do so as we draw nearer to the Fountain of love. In that blessed atmosphere we breathe and absorb love; and as we turn back to the darker ways of men, we shall bring its brightness and its warmth with us.

GRACE, like fire, cannot be hid; you may as soon conceal musk in your hand as grace in your heart.—*Swinmuck*.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LISTEN! the bells in the steeples
In jubilant gladness ring
To welcome the coming of Christmas,
And the birthday of the King
Who was born in the lowly manger
Of Bethlehem, long ago,
When the song of the herald angels
Was sung to the world below.

Thou hast clad thyself in raiment
Of spotless white, O Earth,
Like a bride on her marriage morning,
To celebrate Christ's birth.
Oh, were our lives as spotless,
Our hands unstained with sin,
And the latch of each heart were lifted
To let the Christ-Child in!

Bring to the dear Lord's altar
The soul's white flowers to-day;
Let the rose of thy love shed incense
Sweet as the breath of May;
Let the lily of faith eternal
Lift its cup of myrrh to Him
Whose love is the star that leads us
Through ways that are dark and dim.

O Earth send back to heaven
The grand and glorious strain
That startled the wondering shepherds
On far Judea's plain.
Glory to God in the highest,—
Sing it again and again,—
On earth be peace, on earth be peace,
Good will, good will to men.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

VIII.

THE HOLY COMMUNION: THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH.

THE teaching of the Church of England concerning the Holy Communion is a splendid commentary upon the words of the great and good John Wesley: "I believe the Church of England comes nearer the scriptural plan than any other national church upon earth." It is true to the Word of God throughout. In the Catechism, in the Articles, in the service for Holy Communion, it is distinctly taught that "the supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another; but rather is a sacrament of our Redemption by Christ's death: insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith, receive the same, the Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Christ; and, likewise, the Cup of Blessing is a partaking of the Blood of Christ." It is clear from these words that while the thought of the Holy Communion as furnishing an outward token and sign is present, yet there is a clear statement that it is also a most blessed means of grace. The word "communion" is one of those

words which carries its meaning on its face. It means "common-union." It refers to the community which there is in spiritual things amongst all believers.

The Holy Communion is a commemoration feast. It seems to say, "Keep Jesus Christ in memory." The communicants seem to answer,

"This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee."

But it is much more than a commemoration. It is a God-appointed means of grace; so that our souls are strengthened and refreshed "by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the Bread and Wine."

Faith is the hand of the heart, by which the blessing is received. The teaching of the Catechism limits the reception of "the body and blood of Christ" to the "faithful," those who are full of faith; while the office of "The Communion of the Sick" teaches the presence of Christ in the soul of the believer, without the use of the elements of bread and wine. The words ought to be carefully remembered by all. They are, if the sick man "do truly repent him of his sins, and steadfastly believe that Jesus Christ hath suffered death upon the Cross for him, and shed His blood for his redemption, he doth eat and drink the Body and Blood of Christ profitably to his Soul's health, although he do not receive the Sacrament with his mouth." It is evident that this teaching is in thorough accord with the words of Christ that faith is the great essential for the soul's feeding upon the bread of life: "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." It is faith that leads the soul to Christ; it is faith that keeps the soul in Christ; it is faith that feeds the soul with Christ.

It is well known that the error of transubstantiation is bolstered up by an appeal to the word "is" as found in the texts, "This is my body," "This is my blood." The word "is" is taken as if it could only have a literal meaning. But such an interpretation of the word is contrary to the constant usage of Scripture. As Ridley pointed out, long ago, the words "This cup" is the New Testament cannot mean that the cup was turned into a New Testament. There is a double figure used; the cup is put for the wine, and the wine is called the New Testament. The meaning of the expression "This is my body" is, "This bread represents or stands for my body." It can have no other meaning, from the fact that Christ's body stood before their eyes, untouched, unharmed, and un-

broken; for the sacrament was before His death upon the cross at Calvary. There are numberless instances in the Scriptures where the word "is," in its various forms, can only bear a figurative sense.

Gen. xl. 12: "The three branches *are* three days."

Gen. xlix. 9: "Judah *is* a lion's whelp."

Ps. xviii. 12: "The Lord *is* my rock."

P. lxxxiv. 11: "The Lord God *is* a sun and a shield."

Isaiah xl. 6: "All flesh *is* grass."

St. Luke viii. 2: "The seed *is* the word of God."

St. John x. 9: "I *am* the door."

I. Cor. x. 4: "That rock *was* Christ."

It is plain that when St. Paul said that the rock in the wilderness "was Christ" he did not mean that it was transubstantiated into Christ; but that it was an image of Christ; and as it gave forth water to quench the thirst of Israel, so Christ is the water of life to all who believe in Him.

Here, as elsewhere in the spiritual life, there stands the priority of faith. It is through the hand of faith that the blessing is received, and faith is but another word for trust. It is the childlike confidence of the life in the All-Father. It is the implicit trust of the soul in Christ. It is the heart going forth in living trust in the Saviour. Such faith receives its answer; for Jesus Christ feels the soul with Himself, the true and living bread, and gives again His seals of peace and blessing.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

TEACHING MORALS TO CHILDREN.

No doubt many Christian parents whose children attend the public schools regret that more is not being done there in the way of practical religious instruction, or at least of simple teaching in the fundamental principles of morals. Until it shall be possible to obtain more for the children in that way in the schools, the greater responsibility devolves upon parents themselves, and upon all those who are brought in close contact with the young in their homes. It is not enough that children should hear a chapter of the Bible read daily or a prayer offered. To these things they may pay all outward respect, while giving to them very little real attention; and yet there is a tendency in many Christian homes to make family worship do duty for the entire religious and moral

instruction of the children, and especially of those who are out of their mother's arms. It is the experience of the wisest mothers and other guardians of the young that very definite teaching and learning are necessary to the right growth of the soul of the child. Even in France, where the Bible and all religious training have been banished from the schools, this deep necessity has been realized, and perhaps no other country now pays so much attention to training in morals as France. The good results which are yearly reported of this "moral" training form strong additional evidence of the wisdom of giving it a place on the programme of regular instruction, and of the real necessity that exists for teaching every child the simple principles of duty.

An interesting example has been given in the report of a French school inspector of the value of this practical teaching of morals. At an examination for certificates this question was given:

"With some of your friends you go to a fair; you have no money in your pocket, as your parents are poor; suddenly you find a purse with a five-franc piece in it; tell what you would do with it." There were one hundred and eleven candidates, of whom thirty came from secular schools, and eighty-one from confessional schools. Out of the thirty, there were twenty-three who knew that it would be a theft to take the money; the other seven bought toys, etc. Out of the eighty-one from the confessional schools only thirty knew that to keep the money would be stealing; the other fifty-one spent the money without scruple. One child said she took the money home and gave it to her parents, and "this sum was very useful to them; they had three or four good meals, whereas, if it had been restored to the one who lost it, she would probably have squandered it."

