



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 99

JANUARY, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. G. E. LLOYD, M. A., Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| A. TIMS, | H. I. NOSWORTHY, | J. E. BILLINGSLEY |
| J. H. SOOTHRAN, | J. A. PADDON, | R. PLAYFAIR, |
| G. H. M. BAKER, | M. H. SISSON, | E. C. ARMSTRONG, |
| L. KNIGHT, | J. M. KNOWLSON, | THOS. J. MURTAGH |

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.

Miss Goodwin has lately received renewal subscriptions, with interesting and appreciative letters from Miss Williams, Ogden, Utah, Miss Carrie D. Lang, Golden, B.C., and Mr. J. Jewell, Stouffville.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

HUMPHREYS.—Edith Jean, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth J. Humphreys, born 19th Nov., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 10th Dec., 1899.

MCNAMARA.—William George, son of Richard and Wilhelmina G. McNamara, born 8th Nov., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 18th Dec., 1899.

SMITH.—John David, son of Elias Peter and Augusta A. Smith, born March 3rd, 1899, baptized in St. John's church, Cambray, on Christmas Day, 1899.

Marriages.

JOHNSTON—MCCAUSLAND.—At Lindsay, on 20th Dec., 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Johnston, to Eliza Jane McCausland, both of the Township of Ops.

BELL—PERDUE.—At Lindsay, on 26th Dec., 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Thomas Richard Bell, to Eunice Deborah Perdue, both of the township of Somerville.

Burials.

HUSSEY.—At Riverside cemetery, on 28th Dec., 1899, James Hussey, in his 72nd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Chicago is said to have 600 churches and 6000 saloons.

"A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Pro. x : 1.

While we are convinced that it pays to advertise in *Parish and Home*, and also appreciate highly the co-operation of our patrons, yet if any advertiser at the beginning of the year for any cause wishes his card removed, a line to Mr. G. S. Patrick to that effect is all that is needed.

A happy and useful New Year to all our readers.

There were encouraging congregations in the parish of Omamee and Emily on Christmas Day, and the offertory amounted to \$39.

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

\$50 a year will enable a congregation to have their own missionary in Western China where the Rev. J. A. Hickman who lately addressed us has been working.

We congratulate Mr. Fred Hopkins on passing such a successful examination at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, and are pleased to know that he is now eligible for a captaincy in the volunteers.

The Queen's New Year's message to the troops in South Africa was sent to every general. It ran thus: "I wish you and all my brave soldiers a Happy New Year. God protect and bless you all."

We know that some of our readers make a point of trading, at least in part, with those whose cards are found in our advertising columns. We would advise all who can at the beginning of the year to give our patrons a call.

Miss Vera Dyer has entered upon her duties as assistant teacher at the school at Powles Corners, and so will not only be nearer home, but able also to be a frequent worshipper at St. George's church, Cameron, where she will be gladly welcomed.

The Rev. R. McNamara paid his farewell visit to Cameron and Cambray on Christmas Day, and we trust his words (both there and in Lindsay) will long be remembered and lead to fruit bearing for God. At Cambray Miss Smith, sister of the Rev. Carl Smith, sang very acceptably a solo.

We regret to learn of the serious and painful accident that happened to the Rev. H. J. Bourne, of Essonville, through the kick of a horse. It is hoped that in a week or two he will be able to resume his duties again. Mr. Shannon, a student from Wycliffe College, spent the holidays assisting Mr. Bourne in his extensive mission.

Mr. Lithgow, for a long time superintendent of St. John's church Sunday school, Dunsford, has moved to Bobcaygeon, and Mr. Burgess is taking his place in the school. Before leaving Mr. Lithgow was presented with an address and a substantial token of the esteem in which he was held by the Dunsford people.

Mr. Bert Lamont, who has for some years been a member of the choir, has gone to Belleville to live. Before his departure the young men's class in St. Paul's S.S. presented him with a beautiful Bible. We hope it will be well studied, for any young man who seeks God's grace to fashion his life according to the teachings of His word is sure of the highest success and usefulness.

The Rev. R. McNamara was to enter upon his duties at Gagetown, New Brunswick, on the first Sunday in Jan. (7th inst.) Many, we are sure, will follow him and Mrs. McNamara in their prayers, and wish them richest blessing in their work. Gagetown is on the St. John river about half way between St. Johns and Fredericton, and seems to be the county town of Queens County.

The Christmas offertory was: St. Paul's, \$25.17 and \$2 for church debt; Cameron, \$4.80; Cambray, \$3.25; for which hearty thanks are returned.

In the month ending Dec. 9th the church missionary society received \$34,588 in legacies alone. How many of us remember God's work when making our wills?

Harriett May, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who died, was taken to St. John's cemetery, Port Hope, on Dec. 15th, and buried by the Rev. E. Daniel.

We have already received several new subscribers to Parish and Home this year. Many can help a good work in this way. It is good for the paper and good for the family into which it goes.

The Rev. George E. Lloyd, M.A., has been appointed by the bishop of the diocese as missionary to Cameron, etc., and assistant in Lindsay, and will (D.V.) enter upon his duties in January.

Mr. A. F. Barr, B.A., has been home for the holidays and assisted the rector in the services at St. Paul's on Christmas day and the two last Sundays of 1899. He is a clear, distinct reader, and we trust a very useful life lies before him.

Mr. George Hunt, who has been ill nearly ever since he came to Lindsay last May, died on Jan. 3rd, and was taken to Elmville, County of Simcoe, for interment. We tender our sympathies to the bereaved widow and family.

A lady sending in her subscription to Parish and Home says, "I have decided with the New Year to give my tenth to the Lord." If all God's people did this how his cause would be helped forward, and what a reflex blessing both the church and the givers would receive. Reader, try it.

In St. John's church, Emily, the offertory on the last Sunday of 1899 was for the church debt, and amounted to \$118.10, which rather more than wiped out the indebtedness of \$112. We congratulate the Rev. E. A. Langfeldt, the churchwardens, and people on having one more "House of God" in this deanery free of debt.

Mrs. Keeve, whose burial notice appeared in our last issue, was at one time organist of St. Paul's church, and will be well remembered by many of the earlier worshippers there. Lately she has been living with her daughter, Mrs. Schindler, in Toronto, and after much suffering passed away to her long home on Nov. 27th.

Among our holiday visitors formerly connected with St. Paul's we were pleased to see the Misses Holtorf, Alexander, Carter, Alda Sylvester, Josie Perkins, Russell and others. Also Messrs. A. Archambault, Geo. Beall, B. Lamont, and Drs. Coulter and Walters. It is pleasant to see our young people who have left Lindsay back home again even for a short time.

The Sunday school Christmas tree and entertainment on Dec. 27th, was as usual a great success, the attendance was large, the good things provided most satisfying to hungry young people—the entertainment better than usual, and as for the tree, only the children could do it full justice. Mr. Sisson (the superintendent) presided, the Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd and the rector joined him in saying a few words of encouragement and advice. We trust the young peoples' thankfulness, as well as sense of duty, will lead them to be very regular in attendance this winter.

