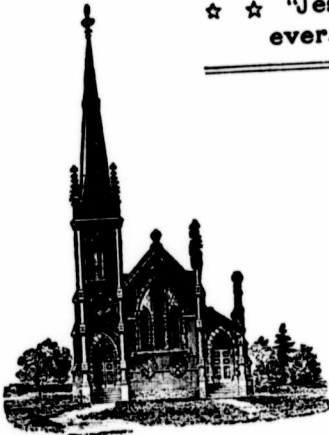


☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8.



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 106.

AUGUST, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

THOS. WALTERS, } *Churchwardens.*  
ROBT. BRYANS, }

*Lay Delegates.*

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

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	R. PLAYFAIR,
J. H. SOOTHERAN,	J. A. PADDON,	E. C. ARMSTRONG,
G. H. M. BAKER,	M. H. SISSON,	THOS. J. MURTAGH,
L. KNIGHT,	J. M. KNOWLSON,	F. HOPKINS.

*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. George Warren, B.A., of Lakefield, has been elected Rural Dean of the united counties of Northumberland and Peterborough, in place of the Rev. G. H. Webb, resigned.

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Baptisms.

ILLINGSWORTH. — Marion Elizabeth, daughter of Henry and Jane Illingsworth, born 8th December, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church 8th July, 1900.

BELL. — Wellington Coleman, son of Henry and Margaret Bell, born 24th March 1900, baptized in St. Paul's church 8th of July, 1900.

#### Surials.

ELLSWORTH. — At Riverside Cemetery, on 17th July, 1900, Olive May Ellsworth, aged 11 months.

THORNHILL. — At Riverside Cemetery, on 24th July, 1900, Hazel Elzina Thornhill, aged 5 months.

HEPBURN. — At Riverside Cemetery, on 29th July, 1900, Frances Maria Hepburn, in her 79th year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

"The harvest is plenteous and the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He thrust forth labourers into his harvest."

We are glad to see Mrs. P. H. Clark safely home again, after a long visit with her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, in Nebraska. Mrs. Rogers was a former Sunday School scholar, was confirmed in St. Paul's, and was a regular worshipper and communicant with our congregation. She is still kept in touch with us by means of Parish and Home, which she has taken since leaving Lindsay. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Rogers on having received the gift of a little daughter.

A rich and bountiful harvest should make us a joyful, thankful, liberal people

The Orangemen of Cameron attended service in a body at St. George's church on July 8th, when Mr. Vance preached a special sermon.

We are to welcome Mr. Nevison, the new Chief of Police, to Lindsay and St. Paul's. From what we have seen and know of him we believe he will be found to be the right man in the right place.

Among the teachers who have been home for their holidays, we have been glad to see Miss Carter, Miss Dyer, Miss A. Cameron, Miss Holtorf and Messrs. John Cook and G. Fittall, but suppose we will soon lose them again as they return to their various schools.

During the past year the Church Missionary Society accepted 122 candidates for missionary service, being the largest number ever accepted in one year. Let us thank God, but what are these among so many. "Forward" should be our motto, "the King's business requireth haste."

St. Paul's Church Sunday School sent \$4.00 to the India famine fund through the C. M. S. When one considers that 2½c each will keep the people for a day one rejoices that the young people did something, but might not many more of us have had the blessing of "those who were ready to perish"?

It is interesting to note those who have gone from this Rural Deanery to work as missionaries among the heathen during the last ten years:—The Rev. H. J. Hamilton, B.A., who was for some time curate at St. John's church, Port Hope, went to Japan in 1893, where he has been doing good work, and has just returned for a short furlough. The Rev. T. J. Marsh, who lived in Lindsay several years, has been a missionary to McKenzie River diocese since 1892. For one year he was at Fort Liard, 200 miles up the Liard River, at the foot of the Rockies, since then his headquarters has been at the mouth of Hay River on the shore of the Great Slave Lake. Mrs. Marsh, who was a Miss Deacon, of Lindsay, was married and went out in 1897. Dr. Turner and the two Miss Turners, of Millbrook, have been for some years at the Blackfoot reserve in the diocese of Calgary, where there is a hospital, and other very effective missionary work is being carried on. Miss Tims, of Omeme, who went out to St. Peter's mission, McKenzie River diocese, in 1896. Mr. Stanley Soanes, of Lindsay, who went out in 1897, remaining one year at Hay River, since when he has been assisting Bishop Reeve as lay missionary at Fort Simpson, on the McKenzie River. This little band of eight are out in the field and should be upheld, especially by the church and Christian people of the deanery. We have not gone ourselves, (some of us could not go) but surely we can send, and should uphold those who have gone, by our prayers, sympathy and help.

The Rector was glad to see such a large congregation at the church at Sturgeon Point when he held service there on Sunday, July 22nd. Those who can take a rest at such a beautiful place have much to thank God for.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brandon are moving from Reaboro to Omeme. They have been staunch supporters of the Church of England at Reaboro and will be greatly missed there, Mrs. Brandon being a communicant and very regular worshipper.

The Rev. W. H. Sparks, of Hillsburg, heard the service on Sunday morning, July 8th, and preached in the evening at St. Paul's. He said the morning was the third sermon he had heard on a Sunday for the last three years, so continuously had he been kept busy with taking duty and preaching himself.

Among the removals from our congregation lately, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Graham have gone to Omeme, the former having received promotion on the G. T. R. Mr. Bunting and family have gone to Toronto, while Mr. Staples and family have removed to Dallas, in the far western state of Oregon. If only God's blessing and guidance go with us, it matters not where our lot is cast.

For the first time in its history, the annual receipt<sup>s</sup> of the Church Missionary Society have exceeded four hundred thousand pounds (nearly two million dollars,) and also for the first time the society has accepted over one hundred candidates for missionary work during the year. For these things we have much reason to be thankful, when we remember how men's minds have been taken up with the war, and the many benevolent funds connected therewith.

In his annual address to the Synod the Bishop said that he had held two ordinations during the year, when eight were admitted to the order of Deacons and seven advanced to the Priesthood. He had also set apart five Deaconesses, and admitted one Roman Priest to the ministry of the Church of England. Some 1364 persons were confirmed in the Diocese during the year, three new churches were built and five others enlarged or considerably improved. The contributions to the Mission Fund of the Diocese had increased by \$2,477.00 over the previous year, while the amounts given for Domestic and Foreign Missions were \$17,619.31 as against \$14,173.06 the year before. So we have much to thank God for, and should take courage for the future.

# Parish and Home

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 9

## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

- 5—**Eighth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Chron. xxix., 9 to 29; Rom. x. *Evening*—2 Chron. i., or I. Kings iii.; Mat. xix., 3 to 27.
- 12—**Ninth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings x. 15 to 25; Rom. x. *Evening*—1 Kings xl. to 15, or xl., 26; Mat. xxii., 41, xxiii., 13
- 19—**Tenth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings xii.; Rom. xvi. *Evening*—1 Kings xiii. or xvii.; Mat. xxvi., 31 to 57.
- 21—**St. Bartholomew, A. & M.** *Morning*—Gen. xxviii., 10 to 18; 1 Cor. iv., 18, and v. *Evening*—Deut. xviii., 15; Mat. xxviii.
- 26—**Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings xviii.; 1 Cor. vii. to 25. *Evening*—1 Kings xix., or xxi.; Mark i., 21.