This little incident shows that all children require definite, simple instruction in the fundamentals of morality, and that mere religious influence is not enough when it does not deal with the individual child so as to produce individual uprightness of character. Of course, all moral teaching must have its foundation in personal religion, *i. e.*, in the love of God and fear of disobeying His laws. But the example quoted shows that it is possible for religious teaching to fail altogether in inculcating right principles of conduct. The obvious reason is that in such a case the religious teaching has been wrong—either pernicious or entirely deficient. It is against the deficiency of religious teaching

in the home that *we* are called upon to guard. Observation teaches us that parents are liable to err in instructing their children by failing to apply Christian principles to daily conduct in the way of setting up a rule of life, and a standard of rightness in the child's own mind. In other words, there is danger of a failure to teach the practical principles of duty. It is a dangerous thing to trust to the child's imitating the good example set by its parents. Without instruction, it often cannot understand the motives of the actions of others. Let it be clearly understood that that no amount of attention to moral training alone will take the place of that Bible home-teaching which forms so precious a life-link between parent and child; but it should supplement Bible teaching in all homes, and especially in those where the parents are daily engaged in labor which separates them from their children, and makes it difficult for them to watch closely the development of the child-mind.

J. O. M.

TRUE GIFTS.

He gives no gifts who gives to me
Things rich and rare,
Unless within the gift he give
Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Silver and gold;
If but to make his own heart glad,
Such love is cold.

He gives me gifts most rich and rare
Who gives to me
Out of the riches of his heart
True sympathy.

He gives best gifts who, giving naught
Of earthly store,
Gives me his friendship, love, and trust—
I ask no more.

—Laura Harvey.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT:

"JESUS."

AMIDST the showers of gifts that are falling like manna of old around our tents at this season, it may be well to stir up our hearts by way of remembrance, lest "The Gift of God" should be even for a little while forgotten.

We rejoice to know that, in the world, the philanthropist is scattering his gifts amongst his poorer brethren; in the family circle, gifts are bestowed to gladden especially the hearts of the little ones; in the church of Christ, there is the desire to "do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the household of faith"; and God, in His infinite love and compassion, bestows on us a gift worthy of Him—

self, for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." And in this gift is included the gift of faith (Eph. ii. 8), the gift of grace (Eph. iii. 7), and "the gift of righteousness" (Rom. v. 17).

The rays of glory that shine forth from Jesus, God's Christmas Gift to the world, are more lustrous and more numerous than from any gift besides; yea, one ray of glory, or one line of beauty, is enough to occupy our thoughts, enrapture our souls, and command our adoration, not only for time, but for eternity.

Look for a moment at the glory surrounding:

I. *The sacred Gift of the Name of Jesus for all people.* A name that *emanated from heaven*; was brought by an angel to earth—in its double syllable is read, in large type, His *Divinity and Humanity*, as Jehovah, Saviour, *soul-saving and life-giving*, being the blessed results of *blood-shedding*. "In the name of Jesus," what mighty works were done! The lame were healed, the lepers cleansed, the demons were exorcised, and the devil was defeated. Then—

"Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer."

"We see Jesus"—

II. *The foreshadowed Gift from all Scripture.*

Melchisedec foreshadowed Jesus in Priesthood.	
Joseph " " " Purity.	
Abraham " " " Faithfulness.	
Moses " " " Meekness.	
Job " " " Trial.	
Joshua " " " Triumph.	
Enoch " " " Communion.	
Elijah " " " Courage.	
Isaac " " " Sacrifice.	
Jonah " " " Resurrection.	

"We see Jesus"—

III. *The suitable Gift for all classes.*

Jesus "the Holy Child" for little ones.
Jesus of "twelve years old" for boys and girls.
Jesus "the Servant" for domestics.
Jesus "the Carpenter" for workmen.
Jesus "the Brother" for the family.
Jesus "the Physician" for the sick.
Jesus "the Shepherd" for the wanderer.
Jesus the Homeless for the outcast.
Jesus "the Captain" for the warrior.
Jesus "the King" for royalty.
Jesus "the Substitute" for sinners.
Jesus "the Saviour" for all.

"We see Jesus"—

IV. *The sufficient Gift for all sinners.*

Bread for all to feed upon
Branch for all to rest upon.
Foundation for all to build upon.
Fountain for all to drink from.
Dayspring for all to look upon.
Door for all to enter.

"We see Jesus"—

V. *The sustaining Gift for all the world.*

Jesus "the Desire of all nations."
Jesus the Expectation of all the just.
Jesus the Centre of all prophecies.
Jesus the value of all ceremonies.
Jesus the Consummation of all ages.
Jesus the "Light of the Gentiles."
Jesus the Saviour of the world.

"We see Jesus"—

VI. *The satisfying Gift for all believers.*

Faith in Jesus their Strength; hope in Jesus their Sun; love in Jesus their Solace. The death of Jesus, their death to the world; the life of Jesus, their life to God. The sacrifice of Jesus, their shield in the storm; the sympathy of Jesus, their support in sorrow, and the smile of Jesus, their sunshine in service. The love of Jesus their mainspring; the laws of Jesus their rule; the liberty of Jesus their freedom; the light of Jesus their guide; and the life of Jesus their example. Walking with Jesus their power; working for Jesus their privilege; and waiting for Jesus their joy. The first coming of Jesus their redemption; the second coming of Jesus their reward. Union with Jesus their salvation; communion with Jesus their sanctification; conformity to Jesus their glorification.

May each believer manifest his gratitude to God for such a glorious, unspeakable Christmas Gift by adopting the following as one of his Christmas carols, and with heart and voice say:

"My song shall be of Jesus,
When, sitting at His feet,
I call to mind His goodness,
In meditation sweet.
"My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me,
And keeps me at His side.
"And when my soul shall enter
The gates of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there."

—Rev. H. Dening, in *Churchman's Magazine*.

AN INCIDENT.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP WILMER, of Alabama, recently issued from the press, we copy this incident worthy of republication:

"Men abound nowadays—smart, indeed, but not very profound; dealing with the surface of questions, and contemptuously ignoring all consideration of the final causes of things visible or invisible. I met with a disciple of this school some time ago. We fell into discourse upon religious matters. Urging upon him the importance of considering such matters, he made reply that he 'had no faith what-

ever in Christianity; that he had read volume upon volume on Christian Evidences, but they had made no impression on his mind,' and concluded by saying 'that it was not worth while for us to argue the matter, because there was no common ground from which we could start.' I then asked him if he did not think it the duty of every man to try to bring himself, by culture and labor, to his highest possible perfection. 'Unquestionably,' he replied. Well, then, said I, here is a ground we can both start from. Now, in the effort to bring your character to its highest perfection, must you not have some rule, standard, or model by which to work? The artist who wishes to make a representation of some object in nature, say a tree or a horse, seeks out the best specimen of such object, and aims to reproduce it, does he not? 'Yes,' he said, 'assuredly.'

