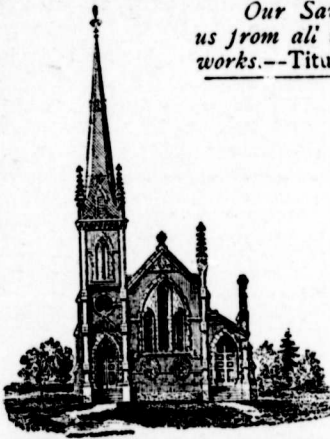


*Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*—Titus 1: 14.



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 73.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,  
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

*Sidesmen.*

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYTLER,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton,*

A. HOADLEY.

*Sunday Services.*—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m.

*Week Night Service.*—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p.m.

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

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

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

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

*W.A.* meets the third Thursday in each month at 4 p.m.

*Gleaner's Union* meets the first Wednesday in each month.

The Rev. Dyson Hague, M. A., has kindly consented to be the preacher at the anniversary services at St. Paul's on November 28th. May his words be blessed to many hearts.

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

FLAVELLE.—Marjorie Isabel, daughter of William Alexander and Jennie Flavelle, born 31st May, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 17th October, 1897.

BARBER.—John Carew, son of Hiram and Minnie Barber, born 7th Jan., 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 17th Oct. 1897.

#### Burials.

CHAMBERLIN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 2nd Oct., 1897, Dorothy McArthur Chamberlin, in her 27th year.

PERKINS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 24th Oct., 1897, Joseph L. Perkins, in his 51st year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Knight, treasurer for the Lindsay branch of the Bible Society, reports about \$75 as raised here for the work last year.

At the October meeting of the C. E. T. S., on the 24th, there was a good attendance. Miss Lillian Burt gave a recitation and Miss Burnham sang, while Mr. McFarlane gave an instructive temperance address and one new member was added to the roll.

The Rev. Percy R. Soanes, B. A., of Halifax, had offered himself and been accepted as a foreign missionary, and the C. C. M. A. were expecting to send him: to Japan this autumn to reinforce the workers there. The medical examination as to physical fitness is a strict one, and Dr. Grassett said he was not robust and strong enough to face the strain that might be put upon him, and refused to pass him. It is a great thing to be willing to obey the Master's call, and we congratulate Mr. Soanes on having offered, and now that the way is shut, we trust he may be blessed in many years of active work in the home vineyard.

We need a large amount to pay the printers before the close of the year, so kindly hand your subscription for PARISH AND HOME to Miss Goodwin, Kent-st.

The Bishop of Toronto confirmed 12 persons at St. George's, Cameron, on Nov. 4th, and 21 at Haliburton the day before. May they all be zealous and active children of the King.

The Rev. S. H. Gould, M. D., B. A., who spent the Christmas holiday of 1892 assisting in Lindsay, has been sent by the Canadian Church Missionary Association as a medical missionary to Palestine.

During the year ending May 31st, 1897, the Church Missionary Society sent out 101 European Missionaries—24 to Africa, 28 to India, 24 to China and 7 to Japan, 6 to our own North-West and the balance to Palestine and Persia.

The Offertory on Nov. 28th, in St. Paul's, will be for the reduction of the Church debt; one family has offered to give dollar for dollar (to the amount of \$300) to that put on by the congregation. We are sure that there will be a number of self-denying gifts. Let many pray that God may move our hearts to give liberally and so largely reduce the debt.

The Missionary Cantata, "Open Doors," given at Reboro early in October, was a great success. The open doors for Mission work, and the earnest call to enter, were strongly brought before us by the young people, and a deep sense of responsibility seemed to penetrate the large meeting as the speakers pressed home the Master's command, and his people's duty and privilege. There was eleven dollars of a collection for Missionary work, and after the meeting the Reboro friends kindly entertained the visitors from Lindsay at a nice little supper, and so drew us all nearer together as co-workers in a great cause.

We regret very much to lose Mr. O'Malley from this parish, he having accepted the curacy of St. Jude's Church, Montreal. During the year and a half that he has been in Lindsay he has won his way to the hearts of many of the people both in town and county, and we believe he has done good work for the Master. The improvements at St. George's Church, Cameron, will be a lasting monument of his work and energy while here. We are convinced that a longer stay of our young men with us would be beneficial to the work here, but on the other hand are sure that Mr. O'Malley realizes that he is being led of God to Montreal. We join with many of these in praying that God's richest blessings may follow him.

The Archdiaconal Conference to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, 16th and 17th Nov., promises to be very interesting, and largely attended by delegates. We are sure many of our own churchpeople will be present and take part in the discussions. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, M. A., will be chairman. At 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, there will be morning service in St. Paul's, and a devotional address by Rev. F. H. DuVernet, B. D., Toronto; we bespeak a large attendance. The archdeacon's address will be given in the school room at 11.15, then the subject of "The Division of the Diocese," will be discussed, later "The Work of the Layman in the Church," Christian Union," etc. An excellent program has been prepared. On Tuesday evening the Archdeacon will be the preacher at the service, and on Wednesday evening the Rev. F. H. Duvernet and Rural Dean Allen, will speak on North-West and Diocesan Missions.

We regret to hear of the dangerous illness of Archbishop Machray, of Rupertsland, in London, England.

The Annual Meeting of the Lindsay Branch Bible Society is arranged for Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st.

Mr. Herbert Beall, who has gone to Toronto for a time, will be missed from St. Paul's Church choir and the Bible Class.

Over six million copies of the word, in whole or in part, are published each year. and yet what are they for the 1,300 millions of the world.

The Rev. Wilson McCann, of Omeme, is to be the preacher at the 5th anniversary of the opening of St. John's Church, Dunsford, on Nov. 9th.

There will be service on Thanksgiving Day in St. Paul's at 11 a.m., and Reboro at 3 p.m., offertory for diocesan missions. We have much to be thankful for.

The number of C. M. S. Missionaries on the list on June 1st was 1,013. Let us thank God and pray and work until heralds bring the good news of the gospel to every land.

Great Britain and the colonies raised over ten million dollars for the Indian Famine Fund. Would any nation have done this without the teaching of Christ, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive?"

The Rev. Bernard Bryan, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, addressed meetings on behalf of the Bible Society during October, at Glenarm, Fenelon Falls, Bobcaygeon, Dunsford, Cambray, Oakwood, Little Britain, Sonya and Valentia, and we are sure a deeper interest in the work of scattering the word of God has been stirred up.

Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Goldie, Mrs. H. McLaughlin and Miss Holtorf, with Revs. C. H. Marsh, H. R. O'Malley and Mr. Leigh Knight, were the Lindsay representatives at the annual meeting of the Gleaner's Union in Toronto. The Union is growing in Canada, some 13 new branches having been started during the year and 600 members added. Still how great the need of study and prayer for Missions.

