

"Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God"--Col. 1:10



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, PARISH AND HOME.

No. 17.

JANUARY, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

REV. C. H. MARSH, *ctor.*

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

Lay Delegates.

I. H. KNIGHT, WM. GRACE, JAS. CORLEY.

Silesmen.

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

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.

GOLDIE.—Erick James, son of Arthur B. D. and Elizabeth Goldie, born 3rd Oct., 1892, baptised in St. Paul's church 4th Dec., 1892.

Marriages.

BURCHENOW—BROOKS.—At Lindsay, on 3rd Dec., 1892, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Peter Burchenow to Lillian Brooks, both of Lindsay.

ROGERS—CLARKE.—At Lindsay, on the 28th Dec., 1892, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Joseph Rogers, of the township of Mariposa, to L. E. Clarke, adopted daughter of the late Dr. P. H. Clarke, of Lindsay.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Christmas offertory at Christ church, Bobcaygeon, was \$44.

January is the best month for paying your subscription to the Parish paper for 1893—then it is off your mind. Miss Goodwin, 2 doors east of the Post Office, will gladly receive it

Look out for the Sunday School drive, tea and entertainment on Friday, Jan. 20th, and kindly send a sleigh if you have one.

We are pleased to see many of our young people that are away from home back for their holidays, and to know there were many family reunions.

Rev. W. C. Allen of Millbrook will take duty at St. Paul's and Currin's on Sunday, January 22nd. The subject considered will be Diocesan Missions.

We congratulate Mr. J. D. MacMurchy on his appointment to the headmastership of the Union school, and are glad to know that his home will be in Lindsay.

One of our young men made a couple of small what-nots and gave them to the ladies to sell for the church debt. They were much appreciated and went off easily at a dollar apiece. A gift is valued a great deal according to the thought and labor bestowed upon it by the giver. Might not many of our young people set their brains to

look to see what they can do and give for God's cause.

A successful sale and social tea was held in the school house by the ladies of the congregation on Dec. 20th, when a pleasant time was spent and about \$40 taken in, of which \$30 was applied to the church debt.

Mr. T. H. Gould, a fourth year student at Wycliffe College, spent his Christmas holidays in Lindsay and vicinity, and assisted the rector in his church and parish duties. A return visit at any time will be appreciated.

Mr. W. J. Hallett has been appointed master in the public schools, and teacher of the model school, Barrie. He will be missed from St. Paul's choir, but we congratulate him on his promotion, and wish him every success in his new home.

On the last day of 1892 Miss Leary, the organist of St. Paul's, was presented with \$30 in gold as a token of their appreciation by the members of the congregation. We are sure that all will rejoice at this acknowledgement of her faithful labors during the last five years.

Miss Ida L. Preston has gone to take charge of a school at Minesing, near Barrie; and Miss Cook to one at Burnt River. These young ladies have for a longer or shorter period been worshippers with St. Paul's congregation, and will be missed. We are sure many will wish them every success and blessing in their new homes.

The Bishop of the Diocese has intimated his intention of visiting this parish in April, to administer the apostolic rite of confirmation. We trust that many are thinking and praying over the matter of becoming full members of our church, and will give their names to the rector as desirous of attending the preparatory classes.

The congregations at Reaboro and Currin's were not as large as sometimes. At Reaboro the communion was administered, and while the communicants were few, it seemed as if God's Holy Spirit was specially present to bless them. The offertory was, Reaboro \$2.50 (in addition to the ordinary collection,) and Currin's \$1.76. The glad Christmas message was brought before all the congregation, and we trust that God's gift of love, His only Son, and life through Him, may be more and more appreciated by us all.

By appendices of Synod Journal, which are being distributed, we find that the Missionary contributions from this parish, for year ending April 30th last, amounted to \$333.73, and \$32.20 for widows and orphans and superannuation fund.—total, \$365.93, an increase of \$38.33 over the year before. Of this sum \$25.98 came from Reaboro. We congratulate the congregations on doing so well, yet what might we do if we would—the money has helped to support the preaching of the Gospel in our own diocese, in Algomo, in the great North-west, in Japan, in Quebec, and through the great English societies to many of the

heathen nations in Asia and Africa. How good it is to be "co-workers together with God" in sending abroad the knowledge of the truth.

The Church of England Temperance Society held their monthly meeting in St. Paul's school room on the 28th of December. The attendance was good, an excellent programme of singing and reading was rendered, and Mr. E. Carswell, the celebrated temperance lecturer, gave one of the most interesting addresses it has been our privilege to listen to. The audience was more than delighted. Five new members were added to the roll.

On 1st Dec. the children of St. Paul's Sunday School held a Missionary Concert called "Open Doors," consisting of songs, readings, and recitations, showing how God has opened the doors of almost every country in the heathen world to receive the gospel. The children did their parts well, and the audience, which was large, seemed much pleased. A collection was taken up, amounting to \$6.64, which will be devoted to two objects which our Sunday School helps to support, viz.: Japan and the Indian homes in the North-west.

Offertory for December:—

		Envelopes	Loose	Total
Dec.	4	\$28 55	\$8 86	\$37 41
	11	19 40	8 00	27 40
	18	21 50	7 93	29 43
	25	10 80		10 80

\$105 04

MISSIONS—P.M.A., Dec., \$4.55. (\$2 for Wycliffe, Japan.)
Missionary Concert—Wycliffe, Japan, \$3.35; Rev. Mr. Wilson's Homes, \$3.32, \$11.19.

The 25th being Christmas Day the loose collection was included in the usual Christmas offertory taken up on that day.

A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has been formed in connection with St. Paul's Church much after the model of the one at the Memoria Church, London, Ont., and already several interesting and profitable meetings have been held. The following officers have been elected:—Hon. Pres., the Rector; President, E. E. W. McGaffey; Vice-President, Mr. W. Sisson; Recording-Sec., W. J. Bray; Cor.-Sec., Miss D. Stephenson; Treas., Mrs. G. Beall. A number of committees are to be appointed shortly, and we fully expect the society will be a great help under God, in building up Christian workers, and enlarging the borders of Christ's Kingdom.

Christmas was clear and cold like the good old days, and the congregations at St. Paul's were large. The singing, especially in the morning, was very good, the anthem showing careful preparation by the choir, and the church was tastefully trimmed, the green branches and red berries giving it a very Christmas-tide appearance. The number of communicants, both morning and evening, was gratifying, and the Christmas offertory was the largest in the history of the church, being \$81.20. We thank most heartily those who gave so liberally, and trust they may receive good gifts from above in return.

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1893.

No. 26.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1—Circum. of our Lord. *Morning*.—Gen. 17, 9; Rom. 2, 17. *Evening*.—Deut. 10, 12; Col. 2, 8, to 18.
Prop. Coll. Ep. and Gosp. to serve till Epiphany. Christ Prof. at Holy Com.
- 1st Sunday after Christmas.—Notice of Epiphany. *Morning*.—Isaiah 35; Rom. 2-17. *Evening*.—Isaiah 38 or 40; Col. 2, 8 to 18.
- 6—Epiphany of our Lord Hth Creed. *Morning*.—Isaiah 60; Luke 3, 15 to 23. *Evening*.—Isaiah 49, 13 to 24; and John 2 to v. 12.
- 8—1st Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*.—Isaiah 51; Matt. 5, 13 to 33. *Evening*.—Isaiah 52, 13 to 53, or 54; Acts 4, 32 to 5, 17.
- 15—2nd Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*.—Isaiah 53; Matt. 9 to v. 18. *Evening*.—Isaiah 57 or 61; Acts 9 to v. 23.
- 22—3rd Sunday after Epiphany. Notice of conversion of St. Paul. *Morning*.—Isa. 62; Matt. 13 to v. 24. *Evening*.—Isaiah, 65 or 66; Acts, 13, 26.
- 25—Conversion of St. Paul. *Morning*.—Isaiah 49 to v. 13; Gal. 1, 11. *Evening*.—Jer. 1 to v. 11; Acts 26 to v. 21.
- 29—Septuagesima. *Morning*.—Gen. 1 and 2 to v. 4; Rev. 21 to v. 9. *Evening*.—Gen. 2, 4; or Job 38; Rev. 21, 9, to 22, 6.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—1893.

