



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 91.

MAY, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. R. McNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	J. E. BILLINGSLEY
J. H. SOOTHKRAK,	J. A. PADDON,	R. PLAYFAIR,
G. H. M. BAKER,	M. H. STISSON,	E. C. ARMSTRONG,
L. KNIGHT,	J. M. KNOWLSON,	THOS. J. MURTAGH

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Seaton.

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.

Kindly take a look through our advertising columns We try to have only the cards of good reliable firms, where we believe our readers can trade with advantage to themselves and satisfaction to all concerned.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

THOMPSON.—Marion Ferguson, daughter of Charles Ferguson and Frances Marion D. Thompson, born 12th March, 1899, baptized 10th April, 1899.

SHAW.—Vera Edna Rosetta, daughter of Francis Henry and Mary E. Rosetta Shaw, born 2nd Dec., 1898, baptized in St. Paul's church, 16th April, 1899.

MCGINNIS.—William Henry, son of Thomas and Louisa McGinnis, born 2nd March, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 16th April, 1899.

Surials.

BRUNKER.—At Riverside cemetery, on 12th April, 1899, William Brunker, in his 70th year.

MURRAY.—At Riverside cemetery, on 21st April, 1899, Hannah, wife of Hugh Murray, in her 70th year.

FOWLER.—At Eden cemetery, on 30th April, 1899, Samuel Fowler, in his 85th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Messrs. C. W. Burgoyne and J. J. Nevison are the Church wardens of St. James' church, Fenelon Falls, for this year.

Mr. William Thorne, of Reaboro, has kindly given \$5.00 to purchase some prayer and hymn books for the church there.

The following officers were elected at Reaboro at the annual vestry meeting held there on April 25th: Churchwardens, Robert Thorne and James Kennedy; sidesmen, William Thorne and James Brandon; delegate to the Synod, Robert Thorne. Some \$54 had been given towards the support of the students taking Sunday services, and a smaller sum towards missions and outside works.

"Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them."

We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Laird from Dunsford to this parish, and hope they will be blessed and prospered in their new home a little north-west of the town.

It has been said "That if a church has not got love enough to preach the gospel to the heathen, it cannot have love enough to preach the gospel to lost souls at home, and is no longer worthy of the name of the Church of Christ.

The Bishop of the Diocese (The Right Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D.D.) has arranged to visit Lindsay and Cambray for confirmation on Friday, June 9th. He goes to Peterboro and Ashburnham for the 11th and 12th. Prayer is desired that God will confirm and bless many by his Holy Spirit.

The average attendance at St. Paul's S. S. from Easter to Easter was 168, rather smaller than last year, due no doubt to sickness and many stormy Sundays. The average since Easter has been just 200. We hope the young people will see that it keeps up. Both parents and scholars should work and pray for the Sunday school.

The centenary offering of the Sunday school for the Church Missionary Society on April 16th was \$13.25. Some time ago we saw the statement that over 5,000 places had even then arranged to take part in the commemoration. If each Sunday school contributed the average as much as St. Paul's, that would support over 60 missionaries for a year. So we see the power of little things.

The annual vestry meeting at St. George's church, Cameron, was held on April 4th, the Rev. K. McNamara being in the chair. After receiving reports, and conducting the business part, the following officers were elected for the current year: Churchwardens, Mr. J. Jeffery and Mr. Oakley; sidesmen, Messrs. John Naylor, John McNabb, Jas. Cook and Richard Naylor. Lay delegate to the Synod, Mr. E. E. W. McGaffey, of Lindsay.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to know that in answer to the Churchwardens' special appeal some time ago, there have been paid in—one donation of \$100, one of \$75, four of \$50, one of \$40, five of \$25, two at \$20 five at \$15, seventeen at \$10, twenty-five at \$5, six at \$4, eleven at \$3, thirty-five at \$2 or over, seventy-two at \$1 or over. About \$15 was given by the Sunday school, and many smaller amounts were placed on the plates. Some have not yet been able to give what they hoped to, while others have given part. Yet let us unite in thanking the *Giver of all good* for enabling us to do what has been done.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria keeps her eightieth birthday this month, and multitudes still pray long may she reign. When she came to the throne nearly 62 years ago, she was queen of 130,000,000 people. Now her subjects number 350,000,000. Of the citizens of the British empire about 240,000,000 are heathen, 60,000,000 Mohammedan, and 50,000,000 Christian. Surely the rule has been given to the latter to bring to the others the light, truth and liberty which they enjoy. While the British empire is more than double what it was when our beloved queen came to the throne, the Turkish empire is one half of what it was when the present Sultan began to rule. "Them that honor me I will honor", saith the Lord

The Synod of the diocese will probably meet about June 20th in Toronto.

Mr. W. H. Vance is now assisting the Rev. W. J. Creighton at Dunsford and the "Red School House", Verulam, on the last Sunday of each month.

God seems to have greatly used the C. M. S. centenary meetings in England and throughout the world, to impress upon the church the responsibility of obeying the Master's command and heralding his gospel far and wide. *Forward!* seems to be the call to-day.

St. Paul's Church Collections, April, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Apl. 2	30.90	47.15	78.05
9	10.77	22.15	32.92
16	11.14	40.95	52.09
23	11.68	29.50	41.18
30	6.46	16.55	23.01
	<u>\$70.95</u>	<u>\$156.30</u>	<u>\$227.25</u>

Church Debt Fund \$80.00

MISSIONS :

C. C. M. A. Mission Boxes	\$16.47
" Centenary Fund	7.55
Mission Boxes Diocesan	2.70
St. Alban's Cathedral Interest Fund	2.00
Ruperts Land Missions	15.50
Cameron, Good Friday, re Jews	45
Cambay, " " " "	35
Cambay, C. C. M. A., Mission Boxes	3.60
Cameron, House to House Diocesan	7.25
Reabaro, " " " "	7.25

Summary of Wardens' Report, Easter, 1899.

RECEIPTS :

Balance	\$ 210.49
Subscriptions	1081.43
Collections	524.04
Interest on Endow'd	132.40
Ground rents and arrears	875.24
Special re Debt	1212.86
	<u>\$4036.46</u>

PAYMENTS :

Salaries and arrears	\$1881.53
Int. on Mortgage and notes	530.63
Life insurance	157.00
Light	116.83
Fuel	94.72
Principal on mortgage	200.00
Wardens' notes reduced and loan repaid	800.00
Repairs	85.45
Other expenses	124.90
	<u>\$3991.06</u>
Balance	\$ 45.40

LIABILITIES :

Wardens' notes	\$200.00
Accounts, say	15.00

Contributions to Non Parochial Objects	343.21
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Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1899.