Mr. John Thirkell, of Bond-st., celebrated his ninety-third birthday in October, and we extend him our congratulations. In looking over the early minutes of meetings in connection with the work of the Church of England in this town, we find that at a meeting held in the Town Hall, Lindsay, on 23rd July, 1855, for the purpose of obtaining a clergyman for the Township of Ops, it was "Proposed by Mr. Thirkell, seconded by Mr. Roche, that Dr. Fidler act as chairman.—Carried. Then it was "moved by J. H. Coulter, seconded by Mr. Thirkell, that Mr. Lewis, of Franktown, be written to, to apply to the Bishop for the appointment of a clergyman for the Township of Ops, and that he be guaranteed the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum.—Carried. At this, the first vestry meeting, we believe, of our congregation in Lindsay, Mr. T. C. Patrick, father of our present efficient vestry clerk, acted as secretary, and Mr. Wm. Grace is the only name mentioned who is still taking an active part in the work of St. Paul's congregation. On Easter Monday, 1856, the Rev. John Hickey having been appointed to this parish, and being in the chair at the Vestry Meeting, Messrs. G. M. Roche, John Thirkell and Dr. Fidler were appointed delegates to the Synod. On 9th April, 1860, the Rev. John Vickers being incumbent, and old St. Paul's church having taken the place of the Town Hall as the place of worship. Mr. Thirkell and Mr. Grace were appointed churchwardens, while in 1862 we find Mr. Martin Dunsford and Mr. David Browne occupying those high and honorable positions.

# Parish and Home.

Vol. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 84.

## CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1—**All Saints' Day.**—*Morning*—Wisd. iii. to v. 10; Heb. xi., v. 33 to xii., v. 7. *Evening*—Wisd. v. to v. 17; Rev. xix. to v. 17.
- 7—**21st Sunday aft'r Trinity.**—*Morning*—Daniel iii.; Philemon. *Evening*—Daniel iv. or v.; Luke xxiii., v. 50 xxiv., v. 13.
- 14—**22nd Sunday after Trinity.**—*Morning*—Daniel vi.; Heb. viii. *Evening*—Daniel vii., v. 9, or xii.; John iv. to v. 31.
- 21—**23rd Sunday after Trinity.**—*Morning*—Ecdes. xi. and xii.; Heb. xiii. *Evening*—Hag. ii. to v. 10, or Mal. iii. and iv.; John vii. to v. 25.
- 28—**1st Sunday in Advent.**—*Morning*—Isaiah i.; i. Peter i., v. 22 to ii., v. 11. *Evening*—Isaiah ii., or iv., v. 2; John ii. to v. 17.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. & M.**—*Morning*—Isaiah liv.; John i., v. 35 to 43. *Evening*—Isaiah lxx. to v. 17; John xii., v. 20 to 42.

## HEART-BALM.

Tell me about the Master !

I am weary and worn to-night,  
The day lies behind me in shadow,  
And only the evening is light !  
Light with a radiant glory  
That lingers about the west ;  
My poor heart is weary, weary,  
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master !

Of the hills He in loneliness trod,  
When the tears and the blood of His anguish  
Dropped down on Judea's sod,  
For to me life's seventy mile-stones  
But a sorrowful journey mark ;  
Rough lies the hill country before me,  
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master !

Of the wrongs He freely forgave ;  
Of His love and tender compassion,  
Of His love that was mighty to save ;  
For my heart is weary, weary,  
Of the woes and temptations of life,  
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,  
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation befall,  
The infinite Master has suffered,  
And knoweth and pitieth all.  
So tell me the sweet old story  
That falls on each wound like a balm.  
And my heart that was bruised and broken  
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.  
—Selected.

IN the Church of England we keep in memory the lives and some of the brave deeds done by martyrs and saints of old. Of All Saints' Day, November 1st, it has been well said : " Its great

idea is the unity of Christians of all ages, countries and races in Christ, and the perfection of that unity in the bliss of heaven." This is beautifully brought out in the words of the collect for the day : " O Almighty God, who has knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord : grant us grace so to follow the blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

We do not pray to the saints, nor ask the departed ones to intercede for us, for neither of these things are we taught to do in God's holy word. But we call to mind the glorious victories wrought in olden times, through the grace of God, by mortals like ourselves, and we seek strength from the same source to follow in their steps.

How our hearts thrill within us as we read of those " Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," " Of whom the world was not worthy." And we pray " Lord increase our faith," and give us courage that we likewise may be enabled to " endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

\* \* \*

IN November the government sets apart a day for National Thanksgiving for the blessings of harvest time. This is as it should be, and we trust that the vast majority of our readers will keep the feast. It is true in many of

our churches we have special thanksgiving services, earlier in the season, when the buildings are beautifully and appropriately adorned with fruits and flowers and harvest tokens ; and I trust we do really then thank our God for His goodness in giving to us the fruits of the earth so richly to enjoy.

Still it is a good thing for the people as a whole, in city, town, village, and through the length and breadth of the country, from Atlantic to Pacific to join in praise and thanksgiving to the gracious giver of every good gift on the day set apart for that purpose.

The three Jewish feasts of old were in part connected with the harvest, the people were to appear before the Lord to praise and glorify Him, and to be reminded that He it was who made the earth to bring forth first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and they were not to appear empty handed.

God has blessed this year with an abundant crop, a bountiful harvest, and for a number of the staples prices are high and remunerative. Let us then as a people send up united thanksgiving to God, also giving a portion to those in need, knowing that it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God, yea a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

" Praise for sun, and praise for dew,  
Praise for love forever new !  
Praise for bounties richly shed,  
That Thy children may be fed ;  
Bread of life, for all availing,  
Vine the true, the never failing,  
Feed our souls, in Thee confiding,  
Keep our lives in Thine abiding."

G. M. M.

## USE OF A PARISH.

The Bishop of Mississippi uses plain English to good advantage, and we append a sample from an article on the " Use of a Parish":

A parish does not exist that a certain number of people may enjoy "eloquent preaching" or "artistic singing," or that they may have a beautiful church in which to worship or cushioned pews in which to dispose themselves. It does not exist to pay a large salary to "a first-class man" or three or four thousand a year to "first class performers" in the organ loft. If these things are the ends for which parishes exist, we must confess that they are hardly worth the trouble of organizing or sustaining. And it is just because these things are taken to be ends—because so many good people feel that, having all these, the parish is complete and its purpose reached—that so many of our parishes are useless cumberers of the ground, and shames to the Church whose name they bear. How many sinners are brought to repentance and better minds? How many unbelievers are trained for Holy Baptism? How many children are instructed for Confirmation? How many outcasts are gathered into the fold? How many poor and destitute are cared for, warmed and clothed? How bravely is the battle fought for the Lord Jesus against the world and the devil? How much good does the parish do, and how many dollars does the parish give away? These are the questions which will test the value and the use, good friends who read this, of St. Paul's or St. John's or St. James' Parish, of which you are, perhaps justly (we trust so!) proud.