God lends to us the leaves of time,
We write upon them what we will;
But, having written, to erase
Transcends the bounds of human skill;
When God requires His own again,
Whose volume will be free from stain?

He makes each well-spent year a star
To gem the golden crown that waits
The soul which, through death's friendly flood,
Shall pass to heav'n's eternal gates;
How many stars, O friend, will be
In His fair crown for you, for me?

In the new year that dawns to-day,
Lord, let us fill a higher part!
Wean us from our own selfish way,
And make Thy work fill life and heart.
Let day-dreams fade and idols fall,
And Thou, dear Lord, be all in all.

A. M. ARDACH.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE NEW YEAR.

Decision:—I Will.

THE opening days of the New Year offer to us a time in which to renew the past and to make new resolutions for the future. The state of mind which is afraid to resolve, is much worse than that which is ready to undertake but lacks force to carry the

promise into execution. The brink of despair is well-nigh reached. When a human soul is tempted by the sad thought of failure in the past to say, "I have made so many good resolutions which have never worked out into action, that I have not heart to make another." Nothing so destroys character as to be afraid to make resolutions. If there is but a spark of hope left it will cast a gleam of light into the future, and as it remembers that every day is a fresh beginning, will take heart with the morning and begin again. Hope is the last good thing that dies in the human heart.

The Christian who knows the meaning of life will begin not only every year but every day with a resolve, "I will, with God's help, live a steadfast and a better life than in the days and years that are past." But he can only do this when he remembers that for every year, as for every day, we need the cleansing fountain of Jesus' blood, before we dare lift our faces to the dawn of new duties and fresh responsibilities. And as his feet enter upon the pilgrimage of the unhidden future, we need in this unknown path the guidance of Him who has said, "Behold, I make all things new."

But what of the past? Are we to forget it? Are we to bury it in oblivion? Are we to blot out its failures and its falls, its mercies or its victories? The command of Scripture is to go on and to go forward. It is often a sign of a morbid state in the spiritual life when we live in a sort of dreamland of the dead past. Forward is the watchword of action. Thus Tennyson says:—

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead.
Toward the lower ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!

Call me, rather, Silent Voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

Yet every true life must have its roots in the past. No earnest soul can pass from one year to another without

thoughts that are often too deep for tears. For the past is the school in which we learned all the knowledge and experience that we possess. It is rich in precious memories. It is a lesson book which enables us to make use of failure, in building up a wiser and better future.

"For men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

It is when we remember how much we owe to past failure and past defeat that we dare as tried men to face the future without shrinking.

Let us, then, make this New Year a fresh beginning. "I will" be better, do better, live better, God being my helper. Such a resolve needs decision and the exercise of will power. It may be said that the will is the driving wheel of man's complex being. The word "I will" expresses deliberate choice and steadfast purpose. It marks decision of character. The man who wills is firm and steadfast. The waverer is like the surge of the sea driven of the wind and tossed. It is far from my purpose even to suggest for a moment that the unsanctified will can go forth to battle sure of victory. There is needed first the essential principle of life, given by the Life-Giver through faith in Jesus Christ. The life of earnest Christian action, showing itself in works of love and mercy in a will brought into harmony with the will of God, can only come from life in Christ. Yet, as St. Bernard said, "Our will does nothing thereunto without grace, but grace is inactive without our will"—human willing is not an illusion, it is a great reality.

The secret of true success in the spiritual warfare lies in a will renewed and sanctified. We thus teach our children the value of decision based upon a humble reliance on divine grace. "Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will." It is thus that the will becomes irresistible, for faith brings to decision a new and a Divine power. The power of decision "I will," is a necessary element in every true life. But it is not the fruit of idle dreams. It needs cultivation. It requires con-

stant training. In the sphere of bodily or intellectual action we may see a faint picture of what we will do in the spiritual life. It was strength of will that enabled the three champions of Israel to fight their way through the hosts of the Philistines and to bring the precious water from Bethlehem's well to satisfy David's longing for a draught from the crystal spring of his childhood's home. It was will power that prompted the wounded Irish troops at Clontarf to fight when they were unable to stand, tied to stakes placed upright in the thick of the battle. It was will power that kept brave John Maynard at his wheel until all upon the ship were saved. It was will power that overcame fatigue and loneliness, cleared the forests in our land and gave us homes. It is the magnificence of his will that sets the Briton at the head of the nations of the world. It was will power that moved Richelieu to say

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
as—fail!"

It was will power that made Napoleon say that the word "impossible" is only in a fool's dictionary; that made Mirabeau call it a blockhead of a word; that called forth from Chatham, "I trample upon impossibilities." It was will power that raised Disraeli the Jew to the highest position in the British Empire; Lincoln the rail-splitter of Illinois to the Presidency of the United States; Alexander Mackenzie, the stone-mason of Sarnia, to the Premiership of our own Dominion. It was will power that made Demosthenes the stammerer the peerless orator of Greece; and Savonarola the halting speaker the greatest speaker of his age. It was the will power of Wilberforce that destroyed slavery throughout the British Empire; the will power of William Lloyd Garrison, the "I will be heard," that broke the chains of the slave in the United States, and so the world over in every domain of thought and action, it is decision, it is will, it is force, it is determination, it is persistence that carry the day.

Translate all this into the language of the spiritual life. If the merely human will is powerful, linked to God it becomes irresistible. God is ready to renew our wills and to make them strong. Make then the Psalmist's words your own for the New Year: "I will go

in the strength of the Lord God." In that strength meet every duty, every temptation, every difficulty—all that lies before you in your life, and you will be upheld and kept throughout the journeys of the year, and find the promise true at every stage: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Let me close with a New Year's wish for each reader of PARISH AND HOME in the words of the sweet singer:

"A bright New Year, and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back,
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few!
This is my New Year's wish for you!"

W. F. ARMITAGE.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

The seed that is sown in faith and prayer,
That is watered and tended in loving care,
It can never fruitless be;
If we seek the glory of God alone,
Jewels to win from the Saviour's crown,
Then, fruit for eternity.

The seed may be sown with many fears,
And often watered with briny tears,
But the harvest will be sweet;
Not the lament "There's n' thing but leaves,"
But a glorious harvest of many sheaves
To lay at the Master's feet.

Then let us patiently work and toil,
It may be in uncongenial soil;
We must to the end endure;
And trustingly too, go on our way,
While sowing the seed from day to day,
Knowing the harvest is sure.
And then when has set our earthly sun,
We shall hear our blessed Lord's "Well done!"
Reward for His loved employ;
We sowed the seed in the darkness here,
And watered it, too, with many a tear,
The reaping will be with joy.

Toronto. L. HOWARD.

For PARISH AND HOME.

"ALL THINGS."

WE acknowledge God's hand in the great events of our lives, our great joys, our great sorrows, but how many of us extend our recognition of His guidance to the trifles, so-called, which make up daily life? They are not trifles in His eyes, except as each thread in a piece of tapestry is one of the trifles that make up the beautiful whole—each one of them is necessary to fill in the perfect pattern. The momentary joys, the disappointments, the attempts that seem to miscarry, the sudden, unexpected pleasures and successes that come around corners to us; yes, (let us come

further down,) the finding one friend in and another out; detained here and hurried there—all are His doing, and His loving doing. I speak to those who yield their lives to His governance. Those who consider themselves efficient arbiters of their own fate and take their own wilful way in working it out can mar (as they most certainly will), their lives most effectually, but for those who have yielded their lives to His moulding, *everything* that comes is only part of the glad and perfect filling and rounding of their lives by the wise Artisan. I could not say what it was to me when I first realized (and it was a very short time ago), this truth for myself. He had long since taught me that the great issues of my life were safe in His hands. All the sorrow He had sent me I recognized as of His sending. He had even given me to see the need for and the loving kindness in sending them. The joys with which he encompassed my life were manifold, and I know they were from Him, but the little things, the threads with which He was working out that ultimate "good" I somehow never recognized as His threads or even connected Him with them at all. The hurrying events of the day crowding so quickly one upon another—the seeming results of my own energy, my own decisions—I forgot that He was behind my decisions controlling them; promoting here, preventing there; now leading me on, now holding me back. When the disappointments came I was irritated and rebellious. What semi-heathens we are, mixing God and chance! What moles we are, burrowing in the dark; doing just what we should *not* do if we could but see and foresee as He does; rebelling when He puts forth His loving restraining hand, rebelling when he forces us onward against our own wills, to our own good. I shall never forget the day on which all this dawned upon me; I can never thank Him sufficiently for the perfect rest it has been to me since. He has taught me to thank Him for the seeming adverse events as just what I would choose if I were not blind. If we commit our days to His hand each morning as they come, He will guide every step, and we can lie down at night *assured*, whatever may have been the day's occurrences, that every smallest one of them has been His factor in working out good. His promises are for earth as well as for heaven, and with a Bible

overflowing, as it does, with these promises, we must *know* that every act of His towards us, every incident of our lives, is working to their fulfilment. Truly our God *is* a great God, and "we are the sheep of His pasture."—*A.M.A.*

"FAITHFUL IN A VERY LITTLE."

