



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 72.

OCTOBER, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

THOS. WALTERS,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., Wm. GRACE.

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Rev. Dr. Wilson speaking of the wonderful Missionary offerings received by the Christian Alliance, explained it in these words: "The secret is an open one to those who have seen the vision of Jesus, heard His commission and breathed in His Spirit."

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

NESBITT.—Edward Earl, adopted son of Robert and Mary Nesbitt, born 9th August, 1842, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 19th Sept., 1897.

BARTLETT.—William Franklin, son of Charles Henry and Abigail Ann Bartlett, born 15th May, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 19th Sept., 1897.

WALLACE.—Ruby Helen, daughter of Robert and Margaret Birch Wallace, born 7th April, 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 19th Sept., 1897.

Marriages.

SYMONS-HOLMES.—At Lindsay, on 8th Sept., 1897, by Rev. H. R. A. O'Malley, Wilbert James Symons, of Rochester, U. S., to Lavina Allie Holmes, of the Township of Ops.

CHESTNUT-SYMONS.—At Lindsay, on 8th Sept., 1897, by Rev. H. R. A. O'Malley, William George Chestnut, of Lindsay, to Mary Maud Symons, of the Township of Fenelon.

Burials.

CRONK.—On Sept. 17th, 1897, Liddy Ann Cronk, at Fenelon Falls Cemetery, in her 26th year.

TAYLOR.—On Sept. 25th, George Taylor, at Eden churchyard, in his 76th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

For every missionary who fell in China in the massacre of 1895, God has already given at least 1,000 converts and there are many more inquirers says the Missionary Review of the World.

During the summer months the offertory at St. Paul's has not met current expenses. The Churchwardens trust that all worshippers who can, will take envelopes and help regularly. In our prayers be sure and remember also our home needs, "Ask the Lord and tell his people."

"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Extra copies of Parish and Home can be had at the Bookstores.

Mr. Leigh Knight will be much missed from St. Paul's, but we trust his course of study in Toronto will be most useful to him.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Hagerman and family, of Peterboro, Mrs. Kells, and the Church of England students at the Collegiate Institute and Model School to Lindsay and St. Paul's Church.

"One half of you are half awake, and the other half of you are half asleep," said Rowland Hill to a congregation of his time. Might it not be said to many a congregation to-day, asleep as to the importance of life.

The Rector received last month \$2 from a lady for the gratuitous distribution of Parish and Home, and \$5 from "A friend near Reaboro" for Missions. He thanks the donors and has sent the money on for the good work.

The Bishop of Huron is to conduct the Quiet Day at Wycliffe College, Toronto, on Friday, 8th October. Any layman visiting in Toronto will be gladly welcomed to this gathering as well as Clergymen. Morning session will begin about ten o'clock.

Harvest Thanksgiving services were held at St. George's Church, Haliburton, on the 17th and 19th of September. The Church was very tastefully trimmed for the occasion, and there were suitable hymns and psalms, on Thursday, 17. Rev. C. H. Marsh was the preacher, while on Sunday, 19th, the Incumbent, Rev. F. W. Shepherd, took the services.

Through the kindness of the Young Men's Association and other friends we are able to distribute free on the trains and other ways nearly one hundred copies of Parish and Home. So if anyone is unable to pay for the paper we are glad to send it without cost, but if you are able kindly send or hand what you are in arrears to Miss Goodwin, Kent st.

The annual offertory for the Widow's and Orphan's Fund of the diocese is taken up in October and we hope will be a liberal one. Owing to lack of funds the small quarterly payments of \$50 to the widows of deceased clergymen due Oct. 1st, cannot be paid. Let us do our part to remove this reproach, "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fathers and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

We rejoice to see the strong and vigorous utterances of the Lambeth Conference with regard to Foreign Missions. The Bishops speak of it as "The work that at the present time stands in the front rank of all the tasks we have to fulfil," and say "We have especial reason to be thankful to God for the awakened and increased zeal of our whole Communion for this primary work of the Church, the work for which the Church was commissioned by our Lord." Again they say "We are beginning, though only beginning, to see what the Lord would have us do. He is opening the whole world to our easy access, and as He opens the way He is opening our eyes to see it, and to see His beckoning hand." And we thank God that 194 Bishops in council assembled "recommended that prompt and continuous efforts be made to arouse the Church to recognize as a necessary and constant element in the spiritual life of the body, and of each part of it the fulfilment of our Lord's great commission to evangelize all nations."