#### DAY OF INTERCESSIONS.

The eve of St. Andrew's day, or any day in the week beginning November 28th, is set apart as a special time of intercession for missions, and we trust that earnest and heartfelt prayer will go up from thousands of hearts, that God will hasten the day when His gospel shall be preached to the utmost parts of the earth. Before the Lord Jesus told His disciples to go and preach the gospel to all creatures, he told

them to lift up their eyes and look upon the fields white to harvest, and then "To pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth labourers into the harvest."

Let us therefore earnestly join with our fellow churchmen throughout the world, in hearty supplication, that more labourers may be sent forth, and, God who hears and answers prayer, will move multitudes of Godly men and women to offer themselves gladly for the work, and soon the good news of His love will be carried to all lands. Brethren, pray.

#### HELPING THE PASTOR.

Do the members of any Church of any denomination realize that they have something to do? The sooner they do, the sooner will the results that we are all looking for be realized. In what position does the pastor stand towards the congregation? As the representative of Christ on earth, in His tabernacle, one may answer. With the answer so often comes, "and a poor representative too." Yes, often! I grant. That is what I wish to bring out. In any denomination as one passes his eye over seat after seat, how many different opinions of that great Teacher's teachings will he or she get from their occupants if asked therefor. And, yet there is only one preacher, and perhaps six hundred hearers. The preacher, however clear a reasoner, however fluent a speaker, however skilful a portrait painter, will not suit perhaps a third of his congregation. Then, again, is the pulpit everything? Is there no other work to be done? Always sickness, sometimes death, but can the pastor find it out unless notified. Some must be called on every short while—or be hurt. Some must be shaken hands with at all times—or be hurt. Some hate the pastor's calls and when he calls are hurt. Some hate this continual hand-shaking and because the pastor runs up against the wrong one, are hurt. I am not a pastor, but I know. Does the congregation ever think

of this? O! be lenient friends, bottle up your personal feelings, and give him sympathy.

Then, again, and a most important item, the Church has a business side, it requires money. The pastor must live, the Church debt, or interest on same must be paid off, light, fuel &c., must be arranged for; it all requires money. In the old times, when money was scarce, produce was given, but sad to relate, now-a-days, often even this and the money too are withheld. People who would scorn to be dead-heads at the opera, meet before God's messenger, and listen to his lessons, and yet begrudge a copper, or are too careless to give it, and are the biggest howlers about the Church debt.

Friends think of this too! The pastor is not perfect, neither are you. He cannot please everyone, neither can you. He cannot live on air, neither can you. He cannot go to a concert and beat his way honestly, neither will you. Think, however, that he, and the Church itself, is a minor consideration, that after all, it is God you are dealing with, not His poor, weak messenger, and that everything comes from, and goes back to Him.

Lindsay.

A HEARER.

#### THE BEST SINGER.

Real usefulness is always more or less a question of adaptability. In other words, it is "usableness." "What are you good for?" is the question life puts to us. "Oh, I have great talents. I am capable of—" "Never mind!" hastily interrupts the wise old questioner. "Can you do this work for me? Can you turn your hand to that?" So she classes us. This thought is well brought out by the following true incident, sent to us by one of our writers. "That's the best singer in your whole academy?" said the pastor of a certain New England town in which is situated a well-known Young Ladies' Seminary.

The principal turned a surprised face, when, after following his

gaze and slight nod, she had glanced at the girl indicated.

"She sings a little—like the rest," she answered at last. "But—we have some fine singers here, Dr. L. Perhaps you have not heard them all yet."

"No, but she is the best of them," he persisted obstinately. "And the best in my Church, and we have some fine singers, too,—a whole choirful. But they can't help me out, as she does."

"What does she do?" asked the principal, beginning to guess at his meaning.

"Well, she can start the tune!" laughed the pastor, leaning back to laugh at his own definition of a good singer. "You look amused, but that happens to be exactly what I want. Many a time I have come into my prayer-meeting to find the organist tardy, and a row of people sitting stupidly silent instead of singing themselves into a proper prayer-meeting frame, and all because—no body could start the tune!"

The good doctor's emphasis on those last three words was enough to raise a rousing good laugh even within the pensive walls of a young ladies' seminary.

"This is why I am so appreciative of her musical talents," he continued, nodding again kindly in the young girl's direction. "She lets them be of some practical account in the world. She is always ready to do the thing that is wanted of her. I have cottage and school-house prayer-meetings two or three times a week in different parts of the town. Usually there is no piano, organ or melodeon. I get over the difficulty by taking along my little 'singer.' I get out the big carryall, and pack in as many girls as I can pick up to keep her company, but she goes, whoever else doesn't. She can do more than I can to keep the meeting going."

It was a small talent. Dozens of other girls sang better than she did. But they could not all—did not all—do, instantly, without apology or preface, the thing that was wanted of them. They were not quite "available." How is it with your talents?—*Selected.*

### "AS WE ALSO FORGIVE."

Luke xi. 4.

Very unthinkingly we often pray these words. Very low sometimes is the standard of forgiveness which we, as Christians, teach and hold up before the world. How often can those with whom we come in contact glorify God in us owing to the patience and gentleness which we exhibit in dealing with the faults of others? Like our Lord Himself, we should bear long with the sinning, and when we hear others condemning those who have fallen, our hand should be held out to them, saying, as He did, "Neither do I condemn." We should try to believe in them as much as we can, and trust them for the good we see in their character, endeavouring to help them by our sympathy and prayer.

Are we not apt to be vague and unpractical in this matter, even though we forgive some personal injury or some great wrong? Even though we forbear to speak of the failings and weaknesses of others, is there not often something in the manner of our doing it which "vanquishes, not crowns" the forgiven one? And what do we know and practise of the divine patience, which never grows tired, which reaches beyond the "seventy times seven," and only sorrows over the wrong that is marring the life of the erring one? Yet our Master expects nothing less from us as His followers. He Himself prayed for those who were misunderstanding and crucifying Him, and He calls upon all His disciples to prove their belief in His divine forgiveness of their individual sin by their treatment of others, (Ephes. iv. 32).

This is our high calling of God—to represent Jesus Christ in the world, and to be living witnesses that He has "forgiven us all trespasses" by our readiness to think the best we can of others, to help them in every way that lies in our power, and to resolve, as Goethe's mother did, to "pick out the good, and leave the rest to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."

To fulfil this ideal is not always easy; but is it not the measure of our love to our Lord and the test of our appreciation of what He has done for us? To some it seems almost impossible. They have strong likes and dislikes; little things worry and irritate, and they so easily forget to be patient as He was.

