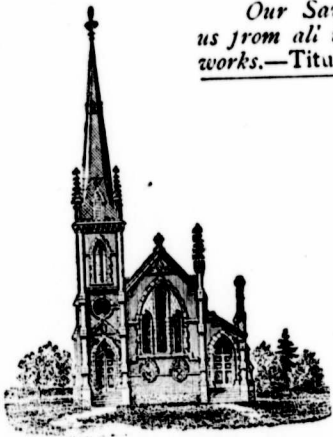


Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1: 14.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay

Parish and Home.

No. 66.

APRIL, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We are thankful that the Confirmation Classes on Friday evenings are so largely attended. Still many more might be there. We ask for continued prayer that God would abundantly bless those about to receive the Apostolic rite and to become members of our church, that they may indeed be faithful soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

KINNEAR.—Thomas, born 2nd September, 1884; Jonathan, born 30th October, 1886; Florence May, born 12th August, 1888; children of Jonathan and Annie Kinneear; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 21st March, 1897.

Marriages.

MARSHALL—BRITTON.—At Lindsay, on 24th March, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Robert Marshall, to Christena Britton, all of Lindsay.

MULLETT—BIRCHARD.—At Mariposa, on 31st March, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, George Pearson Mullett, of Lindsay, to Margaret Electa Lavina Birchard, of Mariposa.

Burials.

CARR.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 7th March, 1897, Ann Carr, in her 86th year.

DINGLE.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 31st March, 1897, Minnie Grace Dingle, in her 26th year.

NAYLOR.—At Eden Cemetery, on March 10th, 1897, J. Naylor, wife of J. Naylor, in her 56th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Rev. H. J. Bourne, of Essonville, who has been quite ill, has, we are glad to say, recovered, and is able to take his duties again. He spent a day in Lindsay when nearly well.

Miss H. M. Oxby, who has moved to Heaslip, Manitoba, will be much missed from St. John's Church, Cambay, but no doubt reading Parish and Home will keep her somewhat in touch with home church life.

Mr. Harstone, a relative of the principal of Lindsay Collegiate Institute (nephew we think), spent a short time with Rev. T. J. Marsh at St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, while on his way back to take a position with the Hudson Bay Co. at one of their forts in the McKenzie River district.

There are three English churches in Rome.

The amount received by the Montreal *Star* for the India Famine Relief Fund exceeds fifty thousand dollars.

Bethlehem has a population of 6,647, of whom 6,624 are Christians, twenty Musselmans and three Jews.

Jerusalem has a population of over 45,000, of whom 28,000 are Jews, about 8,000 Christians and 8,000 Musselmans.

The Rev. R. H. McGinnis, of Hastings, has been appointed to Havelock, the Rev. A. O. Tarrant having resigned that mission to go to Escanaba, Michigan.

Services will be held on Good Friday in town and country, at which the offertory will be for the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which has been so wonderfully blessed in leading so many Jews to know Jesus as the Messiah, "of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write."

We are very sorry to lose another active Church worker, S. S. teacher and member of the choir, in the person of Miss Susie Perkins, who is leaving to take a course of training in the hospital at Hamilton, but wish her years of usefulness in her chosen vocation.

The Rev. George Scott, formerly of Minden, is now at Warkworth, being the first ordained clergyman appointed to that mission since it was set apart. He has a flourishing Sunday School, with about thirty scholars in attendance at Warkworth, and expects to start two others in the summer at the other stations. We are glad to see that he takes a number of copies of Parish and Home.

The Most Rev. W. C. Plunkett, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin, died on April 1st, after a brief illness. He was born in 1828, elected Bishop of Meath in 1876, and translated to the Archbishoprick of Dublin in 1884. He was a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, a vice-president of C.M.S. of England, and one of the ablest and best men of the Church of Ireland. Some years ago he consecrated the first Protestant Bishop in Spain and placed the reformed church of that land under a deep debt of gratitude. May God raise up an able and good man to fill his place.

Early in March the rector visited Ottawa on behalf of Wycliffe College, where he received some \$223 in cash, besides a number of promises to help in the good work. On Sunday, 14th, he preached in St. George's Church, of which Rev. J. M. Snowden, M. A., is rector, and Rev. W. J. Southam, so well remembered by many in Lindsay and vicinity, curate, and was pleased to see such an earnest, active congregation. On a week day he addressed a Men's Bible Class, and although the evening was anything but propitious about forty men were present. Mr. Snowden had been ill for about seven weeks, but was just able to be at work again. Mr. Marsh expressed thanks for much kindness shown and sympathy manifested for one branch of God's work, and rejoices that St. George is doing such a good work for the Master in the capital city of our fair Dominion. He also paid a short visit to Brockville and had the pleasure of addressing a number of the congregation of St. Paul's Church at a Christian Endeavor meeting. The Rev. O. G. Dobbs, rector, was an old college friend, and is being much blessed in his work there. A number of former Lindsay people were met, and many questions asked, one lady wanting to know if Lindsay churchpeople still worshipped in the old church on Kent street.

Miss Minnie G. Dingle, whose death we this month mourn, was for about ten years a member of St. Paul's Church Choir.

The Cannington W. A. lately sent a useful bale of clothing, blankets, groceries, etc., valued at about \$200, to the Rev. C. Weaver, of the diocese of Athabasca, N. W. T.

On Easter Sunday the Holy Communion will (D. V.) be administered both after the morning and evening services. We trust that large numbers of His children will gather at the Lord's Table on that day.

Mr. A. Brown, bandmaster of the Citizens' band, and who for some time played the cornet in St. Paul's Church, has accepted a position in Ottawa, and gone there to live. We wish him every blessing in his new home.

The Rev. H. R. O'Malley spent a couple of days in March helping Mr. Lawrence at Gelert with some special services; the work at that station is very encouraging.

The March C. E. T. S. meeting was largely attended. There was an instrumental duet by Misses Jeffers and Magwood; songs by Mrs. Hughson, Miss Wingrove and Master Willie Pilkie, and recitations by Miss Josie Perkins and Miss M. Rosamond. Rev. J. W. Totten gave an interesting and instructive address on Temperance work, and the result was not only a pleasant but a very profitable evening to many.

"It is stated that the number of metropolitan police in London is 15,047, of whom 1,749 are employed on special work and that the pay which they receive amounts to £1,280,130. This sum is only £8,000 less than the total British contributions for Foreign Missions in 1893, and £95,000 less than the similar total for 1894. Or, put it this way, London needs as many men to insure her safety from thieves as the Christian world sends for Missionary work, and that London pays nearly as much for her police as the British Isles give for the Evangelization of the World.—*Missionary Review of the World*, Nov., 1896.