Parish and Home

ward
Lift
ging
l by
y a
fret-
y a
sing

ound
rise
kies,
l by

od,

the
We
led
od-
m.
is
of
of
we
ng
ne
ed.
ist
he
of
es
he
in
re
ed
ce
to
ur

to
th
y
ot
rs
r.
ur
y
r.
e
r-
e
o
e
r

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

- 1—**Circumcision of our Lord.** *Morning*—Gen. xvii., 9; Rom. ii., 17. *Evening*—Deut. x., 12; Col. ii., 8 to 18.
- 6—**Epiphany of our Lord.** *Morning*—Isaiah lx.; Luke iii., 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isai. xlix., 13 to 21; John ii., to 12.
- 7—**1st Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isai. li.; Mat. iv., 23—v., 13. *Evening*—Isai. liii., 13, and liii. or liv.; Acts iv., to 32.
- 11—**2nd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isai. lv.; M. l. viii., 18. *Evening*—Isai. lvii., or lxi.; Act. viii., 26.
- 21—**3rd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isai. lxi.; Mat. x. l., 22. *Evening*—Isai. lxi. or lxi.; Acts xiii., to 26.
- 25—**Conversion of St. Paul.** *Morning*—Isai. xlix., to 13; Gal. i., 11. *Evening*—Jer. i., to 11; Acts xxvi., to 21.
- 28—**4th Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Job xxvii.; M. l. xv., 21. *Evening*—Job. xxviii., of xxix.; Acts xxv i., to 16.

THE NEW YEAR CHIMES.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

The following prayer is most appropriate for British subjects during the present war, and we trust that many will lift up earnest crying to the Lord of Hosts, both in their public, family, and private devotions:

PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

“Most gracious God, who hast set Victoria our Queen upon the throne of this Empire, we humbly beseech Thee in all things to direct and rule her heart, and at this time more especially to protect her person and shield her dominions amid the dangers to

which they are exposed. Hide her from the gathering together of the froward and from the insurrection of wicked doers. Weaken the hands, confound the designs, and defeat the enterprises of all her enemies; that no secret conspiracies nor open violences may disquiet her reign. Vouchsafe, O Lord of Hosts, to lead our armies now in the field (especially in South Africa). In Thy name do we set up our banners. Give to our generals wisdom, and to our soldiers strength and good courage, and do Thou, O Lord, crown our arms with victory; because there is none other that fightest for us, but only Thou, O God. Comfort and sustain the wounded, heal the sick, prepare the dying, and console all those who are called to mourn.

Show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives, and defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.

Give peace in our time, O Lord, and hasten the day when wars shall cease through all the world. Grant this, we humbly beseech Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake Amen.”

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century.

But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret—this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day.

“Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptation and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them.” God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

THE GREAT DESIGN.

“Bringing many sons to glory.”
—Heb. ii. 10.

All things are *by* Him; He call-eth the shining hosts, sets their bounds, gives names to over eighty millions of suns and systems, all beings creeping, flying, walking.

All things are *for* him, to display His power, to show His ownership, outriders, harbingers, sent to proclaim His grand design in bringing many sons to glory. This is the grand and ultimate design.

1. Sons. Born, and born again. God is not ashamed to be called their God. Jesus is not ashamed to call them brethren. Not hired men, not inferiors, but heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.

2. “Unto glory.” Perfect, eternal, not half-way, not brought in sight of port and then to sink. “He bringeth them into their desired haven.”

3. “Many.” Not few.
(a) It is not narrow in plan.
(b) It is not narrow in offer.
(c) It is not narrow in results.
This design defines the work of

PARISH AND HOME.

Christ on the cross and on the throne.

For this the Spirit is given, the Bible circulated and preachers employed.

"For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice."

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

WYCLIFFE AND HIS WORK.

Our illustration this month shows Wycliffe and his church. John de Wycliffe, the greatest of all the "Reformers before the Reformation," was born in 1324, and is supposed to have been a native of the parish of the same name, near the town of Richmond, in Yorkshire. He studied at Oxford; but of his early university career nothing is known.

Wycliffe first emerges into public notice in 1367, when his name appears as Master of Balliol College. In May of the same year he was instituted to the rectory of Fylingham in Lincolnshire. About 1363 he took his degree, and began to read lectures on divinity at Oxford, in which his Anti-Romish views were first expounded. In 1368, he exchanged the rectory of Fylingham for the living of Ludgershall, in Bucks; and in 1374, was presented to the parish of Lutterworth, of which he remained priest till his death. Wycliffe's first great work was in defending the English nation against the claims and exactions of the Roman see; but his greatest work was the translation of the Holy Scriptures and their circulation among the common people. He had a great retinue of poor preachers, who

went from village to village bearing copies of parts of them. He challenged the doctrine of transubstantiation and many other errors of the Roman Church. This brought upon him and his followers great persecution. His books were burned; he was banished from Oxford, but was allowed to retire to his parish of Lutterworth. His health was already shattered by hard work and many anxieties, and on the last Sunday of the year 1384, he was struck down by paralysis while conducting public worship, and two days afterwards expired. So died the Morning Star of the English Reformation.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

By the Rev. N. I. PERRY, M.A., Rector St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines.

John 1: 51.

If you turn to the first book of the Bible you will see the prophecy of which this is the fulfilment. The Old Testament has its fulfilment in the New. The past ages have been preparing for the present—the gropings and dreams of men who lived many centuries ago have found their realization in the ages which have followed. God's revelation is a progressive one. It always says, "Greater things than these shall ye see." Jacob dreamed a dream; it was a ladder that he saw, a ladder which reached from earth to heaven. It was significant to him, because it led him in thought above his deception, above his doubt and fear, above his loneliness of life to live for the time in the very presence of the God whose laws he had violated.

Here was a man who had been trying to escape his conscience which is the self judgment of his conduct, trying to escape his sin and perhaps even his God, and instead, on that lonely road between Beersheba and Haran in the loneliness of an Oriental night he met the God from whom he was fleeing. Rebekah sent him away from his home that he might escape the anger of his brother, but she knew not that by that very act she had opened the universe to him—the uni-



John Wycliffe and his Church.

verse of which God is the ruler. God was waiting at the sleeping place, when all around was very dark, that He might reveal himself to His sinning and fearful servant. The darkness has become bright with terrible light, and instead of those almost tear-blinded eyes, seeing but the darkness of a few feet around, the vision rises above every former thought, every narrower conception, higher and higher, until at last clouds and darkness are gone, narrowness, closeness, fearfulness, gone, and the deceiving, supplanting Jacob has reached heaven and God.

This vision brought Jacob into a larger world, and it saved him. We are often awakened by comparisons. When the man took time to look from himself and his poor, contracted, selfish life, into a broader world, he was ashamed of himself.

There are those of us who see too much to see at all, and hear too much to hear at all.

What we need is to be brought into a dark and lonely place where there are no sights and sounds from without. It is then that the real vision comes, and the real voice of God is heard, and we are permitted to hold familiar intercourse with the Highest.

It is a strange feeling one has in climbing a mountain. The things below are gradually becoming smaller, and more indistinct. The town in the valley is becoming a cluster of little houses. The people are as pygmies, the lakes like little pools, the rivers but silver strings, and the climber begins to feel petty and insignificant as he measures himself unconsciously with the mighty mountain. But he is gaining at every step an idea of the enlargement of space, the majesty of the created world, and the greatness of the Creator. When Jacob's view was led upward through infinite space he became a new man.

We often die in our intellectual smallness, we pine away in our restricted thought, we eat in gloom at our own souls. We need to break away from the



narrowness of thought which comes from dealing with the visible world. Climb the hill. Look upward. There is no limit to your soul, for upon that ladder you reach the highest Heaven.

That vision of Jacob was but a prophecy of the vision which has been seen by every Christian. Jesus Christ is the ladder which reaches from earth to Heaven. Our attitude towards that Saviour settles our position in His Kingdom. We look at Christ and say, "Ah, we believe He is the Saviour, the solution of the many problems of life," and yet turn away and not trust Him. That ladder will bear all who will test it. If we wait until others have tried its strength we will still be lying on the cold, dark, cheerless earth as Jacob was, with his face to the ground. Men do not often disbelieve, but they turn their faces earthward. They perish in life's struggle because they have no room, see no vision of the greater world. It is possible for a man to live so long in his old way that his power of greater vision is taken from him. It is possible to be so occupied with your own business that you sink down into narrowness of thought, pettiness of existence, utter littleness of soul. It is possible to stand and gaze at Him who is the Way from earth to Heaven, and yet say, "I am afraid to venture,

and then turn the eyes downward to the dark, hopeless world. Lift up your soul to the enlarging vision which is only limited by Heaven and God, then many a difficulty will vanish, many a fretfulness will be no more, many a blighting temper and cursing habit will take their flight.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lonely earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

"LIFE ABUNDANT."