But is not the greatest reason of our failure to be found in the fact that we have never realized the power of evil in ourselves, or we have only striven but very little to resist our own besetting sins?

Surely, the more we know of Christ, the nearer we get to His light and see ourselves in it, the deeper will be our sense of the extent to which He has forgiven us, and the more ready we shall be to forgive others.

This is a solemn thing to pray, "Forgive us, as we forgive." If God were to answer literally, where should we be? Perhaps we all must acknowledge that we have hitherto come short in this respect.

### THE TRUE IDEA OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday-school has its place and should fill it; has its work and should do it.

1. The Sunday-school is the teaching department of the church. The Scriptures require not only that the gospel shall be preached, but that the truth be taught. Matt. 28: 18-20; Acts 13: 1; Rom. 12: 7; 1 Cor. 12: 28; Eph. 4: 11. Therefore every church should not only have a preaching department, but a teaching department. Being a department of the church, it should originate in the church, and be managed, supported, and controlled by the church.

2. The Sunday-school is a school, and with only one text-book, the Bible. And since the Bible is the text-book, none are too old or too wise to become pupils. And since it is a school, school methods should be adopted as far as may be necessary and practicable.

3. But the Sunday-school is also a sanctuary, a place of worship; therefore a true spirit of worship should prevail in its management. All the religious services, prayer, singing, scripture reading, etc., should be conducted with the same devoutness and reverence as in the preaching service. Alas, alas, that there is such a lack of reverence in our Sunday-schools! Why is it? Ask pastors, superintendents, and teachers.

4. As the first and highest aim of the preacher in the pulpit is to save souls, so it should be with the teacher in the Sunday-school. But this is not all. After conversion should come consecration. Then the aim of the Sunday-school should be, after conversion, the growth and development of spirituality, activity, and liberality. The Sunday-school should not be only a school of knowledge, but a school of training. It should be not only the teaching department of the church, but one of the workshops of the church, where her young apprentices can be made "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." This will come to pass when pastors realize their responsibilities and understand their duties in the premises; when superintendents and teachers appreciate their work and learn how to do it; and when parents give to the Sunday-school that sympathy and cooperation which it has a right to claim from them.—*Rev. T. C. Boykin.*

#### THE UNHAPPY DESIRE OF BEING GREAT.

The litany of the Moravian Church is said to contain the suggestive and significant petition: "From the unhappy desire of being great, good Lord, deliver us!" And Dr. Edward Payson, in one of his letters, after referring to two prominent characters who bore testimony that they had never been happy until they ceased striving to be great men, adds that most of his own sufferings and sorrows had been occasioned

by his unwillingness to be the nothing that he really was, and by a constant striving to be something. There is a lesson here as to the close connection of happiness and humility that many would do well to take to heart. The humble man is ever thankful, and full of praises for the mercies which he deems beyond his merits. Being thus given to song, it is impossible but that he should be happy; while he who is consumed with the curse of a selfish ambition can never be content. There is still great need of Jeremiah's godly and sensible counsel: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." Jer. xlv. 5. But to attempt great things for God—ah! that is another matter.—*Zion's Herald.*

#### "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

In 1819 Reginald Heber, then a young man, and rector of a Shropshire church, went to pay a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shepley, vicar of Wrexham. On Sabbath Dr. Shepley was to deliver a discourse on behalf of foreign missions, and on the previous afternoon he sat chatting upon the theme with a few friends. He knew Mr. Heber's gift in rapid composition, and suddenly said to him:

"Write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow morning."

The young man retired to another part of the room and soon appeared again with three verses, beginning with that familiar line, "From Greenland's icy mountains." He had made no change in them, except to alter "savage" in the seventh line of the second verse to "heathen."

"There, there," remarked Dr. Shepley, on hearing them, "that will do very well."

Mr. Heber was not satisfied.

"No, no," said he; "the sense is not complete."

In spite of his father-in-law's earnest protest, he withdrew again, and then returned to read the triumphant stanza:

Waft, waft, ye winds the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

"What shall we sing to it?" said Dr. Shepley.

Mr. Heber, who had a fine musical ear, suggested a popular air, called "'Twas when the seas were roaring."

The others agreed in liking his choice, and next morning the people of Wrexham sang for the first time the words so familiar to our ears. The air has given place in our churches to a tune composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. Tune and words are worthy of each other, and will probably never be separated.

As for Reginald Heber, he sailed for India in 1823, and died there after three years of patient and loving toil among the heathen.—*Exchange.*

#### HOW PHILADELPHIA FURTHERS MISSIONS.

Philadelphia Churchmen are pre-eminently missionary Churchmen. They are not content to claim that their missionary responsibility ends with the perfunctory announcement that "the collection next Sunday will be for foreign missions," and a perfunctory contribution. They believe in action. They know that fully half of the indifference to matters missionary is due to the most serene ignorance imaginable. Therefore they agitate and educate. They try to arouse those who "don't care," and to educate those "who don't know." Missionary mass-meetings, held in different parts of the city, have been a feature of Philadelphia church life for some years. Special services, well advertised, with rousing straight to the point addresses by laymen, as well as clergymen, setting forth some of the facts of the missionary cause and driving home the obligation to support it by prayers, labors and gifts, have done much to develop a strong

missionary sentiment. There are occasional meetings in furtherance of city mission work. Thus Philadelphians are kept in touch with the foreign missionary work in their own city among the Italians, among the Jews, among the deaf, among sailors, among the negroes. This past winter these meetings have been supplemented by several parlor conferences. People of wealth and fashion have gathered to learn something of the triumphs of the cross. Philadelphia has set an example which deserves a wide following. The missions of the Church will never prosper as they should, so long as haphazard methods, or no methods at all, are employed to further them. The missionary enterprise is a definite campaign. It must be thought out, it must be planned, it must be worked for, just as anything else must be that is worth the doing. Let the Philadelphia plan have a wide spread trial.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

#### A GIRL'S SONG.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Scranton, Pennsylvania, several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. A spectator wrote: "The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy with the wives and children of the buried men, and despair of their own balked efforts."

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead, and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine-owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and

frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing, in a hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle:—

"A mighty fortress is our God."

There was a great silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until presently from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

"With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon are we o'erridden,  
But for us fights the Godly Man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye His Name?  
Christ Jesus is His Name."

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn.—*The Church Evangelist.*

#### THE ONLY DESTROYER OF THE DEVIL'S WORKS.

Innumerable schemes have been devised for the expulsion of the evils under which the world is groaning, and if they are evils of merely human origin, human power should suffice for their removal. The march of civilization is sometimes appealed to. But what blessings has civilization, without Christ, ever borne to savage men? The answer is painful: rum, gunpowder, slavery, massacre, smallpox, pulmonary consumption, and the extinction of their races—these are all it has been able to bestow. Education is sometimes spoken of, as if it would gradually heal our passions, and expel vice and misery from the world; as if the worst crimes and most flagrant vices of our times were peculiar to the ignorant and the untaught; as if no forger had ever learned to write. And

sometimes great things are promised from the advance of science; as if all the works of dynamite and nitro-glycerine were, like those of the Creator, very good.