No. 6

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

- 1—**St. Ph. and St. Jas., A. & M.** *Morning*—Isai. lxi.; John, i. 43. *Evening*—Zech. iv.; Col. iii. to xviii.
- 7—**Fifth Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. vi.; Luke xxiii. 50, xxiv. 13. *Evening*—Deut. ix. or x.; 1 Thess. iv.
- 11—**Ascension Day.** *Morning*—Dan. vii. 9 to 15; Luke xxiv. 41. *Evening*—2 Kings ii. 1-16; Heb. iv.
- 11—**Sunday after Ascension.** *Morning*—Deut. xxx.; John iv. to 31. *Evening*—Deut. xxxiv., or Jos. i.; 1 Tim. iii.
- 21—**Whitsunday.** *Morning*—Deut. xvi. to 18; Rom. viii. to 18. *Evening*—Isai. xl., or Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Gal. v. 16, or Acts xviii. 24, xix. 21.
- 28—**Trinity Sunday.** *Morning*—Isai. vi. to 11.; Rev. i. to 9. *Evening*—Gen. xviii., or Gen. i. and ii. to 4; Eph. iv. to 17, or Matt. iii.

ASCENSION DAY.

The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the clouds
That veil Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our hearts may be in Heaven.

That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
Forevermore with thee.

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

THE crisis in the Church in England calls us to earnest prayer that the Lord God Omnipotent will so overrule and guide all things that His name may be glorified, our beloved Church purged from all that is contrary to His word and teaching, and that she may be still more used as a light at home, and to carry His gospel to all lands.

Let us "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

We have a rich heritage in the Church of England; let us see to it that her glory be not dimmed, nor her strength taken from her. Let us lift up Christ, the one mediator between God and man,

and let us magnify *His word*, which is given us as a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

Brethren, pray, for God still rules and can direct the unruly wills and affections of man, and make even good to come out of evil.

WHITSUNDAY, 1899. In the mere collocation of the name and the figures how much food there is for quiet thought! What a march of years filled with human sin and repentance, with men's longings and prayers, since that first wonderful descent of the Holy Spirit upon the assembled believers in Jerusalem! How often has that gracious heart-uplifting visit been repeated among congregations of faithful expectant souls, in many ages, in many lands! And how sure is the guarantee that the Blessed Visitor shall continue His ministrations until the restitution of all things. There are indeed diversities of operations but "the same spirit," watching for uplifted hands, waiting to bless. There is scarcely anything in God's Word which enforces more clearly the truth of our creed, "I believe in the Holy Universal Church." The blessings of accepted praise, of spiritual refreshment, of heavenly wisdom among the tangled walks of our workaday world—these belong to all God's people. Let us see that we do not miss them by want of faith or faintheartedness in our Whitsuntide prayers.

"SURSUM CORDA"—lift up your hearts—should be the keynote of the Christian heart on Ascension Day, which comes to us on the 11th of this month (with Whit Sunday on the 21st). Our Church strikes this lofty note in the collect when we pray that we may ascend in heart and mind into the heavens with our ascended Lord, and with Him continually dwell. This maintenance of our daily life at a high spiritual level is a difficult task, or, as we should rather say, a rare Christian

grace, and yet many men have been distinguished in this way. In all ages God has shown to the world beautiful souls so fed with the heavenly manna of Christ's spirit that they seemed to those about them really and truly to dwell "in the heavenly places." St. John in the lonely Isle of Patmos, Chrysostom in his unmerited banishment to the wild frontier of the Roman Empire, John Bunyan in his rough jail at Bedford, Hannington in the trying hours before his martyr death at the hands of savage Africans, are all types of the many-sided victorious peace of God which may possess the heart in all stress of outward circumstance and strife. And the secret is still in the world:

There are amid this stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart;
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

WHITSUNDAY.

The blessed gift which the Lord bestowed upon His Church on the Day of Pentecost He has never taken away. Not only is the Third person in the blessed Trinity always with that Kingdom which the Son founded, but He is with every true disciple, helping, teaching, comforting, sanctifying, leading us into all truth. We have not to seek Him with pains and trouble. He is like the sunshine and the sweet air, ever ready to enter where He is not wilfully kept out. No prison walls can exclude Him; no tyrant can hinder His ministrations; no press of care need deprive us of His blessed ministry of consolation and help.

This personal indwelling of the Holy Spirit with His disciples is specially insisted on by our Lord and the apostles. "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you!" says our Lord (St. John. xiv. 17). "Ye are not in the flesh but in the

Spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you" (Rom. viii. 9). "What, know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" asks St. Paul in another place, and he adds the awful warning, "If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are" (I. Cor. iii. 16).

And this indwelling and constant leading of the Holy Spirit is the heritage of every child of God, of every sinner who, turning away from his sins with humble repentance and prayer, opens his heart to receive that blessed visitor. No matter how wicked you have been, the blood of Jesus can and will cleanse you. Your heart may have been a cage of unclean birds, but the Holy Spirit can turn them all out and make the place which they have defiled a holy temple meet for His dwelling place. You may be weak, but He will strengthen you; you may not know how to pray as you ought, but He will teach you. Satan may tempt you to despair, but "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God" (Rom. viii. 16).

Believing and professing Christian, is this witness yours? Do you realize and enjoy the presence of the Holy Comforter in your heart? If not, why not?—*Parish Visitor.*

THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. DYSON HAGUE.

(Continued from the March Number.)

V. The Church of England is a *practical* Church. It stands for a religion that is a personal, practical, everyday religion. It emphasizes continually the idea of good living. It seeks to bring religion into contact with daily life. Its first prayer every Sunday, morning and evening, is that we may "*live* a godly, righteous, and sober *life*." Each baptized child is to be brought up to lead a godly and a Christian *life*. In the catechism the Church's children are to be taught their two supreme duties—to serve God truly all the days of their life and to do their duty in that state of life to

which it shall please God to call them. In the Communion service the Ten Commandments are read Sunday after Sunday, those great and everlasting safeguards of morality, no longer as a way of life (Rom. x. 5), but in accordance with the new covenant (Heb. viii. 10). The Collects throughout the year are so wonderfully practical in their intent that a distinguished Presbyterian divine says that "the attractive distinction of the Church of England is the wonderful power of education and comfort that is to be found in the Church of England service." It is always nourishing as well as uplifting. It helps the life on earth as well as draws nearer to the life in heaven. Observe how the Articles bear out all this. Read the 12th Article, and see how the Church of England emphasizes the place of and the need of good works, or, as the Collect in the Communion service says, "the fruit of good living," that is, the fruit of or the effect of faith in Christ and the new heart, is a new and a good life.

Not only is the Church of England pre-eminent amongst the Churches in its emphasis of duty, conscience, character, and practical good living; it is essentially practical in that it brings into the Church's service all the great phases of Christian truth.

It does not dwell upon one or two aspects of the Divine revelation, as the manner of some is. In the lessons and the Psalms it brings all parts of the Bible, and in the round of the Church year all parts of the truth, before the hearts and minds of the people. The practical effect of this system of the Church of England is great. It emphasizes continually the foundation facts of our religion and brings those great verities of Christianity, the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Trinity, and the personal appearing of the Lord Jesus, into strong *practical* effect in the conduct and vicissitude of human life.