(LUKE XIX. 17.)

STANDING at the open portal of another year to-day,
Will you take a simple motto, as your guide along the way—
"Faithful in a very little,"—This your motto for the year;
Let it make you truly earnest in the Master's service here.
In the lot where He has placed you, humble though it seems to you,
He would have you seek His glory in each little thing you do;
Thus the daily task that meets you, will seem beautiful and bright,
When you take it as His bidding, when you do it in His sight.
Opportunities will meet you, kindly things to do and say;
Take them promptly, use them wisely, for they quickly pass away.
Do not lose them idly wishing you had greater work to do,
Take the work the Master chooses, go where He has need of you.
Aim to do some deed of kindness, every day throughout the year;
Try some saddened life to brighten, seek some lonely heart to cheer.
Daily make it your endeavour someone else to help and please,
Though it may mean self-denial, giving up your will and ease.
Others may not heed your efforts, you may even think them lost,
But the Master sees the motive, and the Master counts the cost;
And the smile of His approval, surely your reward will be,
"Inasmuch as ye have done it . . . ye have done it unto Me."
"Faithful in a very little," faithful you will be in all,
And the New Year will be happy, whatsoever may befall.
As you cheerfully accomplish every duty each day brings,
Seeking first to please the Master in life's many little things,
—*Ethel Waring, in The Christian.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SEEING OR TRUSTING.

DOES God work in the same way that He did eighteen centuries ago?

This is a question which, in one form or another, is constantly recurring to earnest children of God. The Church of Christ has got into such a settled rut of believing that He does not, that

it requires no little moral courage to take an opposite stand, and yet it would seem, during the last few years particularly, as if God were specially showing that He is the same God who has not changed His way of working.

George Müller startled English Christianity when he was used as an example of how God honours those who simply trust Him. The huge orphanage asylum at Bristol, the large and independent missionary organization and the flourishing Bible and tract depot, all supported by prayer, are a standing monument to prove that God does work in the old way, that the promise of the Bible holds good literally to-day.

Dr. Gordon, of Boston, was lately in Toronto giving an account (by special request), of what God was doing in his work, and he told of a flourishing missionary work, in aid of which no one had ever been asked for a cent; indeed, he said he even avoided talking of it unless, as on this occasion, he were asked to do so, lest he should seem to be advertising it. Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, is another proof of how God honours those who do their work in simple dependence upon Him. One of the best of the biographies of to-day is that of Dr. Mackenzie, medical missionary of China. In the ninth chapter there is a very remarkable instance of this same full answer to the faith of those who simply trust. Dr. Mackenzie had been stationed at Hankow and doing most successful work there, but for various reasons he was removed to Tien-tsin, in Northern China. On arrival there the prospect seemed very gloomy. A medical work had been started and was dropped some years before, leaving a debt behind it as its only monument. When Dr. Mackenzie arrived he had no money and no drugs. At first he was tempted to feel very discouraged; it would take at least six months before aid could reach him from the London Society who had sent him out, and the city seemed full of sickness and was in dire need of medical work.

Thus, thrown upon God alone, he and his wife and other Christians there, met daily in prayer for help and guidance.

It was suggested that a petition should be sent the Viceroy, Li Hung-Chang, whom Dr. Mackenzie speaks of as the most enlightened man in China, the friend of Chinese (General) Gordon.

A memorial was accordingly sent in, presented by the American Consul. It met with a kindly reception, the Viceroy approved of the aims of the missionary, the need of the hospital, etc., but offered no help. For two months they continued praying, and all this time the doctor was able to do almost nothing at the work of which he was so passionately fond. But all of a sudden, just when they began to think that God was not going to help them in this direction, the answer came. The Viceroy's wife lay dangerously ill, the native doctors had given her up, and, in despair, the Viceroy was at last induced to send for the English doctors. They were allowed free access to her, but found her case a very critical one. They felt it was a matter for prayer rather than medical skill, and all met daily for prayer for her recovery. Their prayer was answered, and after six days Lady Li was out of danger. She still needed special treatment, which could best be given by a lady, and so (Miss) Dr. Howard kindly came from Peking for two months. The Viceroy, unlike most Chinamen, was very fond of his wife, and felt deeply grateful for what the doctors had done, and as they would take no pay, gladly set at their disposal an entire quadrangle of the temple to Iseng Kwoh-fan, one of the finest buildings in Tien-tsin, for dispensing work. This became a big hospital for our patients, and Li Hung-Chang supplied all the necessary funds. The work at once became fashionable; the best people in the place came to be treated, and while treating their bodies the doctors ever watched for opportunities to speak to them of Christ. Not long after Lady Li provided another hospital in charge of Miss Howard, for women.

The out-patient work was, however, from many points of view, unsatisfactory. The patients were not under the direct influence of the Gospel as they would be in an in-patients' hospital. Dr. Mackenzie was not satisfied. Very soon he suggested the building of an hospital to some of his late patients. His idea was taken up cordially, and soon a splendid hospital was erected on the mission.

And all this seemed clearly to come about *because* he had been forced to look away from every arm of flesh to God alone. In Hankow, he had received almost no assistance from the natives, and had he in Tien-tsin been able to

get plentiful supplies from home, they would not have given themselves so specially to prayer, nor, as it seemed to the missionaries, reaped this wondrous harvest. Verily there is a God, and He reigns. Oh, may we be given grace to take our stand more simply on His promises, and be sure that He will honour His pledged word. O.

THE EPIPHANY.

"We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."—ST. MATT. II. 2.

(January 6th, 1893.)

Lo, a fair and goodly star,
Dawning on the Persians' gaze,
Sheds its glory near and far,
Calls them with prophetic rays—
Calls them, draws them, leads them on,
Faithful, joyful, not afraid,
Till behold 't stays anon
Where the Holy Child is laid!

Is there now no star to guide
Pilgrims through a world of sin?
Outward beam may be denied,
Yet there shines a star within.
Holy Spirit, Living Light,
Rise serene in every breast,
Lead us on through storm and night
Safe to Jesu's Home of Rest!

—Fredk. Langbridge, in *The Church Monthly*

For PARISH AND HOME.

EUODIA AND SYNTYCHE.

THE Church of God is feeling, as never before, the vast influence of woman's work.

The Woman's Auxiliary in our Canadian Church is simply an organized expression of a great fact that, whether the work be home missionary work or foreign missionary work, women are the chief "helpers."

It is interesting to look back and see the prominent place women occupied in the early days of Christianity, not only when our Lord was upon earth, but after His ascension, when the infant Church was left to work out its own history in the power of the Holy Ghost.