"Then, I urged, in trying to bring yourself up to your highest capability, would you not, for like reason, cast about you for the best specimen of human character in order that you might have the advantage of a model to work by? You would not reasonably look within yourself for the ideal man. The effort to make yourself a better man implies that, as yet, you know yourself to be an imperfect one: in making yourself the ideal, you would be openly repeating and reproducing yourself, would you not? 'No,' he said, 'I would not look to myself, I would take some better specimen than myself for a model; I would properly take the best mortal that I knew, and try to imitate his virtues.' Now, I urged, who is the best man that ever lived? 'I know of but one man without sin,' he very reverently said. Who was that man? 'Jesus Christ.' Then does it not follow, from what you have admitted, that in the effort to perfect your character you should set before you, for imitation, Jesus Christ? 'I see no way of evading the conclusion,' he admitted, 'but I did not anticipate reaching such a conclusion.'"*—Selected.*

—
In heaven the saints will be nearer to Christ than the apostles were when they sat at the table with Him or heard Him pray. That was a nearness which might consist only in place, and their minds might still be, as they often were, far away from Him; but up in heaven we shall be one with Him in sympathy, in spirit, in conscious fellowship.—*Spurgeon, in The Parish Visitor.*

The Message of the Bells.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

"WHAT am I to do, Mis' Jones," shrieked a shrill child's voice, "if Mary Ann ain't at home?"

The speaker was a little dark-eyed girl, who might have been pretty had her face been less wan and pinched, and she was standing, basket in hand, at the foot of a narrow staircase in a poor and dingy London home.

"Bless the child! Mary Ann 'll be there sure enough. Now, you be off, an' I mind you that you don't forget them collars." This injunction was sufficient, and in another moment the child had darted down the street.

Jenny Green was the duly recognized carrier and messenger for all the inmates of Alma Grove. If her earnings were not large, they were at least enough to aid in keeping the dreaded wolf from the door of her home. And this evening, could you have looked straight into Jenny's heart, you would have seen that she was overflowing with delight at some prospect that lay before her. Mrs. Jones was always a generous patron, but this evening she had surpassed herself in liberality of promise.

"A whole sixpence!" Jenny was muttering to herself. "Whatever 'll Jack say to that?" And the smile that brightened her face was like a gleam of sunshine; but presently it died away, for Jenny was a woman of business, and as she plodded through the mire on that dull and foggy evening she slowly revolved in her mind various and important calculations. "How much sugar candy and how many brandy-balls might be purchased for sixpence?"

Oh, dear, no! Jenny was only nine years old, it is true, but circumstances had turned her into a little old woman before her time. Two years before her mother had died, a gently loving woman, who had faded slowly away, worn out by ill-usage and scanty fare, and since then Jenny had been to all intents and purposes the head of the household. Her father was her heaviest burden, a low, drinking, dissolute man, who was "off on the spree" four days out of the seven. Only two of his children now survived, and of these Jack, the youngest, was a cripple.

"Two pen'orth o' coals, ha'porth tea, ha'porth sticks, ha'porth sugar, tuppenny loaf—no, penny loaf, then we might have a treat—a herring mebbe—or would Jack like a roll and a ha'porth o' milk?" All the time she was steadily wending her way re-tion of Camden Town. A

sharp turn to the left, away from the light and glare, down a court a trifle more shabby than that from which she had started, and now the end of her journey was reached.

"Please, Mis' Jones, 7 Alma Grove, sent me for the clean clothes, 'tickerly the collars."

The old woman whom she had addressed turned round and called out the requirement to some one within the house.

"Tell her they ain't done. She must call again in twenty minutes," was the loud response; and with that slam went the door.

Jack would have to wait for his supper, Jenny reflected sadly. But father was gone off, that was a comfort, and there was certainly no likelihood of his reappearing until after Boxing Day. Jenny loitered slowly down the street, and then her eye was caught by the bright light streaming from a small iron mission-room at the farther end of the court, and crossing the road she crept softly into the tiny lobby. There was apparently some kind of service going on within; a man with a loud voice was speaking in a very earnest and simple manner. Jenny was not critical of his uneducated mode of speech, for she was at once attracted by what he had to say. He was telling the little congregation of the time when, as a boy, he had lived in a country home many miles away, where the one glory of the village was that their church bells could play three distinct hymn tunes. One of these went to the well-known words: "Hark, the herald angels sing," and every Christmas Day at six o'clock in the morning the bells would strike up the melody, and continue ringing for an hour or more.

"We did not live in the village; 'twas quite a mile away, up a steepish bit of hill, and we could hear them bells beautiful if the wind was right, and just faintly when it was contrary. My mother was a good woman, if ever there was one, and from a little chap I mind her allays dressing all in the dark on Christmas morning, and moving about so quietly 'cos she shouldn't wake up no little 'uns, and then she 'ud light the fire, and sit there hearkening till our old clock struck six. And with that she catches up her shawl and goes and opens the door, and we children, all warm tucked up in bed, would hear the bells strike up, and mother's voice singing the hymn all through.

"Mother, what for do you open the door?' I mind askin' her one day.

"'Jim,' says she, 'I want the Lord Jesus to come into my home, and that is to

show He is welcome here.' And that very morning she taught us all to say after her—

"Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head."

"Ah," she said, "children, ours is but a poor place to ask the Lord Jesus to; but there! if He didn't mind coming to a stable and a manger, He won't scorn to come to us, if so He knows we are wishful for Him."

"Mother's been dead this twenty year and more; but I think I can see her now on that Christmas Day, gatherin' us all round her, and biddin' us always to 'make room for Jesus.'"

What more the good man may have said, Jenny, indeed, did not know, for a new and delightful idea had struck upon her mind. "Why, the Lord Jesus is coming to-morrow!" Jenny did not know much about Him, it was true, but of this she was certain, for she had been told so at the Ragged School, and there, moreover, she had heard that He loved all children—the poor and the ragged just as much as the rich and respectable. So now, if she and Jack opened their door on Christmas morning, the Lord Jesus would come in even to their poor home, "and p'raps He 'ud make Jack straight!" But with that vision there came a sudden sob, for the thought touched a chord that lay deep in Jenny's heart.

There was a sudden burst of singing from within the little mission-room.

"Make room for Jesus—room, sad heart,
Beguiled and sick of sin;
Bid every alien guest depart,
Arise, and let Him in."

"Make room, sad heart, make room, make room!
Bid alien guests depart;
Oh, let the Master in, sad heart!
Arise, and let Him in."

Jenny lingered until the very end, and then she darted off just as the door was opening.

Presently, the bundle of clean clothes tucked securely under her arm, she was trudging along the street towards home. Her heart was full of thoughts too great for words: it seemed to her only a moment before she again stood in Mrs. Jones' dark passage, and received the reward for her journey. Mr. Jones was seated at the table eating his supper, and whilst his wife was rummaging in her pocket for the promised sixpence he cut off a good slice of a solid cake-pudding that stood before him.

"Hi! little 'un," he said good-naturedly, as Jenny was turning away, "here's a Christmas-box for you!" And so it came

to pass that, with hands well laden, and a heart overflowing with delight, Jenny at length reached home.

"Here, Jack, don't cry; see what I've got for you!" she cried eagerly; for as she opened the door of the one miserable room that constituted her sole idea of "home," the sound of sobs from the corner where Jack was lying struck upon her ear. "I've got heaps and heaps of things; we'll have a fire if you're very cold."