An earnest layman, who was driven from the Church of his fathers by its coldness and deadness and formalism in the parish where he lived, wrote to me once

that when years after he had come back again to the dear old Church of England nothing struck him so much as this. "Every Sunday as it passes by we are touched and solemnized and edified by the services. They are so quickening. They are like a true revival service. Indeed, never during any service of Moody have I been moved to such profound emotion as I was last Sunday. The mighty truths of the 2nd Advent came vividly before us. The preaching so edifying, the range and depth and power of the prayers, confessions, scripture lessons and hymns, all were marvellously quickening, and our hearts were lifted up in contemplation of the things that are not seen. It is a high privilege to attend such services."

The Church of England is a *practical* Church.

VI. The Church of England is a *missionary* Church.

The non-missionary religions of the world are dying or dead. The non-missionary Churches are decaying or decayed. For the Church that ceases to advance ceases to stand, as the man that ceases to be better ceases to be good.

The Church of Christ is an apostolic Church. That is, its pre-eminent distinction is unselfishness. As Christ was sent to others by God, so the Church is sent to others by Christ. Formally and pre-eminently Christ has designated His Church as an apostolic Church by associating it with Himself in His own missionary character. John xx. 21; xvii. 17. The Church of England as a true and living branch of the apostolic Church (there may be *dead* branches, John xv. 6; Rev. iii. 1) is therefore a missionary Church.

It teaches its children to pray every day with the Lord's own words, "Thy kingdom come," the shortest and best of all missionary prayers.

It teaches its children to often sing that missionary Psalm, "God be merciful to us and bless us, that *Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health to all nations.*"

It teaches its children to pray in the Litany, "That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, or are de-

ceived," the great Christless heathen world.

And, strongest of all, it teaches its clergy and people to pray that wonderful missionary prayer, "We pray Thee for *all sorts and conditions of men*, that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health *unto all nations*." And to-day the Church of England has the largest missionary society in Christendom.

The Church Missionary Society has missionaries in every continent, with 483 missionary stations, 7,193 Christian missionaries and native helpers, 2,257 schools and colleges, 92 colonial and missionary bishops, while 37 missionaries of the Church Missionary Society have become bishops of the Church of England.

And not long ago the Archbishop of Canterbury said :

"We should again and again endeavour to press upon men's minds the obligation which lies upon all Christians to take part in the conversion of all who are not Christians. This is the very purpose for which the Church exists."

And, in 1897, the assembled Bishops of the Church of England put forth these words :

"The work of foreign missions at the present time stands in the first rank of all the tasks we have to fulfil."

The Church of England is a *missionary* Church.

VII. And, last, the Church of England is a *pure* Church. It is sound in the faith. It is staunch in the truth as it is in Jesus.

The Church of England is a purified Church. There was a time in its history when the teaching and the doctrine of the Church of England was not pure ; it was dark and superstitious. It was the impure and repugnant doctrine of the Church of Rome. For many centuries before the Reformation the Church of England doctrine was known as the teaching of Holy Mother Church, or the Holy Church of Rome, or the Holy Catholic Church of Rome. There was no such thing known as the doctrine of the Church of England in distinction from the doctrine of the Church of Rome. It taught as did the Church of Rome and none otherwise ; and the greater part of

the Romish doctrine was a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God, and the greatest Roman doctrine of all, transubstantiation, was the mother of many superstitions, and the sacrifices of masses blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits. (Art. xxii., xxviii., xxxi.)

But at the Reformation the Church of England was transformed. It "put off the old man" ; it "put on the new man, which was re-created in Christ."

It put away the old style of worship, and it put away the old form of doctrine.

It put away the old style of worship because it was priestly, unpopular, unpractical ; it was in Latin, and nobody understood it ; it was for the priest and the choir and nobody could join in it, and it was full of vain ritualisms and meaningless ceremonies, so that nobody could worship in it in a simple and spiritual way. Now the worship of the Church of England is simple, that is, it is not complex and ceremonial like that of the Church of Rome ; it is spiritual, that is, it edifies the heart and mind ; it is Scriptural, that is, it is intelligible, and based on and built up of Scripture. Whenever you worship in the Church of England try and think of the blessing of a service that is so simple, Scriptural and spiritual ; a service that is of the people and for the people ; and praise God that He has delivered the Church of England from the vain superstitions of a system that is a mass of dark and dumb ceremonies, centering in the gorgeously vested priest, as he stands in the incense-filled chancel, offering before the altar the vain oblation of the mass. Think and thank.

It put away the old form of doctrine, which is so dangerous and false because based on the traditions of men. It brought in the truth. It left out and it brought in. It left out everything false ; it retained everything true. And now the doctrine of the Church is so pure because it is grounded so firmly on Scripture. The doctrine of the Church of England is contained in the 39 Articles of the Church of England. These articles are Catho-

lic in the great and undisputed articles of the faith, such as the being of God, and the incarnation and divinity of Christ, and the deity of the Holy Ghost ; and Protestant and Evangelical in all those doctrines which have been defiled and deranged by the Church of Rome. As the Church of England Prayer Book is the monument of the clear anti Romanism of the Reformers in the matter of worship, so the articles of the Church of England are the monument of the clear anti-Romanism of the Reformers in the matter of doctrine.

No Church could be sounder than the Church of England on the subject of salvation by grace, and justification by faith *only*. Read articles x. to xiii. and xviii. No Church could be sounder upon the supremacy and efficiency of the Bible for salvation and doctrine. Read articles vi., viii., xx., xxi., xxii. No Church could be sounder on the subject of the Church and the sacraments. Read articles xix., xxv., xxviii. No Church could be sounder on the subject of the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. Read articles v., xiii., xvii., and the collects for Quinquagesima and 19th Sunday after Trinity.

Yes, the Church of England is a purified Church.

Let us thank God for it, and resolve that by God's grace we will keep it pure. For the preservation of the purity of the Church depends upon the perseverance of the prayers of God's people.

I am convinced in the depths of my soul that the direction in which the Holy Ghost is working in this our day is against exclusiveness, and in the direction of the freest spiritual communion between those who differ as to methods, creeds and definitions of the faith ; and no English Churchman does credit to himself, or honor to his church by speaking superciliously of godly dissenters by calling them heretics and schismatics, and refusing to receive the Word of God from their lips when it is manifest that they are doing, and doing well, nearly half the Christian work of this country.—*Canon Wilberforce*.