There were at first great barriers in the way of women taking any active part in Church work; chief among these was the inferior social position which they occupied throughout almost the whole Roman Empire. There was, however, one region where the social standing of women seemed to be higher than in most parts of the civilized world, and that region was Macedonia. From Macedonian inscriptions we learn that monuments were sometimes erected by public bodies in honour of women. The deferential tone in which a Mace-

donian husband speaks of his wife is also noticeable. How modern such an epitaph as this sounds: "To my devoted and darling wife"

In Macedonia, therefore, the spirit of Christianity which uplifts woman and calls forth her best energies, found least resistance, consequently, as we follow St. Paul in his second missionary journey, when he plants his foot for the first time in Europe, and begins to preach the Gospel in Macedonia, we find women coming to the front. At Philippi, at Thessalonica, at Berea, women are prominent. Women of rank not only listen to the apostle's preaching and receive the truths which he proclaimed, but also become helpers in the good work.

When St. Paul, anxious not to lose any opportunity, preached the Gospel for the first time at Philippi, not to a gathering of men, but to a company of women, he probably little realized how much the women of Macedonia would accomplish for Christ.

When he visited Philippi again in the course of his third missionary journey, he found women taking an active part in Church work. There were two women of rank and influence, Euodia and Syntyche, who especially laboured with him in the Gospel, either as deaconesses or as prominent Church members without any official position.

Writing some years afterwards, from Rome, where he was a prisoner, St. Paul thankfully acknowledges his own indebtedness and the indebtedness of the Christian Church to these two women. But, alas for human nature! a rumour had reached the imprisoned apostle that some trouble had broken out in the Philippian Church in which these two women were involved. Their success in the work had been a temptation to them, and they were growing jealous of each other. How sad that their noble work should be marred in this way! And so, as the apostle writes to the Philippian Church, he adds, towards the close of his letter, this fervent exhortation: "I beseech Euodia and I beseech Syntyche to be of the same mind in the Lord."

Gratefully we acknowledge the good work which Christian women are doing in the Church of Christ to-day. Whether organized in societies or unorganized, whether as officers in these societies or deaconesses, or simply as active members of the Church. But

has the incident of Philippi no bearing on Church life of the present day? Do we never hear of a good work being marred through difference of opinion between the prominent workers, neither willing to give way, each appealing to other friends for support, until a church feud has resulted?

Possibly a Euodia or a Syntyche may read this. Why not sink little differences for the sake of the great cause? "I beseech you, be of the same mind in the Lord."

F. H. DUVERNET.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THOU FOOL!

NONE of us like being called fools. We don't ever like to have people think us fools, but what if, after all, we are fools? What if God, looking at my life, thinks I am a fool, a silly, senseless fellow, and by-and-bye tells me so? God more than once called men fools in the Bible; one parable goes by the name of the rich fool. He thought his goods were his own; "many years" (and even this was uncertain), seemed to him a very long time, and he did not trouble himself about anything to come after them, and so dawdled along without thinking of anything but money-making, just like any fool! He thought, in his folly, that *life*—the life of the soul—was made up simply of the good things which a man possessed.

What if he should become a millionaire? Let him in fancy come back to life and see the end of the things for which he has lost his soul. Lawsuit after lawsuit over his will; family feuds; attempts to show that he wasn't in his right mind when he made his will: children cursed by the wealth, which it cost him so much to hoard.

Take advice; it is God's, and don't be a fool!

C.

NO GOD.

IN a class of forty or fifty heathen boys, in the Tinnevely College, one of them asked this question: "Atheists say that science proves there is no God; what can the Bible say to that?" The teacher answered, "If you wish to know what the Bible says, it is this, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'" The boy hung down his head and looked rather silly to find his difficult question, as he thought, so easily answered, and to feel that in God's sight he was but a fool.—*Selected.*

Tootin' Dick.

HE never gave up. He was always hoping. He was generally singing or whistling, so the street-boys called him Tootin' Dick.

When his widowed mother died, he kept her peanut-stand on a board on top of an old clothes-basket till he was sold out, and the little money he had saved for new stock was stolen. His one suit of clothes was fast falling to pieces. He kept it on with twine suspenders and strings tied round his neck and armpits. He wore his mother's shoes with their heels under the middle of his soles, and his heels in the middle of their high backs.

He kept himself warm at night with shavings in the rooms of an unfinished house, till the house was built, and the door and windows shut him out. Then he found a big barrel under one of the river bridges. A couple of staves were missing from one of its sides. Dick rolled it till the opening was toward the stones of the bridge-pier, and he slipped into it, wrapped in a dirty sail.

It kept the wind off. He slept well there, lying on his face now and then for a few minutes when the cold woke him up. But one night he was roused by policemen in a boat firing stones among the empty tin-cans and rubbish and at his barrel.

"Too early for water-rats," one of them said.

They were only on the lookout for river thieves; but when they had passed on, Dick scampered away from his barrel-house. It was early, as the police had said—about ten o'clock. The cold wind nipped Dick's ears. He picked up an old hat and pulled it down over his cap, tucking the brim under his coat collar. The sail was still tied around him. He tried to whistle, but he was hoarse and hungry.

"We be awtul hungry, tunin' forks," he said to himself, pinching his throat—"beun't we?"

He sat down on the grating over a restaurant kitchen, opened his coat wide an instant, then folded it suddenly over his nose and mouth, as if he were taking a bite of the delicious smell he had collected. He kept the repeat up awhile, telling it over to himself—"Onions, turkey, puddins, chickings, beef, beets, kerrots, pies, jallies."

He tried to read the big sign near-by, but he couldnot get any farther than "P-a-r, Central Park. No. P-a-r,

parsnips. No. P-a-r, paradise. Ha! ha!"

He walked away, singing hoarsely:

"Cold fowl or turkey,
All's one to me,
Salad with onion,
Or ma-ca-ro-nee!"

He came against an old gentleman whose hat had blown away, and whose eyes were blinded with the ends of the scarf that still protected his head. Dick bent himself to the ground, and scurried along with the wind, rescuing the hat with a wild whoop.

He crossed his hands behind his back, and whistled with all his might while he watched the owner put it on firmly and arrange the scarf.

"Nice face. Very," said the latter to himself, looking at Dick. "Poor, but cheerful. No drivelling there."

"If it hadn't been for you, boy," he added out loud, "my hat might have been in the river. 'Where there's a will there a way.' Don't you ever turn that to 'where there's a wish.' Will, will, will! Carry my bag up the steps, bub. Oh, wait a moment, Tommy!"

He opened the bag, and presented Dick with a lemon.

"Bring that to my office (Sawyer & Sawyer) to-morrow, sonny," he said, "and you won't be sorry you came."

They reached the station of the elevated road. "Sawyer & Sawyer" turned to pay Dick, found he had left his change at his office, thanked his stars he had memory enough to always carry his train tickets, told Dick he would make it all right when the lemon was presented, and rushed away.

Dick was hungrier than ever. Something very like tears were in his eyes and a lump in his throat. He turned the lemon over in his hands. It had "Sawyer" cut on it in large letters, but the absent-minded old gentleman had given no address.

Dick hung round that station all night in the cold, for fear his new friend would come back on a train he might miss. He stayed till near noon the next day; then, faint and weary, wandered in and out the neighboring streets. But "Sawyer & Sawyer" did not appear.

Dick's head felt as if it were growing bigger and heavier every minute. In spite of the cold, his throat burned. He longed to taste the lemon; but he repeated over and over to himself. "It ain't where there's a wish, but where there's a will,"

Putting a pebble in his mouth, he tried feebly to imitate a thirsty soldier on the march with a stone in the mouth to make saliva and prevent thirst. At last he stepped aside from the bustling crowd, and sat on the steps of a huge warehouse. Some one straggled in and out of the great doors now and then, but the shutters were up, as if business was at a stand still.

Every time the door opened, Dick smelt the same smell as at the restaurant, and drew each time a little nearer, till he had slipped in the door. A clerk pounced on him with a roar of laughter.

"Ticket!" he cried, as he seized the lemon in Dick's hand. "Rather late for father Sawyer's birthday spread!"

Dick was ushered into a great, lighted wareroom, which had been turned into a banquet hall. Who the crowd of guests were, which were rich and which were poor, he could not have told, nor what loaded the tables.