There are said to be 1,400 Churches in London and 7,500 public houses.

A Harvest Thanksgiving Service is being arranged for at Reaboro for Sunday, Oct. 10th, at 3 p. m.

The Queen was confirmed on August 30th, 1835, at the Chapel Royal of St. James, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London.

The Rev. H. J. Burges, of Bethany, is to exchange duties (D. V.) with Rev. H. R. O'Malley on Oct. 10th, when the subject of our own Diocesan Missions will be considered.

The annual Harvest Home in connection with St. John's Church, Dunsford, was held on the 14th Sept. A pleasant and profitable time was spent and \$29 added to the building fund.

The Rev. N. I. Perry is one of the names presented to the Bishop, we understand, for St. Thomas Church, St. Catharines. Many of his friends in this neighborhood would like to see him back in Ontario again.

According to the last census there were 57,321,164 Mohammedans in British India and now there are splendid openings in a number of places as Lahore, Lucknow and other dioceses, to do aggressive Christian work.

The Rev. G. A. Rix leaves Cannington amid the regrets of nearly all the Churchpeople of that parish, where he has been much blessed of God, and enters on the duties of Curate at the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto. May even richer blessings follow.

Mr. Maurice Goodheart, the converted Russian Jew, who gave such interesting addresses on the Jews about a year ago in Lindsay, preached for the Rev. A. Lawrence at Minden, on Sept. 26th, and also addressed a number of meetings in that mission.

A meeting of the clergy and representatives of the Parishes of this Archdeaconry is (D. V.) to be held in Lindsay sometime in November. A very interesting program is being prepared, among other things the division of the diocese is to be considered. Rev. Dr. Pearson, of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, will be the preacher, while the Rev. F. H. Du Vernet will speak at the missionary meeting and conduct the devotional meeting. Ven. Archdeacon Allen will preside. We are sure our people will gladly welcome and entertain the visitors.

A gentleman received \$25 from one who had wronged him and desired to make restitution, and instead of putting it in his pocket put on the offertory plate on Oct. 1st, five \$5 gold pieces for the widows' and orphan's fund. There would be joy in heaven over the repentant sinner and joy over the widows and orphans made glad.

Mr. R. Humphreys and the Rector were present at the meeting of the Lord's Day alliance in Toronto. Some very instructive papers on the subject were read and reports given. It is expected that shortly much useful literature on the subject will be distributed.

The September C. E. T. S. meeting was not largely attended, but the program was very good. The Misses Johns played an instrumental duet, Miss E. Soanes and Mrs. Gardiner sang, while Master R. Bradshaw and Miss Jacobs each recited. Matters of interest in the work were discussed and we anticipate an active advance this coming winter.

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 83.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

- 3—16th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—2 Chron. xxxvi.; Eph. iv. to v. 25. *Evening*—Neb. i. and ii. to v. 9, or viii.; Luke vi. to v. 20.
- 10—17th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Jer. v.; Phil. iv. *Evening*—Jer. xxii. or xxxv.; Luke ix., v. 28 to 31.
- 17—18th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Jer. xxxvi.; 1 Thess. ii. *Evening*—Ezek. ii. or xiii. to v. 17; Luke xiii. to v. 18.
- 18—St. Luke Evan.—*Morning*—Isa. lv.; 1 Thess. iii. *Evening*—Eccles. xxxviii. to v. 15; Luke xiii., v. 18.
- 24—19th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Ezek. xiv.; 1 Tim. i., to v. 18. *Evening*—Ezek. xviii. or xxiv., v. 15; Luke xvii., v. 20.
- 28—St. Simon and St. Jude, Ap. & M. Ath. Cr.—*Morning*—Isa. xxxviii., v. 9-17; 1 Tim. v. *Evening*—Jer. iii., v. 12-19; Luke xix., v. 28.
- 31—20th Sunday after Trinity.—*Morning*—Ezek. xxxiv.; 2 Tim. ii. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvii., or Dan. i.; Luke xxi., v. 5.