## A MORNING PRAYER.

Lord, through the day of life, be ever near,  
That in Thy grace we may no evil fear;

Bend from the holy hills of endless love  
Thine ear, and lift our sin-stained souls  
above;

Roll back the foaming clouds of care and  
strife;  
Reveal Thy joys of everlasting life;

Give thought aflame with Christlike purity  
Where erstwhile lurked false thoughts of  
Thine and Thee;

Anguish and pain with heavenly beams  
suffuse,  
As drooping flowers refreshed by glistening  
dews;

Till, in the fullness of that light, we see  
Our God and Guide through all eternity.

—G. R. Bolton, in the Record.

WHILE rejoicing in the service of our beautiful liturgy, we might well consider the words of men like Dean Burgon, who says: "The Prayer Book exhibits the accumulated wisdom not of a single age, or country, but of all the ages. It is not a legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers alone; but a casket of the wisest controversy, in which piety has gathered up and enshrined the gems of the holiest utterance wherever syllabled, careful only to conceal the blessed speaker's name. In all its essential outlines it has been the consolation of God's people, of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers, for more than a thousand years." Or of Professor

Handley Moule, D.D., who writes: "There are, I fear, a large number of communicants, educated people in most respects, who are scarcely aware that the Articles of their Church are printed with the Prayer Book, and who have never read them over, wherever printed. And far graver still is the ground for fear that numbers of adult church-goers, numbers even of regular communicants, practically do not know their Bibles at all in any first-hand sense; rarely read them in private, not often hear them read in the worship of the family, and listen all too perfunctorily to the rich provision of Scripture provided for us in every service. And this, although they are members of a Church which bids them pray the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, and has framed the Sixth Article, and has solemnly endorsed the first Homily."

\* \* \*

CHRISTIAN citizens cannot be too careful in their preservation of the Lord's Day. Perhaps few of us realize what efforts are being made to take away the day for rest and worship, and so make many of our people virtually slaves. The Rev. J. G. Shearer, field secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, has stated that in Ontario there are now Sunday morning butcher shops, Sunday ice-cream parlours and soda-water fountains, Sunday barber shops, Sunday photograph galleries, Sunday dental offices, a Canadian Sunday newspaper printed on Saturday but distributed on the Lord's Day in various parts of the province, while American Sunday newspapers are distributed all along the trunk lines. Under the pretence of necessity, paper mills, oil works, glucose factories and other establishments are run on Sunday, and hundreds of men are employed in Sunday labour by the Dominion Government at the Cornwall canal. He might also have added that there are hundreds of railway men compelled to labour, or else lose

their positions, in carrying freight that is anything but perishable. We need to take a decided stand and do our utmost by word, pen and deed to prevent unnecessary Sunday labour, and to preserve to our people the rich heritage of Sunday rest which most of them still enjoy.

\* \* \*

"HONOUR the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst out with new wine." And yet how many of those gathering in the harvest this year (rich, indeed, in some parts) will honour God by giving to His work a definite proportion of their substance, and by putting by the "first fruits" for His cause? If one-half the professed followers of our Lord throughout this fair land of ours were to put by even one-tenth of their earnings or increase, what a mighty impetus would be given to His work at home and abroad. And yet God promises even temporal blessings, as a rule, to them that honour Him with their substance; for sure are His words, "Them that honour me I will honour." Let us prove the Lord now herewith, and see if He will not send us a blessing far greater than we ever dreamed of or expected.

\* \* \*

We are now in one of the busy harvest months; thousands of men in many parts of our broad land will be gathering in the grain and fruitage of another year. We would consider it a national calamity if any large area were allowed to go to loss for the want of reapers. And yet, says the owner of a much richer heritage, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest," and then, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would thrust forth labourers into his harvest." Wide and vast is the spiritual harvest ready for the reaping; multitudes of men waiting for the gospel; and how few really pray; how few go

and reap; and yet, "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." May many readers of PARISH AND HOME go and be glad toilers with the Master in His vineyard.

#### CHRISTIAN FAITH IN THE PRESENCE OF THE UNEXPLAINABLE.

"Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Matt. 11: 2-6.

One of the most pathetic pictures in the New Testament is that of John the Baptist, and one of the most mysterious incidents in the providence of God, is the interrupted ministry of this faithful servant and his tragic death in the castle of Machærus. As one chosen of God, he had a strange, a singular, a stern ministry. With his coat of camel's hair, a leathern girdle about his loins, his food locusts and wild honey, he comes suddenly into the history as the forerunner of the Lord. Then, in the midst of his ministry, at the height of his popularity, he is arrested and cast into prison, and this for no fault of his own. It is his very faithfulness that brings him there. He rebuked the sin of the lustful Herod. And now while he lingers and languishes in prison, and the days and the months are going by, and while the mighty acts of Jesus are drawing multitudes after Him, he sends this plaintive, pathetic message to the Saviour, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" And he receives back an answer which is not an answer, only something which deepens the mystery, the testimony of eye witnesses to the work which Christ was at that moment performing. And then in the end, unrescued, perhaps unrelieved of his doubts and fears, he is allowed to suffer martyrdom at the

hands of the cruel King. The sword of the iniquitous Herod claimed the head of John the Baptist to satisfy the revenge of the vile Herodias. His is, indeed, a pathetic picture, his interrupted ministry and tragic death a most mysterious incident in the providence of God.

This subject is opportune at this time. Of course, there must be mysteries in the providence of God. "Oh the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out." But our hearts at this time seem specially bowed down under the sense of them. Why did Jesus, at the height of His ministry, allow the work of His faithful servant thus to be interrupted? Why was he allowed to suffer so long in the prison without any help from Jesus? Why did he meet at last a martyr's death? There is no satisfying answer. All is mystery. Why at the present moment do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Why are all the horrors of the past in the way of massacre and murder in missionary fields repeated in this enlightened age? Why do the streets of Chinese cities at this moment run with the blood of martyred saints? There is no satisfying answer. All is mystery.

Notice a few things about this: Christian faith in the presence of the unexplainable.

#### I. JOHN'S QUESTION.

There were three things that troubled John.

1. *Why the righteous suffer.* Why they suffer for their very righteousness. John was a righteous man. We think it indeed a pity that John did not hear or receive the testimony of Jesus about him. The messengers had left when it was given. (Matt. xi. 7-15.) We think it would have cheered him. Yes, he was a burning and a shining light, and it was his very righteousness, his faithfulness to truth that opened for him the prison house. He rebuked the sin of Herod, and it cost him the loss of his liberty, and ultimately the loss of his life. Why do the righteous suffer? We know not. But we know this: it has always been so. We behold the works and the ways of God. I

was so in the life of Job. It was so in the lives of Joseph, of David, of Daniel. It was so in the lives of the twelve apostles. It is the life promised to the Christian. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you," etc. They that will live godly lives must suffer persecution. And it is the life realized in the service of God. (2 Cor. iv. 8-11.) Why do the righteous suffer? We know not, and yet one answer may be given. It is because there can be no fellowship between righteousness and unrighteousness, no communion between light and darkness, no concord between Christ and Belial, no compromise between the world and the Church, no harmony between the flesh and the Spirit.