The many friends of the Rev. T. J. Marsh received a very pleasant surprise on Saturday, March 27th, when he reached Lindsay. He left St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, on February 1st, not having known until a short time before that he would be able to come out this spring, and reached Edmonton on March 12th, having walked, with his companion, Mr. Mobley, a trader, some 700 miles and driven 200. A team of four dogs brought their traps and provisions, and the first 80 miles they walked along the shores of Great Slave Lake to Fort Resolution, then came up the Slave river 120 miles to Fort Smith, then about 100 miles to Fort Chippewyan, then across Lake Athabasca and up the Athabasca river to Fort McMurray, about 180 miles, then across country to Lac La Biche, about 240 miles, where they secured a team and were driven nearly 200 miles to Edmonton. He reached Edmonton on Friday, and as there was not another train until Tuesday he spent a very pleasant time there, receiving much kindness, and on Sunday preached for Mr. H. Petter, so well known in Lindsay, and who has charge of the church during the absence of the clergyman. He made short stays in Elkhorn, Beulah and Winnipeg, where he received most hearty welcomes, and had opportunities of speaking of the work God is doing in that far north country. He expects to remain about two months before starting back for his mission field.

Parish and Home.

Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 77.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

- 4—5th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Exodus iii.; Luke vii. to v. 24. *Evening*—Exodus v., or vi. to v. 14; 2 Cor. vii.
- 11—6th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Exodus ix.; Matt. xxvii. *Evening*—Exodus x., or xi.; Luke xix., v. 28; or xx., v. 9 to 21.
- 12—Monday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. i. to v. 15; John xiv., to v. 15. *Evening*—Lam. ii., v. 13; John xiv., v. 15.
- 13—Tuesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iii. to v. 34; John xv. to v. 15. *Evening*—Lam. iii., v. 34; John xv., v. 14.
- 14—Wednesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iv. to v. 21; John xvi. to v. 16. *Evening*—Dan. ix., v. 20; John xvi., v. 16.
- 15—Thursday before Easter. *Morning*—Hos. xiii. to v. 15; John xvii. *Evening*—Hos. xiv.; John xiii. to v. 36.
- 16—Good Friday. *Morning*—Proper Psalms, xxii., lx., lv.; Gen. xxi. to v. 20; John xviii. *Evening*—Proper Psalms, lxxix., lxxxviii.; Isa. liii., v. 13, liii.; and I. Peter ii.
- 17—Easter Even.—*Morning*—Zech. ix.; Luke xxiii., v. 20. *Evening*—Hos. v., v. 8, to vi., v. 4; Rom. vi. to v. 14.
- 18—Easter Day. *Morning*—Proper Psalms, li., lvii., cxl., Exodus xii. to v. 29; Rev. i. v. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Pr. per Psalms, cxlii., cxiv., cxviii.; Exod. xii., v. 29; or xiv.; John xx., v. 11 to 19; or Rev. 5.
- 19—Monday in Easter Week. *Morning*—Exodus xv. to v. 22; Luke xxiv. to v. 13. *Evening*—Cant. ii., v. 10; Matt. xxviii. to v. 19.
- 20—Tuesday in Easter Week. *Morning*—2 Kings xliii., v. 14 to 21; John xxi. to v. 15. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvii. to v. 15; John xxi., v. 15.
- 25—1st Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xvi. to v. 36; 1 Cor. xv. to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xvi., v. 36; or xvii. to v. 12; John xx., v. 24 to 30. **St. Mark, E. & M.,** Isa. lxxii., v. 6; Ezek. i. to v. 15.

EASTER SONG.

Hail the light of Easter morning,
Hail the resurrection light!
Gentiles, with sweet incense burning,
Praise your King with soul and might.
Kings and princes join in chorus,
Poor and lowly swell the strain;
Render Him who reigneth o'er us,
Praises with a glad refrain.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Hail, O Prince of life eternal!
Death's sad empire's ended now;
Hail, O King of Hosts supernal,
Ruler of all worlds art Thou!
Principality and power,
Underneath Thee Thou shalt tread,
Over all Thine empire tower,
Through all lands Thy kingdom spread.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Garlands wove of roses fragrant,
Mingled with the lily's snow;
In the eyes of chief and vagrant,
Pledge of banishment of woe.

Lay we at the feet of Jesus,
By whose resurrection's might,
He from death and sorrow frees us,
Pats our enemies to flight.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

—J. L. Burrows, in *Review of Reviews*.

WHAT mingled thought and feelings does Good Friday bring to the Christian. The first is Godward, as we remember the day, eighteen hundred and sixty odd years ago, when the Saviour's sufferings culminated in His crucifixion. The humiliation was completed. Not only did He stoop to become man, but He went to the extremest depths of human experience. What condescension, what infinite love, what fearless consecration to duty, what unquestioning obedience! But this the darkest day in God's eternity, is full of good tidings for us. Not for His own fault did He thus suffer, but for us. By the cross He reconciled us to God and atoned for all things which we had done displeasing to His Father. Oh, wondrous truth, His humiliation, our exaltation, His sorrow, our joy, His pain, our healing! How much we owe Him! How can we help but "love Him because He first loved us."

OF our Lord's resurrection Dean Farrar says: At the moment when Christ died, nothing could have seemed so abjectly weak, more pitifully hopeless, more absolutely doomed to scorn, and extinction, and despair, than the Church which He had founded. It numbered but a handful of weak followers, of whom the boldest had denied his Lord with blasphemy, and the most devoted had forsaken Him and fled. They were poor, they were ignorant, they were helpless. They could not claim a single synagogue, or a single sword. If they spoke their own language it betrayed them by its mongrel dialect; if they spoke the current Greek, it was despised

as a miserable *patois*. So feeble were they and insignificant, that it would have looked like foolish partiality to prophesy for them the limited existence of a Galilean sect. How was it that these dull and ignorant men triumphed over the deadly fascinations of sensual mythologies, conquered kings and their armies, and overcame the world? What was it that thus caused strength to be made perfect out of abject weakness? There is one, and one only possible answer—the resurrection from the dead.

* * * *

How full of hope and cheer and expectation to the downcast and discouraged disciples must have sounded the message of the first Easter morn: "He is risen, He is not here." One can scarcely realize what must have been the feelings of His followers when He was crucified and slain. They had seen Him do such mighty and wonderful works—heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, even raise the dead, and they had been convinced that He was the long promised Messiah, the King of the Jews; but, alas! their hopes had been dashed to the ground, their expectations scattered, for He was, they now thought, not able to save Himself. He was crucified, dead and buried. But, hark, what strange rumors are these? The women have been early to the sepulchre, and they come back saying: "He is not there, He is risen."

* * * *

WE know how He appeared to one or more of them five times that first Easter Sunday, dispelling the gloom that had gathered around them, and relieving their doubts; from henceforth their Saviour is one who has triumphed over death and the grave and is alive again for evermore. His glad message of "Peace be unto you" would ever be an inspiration unto them, and they would

know that their Master was a living King and Saviour, and whatever might be the path before them the Lord Jesus would be their guide and stay.

* * * *

WE need to have this truth ever before our minds in the latter part of this 19th century. Our Lord is a risen, living, powerful One, who knows all the needs, struggles, and temptations of His people, and yet can make and does make them more than conquerors. May the readers of PARISH AND HOME have His presence and power with them, following Him, and hearkening to the admonition of the apostle. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above not on things on the earth."

* * * *

OUR Lord called His followers "the light of the world." The architect who puts up a building is careful to plan for light. Perhaps proper lighting is the most important question to consider. God, the architect of this world, planned for light to come in. He provided windows through which spiritual truth should shine. These windows, through which God's light reaches the world, are men and women. They are the means that God Himself has chosen for proclaiming His truth to the world—and the only means by which His Gospel can be proclaimed is by the human beings whom He has called to do it. Thus, in a very strong and real sense, Christians are the light of the world. Not by letters of fire flaming in the heavens, but by the voice and example of humble men and women does God's sublime message reach the world.

