

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



# St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

## PARISH AND HOME.

No. 24.

AUGUST, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. N. I. PERRY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

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

*Lay Delegates.*

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

*Sidesmen.*

R. HANNAH,  
DR. SIMPSON,  
C. D. BARR,

A. TIMS,  
T. J. MURTAGH,  
JAS. CORLEY.

M. SISSON.  
J. E. BILLINGSLEY.  
L. ARCHAMBAULT.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton.*

A. HOADLEY.

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

*Week Night Service.*—Wednesday Evening at 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Baptisms.

BURNETT - James, son of John and Esther Burnett, born 3rd February, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church 16th July, 1893.

FORD. — Wilford Charles, son of Charles and Susan Ford, born 13th July, 1893; baptized 18th July, 1893.

THOMAS — Samuel Thomas, son of Samuel and Harriett Thomas, born 21st May, 1893; baptized 18th July, 1893.

MARTIN. — George Reginald, son of George Ellsworth and Ella Martin, born 27th February, 1893; baptized 24th July, 1893.

PALFREY — Stanley Martin, son of Martin and Emma Palfrey, born 23rd April, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 16th July, 1893.

BRYANS. — Lelah May, daughter of Robert and Eleanor Bryans, born 17th March, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 16th July, 1893.

REEDS. — Gertrude Beatrice, daughter of Robert Foster and Mary Etta Reeds, born 6th April, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 16th July, 1893.

COOK. — Sarah Emily, daughter of John and Ellen Langton Cook, born 14th December, 1882; baptized in St. George's Church, Cameron, 30th July, 1893.

#### Marriages.

BONDALÉ. — WILSON. — At Lindsay, on 5th July, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Archy Bondalé, to Maud Wilson, both of Kimmount.

#### Burials.

MONTGOMERY. — On July 24th, at Emily Cemetery, by Rev. Wilson McCann, Eliza Ann Montgomery, wife of Mr. Montgomery of Reaboro, in her 36th year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

Miss Fitzgerald, who has been promoted to a position in Niagara Falls Collegiate Institute, will be much missed from St. Paul's Church, especially as a teacher in the Sunday School.

Miss Jessie Brown and Mr. C. Keys will be missed from church and Bible class.

Mr. Henry Miller, who has been appointed to a responsible position in Ottawa, was for some time president of the Young Men's Association. We wish all God's richest blessings in their new spheres of labor.

On the 5th February, 28 men were baptized in Uganda, Africa; 65 men and women were shortly

afterwards confirmed, and within a few days Bishop Tucker said 150 were asking for baptism; and this in the land where, since 1885, so many martyrs have died for Christ's sake. "What hath God wrought!"

On Sunday, July 23rd, Rev. H. Symonds, of Ashburnham, took duty in Lindsay and Reboro. Mr. Marsh was at Ashburnham and Otonabee, helping to re-open services at Lang, where Rev. C. W. Hedley has been appointed. Mr. Perry was at Sturgeon Point, while Mr. Percy Soanes took the duty at Cameron and Cambray.

Reserve the 14th for the choir excursion to Chemong.

Two black bishops were consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, June 29th. The Rev. I. Oluwole for the Niger, and Rev. C. Phillips for the Yoruba country, West Africa. They will have many native helpers to carry with them the light of the Gospel to that part of the "Dark Continent."

The July C.E.T.S. was well attended. Mr. Perkins read a short account of the work done by the 41 Prison Gate Missionaries in connection with the C.E.T.S. in England. Little Miss Orr, the Misses Presswell, Rev. Mr. Perry, and Mr. Patterson, gave a varied and interesting programme, Mr. Patterson's humorous recitation being encored. Mr. R. Kennedy gave a helpful address on temperance, which contained many excellent hints and suggestions, some of which, at least, we hope will be acted on. Several new members were added. Do you know a brother in danger of being a drunkard? Lend a hand to help him.

Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Q.C., gave a stirring missionary address at St. Paul's school house on the evening of July 12th. We were sorry more were not present. Many of those who listened wished more laymen were as zealous in extending the kingdom of God as the speaker, both by acts and words, has proved himself to be. The offertory, for Japan work amounted to \$17.

The Rev. R. H. Harris, of Weston, who has suffered with his throat lately, is spending some time in Omemece among former parishioners.

The hot days are still upon us, and many of our people, young and old, are away for their holidays, and at home, we are apt to get careless. Let those of us who are blessed with health, see to it, for our own sakes, for our church's sake, and for the glory of our king, that we neglect not His service.

Mr. A. B. Coates, churchwarden at Cambray, who met with a severe accident last month by the falling of a pike pole, is improving, and we hope soon to see him at church again.

Two new members joined the Young Men's Association at their July meeting.

An interesting meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria was held at Cartwright, at the home of Rural Dean Creighton, on the 6th and 7th July. Services were held in St. John's Church, at which addresses were given by Archdeacon

Allen, Revs. E. Daniel, W. Creighton and C. H. Marsh, on various branches of church work. The dwellers in Blackstock kindly entertained the visitors.

Revs. Walter Creighton, of Bobcaygeon, and W. McCann, of Omemece, exchanged duties on July 30th.

The Sunday school excursion to Beaverton on July 10th was attended by about 380 people. A pleasant trip, fine day, lovely spot, lots of fun, and home in good time for tea, seemed to be the general opinion expressed by both scholars and older ones.

The Little Girls' garden party at Mrs. E. Stanton's, on the 20th ult., was quite a pleasant affair, though not largely attended. Both Mrs. Stanton and the little girls had made nice preparation for the entertainment of their visitors.

It will repay you to read the letters from Rev. J. O. Stringer and Mr. T. J. Marsh in the Evangelical Churchman of July 27th. News from the far north will do us good this hot weather.

Rev. Dr. Paton, Presbyterian Missionary in the New Hebrides, whose work has been so honored of God, addressed a large meeting in Lindsay on Aug. 1. We are sure his words will do good here. The writer once heard a Bishop of the Church of England speaking on "Being changed into the image of Christ," and emphasizing the fact that christians should be "like Christ," and yet, he said, how few people you meet who impress you with being like Christ. Still he said he had met some, and mentioned Dr. Paton as one. May many of our readers be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory."

"Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." "Them that honor me I will honor." God's command and God's promise.

Mr. Oxyb has been appointed clergyman's warden at Cambray. It is to be hoped that with two such energetic wardens as Mr. Coates and Mr. Oxyb, the church will continue to grow in growth and usefulness.

An organ has been placed in St. George's Church, Cameron, and a choir has been organized with Miss Nellie Saelling as the efficient organist. The congregation is steadily increasing and every reason for encouragement given.

The churchwardens earnestly request a prompt reply to notices of arrears of subscriptions sent out. The amounts are urgently needed at this time.

Offertory for July:—

|    | Envelopes | Loose  | Total   |
|----|-----------|--------|---------|
| 2  | \$21 25   | \$8 77 | \$30 02 |
| 9  | 07 45     | 10 66  | 78 11   |
| 16 | 23 85     | 8 77   | 32 62   |
| 23 | 22 25     | 6 97   | 29 22   |
| 30 | 16 50     | 6 93   | 23 43   |

\$193 40

The Women's Auxiliary Sewing Society handed in \$32, to be devoted towards cleaning the church.

The following mission collections were sent to the Synod Office:—Parochial Missionary Assoc., \$3.25; Missionary meeting, \$17.00.

# Parish and Home.

No. 33.

AUGUST, 1893.

VOL. III.

## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

### LESSONS

- 6—10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—  
1 Kings 12; Rom. 6. *Evening*—1 Kings  
13 or 17; Matt. 19, v. 27 to 29, v. 17.
- 13—11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1  
Kings 13; Rom. 11, to v. 25. *Evening*—  
1 Kings 19 or 21; Matt. 23, v. 13.
- 20—12th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1  
Kings 22 to v. 41; 1 Cor. 1, to v. 26.  
*Evening*—2 Kings 2, to v. 16, or 4, v. 8  
to v. 33; Matt. 26, v. 57.
- 24—St. Bartholomew A. & M. Ath. Cr.  
*Morning*—Gen. 23, v. 10 to 13; 1 Cor. 4,  
v. 18 and 5. *Evening*—Deut. 18, v. 15;  
Matt. 23.
- 27—13th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2  
Kings 5; 1 Cor. 7, v. 25. *Evening*—2  
Kings 6, to v. 24, or 7; Mark 2, to v. 23.

### GOD'S WILL.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,  
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,  
My spirit's silent, fair abode,  
In thee I hide me, and am still.

Thy beautiful, sweet will, my God,  
Holds fast in its sublime embrace  
My captive will, a gladsome bird  
Pinioned in such a realm of grace.

Within this place of certain good  
Love evermore expands her wings,  
Or nestling in thy perfect choice  
Abides content with what it brings.

O sweetest burden, lightest yoke,  
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,  
It giveth wings to this poor heart,  
My freedom is thy grand control.

Upon God's will I lay me down,  
As child upon its mother's breast,  
No silken couch, nor softest bed,  
Could ever give me such sweet rest.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

THE only way to progress in the spiritual life is to try to understand as much of God's ways of working as He has chosen to reveal to us. We know what wonderful progress has been made in science simply by the earnest and patient study of the common things about us. The study of the effect heat has upon water gave us all the marvels of steam power. The close study of plants and minerals has given us remedies

for diseases that our forefathers thought to be hopelessly incurable. All human life has been made happier, more refined, more varied, by the patient study of the wonderful visible world which lies all around us.

The same law applies to the study of another world, containing truths that only patient labor can grasp. The Bible is a deep mine in which there is much gold to be had for digging. And if God has placed this treasure within our reach, He surely requires of us whatever effort is necessary to make it ours. There is in nature much that does harm, as well as much that does good. She has her poisons as well as her nourishing foods. For most of her poisons there is an antidote, but one does not always lie beside the other. Patient search will find an antidote for probably every poison, but the search is necessary. And human beings, sick and dying of the poison of sin, have an antidote, a cure, within their reach. The only condition of its use is the necessary labor in finding it.

We say so much in general, but we wish to apply it especially to the teaching of Scripture in regard to the work of the Holy Spirit. In a vast number of Christian lives, the work of the Spirit is simply ignored. God is known as the Father, and Jesus Christ as Redeemer. The Spirit is believed in nominally, but He has, in fact, no place in the life. His ministrations are never sought in prayer, and no attempt is made to grasp the teaching of Scripture in regard to his relations to the believer, on the one hand, and the Saviour, on the other. While this is true, there must always be a halting, stumbling Christian life. The soul is only half fed; the antidote to the poison of sin only half discovered. We recite Sunday after Sunday our belief in the Spirit as the "Giver of life." Can there be bounding spiritual health if the Giver of life is ignored? strength, if the Fountain of strength is untasted?

The Spirit is not the life. Jesus Himself repeatedly claims that place for Himself. He is the life, and in Him alone is life. Yet the work of the Spirit has a direct relation to the life. The Spirit is the life-giver. It is He who brings

the fainting human heart to the strong life that revives it. On the one hand, He makes men willing to receive the life; on the other, the Spirit pours deep draughts of the life into the heart that He has made ready to receive it. It will thus be seen that to ignore the work of the Spirit is to forfeit the secret of all strength, for it is He who brings the sinner and the Saviour together. "At that day," said Jesus, speaking of the promised coming of the Spirit, "ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you." It was to be the work of the Spirit to reveal and make certain the truths needed for the soul's strength.

There is an especially beautiful application of the work of the Spirit in St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. "The fruit of the Spirit," says St. Paul, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control." The Spirit brings forth fruit; as sunlight and rain and mother earth unite silently in producing the fruit of the tree, so does the Holy Spirit develop human lives. If the heart breathe the atmosphere of the Spirit, all His influences will develop harmoniously, often unconsciously, in our lives. Daily, as we seek the Spirit's guidance, we are providing sunlight and moisture for the blessed growth of the fruit of the Spirit.

Let the singular number be noted. The fruit of the Spirit is many-sided, but it is one. Color, form, fragrance, taste unite in the perfection of the apple ripening upon the tree, and one cannot be separated from the other. So St. Paul gives here five characteristics of the Spirit's fruit that should be developed in each believer. Is there love? Then there should be joy, too. Is their faithfulness? Then there should also be gentleness. All these varied characteristics unite and blend in a single fruit. Yet is it not too sadly true that many who are nobly faithful forget to be gentle and long-suffering; that some who are very active in works of love are not joyous and peaceful? Surely the love which is without peace and joy is marred love; and faithfulness to a meek and lowly Master must be as gentle as He was. And thus we see again that the fruit of the

Spirit is one, that its characteristics are inseparable, and that those who truly have one must have all.

Growth is secret. We do not understand it. Growth has varying conditions. The plants need the darkness as well as the light. In similar conditions will ripen in us the fruit of the Spirit. The darkness may seem terrible at times; yet it is in the darkness of night that the most rapid growth is said to take place. Let us only make sure that the secret influences of the Spirit are working in our lives. And we may have this certainty if we know that, day by day, we are opening our heart to His teaching, and asking for His guidance.

### "NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS."

"Nobody knows but Jesus,"

'Tis only the old refrain  
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,  
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,  
And I do not know the rest;  
But the music of the message  
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit  
Like sweetest twilight psalm,  
When the breezy sunset waters  
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";  
Is it not better so  
That no one else but Jesus,  
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret  
Between my Lord and me,  
I lean the fuller measure  
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy  
That dear ones could not bear  
To know the bitter burden  
They could not come to share;

Whether it be so tiny  
That others could not see  
Why it should be a trouble,  
That seems so real to me;

Either, and both, I lay them  
Down at my Master's feet,  
And find them alone with Jesus  
Mysteriously sweet.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";  
It is music for to-day,  
And through the darkest hours  
It will chime along the way.

"Nobody knows but Jesus";  
My Lord, I bless Thee now  
For the sacred gift of sorrow,  
That no one knows but Thou.

—Selected.

### For PARISH AND HOME.

#### A CHEAP RELIGION.

AN eminent English clergyman was one day called to conduct a funeral. After the solemn service, and the mourners slowly

had taken their departure, the clergyman, observing a lonely woman near some bushes, softly approached her, when the following conversation took place:

"Do you weep for the friend we have just buried?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in any way related to her?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Had you known the deceased long?"

"No, sir, not very long."

"Then may I ask why these many tears?"

"Sir, she allowed me sixpence a week."

"Sixpence a week!" he repeated to his large and attentive audience soon after; "genuine tears from a full heart, precious drops sparkling in the sunlight like jewels—you can have them at your funeral for sixpence a week!" And with a flush and a glow of moral victory, he exclaimed, "I call it cheap!"

The preacher was expounding a part of the twenty-fifth of Matthew: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat." "Does it cost much to give a little bread to the poor? to give a cast-off garment to the needy? to carry a flower or some little trifle to the sick? It is not even 'I was sick, and ye cured me; or in prison, and ye restored me to liberty; but ye sympathized and helped in the common things of common life.'"

Small services are not small when done in His name. The devil's work is costly and bad. The Saviour's work is cheap and good. H.T.M.