TRUST.

I leave my burdens and my cares
In God's almighty hand;
I leave the answers to my prayers
To wait His own command;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

Tho' oft my sins as mountains rise,
And far from Him I stray;
His mercy reaches to the skies—
His love can ne'er decay;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

—Selected.

By the time most of our readers get the present number of PARISH AND HOME they will have returned from the holidays and be settling into the routine of their various occupations. Thankfulness for our rest and recreation, short though it may have been, should characterize our backward look. Thankfulness that the Creator has given our bodies and minds the power of recuperation, thankfulness that fresh strength and energy has been gained for our duties, thankfulness that fresh gladness and buoyancy has been bestowed, whereby we shall be able to rise above the annoyances, cares, and anxieties of our daily life.

Now regular work must be again taken up, ten, eight, six hours a day as the case may be for six days in the week, week in and week out, must be devoted to the field, to the workshop, to the office, in accordance with the words "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." How often life will seem dull and monotonous; how often will a spirit of rebellion, at what some call their hard lot, rise up and they will blame some one in the past or in the present for their condition; how often will envy of others, their ease and luxury, be a temptation; how often will a feverish desire to rush to Klondike, or elsewhere, hoping by one lucky chance to end this dull toil forever, come to our minds with almost resistless power!

* * *

THEN a more sober thought will come. Something will say labor is a necessary condition of life in this world and those who do not toil are not truly men but parasites, observation and reading will teach that:

"The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight;
But these, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

No person will be blamed for the hard lot, but the blame will be placed where it properly belongs, on *sin* which entered into the world and caused toil, injustices, inequalities and suffering, and greater hatred and antagonism to it will be developed. Work will be regarded as God's method of bringing good out of evil. It keeps from temptation, it demands self-control, it develops our powers, it gives rest and contentment after its faithful performance. Labor will be regarded as noble and exalted, and joyous, because it was honored by the daily toil

of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth. With such thoughts we will gladly resume our work "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

* * *

BUT while there has been a rest and a break in our regular work there has been also a break in our connection with the different organizations of the Parish. Our place has been vacant in the Church, in the Sunday-school, in the choir, in the Young People's Society, we have been missed from the W.A., the Gleaners' Union, the week night service. The society of which you were an officer has sadly missed you. The visitors to the church have missed your cordial welcome, your friends have missed the hearty invitations with which you pressed them to come and worship with you. The poor, the sick, the afflicted have missed your visits, your kindly words of sympathy, which so brighten their lives. Your pastor has missed your encouraging presence in the house of God and your ever-ready, hearty help in the Parish.

* * *

Now you are back. The tempter may whisper, now is a good time to break off from some of this extra work, which he will call burdensome, a tie, a drag, though your own heart knows it is nothing of the kind, but a labor of love, voluntarily undertaken, done for Christ's sake. You will have to say to Him "Get thee behind me Satan," and to the Master "Draw nearer my Saviour and enable me to take up the ends again and to serve Thee more heartily, more faithfully than in the past, make me to be able to bring greater joy to Thee this year than last, grant me the privilege of doing all I can for Thee,

for oh, how much Thou hast done for me." Getting to work then with this prayer on our lips and a determination to carry it out in our lives, with the help which will be given, will cause our Father in Heaven to rejoice with us in our holiday, which will be a refreshing not for ordinary duties only but for our greater effectiveness in erecting that spiritual building of which Christ himself is "the chief corner stone."