No man can be deceived by such flattering hopes who rightly considers the volcanic energies, the frantic rage, the unreasoning, all-sacrificing recklessness of human passions and desires. Surely they are "set on fire of hell," and only heaven can quench the conflagration. Jesus has undertaken to do this. His religion has been a spell of power among the degraded and lost; and when we come to consider mankind in bulk, it is plain enough that no other power has had a really reclaiming, elevating effect upon tribes and races. In our own land what great or lasting work of reformation, or even of temporal benevolence, has ever gone forward without the blessing of religion to sustain it? Nowhere is Satan cast out but by the stronger than he binding him, overmastering the evil principle which tramples human nature down, as the very first step towards spoiling his goods. The Spiritual victory must precede the removal of misery, convulsion, and disease. There is no golden age for the world except the reign of Christ.—*Dean Chadwick.*

#### INDIRECT TESTIMONY.

They had been friends since their early boyhood. One was a successful merchant whose name is now a household word throughout the United States, standing for honor, probity, and high Christian character. The other was a lawyer, a man of integrity and good standing in the community also, but, withal, a disbeliever in God and His providence.

The two had been talking about the efficacy of prayer, and the merchant, urged to speak from his own experience, had confessed that he took his text literally, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"I never make a large purchase of goods, or plan any important

change in my business," he proceeded to explain, "without first asking special divine guidance."

The lawyer smiled tolerantly. "O yes, I understand," he replied. "But your phenomenal success can all be explained in a natural way. For instance, most men act impulsively sometimes, yield to their whims, or to ideas suddenly conceived. You escape this danger through your system of praying before you act. The prayer gains you a little time. Besides, your feeling of reverence for the Being you worship, has, in itself, a tendency to clear your mind of prejudices, to restore your balance, and make you a reasonable, logical person—otherwise, a good business man."

A light broke over the face of the merchant.

"Thank you for this weight of indirect testimony," he responded, "Ah, how much there is in what you say! In an attitude of prayer one comes near to the Fountain of all wisdom. And being there, he comes to his best self; he touches the highest point of manhood. And this advantage is all independent of what he receives in answer to his petition. No wonder that the praying man rises from his knees enlightened and uplifted."—*Jane Ellis Joy, in Independent.*

#### A DAY AT A TIME.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is in learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for years, and it seems too great for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us in lifetimes; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to day's work well done and to-day's life well lived. It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone

can carry his burden, however heavy till night falls. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, quietly, patiently, lovingly, and purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtains of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond, and we ought not to try to see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—*Selected.*

#### THE WAY TO EXCUSE.

A little brown-eyed maid, no taller than the dinner-table, came to her mother with her apron wet down the front.

"Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed the vexed mother, "you have been to the water cooler again when I told you not to go. I shall be obliged to punish you this time."

"No, mudder," said the trembling little voice, "you'll have to 'scuse me this time, 'cause Lila was so sirsty she cried for a drink, and nobody was there to give it to her but me."

"Well, daughter, as it was for Lila's sake you did it I will excuse you this time, but you must not turn the spigot again, no matter who cries. Will you remember?"

The little one promised, her face all sunshine again, and the mother took her off for a dry apron. But that was only a small part of the mischief, and in the worry and fatigue of mopping up the water that had run over the pantry floor and collected dangerously near the flour barrel, the mother's temper gave way. "I declare, Agnes!" she said, "you are too much bother for anything! Why can't you learn to let things alone?"

Hearing no sound she looked

up, and she will not soon forget the look of disappointment on the little face. "Why mudder," said the baby, "I thought you said you would 'scuse me. *I don't call this 'scusing me!*"—*The Evangelist.*

#### DEMORALIZING AMUSEMENTS.

Sweden has taken a very advanced and decided step in doing away with demoralizing amusements. Its government has abolished every variety theatre and every variety music hall in the kingdom. The ministers assigned as a reason for this procedure that these resorts were morally injurious to the public, especially to the young. What a good thing it would be if other nations would recognize this pioneer movement by similar action! There would, no doubt, be a howl of opposition and a cry of trespassing upon the rights and liberties of the community, but the effect of a suppression of this and other debasing, immoral, and vicious forms of amusement in our cities would be to greatly promote the morals of the people, and save thousands of our youth from vice, licentiousness, and crime.—*Presbyterian.*

"Jesus Christ was born in obscurity, and yet the fame of no other has ever penetrated so far and continued to shine with increasing lustre so long as His fame. He was destitute of educational advantages, and yet His teachings have challenged and received the admiration of the most learned men. He made himself the servant of all, condescending even to wash the feet of His disciples, and yet millions of men and women in the most enlightened countries have acknowledged Him as Lord and Master. His life and character have been scrutinized more narrowly than those of any other being, but no fault has ever been proved against him, and every possible moral excellence in the highest degree of perfection has been accorded Him even by His enemies."



**Parish and Home.**

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**ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER.**

The year was 1884. The place was Khartoum, on the Nile, the strange crocodile-river in the region of the Soudan. It was a time of war. Without, were rough, wild hordes that followed the banner of the Mahdi, a false prophet. Once a village teacher, he had withdrawn into a cave on a Nile island. There he tarried in prayer and meditation. Hours he would spend in a single period of worship, burning incense, saying over in prayer one name of God. After a while, he came before men, claiming that he had special holiness, special access to God, and he announced himself as the deliverer of his race held in oppression. He also wished to reform Islam, Mohammedanism. The people who rallied to his lifted standard were indeed oppressed, but the Mahdi was not the one to give true freedom to human kind. His habits showed that he too was in bondage. Those that opposed him met with scant mercy.

This great, false prophet and his wild mob went tramping across the country. Everywhere it was felt among civilized people that this fire rolling on should be quenched, and that Khartoum, a threatened point and the headquarters of everything most hopeful, a rendezvous of Egyptian and European troops, should be saved, Charles George Gordon, a brave English officer, an earnest Christian man, was besought to go to

Khartoum and save it. He had previously served in that part of the world as the Governor of Equatorial Africa under the Khedive of Egypt, and had fought the slave trade and had tried to befriend the poor, enslaved beings in the form of humanity and yet bowed down in a bondage worse than that of beasts. Gordon knew the perils of the post assigned him at Khartoum, and in the name of England went to save humanity. He went without soldiers, but he did not leave God behind. He took with him faith in God's government that reaches to all things and will work out, is working out, day and night, through darkness and light, through storm and sunshine, God's great plans of wisdom, justice, mercy, love.