2. *Why Christ did not intervene in John's own case.* It is indeed a great mystery to us why He did not. John was related to Jesus. He was the child of prophecy and thus connected with the incarnation. He was Elias, and thus connected with the ministry of Jesus. He had many claims upon Jesus—the claims of kinship, the claims of prophecy, the claims of ministry. But so far as we know, He never visited him once during his long imprisonment, never sent him an encouraging message. It seems indeed strange. But again we look about us in the world and we see it has always been so. The Lord's own seem at times to be the most neglected. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Lazarus is sick and dying at Bethany. Yet the Saviour does not come. He suffers him to die. Peter is delivered from Herod's prison by the prayers of the saints, yet that same Herod is permitted by his sword to cut off the head of James. Why does not the Lord interpose on behalf of His own? We know not, and yet one answer may be given. There is something worse than suffering and that is sin. It is better that the Christian should endure suffering than that he should commit sin. Yea, better that he should die than that he should bring dishonour upon the name of the Lord.

3. *Why Christ did not put forth His power and reign.* We believe that John the Baptist shared with his Jewish brethren the hope of a national kingdom. Into that hope



came, of course, not so much individual salvation as national restoration. The rival to Christ was not so much Satan as Cæsar; the opposing force not so much sin in the hearts of men as power in the hands of Herod. Why Christ, therefore, at the height of His popularity, did not take the sceptre and reign, was a mystery to John. "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Now, that Jewish hope was not realized, but we have something better in its place. We have the spiritual kingdom of Christ. Christ did overthrow Cæsar; Rome has vanished. And our hope is that ultimately and surely

"Jesus shall reign where e'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run."

But the mystery still remains. Why does He not put forth His power and reign? "Art thou he that should come?" Why still the horrors of the mission field? Why still the sad reverses to the soldiers of the cross? And the only answer which we receive is, "Behold the works that I am doing, and trust."

## II. JESUS' ANSWER.

1. *The silence of the Lord.* Evidently the Saviour must have detained the messengers of John. We know not how long, but sufficiently long for them to "hear and see." They were to be ear and eye witnesses of Christ's works to their imprisoned master. And all that time the Saviour was silent. No answer was given to the question; no explanation of His position; no apology for His conduct. Oh, the silences of God! How profound at times, how mysterious! Think of the circumstances surrounding the death of Bishop Hannington at Busoga, Eastern Equatorial Africa, on Oct. 31, 1885, by order of King Mwanga, and the heavens silent. Think of the circumstances surrounding the awful death of Robert Stewart, his wife, children and helpers, at Fu Kien, China, on August 1, 1895, and the heavens silent. And so we feel the presence, the awful presence, of permitted mystery in the Lord's work. And what can we say? Only this: "Human action does not always evidence its purpose—much less does God's. The man who is going to rear a lofty edifice begins by digging deep into the earth. Descent

is the first essential of the firm and enduring ascent. So God seems to us, in our shortness of sight and lack of information, often to move in a direction contrariwise to His supposed purpose. He wants His cause to go forward, and He forthwith takes away its leading exponent. To him who believes in the all-wisdom and infinite beneficence of God, these seemingly inexplicable dispensations ought to be the best evidence that there is a distinct purpose in it. If the explanation seems sure and easy to man, there might be some doubt about it being correct. Looking at the Infinite, the inexplicable is its own sufficient explanation. It is the best evidence of God's righteous purpose for the creatures of His love."

2. *The Lord always gives us sufficient ground for our faith.* "Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see." To give sight to the blind, to make the lame walk, to cleanse the leper, to raise the dead, is surely the work of God. The one who can do that is Divine. He is Divine in beneficence and power. One comfort may be in danger when we hear of or read about the awful cost of extending Christ's Kingdom upon the earth, but our faith never, while we can behold on all hands the marvellous, convincing, overpowering evidence of the Lord's presence and power in the world.

3. *The highest faith is that which enables us to follow where we cannot see, and trust where we cannot understand.* "Blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in me." John the Baptist sought mental satisfaction with regard to the unexplainable, at the hands of Jesus; Thomas sought physical satisfaction when he asked to thrust his hand into the side of the risen Christ. It is all the same, a desire to walk by sight. It is better to walk by faith.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

BERNARD BRYAN.

## DIocese OF NORTH CHINA.

It is interesting to note, in view of the present disturbed state of affairs in China, that the Diocese of North China, which was founded in 1880, consists of the six northern provinces of China, and is six or eight times the size of England. The population is estimated at between eighty and a hundred millions. The staff of the North China Mission, headed by Bishop Charles Perry Scott, consists of thirteen or fourteen clergy. Bishop Scott has been labouring in China for a little more than a quarter of a century.



BISHOP SCOTT, OF NORTH CHINA.

In 1874, he—being then curate of St. Peter's, Eaton square—offered himself as a missionary, went out to China, and was stationed at Chefoo, one of the treaty ports on the Gulf of Pechili. At that time the missions of the Church, both in North China and Mid-China, were under Bishop Russell, whose cathedral was at Shanghai. In 1879 Bishop Russell made the present Bishop of North China an Hon. Canon of his cathedral. When the new diocese for North China was formed, Archbishop Tait selected Mr. Scott to be the first Bishop.

## ENCOURAGING ONE ANOTHER.

"They helped every one his neighbour, and everyone said to his brother, be of good courage," Isa. xli. 6. The people described in

this passage are not of the class to which we commonly resort for instruction in righteousness. In fact the vision here depicted of Isaiah seems to be that of some Gentile image worshippers and image makers, alarmed by the spread of true religion, and preparing to meet the danger by helping and encouraging each other in the ancient craft of god making. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith and he that smoothed with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering, and he fastened it with nails that it should not be moved." The actors in this scene, then, are not at all the kind of people to whom we go, as a rule, for edification, and yet is there not something in their policy that as Christians we might profitably imitate. Observe, in the first place, how ready they are to help each other, not in a good but in an evil work. They might, when they found their craft in danger, have taken a somewhat different course. They might have met together and exhorted one another on the need of doing something, and then passed a strong resolution that something ought to be done, and that somebody would be blamable if something were not done to uphold the honour of their gods, and then adjourned to wait for action to be taken by some one in the premises. But what did they do? They saw, it seems, that waiting for one another and blaming one another would be folly. They saw that a house divided against itself could not stand, and unless their whole trade and occupation was not to go to destruction the indefinite *somebody* had to be dropped, and the definite *everybody* had to take hold and do something. And so, as we have seen, the carpenter, instead of throwing stones at the goldsmith, betakes himself to his carpentry, and the workman with the hammer to his hammering, and the blacksmith to his anvil. Nor was this all. Not only in the prophet's vision does every one help his neighbour by taking hold and hastening the work, but every one also assists his neighbour with cheering words, for we read that every one said to his brother, "Be of good courage." Had these idolaters been