We take scanty views of the life-giving powers of Christ. We act and think as though He doled out life in drops, instead of flooding the soul with it in a stream. His word is, "Whosoever is athirst, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Many of us take of the water of life, but we do not do so "freely." We bring a little vessel, and do not come with faith to have even that filled. We are straitened not in Christ but in ourselves. When the Apostles speak of the grace of Jesus, and of the life that comes by that grace, *abundance* is the key-note of it all. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. v. 20, 21).

Alas! how few there are who can say that "their cup runneth over!" Even small as it is, they do not let Christ fill it. It is not held up to Christ until He pours into it all that it can contain. Perhaps during the coming year we shall be taught by the Holy Spirit to understand Him better. When He says to us, "I am come that you may have life abundantly," we shall say, "Fill me out of Thy fulness, O Jesus; make my heart a larger vessel to hold more of Thee; let the life that comes from Thee be stronger and stronger in me. I want abundant life."

It is a large-minded Christ and a large-handed Christ that meets us at the beginning of a new year. It is one who says, "I am come with both My hands full—with life, and all that belongs to life—that you may have abundantly."

YOUR OWN.

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And you should know
Where golden grow
Rich fruit and golden grain;
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feasting again?

What if your own were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
And could you tell
Where a sparkling well
Poured forth melodious rain;
Would you turn aside
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened,
Without one cheering ray,
And you alone
Could show where shone
The pure, sweet light of day;
Would you leave them there
In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free
Was held in your command;
Would you breathe free air
While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

Yet, what else are we doing,
Dear ones, by Christ made free,
If we will not tell
What we know so well
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

"They are not our own," you answer;
"They are neither kith nor kin!"
They are God's own,—
His love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own,—
He left His throne
And died, their souls to win.
—Author Unknown.

THE HOME LIFE.

By the REV. W. J. ARMITAGE, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S.

"Show Piety at Home."—I. Tim. V. 4.

The home is the real theatre of the great drama of human life. There we are born, there we live,

there we play our part, there we find our highest happiness, there we face our deepest losses and meet our greatest sorrows, and there at last we hope to die.

The home was God's first Bible. He revealed Himself in that first and best of all Schools, and we reach no higher thought than God revealing Himself as Father, and the Saviour of mankind, as the Son and the Holy Spirit is indwelling in the heart, abiding as in a house. God gave our first parents a home in Eden, a garden of delights, and we look for the heavenly home beyond, in the City of God as the paradise of His love. The race began as a family; its highest development has been where the home has been purest, and the thought of brotherhood nearest to the Divine ideal.

The home was the first Church, where the first altar was erected, and the first priest led in holy service. The home was the first Kingdom, where order and rule had their first beginnings, and the thought still lingers in the old saying that every English man's house is his castle, and that in the home woman wields her mild sceptre as its queen.

The home is a natural result of the social instinct. The beginning of society, as every thinker on the subject recognizes, is the family life. Man has been well called a gregarious animal. Animals gather in herds, birds in flocks, and man finds the satisfaction of his being in family or social life.

We love to trace the first beginnings of family life to God Himself, Who gave Adam his life, and Whose richest gift is His children, the truest blessing to every home.

Home is the training school of character. There life is moulded and shaped for action. And just here we find the necessity for a true model. This God provides in His Word, and especially in Jesus Christ, the perfect pattern of a holy life. The Christ-life in the home is the blessed secret of the highest and the noblest character.

Home is the place of testing.

There we show ourselves as we really are. There is little or no disguise. We are natural in our homes if nowhere else. In the world we may act a part or wear a mask, but no one can do this at all times, and at home we act under impulse and without reflection, and thus discover our true character. Our religion is then tested and tried. The Apostle calls for piety as the leading principle, the pervading influence of the home life. Now piety looks in two directions. One eye is towards God, and it beams with love, and is marked by veneration for Him as Father. The other looks towards the homely circle and shines with reverence towards parents, and affection for the members of the family and devotion to their best interests.

The secret of a happy home is not hard to find. First, I would place the union of hearts, for love must reign, rule, and be the uniting bond of the home. Next there should be identity of interests. If division or discord are allowed to gain an entrance they will break down and destroy the home. Let the home be the centre of social life. Endeavour to find there your chief pleasures, and make it the happiest place in the world. Let it ever occupy the first place in your thoughts, and be the centre of your heart's best affection. The husband and father should there, above all places, be kind and considerate. He will find in his home the warmest of all welcomes, the truest rest, and the most precious sympathy. There are men who are seldom at home, and are but strangers or lodgers, or occasional visitors, but experience shows that no institute in social club or meeting-place can make up for the sacred associations of the home. The wife or mother should make home so bright and attractive that all other places seem cold and cheerless in the contrast. It is in the home that a woman's life finds its truest work and its richest rewards. Phidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, when he depicted a woman, placed her sitting under a snail shell, meaning that, like

the snail, she should ever keep near her home. Parents should on their part do all in their power to make their children happy in the home-life, and to love their own fireside above all others. They should provide innocent amusements, and entertaining and instructive books.

The home life suffers from a custom which is almost universal in some places, by which many families move every year from one house to another. Such a spirit of change means death to all sentiment, and is a foe to all those associations which cluster around a home, however humble.

The dangers which beset the family life are neither small nor few. There is the danger of a bad example. There are few things more fruitful in evil to the soul than contact with those with whom we live in hourly or daily intercourse, if their lives, instead of being uplifting in character are dominated by principles which lead to evil ways. Then there is the danger of bad habits, which are almost contagious in character. They are easily formed, but hard to break, and in time become almost second nature.

"As the stream its channel grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So doth habit's deepest tide,
Groove its bed and there abide."

It is a sad picture of a home where religion is sneered at, its ministers belittled, all earnestness and zeal and enthusiasm deprecated, where, in short, a man's foes are those of his own household.

The truest home, whether rich or poor, is that wherein religion reigns. It is where Christ abides with two or three who gather in His name, it is where God is the Protector of the house, the Inhabitant of the dwelling, it is where the home altar is erected, and the whole atmosphere is Christian. Burns pictures in his "Cottar's Saturday Night" a family animated by the spirit of religion, and declares—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home,
rever'd abroad."

May our new land be rich in the homes of a God-honouring people, whose whole family life is Christian in the highest and best sense.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The Rev. A. W. Snyder tells how, in a certain parish, the morning service was well attended; but the attendance at the evening service was miserably meagre. There came a change. "One of the vestry resolved to amend his ways. He heard the church bells ring, hastily put on his coat and hat, and went. He was late. The congregation was small. Here and there, in the central part of the church, there were scattered a few people. They had a lonely look. Our vestryman being late, too, slipped

next day he went to the church wardens and talked the matter over. They saw, first, every member of the vestry. Each one of them acknowledged his carelessness and fault in the matter. Each of them promised that for the next three months he would not miss a Sunday evening service. They promised to speak quietly to every one they could, and try to get from them a like promise. The next Sunday night every vestryman was at the church, and many more besides. The service was prompt, hearty, inspiring. The rector was astonished.

"Those vestrymen went from God's house that night with a quickened conscience and with a new sense of their duty, privileges and responsibility in the work of bringing men to Christ.



Bethlehem

into the first vacant pew, and during the sermon fell into a vague reverie. The vacant space before him seemed the clearing near his childhood home. The backs of the scattered few were its blackened stumps, and the voice of the far away preacher was as the running of the old mill in the valley. But suddenly the stumps arose; the vision vanished. He knew he was in church and the sermon was over. Then they sang

'Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise.'