"Not a seat left!" some one said. The words were hardly spoken, when the host had jumped from his chair, and the little figure in the ragged sail and two hats was placed in the seat of honour. It was before an untouched,

mighty, eighty-pound round of corned beef in a sea of red and yellow jelly stars, a carrot turkey with outspread wings surmounted it, a ring of lemon lanterns guarding it, and beet roses blooming from many points side by side with onion lilies. By it lay a card: "With compliments of the Parker House."

"I allus knew," said Dick, lifting up a trembling voice, "there must be lights and vittles and flowers for me somewhere, if I could hang on long enough."

He burst into a flood of tears, but checked himself immediately. He caught the table with his cold, dirty little hands, and, bracing himself up, sang out hoarsely:

"Glory, glory hallelujer!
We'll go marching on!"

gave one quivering whistle, and fainted away.

But Tootin' Dick was able, in the years that followed, to do justice to more than one of old Mr. Sawyer's queer birthday feasts. He did not need lemon tickets for them, either. Slowly but cheerfully he worked his way in the house of "Sawyer & Sawyer," till he was one of that firm.

It was young Richard Harris who kept the men together when times were

hard and wages low. He had such faith in them; and in better days coming they could not leave him. When his old friend, the head of the house, was long dead, and he too was old, and on cold days covered his thin hair with a scarf, he loved to meet a boy that laughed and sang in spite of rags and hunger. And his change-pocket was never empty, though his fingers were taking something out of it most of the time.

When at last he could walk no more in the streets, softly whistling to himself and patting with his cane the children he met, when the hand of death laid him low, and friends shrank at the sight of his suffering, a happy smile was always on his trembling lips, and his last words were, "Oh, the good, good time that's coming—the best time of all!"—*Sunday School Times*

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

The old year's winged hours,
From day to golden day,
With winter snows and summer flowers,
Have sped upon their way,
To come no more again,
With hopes and tears, and joys and tears,
And gifts for men!

What priceless boon, O Time
To the New Year is given?
Oh, may it help our feet to climb
The narrow path to Heaven,
Where, on the sapphire floor,
God's sons shall stand at His right hand,
For evermore.

Vain, vain is all beside!
Nor gold nor love can save
Our glory from the rolling tide
Which sweeps us to the grave,
Where though all else decays,
God's Word is sure, and shall endure
To endless days.

Oh, while the New Year rolls
To join the darkening past,
Teach us, dear Saviour of our souls,
Our cares on Thee to cast,
To know, as we are known,
Till angel throngs shall join our songs
Before Thy Throne,
—Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

"THANK HIM."

AFTER one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier; taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?" He supposed, of course, the young fellow would want him to cry to God for help in his extremity; it was not so. "Chaplain, he said, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother;

and then, chaplain. I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother; oh, she is a good mother! Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace; He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And O, chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so, said the chaplain, "I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgivings for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace and an eternal hope in glory."—*Selected.*

"THE PRINCE OF LIFE."

OF all the names attributed to Christ in the Scriptures, that is the most fitting in which He is designated "The Prince of Life." This He is, not only in virtue of His resurrection, but also from the fact that He is the great kindler and sustainer of the life of God in the human soul. The opinions of men may differ with regard to His person or His claims, but none can deny that a spiritual power so sublimely creative as that which He wielded, and still wielded, was never before or since manifested to the world. Other teachers have given precepts; Christ gives not precepts merely, but life. He differs from the moralists in this, that while all that they can do is to assert that righteousness is an imperative pursuit of the soul, He by His inbreathed power renders it a practicable pursuit. It is not enough for us to know the right. We know much better than we do. The words which Ovid puts into the mouth of Medea, "I see and approve the better, and yet I pursue the worse," are the formulæ of universal experience. Speaking of one seeking purity of life in his own strength, the poet says:

Each morning hailed a new Endeavour's birth,
Each evening wept its pitiful corpse before.

We have all tasted this bitterness, and sighed for a power within us, a soul within our soul, which would make virtue possible to us. Such a power Christ imparts. Of old it was said concerning Him, that "to as many as received Him, to them gave He power to

become the sons of God," and that olden miracle is continually repeated to-day. The spirit of life in Christ Jesus frees men from the law of sin and death. A vital inspiration of goodness, of faith, of purity, of love, and of self-sacrifice streams into the soul united by faith to the living Christ, imparting to it a true salvation by delivering it from the sin which is its great curse and its real damnation. To quote the words of Fichte: "The lapse of time serves only to confirm the everlasting miracle, that in all who come unto God through Christ Jesus a new heart is created; and until time expires, all who enter into the Kingdom of God must enter by Him; and until the end of time, all who truly know themselves in their relation to Him will bow down to acknowledge the incomparable glory of His manifestation." Jesus Christ does that which no other being who ever trod the earth has been able to do. He raises men from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; He wakes the dormant eternity in their hearts; He nerves them for battle with evil angels and with evil men; He strangles the serpents of vile habit which, as in Dante's awful vision, had become incorporate with their blood and life, and flings them to the dust; He kindles within them love, and pity, and joyous self-sacrifice; He energises their will with the inbreathed power of God. He is the vine rooted in God, and they are the branches; and as the life of the vine pulsates through the branches, so by their union with Christ the life of God pulsates through them. This is the grand open secret of Christian experience, Christ in the soul forming it into a new creature. This is the abiding miracle of the Gospel rooted in the consciousness of every true Christian, and secure against all assaults of unbelief from whatever quarter they may arise.

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest

Cannot confound, nor doubt Him, nor deny;
Yea; with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,

Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving

Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

—*Selected.*

MAKE life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—*Robert Browning.*

Parish and Home.

A monthly Church magazine published for the Proprietors by THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED), TORONTO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
50 Cents per Annum in Advance.

to copies to one address, for one year,	\$3.50
20 " " " " "	6.00
40 " " " " "	11.00
50 " " " " "	13.50
100 " " " " "	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED),
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

MANY men think that God is robbing them when He asks for their means. But in truth, as Saint Augustine says quaintly, in telling us to give God only acts as a man would who, on going to the house of his friend, finds his fruit stored in the cellar floor. He tells him, from his greater knowledge of these things, that his fruit will all be spoiled and wasted if left there. The place is too damp and the fruit must be moved to a higher floor. God only wants us to lay up riches on a higher floor than earth. Here it will spoil and we shall eventually get no good from it, but yonder God will preserve it forever, and we shall have joy of the same. Oh, that more saw it in this light, and consecrated their all to Him "who giveth all."

MRS. DU VERNET acknowledges with thanks the following from Cobourg:—"Please accept one dollar for the Distribution Fund of PARISH AND HOME. Each number seems more helpful than the last. May its words be read by many weary, struggling hearts. Also five dollars from Miss Saunders, Toronto."

No one truly converted to God can ever rest if out of fellowship with Him; the heavenly life cannot be satisfied with earthly food. We hear of so-called conversions where the converts have quickly gone back into the world, apparently feeling as much at home there as ever they did—a clear proof that they were not converted to God. They were merely converted to some particular form of teaching or belief, or per-

haps to some special preacher. You often meet with such cases; some of them know a great deal of truth, and can make very nice distinctions, and point out the errors of the Churches, and yet exhibit none of the fruits of the Spirit. There is a story told of Whitfield which is very much to the point. He was standing on the street talking to some friends when a drunken man stumbled up to him saying, "Good-day, Mr. Whitfield, don't you know me? I'm one of your converts." "I thought as much," was the reply, "if you had been one of the Lord's converts you would not be in the state you are now." Such converts may live as if all right for a shorter or longer time, but sooner or later they will fall. Any one that has gone back into the world, and can rest there, has never been converted to God at all; if truly converted, no matter what the backsliding, there will be a yearning and thirsting after God which the world can never satisfy.