* * * *

WHEN God calls us the "light of the world" it is implied that the world is dark. Do we need to be told this? Sin, misery, suffering, are on every side, yet if we choose a selfish path we may keep out of sight of much that will wring our hearts. A queen of France, when told that the people were crying for bread, said, naively: "If they can-

not get bread, why do not the poor people take meat or cakes?" The queen, in her luxury, had not realized that for the poor the alternative of bread was—nothing. Now, in our midst there are many who do not in the least realize what the crying wants of those about them are. They never enter any but the homes of the well-to-do; they never get close to the lives of those who need their sympathy and help; they do not realize that the world is a dark place that needs pure wholesome light.

* * * *

BUT, if we are doing our Lord's work *we are shining in the dark places*. It is folly to light a candle and let it burn in the glaring sunlight. We must carry it to the place where it is needed. God holds us responsible for doing this. Those who need us make for the most part only a mute appeal. It must be the voice from within rather than the voice from without that calls us to the dark spots. We must search out our spheres of work. Many settle down into luxury, ease, and content in doing nothing because no one compels them to labor in the Christian field. God does not compel us. He does not drive, but leads us, and He expects His children to hear His voice and to follow.

* * * *

NOTICE how direct the Lord's statement is, "Ye" are the light of the world—everyone who heard His voice. So is it now. The call is to all who hear. It is not only the minister who is "the light of the world," or the parish visitor, or the lay evangelist, but all who are willing to obey God's call. And notice, too, that our Lord says the light of "the world"—not of the home only, nor of the parish, nor of the city, nor of the whole nation; but of the world. We heard a Christian teacher recently tell how his voice had, as it were, gone around the world. One of his former pupils was in China, another in Japan, another in South America, another in England; many were in different parts of Canada. Each of us is in contact with those who will carry far and wide the influences

that we communicate. To John Wesley the world was his parish; to the Christian the whole world is the sphere in which he is to shine.

* * * *

ONE of the main functions of light is to show the way. Above every other duty of the Christian is that of showing the way *by walking in it*. Some only are called to preach, or to travel far, or to do great things before the world in the Lord's cause. All are called upon to shine. The thing that tells most upon the world is the daily example of Christian living, self-control, good temper, unselfishness, watchful care for the wishes and feelings of others. *Talking* is a feeble way of moving men; acting out our views of Christian duty is something that everyone can understand.

* * * *

MEN of science tell us that all the light that comes from the burning wood and coal is only the stored-up light of the sun. When our Lord said to His followers "Ye are the light of the world," no doubt He had in His mind that other truth which He taught, "I am the light of the world." The light that comes from the coal is only the stored-up light of the sun; the light that the individual gives is only the reflected light of the Lord Jesus.

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A WORKING church is not a church where a few do a great deal of work, but where each one does a little, and thus the whole a large amount of work. The honey bee flies back and fourth from flowers to hive all the season, yet gathers only a little spoonful of honey; and yet, when we come to take the honey from the hive we get fifty or sixty pounds. The explanation of so much honey where one bee gathers so little, is the number of bees. If the bee reasoned as some people do, it would say: "I can do so very little, it is not worth while for me to try." But not so. The drone in the hive is the exception, and they are soon expelled and starve to death. Just where the bees make a crowning success, the Church often makes a failure. Despire not the day of small things.—*Selected*.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ITS NATURE, REQUIREMENTS, AND HINDRANCES.

By the REV. RURAL DEAN ARMITAGE,
St. Catharines.

Public worship is a privilege which finds expression in the words of the Psalmist, "I was glad when they said unto me Let us go into the house of the Lord." The Jews had a saying that man was created the evening before the Sabbath in order that he might begin his life with worship on the day of God. We have the same idea in the Christian Church in the Lord's Day, the first day of the week consecrated to rest and worship in preparation for the days of labour.

Public worship is a sacred duty laid upon all. It is not optional, so that we may perform it or not as it meets the convenience of our own sweet will, but a matter of obligation. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Christ's example is the Christian's guide, and it was His custom to gather with God's people in the synagogue. He has given His promise that where two or more are gathered together in His name there is He in the midst of them.

The neglect of public worship is one of the first signs of drifting from the truth of God, of apostacy from the faith of Christ. No sign of the times is more disquieting than the careless indifference of so many to God's day of rest, and to God's house of prayer.

There are three great rules to guide us in the worship of God. The first is the word of Christ to the woman of Samaria, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." The second is St. Paul's rule, "Let all things be done decently and in order," and the third is the same apostle's direction, "Let all things be done to edifying." The three great rules of Scripture are not satisfied by outward formalism which may be destitute of spiritual life, by mere intellectual effort which may never touch the heart, or by pleasurable emotion which, while pleasing to flesh and blood, may express no inner life of the soul.

Spiritual worship is the offer of the heart's best to God, the presentation of "ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice." It is an act of the understanding, for it needs to be intelligent, sincere, and true. It is an act of the will, for it is founded on the idea of submission and surrender. It is an act of faith. If we are to worship God we must believe that He is, and come to Him in a spirit of child-like trust. Unless it is from the heart it is worthless. It is an act of filial reverence—the child bringing his wants and wishes to his Father.

In spiritual worship prayer holds an important place. For prayer is the great means of communication between the Head and the members. It is the nervous system of the spiritual life. Public prayer carries with it a special blessing. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father which is in heaven." Prayer, as Tennyson says,

"Fleets beyond this low world
And touches Him that made it."

Praise and prayer go together. They are the twin sisters of the religious life. Praise is the constant delight and employment of the angels. They rest not day and night saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." And Milton, when he pictured the joy of heaven as it rings with angelic strains of praise, described the heavenly choir and said,

"No voice exempt, no voice but well
could join,
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven."

Milton's idea of heaven is in strange contrast to the fashionable church, of which Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch preacher, said that "No one sang the praises of God except those who were paid for it." Praise is the highest form of worship and the nearest to heaven. It is the part that, like love, will never die, for when prayer rests in fulfilment, thanksgiving will still fill grateful hearts. In the church on earth it opens heaven to the spiritual eye, as Handel felt after he had written his glorious chorus, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reign-

eth." "I did think I could see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

There are many hindrances to true spiritual worship. First of all there is the *harbouring of known sin*, some besetting sin, some darling sin, loved and cherished, and unrepented. As the psalmist said of old, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Sin against light and conscience, known but unrepented, comes like a cloud between our souls and God. As Paley said, "Prayer will either make a man leave off sinning, or sin will make him leave off prayer."

Another great hindrance, to which we are peculiarly susceptible in our day, is that of *wandering thoughts*. If we bring our business with us to God's house it should be brought in the spirit of one who desires God to direct and sanctify it, not in the anxious, troubled spirit of those who are haunted by its cares as with a spectre. If our minds are filled with worldly things the hopes and plans of this world will crowd the thoughts of heaven from the heart. It is well, as Baxter writes, to say to all our worldly business and thoughts what Christ said to His disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder," or to act towards them as Azariah and the eighty priests did when they "thrust King Uzziah out of the temple" when he presumed to burn incense there.