But no flames did arise. Even Lacordaire could not have moved men under such circumstances. As our vestryman went his way he resolved that this state of things should last no longer. The

They kept their word. They found pleasure in it. Their example was contagious. Their words were caught up and repeated by those who heard them. The good work has gone on. A revolution has been wrought in that parish."

No doubt many a rector would approve of such a surprise.—
Church News.

An Italian philosopher's motto was, "that time was his estate." An estate indeed; which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part lies waste by negligence, to be over-run with weeds, or laid out for show rather than for use.

A BATTLE HYMN.

Jesus, Master, King of Glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life:
Conq'ror when the battle's o'er,
O sustain us in the strife.

When the *World* is hard upon us,
And we flinch beneath its scorn,
Let us learn an earnest purpose,
From Thy forehead pierced with thorn.

When the *Flesh* is strong, and round us
All its poisonous vapours roll,
By Thy lacerated Body,
Dear Redeemer, save the soul.

When the *Friend* with subtle temptings,
Lures us to our endless loss,
Mighty Master, strike the strong one
With the sharpness of Thy cross.

When the *last dark storm* is gathering,
And our hearts are swept with fear,
By the love of Thy dear Passion,
Master, let us feel Thee near.

So when all at last is ended,
And the rest is reached above,
May we swell Thy heart's rejoicings
With the rapture of our love.

—Canon Knox-Little.

"ONLY TWO MONTHS."

A number of persons were waiting their turn in a physician's consulting office. As they were talking, a chatty little man remarked that he did not know why he was there, but he had a sort of numbness in the tongue, and an occasional depression of spirits, but he did not think there was anything seriously wrong with him. His wife, he said, insisted on his seeing the doctor, and he was there. His turn came to go into the doctor's office. It was some time before he reappeared; but how changed! Pale, trembling, excited, he staggered towards the outside door. As he was about to open it he turned to the doctor and said:

"Is there no hope, doctor?"

"No remedy has been found for your disease," was the physician's calm reply.

Then there was a short pause, broken by the patient asking:

"Did you say two months, doctor?"

"Yes, two months."

As he was passing out the kind-hearted physician offered him a glass of water.

"No, no," was the reply, "I

have no time. Only two months to prepare for death!"

One who heard the conversation said afterwards:

"I watched that man, and in two months after he was dead."

That man believed on the testimony of a physician that he was sick with a mortal disease; and yet he must have known before that he was doomed to die; but for the first time it dawned on his mind that death was so near. "Only two months!"

It is appointed unto man once to die. Every man is stricken with a mortal disease. That disease is not leprosy, or consumption, or paralysis, or apoplexy; it is sin! "The wages of sin is death." "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death," and who knows how soon it may be finished? "Two months!" Who dares to say that any man will live another day? And yet people go on carelessly, thoughtlessly, fearing no evil, forgetting that "it is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment."

There is something more important, however, than preparing to die. Men should prepare to *live!* to live in this world as sons of God and heirs of glory; to live the life of souls redeemed by love divine; to live a life that is the beginning of a life that shall never end; and to live that life eternal in the world to come, where there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, for the former things have passed away." "Death has passed upon all men." How soon your turn may come no man can tell. The shadow of death may be falling across your path to-day. Oh! see to it that the light of life is beaming there, and that your hope is fixed in the living God, who is your life and light, your joy and your salvation.

—*Christian*.

NOTHING TOO HARD FOR HIM.

Think of all the hard things there are in your life—hard circumstances—difficult duties—grievous pains—sore struggles—bitter disappointments—hard

words—hard thoughts—a hard heart of your own—a hard heart in others—gather all these, and many more together, and pile them one on another till you have a mountain of adamant—your God still calmly asks the question, "Is there any thing too hard for Me?" When our hearts are weary of life's cares and crosses, when our courage flags because of our helplessness, and we cry out with the patriarch, "All these things are against me," what a stay and stronghold is the fact that our God has all power in heaven and on earth! There is nothing too mighty for Him to manage, there is nothing too insignificant to escape His notice. Jeremiah's faith sees no obstacles, stumbles at no hindrances, faints under no burden, shrinks from no responsibility, because he realizes the sublime omnipotence of God, and fortifies himself by calling to remembrance His "stretched-out" arm in the creation of the heavens and the earth. Cannot we do likewise?—*Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon*.

THE THREEPENNY BIT.

"My dear fellow, you cannot get a decent cigar under sixpence. I never give less than that. If a fellow offered me one costing less than that, I should think either that he wished to insult me, or that he was grossly ignorant."

The same gentleman said to his wife next day in church: "My dear, I have nothing smaller than sixpence. Just see if you have a threepenny bit you can let me have."—*The Illustrated Church News*.

SIMPLE TRUST.

I do not ask Thee, Lord, to be explaining
The many mysteries of my life to me,
I only ask Thee, Lord, for grace sustain-
ing

To bear the burden which seems fit to
Thee.

I am content to trust Thy loving leading,
It were not trust if I could trace the
way,
No good thing shall this life of mine be
needing;
Thou wilt provide the manna day by
day.

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44-46 Richmond Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

| | |
|--|---------|
| 50 Cents per Annum, in Advance. | |
| 10 copies, for one year, to one address, | \$ 3.50 |
| 20 " " " " " " | 6.00 |
| 40 " " " " " " | 11.50 |
| 50 " " " " " " | 13.00 |
| 100 " " " " " " | 25.00 |

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

THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.
44-46 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A NEW YEAR WISH.

What shall I wish for thee? A cloudless sky?

A flower-strewn path, a life from sorrow free?

No toils, or tears, or sound of bitter cry,
A summer journey on a stormless sea?
Such wish were vain.

To all at times shall come the night of pain,
The fainting spirit, weak and tempest-tost.

The weary heart, whose earthly hopes seem vain,
The chastening rod; for dear ones loved and lost,
The bitter tear.

This is my wish for thee: a blameless life,
Courage and hope to win the well fought day;

Beyond the golden gates, above the strife,
A blessed home, where Christ the Lord shall say:

"Servant, well done!"
—Selected.

HOW SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS WERE KILLED IN ENGLAND.

By HENRY S. LUNN, M.D., in *Sunday School Times*.

Seldom has a moral victory been more significant or more swiftly gained than that which was recently secured in England against seven day journalism. The importance of the struggle in which the leaders of religious and moral forces in England found themselves engaged must be measured, in the first place, by the strength of their opponents, two powerful multi-millionaires, and in the second place, by the success of seven-day journalism in America, and its widespread influence upon national habits.

It was just at the beginning of the Easter holidays that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Mail* simultaneously announced for publication, on the same Sunday, the first of the Sunday editions of these two papers. At the request of the editor, I will tell the story from my own standpoint.

I was just leaving for a short vacation on the Continent, but before I left England I wrote to all the bishops of the Anglican Church and to the heads of the Nonconformist communions, urging that they should take action immediately to combat this grave innovation; and it was interesting, on my return, to find how hopeless were some of the most earnest workers in the cause of social progress as to our final triumph. Still, day by day the opposition gained strength, and the papers concerned found themselves confronted by forces which had probably never worked in unison on any previous occasion.

The bishops in the Upper House of Convocation passed a strong resolution deprecating this journalistic departure. The Nonconformists, represented by my friend, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, ex-president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and by the Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the able editor of the *British Weekly*, were found in alliance with the "left wing" of the labor party, headed by that stalwart Radical, Mr. John Burns. The Institute of Journalists also denounced the new movement, and published some remarkable opinions of American journalists, showing the killing pressure under which the pressman in America works, owing to seven-day journalism.