Khartoum received him with enthusiasm, and Gordon went to work, organizing all possible resistance to the power of the Mahdi pressing down toward Khartoum. For three hundred and nineteen days, Khartoum held out against the Mahdi's forces, and the genius and courage and persistence of Gordon made Khartoum's special wall of defence.

He erected a tower from whose summit one could with a keen vision sweep all over the country round about Khartoum. This was a favorite resort of Gordon every night. He slept when the day was breaking. After his rest, he went the rounds of Khartoum's defences. Was hunger to be relieved? Were there sick ones to be healed? Was justice to be measured out to any lawlessness? All these demands he met.

When the sun went down, he thought of his high tower. Up through the shadows he would mount to his post on the summit, and there alone he would spend the night. It was "watch-and-pray" up there on the tower. He would commit his soul to God, plead with Him for the deliverance of Khartoum, and then would come the lonely watch.

England sent a relief column up the Nile, but it did not reach Gordon in time. That power of the Mahdi raged about Khartoum

like flame seeking some crack of entrance, and when, through treachery, an opening was made, the fire raged within, and Gordon's brave life was consumed before its onset.

One may ask, Why is it that courage and consecration thus fail? Gordon would not allow that word "fail," since God's plans were sure to prevail. Out of the horrible furnace of trial at Khartoum, he wrote to a beloved sister: "Our Lord's promise is not for the fulfilment of earthly wishes; therefore if things come to ruin here, he is still faithful, and is carrying out his great work of divine wisdom."

Such lives a failure? Courage, prayer, self-sacrifice, endurance even to martyrdom—are these ever lost? Are these only waters that run into desert sands and then sink and are lost? They still run on, and travellers across the desert stoop to drink of the cool, clear waters, and are refreshed and sustained. Be assured that the last thing to die is noble Christian example.—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Young People's Weekly.*

**HONEYCOMB.**

Some years ago an Englishman fell in love with a girl at the foot of the Syrian hills and married her. He brought her to England and they settled in the pleasant town of Brighton on the south coast. They set up a bakery, and for a considerable time supplied the people with two kinds of eastern bread, "Honeycomb" and "Jerusalem" bread, the first being the common bread, and the "Jerusalem" a sort of confection, lighter, and perhaps a little dearer.

The Honeycomb was a sort of flat biscuit, as large as a dessert plate, and after it was used as a plate, the stamp on this bread was very prominent and the pattern was a good imitation of the cell of the honey bee, the pattern gave the name to the bread.

It is amusing to hear men refer to the boiled fish and the honeycomb, Luke 26. 42, we have yet to learn that fish and honey form a dish anywhere in the world, but

fish and bread are in fashion all round the world.

Dean Albert Barnes expounds fish as fish, and honeycomb as from the honey bee and other expositions we have consulted are just as far astray. Even the shop window of an English bakery will teach us something more of the precious word, if we are only quick to learn.

H.T.M.

#### THE GLORIES OF WAR.

Silly boys are captivated by gay uniforms, military music, and the pomp and circumstance of war. But men who have seen war know more about it. "War is hell," said one great general.

Speaking of recent military operations the *London News* says:

"To day the engines of war are again at work. Carnage, havoc, such as we can but faintly realize, must be the inevitable result of the loosing of the dogs of war. This is no time to blind our eyes or turn away from a ghastly sight, because war is not in progress within a few miles of our own homes. We are separated, after all, only by minutes from scenes where the dying are in agony, where the shells scream through the air and plough up the earth, where regiments march at the word of command into the jaws of death. It is but a few minutes away. Before the last shot is fired we know how the battle began. It seems but yesterday that we inspected the machine guns which hurl a continuous rain of bullets, and latest rifles, acting like revolvers, and capable of carrying immense distances, and other so called improvements of modern means of warfare. The old soldier who explained the marvellous mechanism by which it seemed clear that a regiment might be almost annihilated by a few turns of a handle, grew grave when we questioned him as to the terrors of a battle in which such instruments were used. 'God keep us from it!' was all he said; and his memory went back to the never-to-be-forgotten field of Sedan. We have it on the authority of Dr. Russell, an eye-wit-

ness of the fight, that no nightmare could have been so frightful. 'No human eye,' he wrote, 'ever rested on such revolting sights. Conceive men's bodies riddled with shot, and scattered and dismembered limbs on every side, bodies lying with skulls shattered, faces blown off, flesh and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours; and then it is impossible, with the most vivid imagination, to picture the sickening reality of that butchery.'"

And this is glorious war!

#### THE NEXT THING.

From an old English parsonage  
Down by the sea,  
There came in the twilight  
A message to me;  
Its quaint Saxon legend,  
Deeply engraven,  
Hath, as it seems to me,  
Teaching for Heaven;  
And on through the hours  
The quiet words ring,  
Like a low inspiration—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning,  
Many a fear,  
Many a doubt,  
Hath its guiding here;  
Moment by moment,  
Let down from Heaven,  
Time, opportunity,  
Guidance are given;  
Fear not to-morrow,  
Child of the King,  
Trust it with Jesus—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Do it immediately,  
Do it with prayer,  
Do it reliantly,  
Casting all care;  
Do it with reverence,  
Tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before thee  
With earnest command;  
Stayed on Omnipotence,  
Safe 'neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."  
—Churchman.

#### SAVED BY PRAYER.

Hudson Taylor is a man of great faith in God as well as a great missionary. An exchange relates a characteristic anecdote of his first trip to China in a sailing vessel:

When Hudson Taylor first went out to China it was in a sailing vessel.

Very close to the shores of a cannibal island, the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to tack about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for help of God.

"I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze."

The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm.

Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails."

And it was done.

While engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Who is there?"

The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have more wind than we can well manage."

And sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore, a strong wind had struck the sails of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated out of their human prey.

#### ESCORTING AS WELL AS INVITING.

Half-doing is no better in the Sunday-school than anywhere else. Inviting is often only half doing, if not followed by escorting. A young men's Bible class in New York is not the only one which has learned this. Its records show that the number of new members who have come to the class by themselves, simply on invitation, is a small percentage of the whole number invited. On the contrary, nearly all new members have been escorted, usually by the same person who invited them. "I will call for you on Sunday at such an hour" carries with it a definite, urgent, and personal invitation not easily resisted. But even when there is no spirit of re-

sistance, when there is a willingness to accept the invitation, much is gained by courtesy and fellowship if the inviter goes after the invited, and brings him in as a companion, and not merely as a stranger. This is true for all classes. When the primary teacher gets on the track of possible new members, and gives the cordial invitation, she must often wisely arrange so that she, or her assistants, or some of the young people, shall call for the new children, and for their mothers, perhaps, to escort them to the school. The reality and the earnestness of the invitation are made plain in this way, and the relations of teacher, scholar, and parent are made closer from the first. Without this escorting, many will not come at all.