very simple and short-sighted; had they been blind to their own worldly interests; had they desired to build up strong opposition to their work and to give their opponents the advantage, they would never have been so politic. They would have done as we Christians are too apt to do, and we should have read, so the carpenter discouraged the goldsmith and the goldsmith discouraged the man that smoothed with the hammer, and he that smoothed with the hammer discouraged him that smote the anvil. They would have said one to another, what is the use of working? What is the use of trying? And then, by and by, when inaction and discouragement had done their perfect work, they would have said to each other, I told you so. I told you that this work would end in failure. That is the way in which some people gain a place among the prophets, and not only prophesy, but live to see their predictions quite fulfilled. In fact it is a matter of sowing and reaping. Sow discouragement and you will reap discouragement. Sow encouragement and hope, and you will reap encouragement and hope. Which shall it be? Our business in this world is to help one another in the work of God. If in an evil work men can help and encourage each other, how much more should we, who profess to serve Christ, both stir up one another and strengthen one another in the best of all occupations, should we say with God's servant of old, "The God of heaven He will prosper us, therefore we, His servants, will arise and build."

E. D., Port Hope.

#### SECRETS.

I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. Matt. 13: 35.

How gradual the unfoldings of works and ways! What was obscure is now clear, what was dark is now day; we know in part, and thirst for more. He is infinite and we are finite, therefore we cannot know all. Our joy may be the joy of finding forever, and never finding to the full. Man is a searcher, his scrutiny takes a wide range, he looks—

I. At man. His methods, dis-

coveries, ingenuities, inventions and hidings. How many have searched in the Bay of Fundy in the caves for the gold hidden by Captain Kidd. Man searches into—

II. Matter. Mountain heights, ocean depths, the stars, the mines. How endless, exciting and profitable the secrets of nature. Man knocks at the rocky door, and strange to say gets an answer.

III. God, his nature, attributes, and government. "My soul searches for God." "Canst thou by searching find out God?" "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" Job 15: 8. "Who hath stood in the secret of the Lord?" Jer. 23: 18. To man's mute prayer He replies "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder." Psalm 81: 7. "He makes darkness his secret place." Psalm 18: 11. Secret things belong unto Him. It is His glory to conceal, and yet He says "I will give thee hidden riches and secret places." Jer. 23: 24. Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! Oh, the joy to hear these words: "I spake openly to the world, and in secret have I said nothing." John 18: 20. His secret is with the righteous. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. To counsel, encourage, enlarge, and in time of furious trouble He shall hide me in the secret of His tabernacle. Psalm 27: 5. He hides from the secret counsel of the wicked, defending with succour and salvation. The Father seeth in secret and rewards openly. Defends from outward attack and from inward foes. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

In the secret of His tabernacle what treasures He unfolds, how near we come in counsel! "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" Are not His people His jewels, His treasures. His chosen ones, in whom is all His delight?"

Walk about Zion, tell the towers, mark the line of defence. On every hand we see the beauty of the Lord. For all our wants we discover a full supply.

"O city, where God's people dwell!

O home, where no sweet bonds are riven!

O country of Emmanuel!

The only fatherland is heaven."

Beamsville.

H. T. MILLER.

**HEDGES.**

A thicket of thorn bushes has more than one lesson to teach. Hedges mean value. Men do not build a hedge around a mountain or across a plain. When a vineyard is planted, it is hedged round about. Look at the human body; it is hedged round about with bones and sinews, fearfully and wonderfully made. "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." "Stranger still," says another, "that a harp so exquisitely made should ever get out of tune."

Man's estate is hedged in by God in Providence. "Hast thou not cast a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he hath on every side?" Job i. 10.

More wonderfully still, God builds moral fortifications to defend the elements of character in the process of formation.

"When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe  
And led me up to man."

Hedges suggest care. Present, personal, sufficient. A hedge is impersonal, but God sets a watch, keeps guard, with unceasing care. Often the human spirit rebels and chafes, but, upon reflection, we are led to say: "He hath hedged up my way that I cannot pass." Look back and see if you cannot discover His hand keeping you in and keeping you back from many a false path. Still let us pray: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

Hedges remind us of discipline. Man breaks away from God and casts off the cords that would hold. "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent will bite him; he will get more than he bargained for." To the wicked God saith: "I will hedge up thy way with thorns; the flesh is torn and blood is drawn, but, oh! the pain of memory; what a pricking brier is conscience!"

Hedges suggest delight. The people of God are separated from the world by a hedge. He fences out the enemy and welcomes in the friend. "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." A garden is for fragrance and beauty and fellowship. Now, in a garden, nothing comes naturally it must be planted

and set and kept. "Am I a plant of the Lord's right hand planting? Then I shall not be rooted up; nay, he will come to admire, to bless, to use." The garden of Christ is a delight to Christ. "They shall be as a well watered garden whose waters fail not." "I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feedeth among the lilies."

Beamsville. H. T. MILLER.

**POVERTY AND WEALTH.**

The stork flew over a town one day,  
And back of each wing an infant lay,  
One to a rich man's home he brought,  
And one he left at a labourer's cot,  
The rich man said, "My son shall be  
A lordly ruler o'er land and sea,"  
The labourer sighed, "'Tis the good God's will  
That I have another mouth to fill."

The rich man's son grew strong and fair,  
And proud with the pride of a millionaire.  
His motto in life was, "Live while you may,"

And he crowded years in a single day,  
He bought position and name and place,  
And he bought him a wife with a handsome face.

He journeyed over the whole wide world,  
But discontent in his heart lay curled,  
Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss,  
And life seemed hollow and gold was dross.

He scoffed at women, and doubted God,  
And die I like a beast and went back to the sod.

The son of the labourer tilled the soil,  
And thanked God daily for health and toil.

He wedded for love in his youthful prime,  
And two lives chorded in tune and time.  
His wants were simple, and simple his creed,

To trust God fully; it served his need,  
And lightened his labour and helped him to die

With a smile on his lips and a hope in his eye.

When all is over and all is done,  
Now, which of these men was the richer one?

—Ella Wheeler Wilton, in *New York Journal*.

**A MISSIONARY AT HOME.**

There are home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in Christian homes, in which young women are employed to do housework. It is one of the incredible features of our modern Christianity, that such girls are so little influenced by the Christian homes in which they live.

A lady who had acquired a wide influence by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet lodging-house.

A young woman from the provinces came into the house as servant. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl. She noticed a shade of sadness in her face and said:

"Mary, have you friends in the city?"

"No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to London to make my way alone. I have friends in the old church at home. The pastor there was very kind to me."

"Were you a member of that church?"

"Yes, and I have a letter from it. I would like to show it to you."

The girl produced the letter.

"I am a member of a church of the same denomination," said the lady; "so we are sisters."