SINGING IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I have been asked to write a paper on the subject of Sunday School singing—how are we to make the children sing? And I begin to realize the difficulty of the problem, since, while we are all agreed that the little birds that *can* sing and *won't* sing ought to be made to sing, the question is, how should you do it? And, first, let us consider the material with which we have to deal. There is no difficulty about the singing in the infant class, those dear little lambs sing from the gladness of their little hearts, praising God, as the birdlings do, because they cannot help it, and because Jesus and love and Heaven are realities to them, which older years have not yet made dim. Nor have they yet begun to think it beneath their dignity to appear interested in the service of praise, as is the case with many an older scholar. It is of such as these that the dying divine was thinking when, leaving the consideration of all his volumes of theology, he asked, "Sing me a bairn's hymn," as a solace for his last hours. We can imagine nothing sweeter than to hear these little voices singing out lustily, "Jesus loves me, this I know," or "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," in chorus which blends with the harps of heaven and makes music even in the Father's ears. But what are we to do with the older scholars? Who does not know the indifferent class—of girls, possibly—who will take up their hymn books at the insistence of the zealous teacher and carefully look over the tops of them at the hats of the neighbouring classes all the time the hymn is going on? At the *troublesome* class, still of girls, who will not bother about hymn books at all, but use the time for singing as a special opportunity for nudging each other, and telling amusing anecdotes of what has amused during the week. And, when we come to consider *boys*, the case beggars description! What are we to say about the boy who has the book handed to him carefully, and the number of the hymn found for him, and, still further to compel his attention, is honoured, or bored, as the case may be, by being re-

quested to share his book with the teacher, and, after all this, will look out of the window, if near one, or down upon the floor, or anywhere, in fact, but at the hymn, while, as for singing, a Choctaw Indian could not be more stolidly impassive. What that boy might do, if he had a voice and felt inclined to sing, will never be known, because he never tries. Granted that there is an occasional boy who has a voice and is not ashamed to use it, such an one is speedily drafted off into the Sunday School choir, and his class deprived of the stimulating effect of his example, perhaps wisely, for, if he remained, his surroundings would, in all probability, speedily render him dumb! But it is not the singing of the choir which we wish to consider, but how to improve the singing throughout the school, and the little bird that *can* sing, and yet *won't* sing, is still the difficulty. There is no doubt that the selection of hymns has a good deal to do with this. The tunes should be brisk and lively, and the words familiar, but not spoiled by too frequent repetition. On one occasion, having failed to catch the number given out, I asked a boy what it was, and received the reply, "O, 770, of course, we have it every Sunday!" Now that boy never opened his hymn book, let alone his lips to sing, yet he was quite prepared to be critical, as you see. We cannot all go by the rule of contraries, as did the good old couple, who chose the happily obsolete selection—"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," for use at morning worship, because they felt depressed, and wanted to be cheered up! I am afraid that would hardly be the effect should such a choice, or anything approaching to it, be made for Sunday School! A boy likes something bright and eminently practical in idea, at least as a rule, though one dear little lad, now safely within the fold, was never weary of that sweet little hymn, "There is a green hill far away," and his mother now holds his singing of it as her tenderest memory. But in visiting a little cripple boy I soon found his only favourite to have a decidedly martial turn, such as, "Dare to be a Daniel," "Only an armour-bearer," and when these be-

came monotonous, "Onward Christian Soldiers" still carried on the strain. If we can only influence the mind from within, the singing will be, as it should be, spontaneous, and to do that we must study the bent of the fancy, and so find out what is likely to please. Would it be possible to make a selection of a dozen or so of suitable hymns, and have them printed in *good large* type, either on a card or in leaflet form? And just a word here as to the type. Whether from laziness or not, there is no doubt that children, as a rule, do not care for small type. Who does not remember as a child turning from what was really a very interesting book because the print was fine? Just the same with hymn books. The ones in present use, though undoubtedly cheap, and so desirable, are from the smallness of the print almost useless. It may seem a little thing, but it is a fact nevertheless, that a hymn set forth in clear bold type is much more likely to attract the eye, and teach the heart. We want to make the children *want* to sing, in spite of themselves, and therefore no detail is beneath notice. A good instrument is a great help, and a player who enters heart and soul into the music. A Sunday School choir is no doubt very useful so long as it does not convey the idea that it is intended to save the rest of the school the trouble of singing. If there was any way of getting at the most popular hymns in the school, either by taking a vote, or otherwise, and arrange to have these sung, as often as may be, it might have a good effect. A Sunday School hymn should be bright and hopeful, with distinctive gospel teaching, if possible, and the tune should be bright also, with good harmony, and an easily followed melody. Above all things, not pitched in too high a key, or have any very high notes in it, minor tunes to be scrupulously avoided, however suitable on other occasions, they are out of place in Sunday School. And let us never lose light of the fact that the chief end of all hymn singing is to praise God, and that this should be done with gladness. How many texts have we in the Bible to illustrate this? Are we not

told, in Psalm c., to enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise, and also to come before His presence with singing? In Ephes. v. 19, we find "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." While St. James goes farther, and gives us psalm-singing as an outlet for all gladness of heart, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." And this brings us after all to the root of the matter. If our hearts are right with God, we shall want to sing, to show our gladness, and like the little birds, whose only study is to praise their Maker, we shall let the service of our lips testify to the gladness of our hearts within. But to how many of our scholars will this apply? How many even of the teachers realize that, by their example, in showing enjoyment of, or indifference to, this most important part of the exercises in Sunday School, they are showing whether they are rejoicing in the Lord or no? Let us, in this, as in all other ways, seek to set our scholars a good example, and out of the fullness of our own hearts sing praise to God. And further, let us seek to win each soul to Christ, showing that those who belong to Him are privileged to rejoice at all times. If all in the school, both teachers and scholars, were really rejoicing Christians, as they both might and should be, we should have a burst of melody that would resound far and wide, even to the gates of heaven.

C. M. STEWART.

Orillia.

A LITTLE SANCTUARY.

How often amid the tumult of our busy work-day life do we long for a refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat! "He shall be for a sanctuary." None but the loving heart of Christ—that human heart—could so understand and satisfy our heart's need. Oh, precious thought, that as we go about our ordinary daily work we may not only rest, but continually abide, in the secret of His presence!

Can these hands and feet and head be so used in even our secular work that they may be hallowed vessels meet for the Master's use in

His sanctuary? Was it not something of this thought that wrung from Peter, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head?"

What a hallowing influence would this thought exercise over every act of our daily life! All the vessels of the sanctuary must be hallowed. What a dignity would it add to our lives in Christ Jesus! These hands are to be used for Christ to-day, therefore, they must be gentle and kind, if Christ is to be glorified through them. These feet must be beautiful like the Master's, in going about doing good. This intellect must be laid at the feet of Christ, and there used as a consecrated vessel. Was this not the attitude of those two most loving of women who wiped His feet with the hair of their head? Have they not answered for all time the question, "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth"? Is it not in the hair of loving, humble consecration—yea, the laying of our intellect, our all, at the feet of Jesus?

But you say is this complete surrender of body and mind possible for us? No, but it is possible with Christ. "I will be to them a little sanctuary." Yes, and when the waves of our life rise high, and we are storm-tossed, and tempest driven, how sweet to creep within the sheltering arms of Christ, and find his great, loving, human heart a little sanctuary.

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY,
Deaconess House, Toronto.

FOUL MOORINGS.

The harbour of Quebec has ever been regarded as one of the finest in the world. During the summer it is not unusual to see a hundred ships riding at anchor. The name of Quebec, which was originally Kébec, is a Micmac idiom, meaning a strait. Properly applied it is an adjective, and signifies closed or obstructed; this word wears somewhat the appearance of a prophecy, for the beautiful harbour was for many years obstructed in a very singular way. Whether the difficulty had its origin on the memorable 13th of September, when the troops of the intrepid Wolfe took

the flood under cover of darkness in their attack upon the rock-founded city, will never be known, but there are not wanting evidences that the earliest of these impediments were dropped there by the invading fleet as long ago as the middle of the last century.