Another hindrance is *half-heartedness*. It is sad enough to see men and women indifferent to their earthly interests, but to be lukewarm over heavenly things is a sight that makes the angels weep. Sleep over your newspaper if you will, but not over your Bible, your Prayer Book, and your Hymnal.

Carelessness and irreverence are also hindrances to the spirit of devotion. The seraph of Isaiah's vision covered his face with his wings. The irreverence of many is in striking contrast to the requirements of social etiquette, and to what our conduct would be if ushered into the audience chamber of the Queen. The sentiment in the mind of a sincere Christian engaged in the worship of God, should be akin to that felt by Moses at the burning bush, or by Peter in the house of Cornelius,

"Now are we all here present before God."

Still another hindrance is a wrong *motive* which vitiates the whole spirit of worship. If our attendance is due to fashion to see and be seen, to minister to pride and vanity, or for the sake of the conventionalities, it carries with it no blessing. If it arises from a hope of eternal gain in the spirit of self-righteousness which endeavours to reach heaven through outward acts, it will be a barrier to true spiritual advancement.

A great help to spiritual worship is a *definite purpose* . Always have these objects before the mind—the honour due to God and the particular needs of your own soul. Prepare definitely for the service and look earnestly for the blessing. As the prophet said of old, and the application is not forced when we use the text of public worship, "Prepare to meet thy God."

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

"O death, where is thy sting?" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory!"

Christ came to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." In Phil. i. 21, the apostle tells us, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain"; and in the twenty-third verse, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." So in II. Cor. v. 8, "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."

These words are unequivocal and plain. At death, the happy spirit of the believer in Christ is with Christ in heaven. The same Lord Jesus, who was seen by the dying Stephen standing at the right hand of God when the heavens opened before him, and to whom he prayed, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit"! will reveal Himself and give dying grace to every one of His redeemed children; and their spirits shall rest with Him in conscious bliss in Paradise until the morning of the resurrection, when they shall come with Him again to earth to be rehabilitated with glorified bodies. "For

if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him" (I. Thess. iv. 14).

Death, to the believer, is but the swinging open of the door through which he passes into the presence of his loving Lord. "Aren't you afeared, John?" said the wife of a dying miner, as she bent over him in the last hour. "Afeared, lass?" said the man. "Why should I be afeared? I ken Jesus, and Jesus kens me."

And why should he fear? And why should any one who "kens" Jesus fear? "For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"; so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear."

"I will never leave thee." Surely then, in the hour of death He is there; and this should be our comfort, as those whom we love receive from us the last good-by, and human affection and human care can go no farther. We simply resign our position that they may receive better care. The last pressure of our hand is quickly followed by the clasp of His hand, who whispers, "Fear not, I will uphold thee." The last look of love from us is mingled with the tide of love that flows in upon them in the consciousness that Jesus is near. The sight of earthly friends is quickly succeeded by the rapturous vision of their glorified Lord. And as with them, so shall it be with us, if the Lord tarry, and we, too, fall asleep in Jesus.

How often have we known of dying saints, when lost to all consciousness and memory of things below, revive and smile at the name of Jesus! One of whom the writer knew, who made no sign of life, as mother, husband, children came, and weeping said, "Do you know me?" whispered in reply to the question, "Do you know Jesus?" "Precious Jesus, I know him!"

What wonderful things have been suggested to us by the quick, strange, glad, awe-filled look of surprise that has come into the eyes of dying saints! Some on battle-fields of carnage and blood and some in homes of comfort and love, we have seen, as, lost to the sense of all earthly surroundings, they gave the far-away look at something unseen

by those around, and passed away. "Thanks be to God that gave them the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Let the child of God just rest upon His unchanging Word for peace and comfort. If chosen to honour the Saviour by bearing long-continued and severe pain of body—then by "all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness," let it be made manifest in you what His grace can do. And if the closing hours of life are darkened by special assaults of the Adversary, even as were the last hours of our blessed Lord, and no gleams of glory seem to pierce the cloud, trust Him.

A dying saint who was passing through this experience at the close of a life that had been singularly free from doubt, and uniformly bright and happy in conscious fellowship with her Saviour, said: "My faith is being tried. The brightness you speak of I do not have; but I have given my soul to Jesus: and I have learned in these years to know Him well enough to trust Him to put me to bed in the dark, if it be His will." God-honouring words of faith! Surely, they were more to the glory of the Lord Jesus than could have been the relation of the happiest experience; for they honoured His word.—*D. W. Whittle, in Parish Visitor.*

APPEARANCES.

Sometimes we are told not to care for appearances. This advice must be understood before it can rightly be received and made a guide in life. The business man who pays no regard to appearances finds that very soon his customers begin to leave him. The farmer who in the presence of others not of his own occupation pays no regard to appearances often brings upon himself the ridicule and contempt of those who in true worth and character are far his inferiors. Appearances before men must be consulted to a certain extent. Most blameworthy, however, is the man who to keep up appearances will sacrifice Christian principle. We can hardly speak in strong enough terms our disapproval, and shall I say almost disgust, of the

young man who will be dishonest in order to keep himself clothed as finely as his companions, nor of the people who, to keep up a style of living like that of their neighbours, will incur liabilities which result in bankruptcy and cheating of creditors.

But we wish to speak of this advice chiefly as it applies in the moral world. Often men and women are kept from doing what is wrong by asking, what would people say? If they could only do a wrong action and be sure that the world would never hear of it, they would not care, but the fear of its "getting out" restrains them. The disgrace or the credit of its appearance before their fellow-beings seems to be to a great extent the determining power in their lives. Such a motive to righteousness all must acknowledge to be very weak, but it is better than none at all. It will not, it cannot, produce satisfaction in the soul, nor anything more than external respectability; it cannot produce a righteousness which is true, positive, and always to be relied upon. But, still, it is better than nothing.

The wise man learns to respect appearances, and to see that his outward actions, like his heart's motives, are void of offence. It is not without meaning that we are told to avoid the appearance of evil. Men have not the omniscience of God, and their opinions must be more or less moulded by appearances. If we would strike the happy mean of conduct, it will be found on one side in giving no cause to others to be offended by appearance, so far as this is possible. True it is that times come when God's own people, through no fault of their own, are condemned by appearances. They may seem to be guilty of what they have really not done, and yet they cannot say a word to dispel the misunderstanding. It is then that they may pray that others will adopt the wise scriptural rule of charity, "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." This is the second rule of conduct that helps us to a just mean.

He who begins the day with God is likely to continue in the same company. To begin well is almost certainly to end well.

MISS SKINNER'S BIRTHDAY.

"Mamma, it's Miss Skinner's birthday next Monday, and the boys and girls say they are going to get lots of fun out of it."

"What is that, Dolly?" asked Mrs. Motherwell, turning around from the table, where she was making sugar cookies. "Sit down and tell me about it."

"But, mamma, it's a secret," said Dolly, anxiously. "Not all the boys and girls know. But I always tell you everything."