It is important to mention the fact that the movement dealt with seven-day journalism, and not with the old established Sunday newspapers, which are printed and mainly distributed on Saturday night. If seven-day journalism had been successful, it would have meant seven days' work in the week for the editorial staff, the printing staff and the news-vendors, while the so-called "Sun

day papers" are really weekly papers, and involve only a trifling amount of Sunday labour, being largely sold late on Saturday night.

As the agitation progressed, I felt that the advertisers held the key of the position. Being myself rather a large advertiser, I withdrew my advertisements from the two papers concerned, and issued a circular to all the other advertisers, informing them of what I had done, and suggesting that they should memorialize the proprietors of the journals in question against the new departure. A number of leading advertisers, including Messrs. Cadbury, Rowntree, the Rover Cycle Company, and other well known firms, joined in this movement.

I next decided to try and coordinate all the scattered forces of antagonism to seven-day journalism by the formation of a national committee, and in the course of one afternoon I was fortunate enough to secure the Archbishop of Canterbury as president of such a committee, the Bishop of London as chairman of executive, Lord Kinnaid as one of the vice-presidents, and a number of members of Parliament to act on the committee. Cardinal Vaughan and the Jewish chief rabbi, Dr. Adler, also accepted invitations to become vice presidents, a little later.

Almost simultaneously with the formation of this committee a special Parliamentary committee was formed in the House of Commons, with Sir Mark Stewart as chairman, and I was asked by this committee to join them as one of a deputation to wait on the Home Secretary, to see whether anything could be done in the matter by the Government.

I have seldom been present at a more interesting gathering. The Bishop of London expressed the feelings of the Established Church against the movement; Mr. Price Hughes spoke for Nonconformity; Mr. John Burns, for labor; and Mr. Cohen, a well known member of the Jewish community, for his own co-religionists.

Mr. Burns' speech was, perhaps, the most interesting of all.

He is a well known agnostic, but he pleaded with passionate energy for the preservation of the Sunday, as a question of supreme value to the workman and his family.

He poured well-merited scorn on the theory that any other day in the week would be an equivalent for the Sunday, impressing the Home Secretary with the fact that this is the only day in the week on which the father of the family with his wife and children can possibly meet together for that intercourse which is essential to the preservation of family life, on which our national prosperity depends.

The Committee of National Protest, of which I was secretary, met by invitation at the town house of the Bishop of London, on Tuesday, May 16. I drew up a protest, which the committee decided to print in immense numbers, and to circulate throughout the length and breadth of the country. But a dramatic turn in the progress of events was at hand. Next morning the members of the committee, on leaving their homes, were greeted in the streets by the *Daily Mail* posters, bearing the single headline, "Death of the Sunday *Daily Mail*."

A few days later, private representations in high quarters, made to the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* produced a like result.

BIBLE TOM.

A freight train was slowly pulling out of Denford station to begin those lonely 50 miles of bush and precipice that must be crossed before Wilton, the next railway town, is reached.

John Williams, the fireman, just as the train began to get in motion, in a fit of temper, addressed vile words to the engineer.

Those who knew the two men would have said that John must have been almost insane with anger to use such language to Bible Tom, as the engineer was generally called among the railway men. Though Bible Tom's piety was sometimes sneered at, men even as wild and reckless as John Williams generally kept

back their oaths, they scarcely knew why, when working with the old man.

Afterwards, as John shovelled the heavy coal, and had time to think, he felt as if his face were reddening, in spite of the coal dust, every time he recalled the wicked, passionate words he had used, and Tom's reply.

When John seemed as if he must have used up his stock of bad language, Bible Tom, looking as calm and gentle as ever, had just said:

"You'd find the Indwelling Presence a mighty comfort to you, lad, in saving you from often feeling as you do to-night."

This had made John feel all the more angry at himself for having hit a man who would not strike back.

While he was thinking, the heavy train lumbered along through the wooded mountains. They were coming now to a long, wooden bridge from which it almost made one dizzy to look down into the ravine beneath.

As the train drew near, Tom noticed that the man whose duty it was to look after the bridge was away. Looking again he saw a possible reason for his absence; the trees in the ravine and part of the bridge were on fire.

In a few minutes the fast express would leave Wilton, which was the nearest station. As at that time there was no telegraph line on the railway, Tom shuddered to think of what might happen if the express reached the burning bridge without warning.

The train was stopped for a few minutes almost on the edge of the bridge.

John had forgotten his anger, and, like the engineer, was thinking of the express.

"Well, mate," the old man said, "there's only one thing we can do, try to run the engine across the bridge. If it holds us it may mean hundreds of lives saved, if it breaks we are in God's hands. Are you willing to take the risk?"

"I'll stick to the engine, however it goes," John said, rather surlily.

Very slowly the great engine made its way across the smoking, cracking bridge. Once or twice a heavy beam, partly burnt through, cracked, with a noise almost like the roar of a canon.

After a few minutes, that seemed like days, the middle of the bridge was reached, and the huge engine was swaying 200 feet in the air over the vast, raging furnace of the burning bridge and woods.

The choking smoke and the scorching breath of the fire filled everything. The steel of the engine was almost red hot. The whole huge mass of metal seemed falling, now one way, and now another. Surely the bridge was sinking.

John ceased to shovel coal. He shut his eyes and tried to pray. Hope came back when he noticed the sound of the wheels still grinding over the rails.

But still there seemed scarcely a ray of hope of ever getting back to life again. Then the terrible temptation would come to him to spring from the train and have done with the agony.

Perhaps he would have done this if he had not looked just then at Bible Tom. His face was blistered and he was half-blinded with the awful heat. His eyebrows and hair were singed and more than half his cap had been burnt away. It was easy to see that every breath he drew was agony to him.

Yet the look on his face made John wonder. There was no look of pain or fear there, but an expression of such joy and peace that even in that place of deadly peril, John found himself forgetting his danger and trying to think of Tom's words about the Presence.

There was a crash and a hotter fire behind them, and the bridge had fallen just as the engine began to shake the solid gravel bed again.

Then the race for 300 lives began in earnest. John forced in the coal as if every lump meant a life saved. The engine rushed on like a living thing gone mad, grinding, leaping, tearing, swaying from side to side it went,

rushing down mountain sides, round dizzy precipices, and through dark tunnels. When Bible Tom sank down, worn out with suffering, John quietly took his place. At last the top of the last grade was reached and in the valley he could see the town. Thick white smoke he thought must be the express just beginning the grade coming out of the station. John's engine gave a long, shrill whistle, and when he heard an answering call and saw the express backing down the grade, he knew the train was saved.

Next day John Williams went to see the old man whom he had insulted so unkindly less than twenty-four hours before, and whose heroism on the burning bridge was now being talked of everywhere.

He wanted to ask Tom's forgiveness. Then he wanted to find out more about that Indwelling Presence that Tom had spoken about. He had scarcely ever been to church and hadn't thought much seriously of religion till he had been struck with Bible Tom's face when the train seemed unbearable. Now he wanted very much to find what made him so brave and fearless.

The old man was very weak, and talked with difficulty. Sometimes the fireman could scarcely make out what he said, but it was something like this: "When I was about your age, one day as I was working round my engine, a stranger stopped to examine it, and soon I was busy explaining every part. As I was showing him the fire box he said, 'Did you ever think how much an engine resembles a man? You tell me it is the fire that gives the engine power to do so much. Christ in us is the fire that can make the weakest of us able to bear any burden life can possibly put upon us.'"

The old man's voice sank to a whisper. He was tired with so much speaking.

John bent over him. "It seemed as if an angel was looking out of your face on the bridge."

"Yes, lad, it was more than an angel. God knows I am just a

weak, sinful, old man. I felt frightened, and was nearly crying out with the pain. Then I remembered that I was God's temple, and that Christ was right with me, and fear seemed to go. The Lord Himself was in me, the hope of glory, and perhaps it was His power and love looked out of my poor, burnt body."