Sisters! At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

"Mary," she said, after a moment's silence, "what is your evening out?"

"FriJay; but I have nowhere to go."

"I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?"

"It would make me happy all the week if you would only let me," said the girl.

The other members of the quiet household were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say:

"Mary and I are going to week-night service."

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady lent Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading. Occasionally she gave her a ticket to a concert or lecture, and obtained consent from the landlady that the girl might attend them. She guided her by wise and good advice.

More than this, she gave her personal regard with her favours, and the girl came to love her as she loved her mother



The lady fell seriously ill. The girl was as true and faithful to her as her own daughter could have been.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sickroom more than she could ever repay.

There was a missionary training-school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field, working faithfully as a missionary.—*Sunday Companion*.

#### A PASSION FOR CHRIST.

An eminent man of God of our century, whose work for Christ lay chiefly among students, and whose converts now occupy positions of influence in every part of the world, used to say: "I have only one passion, and that is Christ." This is the true passion of the teacher, and lies deeper than either of those already mentioned.

It lies deeper than the passion for souls. Never till human beings were beheld by the eyes of Christ was their infinite worth discerned; and we need to continue looking at them through His eyes to be able to retain this faith. The temper of our age is humanitarian, and some who do not acknowledge Christ as master, yet hold the service of man to be the highest object of human endeavour. It is doubtful, however, if humanity by itself, apart from Christ, is able to supply the fuel of a life-long devotion. Humanity is excessively disappointing; it often rewards those who do most for it with neglect and ingratitude; and when our efforts on its behalf are unappreciated, the temptation is strong to turn to other objects of interest. We require the memory of Christ's estimate of the value of the soul to sustain our own. Certain at all events it is that hitherto those who have been the most self-sacrificing servants of humanity have served it for Christ's sake. While they have loved men much, they have loved Christ more; and it has been by the sense of doing His will that they have been sustained in the crisis of depression and disappointment.—*Rev. James Stalker, D.D., in Preacher's Magazine*.

#### HOW TO SUCCEED.

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY in Home World.

Supposing an ungainly, uncouth, uneducated, unattractive boy said he intended to be President of the United States, and supposing he was ragged and shoeless, that at seventeen he drove a canal boat, at nineteen was a rail splitter, at twenty kept a store, and in every one of these more or less failed, if such a one declared his intention of attaining the high position of President we might have laughed at him. Yet Abraham Lincoln, the greatest President of the United States who ever lived, except Washington, was just such a man as I have described. The secret of this is found in the passage, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

The secret is diligence, not talent, not luck; there is no such thing as luck. The secret is not things turning up. Things would not turn up unless they were turned up. Indomitable perseverance, fixed tenacity of will, is the secret. "Dogged does it," as one writer says. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most accomplished persons whom history has produced, is described as a man who "toiled terribly." Abraham Lincoln, who at first failed in all sorts of things, took at last to the law. Buying the only law book he could afford to purchase, he sat under a tree, shifting his seat with the sun. Having mastered that one book, he not only achieved a phenomenal success as a lawyer, but, as I have said, attained an exalted position among the rulers of the earth as President of the United States.

But success is not the highest thing in life; it will not necessarily bring happiness. President Garfield, when asked as a boy what he meant to be, said, "I must make myself a man: if I don't succeed in making myself a man I shall succeed in making myself nothing." Success, however brilliant it may seem, is not success, but a curse, if a man has been false to himself and his highest interests. On the other hand, we may be perfectly sure no man can be a failure who has been true to himself, to God, to his country and to his highest interest.

#### SHALL HE ?

An old man sat on his veranda one autumn evening, with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

"It isn't worth while, Robert," he said. "You are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself."

Robert was persistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. "Death is death," he said. "When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end."

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble saintly face.

"Do you see her?" he said. "Can you guess what she was from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was, and as I have never married she always will be, the only woman in the world to me.

"Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing left of her in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob. Do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed, with coarse leaves and colorless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered.

"And if God," he said, rising in his earnestness, "if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His spirit, come to an end?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Heaven is not always angry when it strikes  
But most chastises those whom most He  
likes. —*Pomfret*.



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**TWILIGHT.**

A weary man sat lost in thought ;  
The firelight sank beneath his look ;  
And shadows, by his fancy wrought,  
Soon lurked in every nook.

A bird-like voice rang through the hall ;  
Two little feet danced down the stair ;  
The fire leaped up at that blithe call,  
And gleamed on shining hair.

" I am so glad," the gay song was ;  
" So glad," it echoed to and fro ;  
" I don't know why, unless because  
You are papa, you know !"

Care fled before that sweet belief ;  
The shadows melted quite away ;  
The weary man forgot his grief,  
Forgot his hair was gray.

—Mary Thacher Higginson.

**WHAT IS WANTED?**

The following is from an address delivered to the members of the Liverpool Diocesan Conference by the late Right Rev. John Charles Ryle, D D., Bishop of Liverpool, which will be read with interest by many at this time, when he has so lately been called up higher :

In my opinion, no parochial clergyman ought ever to attempt the management of his parish or congregation without constantly consulting the laity. If he does not like to have anything so stiff and formal-sounding as a "parochial council," let him at any rate often confer with his churchwardens and leading communicants about his work. Especially let him do nothing in the way of changing times and modes of worship, nothing in the matter of new ceremonies, new decorations, new

gestures, new postures, without first taking counsel with his lay people. The church is theirs, and not his ; he is their servant, and they are not his ; they have surely a right to be consulted. Who can tell the amount of offence that might be prevented if clergymen always acted in this way? No people, I believe, are more reasonable than lay Churchmen, if they are only approached and treated in a reasonable way. Above all, let every parochial incumbent make a point of teaching every communicant that he is an integral part of the Church of England, and is bound to do all that he can for its welfare. On this point, I grieve to say, the Methodists and Dissenters beat Churchmen hollow. With them every new member is a new home missionary in their cause. Never will things go well with the Church of England until every individual member realizes that he is a "part of the concern," and has a duty to do to his Church, and keeps that duty continually in view.

However, if you wish to know my opinion about the roots of our troubles, you shall have it. I am convinced that much of our division is traceable to two grave defects in the Churchmen of this day. I will state them briefly and commend them to your thoughtful attention.

(1) For one thing, I believe there is everywhere in this day a most serious diminution of the good old custom of private reading of the Bible. Between the growth of periodicals and the mischievous influence of what is called Higher Criticism, I have a strong impression that Bibles are not read so much and so carefully as they were, two hundred years ago. Men "err not knowing the Scriptures."

I am well aware that there are more Bibles in Great Britain at this moment than there ever were since the world began. There is more Bible buying and Bible-selling, more Bible printing and Bible-distributing, than there ever was since England was a nation. There is a general and righteous determination to have the Bible read by children in our schools. But all the time I fear we are in danger of forgetting that to have the Bible is one thing, and to read it privately ourselves quite another.