More than fifty years ago master mariners seriously complained that the moorage of vessels was impaired by accumulations of anchors and chains, forming huge nests in various parts of the river. As years wore on these bunches of tangled iron grew in size and losses were serious. It was found that six or eight nests of these anchors and chains were in different parts of the harbour. Subsequent operations have shown that some of these weighed as much as 240 tons. A powerful vessel was built, fitted with compound windlasses with enormous lifting power. Early in 1875 three large nests of anchors and chains were taken from a depth of 130 to 180 feet of water at low tide, and soon 165 anchors and 5,440 fathoms of chain were landed, weighing 570 tons.

Impressed with the success of this important undertaking our thoughts travelled on to other foul moorings and to a mightier lifting power.

The sinner's anchorage is foul. He goeth to and fro; he visits persons and places. When he would retrace his steps he is detained, entangled, taken in a snare. "He knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell." Prov. ix. 18. Foul moorings bring loss. Loss of peace, loss of courage, loss of days, loss of hope, loss of heaven.

In dropping the anchor into a foul place what labour is expended in trying to recover it! "None that go into her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life." These nests of anchors had a multiplying power, one lost anchor held another and made that foul. Thus it is with sin, slowly and surely it increaseth its dreadful power. Men go not to hell alone, they drag others down.

But look at the lifting barge! The power of the gospel is a lifting power. The glad confession of the saved man is, "Out of the depths

have I cried unto thee, O Lord." "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Psam xl. 2.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My old minister used to say that three books were going to live if all the others died: "The English Bible," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe." I knew another minister who used to read "Robinson Crusoe" through every year. He liked the stir, the incidents, and, above all, the style of the book. In the common life of the sailor to-day there are hundreds of incidents almost every month; if you are in search of incidents go to the great and wide sea.

It is only about twenty five years ago that we discovered one voyage a real Crusoe on an island in the Pacific. It was in the clipper barque, *Ocean Foam*, a dandy little ship of 500 tons, with sixteen hands and a boy—seventeen all told. It was moderate weather, and we were near an island; the wind fell away to a dead calm, and the captain occupied himself with using a powerful telescope. It was my turn at the helm. All at once the captain gave a shout, and exclaimed, "There's some one alive on that island, and he seems to be making a semaphore signal." Then the mate took a look; sure enough there was a man. "All hands get up tackles and get out the jolly-boat." Soon four men and the second mate were rowing to the beach, and the excitement ran high. Cautiously the boat touched the shore, and the crew jumped on the beach. On the approach of the boat the man from shyness had partly hidden behind a boulder; but when he saw friendly signals he came to meet us. It was one of the strangest interviews I ever had or expect to have. He was a young man, say twenty-four years of age, perfectly healthy and perfectly naked, with regular features and a well-made frame. There were no visible means of subsistence. We

made sure that the island was unoccupied save by this man; we searched and found a little spring of pure water. "That's half his living," said Tom Wilkins, the oldest of the boat's crew. A further search revealed that food in the shape of shell fish on the beach had helped to keep the man alive, and wild fruit of more than one kind probably made up the bill of fare of this modern Crusoe. As the weather remained calm we took two hours exploring this lonely place, and then the recall signal brought us to the boat, for a gentle breeze had sprung up. We motioned to our modern Crusoe to get on board the boat, and he smiled and came on board. Soon we were alongside, and the simple ceremony of introducing our pacific passenger to the master and rest of the crew was soon accomplished. We squared away to the gentle breeze. Our new man seemed delighted with all he saw; the cook brought him some little dainty, but he tasted sparingly and looked bewildered. The master tried to get him to talk, but not a word could he get from the young man's lips. He was provided with clothing, and a bunk was got ready for a sleeping place, and all hands were busy in paying every possible attention to our wonderful Robinson. He smiled; that was all he did. The excitement wore off, and as the ship pursued her course the watch on deck were busy trying to account for the man's presence on the island; how long had he been there, how did he come there, under what flag did he sail? A hundred questions and not one answer. Was he cruelly treated, and did he jump overboard to get away from cruel men? Was the ship wrecked and all hands lost but himself, like the original Robinson? Was he one of a pirate gang, and because he was not so savage as others was he put on shore to live or die? No answer came to these questions, and may never come.

The fact was, our new Robinson was a baby, and we had to begin to teach him sounds just as we would a little two-year-old, only he did not learn so fast. It took him a month to learn and locate words like eye, nose, head, hand, foot; and, to be

brief, when we arrived in port, in about two months, he had not learned a dozen words. Mayhap his memory as to the life on the island will ever remain a cleaned slate. Why? Because thought is not possible without words; we think in words; take away the words, and the mind goes away like a candle blown out by the wind. How wise, therefore, was the great Robinson to take care to read his Bible with diligence! If he had neglected this, his mind might have been blown away, too, and then what a loss to the world!

SAILOR SAM.

MORAL COURAGE.

If there is something to be done dangerous to the outward man, so hard that most people shrink from it and make excuses, something like rowing a boat among breakers to a sinking ship, or mounting to the top of a burning building to rescue a child, or entering a house where there is pestilence, then everybody says the prompt, strong oarsman, climber, nurse, is a hero. Suppose the peril and the daring were different, to risk a reputation for righteousness, to give up party for principle, success for truth, property for honour, to speak unpopular words, to refuse and denounce a fashion because it is vicious or tempting, to take a stand which would make those whose love or favour we long for hate us, or those whom it would be for our interest to please angry with us. Here is another test of courage, a different measure of greatness, a new standard of heroism. Is not this precisely what Christ meant when He spoke to the world as its Master, and told us what we must do and be if we would follow Him?—*Bishop Huntington.*

Oh, mothers! Give good books to your daughters, and oblige them to read them. If, while young and happy, they read with more respect than attention, more for duty than pleasure, do not desist; for in the day of trial, this beautiful seed will germinate in their hearts, like the wheat, which, sown in a day of sunshine, grows vigorously in the time of rain and tempest. — *Fernan Cabellero.*

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TELLING THE BEES.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one summer day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring
bees:

"The clover bloom that kissed her feet
And the posy bed where she used to
play
Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;
For she is gone who loved you so."

A wonder fell on the listening bees
Under those pleasant orchard trees,
And in their toil that summer day
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:
"Child, O child, the grass is cool,
And the posies are waking to hear the
song
Of the bird that swings by the shaded
pool,
Waiting for one that tarrieth long."
'Twas so they called to the little one
then,
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,
And we know by the smile on grand-
father's face
He has found his dear one's hiding-place.
So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low,
As over the honey fields you sweep—
To the trees abloom and the flowers
a blow
And sing of grandfather fast asleep,
ever beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

—Eugene Field.

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers
were playing cards one night in the
camp. "What on earth is that?"
suddenly exclaimed the ringleader
as he stopped in the midst of the
game to listen.

In a moment the squad were lis-
tening to a low, solemn voice which

came from a tent occupied by sev-
eral recruits, who had arrived in
camp that day. The ringleader
approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a praying, or I'm a
sinner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!"
shouted another man of the group
as the prayer ended.