"WHERE art thou?" God's seeking call still sounds forth in relentless love. "Oh," answers or moans the anxious soul, "I'm lost, lost, lost! I see my need of the world's Saviour, but it seems I can never get to Him." Yes, but your coming to Him is only half—the other half is that He is coming to you. As the Good Shepherd He has come out into the wilderness seeking you. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. The earthly shepherd follows the lost sheep into the wilderness; it hears his call and tries to come, but struggles in vain; it is too firmly caught in the thicket. At last, overcome by its struggle it gives up with a little cry of helplessness. That little cry has saved it; the shepherd hears; in a moment he is at the place. He frees it from the strong thorns, and lays it upon his shoulders rejoicing. Desert or mountain path it matters not, winding or rough the way, but 'tis the Shepherd that treads it. You have been trying to obey the Great Shepherd's call and come to Him, but sin and difficulty hold you too fast. Listen; He is seeking you, and even now calls, "Where art thou?" In your helplessness cry "Here Lord," and even as you cry He will be at your side, and lay you on His shoulders rejoicing.

THERE may be multitudes of nice, respectable, "religious" people in hell,

multitudes who call themselves "good Churchmen." The devil does not object to his children being respectable and religious; he does not object to them being Church members; not at all. Some of his best workers are church members, some are even clergymen. What he objects to is their becoming members of Christ.

"This grown man eyes the world now like a child," Browning wrote of the man—Lazarus—who had tasted even death itself, and came back to earth to live a few years longer. He knew what almost no one else on earth knew, and the poet's thought is that his deeper knowledge brought with it simple and childlike trust. We draw closer to a tender heart as we understand more of the deep love that is there. True knowledge does not puff up. It humbles. At every turn of thought it stands face to face with God, and grows more childlike and trustful in His presence.

"CONSOLATION springs from sources deeper far than deepest pain." Deep as the pain may be, God can still whisper peace and comfort to the heart. A mother stood by the body of her dead child. "How can you be so calm and peaceful under such a terrible blow?" said a wondering friend. Perhaps the mother did not herself understand why. But it was because the Consoler is stronger than the pain, and gave restful thoughts of submission to His will in the darkest hour of sorrow. We do not understand this strength that we may have. We only know it is for our use as we need it.

AN INDIAN SMILE.

SOME years ago a party of Canadian hunters went up in the Saskatchewan district to hunt deer, and when there, fell in with a small party of Christian Indians, the leader of whom was fond of singing. The hymns that he sang were from the Cree Hymnal. The hunters were both interested and surprised, and one day one of the party said to the Indian: "What are you always singing about Jesus for; what has Jesus done for you?" The Indian looked at the traveller with some amazement, but said nothing. An Indian never speaks when he is astonished, for he would consider that to be as foolish as a white man, who, he says,

"speaks first and thinks afterwards;" but an Indian thinks first and then speaks; so, without speaking, this Indian made a circle of moss on the ground, he then placed a worm in the centre of it; this done, he took his flint and steel, and striking a light, set fire to the moss. In a short time the poor worm began to writhe in pain; just then the Indian stooped down, lifted it up and put it on a stone; then, turning to the traveller, he said with emphasis: "That is what Jesus did for me. I was like that worm, and felt in my heart all that it could have felt in its body; and just then God's Child stooped down and lifted me up and put me upon a rock, and do you wonder that I love Him? Can you wonder that I sing His praise?"—*W. W. Kirkby, in Parish Visitor.*

A KINGLY FACE.

HE who rules his spirit gives evidence of his kingly power in his countenance. When one attempts to trace the diverse elements which go to the making of a strong face, he is at first surprised to find how many of the lines of spiritual strength are really lines of labor, sorrow, or pain. And yet there are faces which show pain, and sorrow and labor without being strong faces; so that these sterner experiences of life, while entering into the composition of every strong character, do not of themselves necessarily produce strength. One thing more is needed before the marks of suffering can be transformed into signs of power; and that one thing is self-repression. A face which does not bear the unmistakable stamp of self-repression is not a strong face. Power of intellect, intensity of impulse, breadth of vision, are all powerless to produce strength of character unless they are held in hand by a firm rein. And often where these, in any high degree, are lacking, the stamp of self-repression gives to the face a quiet strength which comes from the complete control in which one's little force is held. This, then, is the secret of strength—that a man should learn to rule his own spirit. When the strong will rules every passion, goes bravely through every work, endures faithfully every necessary pain, the mark of the ruler will appear in the face, the wounds received in the conflict will leave in their healing new lines of spiritual beauty. Where that self-rule is lacking, the face becomes a face of a

slave, and the wounds received have no higher ethical value than the scars left by the lash on a convict's back. Be a king over yourself, and your countenance will show loyalty; be pure, and brave and true, in the midst of temptation to be otherwise, and your face will show a higher beauty than even that of untried innocence.—*S. S. Times.*

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow,
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wail and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labour,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbour.

Strength for to-day that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track,
For travellers near the valley,
That up, far up, on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly,
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

—Selected.

MISSIONS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

How to beget a missionary spirit among the children? This is natural to them. Its absence is a sad commentary on Church life. It can be awakened and kept aglow. But how?

1. *By using missionary music.* Gather, for the children's use, the liveliest missionary songs. Obviate prosy airs. Secure those that will preach missions, recite the Scriptures and picture the great white harvest fields. Have them rendered in the presence of the children and by them. "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and "The Morning Light is Breaking," properly sung, will fire the child-heart. There are others equally as effective.

The writer calls to mind the impressions made on his mind, when a child, by a slave, singing the forgotten chorus:

"O where are the preachers?
Hallelujah,
O where are the preachers?
In Burmah, in Burmah,
Preaching to the heathen,
Hallelujah."

God made this quaint, old doggerel the instrument in firing one heart with an undying passion for missions. Song will move the heart when stories and sermons fail.

2. *Put in the hands of the children the story of missions*—the tract, that contains, in greatest possible brevity, some stirring facts from the mission fields. They abound in graphic illustrations that will make ready conquest of the child heart. Especially, give them brief biographies of the martyr-spirits who have given their lives to the mission work. Our foreign mission literature abounds in these, and are well-suited to the ends suggested. So much forceful data might thus be utilized.

3. *Give frequent entertainments.* Not theatricals. No. But the recital of Scriptures, authorizing mission work and especially those that make this work one of supreme obligation. Gather up the soul-stirring poems and have them rendered, and rendered as if felt and believed. Intersperse with the liveliest missionary music. In these gatherings "facts and figures" can be used. Pains and time should be taken to impress the lessons on the minds and hearts of the young. Intensity of interest, on the part of the leader, will help awaken like interest in the young heart.

4. Educate the congregation into sympathy with the efforts. Cite the progress made with the young. Give statistics as to the work accomplished. They can be made a powerful stimulus to the young.

5. Have regular stated times for these mission gatherings. Give the little folks conspicuous place in the services. Call attention to the meetings a week in advance. Give prominence to the topics and the closest personal attention when they come together.

These methods have won and they will win. Tact in the leader, with Christ in the heart, and the children may be charmed and accordingly deeply interested.—*Rev. B. G. Manard, in Kind Words.*

BIND together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose

CHURCH ACTIVITY.

THE *Diocesan Calendars* for 1892 show that in every part of England and Wales the work of our Church is being carried on with increasing vigour, and is productive of increased results. For instance, it is reported from Ripon that there are 547 acting clergy and 65 licensed lay readers, that there is church accommodation for 171,357 persons, and that the average attendance at the Church schools is 48,588. In Liverpool the number of curates has increased from 120 in 1880 to 210 in the present year; while no less than 1,960 voluntary lay helpers have been enrolled during the last twelve years.

A STORY OF A HYMN.

A PARTY of tourists formed a part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes, sir," the man of song answered courteously, "I fought under Gen. Grant." "Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was just such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand, the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected

by my commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadows of thy wings."

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion, "I remember that night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service: I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man, created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and I ceased to be alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew till this evening."—*Christian at Work.*

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CONVICTION.