"Yes, Dolly," said Mrs. Motherwell, looking at her with the beautiful brown eye, so sincere, yet so loving, that invited confidence from every one.

"Well, mamma; you know how cross Miss Skinner is—never says a pleasant word to anybody, and what a fuss she makes whenever we children play in the grove near her house—as if it belonged to her! Grant Scudder says he's wanted to 'pay her off' ever since she slapped his little brother for picking up an apple outside her fence. And now we've found out when her birthday comes! Lucy Well's aunt stopped to speak with Miss Skinner the other day, when she was working in her garden, and she told her how we all celebrated Squire Bennet's ninetieth birthday last week. But all she said was, 'Humph! it takes rich folks to get attention! My birthday comes next Monday, but there won't be a soul to remember it, and, land knows, I wouldn't thank 'em if they did! I don't ask favours from nobody!' Then she went on to abuse the village folks, till Miss Carter couldn't stand it any longer, and just gave her a piece of her mind. Lucy heard her aunt telling about it at the table."

"But what is this plan for her birthday?" asked Mrs. Motherwell, as Dolly stopped to take breath.

"Well, mamma, I don't know as you'll like it, and I don't—exactly—though I couldn't help laughing when the boys and girls were talking. They're going to send a lot of presents, not nice ones at all, and they've elected a committee of five to see that they get to her. Grant's chairman. He's going to give her some candy with pepper in it, and

Kitty Palmer says she'll make her a cake that looks lovely on the outside, frosted, with her initials in pink, but inside it will be stuffed with cotton." At the thought Dolly broke into an involuntary laugh. It grieved her mother that her little girl should be so thoughtless, but, controlling herself, she said quietly, as she put the last pan of cookies in the oven.

"We won't talk about it any more now, Dolly. But I want you to ask the committee to stop here on their way home this afternoon, and I'll show them how to get the best kind of 'fun' out of Miss Skinner's birthday. But here comes Nora with the strawberries, and we shall have luncheon in five minutes."

"I wonder if mamma really approves of our plan?" mused Dolly on the way back from school. "Somehow I don't believe she does, and yet I can't quite make out from her face what she's thinking about. But I'm sure the committee will stop in to see her. I do believe they'll do whatever she asks them to, they're all so fond of her!"

Mrs. Motherwell sat in her pleasant parlor, with the "committee of five" about her. Their faces were very sober now, and the girls had tears in their eyes. After some minutes of pleasant chat, while they discussed her sugar cookies and lemonade, she had led the conversation to Miss Skinner, and asked them to listen to the story of her life. Mrs. Motherwell had only heard it herself lately, from one who knew the poor woman before she came to the village, where she had been living for about three years.

"Oh, boys, we must give up our plan," broke out Kitty Palmer, an impulsive, warm-hearted girl. "I wouldn't make that cake now for the world! Think of the sorrow that poor creature's had! Her father and brother drowned, her mother dead, and after such a long, dreadful illness! And then to lose her little property through that treacherous friend! No wonder it made her hard and bitter. Why, I really feel now as if I'd like to do something kind for her birthday."

Mrs. Motherwell smiled, well pleased.

"I am glad that thought sug-

gested itself to you, dear Kitty. It was just what was in my own mind. What if we all combine to bring a day of sunshine into Miss Skinner's poor, darkened life?"

"We'd like to!" cried the three girl visitors and Dolly, but the two boys hesitated.

"I don't like playing any tricks upon the old woman after what Mrs. Motherwell has told us," said bright-faced Grant Scudder ingenuously; "but to heap kindness upon her after all her meanness —!" he paused, expressively.

"Ah, Grant, it may be the very way to lead her out of that wretched, loveless life! Is it not worth the trial? Think of that verse we sang in Sunday-school a week ago:

'Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore,
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.'

"I give in!" said Grant, impulsively.

"And so do I!" chimed in his faithful follower, Jim Andrews.

"We'll make you our chairman, Mrs. Motherwell," Grant went on, looking at the others, who nodded in eager assent. "I'm sure the whole school would follow our lead! Now, just say what you want us to do!"

"Oh, deary me! It does seem as if I had trouble enough without that stove carryin' on as it's done every day for the last month! It's gettin' wore out, like myself! And whatever am I to do with it when the cold weather comes?"

Half-choked with the smoke, and ready to cry, Miss Skinner threw open her kitchen door to let in the fresh air. It was the loveliest of June days, yet her sad eyes took in none of the beauty of the earth and sky. Indeed, the sunshine and fresh breeze seemed to aggravate her woe.

"Just the day for my washin', if it warn't for that cantankerous stove! And I ain't got down to usin' cold water yet, though I may hev to come to it! Oh dear! It does seem too cruel that an honest, industrious woman like me should

hev her life so full of trouble! I can't afford to buy another stove—them hard-earned savings of mine ain't scarce enough to keep me in food. And the money in the stockin' I sha'n't touch, for I'm bound I won't be buried like a pauper! Dear knows, my funeral may come sooner'n any one expects, for now my stove's give out, I'll most likely be found froze stiff in my bed some winter mornin'!"

Tired out from her battle with the stove, she sat down on the kitchen steps, gazing listlessly before her. But in a moment or two she descried a wagon coming up the street, driven smartly by two of the school boys.

"There's that tormentin' Grant Scudder and the boy he's always hatchin' mischief with, Jim Andrews! Where be they goin' to this hour of the mornin'? Sakes alive, they're stoppin' at my gate—for no good, I'll be bound! I'll fix 'em!"

But the old woman stopped short as she reached the gate for she encountered the two boys staggering under the weight of a good-sized kitchen stove, which they were carrying between them.

They set it down as she came up, taking off their caps politely.

"Good morning, Miss Skinner," said Grant, his rosy face beaming with good humour. "Jim and I have a stove here which belongs to you, and we'll put it up for you if you like."

"I ain't bought no stove?" said the old woman, gruffly, recovering herself a little. "Must be a mistake!"

"That can't be, for here's your name in black and white!" said Grant, looking at a card fastened to the stove. "Will you please show us where to put it?"

The bewildered woman led the way in silence to the kitchen, followed more slowly by the boys, encumbered with their burden.

"You'll get smut all over you!" she exclaimed, as they began to take down the old stove.

"Oh, it's early yet; we'll have plenty of time to clean up before school," said Jim Andrews, cheerfully.

The old stove was carried out to a shed, and while Grant kindled a fire in the new one, joking with Miss Skinner the while, Jim kept

bringing in mysterious boxes and parcels, which he deposited upon the table. He was so quiet about it that the old woman did not notice him at first. But at length she turned abruptly.

"What are you about there? What does all this mean? Stop, boys, stop!" as they were running off with a merry "Good morning." She spoke so imploringly that Grant paused for a moment.

"Why, Miss Skinner," as she repeated her question, "we boys and girls and some of the older folks thought we'd like to give you a birthday party; and we wish you many happy returns of the day!"

He was off now like a shot, while the old woman stood like one in a dream.

"My birthday? So it is, but that plaguey old stove had clean put it out of my head! Who told 'em? That Miss Carter, and I don't thank her! But there, I won't be ugly, I won't! The folks has been very kind to me, and how nice them boys was, puttin' up that stove! Who sent it, I wonder?"