### For PARISH AND HOME.

#### JEHOVAH-JIREH.

ILLUSTRATIONS of simple trust in God and God's faithfulness to simple trust are not wanting in the paths of the Christian ministry. The Lord is still Jehovah-Jireh. He will provide. I visited during her last illness, and for some time before her death, a poor girl wasted and weakened by consumption. During one visit she said to me, "Oh, yes, I realize the rest that comes from trusting the Lord for everything. I remember on one occasion I had a strange longing for some fruit. I knew my poor mother could not provide it for me, and so I did not mention it to her. She would have given her last copper to get me all that I desired. So I just spoke to the Lord about it and waited. At the end of that week, after some days of waiting, the fruit came, just the kind desired, and by the hand of one who was a complete stranger. On another occasion I had a great longing for a particular kind of meat,

a piece of chicken. I also kept the knowledge of this from my mother. A whole week passed, and the longing was so great at the end that I felt as if I must ask her in some way to get it for me. But I did not. I said to myself on Saturday, I shall wait upon the Lord and see what Monday shall bring. Monday morning came, but no chicken; Monday noon, and my dinner was brought into my room. There was no chicken upon the tray. I ate as well as I could what a mother's love had provided, concealing my disappointment. But while I was partaking of the food before me, the door bell rang, a nicely-prepared dish of chicken was handed in, also by a stranger, and the longed-for food was laid before me. Oh, yes, the Lord has never failed me. During my long illness He has given me not only every thing that was really necessary for my life, but other things I have craved for." Here is another illustration of simple trust and God's faithfulness. "Many years ago, when in a country charge," says a writer in the *British Messenger*, "I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride, I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable door I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head toward the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to inquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. 'I just spread it out before the Lord!' 'Did you tell your case to any friend?' 'Oh, no, sir; nobody kens but Himself' and me! I kent He wouldna forget, but I didna ken hoo He wad help me till I saw you come riding over the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!' " Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father." The Lord is still Jehovah-Jireh. He is most honored when He is most trusted. He who took the loaves and the fishes in His hands, and through them supplied the need of the multitude in the wilderness, holds in these hands to-day the universe,

and will through that supply the needs of all His children. Let us believe it and trust Him for it. "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."

B. B.

For PARISH AND HOME.

### A PARISH INCIDENT.

The principle of division of labor, by which so much is accomplished, has undoubtedly its drawbacks. It often causes concentration of interest on one particular part, to the exclusion of interest in the work as a whole. This has its bearing upon church work. The clergyman is often tempted to think his sermon the most important part of his service, while the organist and choir are naturally occupied with the music. It is well for both to rise to the thought of the service as a whole. Prayer and praise and the preaching of the Word are all important, each in its place.

If this were kept in mind and acted upon, some of the many little frictions between clergyman and choir might easily be avoided.

The following incident, which occurred recently in one of our city parishes, though somewhat amusing, is not without its deeper lesson. A rector had unthinkingly given direful offence to his organist, and the peace of the church was threatened. Some friends, in endeavoring to bring about a reconciliation, found that the rector was quite willing to talk the matter over with the organist. So it was arranged that just before choir practice the organist should go into the rectory and see the rector. On his return, some of the choir, who were eagerly awaiting for the result, asked the organist about the interview. He said, "When I entered, the rector greeted me with the words, 'Peace be within thy walls, O Jerusalem,' and I, not being able to think of anything else, answered, 'Amen.'" It was impossible to quarrel after that.

F. H. D.

### BITING AT THE BARE HOOK.

THE following anecdote is old, but it is worth reproducing often:

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing-boat lay, and, as I was passing and re-passing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and, standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"

"They are codfish," replied he.

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," he answered.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without bait?"

"Yes," said he. "I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him: "I guess that's a minister."—*Selected.*

### "REPOS ALLEURS."

The motto adopted and acted upon throughout life by the Dutch patriot, *Sainte Aldegonde*. See *Motley's History of the Netherlands*.

Noble resolve of a right noble spirit!

The echo reaches us, so calm and clear;

'Tis the same portion we, too, would inherit—

Rest—but not here.

Rest—with all visions of the future blended  
Comes that bright hope, so soothing and so dear;

All the long journey past, the conflict ended,

Rest—but not here!

Not here!—while war's alarm is ever sounding,  
While half the promised land is unpossessed,

On the red battle-plain, with foes surrounding,

Who dares to rest?

Not here!—when autumn's sun is brightly shining,  
Yet storm-clouds gather in the darkening west,

On the ripe cornfields, till that sun's declining,

Who thinks of rest?

We ask it not—on Thine own strength relying,  
Gladly, O Father, shall Thy work be done;

Too swift the busy hours of light are flying,

The night grows on!

Not here, out yonder—where in peace forever  
The faithful servants with their Lord are blest;

Where friends depart and foes shall enter never—

There we shall rest.

Yes; and that prospect now the heart sustaineth,  
Lightly each burden and each toil to bear;

For us the promise holds, the rest "remaineth"

Not here—but there!

—H. L. L.

### SHOULD TIRED MEN GO TO CHURCH?

MANY of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once, as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental dissatisfaction to languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure, by means of them, a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts, and motives, and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic, or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who wanted to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their souls, as well as their bodies, in the church on Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought, that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home as they have given them since they formed the habit of churchgoing.—*Diocese of Nebraska.*

### HEROISM.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! and how we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we would be far happier in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care of the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they may accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of a

harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest be one we will be proud to garner. If some one in that dear home can look back in after years, and, as he tenderly utters our name, say, "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness; to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say: "I have not lived in vain."

—*National Presbyterian.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.  
OUR PRAYER BOOK—IT IS  
EVANGELICAL.  
IV.

In my last paper, I showed that our Prayer Book is thoroughly scriptural. Such a statement, if proved, is sufficient to show that it is evangelical. For to be evangelical it must be in accordance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Evangelical: from evangel, which means the good tidings, the Gospel; and when we say that the Prayer Book is evangelical, we mean that it adheres closely to the letter of the Gospel or religious truth taught in the New Testament.

The Prayer Book is evangelical because it is loyal throughout to the Word of God. This is the first position in evangelical religion: the complete supremacy of Scripture as the rule of faith and practice. No church places more honor upon God's written Word than the Church of England. Fifteen portions of Scripture is the ordinary provision made by our church for the spiritual needs of her children in her services, while at times as many as eighteen portions are read. And in Article and Collect, Scripture is exalted to the first place as our guide and help.

The Prayer Book is evangelical because it recognizes throughout the truth of Scripture, which reveals human sinfulness and human need. The absolute universality of sin is a fact, which both Scripture and experience prove beyond the question of a doubt. Its dark shadow has cast a gloom and has rested upon every life but one—the sinless One, the Man from heaven. Christ declared that the human heart is the abode of wickedness, and addressed all who heard Him, without distinction, as sinners. The Prayer Book is one long confession of human frailty, and sin, and need; one great cry for forgiveness, for pardon and peace; one long earnest plea for mercy, for grace, for comfort. Our prayers declare our true state as sinners in need of mercy; as sinners who have sought and found a Saviour's love and cleansing power, but who need His sanctifying grace; of pardoned sinners who need forgiveness for the

day, for the hour, for the passing moment. "He that is washed needeth not, save to wash his feet"—as believing sinners who need continually the light, and guidance and help and comfort of the Holy Spirit.

The Prayer Book is evangelical because it makes the office and work of Jesus Christ of supreme importance. It is in Jesus Christ that the revelation of God's truth and grace is seen. In His voluntary incarnation, His life and sinless obedience, His death for the life of the world, His resurrection and ascension, we have a Saviour who brought complete salvation for sinners, so that all who believe obtain eternal life. The Prayer Book points constantly to Jesus Christ as the only Saviour from sin, the great manifestation of divine love, the living and ascended Lord, the true high priest of His people. It declares throughout that salvation is to be found only in Jesus Christ, who frees us from the guilt, the punishment, and the consequences of sin. It leads to Him as the way of life, the door of hope, the giver of peace.