Poor Jack's sobs subsided a little. "I thought you never was coming," he said, choking down his tears, "and I was so fear'd of father."

"He won't be back," said Jenny cheerily, as she lighted a tallow candle. "Look ye here at this slice of cake; it's real good, I reckon. I tell you what; I'll wrap you up in this shawl, so as to save the firin' for to-morrow. Mis' Pratt 'ull give us a jug o' hot water, and we'll have our tea as snug as you please."

She suited the action to the word. In that cold, bare, forlorn room these two children, huddling close together and drinking the hot tea that had the rare attraction of being well sweetened, were as happy a little pair as you could find for many a mile around. Jack was devouring a bit of cake-pudding; Jenny only had a hunch of bread, but so excited was she in telling to Jack all that she had heard and seen that it had to her the finest flavor in the world.

"So you see, Jack, Jesus is quite sure to come in to-morrow, if we make room for Him. Only think! He 'ull take you up in His arms, I reckon, like that picture teacher showed us out of the big book. He looked very kind there."

Jack's lips quivered.

"P'raps He don't like little lame boys," he said, piteously. "Father says no one wants them."

"Oh, but Jesus does," replied Jenny, with great assurance. "Let me see—yes, to be sure—teacher said He could make sick people well, no matter how bad they were."

"He didn't make mother well," objected Jack.

"No—o," said Jenny, a little daunted for the moment. "But you see we hadn't asked Him here then," she explained, presently.

"Does He only come on Christmas Day?" Jack asked, his face getting a little flushed with excitement.

"Yes," Jenny said, "I s'ppose so. Jack, shall we leave Him that bit of cake? Do you want it much?" Jack's appetite was

but small, and for the present he was satisfied.

"No," he said; "but, Jenny, it is good, and you haven't tasted it at all."

"Oh, I don't mind!" Jenny replied; but she rose and put the remainder of the slice away on the shelf, as if she felt it wiser to avoid temptation.

"I wonder if there is anything we ought to do to make room," she went on, looking around in some perplexity.

In one corner was a mattress with a dingy colored blanket stretched over it. That was father's bed, and neither child would have dared to touch that. Then there was a rickety table and one chair; a box that held a few odds and ends, and the shake-down in the opposite corner on which Jack always lay. The cupboard by the fire-place, where so very seldom a fire was lighted, held everything else of property that the family could boast.

"I'll brush it up in the morning," Jenny decided; and it was not very long before both children, covered as well as might be with all the clothes they possessed, lay down to rest, and soon fell fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

GO BECAUSE IT RAINS.

"I SUPPOSE that you won't go to Sunday-school to-day, Lucy?" said a mother one stormy Sunday morning, settling herself to read.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home. How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, although she lives so far away. She told the class that one Sunday, when she went through the storm, and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she could not help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our daily school in the rainy weather, and she said while we must obey our parents, if we ask them pleasantly to let us go, they would likely be willing. Mamma, will you please let me go to-day?"

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit. Go and get ready."

But the mother no longer took any interest in her book, but said to her husband (a lawyer), who came in from the library: "Lucy is going to Sunday-school to-day because it rains, so that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. Suppose we go to church for the same reason, if not for a better?"

"Agreed. I never could plead a cause

to an empty court-room, and the minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

GIVING.

THERE is a lady in Scotland, a teacher in one of the public schools, who receives a salary of \$1,000 a year, and lives on \$500, and with the other \$500 supports a missionary substitute in China. She would like to go in person, but she cannot; so she sends a substitute.

There are three sisters in Edinburgh who said, "All of us should not stay at home. One of us can go to the foreign field, and the two who stay at home will support her." So one went as a missionary to Africa, and the two at home supported her. I think that in God's sight the three are missionaries.

Have you heard of Sarah Hosmer, of Lowell? She heard that a young man might be educated in the Nestorian Mission Seminary in Persia for fifty dollars. Working in a factory she saved this amount and sent it to Persia, and a Christian young man was educated and went out as a preacher of Christ to his own people. She thought she would like to do it again. She did it five times, and five young men whom she educated went out to preach Christ in Nestoria. When more than sixty years of age she desired to send out one more preacher, and, living in an attic, she took in sewing until she had accumulated her purpose and sent out the sixth preacher. I think she was a missionary.—*Selected*.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

It is a pleasant thing in these days of widespread unbelief in the efficacy of prayer to find that a gentleman, no less distinguished than the late Professor Agassiz, held the following very decided language as to his own personal experience concerning it. His language is:

"I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. In myself, I may say that I never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them."—*The Parish Visitor*.

Parish and Home.

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WE receive many kind words regarding PARISH AND HOME, and have every assurance that this quiet little messenger has been doing a good work in many homes. The name PARISH AND HOME is intended to express its aim to be a helper both in the united work of the parish and in the individual homes. Our pages will be kept free from controversial matter, and our one aim is to stimulate the Christian faith of the members of our own dear church. We should be glad, indeed, if our influence should extend beyond her borders; but our first care is for the sheep of the Church of England. We are glad to say that our circulation continues to grow steadily, and that the prospect for the future is bright and encouraging.

THE church's new year has come again. The season of Advent, with all its inspiring hopefulness, is again with us, to lead up at last to its culmination in the joy of Christmas day. It seems not long since the last Advent and Christmas, but another year has flown, with its joys and its sorrows, its successes and its failures. The epistle for the first Sunday reminds us that "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep . . . the night is far spent, the day is at hand." We are either becoming more wide awake in the Christian life, or we are growing drowsier. We are certainly changing. Only the dead change not. We should like to think that this Advent finds a fresher, fuller Christian life in many of our readers; that they are no longer in the drowsy darkness, but in the joyous, health-giving sunlight. "The armor of light"—it is this that we ask God to put upon us in Advent. Clouds and darkness will

at times be all about us, but the armor of light will keep the chill darkness from piercing the heart with its gloom.

WE sometimes hear fears expressed that Christmas is less observed than formerly. We doubt if this is true. Christmas remains the children's festival, the date up to which events lead and from which the new beginning dates. The old toy has seen its best days, and is almost useless. "Never mind," says mother, "Santa Claus will bring another at Christmas." Months before the festival comes the little savings are being made to buy Christmas presents. Busy little hands are working upon the gifts that bring the sweetest pleasures because they are the work of love. Even the hard business world makes its respectful bow to Christmas. Many employers give presents to their servants at Christmas, and thus share their prosperity with them without having made any bargain to do so. The domestic servants in the household are not forgotten. The postman, the boy who brings our newspaper on the cold winter mornings, the butcher's boy, the baker's boy, all claim Christmas as a privileged season. These will not let Christmas die out if they can help it. It is the season of giving, and the wiser heads will value and use it as such. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Give discreetly, give systematically, give lovingly, as God gives. And let all our giving be the mark of our own deep joy of heart that peace and good will have come to us through the birth of Jesus Christ.