I am afraid that the Bible of many a man and woman in Great Britain is never read at all. In one house it lies in a corner—stiff, cold, glossy, and fresh as it was when it came from the bookseller's shop. In another it lies on a table, with its owner's name written in it—a silent witness against him day after day. In another it lies on some high shelf, neglected and dusty, to be brought down only on grand occasions—such as a birth in the family—like a heathen idol at its yearly festival. In another it lies deep down at the bottom of some box or drawer, among the things not wanted, and is never dragged forth into the light of day until the arrival of sickness, the doctor and death. These things are sad and solemn. But they are true.

I am afraid that many in Great Britain who read the Bible do not read it aright. One man looks over a chapter on Sunday evening, but that is all. Another reads a chapter every day to his servants at family prayers, but that is all. A third goes a step further, and hastily reads a verse or two in private every morning, before he goes out of his house. A fourth goes further still, and reads as much as a chapter or two every day, though he does it in a great hurry, and omits it on the smallest pretext. But each and every one of these men does what he does in a heartless, scrambling, formal kind of way. He does it coldly, as a duty. He does not do it with appetite and pleasure. He is glad when the task is over. He forgets it all when the book is shut. This is a sad picture. But in multitudes of cases, Oh, how true!

But why do I think all this? What makes me speak so confidently? Listen to me a few moments, and I will lay before you some evidence. Neglect of the Bible is like disease of the body. It shows itself in the face of a man's conduct. It tells its own tale. It cannot be hid.

I fear that many neglect the Bible because of the enormous ignorance of true religion which everywhere prevails. There are thousands of professing Christians in this country who know literally nothing about the gospel. They

could not give you the slightest account of its distinctive doctrines. They have no more idea of the meaning of conversion, grace, faith, justification and sanctification than of so many words and names in Arabic. And can I suppose such persons read the Scriptures? I cannot suppose it. I do not believe they do.

I fear that many neglect the Bible because of the readiness with which they receive false teaching. They are led astray by the first false prophet they meet with, who "comes in sheep's clothing," and has a pleasant voice, a nice manner and a gift of eloquent speech. They swallow all he says without inquiry, and believe him as implicitly as papists do the Pope. And can I suppose such persons search the Scriptures? I cannot suppose it. I do not believe they do.

I declare my firm conviction that an idle neglect of the Bible is one cause of the ignorant, formal Christianity which is so widely prevalent in these latter days, and one root of our unhappy divisions and disunion.

(2) But neglect of private Bible reading, I am afraid, is not the only defect among the Churchmen of the present day. I suspect there is a growing disposition among the clergy to disregard the Thirty-nine Articles, and to ignore their teaching on many important points. I need not remind you that those Articles are practically the Church's Confession of Faith. The preface to them in the Prayer Book distinctly asserts this, and you cannot repeal or abrogate them without pulling to pieces the Church of England. Moreover, every clergyman, when he is instituted to a living, must publicly read them before his congregation, and solemnly declare his assent to their contents. What, then, are we to say when a clergyman, after this serious public act, proceeds to continually teach doctrines which cannot be reconciled with the Articles, and especially with the Articles about the Lord's Supper? What, indeed, are we to say? I cannot answer. It exhibits a most unhealthy and dangerous condition of things within our Church, and makes me tremble for the ark of God. Our

forefathers used to think that subscriptions and declarations meant something, and that it was not honourable to ignore them, or teach what they were intended to condemn. But the old order seems to have changed. I make no attempt to explain it, and can only look on with sorrow and amazement.

Nothing, however, I am satisfied, will ever make the majority of intelligent lay Churchmen in this day believe that the Thirty-nine Articles were meant to be a dead letter, or that the many ritual novelties in public worship which are to be seen all over the land were ever intended to be Church worship by Parker, Jewel, Grindal, Whitgift, and the other Elizabethan Reformers. Nothing will ever make them believe that sacerdotalism and sacramentalism are a true doctrine of the Church of England. Nothing will ever make them believe that the Articles and Prayer Book give any sanction to the mass, auricular confession, prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, and an *ex opere operato* view of the sacraments, as if they conferred grace on all who receive them, while the Articles distinctly say, "in such only as rightly receive the same, they have a wholesome effect and operation." They are watching, waiting, and wondering whereunto this state of things will grow. The upper ten thousand, and many ecclesiastics in high position appear to my eyes like men in a balloon, and not to realize what is going on upon earth among the laity. I have no doubt the English layman is a patient creature, and will stand a good deal. But there is a limit to patience. I believe that any attempt at this moment to prohibit evening communion, or to enforce the eastward position on every clergyman, would create most serious disturbance in thousands of parishes, endanger the very existence of the Established Church, and set people thinking about secession or disruption. There are breakers ahead, and it is the duty of wise pilots not to disregard them.

Some men, I know, laugh at the idea of the Church being in danger. I cannot agree with them. To my mind it seems foolish to talk of the Church's strength when such pain-

ful divisions exist in our Church's ranks. The Church's dangers, I firmly believe, are more from within than without.

My Reverend and lay brethren, we are drifting, drifting, drifting, and what the end will be no man can tell. In the meantime, we must cultivate meekness, kindness, good temper, charity and patience, and work together, when we can, and while we can, and where we can. With God nothing is impossible. Our grand old Church has survived many storms and trying seasons. Who can tell that there may not be "a good time coming," and she may yet begin the next century in a healthier and more united condition than that which she is in just now? For this, at any rate, let us agree to pray. Let us daily pray that the Reformed Church of England may be so "Guided and governed by the Holy Spirit, that all . . . . . may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE PRAYER BOOK.

IAN MACLAREN'S VIEW.

The well-known author, Rev. John Watson, D.D., whose *nom de plume* is "Ian Maclaren," and who is a Presbyterian minister in Liverpool, England, contributes an article to the *North American Review* on "The Religious Situation in England," in the course of which he writes:

"Many dissenters pass over yearly from their own communions to the Church of England because they are tired of extempore prayer, and offended by its want of reverence; and indeed it may be laid down as a principle that when a person reaches a certain height of culture, he will no longer be content to be at the mercy of, it may be, a partially-educated person in the conduct of Divine worship, but will insist that culture, in the sense of imagination, and delicacy and reverence of thought, should render her highest service in the worship of God. The dissenting churches do not contain many of the cultured

classes, and, while there may be various reasons for this fact, undoubtedly one is the somewhat rude and miscellaneous forms of worship, compared with the stately order and the grave, sweet melody of the Prayer Book."

Dr. Watson, in his Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University in 1896, discusses the advantages of a Liturgy, which, in part, is given below :

"There are Churches which depreciate the service, and Churches which depreciate the sermon ; both err, because sermon and service are not rivals but auxiliaries, the service spiritualizing and softening the heart for the message of God, and the Evangel being the answer to the praise and prayer.

"It is too late to discuss the lawfulness of a Prayer Book, for that indeed was settled when Jesus was pleased to give the disciples the Lord's Prayer. As the dear old Scotch lady said, yielding unwillingly to its introduction by her minister, 'I have no particular objection to that,' although she evidently thought it a dangerous precedent. The dislike to a Prayer Book in a certain quarter is not theological ; it is historical. If a man declines to use a liturgy, and you crop his ears and slit his nose to encourage him, human nature is so constituted that it is apt to grow more obstinate, and conceive a quite unreasonable prejudice against the book."