The Prayer Book is also evangelical in its teaching about the work of the Holy Spirit. Without the guidance of that Holy Spirit, we confess again and again we are unable to please God. We are taught to look for His guidance, comfort, help, and strength. We look to Him as the Author of faith, the Regenerator in the spiritual life, the Teacher and Witness of the things of Christ, the Strengtheners of believers in their Christian course. We confess the need of the work of grace, of a new heart and a right spirit, of inward repentance, of true faith, of a steadfast hope, of a sincere hatred of sin, the very work which God the Holy Spirit is alone able to accomplish.

It is impossible in a short paper to cover more than one or two particulars in our study of the Prayer Book as in keeping with the principles of evangelical truth. It may be said that the General Confession and the Absolution are types of the prayers in the book. Let us see by an examination of them what position the church takes, what system she teaches. The General Confession is so called because it stands for the truth of the need of the confession of our sins unto God. It takes the soul at once into the immediate presence of God, at whose throne of grace we appeal, through the mighty intercession of Jesus Christ. It teaches that every soul has the right to offer his prayers to the All-Father, that there is the complete freedom of access to God in prayer on the part of all, and it declares the need of

bringing the burden of our sin to Him who alone can give pardon and peace. In this it is in accord with the evangelical teaching of the New Testament, which everywhere declares that God alone can forgive sin, that there is a throne of grace at which we can appear, that "there is but one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," that God is ready to forgive all who, with true penitent hearts and living faith, seek His mercy and His grace.

The Absolution, or remission of sins, is sometimes rather harshly criticized, but it is faultless in my eyes. It is the most perfect Gospel sermon I have ever heard; and while it remains in the Church of England, it will be an unceasing witness against all efforts to cloud the old, old story of Jesus and His love. It falls upon the ear with the holy calm of sweet music that has the power to charm, and soothe, and bless. No melody can be sweeter than this great declaration of the love of God—His readiness to pardon and receive all who come to Him with penitent hearts and true faith in the Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is the Gospel, pure and simple—pure, because it is according to God's Word; simple, because it declares in few words and in unmistakable language the great evangel of the love and mercy of God. The minister does not in any sense absolve; he declares the conditions upon which God gives pardon and peace. He gives the assurance that if we truly repent and unfeigningly believe God's Holy Gospel, we are pardoned. As Bishop Lightfoot has so clearly pointed out: "As empowered to declare the conditions of God's grace, he is also empowered to proclaim the consequences of their acceptance." The invitation to prayer that follows the declaration as part of the absolution shows in what sense the declaration is made. In it the minister beseeches all to seek God's grace, and the blessing of true repentance and His Holy Spirit.

It is because the Prayer Book is evangelical in sentiment and tone, contains the true doctrine of Christ, and is imbued with the spirit and letter of the Holy Spirit, that it should be valued as an aid to true spiritual life, a manual of devotion and a help in prayer and praise. It teaches those doctrines which are the basal truths of our holy religion. It never wavers in its witness to Jesus Christ as the one and only Saviour. It appeals to the Bible, is loyal to the Bible, and uses the truths of the Bible as the basis of all spiritual worship; and, next to the Bible, it should hold the first place in the churchman's heart.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

## The Birds' Christmas Carol.

(Concluded.)

"My dear child," whispered Uncle Jack, as he took Carol an orange, "there is no doubt about the necessity of this feast, but I do advise you after this to have them twice a year, or quarterly, perhaps, for the way they eat is positively dangerous; I assure you I tremble for that terrible Peoria. I'm going to run races with her after dinner."

"Never mind," laughed Carol, "let them eat for once; it does my heart good to see them, and they shall come oftener next year."

The feast being over, the Ruggleses lay back in their chairs languidly, and the table was cleared in a trice; then a door was opened into the next room, and there, in a corner facing Carol's bed, which had been wheeled as close as possible, stood the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, glittering with gilded walnuts and tiny silver balloons, and wreathed with snowy chains of pop-corn. The presents had been bought mostly with Carol's story money, and were selected after long consultations with Mrs. Bird. Each girl had a blue knitted hood, and each boy a red crocheted comforter, all made by Mamma, Carol, and Elfrida ("because if you buy everything, it doesn't show so much love," said Carol). Then every girl had a pretty plaid dress of a different color, and every boy a warm coat of the right size. Here the useful presents stopped, and they were quite enough; but Carol had pleaded to give them something "for fun." "I know they need the clothes," she had said, when they were talking over the matter just after Thanksgiving, "but they don't care much for them, after all. Now, papa, won't you please let me go without part of my presents this year, and give me the money they would cost to buy something to amuse them?"

"You can have both," said Mr. Bird, promptly; "is there any need of my little girl's going without her Christmas, I should like to know? Spend all the money you like."

"But that isn't the thing," objected Carol, nestling close to her father; "it wouldn't be mine. What is the use? Haven't I almost everything already, and am I not the happiest girl in the world this year, with Uncle Jack and Donald at home? Now, Papa, you know very well it is more blessed to give than to receive; and then why won't you let me do it? You never look half as happy when you are getting your

presents as when you are giving us ours. Now, Papa, submit, or I shall have to be very firm and disagreeable with you!"

"Very well, your Highness, I surrender." "That's a dear Papa! Now, what were you going to give me? Confess!"

"A bronze figure of Santa Claus; and in the little round belly, that shakes when he laughs, like a bowl full of jelly, is a wonderful clock. Oh, you would never give it up if you could see it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Carol; "as I never have to get up to breakfast, nor go to bed, nor catch trains, I think my old clock will do very well! Now, Mamma, what were you going to give me?"

"Oh, I hadn't decided. A few more books, and a gold thimble, and a smelling-bottle, and a music-box."

"Poor Carol," laughed the child, merrily, "she can afford to give up these lovely things, for there will still be left Uncle Jack, and Donald, and Paul, and Hugh, and Uncle Rob, and Aunt Elsie, and a dozen other people."

So Carol had her way, as she generally did, but it was usually a good way, which was fortunate, under the circumstances; and Sarah Maud had a set of Miss Alcott's books, and Peter a modest silver watch, Cornelius a tool-chest, Clement a dog-house for his "lame puppy," Larry a magnificent Noah's ark, and each of the little girls a beautiful doll. You can well believe that everybody was very merry and very thankful. All the family, from Mr. Bird down to the cook, said they had never seen so much happiness in the space of three hours; but it had to end, as all things do. The candles flickered and went out, the tree was left alone with its gilded ornaments, and Mrs. Bird sent the children down stairs at half-past eight, thinking that Carol looked tired.

"Now, my darling, you have done quite enough for one day," said Mrs. Bird, getting Carol into her little night-dress; "I am afraid you will feel worse to-morrow, and that would be a sad ending to such a good time."

"Oh, wasn't it a lovely, lovely time!" sighed Carol. "From the first to last, everything was just right. I shall never forget Larry's face when he looked at the turkey; nor Peter's, when he saw his watch; nor that sweet, sweet Kitty's smile when she kissed her dolly; nor the tears in poor, dull Sarah Maud's eyes when she thanked me for her books; nor—"

"But we mustn't talk any longer about it to-night," said Mrs. Bird, anxiously; "you are too tired, dear."

"I am not so very tired, Mamma. I have felt well all day; not a bit of pain anywhere. Perhaps this has done me good."

"Perhaps; I hope so. There was no noise or confusion; it was just a merry time. Now, may I close the door and leave you alone? I will steal in softly the first thing in the morning, and see if you are all right; but I think you need to be quiet."

"Oh, I'm willing to stay alone; but I am not sleepy yet, and I am going to hear the music by and by, you know."

"Yes, I have opened the window a little, and put the screen in front of it, so that you will not feel the air."