LET us not be afraid to say often simply that we do not understand all of God's dealings and teachings. The bumptious and conceited will accept nothing that they cannot understand. The wise have learned a better lesson. The greater their wisdom, the keener their appreciation of the littleness of human knowledge. Our best knowledge is a consciousness of our own ignorance. God's plans are very large and our ideas are very small, and the lesser cannot contain the greater. We may know enough to lead us to simple trust in His higher wisdom. Our past experience, if it has done its true work, will have taught us this. The blow that seemed so stern and hard when it came some years ago, we can now see to have been the thing that we needed most, just because we did not then know that we needed it. And to-day what we cannot

understand we shall, as we ripen, see to have been sent to us by a wisdom higher than our own; and so as our knowledge grows, our trust should grow. Tenderly, yet firmly, God is leading us. He is too loving not to be stern sometimes. Let us be still, and wait and watch. A fruit more perfect than we could plan is ripening under His tender care.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE once said to a company of young clergymen, "Your sermons will be worth just what they cost." He meant that the teaching must express the result of toil, effort, even suffering, and that our most precious lessons are to be learned in our very conflicts and difficulties. Lessing puts this in a striking way: "Not the truth of which any one is or supposes himself to be possessed, but the upright endeavor he has made to arrive at truth makes the worth of the man. For not by the possession, but by the investigation of the truth are his powers expanded, and therein alone consists his ever-growing perfection. If God held all truth shut in His right hand, and in His left hand nothing but the ever-restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of forever and ever erring, and should say to me, 'Choose,' I should humbly bow to his left hand and say, 'Father, give. Pure truth is for Thee alone.'"

CHRIST is something more than an inspiring memory. If we believe that

"Far hence he lies

In the lone Syrian town,

And on his grave, with shining eyes,

The Syrian stars look down,"

we hold that He, like other men, has lived and died, leaving only a sweet reminiscence of a holy life. But for the Christian, Jesus is the power of God for lifting up mankind. Struck with His works, the Jews said, with amazement, "This is in truth the Saviour of the world." He humbles, He rebukes, He chastens, but, above all, He saves. He brings us low to lift us up. He shows us our weakness that we may trust in His strength, and see that He is not dead, but risen. The Syrian land never held His decaying bones. For a night or two the stars looked upon His grave, and then He rose to continue His work of saving mankind. Only when we trust Him as our power over sin have we learned what He really is.

GOD is ready to show every child of His the path of duty; but God does not show the path of duty to every child of His in the same way. Sometimes it is by means of

the Bible teachings, sometimes it is by means of the counsel of others, sometimes it is by means of His providences, that God points out the course to be pursued in an emergency. But it is for the individual himself to learn for himself the lesson which God teaches him. No one of us can tell another just how God will make His truth known to that soul. The soul must look to God for this knowledge, and must look in unwavering trust, assured that the needed guidance will be granted, and accepting it when it comes.—S.S. Times.

UNBELIEF.

LORD, help thou me ! Oh, haste to my relief !
Touch Thou mine eyes, sin-blind, that I may see
The beauty of Thy face ; Lord, show Thou me
The way of Truth. Against the storm-swept reef
My ship so frail must surely come to grief
Without Thy guiding hand, Star of the sea ;
With faith in Thee, my Pilot Thou shalt be.
Lord, I believe ; help Thou m'ine unbelief !
The road I tread is long—the path is steep—
I blindly grope, as one bereft of sight,
I stumble, crying, " Lord, is there no light—
No hope beyond ? " Out of the lowest deep
I call : " Lord, I believe : O help Thou me ! "
The clouds part, and the Cross of Christ I see.
—Henry Coyle.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(DECEMBER 26TH.)

IN the collect before us we have the first martyr praying to the Lord Jesus for his murderers, teaching us by his example that we, too, should "love and bless our persecutors."

Let us practise the lesson we here learn. It is an unspeakable privilege that we are invited and encouraged to come straight to the Lord Jesus, especially in those times of trouble when His sympathy is so helpful to the soul. No doubt when we come to the Father, relying upon His name and mediation, our prayers are no less acceptable and sure of an answer of peace, and usually it is this form of prayer which is set before us in the Word ; but when the soul is sore tempted, when pain and suffering rack the body, when a heavy burden of grief weighs upon the spirit, we delight to hear the voice that calls us to the feet of the loving Saviour, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who mercifully invites us, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The prayer of the collect refers to those who suffer here upon earth for the testimony of Christ's truth. Stephen, as we know, suffered for this, even unto a cruel death. This "cross" has not ceased, and

never will. Those who, by a holy life and a bold witness for the truth as it is in Jesus, hold up the banner of the Gospel will find from time to time many opposers and many enemies.

"The whole counsel of God" is not palatable to the carnal mind. The exceeding sinfulness of sin and the certainty of the divine judgment upon it, the absolute necessity of a new birth unto righteousness, and of old habits and wrongdoing being utterly cast off, the call to men to become humble and contrite before God, the worthlessness of our works to obtain pardon, the command that men must live godly, righteous, and sober lives, and the doctrine of salvation through the cross—these things are not pleasant to those who are yet in the flesh, and to insist upon them often brings the world's hatred and disfavor.

But it is a blessed proof of the reality of our hope when, for Christ's sake, we are willing to bear scorn and ridicule. Such are bidden by Christ to rejoice and be exceeding glad, for "great is their reward in heaven."

We are told of Stephen that he was full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.

Here was the secret of his boldness and courage, of his unflinching testimony against the obduracy and unbelief of those who disputed with him, and of the marvellous grace which enabled him to love and bless his persecutors. We must plead for the same power in the Holy Ghost. Bold and able witnesses for God's truth are always needed, and only by the Holy Spirit can they be raised up. Let our prayers be constantly offered up for this. "Come, blessed Spirit, fill all our hearts with Thy presence ! Make us strong and bold to speak Thy truth ! Raise up amongst us a goodly band of faithful men who shall everywhere witness for Thy name and Thy truth !"

Then we are told that Stephen looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

What a glorious encouragement in his hour of deepest need ! If soon he would have done with earth, a better world was open to his vision. If soon, wounded and bruised, his body would be carried to its resting-place, his spirit would be borne upward to the place whither Christ had gone before.

We, too, "by faith may look up steadfastly into heaven, and behold the glory that shall be revealed." Mark how St. Paul did this in a passage clearly referred

to in the collect : "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18).

Put together the whole sufferings and sorrows of a life such as that of Paul in the one scale and the future glory in the other, and what is the comparison ? Only as the dust in the balance beside the eternal weight of glory prepared for those who follow the Lord Jesus.

But Stephen saw more than this. He saw "Jesus standing at the right hand of God." What a forcible explanation of this is given in our collect : "O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God to succor all those who suffer for thee" ! Yes, truly blessed is that glorious Helper and Advocate, who thus stands up ready to shield, to defend, to plead for each of His own ! Believe it, Christian, both in the lesser and greater trials that befall you in your service for Christ. It may be a heavy blow, it may be a sarcastic word, it may be a chilling look ; but look up and see Jesus ready to succor and aid you, never leaving nor forsaking you, but in marvellous tenderness caring for you and delivering you in due season. It was in the strength of this divine assistance that Stephen offered to the Lord Jesus this earnest prayer.