A MINISTER was one day called upon by one of his congregation, a young man, who professed to be dissatisfied with what he had heard on the Sunday before. "I was not satisfied with your reasoning," he added: "I have some points which embarrass me. I wish for an explanation." The minister listened patiently to his difficulties, which were of a deep and metaphysical character; and, when he had done, the minister inquired, "But are you prepared for death and judgment?" "I cannot say I am," was the reply. The pastor remained silent for a short time, and then said solemnly, "Let us pray." In his prayer he brought all these difficulties before God; and asked, in the most earnest manner, for God's saving grace. The young man retired; and complained afterwards to his friends that the minister had evaded his difficulties, and that as a subterfuge he had resorted to prayer. But that prayer was more powerful than argument would have been. That young man confessed so afterwards. He afterwards wrote to that minister, and said, "I was displeased with your sermon because I felt it to be true. I hoped to perplex you

by a discussion, and thus to ease my own conscience. But the Holy Spirit triumphed; and I am now a brand plucked out of the fire."—*Clayton.*

A LIVING HOPE.

A MISSIONARY travelling in India found a native dying. Anxious to speak to him the glad tidings, he knelt down, and putting his mouth to his ear, he whispered, "What is your hope for eternity?" The dying eyes were opened, and from the parched lips were whispered the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." After death, there was found, tightly grasped in his cold hand, a single leaf of a Bengalee Testament with that verse upon it.—*Exchange.*

A BISHOP IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

IN the course of a thrilling account of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan which Archdeacon Warren sends by mail, a remarkable incident is mentioned. He was entertaining as guests in his house at Osaka, Japan, on the night before the earthquake Bishop Bickersteth and his wife. The Bishop conducted family prayer before retiring and read the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, my God in whom I will trust. He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge," etc. A few hours later the earthquake came and the room in which the Bishop had read these words was an utter wreck. A large chimney crashed through the ceiling, smashing the furniture and filling the place with bricks and timber. Had anyone been in the room at the time, death must have resulted. The room in which the Bishop was when the shock came was in another part of the house. That, too, was overtopped by a high chimney which was thrown down. But it fell in a direction opposite to that of the room in which the Bishop was and injured no one. At family prayer the next morning the Bishop read the same Psalm with a new feeling of its meaning.—*Selected.*

LEARNING.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

—*Oriental.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Jan 1st Ezra i. 1-11 Gen. iii. 1-13.
" 8th Ezra iii. 1-13 Gen. iii. 14-24.
" 15th Haggai ii. 1-9 Gen. iv. 1-16.
" 22nd Zech. iii. 1-10 Gen. vi. 5-22.
" 29th Zech. iv. 1-10 Gen. vii. 11-24 ; viii. 1-14.

FALLING TO SLEEP.

(For the little ones to learn by heart.)

EVENING is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes;
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet caps of lily and rose;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild
breeze,

Drowsily, dreamily swinging the trees,
Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall open once more;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar;
Sleep till the morning sun, lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.

Sweetly sleep; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

—From the German.

The Motto Text:

"WHATSOEVER."

"WHAT motto text shall we have this week, Maggie?"

"Oh! I've thought of one. Father read it at morning prayers, and he said it was one of the verses that if every one who professed to love Christ really followed, the world would be changed."

"What can it be?"

"Just this: 'Whatsoever ye do in word and deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,' and father said it means everything."

"Oh! I say Maggie, all our play, and all our—every single thing. It'll be an awful hard motto text. Fancy stopping to think before we do anything if it will be for God's glory or not."

"Yes," said Maggie, gravely; "but then it's very lovely to think all in our lives may be touched by the thought of Christ, as Miss Graham said; don't you remember, Nora?"

"Yes, Mag; but I feel somehow as if I could never do every single thing to God's glory. I wish you hadn't chosen quite such a hard motto text."

"But, Nora, Jesus knows how easy it

is to forget, and how difficult to remember, and He knows we are trying, even when we fail."

"Yes, I know that, Mag; and you must remind me, too, my temper is so"—

"Hush! Nora; your temper is not as bad as mine, so we must one help the other; and here's our stile."

"I love this tumble-down, old stile; don't you, Mag? It always reminds me of that day."

"Yes; it was as we sat here we made up our minds; and, oh! Nora I'm so thankful we did."

"So am I; but we must not stay talking here to-night; good-bye;" and with a wave of her hand, and her school books dangling in her bag, Nora ran off down the opposite lane to which Maggie's quieter steps wended.

These two girls were school friends, and a little time ago they had both begun to love and serve Jesus. It was during an earnest, simple talk from a young lady who had herself once been a scholar in the school, and they decided to begin this new life. To help each other they took it in turns to choose a text, which was to be their motto for the week, and we have seen upon which verse Maggie's choice had fallen. The girls' lots in life were very different. Nora was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who was an exacting querulous, discontented woman, and with the aims and sympathies of young people she had very little, if any sympathy, so at times poor Nora had a very difficult position to fill.

Maggie was the eldest of a large family, and her younger brothers and sisters frequently made large demands upon her patience; then her mother was not strong, and consequently many duties fell to Maggie's share, which otherwise would not have done, and life, even to her, young as she was, did not always wear a rosy hue.

When Nora entered her aunt's room the latter looked up from her knitting and said in a cross tone, "Whatever makes you so late to-night, Nora, you never seem to think of your aunt all alone here waiting for tea?"

"Am I late, aunty? I didn't know I was."

"Now, don't tell a lie, you know you are late, it makes it no better."

An angry reply rose to Nora's lips, when all at once the little word "whatsoever" seemed to stare her in the

face, and she said gently, "Maggie and I were talking, so perhaps we walked slowly, I am very sorry, aunty, I'll try and remember another time that you are sitting by yourself and are lonely."

Her aunt looked up rather surprised; this was not the way her high-spirited niece generally took her rebukes, but she said nothing and went on with her knitting. Nora's face flushed as she went upstairs, and her hands held her lesson books very tightly. "That reply was to God's glory, Oh! I'm so thankful," she murmured, "but Oh! I know I shall forget, the verse is just fresh with me now." Dear Nora! she was forgetting that the strength and power to remember came not from herself, a mistake so many older Christians are making daily, as well as she, who has only just begun the warfare.

Later on in the week, one evening when she was seated by a cosy fire reading an interesting book, the maid came to ask her if she would give her some help in the kitchen. "It doesn't matter though, Miss," she said, seeing Nora so absorbed in her book, "I can do it myself."

"Oh! very well," said Nora, "I am glad, as I don't want to disturb myself till I have finished this book," and she settled herself comfortably down again in the arm-chair, but somehow the story was not quite as interesting as it was before that interruption from Susan. An hour or two later, when she went into the kitchen, she felt very much reproached to find Susan with a large basket of clothes before her still unironed.

"You see, Miss," she said, apologetically, when Nora exclaimed at the work still to be done, "I had all the peas to shell for to-morrow, and jam to cover and tie down, and I thought if you'd been at liberty you'd have given me a hand."

"Oh! Susan, I am sorry, I might have done it so easily."

"It's no matter, Miss, really, I shall only be a bit late, that's all."

"Dear! dear!" sighed Nora, as she left the kitchen, "this is ever so many times in four days I have forgotten about the text, and I might have helped poor Susan to God's glory, but I was so selfish I forgot all about 'whatsoever.'"

Meanwhile, Maggie was finding the text equally as difficult "to live up to" as Nora, and sometimes she was

tempted to wish that she had not chosen such a hard one, as she called it.

One evening some friends asked her to accompany them to a concert; now it happened that day the baby had been very cross and her mother unusually feeble, and dearly as Maggie would have enjoyed the music the thought of the text came to her mind, and she knew that it would not be for God's glory to leave her mother to look after the baby that night, so she refused with a brave outward appearance, but inwardly with a little quiver of disappointment. Her reward came full and sweet though, when her mother, on giving her the usual "good-night kiss," said, "Maggie, it was a great relief to me when you refused to go to that concert, I felt as though I could not spare you, and yet, I did not want to influence you. What helped you to decide as you did, my child?"

"These words, mother, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' and I knew I should not be glorifying Him if I left you to manage baby, because you were not well enough."

"God bless you, Maggie; you have given your tired, worn-out mother a lift on her way to heaven; nay, you need not look so surprised, love, it is quite true," and she stroked the girl's hair caressingly.

"Oh!" thought Maggie as she went to sleep, "how lovely if I could always remember our motto text. I am so happy."