"Can I have the shutters open; and won't you turn my bed a little, please? This morning I woke ever so early, and one bright beautiful star shone in that eastern window. I never saw it before, and I thought of the Star in the East, that guided the wise men to the place where Jesus was. Good night, Mamma. Such a happy, happy day!"

"Good night, my precious little Christmas Carol—mother's blessed Christmas child."

"Bend your head a minute, mother, dear," whispered Carol, calling her mother back. "Mamma, dear, I do think that we have kept Christ's birthday this time just as He would like it. Don't you?"

"I am sure of it," said Mrs. Bird, softly.

VII.—THE BIRDLING FLIES AWAY.

The Ruggleses had finished a last romp in the library with Paul and Hugh, and Uncle Jack had taken them home, and stayed a while to chat with Mrs. Ruggles, who opened the door for them, her face all aglow with excitement and delight. When Kitty showed her the oranges and nuts they had kept for her, she astonished them by saying that at six o'clock Mrs. Bird had sent her in the finest dinner she had ever seen in her life; and not only that, but a piece of dress goods that must have cost a dollar a yard if it cost a cent. As Uncle Jack went down the little porch he looked back into the window for a last glimpse of the family, as the children gathered about their mother, showing their beautiful presents again and again, and then upward to a window in the great house yonder. "A little child shall lead them," he thought; "well, if anything ever happens to Carol, I will take the Ruggleses under my wing."

"Softly, Uncle Jack," whispered the boys, as he walked into the library a little while later; "we are listening to the

music in the church. They sang 'Carol, brothers, carol,' a while ago, and now we think the organist is beginning to play 'My ain cuntry' for Carol."

"I hope she hears it," said Mrs. Bird; "but they are very late to-night, and I dare not speak to her lest she should be asleep. It is after ten o'clock."

The boy-soprano, clad in white surplice, stood in the organ loft. The lamps shone full upon his crown of fair hair, and his pale face, with its serious blue eyes, looked paler than usual. Perhaps it was something in the tender thrill of the voice, or in the sweet words, but there were tears in many eyes, both in the church and in the great house next door.

"I am far frae my hame,  
I am weary aften whiles  
For the langed-for hame-bringing'  
An' my Faether's welcome smiles;  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content  
Until my e'en do see  
The gowden gates o' heaven  
In my ain cuntry.

The earth is decked wi' flow'rs,  
Mony tinted, fresh an' gay,  
An' the birdies warble blithely,  
For my Faether made them sae;  
But these sights an' these sou's  
Will as naething be to me  
When I hear the angels singin'  
In my ain cuntry.

Like a bairn to its mither,  
A wee birdie to its nest,  
I fain would be gangin' noo  
Unto my Faether's breast;  
For He gathers in His arms  
Helpless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel'  
To His ain cuntry."

There were tears in many eyes, but not in Carol's. The loving heart had quietly ceased to beat, and the "wee birdie" in the great house had flown to its "home nest." Carol had fallen asleep! But as to the song, I think perhaps, I cannot say, she heard it after all!

So sad an ending to a happy day! Perhaps—to those who were left—and yet Carol's mother, even in the freshness of her grief, was glad that her darling had slipped away on the loveliest day of her life, out of its glad content, into everlasting peace.

She was glad that she had gone, as she had come, on wings of song, when all the world was brimming over with joy; glad of every grateful smile, of every joyous burst of laughter, of every loving thought and word and deed the dear, last day had brought.

Sadness reigned, it is true, in the little house behind the garden; and one day poor Sarah Maud, with a courage born of

despair, threw on her hood and shawl, walked straight to a certain house a mile away, dashed up the marble steps and into good Dr. Bartol's office, falling at his feet as she cried, "Oh, sir, it was me an' our children that went to Miss Carol's last dinner party, an' if we made her worse we can't never be happy again!" Then the kind old gentleman took her rough hand in his and told her to dry her tears, for neither she nor any of her flock had hastened Carol's flight—indeed, he said that had it not been for the strong hopes and wishes that filled her tired heart, she could not have stayed long enough to keep that last merry Christmas with her dear ones.

And so the old years, fraught with memories, die, one after another, and the new years, bright with hopes, are born to take their places; but Carol lives again in every chime of Christmas bells that peal glad tidings, and in every Christmas anthem sung by childish voices.

#### THE END.

#### HVMN.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."

DEAR guiding Presence, lead us as we go  
Trembling and fearful through life's wilderness,  
Thy benediction grant, Thine aid bestow  
In doubt, temptation, danger, and distress.  
So shall our grief be joy, our pain be blessed,  
Our night be morning, and our labor rest.

DEAR guiding Presence, oft our pilgrim way  
Is strewn with trials and beset with snares;  
Oh, in our need, be Thou our strength and stay.  
Remove our dangers and relieve our cares.  
FOR, leaning ever on Thy loving breast,  
Our doubts and fears are gently lulled to rest.

So, 'mid the fever of the world's vain joys,  
So, 'mid the turmoil of our daily life,  
Be Thou our refuge from the heat and noise,  
Our calm in tempest and our peace in strife.  
For whether tried or wearied, or distress'd,  
Thy loving Presence giveth light and rest.

DEAR guiding Presence, guard and comfort still,  
When death's grim shadows close upon our eyes,  
Our fears dispel, our hearts with gladness fill,  
And bring us, joyful, to Thy Paradise;  
There, safely sheltered on Thy loving breast,  
Our souls shall bask in everlasting rest.

—H. G. B., in *The Church Eclectic*.

#### BEING FAITHFUL.

A FAITHFUL man is one who not only has faith himself, but one in whom others have, or may have, faith. Perhaps the first may be said to stand to the second as cause to effect. "Wouldst thou have me believe in thee, thou must thyself first believe."

The doubting man is "unstable in all his ways." Instead of being an anchor in the storm, he is, "like a wave of the sea, driven and tossed." Having no rock under

his own feet, he can give no secure standing-room to another. But a man who is faithful, that is full of faith, is able to say, "I know in whom I have believed," and becomes by that fact both a guide and a support to others to be depended upon. No man, therefore, can be trusted in a matter concerning which he himself is sceptical.

But it is important to know what, and in whom, a man believes. "He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool." It is likewise vain to put confidence in man, or trust in princes. Only he that trusts in the Lord is safe, or is a sure ground of trust to others. But his trustworthiness even then is based, not on some original quality of his own, but on the strength of his faith in another—even "the Lord who will stablish you."

But it is well, again, to note that one may be faithful without being always wise, fortunate, or successful. The thoroughly trustworthy man may fail for want of that knowledge which is beyond the scope of his powers, or is denied him by his circumstances. It does not, therefore, follow that a man is faithless because he makes mistakes, or does not succeed.

It is conceivable that the unjust steward might have wasted his Lord's goods without being blameworthy. The wheat and the oil might have been lost through the unforeseen dishonesty or incompetency of the debtors. As long as men are finite in knowledge and limited in power, so long is it liable to happen, even to the very wisest and best, that sometimes watchfulness shall be found asleep, and prudence off its guard, and failure and disappointment come in, in spite of the most conscientious stewards.

It is a consolation to know that our divine Lord does not require of us, His stewards, that we shall be successful, but only that we shall be faithful. "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful," I. Cor. iv. 2. This is always possible. It is a quality of the heart, an element in the character; and as every man is properly responsible for his intentions, he cannot be excused for failure if he did not do his best to succeed. He may have done his best not to fail, but he is still not faithful unless he has tried to succeed. The "wicked and slothful servant" who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and went and hid his lord's money, may have thought only of not failing. He would guard securely, and return unwasted, the trust committed to his keeping.—*Selected.*



## Parish and Home.

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IN every great man's life it will be found that enormous difficulties lay in the way of success, which could only be conquered by steady determination. Our weakness will always suggest timid fears, and our distrust of ourselves will magnify them. It is by bravely trudging on in the sunlight or under the dark clouds that we at last reach the goal of success. Nine men out of every ten who start new ventures in business fail; and often the reason is that they were overcome by the first discouragements, and gave up before their plans had been fully tested. It is adversity that qualifies for success. Our firm hopefulness in times of apparent failure fits us to bear success modestly, and to use it well.