And here it is most interesting to trace the resemblance of his prayer to that of the Lord Jesus. We remember how Christ, when nailed to the cross, exclaimed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then, shortly before His death, He yielded up His spirit, saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In Stephen's case we have the very same petitions. Only as Christ prayed to the Father, Stephen prays to Jesus. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." "And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

His work was done. Through his prayer another was to be raised up who should more than fill his place. And by his closing words he taught the whole church the mighty power of divine grace, and left such a commentary on the Saviour's words as should enforce them till the end of time : "I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."—Rev. G. Everard, M.A., in Home Words.

TRUE dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.
—Massinger.

OBEDIENCE A PRIME CONDITION OF BLESSING.

WE need to remind ourselves that we are conducting a grand campaign. We are under orders—orders that are peremptory and admit of neither excuse, debate, nor delay. We have no option. As has been well said:

"We cannot plead disabilities or difficulties. Our great Commander says: 'Go ye! preach My Gospel to every creature'; and go we must. Costs are nothing; obstacles nothing; possible non-success or defeat nothing. 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Though on every side there towered Chinese walls mountains high, though money must needs be poured out by millions; and ay, though on this side were death belts like those of Africa, and on that the fiercest savages and cannibals of the Fiji Islands, it would not matter. The word of command rings like a bugle blast, and we must obey or be false to our sacramental vows.

"It would do the churches of our day good to feel the sharp grip of this clear, unquestioned necessity. No word is more needed in these times of lax obligation, and lax conscience, and lax morality than the old word—duty. A pilgrimage under the brow of the old mount that flamed and thundered, and out of the splendors that enshrined Jehovah when He sent forth the Tables of the Law, would help not a few of God's people to remember that obedience to God's commands is now, as ever, a prime condition of His blessing. Red Seas and Amalekites will evermore give way when the chosen people promptly and loyally follow the pillar of cloud and of fire."—*Spirit of Missions*.

BISHOP WESTCOTT AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, presided at the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in Durham. We cull a few of the remarks made by him in his opening address:

"When I see the results (of missionary work) which have been produced, I am startled, touched, humbled, by the wholly disproportionate magnitude of what has been done when compared with the means which have been used to effect it. I seem to feel that I am in the presence of a power far greater and far higher than those human agents whose work I can trace. We must remember that the commission which bids us labor in the mission field is a commis-

sion to the whole Christian church as a church. Missionary work is not a voluntary supererogatory work of a few devoted souls. It is a charge which is given to all as Christians. The first disciple, let us rejoice to remember the fact, was the first missionary.

"I can never be wearied in saying that my hope, in a large measure, lies there, far away. I believe it is from the mission field that we shall gain that assurance of victorious power of the Gospel which we often sorely need, and I believe it is from the mission field that God will give us that great blessing for which we all earnestly pray—of a sense of spiritual union in Christ."—*C.M.S. Intelligencer*.

BY ME: IN ME.

WHATEVER Thy will may be,
Lord, let it be done by me,
O give me the joyful strength
That fails not for journey's length;
And the swift, obedient feet
That hasten their tasks to meet;
And the hands that, day by day,
Delight in their work away;
And the voice that is true to raise
The burden of prayer and praise;
And the eyes that are swift to see,
Because they are touched of Thee;
And the heart of love to share
Thy little ones' joy and care:
Whatever Thy will may be,
Lord, let it be done by me!

Whatever Thy will may be,
Lord, let it be done in me;
For now Thou hast laid me low
In the mystery of woe;
I am shut from speech and song,
I am weak who was so strong,
And my soul is known of Thee
In her great adversity.
So I clasp Thy feet, and say,
"Thou hast given and taken away,
And Thy work will be fulfilled,
Though my part be marred or skilled."
I know that I serve Thee so
In lying all meek and low;
I know Thou wilt deeply bless
In trusting and quietness;
And I cry through the gracious gloom
Of the fig-tree's perished bloom:
Whatever Thy will may be,
Lord, let it be done in me!

—*Emily H. Hickey, in Day of Rest.*

THE LAMB OF GOD.

THE Baptist was the divinely appointed forerunner of Christ. As such, he announced himself. To him God had given a comparatively clear view of the work for which Christ had come into the world. Hence there is no warrant for the pretended surprise of Strauss and others that the harbinger of Christ should have such knowledge of the atonement. As the herald of the Redeemer, he knew that it

was to take away the sin of the world that the Son of man came to earth. He was familiar with the sacrificial rites of the Levitical system. The lamb slain at the altars of the temple he knew to be typical of this Lamb now standing before him. It was as if the Baptist had said, "The lambs offered on your altars atone for ceremonial offences of the Jews, but cannot cleanse the guilty conscience and give freedom from the power of sin. But this Lamb, which God has prepared by the efficacy of His shed blood, will cleanse not only the hearts of all Israel, but all the world beside." Therefore it was not by the name of Prince or King, that John introduced Christ to the multitude on the banks of the Jordan, but as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." To John it meant precisely what it meant to Isaiah, who prophesied of the Lamb led to the slaughter, who was wounded for our transgressions, and who bore the sins of many.—*Rev. George E. Hite.*

A LOVING WORD.

It is well for us sometimes to stop and quietly think of the meaning and derivation of the words we use. The knowledge thus gained gives force to our speech. Have you ever thought of the word "tribulation"? Originally, this word was "tribulum," the threshing machine or harrow used by the Roman husbandman. With it he separated the husks from the corn. In the old Roman days it had no other meaning than this. Christianity gave its life to it. An early Christian writer saw the likeness of the physical process to the spiritual one, and made use of it. He must have experienced how distress and sorrow separate from us what is light and trifling, leaving the good and strong behind.

In the seventeenth century, George Withers embodied this thought in verse:

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grain in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get."

This word "tribulation," then, is a little sermon on the analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds. Henry Drummond has, in our day, told us burning truths of the similar laws governing these apparent divergent fields. This old Latin writer also saw this truth, and gave us a word which thrills with it.

Yes, we need the chaff taken from about our souls, that the wheat may be gathered into the heavenly garner. Only through suffering can this be done. Yet we must "count it all joy" that the glorious harvest may be gathered in. The "tribulation" is doing its work in many of our souls. We may have to come through "much tribulation" before our robes are made white, but the dear Saviour has said: "Be of good comfort: I have overcome the world."

Let us, then, when we are in distress, lift up our hearts to God in the prayer: "In all time of our tribulation, Good Lord, deliver us!" And strength will come to enable us to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer. Sweetly from those who have patiently borne their sorrows comes the testimony to us: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole."—*The Silver Cross.*

THE ABIDING ONE.

(For the departing year.)

"God is the rock of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Ps. xliii. 26.