"You watch things! I'll show
you how to take the religion out of
him!" said the first speaker, who
was the ringleader in the mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-
faced young fellow of about eigh-
teen years of age. During the next
three weeks he was the butt of the
camp. Then the regiment broke
camp, and entered the wilderness,
and engaged in a terrible battle.
The company to which the young
recruit belonged had a desperate
struggle. The brigade was driven
back and, when the line was re-
formed behind the breastworks they
had built in the morning, he was
missing.

When last seen he was almost
surrounded by enemies, but fighting
desperately. At his side stood the
brave fellow who had made the
poor lad a constant object of ridic-
ule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly the big man was seen
tramping through the under-brush,
bearing the dead body of the re-
cruit. Reverently he laid the corpse
down, saying, as he wiped the blood
from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him—he
fought so! I thought he deserved
a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the
men dug a shallow grave and tend-
erly laid the remains therein.
Then, as one was cutting the name
and regiment upon a board, the big
man said, with a husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the
words 'Christian Soldier' in some-
where! He deserves the title, and
maybe it'll console him for our
abuse."

There was not a dry eye among
those rough men as they stuck the
rudely-carved board at the head of
the grave, and again and again
looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a
Christian soldier, if ever there was
one! And," turning to the ring-
leader, "he didn't run, did he, when
he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man,
his voice tender with emotion;
"why, he didn't budge an inch!
But what's that to standing for
weeks our fire like a man, and
never sending a word back? He
just stood by his flag and let us
pepper him—he did!"

When the regiment marched
away, that rude head-board remain-
ed to tell what a power lies in a
Christian life.—*The British Flag.*

"FOR JESUS' SAKE."

What do you mean by Christian
work? Not only bringing souls to
Christ, although that is the chief
work. Working for Christ means
working for our fellows for Jesus'
sake. Anything done for the good
of humanity for Jesus' sake is Chris-
tian work.

"For Jesus' sake." Is that why
we work? All around we hear the
cry, where are the workers? Why do
more not come forward?

Sometimes, alas! we hear of
those who began real definite work
giving it up. Why is there such a
lack of workers, or why do they
grow weary? Is it not because
they will not work "for Jesus'
sake"? That must be our motive
all through. Not for ourselves—not
to pass time—not that our Church
may be more active than any other.
No; we must work for the sake of
Jesus "who loved us and gave
Himself for us." Not just what
we consider pleasant work.

Some will not take a class in the
Sunday-School, for the children are
so rough; but, if we cannot do it
for love of the children, let us do it
"for Jesus' sake," and I am sure
the love will come.

Some give up the magazine distri-
bution or their collecting, for all the
families they say live on top flats,
and the stairs are so long. "For
Jesus' sake"; will not that make the
stairs seem shorter?

And so in all our work. It may
be to us pleasanter to sew fancy
work at our work parties; the gar-
ments for the Jews or heathens are
ugly and uninteresting. But if they
are more needful, and we cannot
just yet sew for love of those peo-
ple, let us say "for Jesus' sake."

A story is told of a lady who had
plenty of both time and money, and

who wanted to do some good in the world.

She thought over it a long time, and asked on her knees that the Lord might guide her to be useful where her help was most wanted. Then there came to her mind the picture of many poor, sick, little children, who had nobody to care for them. This should be her work, to bless and comfort the little ones.

So she gathered into her beautiful house many poor, afflicted boys and girls — just those she chose who were suffering much pain, and needed loving care. But, although she got on very well with most of them, and they grew very fond of their kind friend, there was one little boy, only four years old, from whom she shrank more and more every day. Though so young, he was deformed, and his face was very ugly, and there did not seem a bit of love or beauty about him to attract her.

One evening she sat in the garden with this boy on her knee, and was feeling sad and discouraged in her efforts to love him, when she fell asleep. As she slept she dreamed that the Lord Himself was there, and that she, far more disfigured and ugly than this boy, was resting against His knee. Then the Saviour tenderly rebuked her. "What!" said He, "have I borne with you and loved you through so much unworthiness, and can you not love this boy patiently for My sake?"

She awoke, and opening her eyes, saw the poor little boy still on her lap, but looking up at her with such a sweet and yearning expression, that she stooped and kissed him fervently. From that moment her work with that little fellow was happy of all in her charge.

Much of our Christian work is very hard, so hard that we could not do it or keep at it for long if we were just working to please ourselves. But those three little words "for Jesus' sake," what a power they have to make us brave to do or bear!—From "North Leith Parish Magazine."

Chritt can be trusted to make the best use of the life that is consecrated to Him.

HYMN FOR FISHERMEN.

Lord of the tempest, when Thy lost ones,
needing
All help and comfort, cry to Thee alone,
Hear Thou in Heaven, and answer to their
pleading,
Be nigh to save thine own.

Didst Thou not choose, throughout Thine
earthly story,
Poor fisher-folk for Thy disciples here?
And still to Thee, enthroned, above all
glory,
The nets and boats are dear.

Thou, who hast slept upon the fisher's
pillow
And waked to chide the tempest's mid-
night roar,
Art mindful still of anguish on the billow
And heart-break on the shore.

Clasped in Thy hand life's utmost wave is
sleeping,
And never boat can drift beyond Thy
ken,
But in Thy heart of hearts, in closer keep-
ing,
Thou hast the souls of men!

When the long hours of strain prove un-
availing
And daybreak shows no increase for
their toil,
Speak to Thy brethren, when their hearts
are failing,
And guide them to the spoil.

When the great voices of the storm are
calling,
And death lies ambushed in each reeling
wave,
When from the breakers, in their wrath
appalling,
No mortal aid can save.

Then, as of old, brave Thou the awful
weather,
And make its wrath a highway for Thy
will,
Till stormy wind and fainting heart to-
gether,
Shall hear Thy "Peace, be still!"

And when, death past, and tempests all
departed,
The boats come in, no more to cleave
the foam,
Upon the shore, O Saviour, loving-heart-
ed,
Speak Thou their welcome home!
—*Mary Rowles Jarvis, in the Quiver.*

A TRUE STORY.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work, and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver, of Halifax. They were industrious. They saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they

were to enter that home, the young wife rose at four o'clock, entered the front yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if I thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them and they became prosperous. One, a member of Parliament, in a public place, declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were wealthy—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling-houses for labourers at cheap rents, and when they were invalidated and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to America, admired the parks, went back, bought land, and opened a public park, and has made it a present to the city of Halifax, England.

They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two alms-houses. All England has heard of the generosity and good works of the Crossleys.

Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings.—*Exchange.*

THE BEST LESSON ABOUT CHARITY.

Archbishop Magee would often tell the following story, and say it was the best lesson about charity he ever had in his life:

"It was when my father was vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda, Ireland. One day I met a ragged, miserable Roman Catholic child who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said: 'Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own school children and poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad.'

"However, as I turned crest-fallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in.'

"Off I went, delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I think of my father's words: 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, you may give it to the lad.'"—*Selected.*

GIVE US MEN.