"Be strong, and of a good courage."  
The Christian serves the power that must triumph. *Our* duty is to cling. God's work is to teach and draw us on. A quaint poem composed by one of the Electors of Brandenburg in the stormy times of the Reformation has the ring of genuine sincerity in it. In English prose, it is: "The power of Jesus Christ and of the Father is over me. If any one thinks he is stronger than these, let him hurt me if he can." On rough journeys and bloody fields of battle, in all the perils of unscrupulous intrigue, the man who believed and lived upon this truth was safe. God's love is, if we may say so, tenderest when we brave and bear most for Him. "Be strong, and of a good courage."

WITHOUT the conviction that we are in the path in which God has placed us, our lives cannot be strong and fruitful. Many a man chooses his own calling in life and then expects God to bless him in it, in-

stead of asking for light and guidance in the choice of the calling itself. Human life furnishes varied occupations, and the Great Designer has given man a variety of endowments. One is suited for commerce, one for a profession, another for a trade. Let us all make sure that we are where God has put us, and not our own self-will. We have a sad memory of a gifted and good man who engaged in business and succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. But he was never quite happy. His conscience told him that God had intended him for the Christian ministry, and that he resisted the promptings of God's Spirit when he chose a commercial life instead. All his prosperity could not remove from his life the shadow that his conviction of his mistake in the choice of his calling brought.

EACH time of life has its peculiar joys. If maturer life misses the glow, the bounding joy of youth, it has a calmer and a deeper peace. In youth the unknown years before us fill us with the tumult of their strife. All is untried. We know not our own powers, or the dangers of the way. The ripper experience of late life has passed this disquiet. The tumult is gone, and there is, if the experience is that of a tried Christian, a calm of spirit that fears nothing because of the knowledge that a hand has always been ready to help in the perilous days that are gone.

"Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track;—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day."

THERE is no good work to which we are absolutely necessary. God can always do without us, and our work is given to us as much for the good that we shall receive as for what we shall give. The successful clergyman thinks, "Oh, if I go, this work is lost." Not so; the outward form of it may change, the church that was full may be empty, but if the work was God's work it will have had the power of multiplying itself; and in the hearts of men and women who have been reached new life will ever be springing up.

"I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me:  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea."

Let us work, then, in this spirit, that we toil for God. The Architect has planned

this great building. We may be privileged to put a stone in the wall. But if we fail, others will come at His call, and work out His plan. We are happy in having been honored by the call to the place we fill. We are not responsible for the plan of the work, nor even for the future of what we have ourselves done.

"ANY one who has watched a sunrise among mountains will know how the light opens out depths of beauty and life where but lately the eye rested on a cold monotony of gloom or mist. At one moment only the sharp, dark outline of the distant ranges stands out against the rosy sky, and at the next peak after peak catches the living fire, which then creeps slowly down their rocky slopes, and woods and streams and meadows and homesteads start out from the dull shadows, and the grass upon which we stand sparkles with a thousand dewdrops. Now all this represents in a figure what is the effect of the presence of Christ in the world, when the eye is open to see Him. Let the thought of Christ rest on anything about us, great or small, and it will forthwith reflect on the awakened soul some new image of His power and love.—*Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., in Parish Visitor.*

### A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

GOD knows me better than I know myself. He knows my weaknesses—what I can do, and cannot do. So I desire to be led; to follow Him, and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in His superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humiliation, which is seeing Thee as all in all.—*Norman Macleod's Diary.*

## "IT NEVER DRIES UP!"

I WAS once stopping at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring their water from a well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired of a young girl who came to draw water.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often, in hot weather."

"And where do you go for water then?"

"To the spring, a little way out of the town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never! It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hill—not with torrent leap and roar, but with soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden along the dusty road knew the way to the stream that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the Rock of Ages, and brought within the reach of all men—of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may become dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Thirsting soul, you may come and drink. Wearied and fainting, lingering disappointed around the broken cisterns of human hope and consolation, Jesus calls you to Himself. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—*Good News.*

## COME JUST AS YOU ARE.

It seems to be a law, more or less fixed with unconverted people, that they will try to better their condition before coming to Christ. Every sinner seems to take it for granted that he is not what he should be, although in many cases this is not openly avowed. Down in his heart, he feels that he is at fault. He has a more or less strong sense of his unworthiness and unfitness for receiving any saving

power from God. Hence he attempts to improve his appearance when he has an idea of coming to Christ.

Years ago, there was an artist in Rome who saw a beggar on the street; he was such a destitute, forlorn, and miserable-looking object that the artist desired to have him sit for his picture, as a typical beggar, and he hired him for that purpose. But the beggar hired the clothes of a companion, and went to the artist the next day so much changed in his appearance that the latter did not recognize him at first. Upon learning what the man had done, the artist said to him, "No! I hired a beggar, and wanted him just as he was, or not at all." So Christ wants every sinner to come to Him, just as he is, in his own ragged garments, and He will freely clothe him in His righteousness. It matters not how great a sinner you are, Christ will freely and heartily welcome you and make you a child of God.—*Messiah's Herald.*

## NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me,  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And so, each step in my onward path,  
He makes new scenes to arise,  
And every joy He sends me comes  
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me as  
I tread on another year;  
But the past is still in God's keeping,  
The future His mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance  
May brighten as I draw near.

For, perhaps, the dreaded future  
Has less bitter than I think,  
The Lord may sweeten the waters  
Before I stoop to drink;  
Or, if Marah must be Marah,  
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has, waiting  
For the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
Some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my lips shall only tremble  
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance,  
'Tis blessed not to know!  
It keeps me so still in those arms  
Which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest  
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing;  
I would not if I might!  
I would rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith  
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
That the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tears back  
With the whispered word, "He knows."

Our ills are not so many,

Or so hard to bear below,  
But our suffering dread of the future  
Is more than our present woe!  
We see, with our vision imperfect,  
Such causes of doubt and fear,

Some yet that are far in the distance,  
And some that may never be near,  
When, if we would trust His wisdom,  
Whose purpose we may not see,  
We should find, whatever our trials,  
As our day our strength shall be.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

DECIDING TO PUT OFF  
DECISION.

EACH decision to put off decision of itself gives a triumph to the will in its perverse rebellion; and that inevitably strengthens the grip of vicious indulgence. One's conscience will never be so tender again after he sears it with so hot an iron. There was a brief little answer once made by Alexander the Great, when they asked how he had conquered the world; he said, "By not delaying." One hour there is for that man who is even just a little anxious for his soul, in which the way is open; there is no promise of any other. And when these unusual solitudes, these wishful regrets, these desires, so new, although perhaps so vague, arrive, then "The Master is come and calleth for thee." If you put Him away, then wilfulness wins a victory, and all the good in you is demoralized. Sin at once rushes in violently, and this time becomes heavily entrenched behind new barricades and grows more defiant.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

## "I ONLY WANT YOU."

NEARLY four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting, I said to my dear invalid sister, who is in glory now, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from the town." She interrupted my question by saying, with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"; and, oh, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this, too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not want, sometimes, to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service, and patient endeavors? But He, too, turns from all, and says, "I

want you." "My son, my daughter, give Me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which craves only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was His thrice-repeated question to His erring disciple.

"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father," John xix. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervency of prayers, are only acceptable to Him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I want you."  
—Selected.