Alas! how soon even those who love the Saviour forget Him! Next morning Maggie was very angry with one of her little brothers because he tore her dress, and he said, "She was a nasty cross sister, and he wished Nora was his sister instead of her." At the mention of Nora's name, the remembrance of the motto text flashed into Maggie's mind, and, oh! how grieved she felt that so soon she had forgotten it.

At the end of the week, as their custom was, the two friends met to have a walk, a talk over the week's work, and to choose another motto text. After a long silence, Nora said, softly, "Don't, you think, Mag, we'd better stick to this text a while longer, till we can do a bit better at it?"

"That's just what I was thinking, Nora, only I was afraid to suggest it; but it seems to me if we had it for our motto text for a whole year we should never have done all we can with it

"No, I'm afraid not; but at any rate we'll go on trying and asking Jesus to help us; it is when we forget Him we fail."

Many years have passed since Maggie and Nora took the words, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," as their motto; but they are still both earnestly striving in their daily life to do the small and great things in the name of the Lord Jesus," and to His glory—*Isabel Maud Hamill.*

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

"WE see much of the tragic side of life at the death-bed," said a venerable clergyman of Virginia lately. "There the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children in their mother's and wives in their husband's arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church.

"I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

"She succeeded; sent her boys to college and her girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"You have been a good mother to us!"

"Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone!"

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course and begrudge a

caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.—*Selected.*

"CANNOT WE DO SOMETHING?"

A MISSIONARY in Africa had established a school for coloured children. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany and France, which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something also?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary; "and when you have found out some way of contributing to this good work you may come and tell me."

These poor children raked their brains to discover how they could obtain something to give; for you know that they have no parents or friends who are rich enough to let them have a little money occasionally, and that there are many in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "We will form a society like grown-up persons, and each of us will collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark, and we will carry it to the tanner, who promised to pay us a florin for each load."

Another child interrupted him and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum, and will sell it for more than four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls came; and some of them said, "We will collect locks of wool, and we will sell them." Others

said, "We will get some hens and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The little coloured children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all that they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hand? More than ten pounds (fifty dollars).—*Selected.*

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM.

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed arm-chair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for; she has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now!"

"Who, that girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an awful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called, "Susie, O Susie! Come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I do not be bright who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said the dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine, "that's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than that: 'Because it is dark at home.'"—*Christian Observer.*

WHAT A FACTORY LAD DID.

JUST above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from "piecer" to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Exchange.*

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill our lives with the sweetest things.

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way.

We should live with a life-time's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should sleep, not for dreams, but for fresher power,

To be and to do.

We should live from our clamorous selves set free

To work or to pray,

And to be what our Father would have us to be,

If we had but a day.

—*Selected.*

MISS VEALS' BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

50 and 52 Peter St. - Toronto.

English, Mathematics, Classics, and Modern Languages.

Superior advantages in Music and Art.

Home care and discipline combined with high mental training.

Resident Native German and French teachers.

Bishop Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A High Grade School of the First-Class for Boys.

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

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

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

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

TORONTO

Willard Tract Depository

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets

We have always on hand a choice selection of

BIBLES, with and without **Teachers' Aids**

Prayer Books, Hymnals,

Books of Devotion,

Thomas A Kempis' **Imitation of Christ**

Keble's Christian Year

Daily Light on the Daily Path

Note address,

TORONTO

Willard Tract Depository

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets,

TORONTO.

WE are ever on the Look-Out for Bargains and always have a Special Drive to offer in each Department at every Season of the Year.

WARNER & CO., The Great Bankrupt Stock Men.

Dealers in DRY GOODS, FURS and CLOTHING.

KENT-ST., LINDSAY, ONT

A. W. J. DeGRASSI, M.D., M.C.P.S.O.
Physician, Surgeon, etc.
46 Wellington-St.,
LINDSAY, - - ONTARIO.

JOHN A. BARRON,
BARRISTERS, Etc.
Solicitors for Dominion Bank.

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

FAIRWEATHER & CO.
Manufacturing Furriers of Lindsay
and Peterborough, at 96 Kent
Street, Lindsay,
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Hats, Caps, Furs, Gent's Furnishings

HOPKINS & CHISHOLM
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc.

Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Offices:
6 William-st. South, LINDSAY, Ont.

G. H. Hopkins, D H Chisholm.

G. A. METHERELL

— DEALER IN —

Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Music
Wall Paper, Etc. Also agent for Organs
Pianos and Singer Sewing Machines.

Opp Post Office, 108 Kent-St., LINDSAY

WM. A. GOODWIN,
Room Paper and Picture Frames.
NEXT POST OFFICE.

JAS. H. LENNON, Auctioneer
New and Second Hand Furniture
Bought, Sold and Exchanged
Opposite the Benson House

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
W. E. Murphy,
CONFECTIONER.

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND KNITTED WEAR.

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

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

Be sure and take a look through our advertising columns. The Christmas offertory in St. James Church, Orillia, was \$68.34.

Rev. H. J. Hamilton arrived at Yokohama, Japan, on Nov. 28th, after a very rough passage, the steamer "Empress of India" being two days overdue.

With this number we begin the third year of our parish paper, and are glad that it is appreciated in so many homes, as it brings good Sunday reading for the young and old. May it in 1893 be even more prosperous and useful than in the past, and may all our readers have a "very happy New Year."

On Dec. 10th Mrs. Richard Sylvester handed the rector \$50 which she had collected for the church debt. So the good work of reduction goes on.

Mrs. Pridmore, a former teacher in St. Paul's, kindly sent some three hundred beautiful cards as a Christmas gift for each of the Sunday School scholars. We are sure numbers will wish her many happy Christmas-tides.

The December meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at the Rectory on December 6th. The attendance was fair and considerable business was transacted. The Association has decided to tender a reception to the congregation on January 27th, so please give them the pleasure of your company that evening.

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

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

White Rose Balm.

We would very much like every reader of this magazine to try the above preparation for all kinds of Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, etc.

A. HIGINBOTHAM,
 DRUGGIST.

Johnston & Sisson,

FINE
Boots and Shoes,
 TRUNKS AND VALISES.
 ———
 80 KENT-ST., LINDSAY.

G. A. MILNE
Fine Tailoring;
 KENT STREET.

THE RATHBUN CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
 Ties, Posts, Telegraph Poles, Lumber, Shingles and Timber,
 Clear, coarse Salt in Bulk, or 200 lb. Sacks in car lots; also fine Dairy Salt in car lots
 Retail dealers in Lumber and Bill Stuff, Lath Shingles, Hard and Soft Wood at their Mill yard, Lindsay *G. H. M. BAKER, Agt.*
 OFFICES: At Mill and Keenan's Block

The Old Reliable Route. Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Agency

Through tickets at lowest rates to all points on the Grand Trunk system and connecting lines in Canada and the United States
 -teamship Tickets to all points in Europe by first-class S S lines

F. C. TAYLOR, - Agent. LINDSAY

PERFUMES,

HAIR BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES
 CHEAP AT
PHILIP MORGAN'S DRUG STORE,
 Nearly Opp. Post Office.

PERKINS & Co.,

52 KENT STREET. - LINDSAY

— FOR —
Special Bargains in Boots and Shoes

H. HOLTORF,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
All kinds of FURNITURE.
 ———
Leading Undertaker.
 LINDSAY, - ONT

— GO TO —
CLENDENAN & CULBERT

CAMBRIDGE STREET,
**FOR FIRST-CLASS LIVERY RIGS
 CAB IN CONNECTION.**

J. G. EDWARDS & CO.

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

Sign of the Anvil, Kent street, Lindsay.

JOS. MAUNDER,

— DEALER IN —
Lumber, Coal and Wood
 No. 9 VICTORIA AVENUE.

E. WOODS,

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

A POINTER

FROM
S. J. PETTY,
 "THE JEWELER,"

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

C. S. Blackwell & Co.

Dealers in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

Kent-st., - Lindsay.

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

DIRECT IMPORTERS.

— AND —
The Leading Dry Goods House.

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

DENTISTRY.

For first class Dentistry go to
J. NEELANDS,

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

Office: Nearly opposite the Simpson House, Lindsay.