The following fine lines, written by the Bishop of Exeter, were recited by Canon Fleming at a meeting in London and were received with intense enthusiasm—the entire audience rising and cheering:

Give us men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
England's welfare speeding,
Men of faith and not of faction,
Men of lofty aim in action,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honour fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreathe them,
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth, though lorn and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country—Queen—and God;
Give us men—I say again—again—
Give us men!
—*Sons of England Record.*

CONSCIENCE OBEYED.

As a few young men were walking along one of the principal streets one evening, all of them treading the path which leads to death, a great clock from a tower near them struck the hour. Its measured strikes were unconsciously numbered by one of them, and he immediately stopped. He knew

that at that hour at home all were gathered for family prayer, and that the Word of God was being read.

"I can go no further," said he to his friends.

"Why not? What's the matter?" was the general inquiry, and, upon his telling them, they tried to laugh him out of it. But it was to no purpose. God was now before him, and sin was a terrible thing. He turned, went back, and there, alone, he fell on his knees and unbosomed himself to the God of all grace. Need we tell the result? Has ever a human being returned to God, sincerely confessing his sins, and been turned away? The blood of Jesus would first have to lose its unbounded value before God; and, though Heaven and earth pass away, that Word of God which affirms that "the blood of Je us Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin" shall never, never, NEVER pass away.

And what a change, too, in his practical life! The Lord Jesus is a very different Master from that cruel Pharaoh who, after he has used all the energies, but torments and kills. When Jesus has saved, He blesses, He comforts, He gives power to get through temptations, He leads to holiness, He at last receives into His own glory.

But one word before we part:
Trifle not with conscience.—Messenger of Peace.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant one Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to give thanks, when a waiter flew up, saying:

"I have beefsteak, codfish balls, and bullheads."

Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the colour of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone:

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to re

turn thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fishball and bowed his head; and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.—*Selected.*

"HE CARETH."

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long, and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart, and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And glad, strong music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strite;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights are down from the path I take;
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;
When love and music that once did bless
I have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
When my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed 'neath shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deepening shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—Can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The burdens that bow me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Oh, all that are sad, take heart again!
You are not alone in your hour of pain;
The Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and comfort us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm beats high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble when He doth share!
Oh, rest in peace, for your Lord doth care!
—*Selected.*

SIN A LIAR.

The deceitfulness of sin is in nothing better exhibited than in the fact that while it promises happiness it invariably brings unhappiness. There never was, and there never will be, an exception. And yet men go on believing its promises as though they had never once failed. Whatever the pleasure of evil-doing, it is always greater in the anticipation than in the realization, while the very opposite is the case with the pain that invariably follows it.

"The temptation to do wrong usually comes with a proffer of large enjoyment, and with a suggestion of possible slight regret to follow it. Afterwards it is found that there is less in the enjoyment than was looked for, but never that there is less in the bad consequences of the action. No man ever yet understood in advance how much he would be the loser by a single act of wrong-doing. It would be well to have this thought in mind while dallying with some temptation to evil."—*Apostolic Guide.*

THE BIBLE FIRST.

Whatever other books you read or neglect to read, let me entreat you to give yourselves thoroughly and systematically to the mastery of that which is the oldest, the greatest, and the best of all—the Bible. Our literature owes more to it than to any other, and however literary we may be, we shall enjoy it the more. Here are the earliest histories, the noblest lyrics, the loftiest philosophy, the most honest biographies, and the most earnest letters that were ever penned. And besides all these other attractions here is the portraiture of perfect life, the exposition of true religion, and the proclamation of the only Atonement for the sins of men. Other books are trees of knowledge, bearing a mixture of good and evil on their branches; this is the tree of life, whose very leaves are for the healing of nations.—*William M. Taylor.*

True men are the diamonds of history.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
May 7—St. John xv. 1-11.	St. Matt. vi. 5-16.
" 14—St. John xv. 12-27.	Acts xxiii. 1-12.
" 21—St. John xvi. 1-14.	St. John xiv. 16, 17.
" 28—St. John xviii. 28-40.	Heb. xi. 1-7.

ALL ABOUT MAY.

Can any one say
Why we love May,
When children and birds are all so gay?
When trees turn white
In a single night,
And we clap our hands at the beautiful sight?

Oh, say, and oh, say!
Don't you love May,
When out of the brown earth, every day,
The little flowers peep
From their long, winter sleep,
And the sky is all blue, so clear and deep?

Can any one say
Whose memory-day
We keep in Church on the first of May?
Saints Philip and James—
These are the names
Of those whose good deeds our reverence
claims.

—Selected.

ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

1. Rachel and Leah.
2. Dan, Gen. xiv. 14.
3. Reuben.
4. Thirteen, twelve sons and one daughter.
5. Benjamin.
6. "Son of my right hand."
7. Rachel.
8. Ephrath.
9. Last sentence in 19th verse of 35th chapter.
10. In Mamre.
11. Yes. Both Abraham and Isaac.
12. One hundred and eighty years.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

By REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON.

1. As far as we know, what was the cause of Jacob's withdrawal from Laban?
2. What determined Jacob's departure?
3. Of what opportunity did Jacob avail himself in leaving Laban?

4. What interval elapsed between Jacob's departure and Laban's pursuit?

5. Name the place where Laban overtook Jacob.

6. Of what crime did Laban accuse Jacob?

7. Was the accusation true?

8. Was Jacob's departure commemorated?

9. In what way?

10. Account for it having three names.

11. What happened at Mahanaim?

12. Give the meaning of the word Mahanaim.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some of the beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit of all the money he made, and then always felt the happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And, if you were able to do such a thing, He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand fold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a bas-

ket of nice things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Presbyterian.*

WHAT NERVE AND PLUCK WILL DO.

"Why, my boy, you can't do the work I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you, but it stands to reason that you are unfitted for such a task. You don't seem to comprehend the nature of the work."

"Oh, yes I do, sir! It is general lifting and helping the porter in heavy work."

"That's it; you do understand it. Well, if you want to try it you can begin this morning, although I shall expect to see you give out in less than two days."

Mancel H—, a lad not weighing over six stone, accepted eagerly the situation, and went to work. Why had he sought this position? Because it would pay him three or four shillings a week more than he was getting, and this would enable him to take better care of his crippled brother than he had been enabled to do hitherto. This was one reason; but there was another: Small of frame and apparently weak in muscle, he had been perpetually sneered at by those with whom he had been working as "the runt," and he had determined to show that he was capable of great physical exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satisfactorily filled his position, and the head porter reported quite favourably concerning him to the proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Killup. One day the latter called him into the counting-room and said to him: "Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir! very, very tired," replied Mancel, with that perfect frankness characteristic of his nature. "But, sir, I sleep so soundly that I feel rested again, and am fresh and ready for the new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter work?"

"Indeed I would, sir, if I could

get it!" with utter frankness again spoke the lad, colouring, however, at the implied pleading there was in the reply.

"Well, young man, I discovered by a memorandum that you made the other day than you can write a good hand. I need an entry clerk, and if you would like to you can take the place at the same wages you are now getting, with a chance of increase after a while."