#### FAITH IN CHRIST.

WHY do we not take Christ at His word? Because our faith is too artificial and too high-flown. We have decided that God's great blessings require a magnificent sort of faith. So we compound a sort of alloy of understanding and metaphysics and mysticism and emotion, and try to pass it on to the Almighty for the genuine coin, with something of an idea that we are rendering an equivalent for His blessings. The thing for us to do is to humble ourselves. A simple faith is the only faith. This hears the word and takes it as spoken straightway. God's directions are plain. It is not strange that Satan exerts his utmost powers to ruin human souls just at the point when they are about to enter the ark of safety, and we ought to remember this in time to recognize our spiritual troubles as caused by his malice. If we should collate the scriptural descriptions of faith, we should be charmed by their simplicity and beauty. He who would receive the blessing is to "believe," "come," "follow," "drink," "look," "hear," "open the door," or do some other of the simplest things that enter into our daily life, figuratively applied to our relation to Christ. And they are not complicated in the transaction. It is as easy for a seeking soul to find Christ as for a sobbing child to run to its mother. He is waiting to be gracious.—*Ex.*

#### THE HERO OF UGANDA.

WHEN the Emin Relief Expedition left the English mission station south of Victoria Nyanza, they left behind them Alexander Mackay, who for fourteen years had borne in savage Africa the hardships of a missionary pioneer. A part of this time he had been the only white man in the region.

Stanley and others strongly but vainly urged him to leave the work for a while. But Mackay answered:

"Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post. Send us only our *first* twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to help you find the second twenty."

From his boyhood Mackay had been interested in the things about him—in the garden, the "glebe," the pony, the workshops. He studied all manner of machinery, and later on became a civil engineer. In 1876, he heard that the Church Missionary Society needed just such practical, efficient men as he in Africa. He gave up a prospering business, and went. He said, "Many a better man than I has gone to heathen countries before now; why should not I go, too? It is not to make money that I believe a Christian should live."

His first work in Africa was to build "the white man's big road," 230 miles long, from the coast opposite Zanzibar to Mpwapwa. After two years of fevers, toils, and trials, he reached Victoria Nyanza to find the missionary party which had gone on before him all dead. Their stores lay about in desperate confusion, but in ten days Mackay had put together the little steamer they had carried inland, and with three missionaries who now joined him he set out for Uganda, across the lake. They were shipwrecked! They made a tent out of a sail; and Mackay cut out the middle of the broken boat, joined both ends together and started again, this time reaching Uganda.

They found a lovely country, basking in perpetual summer; the mercury being about 60° Fahr. by night and 80° by day. The people were bright, cleanly, and active, and King Mtesa was friendly. Then followed years of patient language-study, translation, and teaching, varied by hard labor with forge and anvil, grindstone, lathe, and printing press. The natives looked on in amazement at the feats of Mackay's engineering skill, and listened the more willingly to his earnest offers of the great salvation through Jesus Christ.

In 1881 there had been great want of water at Mtesa's, the people obtaining only a scanty supply from a hole in the earth. By the use of his theodolite, Mackay calculated that he could obtain water there at a depth of only sixteen feet. He set men at work and reached water at just that depth.

The natives had never seen a deep well before, and would not believe that water could be had on a hillside till Mackay put in a pump brought from London, and they saw a full stream ascend twenty feet high,

and flow and flow as long as one worked the handle. Their wonder knew no bounds.

"Mackay is the Great Spirit!" they cried; "truly, he is the Great Spirit!"

He explained that the pump was only a sort of elephant's trunk made of copper, or like a beer-drinking tube with an iron tongue, that sucked up the water as their tongues sucked up beer through their gourds. Mackay said of his work that he carried it on, "now with book in hand, now with hammer and tong." He wrote home a short time before his death, "Duty before pleasure," they say; but my duty is a pleasure.—*Missionary Herald.*

#### ONLY ONE CATERPILLAR.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an old elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together—for they were like some children who always say "Why" when they are told to do anything. The elder-tree said, "If you don't they'll eat you up."

So the flowers set themselves shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose which shook off all but one; and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder-tree overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet; I want to keep him; surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterward I passed the rose again. There was not a leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

So it often happens that one very little bad habit will, in time, grow so much as to spoil the good characters of boys and girls.  
—Selected.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

## CHILDREN IN THE SANCTUARY.

MUCH is said in these days on "The Young Man for Christ," and it is a subject of the greatest importance, and one vital to the interests of the church. Closely connected with it is the matter of the attendance of children in the sanctuary at the regular Sunday services, and its effect in after life.

I have now nearly reached the age of fourscore years. In my boyhood Christian parents led their children to the sanctuary at a very early age, and brought them up with the conviction that that was their place on the day of rest. The natural result was that the habits cleaved to them, and, when they became of ripe years and could appreciate the teachings of the pastor, they were within the reach of its influence, and its beneficial effect was early apparent in their after life. And I have observed that when this system is adopted and early pursued by Christian parents, the attendance will be considered by children a privilege and not a hardship.

My sainted wife pursued that course with our children, and the result was that they all became hopeful members of the church of Christ in early life, and we have every reason to believe that the two who have already departed are with their mother singing praises in the heavenly mansions prepared for those who love God. And the other two are still here, prominent and devoted members of the church.

At the present day very few children are seen in the sanctuary at the Sunday services, which appears to me to have led to much of the irreverent regard of the Sunday now so frequently noticed.—C., in *Christian Intelligencer*.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In a conversation with Dollinger, says the *Leisure Hour*, shortly before his last illness, Prof. True, of Rochester University, New England, reports that the venerable doctor spoke with much anxiety about the tone of modern English literature. He explained his anxiety by expressing his belief that at no distant time the English tongue would be pre-eminently the language of all civilized nations. The greatest works of English literature were worthy of being ever popular. From a German, this opinion about the spread of the English tongue was full of interest. It is computed that at the opening of the present century there were about 21,000,000 people who spoke the English tongue. The French-speaking people at that time

numbered about 31,500,000, and the Germans exceeded 30,000,000. The Russian tongue was spoken by nearly 31,000,000, and the Spanish by more than 26,000,000. Even the Italian had three-fourths as large a constituency as the English, and the Portuguese three-eighths. Of the 162,000,000 people, or thereabouts, who are estimated to have been using these seven languages in the year 1801, the English speakers were less than 13 per cent., while the Spanish were 16, the Germans 18.4, the Russians 18.9, and the French 19.6. This aggregate population has now grown to 400,000,000, of which the English-speaking people number close upon 125,000,000. From 13 per cent, we have advanced to 31 per cent. The French speech is now used by 50,000,000 people, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by 40,000,000, the Russian by 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000, and the Portuguese by about 13,000,000. The English language is now used by nearly twice as many people as any of the others, and this relative growth is almost sure to continue. English has taken as its own the North American continent and nearly the whole of Australasia. North America alone will soon have 100,000,000 of English-speaking people, while there are 40,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In South Africa and India also the language is vastly extending. The truth points to the fact that English-speaking people have opportunities to reach the world that none others have—a call in itself to preach the Gospel.

## THE BOY EVERYBODY KNOWS.

"WHERE'S my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who's turned my coat wrong side out and flung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes, and kicked 'em right and left, wriggled out of your coat, and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article has not gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoestrings? You did it to save one minute's time in untying them. Your knife is under your bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks is on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood box for all you know.—*Selected*.

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

*International.* *Institute.*

|         |                |                      |
|---------|----------------|----------------------|
| Aug. 6. | Acts 20: 22-35 | Exodus 2: 23; 3: 10. |
| " 13.   | Acts 21: 27-39 | Exodus 3: 2; 4: 18.  |
| " 20.   | Acts 24: 10-25 | Exodus 5.            |
| " 27.   | Acts 26: 10-32 | Exodus 7: 8-25.      |

## LITTLE FOXES.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named "By-and-by."  
Then set upon him quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter, "Right away!"  
Around each tender vine I plant  
I find the little fox, "I can't."  
Then fast as ever hunter ran  
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."  
"No use in trying," lags and whines  
This fox among my tender vines.  
Then drive him low and drive him high  
With this good hunter named "I'll try."  
Among the vines in my small lot  
Creeps in the young fox "I forgot."  
Then hunt him out and to his den  
With "I will not forget again."  
A little fox is hidden there  
Among my vines named "I don't care."  
Then let "I'm sorry" hunter true,  
Chase him afar from vines and you.