The old man fumbled under his pillow till he felt his Testament.

"Here's something for you to keep," he said, giving it to poor, broken-hearted John. "I can't talk much more, but this has been my guide for thirty years, and it's never failed me yet. You'll find in it all about Christ in us for yourself. I'll not need it again. I'm going where I'll meet Jesus face to face."

These were the last words old Bible Tom said. After that he seemed just to sleep away, his face always wearing that expression of peace that John thought so beautiful.

John read the little Testament. It made him first see sin as a new and awful enemy of giant strength that was tearing his manhood from him. Then it showed him the God-man, by His death, crucifying this sin, and by His life-blood washing its stain from the soul.

Then he saw passages which the dead man's hand had underlined, telling the wondrous story of how the Risen Christ comes to our hearts, as the great king to the little cabin, and by His presence makes it rich and beautiful. The little Testament taught him, too, how this mysterious presence gives us the power in the small trials of life, as well as in the great responsibilities, to show ourselves, like Bible Tom, more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

R. L. WEAVER.

Hastings.

Oh, how precious is time; and how guilty it makes me feel when I think I have trifled away and misimproved it, or neglected to fill up each part of it with duty, to the utmost of my ability and capacity.—*David Brainerd.*

YOUTH AND PURITY.

In all the world is there a greater mystery than man? A spirit, he buries himself in flesh and forgets who and what he is. Heir to an eternal inheritance, he anxiously hoards that which is temporal and fleeting. Destined for a life of perfect rest and joy, he is wretched because he will cling to sins that sting. A king before whom nature bows, he abdicates the throne and becomes a slave. A king in chains! A butterfly choosing to live like a worm! A bird forsaking the freedom of the green woods for the gilded bars of a cage! Does not many a reader recognize this as a portrait of his own contradictory inner life? Has a young man any enemy so dangerous as himself? Is not his youth his greatest glory, also his greatest snare?

The path is narrow, but the prize is noteworthy. "Blessed is the man which endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." In his "Life Thoughts," Henry Ward Beecher writes, "She was a woman, and by so much nearer to God as that makes one." I would add, "He was a man, and by so much nearer to completed character as that makes one." A young man's temptations should be his strength. Most certainly they are his opportunities, and says the old Book, "He that overcometh: I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God."

Unto thy nobler self be ever true,
The voice of conscience, low but real,
obey.

The body with its carnal lusts subdue;
For know, O man, that thou a spirit art,
A spirit, cased in flesh—a part of God.

Only as self is slain does a man possess himself. Until then he must remain ignorant of true happiness. He may have the picture, but he cannot enjoy the reality. He may be deceived with the shadow, but he cannot know the substance.

Only as self-sacrifice displaces self-indulgence can life's choicest fruits be tasted. Life will al-

ways be to us what we make it to others. What we bestow on others will be the measure of our own merriment. Laughter of any other sort is not worth the having.

This truth is indelibly stamped even upon our language. When we wish to express the highest joy attainable we speak of being in an ecstasy, and what is the literal meaning of the "ecstasy" but to stand outside of one's self, to experience the meaning of Tennyson's exquisite lines in "Locksley Hall":

Love took up the harp of life, and smote
on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight.

Not, then, by fighting particular sins, but by elevating the whole life, is the victory won. "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Having learned to walk by the Spirit, the rest is easy.—*Rev. C. Spurgeon Medhurst, in Young Men's Era.*

FALLEN

Once I was pure as the snow,—but I fell;
Fell, like the snow flake from heaven—to
hell;
Fell, to be trampled, like the filth of the
street;
Fell, to be scoffed, derided, and beat.

Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whomever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful
snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like
its glow.

Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my
face.

Father, mother, sister, all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep lest I venture too
nigh,

For of all that is o'er or about me I know
There is nothing that's pure but the
beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree!
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.
Is their mercy for me? Will He heed my
weak prayer?

O God, in the stream that for sinners did
flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

| International. | Institute. |
|--|------------------------|
| Dec. 3—Neh. 13: 15-22. | Rom. 8: 8 to end. |
| " 10—Mal. 1: 6-11 | |
| and 3: 8-12. | Neh. 13: 15-23. |
| " 17—Mal. 3: 13 to | Mal. 1: 6-12 and 3: 8. |
| 4: 6 | 13. |
| " 24—Isa. 9: 2-7. | Luke 2: 1-17. |
| " 31—Review. | Luke 2: 21-41. |
| " Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." | |

AUNT JANE'S PAPER OF PINS.

"I say now, Aunt Jane, what would you like for a Christmas present?"

Aunt Jane looked at her small nephew, who from his corner by the fire, hurled this question at her in the twilight. "What would I like?" she said briskly. "Oh, a set of Browning in Russia leather or 'Omar Khayyam,' or a new silk dress, or the 'Angelus,' the etching in a carved frame, or—"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Aunt Jane!" Fred interrupted. "You know we can't get one of those things. I meant—you know what I meant."

"You said what would I like?" answered Aunt Jane. She was rather fond of taking the children up for careless speaking, but Fred knew well enough the twinkle of fun that was in her eye now.

"Well, I meant what would you like that we could get," Fred said. "I do say picking and choosing is worse than anything, when you haven't much money; and we haven't, you know."

"No!" Aunt Jane said, dropping the long mitten she was knitting for Fred. "Well, then, a paper of pins."

"Oh, come now, Auntie; that isn't fair; that isn't any present."

"It's something I want, and something you can afford to buy—isn't it?" Aunt Jane said, laughing a little, as she picked up her knitting. "But be sure they are the best make, Fred; I can't use poor pins." And with that she left Master Fred to his meditations.

"A paper of pins—psaw! Aunt Jane just likes to tease us boys. If she wasn't just an up-and-down jewel of an aunt about kites and gingerbread, and paint-

ing sleds, and all the rest, I'd feel like taking her at her word. A paper of pins—hum!"

And herewith there crept into Fred's brain the first glimmer of an idea. Presently he shared it with Kate, the sister next older, and then with Will and Mary, and then with mamma; and the result was this:

On Christmas morning there appeared at Aunt Jane's door a procession of children, carrying a large roll, which, after due greetings, they solemnly unrolled on the bed where Aunt Jane lay. At the head of the sheet was a pretty lace-pin from mamma (a golden arrow in filigree), next a handsome shawl-pin in wrought silver from papa, then some fancy hair-pins in tortoise-shell from Kate, and then every variety of pins the shops afforded—large and small, black and white, milliner's pins, hat-pins, hair-pins, safety-pins, sleeve-button pins—all ranged neatly down the paper. And under all was fastened a handsome card—Mary's work—which stated that the linch-pin and the thole pin sent their compliments, which, they thought, would be more acceptable to a lady's toilet table than they themselves would be.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE GOLDEN MARK.

The beautiful white Angel, who carries the bag of days of the New Year, smiled as he stopped at a certain door. The little young Angel who went with him, and who had no experience, said, "Why do you smile? All the days of the old year that we gathered up at this door were broken and spoiled! See how this boy will treat these fair, new days. Will there be one that will be fit to carry back to the Great Father who sent them all?"

But the white Angel (whose name is Hope) smiled again. "See," he said, "these are all fresh and fair, and each is marked in golden letters with the Holy Name. So long as one of these is left, there is a chance that this little, earth boy will find out its worth and use it well. Perhaps

to-day he will see the golden letters and know Whose gift it is—this new, bright day."

"To-night," said the little Angel, "we must come to take it back. I fear it will be like those other days, all marred and miserable."

"To-night," said the white Angel Hope, "we will come for it, and who knows but the golden letters may still be shining on it, a day still marked with the Holy Name?"