The comparative advantages of a liturgy such as the Prayer Book of the Anglican Church :

(a) That a liturgy, whose materials have been drawn from the classical ages of devotional literature, has a certain stateliness of thought and charm of style that satisfy the ear and cling to the memory.

(b) That a liturgy, being instinct with the spirit of undivided Christendom, will lift its children out of sectarian and provincial ideas of religion and bring them into communion of the Church Catholic.

(c) That a liturgy, being framed for the use of the Body of Christ, not to express any individual mood or experience, will embody the ordinary wants of all kinds and conditions of men.

(d) That a liturgy makes a wor-

shipper independent of the officiating clergyman, so that his faults do not hinder his devotions.

(e) That a liturgy, affording a common and uniform means of worship, serves to bind all members of a Church, both old and young, into one fellowship and loyalty.

(f) That a liturgy is especially suitable for old people because of its unchanging form of words ; for people, wearied by the week's toil, because their minds are not strained following a prayer through an unknown country ; for young people, because their interest is sustained, and they have some part in the worship.

(g) That a liturgy can be taught to children from early days in the church, and unto their last days they will love and respond to the dear, familiar words.

One factor in the situation must receive due weight, and that is, the growth in culture within the half century and its legitimate influence on worship. People have more sensitive ears and a keener appreciation of perfection ; they detest slipshod phrases and are offended by any vulgarity of thought : they will not endure that a coarse man should harangue the Almighty at the pitch of his voice, or a weak man go maundering into His presence in their name. They are careful as to the furnishing of their homes, as to their clothing, as to their friends, as to their books. They shrink from what is loud and glaring ; they love what is dainty and lovely ; they appreciate fine shades, graceful manners, finished style. When these people come into the house of God and address themselves to the highest acts of life, they cannot lay aside this habit of mind, and do not see any reason why they should. They cherish the belief that the service of the Church ought to represent the very ideal of thought and feeling and language, that from beginning to end there must not be one jarring note in the spirit, or one infelicitous expression in the form. It is open to say that such people are critical and that bad grammar has often expressed a full heart. But they insist that they are simply

reverent and that bad grammar does not express their heart. Private worship may be on the level of each family, but public worship must be on the highest. They also point out that the prayers of the Bible, whether in the Psalms or Epistles, are cast into very stately language, and yet it is not to be expected that anyone will say that the Psalmist lacked in fervency. They will be perfectly satisfied if the prayers of the Church, however composed, should be after the grand style of Holy Scripture ; but they refuse, when they bow their souls before God, to have for their mouth-piece a minister whose ideas and words outrage their feeling of good taste and reverence. Let him pray after this fashion when he is alone, for then he is speaking for himself ; let him, if better cannot be got, preach, for then he is speaking to men, but it is not fitting or just that he should conduct public prayer. This is an unanswerable contention and cannot be despised.

#### AN AGE OF HURRY.

An old gentleman, evidently a philosopher, had been spending a week in Chicago. He had been jostled on the sidewalks, crowded against walls, prodded in the side, and shoved hither and thither in the midst of a turmoil such as he was quite unused to. His visit was at an end. He was going to a quieter place. He had just bought his ticket when a station official said, briskly but not unkindly :

"Hurry up, sir, or you'll miss your train."

No doubt the old gentleman seemed a little "slow."

"Hustle, there ; hustle," shouted a gate-tender.

"I don't have to, do I?" said the old man.

"You do if you want to catch that train."

"But I don't have to catch it unless I want to, do I?"

"I suppose not ; but Chicago's a fast place, sir, and you can't keep up with the procession if you don't hustle."

"People don't get honest here any faster than they do elsewhere, do they?" asked the old gentleman seriously.

"No, I can't say they do."



"Nor they don't become respectable citizens any faster, do they?"

"I suppose not," said the official, whose face was beginning to look puzzled.

"Nor develop the Christian grace any faster, do they?"

"No, I guess not."

"Nor reach the highest type of manhood and womanhood any faster, do they?"

This was getting almost beyond the official; but he shook his head negatively.

"Nor learn any faster their duty to their fellow-men?"

Again the official shook his head.

"Nor go to heaven any faster?"

"Not much!" said the railroad man, with emphasis.

The stranger took out his watch.

"Well, I have two minutes in which to walk a hundred feet. I guess I can make it without blowing out a cylinder head, can't I?"

He spoke in a gentle tone, almost as if he were speaking to himself, and the railway official picked up his satchel and carried it for him out through the gate and across the platform.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### ONLY AN HOUR.

About 1860 a gentleman from New York, who was travelling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth, and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully; but, as Mrs. L——, she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and dresses were described in the society journals; her *bon mots* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some other worthier pursuit—literature or art, or the elevation of the poor classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusements. They dressed, danced,

flirted, hurried from ball to reception, and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About twenty years later she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from a neighbouring village, she died.

The doctor who attended her has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

"I had to tell her she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said, imperatively, 'to New York.'

"Madame, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live."

"She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled up their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with the stove, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"I have but an hour you tell me?"

"Not more."

"And this is all that is left me of the world! It is not much, doctor," with a half smile.

"The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quiet a long time, then she turned on me in a frenzy:

"To think all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now, I've only an hour!"

"She struggled up wildly.

"Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Great God! The fashion! No, I've only an hour! An hour!"

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'—*Selected.*

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Aug. 5.—St. Matt. xviii. 1-14.  
" 12.—St. Matt. xviii. 21-35.  
" 19.—St. John ix. 1-18.  
" 26.—St. John x. 1-16.

"The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

### GRANDMA.

When Grandma puts her glasses on  
And looks at me—just so—  
If I have done a naughty thing,  
She's sure, somehow, to know.

How is it she can always tell  
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,  
'Tis written in your eye!"  
And if I look the other way,  
And turn and seem to try  
To hunt for something on the floor,  
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on,  
And look in Grandma's eyes,  
Do you suppose that I should be  
So very, very wise?  
Now, what if I should find it true  
That Grandma has been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of?  
To dream that Grandma could  
Be anything in all her life  
But sweet, and kind and good?  
I'd better try myself to be  
So good that when she looks at me  
With eyes so loving all the day  
I'll never want to turn away.

—*Our Little Ones.*

### TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and, placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"That melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he



added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God and with man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and, a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding that he could always get a good article of Harry constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.—*Selected.*

#### WHAT LAURA'S DOLLS DID.

By MARGARET HOLMES BATES in S.S. Times.

"I'm tired of these old things. I'm going to take them to the basement, and let Nora put them in the range for kindling," and Laura

gave a disdainful little kick at a collection of toys that had cost many dollars.

True, they were very much the worse for wear. There were dolls that lacked an arm, or a leg, or a wig. There were doll's clothes, soiled and torn; there were pieces of china, remnants of pretty "full sets," tiny spoons, knives and forks, as well as kitchen, parlour and bedroom furniture, all in a heap on the nursery floor.