—*Children's Friend*.

## TRUE COURAGE.

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one of the knees of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."—*Selected*.

## A DEAR BARGAIN.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom: "it could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it, and the medal I picked up in the road; and I told him the

medal was silver, and the alley was real marble and worth lots of money; and he thinks he got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*Child's Gem.*

#### FAITH.

I HAVE a true story to tell you about a dear little bird—only a common brown sparrow; one of the kind of which our blessed Saviour spoke when He asked, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" And a farthing is such a little bit of money—only about half a cent—so that two sparrows could be bought for this little sum; and yet "not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father" in heaven.

Perhaps it was His loving watch-care which guided the little bird of which I am about to tell you to our door one summer's day. Around the old farmhouse in which we lived grew large apple trees, in which many birds had built their nests, and from one of these this little fellow flew that day and lit on the stone doorstep, hopping about and chirping in a shrill, piping voice. Seeing the little stranger, I gathered up some crumbs and threw them gently on the step, standing back so as not to frighten him. If the little bird had known enough, it might have supposed that manna was raining from heaven, as it did so long ago for the hungry Israelites. But as it was only a bird, it thought nothing of the kind, but hopped briskly about until it had dined heartily, who, with a few sharp chirps which might mean, "I thank you," it seized one of the largest morsels in its bill and flew away!

After this it became a daily visitor, growing bolder each time, until at last it would hop across the floor and pick up the crumbs as we sat at the table, always ending, as on its first visit, by carrying off a large piece in its bill.

One day it was seen to approach the step more slowly, and, looking for the cause, we found that another bird was following timidly after. Reaching the step, our little Faith, as we had named it, flew boldly in, and called its companion to follow, but nothing could induce it to leave the grass where it was partly concealed. So Faith could do nothing but continue to carry the food to its timid mate.

Now, dear children, do you not see what a beautiful lesson we can learn from these little birds? The one which we named Faith, because it approached us so fearlessly, feasted daily from our board, which brings to mind a verse in the Bible which says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it"; and the other "because of its unbelief," and timidity, dining on a crumb. May we take this little sparrow as a model to copy, and trust our heavenly Father with an unwavering trust; for surely we know that He who careth for the sparrows will much more care for even His humblest child who trusts in Him.—*Kind Words.*

#### A LITTLE TENANT.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop with a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought me two dollars, and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with three dollars. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes two dollars and sometimes three dollars. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," was the reply.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she did not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together a year and a half, the boy supporting his little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby.

"Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent, I talked with him a little, and then said, 'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' This is the kind of a tenant to have."—

*Chicago Herald.*

#### ONWARD.

THE other morning a lady plucked me a bunch of pansies, fresh with the dews of night, and she said, as I took them: "I am glad to give them to you, for I know whenever I pick one pansy two will grow in its place." Consider the pansies, how they grow; for the kingdom of God grows in the same way. You have seen the great iron cylinder at the gas works rising and falling by turns. Beneath that cylinder is stored the light we use in our houses. The weight of the superincumbent cylinder forces out the material for lighting through all the city, and drives darkness from our dwellings. So the great commission, resting with wondrous power on the church of Christ, forces out the love and light and life which we now possess into all the corners of the earth, until they, too, kindle into flame, and darkness yields to day. Christ's word is Forward, onward, onward. His church must face the rising, not the setting sun. The manna of yesterday is stale to-day. To live in the past is to grow thin and finally starve. "Auld Lang Syne" is a very good tune, but "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is a far better marching hymn for the church of God.—*Rev. Dr. W. S. Apsey, in Parish Visitor.*

#### A SERMON ON PUSH.

WHEN Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it

uphill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we all could take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push.

"Whenever there is a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push."

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.—*Parish Visitor.*

#### FOOT-BINDING IN CHINA.

How many cruel things, dear children, happen to the girls and women of heathen lands! One of the most cruel of these is foot-binding.

Now you must not think that in order to compress the foot—that is, to make it smaller—an iron or wooden shoe is used. No, that with which the binding is done is firm, flexible cloth cut into long strips. The binding is begun at the instep. The toes are bent back until the big toe and the heel are as near together as they can possibly be drawn. Sometimes in order to draw the toes and heel nearer together still, the foot is broken at the instep. Of course this produces terrible pain. But, as for that matter, the whole process of foot-binding produces terrible pain—oh, such terrible, terrible pain!

The bandage is wrapped around and around and drawn more tightly at every wrapping, until finally the foot has very much the shape of the fist when the fingers are closed upon the palm. Every two or three weeks these bindings are removed and clean ones put on. The feet with the bandages upon them are first put in a bucket of hot water and soaked. Then the bandages are removed and the

foot is pressed, and pressed between some one's strong hands, just like it was a piece of dough, and squeezed into as small a space as possible. The bandages are then put on again and drawn more tightly than ever.

Generally, the foot-binding is begun when the little girl is not more than six years of age; sometimes they wait until she is fourteen or fifteen, but the usual age is from six to eight years. Oh, how dreadful it is for them, and how they suffer! Going along the streets one can hear the bitter wailing of these poor little girls, crying from the pain of their bound feet.

It takes two years for the feet to become numb and painless, and all this time the poor little creature must suffer agonies. She has to sleep on her back, with her feet dangling over the side of the bed in such a way that the edge of the bedstead pressing against the nerves under the knees deadens the pain somewhat. Here she lies, poor little thing, and swings her feet and moans and cries. Even in the coldest weather she dares not cover them up, for as soon as they become warm and the blood tries to circulate the pain becomes unbearable. Of course, while her feet are in this condition, she cannot walk. She moves herself about by means of stools, on which she places her knees.

Oh, children, think of this terrible custom, and then remember what it is that makes these people do this way! It is because they do not know better, and because they have not the true light of the Gospel. When they know better, they will do better. One of the first things a Chinese says after he has been made a Christian is: "I shall never bind the feet of my daughters, or allow them to marry any one but a Christian." So you see that for every Christian we make, there is just that much less of pain and suffering for poor little Chinese girls.—*Selected.*

#### USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"SEE, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

God only takes away our earthly props that we may rest firmly upon Him.—*Kind Words.*

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**North-west America.**

Bishop Reeve was consecrated to the new Diocese of Mackenzie River at Winnipeg on Advent Sunday, 1891. Before proceeding to his Diocese he came to England for the purpose of carrying through the press some Christian books in the Syllabic character. Leaving England on April 29th, 1892, the Bishop reached New York on May 9th, and left the same evening for Quebec. At Toronto he ordained two graduates of Wycliffe college, one of whom started with him the following day for the far north. The Bshp writes from Fort Simpson, near the Rocky Mountains, on Nov. 26th. Contrasting his recent journey with that of twenty-three years ago,

when he first went out, he says: "Then the journey occupied nearly five months; now it could be accomplished in thirty days. Then the railroad did not come within 2,500 miles of us; now it is only 1,000 miles away! Then there was no steamboat nearer than Winnipeg; now one passes our very door! and there is steam communication in summer nearly all the way, excepting about 200 miles. Then, and for nearly twenty years afterwards, it was necessary to order our clothing, groceries, flour, etc., two years beforehand, and sometimes they were three years, and even more, before they reached us; now we can receive them within nine months. Then we received our letters twice a year; now we get them three, and occasionally, four times! These are improvements for which we are very thankful."

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