The little earth boy lay on his bed, and dreamed, and in his dream he saw, as we sometimes may, the two Angels, and heard their words. But as they passed, his dream faded away, and when the day broke he had forgotten the Angel Hope and the little Angel who feared for him.

But although he did not remember them, they had left a little, open door in his heart, through which some other good Angel might creep in time. And softly from the room below there came a sweet sound, the sound of his mother's voice, singing as she worked, and these words fell on his ears:

"Jesus, Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above;
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility."

"It is the Golden Mark," said the little, earth boy; but he did not really remember his dream; it was as if some one spoke the words in his heart, and still the little door stood open, for the good Angel to enter in.

A little boy's day is not a very interesting thing to grown people who do not think. But to the angels, and to children, and to mothers whose hearts are wise with love, it is wonderful enough. So many bright hours to be busy in; so many happy plans; such eager hurrying to carry them out; such joyful surprises, such sad disappointments; so many hard battles; so many defeats; so many victories! In this little boy's days there had always been so many more defeats than victories that only the Angel Hope and his own mother believed in him. But still, the dear Father,

who gives the days with the Golden Mark to His children, sent their bright hours to him, and waited for their return.

The battles began early; with this little boy they always began early, but to-day a gentle voice in his heart was singing again and again:

"Jesus, Name of wondrous love," and again and again repeated, "It is the Golden Mark."

If we did but know it, so long as the golden letters shine bright and clear, so long we may have victory in the battles of the day. It is only when we lose sight of the Holy Name that defeat comes. All day long the voice was busy in our little warrior's heart. And when the naughty passions that are our cruel enemies came clamoring there, when the wish to do the wrong thing grew strong, they were met by the stronger angel who had crept in at the little, open door, and was keeping bright the Golden Mark.

With the evening came the white Angel and the little doubting Angel, to gather up the finished days. And here they found them round and bright and rich; and here they found them poor and dull; and here they found them broken and ruined; and some they gathered up with smiles, and some with tears. At last they stopped at the door where they had talked together in the early morning, and again the beautiful white Angel smiled,—this time with a smile as glowing, bright and joyous as the sun.

It was only a little earth boy's day that lay at the door, but the heart of the Angel Hope was full of joy as he bore it swiftly home to the Father's house. For he knew that it would make the Father glad, since shining clear and bright upon it still was the mark that He most dearly loves, the golden letters of the Holy Name.—*Selected.*

The man is not a man who has no family affection; the Christian is not a Christian who does not believe in Missions.—*Rev. Dr. Butler.*

JACK FROST.

They say there are no fairies, no brownies, elves or gnomes,
And no kind Santa Claus who comes on Christmas to our homes.
But I am sure they must be wrong, for someone came last night,
Who did not make a single sound, nor leave a track in sight.
But we could tell where he had passed across the garden bed,
For every flower his breath had touched was standing stark and dead.

It was not Lill, the dappled cow; she would have roamed around,
And cropped the growing plants, and left her footprints on the ground.
But there they stood, the balsams, the pinks and hollyhocks,
All pale and blighted looking, and drooping on their stalks.
The purple morning-glory cups, that nestled on the wall,
And peeped into my room at morn,—I loved them best of all.
Yet pale and limp they hung upon the trellis where they crept,—
Some wicked person must have come and killed them while they slept!

He crept into our chamber, too, this stranger, in the night,
And pinched our cheeks and noses as if he had the right.
He peeped, I'm sure, in every nook and cranny in the house,
And glided down the cellar stairs, as still as any mouse,
And tasted of the apples that were safely stored away,
To be chopped up in mince-meat for the pies, Thanksgiving Day.

He must have been a thief, I'm sure; for, lest some prying eye should chance to be a-watching his stealthy move to spy,
He frosted all the window-panes as nicely as could be,
And did not leave a loop-hole where the sharpest eye could see.
But though he did some damage, he wrought much good as well,—
He burst the chestnut's prickly burr, and freed its glossy shell.

The walnuts and the butter-nuts he dropped upon the ground,
And covered with a fuzzy bloom the pumpkins large and round.
And mamma says 'twas not a thief who made this sudden call;
She said it was a visitor who came to us each fall,
And spread a snow-white mantle on the meadow as he crossed,
And when I asked his name, she said 'twas honest old Jack Frost!
—*Helen Whitney Clark, in S. S. Times.*

A PEEP THROUGH A WINDOW.

An old physician, as well known for his shrewd philosophy as for

his skill in healing, tells what shaped his life.

"My character," he once said to a friend, "was to a degree formed by a single incident in my childhood. Our home was a log hut in the suburbs of the town in which we lived. The door and two windows opened into the squalid street, a pig sty and a vacant lot into which the refuse of the town was thrown. But through a small window, hardly more than a chink, at the back of the house, we had a glimpse of the mountain tops, about which the clouds hung and shifted perpetually.

"My mother had a habit of closing the door and side windows, and opening this little chink whenever we children were tired or cross, or discouraged. She knew, though we did not, that that glimpse of wonderful peace and beauty would probably help us.

"When I was leaving home to seek my fortune, I said to her, 'I wish I could take that with me,' looking up at this window. 'You can't do that, John,' she said, 'but I am sure there never will be a place in your life so mean and poor but that some chink in it will open on something beautiful and good. Keep it open.'

"I have tried to obey her," said the old man. "If there is but one hopeful symptom in a patient, I keep it in sight for him and myself. If there is but one good trait in a man's character, I try to look at it alone and shut out all the rest.

"I see that God sends pain into men's lives as a discipline, but He does not hinder them from finding comfort in many ways—books and jokes and songs and harmless fun. I help them to find it. Life is hard and squalid enough sometimes, but there is always a 'chink' somewhere, through which one can see the mountain tops and sunlit clouds."

There is always a crack in the barest life through which the stars shine, if we choose to look for it.

It was in the night of his poverty and blindness that Milton saw the heavens unclose and breathed immortal airs.—*Selected.*

UP, AND BE DOING.

Up, and be doing! the time is brief,
And life is frail as the autumn leaf.

Though the day is bright and the sun is high,
Ere long 'twill fade from the glowing sky.

The harvest is white and the field is wide,
And thou at thine ease mayest not abide.

The reapers are few and far between,
And Death is abroad with his sickle keen.

Oh! think of the Master, worn and faint,
Whose meek lips uttered no sad complaint.

Who toiled for thee 'mid the noontide heat,
And sought no rest for His weary feet.

Go forth and labor, a crown awaits
The faithful servant at Heaven's gate.
—*Selected.*

I have wasted time, and now
doth time waste me—*Shakespeare.*

"GLEN MAWR"

Miss Veals' School
651 Spadina Ave.

TORONTO

Bishop Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A High-grade School of the
First-class for Boys.

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

The undoubted advantages of the College as to
location and the excellence of its staff commend
it most favorably to those who contemplate send-
ing their sons away from home.

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

For calendar, list of pupils, etc., apply to

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

Rolleston House

170 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO

Resident and Day School for
Young Ladies

—OO—

This School, beautifully situated in one of the
healthiest parts of the city, affords superior ad-
vantages for a sound education, with careful train-
ing and discipline. Well equipped with a large
staff of efficient masters and governesses, some of
the latter having received their training in Eng-
land and Edinburgh.

For particulars apply to

MRS. NEVILLE.

THE HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE, LIMITED

Jarvis St.
TORONTO

This school has been founded to provide, side
by side with the advantages of a select school, an
education that in thoroughness and efficiency shall
surpass even that given in the government schools.
The sum of \$50,000 has been spent upon premises
and equipment, and the new buildings were
opened in November, 1898. The methods are those
of the best English Ladies' Colleges, which have
recently made great advances in this branch of
education.

Prospectus on application

MISS KNOX,
Principal.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH MISSION- ARY ASSOCIATION

(In connection with the C.M.S.)