#### SONGS OF WELCOME.

"In the mountains of Tyrol, it is said to be the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time, and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic a similar custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and singing the first stanza of a familiar song, they will listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they strengthen and tighten the links that bind those humble dwellers by the sea." And how sweet also for Christian voyagers, "tossed on time's rude, relentless surges," to know that there is for them a quiet harbor and a heavenly home not far away, and that songs of welcome are awaiting them there; and that there shall be still sweeter songs of triumph there in which they ere long shall

join. Even now their voices and their hearts are becoming tuned to heavenly strains, and even here in the house of their pilgrimage they make glad earth's desert wastes with thanksgiving and the voice of melody; but, though God their Maker now giveth them "songs in the night," their souls wait and watch, "more than they that watch for the morning," for that coming day-dawn when all the song birds of creation shall burst forth in praises, and even the saints who dwell in dust shall awake and sing to hail the coming of eternal day.

"Dark is the night and the desert is drear;  
Thorny our path and our pilgrimage long;  
But the day breaketh, the morning is near;  
Morning of sunshine, and gladness, and song!"

—*Christian.*

#### FOUR LIVES CHANGED.

A young man who had lately been converted to Christ resolved to try and lead others to Him. How was he to do this? There were several ways which seemed open to him. He tried all as far as he could. I am now, however, only going to tell of the results of one method, and that during a visit with which I am myself acquainted. He felt that he ought to speak personally and individually with some young acquaintances. In one brief month four of these had taken their stand for Christ. One of these was a young man; he became a Sunday-school teacher. Three of them were young women. One is now the mother of four children, whom she is seeking to train for Christ; one is a devoted and earnest Sunday-school teacher; one is the wife of a Christian minister. How greatly all the lives have been changed by the simple words of that young man! How many other lives will be changed through them! How grand would be the results if every Christian would do as that young man did! Reader, ought you to do this? Will you?

#### ECHOES.

The following are a few of the rules of life laid down for himself by the Rev. William Law, a well-known divine who lived in the early part of last century:

1. To think nothing great or desirable because the world thinks it so; but to form all my judgments of things from the infallible word of God, and to direct my life according to it.

2. To remember frequently, and impress it on my mind deeply, that no condition of this life is for enjoyment, but for trial; and that every power, ability, or advantage we have are all so many talents to be accounted for to the Judge of all the world.

3. To avoid all excess in eating and drinking.

4. To be always fearful of letting my time slip away without some fruit.

5. To avoid all idleness.

6. To call to mind the presence of God, whenever I find myself under any temptation to sin, and to have immediate recourse to prayer.

7. To think humbly of myself, and with great charity of all others.

8. To forbear from all evil speaking.

9. To think often of the life of Christ, and propose it as a pattern for myself.—*Our Paper.*

#### A TRUE MOTHER.

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, says: "A true mother lives for her children, and knows no other ambition but to live in her children. She aims at nothing more than unrecognized survival in their manhood and womanhood, and asks to be monumented only by the activities and fidelities of those to whom she has given life, and who are her own life prolonged and perpetuated. It is one of the pleasant features of our generation that increased attention is being given to the discipline of the female mind. It makes for progress that woman is coming to regard herself less in the light of artistic bric-a-brac

and more in the character of an intelligent staple. There is nothing a woman can so much know, and no tension of mental fibre she can possess which, if wrought with the feminine impulse, will not enhance by so much the disciplinary ministry she can render her children. There is no 'strong-mindedness' and no completeness of college training that will unsex her, provided only such possessions and acquisitions are dominated by the feminine instinct and mortgaged to maternal ends and purposes."

#### ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow, or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, son, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over-work, son. It is beyond your powers to do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m. and don't get home till 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old so-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, my son, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burdette.*

### Boys' and Girls' Corner.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Nov. 7.—Acts xxviii., 1-16.	2 Sam. xxiii., 1-7; 1 Kings ii., 10-11
Nov. 14.—Acts xxviii., 17-31.	St. Matt. vi., 5-15
Nov. 21.—Eph. vi., 10-20.	St. Luke ii., 41-52
Nov. 28.—1 Pet. iv., 1-8.	

#### PATTY.

BY ADELE E. THOMPSON.

"Patty, won't you sew these straps on my husking mitten?" This is from brother Ralph.

"Say, Patty, can't you make me some paste, to fix the flags for the school exhibition, this evening?" This from brother Joe.

"Patty, dear, I wish you would rub my shoulder a little, it does pain me so." This from her mother.

"Patty, have you seen anything of my glasses?" from grandpa, made up the requests that came to Patty Bruce from the four members of her family in one hour, and it was not an exceptional hour either.

In response, Patty set the stitches under Ralph's direction, made the basin of paste, and put it aside for Joe, rubbed her mother's aching shoulder with soothing liniment, and hunted poor grandpa's ever-straying glasses. And more than this, never once thought there was any hardship in it all, or that the service of love could by any possibility be considered a drudgery.

It may be that because Patty never did so consider these constantly recurring demands, and met them all with such cheerful willingness, was one reason of her being such a sweet-faced happy-hearted girl.

For there were many duties fell to the one daughter of the small brown house behind the now reddening maples; much of unselfishness and self denial came to her share in the home where Ralph and Joe were growing boys of thirteen and eleven; where the mother was half-crippled with rheumatism, and Grandpa Bennett was old and feeble.

Not a little of care and anxiety had also fallen to her as well, as her mother's confidant. It had been so since the sad time when her father had died, and Mrs. Bruce had felt in Patty's plump arms around her neck her chief earthly stay and comfort.

"Mamma and I have all our secrets together," Patty used sometimes to say, though the secrets were mostly in the nature of plans; how the boys' new suits should be provided for, or the sitting-room carpet re-made, to save the worn places, or the small means extended to the farthest limit for the comfort of all.

With it all, some said that Patty Bruce was decidedly womanly for a girl of sixteen, and others that she was very much of a child for these years. One reason might have been because she had come to look at life in a more earnest way, had learned to take more thought for others than do most girls of her age; the other, that she was used to find her pleasures in simple ways, for the most part, and that in thinking of those around her she had never yet become conscious of self.

Be that as it may, no one could know Patty Bruce without loving her; and her round, dimpled face, her sincere, brown eyes, and even her fair hair, that had a trick of curling in little moist tendrils around her white forehead, all carried an atmosphere of true and sunny wholesomeness that was good to see.

Decidedly, Patty Bruce was a busy girl; especially so that Saturday, when her mother was almost sick, grandpa more than usually ailing and full of wants, with the boys, who, with a great expenditure of perspiration, were beginning to husk out the little field of corn they had raised that summer. In addition there was the Saturday work and baking, beside the various matters that had been put over to this her free day, for Patty was still a pupil at the village high school.