She picked the card up from the floor and laboriously deciphered the writing:

"TO MISS SKINNER—

"From the boys and girls of Lyndon Academy. Many happy returns of the day!"

"And I made such a fuss about their playin' in that grove!" said the poor woman, and then, hiding her face in her apron, she broke into tears.

That birthday was the beginning of the happiest years of Miss Skinner's life. Touched by the kindness shown her, she was ready to acknowledge that there was a great deal of love and forbearance stored up in human hearts; and through their tenderness she was led gradually into the sunshine of the "love that passeth knowledge." — *Clara Broughton, in the Examiner.*

Were there is no conflict there is no progress. Do not think that to feel temptation is a sign of decline in spiritual vigour. On the contrary he who is making progress is always conquering old and facing new enemies. Temptation may thus be the reign of progress.

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A GREAT MAN.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in face of wrong
Establish right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Has power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss;
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

—Owen Meredith.

HONESTY.

It has been often said, "Honesty is the best policy," but the man who is honest only because of the truth of this maxim has not his honesty built upon a foundation which will prove secure. To be truly honest one must be so because he would be in harmony with eternal law, in harmony with the nature of God.

It has been said of business life that, often, a man, to keep his position, must be a little dishonest. A gentleman who has seen a good deal of the ways of the world told me that some men, by practice, get quite able to look others in the face and make representations which they know to be false. These are the men

who delight to repeat the maxim, "Business is business." "In the business world you must adopt business methods." But God replies, "Morality is morality, honesty is honesty," and a respectable business man will reply, too, that to call falsehood a "business method" is a vile slander. If I hold a position where it is necessary for me to be a little dishonest, then the sooner I lose the position the better. Let me keep a good conscience and self-respect, and if it costs me my position God will, in His own time, get me another. Or, if I do not get other employment, I can be a martyr to the glory of God just as much in this way as by burning at the stake. Again and again have young men, rather than violate their consciences, given up that upon which they depended for a livelihood; but they have been given something better by God, though it may be that for months their fidelity was tried. Joseph and Daniel and the three Hebrews are our examples of this.

But someone says: "Everyone is more or less dishonest in these days." I repudiate this. I hurl it back as a malicious falsehood, in the name of the hundreds of employees who value their honesty and their God's approval above the comforts of this world. There are many who are bold to believe that righteousness is bound to triumph, and who are willing to wait till it does so. I hurl it back in the name of the hundreds of Christian employers who would be righteously indignant if anyone were to suggest that they for any personal gain would have their clerks do that which is dishonest. Christian, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." H.

THE INFIDEL'S SHEEP.

Away among the hills of northern New England were two infidel neighbours, who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God.

One of them heard the Gospel message, and, hearing, believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbour, and said to him:

"I have come to talk to you. I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard you had been down there, and had gone forward for prayers," said the sceptic, with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have got four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark; and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field, with the increase of them. And now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in State prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep, you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of you, if you will only go away; a man who will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian; "I must settle this matter up, and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well, said the sceptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. interest, and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep, and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbour's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne. The

full result of that scene is known only to God. One thing is certain, the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterwards believed there is some power in the Gospel, and that all Christians are not hypocrites.—*The Christian*.

GLADSTONE ON THE BIBLE.

In a passage of great eloquence and beauty, taken from his "Introduction to the People's Bible," Mr. Gladstone thus speaks:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit; in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich, melodious choir of the noblest cathedral, "their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world." Nor here alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms, will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position, is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the

market place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."—*Selected*.

UP AND BE DOING.

How many young men are drifting and dawdling and wasting away their lives, sucking cigars and cane-heads, eating bread which others earn, and wearing clothes for which they have never paid. And yet these men have lived long enough to have made their mark in the world's history, and to have accomplished grand things for God and humanity. Much of the important work of the world is done by young men; much of it is done by old men; but these triflers will never do anything either in youth or old age. At the age of forty Robert Bruce defeated the English at Bannockburn. At twenty-seven William Pitt was Prime Minister of Great Britain. W. E. Gladstone was in parliament at the age of twenty-two. At twenty-two George Washington was a colonel. At forty-three he commanded the revolutionary army, and at fifty-seven was President of the United States. Martin Luther was prominent when he was twenty-four years old, had finished his life work largely at forty-six, and died at the age of sixty-two. John Calvin before he was thirty years old had done work which placed his name among the great men of earth. Others to-day are doing in early life work which will endure forever.

Young man, wake up! Throw away your cigar, shake off your slumbers. Have done with dawdling and fooling. Be a man as God intended you should, and make up your mind to do something that shall bless and benefit the world. You may not be called to high position—you certainly will not be until you learn to fill a low position with fidelity and with energy—but if you will seek the kingdom of God, and turn from sin and folly and vain doing, you will not spend your

strength for naught; and sometime, in youth or in maturer life, your opportunity will come, and it will be seen that you have not laboured in vain, that your life has not been a failure. If you have conquered a forest, if you have ploughed a field, if you have planted a tree, if you have buided a house, if you have taught a child the elements of earthly knowledge, or the way of life and salvation, in these ways you may have done a work for God and for humanity which will live through the ages and will be remembered by Him who shall give at last to "every man according as his work shall be."

Do not sit down idly and wait for opportunities. There is an opportunity to do something to-day, to do it well, to do it in the fear of God; and if you will do the duties of to-day, and fill its hours with faithful and zealous endeavour, tomorrow will bring new duties, new privileges, new blessings, and in time or in eternity your reward will be sure.—*Christian*.

DO YOU READ THE BIBLE?

All things duly considered, the Bible is the cheapest and best circulated book in the world. Every man may have a copy for the asking. Now, there was a day when men prized this right as their dearest possession. They read their Bibles, and they read very little else. They knew the contents so thoroughly that even their everyday speech was coloured with its grand phraseology. To the Puritans of the seventeenth century the Bible was history, and poetry, and adventure, and practical teaching, and literature in general, as well as religious instruction. What the newspaper, the magazine, and the novel together are to us Scripture was to them. The Old Testament was as carefully read as the New—indeed, very much better, as many have pointed out.

What a change has come over the Protestant world in our time! It is not a Bible-reading world as it used to be. The right to read Scripture may be still emphasized, but great multitudes neither appreciate it nor take advantage of it.

There seems to be less and less family reading of the Scripture every year. In thousands of Christian families there is no attempt at any such thing. Even individual members refer to the Bible very occasionally, if at all. It is not regarded as a book for everyday use. Like encyclopedias and dictionaries, it is a book of reference that everyone ought to have, merely to keep on the shelf. The poor, fragmentary knowledge of the Bible that a great portion of people have has been gained chiefly in childhood at school, or later on through the reading of Scripture at church, and from the occasional references to the Bible in the literature of the day. But it is a most disappointing knowledge. It grasps nothing completely, and understands nothing thoroughly. Facts, names, dates, characters, events are often in a most hopelessly tangled mass. Why not treat the Bible as you would treat any other book? Why not read it through from beginning to end, respectfully, attentively, earnestly?—*Selected.*

COMELINESS.