Laura's brother was not a year old. These things were of no use to him. He was being dressed in a sunny window while the mother listened to Miss Dayton telling about a school she was forming for crippled children who were very poor.

Laura heard Miss Dayton say: "You see, these little unfortunates are not able to go to the public schools for many reasons. So I'm having them come to my house from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon."

"Isn't that a long session?" Mrs. Hale asked.

"It's not all study. I've had six children come, every day in the week, for the last month. I can take as many more as soon as I get the chairs. You know, I'm a kindergartner. The little ones have exercise in the motion songs. I have a substantial luncheon for them between twelve and one o'clock. Then lessons again, and after that I try to teach them to play with each other. I really know very little about playing. They've never had playthings like more fortunate children," and Miss Dayton glanced at Laura standing with hands clasped behind her as she looked discontentedly at the heap of damaged toys.

Laura's attention had become divided. What Miss Dayton was saying sounded like a story. She walked slowly toward her, and Miss Dayton drew her close, and held her in her arm, as she said:

"I wonder if Laura wouldn't like to come some day, and see these little folks of mine?"

"Oh, yes!" Laura answered eagerly. "Can't they walk at all?"

"Yes, all of them can walk, and all have the use of at least one hand. If mamma will bring you some day,

I'm sure they'll be glad to see you; and don't send your broken toys to be burned until after you've seen these little people of mine."

It was a clear, frosty morning when Mrs. Hale took Laura to Miss Dayton's school of crippled children. There were ten, and Miss Dayton was giving them the exercise of a bird song. Laura knew it well, and tears came into her eyes when she saw one little boy going about with a crutch, one little girl with a big hump on her back, another with a poor, lifeless-looking arm that hung by her side; a boy with one leg that was like a straight stick, it was so small, and seemed so weak that it looked as if he might fall at any instant. Every one was crippled in some way. But their faces, though pale and pinched, possibly by the pain they had suffered and were still enduring, were happy and bright.

When the song was finished, the children had a reading-lesson, then some practice in counting. After that, Miss Dayton said:

"I must show our visitors the toys we have for our amusement when lessons are over. The children stay with me until nearly dark."

She brought forward a basket,—not a big one,—and Laura caught her breath short and set her teeth on her lip. Such a few old broken toys! And yet these little ones looked with brightening eyes and cheeks as Miss Dayton held up an old doll, saying:

"This is the baby of the school, and the girls take turns owning it. Here's the waggon that the boys take the doll riding in."

She went through the list of all the basket held, and she watched her little-girl visitor. She saw something that her pupils did not. She saw tears in Laura's brown eyes, and she noticed, too, that she was in a hurry to go away.

As soon as they were out of the room, Laura said:

"O mamma! I'm going to pick out my broken toys, and take them to Miss Dayton's children. Poor little things, to be glad of having such old broken toys! The worst of mine are not so bad as theirs. Do you think Ellen will help me fix the dolls while baby's asleep? I want their clothes clean and nice,

and maybe we can mend some of the dolls."

"Yes, I'm sure we can," Mrs. Hale answered. "Ellen will wash the clothes, and we'll see what we can do about the mending. I'm a pretty good doll's surgeon, you know, and so is Nora."

"O mamma, let's hurry!" And Laura skipped on ahead, and was in the house, upstairs, and talking breathlessly to Ellen about what she had seen, and what she was going to do, by the time Mrs. Hale reached the street door.

It was a busy time in the nursery for a day or two, and it was astonishing to see how very respectable the heap of broken toys grew. When all repairs were finished, there was a full half dozen very nice-looking dolls in clean dresses. Ellen said, as she winked slyly at Nora:

"An' now they're so pretty, I'm sure Miss Laura'll kape 'em all her own self."

"Indeed I will not," Laura said earnestly. "I'm so glad they look nice! But I wouldn't keep them, not for a houseful of new things, unless I might give the new ones to Miss Dayton's children."

When Laura saw her mother and Miss Dayton unpack the basket of repaired toys, she felt, without knowing it, the full blessedness of giving. The wonder and delight on the faces of the little cripples, their exclamations and their thanks, were sweeter to Laura than anything she had ever experienced.

Little Susie, the one with the bad arm, crept shyly up to Laura, and asked:

"Did you ever sleep with a dolly?"

"Yes, I always do," Laura answered.

"I never had one least little dolly to sleep with." And the child's mouth quivered pitifully.

"Oh, please, Miss Dayton," Laura said eagerly, "here's the little rubber doll; let Susie have it. Its name is Nannie, and it has slept with me so long it'll be lonesome in the night if it's left here in the basket."

"Surely," said Miss Dayton. "Each little girl may have her own doll now to take home with her, and I know she'll keep it clean and bring it to school every day, so that it may have tea on these pretty little dishes and see all the others."

And Laura never forgot the lesson she had learned from the little crippled children.

#### LORD ROBERTS ON TEMPERANCE.

At the World's Temperance Congress one of the speakers, Mr. W. S. Caine, spoke on "Temperance in India and the Far East." He said the Army Temperance Society is doing a magnificent work. Lord Roberts told him that the temperance movement added what was equal to two battalions to the effective strength of the Indian army, which was equal to a gift of £400,000 a year. Lord Roberts once said to him: "Give me a teetotal army and I will go anywhere and do anything with it."—*Christian Guardian*.

Beloved children: let the Master train you;

Surely to you He meaneth nothing ill,  
His love to you can never know decreasing,  
He knoweth what He does—'tis wisdom still.

Patience in heavy days of dark distress  
Works out for you the heavenly blessedness.

—From the German by H. Bonar.

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## E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The Sunday School outing to Washburn's Island on July 18th was a very pleasant affair. Some were prevented from going by the threatening morning, but those who went, both scholars and friends, had a delightful time, and the treasurer found, after paying all expenses and giving the children their treat, he had 57c to the good.

The S. P. G is keeping its Bicentenary this year. It has 714 ordained missionaries teaching and preaching in 54 languages or dialects. It also has 2,900 lay teachers, mostly natives. There are about 3,200 students in the Society's colleges, and some 38,000 children are receiving instruction in the Mission schools in Asia and Africa. It is one of the largest of the Church of England missionary societies, and as early as 1741 it could report that some thousands of Indians and Negroes had been instructed and baptized by its missionaries.

A very pleasant congregational "At Home" was held at the Rector's on the evening of July 26th, at which Mr. Pety and Mrs. Lyons sang. Miss Wallace recited, Mrs. Albert Palen and an orchestra gave delightful music and the church officers did much to make those present have a happy time. The singing of the D. xology and God Save the Queen brought an interesting evening to a close.

St. Paul's Church Collections, July, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
July 1	24.00	10.78	34.78
8	15.75	6.81	22.56
15	21.35	7.17	28.52
22	17.60	7.35	24.95
29	24.95	6.54	31.49
	<b>\$103.65</b>	<b>\$38.65</b>	<b>\$142.30</b>

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