SOME hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well known the passers to and fro;
Some like a busy city's market place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life, and nearing now its close;

At first, the forms fantasies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—Ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked

Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step,
Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mocked
My listening ear. But, oh! there came *one* step,
So soft and slow, which said, "'I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,
Amid this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved—
Love past my craving—love that died for me;
He took my hand, and, in its gentle strength,
I learnt the joy of leaning utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly—
(Trust oft betrayed, but now misplaced no more);

My Rock! my Rock! my wave-besieged Rock,
Safe in Thy clefts I rest for evermore.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts
Can ne'er be rocks; they are but potter's clay;
The Lord our God, HE only is a Rock!

Who trusts in Him may trust in Him for aye.
Still do the countless footsteps come and go;
Still with a sigh the echoes die away;
But One abides, and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty, night and day.

—Anon

REASONING POWER OF ANTS.

ONE morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly over the centre of the table, and, to try their ingenuity, the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to the hook with a cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch.

First the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away, and it was supposed that they had given up in despair. Within a surprisingly short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.—*Kind Words.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A CRY OF TRUST.

JESUS, sole refuge in distress,
Sure hope of every sin-sick soul,
For healing touch to Thee we come:
Lord, make us whole.

Tossed on the waves of this rough sea,
With hidden rocks and coming night,
Oh, Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Be Thou our light.

Soldiers upon Thy field we stand,
The foe is strong, we faint in fight;
Put forth for Thy conquering arm,
Be Thou our might.

And when we meet our latest foe,
When Death and we hold mortal strife,
Oh, Stronger than the strong, prevail,
Be Thou our life.

—MINNIE RITCHIE MUIR.

LIGHT.

"THE path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Thomas Brookes, the old Puritan divine, says: "If you only have candle light, bless God for it, and He will give you starlight. When you have got starlight, praise God for it, and He will give you moonlight; rejoice in it, and He will give you sunlight. And when you have got sunlight, praise Him still more, and He will make the light of your sun as the light of seven days, for the Lord Himself shall be the light of your spirit."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE BEAUTY OF QUIET LIVES.

THERE are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth which have no name among men, whose work no pen ever records, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God. They make no noise in the world, but it needs no noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer, and life they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns or worlds! So Christ has many earthly servants who work so quietly that they are never known among men as workers whom He writes down among His noblest ministers. They do no great things; but they are blessings, oftentimes, perhaps, unconsciously, wherever they go.—*Exchange.*

CASTE IN RELIGION.

RUTTONJI NOWROJI gave a magnificent reply to a man who asked him to establish two missions; one for the higher classes, and the other for the lower. He says:

"I replied I would do so without hesitation if he, on his part, could prevail upon God to set two suns in the firmament; one for the higher, and the other for the lower classes. The reply had its desired effect upon the man. Turning to his neighbors he said, 'If God treats all the children of men alike, who am I that I should ask His servant to make a difference between man and man?' Both caste and idolatry are doomed, and must fall before the Gospel of Christ."

YOU DON'T PRAY.

A CHRISTIAN brother who had fallen into darkness and discouragement was staying at the same house with Dr. Finney one night. He was lamenting his condition, and Dr. Finney, after listening to his narrative, turned to him with his peculiar, earnest look, and, with a voice that sent a thrill through his soul, said: "You don't pray! that is what's the matter with you. Pray; pray four times as much as ever you did in your life, and you will come out."

He immediately went down to the parlor, and, taking a Bible, he made a serious business of it, stirring up his soul to God as did Daniel, and thus he spent the night. It was not in vain. As the morning dawned, he felt the light of the Sun of

K righteousness shine upon his soul. His captivity was broken, and ever since he has felt that the greatest difficulty in the way of men being emancipated from their bondage is that they "don't pray." "Pray without ceasing." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*Jackson Church News.*

MARGARET FULLER, recording in her journal the event of her child's birth, wrote: "I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me a sinner!" God be merciful, indeed, to any one who attempts to train a child—a being who shall live forever; a being who may one day be an angel or a demon!

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Dec. 3. Matt. 25: 31-46. Isa. 1: 1-21.
 " 10. Peter 1: 1-12. Isa. 11: 1-11.
 " 17. Rev. 1: 9-20. St. Matt. 11: 2-11.
 " 24. Matt. 2: 1-11. St. Luke 2: 1-15.
 " 31. Titus 2: 11-14. St. Luke 2: 15-22.
 1 John 4: 1-8.

THE COLT THAT JESUS RODE.

ONE day I was riding over the Mount of Olives on my way from Bethany to Jerusalem. Our guide pointed to a spot and said: "This is Bethpage, the place where the colt that Jesus rode was tied." You know He sent two of His disciples ahead of Him and told them that they would find this colt; that they must loose him and bring him back with them; that if any one asked why they did this, they must answer, "The Master hath need of him." Jesus wanted him to ride into the city on the day of His triumphal entry. Jesus had not only need of the colt, but He has need of all the children, too.

If you will think awhile, I will give you some reasons why He wanted a colt instead of an old horse, and some reasons why He wants children to serve Him while they are children and before they get to be grown people.

One reason He wanted this colt must have been that it had not grown old enough to learn the ways that might have been taught him by others. Some people spoil horses by not handling them right, and when they are grown they will kick out of the harness or run away or do some other bad thing. I went to a Kentucky stock farm once, and the owner was showing me his beautiful colts. He told me they had been breaking them that morning.

"Why," I said, "we never break colts in Virginia until they are two or three years old, and these do not seem to be a year old." "That's the reason," he replied "that you have wild horses. You must not wait until they are grown; if you do, they will learn bad tricks. Besides, they should be handled by very careful persons, or they will be ruined in the raising."

Jesus wants the little ones to raise them Himself, and He wants them while they are young because they are more easily controlled and will never forget their earliest impressions. The man told me that if you will handle a colt when he is six months old, he will always remember it. And so it is with people; they remember what happens in their childhood, but often forget what occurs in later years.

My father owned a beautiful blooded colt once, and did not try to have her broken until she was five years old; then she came near breaking the necks of two or three who tried to ride on her back. So, you see, the Master must have wanted this colt while he was young, and upon whose back man never sat, in order that He might give the very first instructions according to His own perfect judgment.

I think another reason why He wanted the unbroken colt was because His ways are not our ways; it had been predicted in the Scriptures He would do this, and He rarely ever works according to the thoughts and ways of man. You or I would have sent for a nice, gentle horse, one that was not afraid of car or city sights or anything of that kind, but the Lord did not care for that.

Another thing: He wanted to bring that colt into service while it was young and had never done anything in its life; but He started it into a useful life by making him serve Him. If you will only hear His call, He will begin a life of service with you that will be a blessing to your own soul and to every one else.

Let me give you one more reason, and that is, He wanted to take the colt into Jerusalem. That is exactly what He will do with you and me if we will only serve Him and go the way He directs. After a life of usefulness here He will finally take us into that beautiful city, so bright, so full of happiness, where no sin or sorrow ever comes. Yes, my little friend, the Master has need of you; give yourself to Him today, and all your days hereafter will be brighter and happier and better, and the last day the brightest and best of all; for it will be the day of your departure to be with Him forever.