There are very few faces in the world which can be pronounced absolutely beautiful, but there are very few faces that cannot be made more beautiful by proper effort. There are passions which are fatal to beauty: anger, wrath, rage, malice, jealousy, discontent—all these chafe and wear and impair human beauty. Everything which is injurious to health is also injurious to beauty. Evil ways of living, close dressing, unhealthful eating and drinking, may ruin the fairest complexion and destroy the comeliness of the most beautiful face.

On the other hand, there are certain elements of beauty which are within the reach of all. Features may be irregular, the complexion may not be the fairest, the varying tints and hues may not blend in the most harmonious manner, but if persons live simply, use healthful food, dress healthfully and neatly, maintain good digestion, attend to personal cleanliness, keep their hearts free from discontent, anger, ambition, malice, envy, and hate; if they spend their days in doing

good and their nights in peaceful rest; if they have kind words for the weary and the sad; if from the friendliness of their hearts spring up smiles and sunshine; if they deal tenderly with the erring, and frankly but firmly and honestly with those who go astray—the plainest face will have beauty when illumined with the light of affection, and through the clouds which may overhang it will shine the tender loveliness of a heart that sympathizes with the sorrowing, and that has tears for those that weep.

If we follow the paths of wisdom and uprightness, integrity and Christian love, we shall soon see that there is something more lovely than mere beauty of face or form or feature, something which endures when roses fade, and which, when the flash of beauty has gone out in darkness and disease, shines on with added brightness to life's latest hour, and shall revive and bloom again when this body of humiliation shall be changed into the likeness of the glorious body of the risen Lord, and, in the perfection of all love and loveliness and beauty, we who have borne the image of the earthly shall bear the image of the heavenly and "be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

SPARE THE CHILDREN'S FEET.

A ragged woman was crossing the corner of a public park in London where the children of the poor are accustomed to play, many of them barefoot. A burly policeman stationed on the corner watched the woman suspiciously. Half way across, she stopped and picked up something which she hid in her apron. In an instant the policeman was by her side. With gruff voice and threatening manner he demanded:

"What are you carrying off in your apron?"

The woman seemed embarrassed and refused to answer. Thereupon the officer of the law, thinking that she had doubtless picked up a pocket-book, which she was trying to make away with, threatened to arrest her unless she told him at once what she had in her apron.

At this the woman reluctantly unfolded her apron and disclosed a *handful of broken glass*. In stupid wonderment the policeman asked: "What do you want with that stuff?"

A flush passed over the woman's face; then she answered simply: "If you please, sir, I just thought I'd like to *take it out of the way of the children's feet*."

Blessings on the kind-hearted caretaker who was so thoughtful of the children's needs and the children's feet. And should not we imitate so good an example, and take out of the path of the little ones anything which can wound them, injure them, or cause them to stumble? There are many things worse than broken glass in the paths which little feet must tread; let us gather them up and, so far as it is in our power, put them out of the way, and obey the apostle's command (Heb. xii. 12, 13), as it comes to us in the beautiful Syriac version of the New Testament:

"Wherefore strengthen ye your relaxed hands, and your tottering knees: and make straight paths for your feet, that the *limb* which is *lame* may not be *wrenched*, but may be healed."—*Christian.*

PARENTAL THORNS.

"That woman in the corner of the car who is nudging her boy to keep his seat and not give it to the woman with the big bundle of tailor work who just got in the car—is making bad trouble for herself, and so is that other woman—the one who has just lifted up her little girl with her muddy shoes, so that she can stand on the seat to look out the window."

"Yes," said passenger "L.M." to passenger "V.W." "I've been looking at that youngster. His natural impulses are right and generous. He sees that tired-looking woman with the heavy bundle ought to have a seat, and once he got down to give her his—but his mother—he calls her 'ma-ar'—pulled him back. All he needs is to be guided right, or to be left to follow his natural impulses, and he will make a manly fellow—a natural gentleman. But his mother, if he stays long with her, will spoil him.

She'll make him careless about the feelings and comfort of others, and change about, and change a generous spirit into a selfish churl; and she'll be a very fortunate woman if the selfishness—if the disregard for the feelings of others—she is instilling into him now does not come back to her to give her sore trouble in after life."

There, in that boy, was the sterling metal of a true gentleman—considerateness for others—a gentleman who would be a gentleman to his parents, to all belonging to him, and to the whole community—there was that sterling metal being moulded unwittingly and unconsciously by his own mother into that repulsive thing—an intensely selfish man—entirely regardless of the pleasure, the comfort, or the rights of anybody else than himself.

It was a noble impulse in the little fellow to give his seat to the poor burdened woman; it was a perversion of manhood to pull him back and compel him to hold on to his seat for himself, and to regard the poor soul he felt a desire to be kind to as a mere creature who had no rights that a person in his station was bound in any wise to respect.

What else than trouble and sore mental distress could be expected to come to the mother who was suppressing such a manly impulse, and perverting such a nature? The thorns which such parents reap in later life are of the tree which they themselves have planted. The thorns have torn them and they bleed; they might have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.—*Public Ledger.*

MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The woman who works should remember that her children need her first of all—need her more than anything else in all the wide world, and she has no right to put anything between herself and them, whether it be a mountain of work, an ocean of selfishness, or—a grave.

Give the children bread and butter to eat, plain clothes to wear, a simple home to live in, but let them have their mother.

Do you know any of the children who run about the neighbourhood because mother is too busy to notice? The clothes and the table and the house are above reproach, but the children?

Yes, I know you have to work; so do I. I fail, too, in my duty, many and many a time, so do you. But all the same, my sister, you can do with less work.

The house ought to be cosy, pleasant, and clean, the food wholesome, and the family garments comfortable, but the trouble is that you aim farther than just that. You attempt to go beyond what is necessary, and so in many instances nothing is accomplished. You have lost your time and your labour, and—who shall say what beside?

Common sense, next to Christian love, is what we want, my sisters, in this world—is what we need most. When you come to think of it, we have precious little of this commodity.

We have no right to injure the bodies that God permits us to use, for a while. Why, they belong to Him! And there are the little bodies that are placed in our special care. What of these?

And if our bodies belong to God, what of the intellect—the soul? Ah, I tell you, these are questions that we must look squarely in the face. We are not beasts of burden—not dumb driven cattle, but we are actually and truly the children of the King. No task that He has set us can be unworthy, but in the task we must not forget the taskmaster.

In this matter of work each woman must make her own laws. She must be wise in choosing the real duties and in setting aside such things as have by practice and custom come to be accounted necessary. One mode may suit you, quite a different one your neighbour.—*Womankind.*

NO TIME.

A busy man, recently approached upon the subject of religion, said: "I really have no time to spare from my business for religion. I wish I could get time, and hope to do so in a few years from now." This very same answer is so often given by the careless and the indifferent that we must tell the fol-

lowing story picked up from some forgotten source. It carries its own moral and will bear repeating:

A pious farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favourable. He called them early and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned to their work. The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in his haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband. "Why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat."

"Haven't time to eat! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as you can live without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers every morning, no matter how busy we are nor how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten.—*Selected.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.***International. Institute.*

Apr. 4... Acts ix. 32-43... Heb. ii. 14-18
 11... Acts x. 30-44... Luke xix. 29-44.
 18... I. Cor. xv. 12-26. Matt. xxviii. 1-10.
 25... Acts xii. 5-17 ... Luke xxiv. 13-35.