"I can not tell how grateful I am to you, sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that," said the plain-spoken merchant; "only do your duty, and don't get ahead of your business, and I will see that you are not neglected."

Mancel strove on, and, quick in figures, he was before many months promoted to assistant book-keeper, and then to cashier. Years passed, and he became one of the managers and eventually one of the proprietors of the great mercantile establishment which he had entered as assistant porter.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

MIRABEL'S GIFT.

Grandma was going to have a birthday, and Mirabel was thinking. She had her chin propped by her two plump fists, and her elbows rested on her knees. Her fair little forehead was all in a pucker, and between her eyes were two straight up and down lines, which brought the brows very close together, quite after the fashion of grown folks when they think unpleasant thoughts.

Not that birthdays are unpleasant; by no means. Mirabel always wished that hers would hurry up, and come two or three times in a year, each time attended by a frosted cake and candies, and a present, too.

To receive a present from some one who loves you is a very easy and delightful act. To give one to quite the dearest grandma in all the world is a much more serious matter—a great puzzle, in fact.

Mirabel unclasped one fat fist, and anxiously regarded the two pennies it contained. She counted them slowly and carefully. Then she turned them over and counted them again. She studied the In-

dian's stolid features, stood him on his head, and counted once more. It didn't do a bit of good, however. She had just two pennies, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

No one had told Mirabel that grandma was to have a birthday. Nobody knew that she was old enough to care for any birthday but her own. But she had seen Aunt Dora working, day after day, on a piece of fine white linen with violets sprinkled all over it. And when Aunt Dora had put the very last stitch into the very last flower, and made it look almost as beautiful as the real ones that grow and have a perfume, she had said to mamma, "I wonder if mother will like her birthday gift?"

And mamma had said, "Why Dora, how could she help it?"

Then she had watched mamma pack a neat wooden box with quite the prettiest preserve jars imaginable. Her mouth watered when she heard mamma telling Aunt Dora what was in them.

Then mamma had said:—

"I should like to send mother something else for her birthday, but this is the best I can do this time."

And Aunt Dora had exclaimed:—

"Why, sister, she will be delighted, and very proud of you besides!"

Mirabel wished that she could make grandma delighted and very proud of her. But two pennies were so very few. The only thing she could think of that mamma ever bought with two cents was a cake of yeast, and, of course, a cake of yeast wouldn't do for grandma's birthday.

"I'll just have to tell her that I love her," thought Mirabel, rather sadly. "That's all that I can do. Mamma says that even when people know that we love them, they like to be told about it. I'll spend my two cents for a postage stamp."

So she asked Aunt Dora to help her with the spelling, and spent nearly all one afternoon "getting her love ready to send to grandma," as she put it.

When her birthday came, the postman brought grandma a little letter that made her wipe her eyes several times before she could see to read it all.

"Dear grandma," it said, "I love

you ever so much—bushels and bushels. I wanted to send you something nice for your birthday, but I only had two cents. They wouldn't buy anything nice enough for my grandma. I can't make anything pretty, either. I can only tell you that I love you, and spend the pennies for a postage stamp to send the letter.

"With lots and lots of love, and hugs, and kisses. MIRABEL."

"Well! well!" said grandma, and her lips trembled a little as she spoke. "Bless the dear child! That's the sweetest thing she could have done."

Grandma was, indeed, delighted with mamma's fine preserves, and proudly arranged them well to the front on the lowest shelf in her preserve closet.

Aunt Dora's beautiful embroidery she carefully laid away with her best table linen, a sprig of lavender in its folds.

But when it came to finding a place for her third gift—Mirabel's letter—she got out the carved sandalwood box.

Mirabel would have clapped her hands if she could have seen this; for only grandma's dearest treasures went into that box.

Grandma looked with tender eyes at the faded old letter in which, so many years before, grandpa had asked her to be his wife. She stroked with loving fingers the fair, bright curl which had belonged to her dear little son who had died. She smiled at a tiny bit of sewing, the very first stitches that mamma had ever taken. Then she kissed Mirabel's letter, put it in with the other treasures, and safely locked the box.

So one little girl, who thought that she could not do anything at all for grandma's birthday, had sent her grandma the very sweetest gift that she received.—*St. Nicholas.*

"WILL YOU LAUGH TO ME AGAIN, MOTHER?"

It was little three-year-old Mabel who asked this question one morning in the early spring. She had been bringing me the first spring flowers, and oh! how "buful" she thought those bright yellow dande-

lions were. I had enjoyed them too, and had responded to her enthusiasm with words of appreciation and thanks; but it was the smile that seemed to delight the little darling most, and, as she started out to hunt for more flowers, she came back to ask in her own earnest, winning way, "will you laugh to me again, mother?"

It was a simple question, or rather request, but it almost startled me, and started a new train of thought.

Was that dear little heart hungry for more brightness, and thus seeking for it as the vine sends forth its tiny branches in search of the sunshine?

While careful, and perhaps too often troubled, about household duties, striving to have everything as comfortable as possible for the dear husband and little ones, had I been failing to give them the smiles and sunshine which their loving hearts craved, and which I could so gladly and easily give them?—*Selected.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The lecture by J. W. Bengough on the 24th of April, under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, was a very interesting, amusing and instructive effort by a talented man. We feel sure that good advice given often in a humorous way, will be long remembered.

The following officers were elected for St. John's church, Cambury, on April 4th: People's warden, Mr. Wm. Beecham, incumbent's warden, E. P. Smith, V.S.; sidesmen, Mr. Roddy and Mr. H. Fowler, jr; delegate to the Synod, Mr. Henry Fowler. A resolution expressive of the great loss sustained by the vestry through the death of Mr. A. B. Coates, who for many years had been both warden and lay delegate, was passed.

Twenty were present at the meeting of the Young Men's Association at the home of Mr. M. H. Sisson on May 2nd. Reports were received, committees appointed, work discussed, and two new names added to the association. If all the young men are faithful to the principles of the association, the Y.M.A. should be a power for good, doing a quiet but all important work, in connection with our church.

Wednesday, April the 19th, was a day long looked forward to by Missionary Christians the world over, and it is a day that will long be remembered. It was the one hundredth birthday of the greatest Missionary Society in the world, known as the Church Missionary Society. In Lindsay this occasion was observed by three most enthusiastic meetings being held in the schoolroom of St. Paul's church. The day was begun by a well attended gathering for God's presence and blessing and the outpouring of His Spirit upon the work of the day. In the afternoon the meeting was chiefly for the children. Addresses were given by Rev. T. B. Smith, B.A., of St. Peter's church, Toronto, and Mr. Maconachie, for many years a resident of India. The evening meeting was largely attended and proved to be both interesting and instructive. Mr. Maconachie, the first speaker, after appropriate remarks on the occasion, dwelt upon the crying needs of the heathen world and responsibility of the Christian church. The words of the speaker were the more impressive from his own experience in the regions beyond. The Rev. T. B. Smith followed, giving a most interesting account of the founding of the C.M.S. and its subsequent work. The collections of the day were very satisfactory, being about fifty dollars.

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