There was a little girl who came into a train one day, and when the conductor asked her for her ticket she said she did not have any, but she was going to heaven, and asked him if his train went to heaven. He told her it did not; only ran along on the earth. She commenced to cry, and said her mamma had gone to heaven and told her she could come, and she was so tired waiting. The conductor thought he would pacify her, and told the child he had a little girl in heaven just about her size, named Mamie.

"Oh," she said, "I will see your little Mamie and tell her I met her papa, and she will ask me how long before he will come; what must I tell her?"

The man was not a Christian, but had a tender heart. Bending over her, he said: "Never mind, my child, it does not matter about that."

"Yes, it does," she said; "please, sir, tell me, because little Mamie will be so sad if I cannot tell her you are coming."

The passengers in the train were looking on and listening to this interesting conversation, and wondering how it would end. Suddenly the strong man kissed the lips of the little child and said: "If you see my child before I do, tell her from this hour her papa is on his way to heaven."

May each one whose dear little eyes shall read this story give themselves to Jesus, and may you and I meet in that beautiful city whose builder and maker is God!—*Dr. H. M. Wharton, in Kind Words.*

THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas, in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After a while an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in, without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome this little supper

was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches; a true Christmas carol!—*Ex. change.*

GIVING.

"HAVE you dined it, Susie?" asked Harriet Southgate of her playmate, Susie Merryweather. "Why, what do you mean?" was the reply. "I mean did you dine it?" "Dime what?" "Why, the dollar you got this morning." "I really don't know what you mean yet." "Don't you 'dime' things? At our house we girls dime every dollar we get." "Well, I must live and learn; I never yet heard of dincing things; do you have to?" "No, dear; we like to, we love to." "But what is it?" "Well, to cut the matter short, it is putting aside a dime out of every dollar for religious uses; some call it tithing, that means tenthing, and so at our house we girls have all got to calling it dimeing." "And what, pray, are 'religious uses'?" "Well, anything in the church way, missions, mite boxes, and so on." "Dear me, you 'Piscopalians are the strangest sort of people; I believe you believe in system for everything; why is it?" "Well, I suppose, because anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and that the best way to do a thing well is to do it by some rule or system." "And they can give a reason to 'every one that asketh' for the way they have for things, too; I never did see such people for giving, too." "Yes, we don't 'have' to, as I said, we love to; now, if only every one dined every dollar, what would follow?" "Why, the churches would all be too rich, and put on airs and all that." "Never fear, but all the 'missions' would be cared for, and not have to beg." "Ten cents out of every dollar seems a good deal, Hattie." "Their whole lives seem a good deal, too, for the missionaries to give, does it not?" "Certainly, only I never heard of all this dimeing before." "Never too late to mend, never too late

to begin, never too late to 'dime.'" "I will think it over; who else ever dined?" "Why, ever, the Jew." "Then we Christians ought to dime, surely, for we have much more than they had to be thankful for." And the two girls, after more talk, agreed to "dime," and dime they did; every dollar paid its tribute, and neither ever regretted it.—*Selected.*

THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"How Christmas-y everything acts!" said Polly.

"Well, don't you want it to?" asked Jim. "Because I'll just stop getting you any more presents if that's the way you feel about it!"

He stood holding the door about three inches open, just enough so that Polly could see a heap of brown paper on the floor, and smell a nice cheerful smell of checkerberry lozenges somewhere inside that room.

Jim was so tall that Polly really couldn't look over his shoulder to see any more.

"Oh, you know I think it's great fun!" said Polly, "only I want to come in and get a spool of silk." Jim looked mischievous.

"I'll get it for you! I suppose you want the yellow silk, don't you, so's you can work on that pincushion for my room; yellow's my color, you know."

"Jim! No, I don't. I want two spools of white silk out of the drawer to work on"—she lowered her voice to a gentle Christmas pitch—"to work on mother's pretty apron, you know. Won't she be surprised? I wish Christmas-y surprises could keep up all the year round."

Jim went to the work-table and brought her out the two spools of white silk.

"So I say," he began, "and I don't know why they can't. I've been thinking about that." He went on talking quickly, as he stood holding the door four inches open. "I just happened to think of that ink bottle I gave father last Christmas. I s'pose he's asked me forty times if I'd put some more ink into it when he was busy writing. I might have made a regular Christmas-y surprise for him keeping that filled for him before he had time to ask me."

"Well," said Polly, "there's that sofa cushion I made for mother last year, and I know it ought to be all taken apart and washed, and it would look lovely, and mother'd take twice as much comfort in it—almost like a new present."

"Well, there's no end to it when you once begin to think," said Jim. "I tell

you I thought up about sixty dozen things that I might have done this year to make my Christmas presents hold out more Christmas-y. And, then, if everybody would take half the interest in laughing and being generally jolly and neighborly all the year round! I say, why can't we try it? Now the thing I've got for you—"

"Oh, keep right on, Jim!" cried Polly. "No! You run away!" said Jim, merrily. And he shut the door.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter, walking beside him, said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired the father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.—*Selected.*

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Some of the S. S. scholars and young people, under the direction of Misses Deacon and Williams, are sending a bale of useful garments, etc., together with Christmas toys, to the Black-foot Indians near Calgary, in the Rev. Mr. Tim's mission. May it help to make their Christmas a happy one.

The church shed at Cameron is a commodious, substantial building, and a great convenience this winter weather. Some of the members there gave a week or two of work in building in addition to a cash donation. How few of us give a fortnight's work to God's cause in the year.

We clip the following from the Halifax Evening Mail of Tuesday, Nov. 21st: Rev. Mr. Perry, of Ontario, the new assistant minister of St. Paul's, officiated in that church for the first time on Sunday morning last, and again in the evening. In the afternoon he opened a Bible class for men, which will be held every Sunday at 4 p. m. in Argyle hall. Those assembled on Sunday afternoon, some twenty or thirty, met the rev. gentleman on the threshold, and presented him with an address of welcome, expressive of their great pleasure and gratification in the work on which he had entered and of their sympathy and determina-

tion to aid and cheer him in his labors. . . . Last evening the Young People's Society in connection with the church entertained Mr. Perry and the members of the congregation at a social in Argyle hall. At the hour of opening the large room was crowded, and the buzz of voices, and anon the ring of a merry laugh, showed that the formal ceremony of "introductions" had ceased to be necessary among Rev. Mr. Hague's parishioners. After refreshments and an interesting programme, Mr. Blackadar, churchwarden, welcomed the new curate and spoke of the people's duty in aiding their clergy. Mr. Hague then introduced Mr. Perry, who briefly addressed the audience, expressed his pleasure at being present at such a gathering and at the kindness that he had experienced. He craved the indulgence of the people for any shortcomings that might mark his intercourse with them, as he realized that the social life of the west, from whence he came, was somewhat different from the east. He spoke eloquently of historic St. Paul's, of illustrious names in colonial history that figured on its walls, and of the feeling of veneration it engendered when he entered its sacred halls. . . . The rector followed, touching on some church matters in connection with his charge. After singing and prayer the meeting was dismissed with the benediction.

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