A PRAYER.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter ;
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing !
 If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter ;
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleetier ;
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love and care and strength,
 To help my toiling brother !

—Selected.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

"Mamma, what is 'cessively?'"
 "What is what, dear?"
 "'Cessively? What does it mean?"
 "Excessively? Is that it?"
 "Yes, mamma; I want to know what it means."
 "Well, it means 'very,' only a little more so. Is that plain?"
 "It means very, very, then?"
 "Yes."
 "And what does plain mean?"
 "Clear—so that you will understand."
 "Not that kind of plain. If you are plain."
 "Oh, yes, that means not pretty—homely, we say. What next?"
 "There seemed nothing else, and after a little time Mrs. Jordan turned from her work to see what caused her daughter's unusual silence. There were generally so many kindergarten tales to tell, at home-coming, that mamma was surprised; and more surprised when she turned to see a flushed face, quivering lips, and dark eyes full of tears.
 "What is it, Jessie? Come and tell mamma."
 "I like pretty folks. Everybody does—I want to be pretty." Tears would come, and the little face was hid on mamma's shoulder.

"We can't all be pretty, Jessie, and pretty folks are not always the best nor loved the best. But we can be so good that people will not stop to think how we look."

"But I don't want to be homely. Am I very, very, mamma?"

"Why, no, dear! What makes you ask that?"

"She said so, mamma, and I heard her."

"Who said so? Maybe she didn't mean you."

"Yes, she did. It was Miss Oram, the new teacher. I had run in at noon to see the Bailey twins, 'cause they know me, and they're new and so bashful. As I went out, I heard her ask Miss Glenn who that 'cessively plain child was. Miss Glenn said, 'Jessie Jordan' and something else—but I ran away so I wouldn't hear any more. She won't ever love me, mamma."

The tears broke forth again, and mamma's eyes filled, too. She was grieved that Jessie should have heard the careless remark. Was her child so very, very plain? Not to mother eyes, at least; and she held her close, while thinking just what was best to say.

"Miss Oram doesn't know you, dear. She doesn't know what a kind heart belongs with the plain face. When she does she'll love you just the same. Be your own sweet self and never mind what you heard."

Mamma's words and kiss brought comfort to the wounded heart and the trouble was soon forgotten—or so it seemed, for Jessie did not mention it again, writes *Ida Kays*, who tells this pretty story in the *Young People's Weekly*; but no one knew how many times the plain face flushed at the remembrance of its plainness, nor how she avoided Miss Oram, thus losing many an opportunity for kindness to the little ones.

No other of the last-year kindergartners was so ready to pet and protect the little first-years as Jessie Jordan was. No other child in the whole school was so unselfish, so thoughtful, so sympathetic and kind. It was a pity she could not be her own free self among Miss Oram's babies.

And what a happy chance—or was it chance?—that she should

overhear a bit of another conversation that took place some weeks later!

"I used to think Jessie Jordan quite plain," said Miss Oram, as Jessie sat soothing a little tot whose bruised finger she had just bandaged, "but now I think her almost beautiful."

"I told you so," said Miss Glenn, in a tone of loving triumph.

Jessie's face flushed—roiser with pleasure than it had ever been with shame—as she stole away with her little charge.

"She loves me now!" said Jessie, recounting to her mother the day's occurrence, "and she doesn't mind my face. 'Almost bee-yu-ti-ful.' O mamma!"

"Quite beautiful, darling, to mother, who knows you best. A loving heart will shine through the plainest face," said Mrs. Jordan, with a tear and a smile.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

"FLIP."

"Stand, Flip! stand, sir! Now listen well to what I say. This is the second time that you have put your little nose in my lunch basket, and eaten up my buttered roll."

Here Flip came down on all fours, wagging his bushy tail, evidently well satisfied with his moral character.

"Stand, Flip! stand this minute, sir! I'm not done scolding you by any means. The next time that you do me such a mean trick I'll tie you up and thrash you well! Do you hear, doggie? Well, sir."

Down came Flip again, as well pleased with himself as before. Philip heard an unexpected sound of footsteps on the other side of the hillock, and sprang to his feet. Presently Brother Joe's broad back was seen moving across the meadow, and Flip was soon at his side. Philip wondered if Brother Joe had heard Flip's scolding; but if he had, nothing was said about it; nothing, at least, on the walk. But that evening, before the lamps were lighted, as the family gathered in the twilight, Philip was startled to hear the familiar sound: "Stand, Flip! stand, sir! and listen to what I say!" It was Brother Joe, sit-

ting over at the west window; and Flip could be seen outlined against the evening sky, standing obediently on his hind legs. "Is it you, Flip," said Brother Joe, "that uses my pen, and gets it inky half-way up the handle? Is it you that tears up the day's paper into kite tails; that turns down the corners of my books, and makes greasy finger marks on them? Do you leave my door open, and drop crumbs on the floor, and play in my fire, and eat the apples off my table? Somebody does these things, Flip; and if you can find out who it is, let me know; and when your master ties you up for a thrashing, I'll thrash the fellow that gives me so much trouble."

Flip, turned loose, flew over to Philip.

"Flip's found him for you, Brother Joe," said the little boy, laughing, but with red face, which the dusk hid. "If Flip needs one thrashing, it looks as though his master needed six."

"Maybe that will teach the little master to be easy on people's failings when he stops and counts up his own," said Brother Joe kindly.

Maybe it did.—*Sunday-School Evangelist.*

AN INCIDENT.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next to the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend: "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window *now.*"

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk with her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis.

And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, the home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window."

When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert, the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—*Century.*

"An old shoemaker struck the true spiritual keynote when he said, 'My chief work is to serve Christ, and I am in the shoemaking business to pay expenses.' That was the apostolic method of service, and St. Paul emphasized it when he declared, 'For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.' This high-aimed singleness of purpose in one's life-work is the supreme religious need of the hour both in the pulpit and in the pew."

One bad boy will pervert a whole school if he is given free course. On the other hand, one manly, Christian boy will show a spirit and set an example that will give the tone to the whole society about him. Boys, be brave and strong in the Lord. The Duke of Wellington said that Waterloo was won on the Eton playground.

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The Churchwardens would like the Easter offering to be as liberal as possible, that they might close the year satisfactorily from a financial standpoint.

The annual Vestry Meeting of St. Paul's will be held on Easter Monday. All secretaries are asked to have their reports ready. A large attendance of members and adherents is requested, and prayer desired that God will overrule and direct all to His glory and the good of the Congregation,

The Rev. T. J. Marsh tells of a walk he had one January, with a companion, from Fort Simpson to Hay River, 240 miles, which took about eight days, and when the thermometer varied from 35 degrees below zero at the warmest time to 58 below at the coldest. It was very difficult to sleep at night as the cold was so intense, but they just had to lie before a fire, with the sky as a canopy. When they reached home they had to take several days rest. Mr. Marsh said also that while missionaries had some hardships they also had many blessings, and he could bear witness to this truth, that he had not given up one thing for Christ's sake, but what, even in this present life, he had received a hundred fold in return from his gracious Master.

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