Object—To open the way for placing in the mis-
sion field Canadian Candidates who may desire to
devote themselves to missionary work in con-
nection with the Church Missionary Society of Eng-
land.

President—N. W. Hoyles, Esq., Q.C.

Treasurer—Thos. Mortimer, Esq. Tel. 94.

Secretary—Rev. T. R. O'Meara.

Editorial Secretary—Rev. F. Hr DuVernet,

B.D.

Central Sec. of Gleaners' Union—Miss Thomas.

Sec. for Missionary Boxes—Miss E. B. Cooper.

Business address of the Treasurer and Sec-
retaries:

C. C. M. A. Office and Depository
67 Confederation Life Building
8 Richmond St. East, Toronto.

Publication—"Canadian Church Missionary
Gleaner," price 40c., a monthly magazine, consist-
ing of the "C.M.S. Gleaner" and four pages of
news from C.C.M.A. missionaries in China,
Japan, Palestine, South America and Canadian
North-West.

Send subscription to the Editorial Secretary,
C.C.M.A. Office.

The C.C.M.A. is also the Canadian Auxiliary of
the South American Missionary Society of Eng-
land

J SUTCLIFFE & SONS,

◁ IMPORTING RETAILERS. ▷

Dry Goods. Millinery. Mantles. Clothing.

76 AND 78 KENT STREET
LINDSAY.

**CASH AND
ONE PRICE**

G. H. HOPKINS,

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

WM. A. GOODWIN,

Wall Paper and Picture Framing

Opposite Express Office,
Next to Sampson House.

DR. BURROWS CORONER,

WILLIAM-ST., LINDSAY

WATCHES JEWELLERY

We appreciate the confidence placed
in us as shown by the very large
share of the trade we command.
You can always rely on what you
buy from

GEO. W. BEALL.

D. SINCLAIR,

Manufacturer high grade Carriages,
etc. Horseshoeing and Repairing a
Specialty.

Works at market, LINDSAY

Oliver's!

PHOTOS ARE THE BEST
128 Kent-St., LINDSAY.

Armstrong Bros.

Leading Hatters and Furriers,
Repairing and Remodelling
Furs a Specialty - Lindsay

DR. F. A. WALTERS DENTIST

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

G. A. LITTLE,

—DEALER IN—
Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Music,
Wall Paper, Musical Instruments, Etc
Opp. Post Office, 108 Kent-St. LINDSAY

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND KNITTED WARE

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

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

Let our prayers go up to God continually for our brave soldiers in South Africa, and as a nation and individuals put away our sins, drawing nigh to God, for "righteousness exalteth a nation." God says to nations as to individuals, "Them that honor me I will honor."

During the Christmas season five entertainments and Christmas trees were held in the parish of Bobcaygeon and Dunsford, all being successful and especially pleasing to the Sunday school scholars and young people. Mr. J. T. Petty was out at the one at Dunsford, and reports a large gathering, and pleasant time.

The service on Christmas Day was fairly well attended, the church being tastefully trimmed for the occasion. The choir had diligently practiced the music, and most of the chants and hymns were heartily joined in by the congregation. Mrs. G. H. Hopkins sang a solo while the offertory was being taken up. We trust the spirit of praise and thankfulness to God for blessings so manifold this Christmastide was deepened.

Union services will (D.V.) be held in Lindsay during the week of prayer, (Jan. 7th to 14th) when the subjects of Lord's Day observance, Imperialism, Good Citizenship, Temperance and Purity, and "The Power of the Spirit for Service," will be considered—and earnest prayer offered up for a blessing upon our country and God's work.

At Epiphanytide when our thoughts are drawn to the first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles through the coming of the wise men from the east; we should see to it that we present our gold, frankincense and myrrh, (our gifts, prayers and sacrifices) to the living Christ, that his glorious gospel may be carried to all peoples and nations and tongues.

| St. Paul's Church Collections, December, 1899. | | | |
|--|-----------|----------|----------|
| | Envelopes | Loose | Total |
| Dec. 3 | 15.60 | 10.17 | 25.77 |
| 10 | 21.65 | 16.22 | 37.87 |
| 17 | 15.60 | 10.31 | 25.91 |
| 24 | 12.00 | 8.91 | 20.91 |
| 31 | 17.80 | 10.07 | 27.87 |
| | \$ 82.65 | \$ 55.68 | \$138.33 |
| Additional re Church Debt | | | \$45.85 |

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

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

...15 CENTS...

—per pound—
 is the price of our
**CRYSTAL
 BAKING
 POWDER**
 A. Higinbotham.

WE have added many valuable im-
 provements to our different Machines
 for the coming season, and if you
 find yourself in need of a **Binder, Mower**
Sulkey Rake, Combined Drill or
Cultivator, Single or Gang Plows,
 or any other Farm Implement, we would
 be pleased to have you call and examine our
 Machinery, and have a talk with us before
 placing your order elsewhere.

**SYLVESTER BROS
 M'FG. CO.**

**A POINTER
 FROM
 S. J. PETTY**

"THE JEWELER,"
 Get your Engagement
 and Wedding Rings from
 us. We carry a very
 large stock.

**DUNDAS &
 FLAVELLE BROS.**

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS
 GERMANY, FRANCE
 and GREAT BRITAIN.

G. A. MILNE
Fine Tailoring;

KENT STREET.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN FOR
 PARISH AND HOME

—BY—
MISS GOODWIN, - Kent-st.

**G. T. R. SYSTEM AND
 STEAMSHIP AGENCY.**

When you travel call or phone and get all
 information, rates, routes, etc.

Buy Canadian Express Money Orders

**GEO. WILDER, —AGENT—
 EXPRESS OFFICE.**

SOANES MARKET - 99 KENT-ST

—ALL KINDS OF—
**Fish, Salad and Flowers, Veye-
 table, and Plants in Season.**
 All Kinds of Confectionery made to Order.

W. S. BRAUND,
 FAMILY BUTCHER,
 Kent-st., Lindsay.
CALL AND SEE

J. G. EDWARDS & CO.
 Shelf and Heavy Hardware
 Paints, Oils, Glass, etc.
 Sign of the Anvil, Kent street, Lindsay

ALBERT JEWETT'S
 Livery, Hack and Boarding Stables
 York-st., in rear of Simpson House
 TELEPHONE 72. Cab meets all trains.

J. A. WILLIAMSON'S
 For Good Reliable Harness, Etc. All
 Work Warranted.
 Kent-st. - - A CALL SOLICITED

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

BRYANS & CO.,
 —DEALER IN—
 Lumber Coal and Wood
 No. VICTORIA AVENUE.

H. HOLTORF,
 Manufacturer of and Dealer in
 All kinds of Furniture
 Leading Undertaker.
LINDSAY, - ONT

THE RATHBUN CO.,
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
 Ties, Posts, Telegraph Poles, Lum-
 ber, Shingles and Timber.
 Clear, coarse Salt in Bulk or 200 lb. Sacks in
 car lots; also fine Dairy Salt in car lots
 Retail dealers in Lumber and Bill Stuff, Lath
 Shingles, Hard and Soft Wood at their
 Mill yard, Lindsay **G. H. M. BAKER, Agt.**
GO TO SISSON & CO.
 when you require a Pair of
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

—TRY—
W. F. McCARTY
 if you require anything in the Jewellery line.
 Fine Repairing a Specialty.
No 77 KENT-ST.
W. WOODS,
 Kent-st., Lindsay,
 For House Furnishings, Stoves
 etc Plumbing and Heating our
 Specialty.

DENTISTRY
 first class Dentistry go to
J. NEELANDS'

{ Beautiful Gold and Porcelain crowns inserted
 Teeth painlessly extracted by gas and vitalized air
 Office: Nearly opposite Simpson House Lindsay