So it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before she found time to sit down on the old wide

doorstone in the soft October sunshine, and she could not but think a little regretfully of a meeting the girls were to have that afternoon, to which she had been asked, to form a circle, the "Opportunity Seekers" of the King's Daughters.

Patty sighed softly with the thought, it must be so delightful to have time to be always seeking opportunities to do good. She had hoped to get around to hear their plans, in the hope she might get some hint, though of course it was very little she would have either ability or time to do. But it was too late now, and then there was supper to get, and the week's mending basket was not yet empty, and she had promised the boys to go for the cows, so that they might work the later.

Presently Grandpa Bennett came and sat down in the doorway. "How good them apples do look," he remarked, as his eyes went across the yard to the orchard beyond, bending under its weight of ripening fruit. "I told the boys in the spring I reckoned we'd have some; don't often fail two seasons running. If I wasn't so lame to-day," he added after a moment, "I'd go and get a few; seem's if some warm apple-sauce for supper would taste real realshin'."

"Would it? Then I'll go and get some apples for you." And suiting the action to the word, Patty sprang up, with a light step crossed the yard, and so down the orchard aisle, between the rows of gnarled and mossy trees, where laden branches met in arches over her head, while their fruity fragrance filled all the warm air.

It was an old orchard, and all the trees, with one exception, bore the signs of years, the weight of many burdens, the twisting stress of wind and storm.

This exception was a straight-limbed young tree, with smooth and shining bark, its glossy, green leaves scattered with a few golden pippins. Patty gathered the "Maiden Blushes" she had come for in her apron, paused a moment, then passing on picked

up one of the yellow spheres that had fallen in the grass, and, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, laid her cheek with a caressing touch against the smooth and satiny bark. For the tree was one that had been planted by an older brother, who had died soon after, leaving a vacant place in the home and Patty's heart that the four years had not yet filled.

Where it stood was almost at the fence on the further side of the orchard, and over the field that lay beyond, rising from its surrounding trees, could be seen the roof and gables of a house, that of Mr. Lane, owner of the large iron-foundry in the near-by town.

A young man was crossing this wide meadow with hasty strides.

(To be continued.)

#### DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock, and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No; but the shop needs cleaning up, and I think he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead; but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working overtime that way you'll have to keep it up;" and the speaker, a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work-bench for a noon-tide nap.

"All right," good naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then; for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying, he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now.

The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not especially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessities of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things and to take a personal interest in their employer's business? It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down towards the bottom of the ladder.—*Selected.*

#### TOSSED ON STORMY SEAS.

Irene Oakley sat with her brother Ted on the clean, white sand of a pleasant New England beach, watching the great rollers as they came tumbling in, breaking, almost at their feet, into white curls of foam. Irene's eyes were fixed upon a tiny cork, which was being buffeted by the waves, now hurled up on to the beach, now caught by the hurrying waters and swept back into the sea, there to be tossed wildly up and down.

The thought came to Irene that she was being tossed about in very much the same way. It was only a short time since she had left school, but it seemed to her that the few weeks had been crowded with trouble and worry. There had been sickness and fin-

ancial trouble which had overthrown all her cherished plans, and for the present at least there seemed to be no prospect of anything better. She was roused from her reverie by Ted's voice.

"I'm glad I'm not a fish!" that young man announced suddenly.

"Why so, Ted?" Irene asked, smiling, in spite of her gloomy thoughts of a moment ago.

"Why, I shouldn't like to have to live in the ocean when it's all rough and stormy like this. It must be awful. If I was goin' to be a fish at all, I'd want the water to be always nice and quiet."

"Don't be too sure about that, Ted," Irene answered, smiling down in the honest eyes lifted to hers. "I'm afraid the poor fish would find it hard to live if the waters were not tossed about some of the time."

"Why?" Ted asked, with wonder in his eyes.

"You see, Ted, fish have to have air, the same that we do. Of course, they do not breathe as we do, but get what they need from the air that is imprisoned in the water. With so many, many fishes living in the ocean, it would not take a great while to use up all the air that is held by the water. When the waters are stirred up by a storm or by the wind, more air is caught to take the place of what the fishes have breathed. You remember, Ted, we have to change the water in our aquarium every day. That is because our gold fish breathe all the air that is in the water. If we would take the time to shake the water up a good deal, or pour it back and forth from one dish to another, we could put in fresh air in place of what they have breathed. But that takes too much time, and it is easier and better to give them fresh water. So you see, even though it may not always be comfortable for the fish to have the water stirred up and the ocean stormy, yet it gives them what they must have in order to live."

Ted was silent, pondering over this new thought. Irene, too, relapsed into a reverie, but this time her thoughts took another

turn, suggested by her talk with Ted.

"Perhaps this tossing about that has come to me is something I need as much as the fish do air," she mused. "Maybe if everything had gone on quietly, and we had had nothing but happiness and prosperity, some part of my nature might have stified for want of this very air I'm breathing now. Trials and troubles aren't easy to bear, and it's hard to be tossed about on a stormy sea, but I'm sure that I could bear it more patiently if I knew that it was meant to give me something I needed—something that I couldn't get from peace and prosperity. I wonder if that is the way of it?"

There was nobody to give an answer to her unspoken question, but the very thought made her happier, and the great brown eyes were full of quiet trust as they looked out over the tossing waters.—*Alice L. Griggs, in Young People's Weekly.*

#### REPENTANCE.

Repentance is not merely a little twinge of remorse over some wrong thing. It is not simply a gush of tears at the recollection of some wickedness. It is not mere shame at being found out

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in some meanness, or uncleanness, or dishonesty. It is the revolution of the whole life. Sins went over must be forsaken forever. Repentance is a change of heart, a turning of the face just the other way. It is well for us to make diligent quest to be sure that we always abandon the wrong-doing which we deplore, that we turn away from the sin which we confess.

A good many people get only half the gospel. They talk a great deal about believing, but very little about repenting. It needs to be remembered that a faith which does not lead to genuine repentance is not a faith that saves.—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

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17	13 00	11 18	24 18
24	34 15	8 73	42 88
31	15 50	11 19	26 69
	<b>\$119 90</b>	<b>\$55 33</b>	<b>\$175 23</b>
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The late Joseph L. Perkins will be much missed from St. Paul's Church; he came to Lindsay the same year as the present incumbent, 1887, and with his family have been among the most faithful and regular worshippers at St. Paul's. Before coming to Lindsay he had been churchwarden at St. James' Church, Ingersoll, and superintendent of All Saints' Sunday School, Penetanguishene. He was for years one of our most efficient S. S. teachers, also secretary and later vice-president of the C. E. T. S., and for the last few years a sidesman and ready to help in almost every good word and work. We trust his family and friends may be comforted and encouraged to follow in his footsteps in all good deeds.

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