* * *

THERE is to-day amongst many Christians a persuasion that there is in Christ greater fulness of blessedness than many of us have attained to. This is manifested in the large attendances at conventions held for the deepening of spiritual life, such as those held at Keswick, Eng., and Northfield, Mass. True, those who attend are only a small proportion of the whole Christian body, but how large a proportion of us finds it impossible to attend. Many are kept from such meetings by the necessities of their occupations, and by the distance at which they live from the places where the meetings are held. Many of us long to attend and yearn for the time when it may be possible for us to do so.

* * *

MANY, however, who do not attend such conventions and who might if they had that will which finds a way or makes it, would do so could they only see the flashing eye and radiant face with which the speakers tell to the hearers some new depth of blessedness in Christ, which the Holy Spirit has revealed to them and in which they want all others to share. Still the speakers themselves are the ones who insist most urgently that it is not the convention, nor the speakers to whom seekers after a higher life of spirituality and holiness are to look, but to Christ and to Christ alone, made clearer to the mind and applied to the heart by the Holy Ghost. This may take place as well alone in the secrecy of our own chambers as in an assembly of thousands.

THE distinctive teaching of this Keswick movement (as it is now generally called) is sanctification by faith in Christ, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, as well as justification through the same, or as an eminent writer has stated it "an effort to realize in experience the full benefit of the life and work of Jesus Christ." He is held forth "as able, not only to save by His death, but to keep safe in His life all those that commit themselves fully to Him." "It is the continuousness of faith through which the keeping power of Christ acts on us." Holy scripture illuminated by the Holy Ghost is the teacher, it is continually appealed to, its inerrancy taken for granted and its verdict final. Christ alone is magnified and clearer, fuller knowledge of Him and its resultant practice alone is sought.

* * *

THERE will be in this country this fall (D.V.) three speakers well known on the Keswick platform. Rev. F. S. Webster (Episcopalian), Rev. W. Sloan (Presbyterian), Rev. C. Inwood (Methodist.) They will address meetings both in Toronto and other cities of the province, upon which let us pray that God will grant His richest blessing. As indicated by the names of the speakers above the movement is interdenominational and has already tended greatly to obliterate our unhappy denominational differences. The sect to which a man belongs is forgotten and Christ only is held up before men. May we all be partakers of the blessing which may be ours through the Spirit from the visit of our brethren amongst us.

* * *

"THERE was a man sent from God whose name was John" we read, and we look upon the Baptist as having a special commission from the Most High and being His messenger, and so he was and had a very definite work. But, it is also true that the Master says to His disciples "as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Every disciple then has a commission, no matter how

humble his position or place in society and no matter how exalted, the private soldier is chosen and sent and has a work to do just as well as the most important officer. Each of us is 'sent of God,' and has some definite work to do for Him. "You have a duty, no other can do," and when we look at the vast multitudes to be evangelized, the rough places to be made smooth, and crooked paths straight for the return of our King, surely we should be up and doing—"about our Father's business."

* * *

A WRITER in the *Review of Reviews* in referring to the Lambeth Conference suggests "that this year of Jubilee should be marked by a combined effort on the part of all the Churches to celebrate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign by a sustained and well directed effort to revive the spiritual life of their own people, and to make some impact upon the dense mass of heathenism, ignorance and vice that surrounds us. In other words, why should the Jubilee year, which has witnessed so notable a national and imperial revival, not be followed by a religious revival, which would make its cleansing and inspiring influence felt in every city and every village throughout the land?" Well may we ask the question and well may we as Christians buckle on our armor, and push the battle to the gates. The time of the year has come, when perhaps, we in Canada can do the most effective and united work for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Let us remember that "the King's business requireth haste," and let us one and all, who believe in Him at once determine by His grace, to go up straight before us and just where we are, and do some earnest faithful service in overcoming sin and in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

GUIDANCE.

It is sometimes difficult to know just what one ought to do. Different reasons seem to urge us into different paths and to adopt different courses of action. A good

rule which many have adopted in such cases is to listen to the directions which the voice within, the voice of God in His word, the voice of circumstances concur in giving. When these three agree it is safe to act according to their instructions. Some seek to be guided only by the inner voice, an inner light as they call it, taking it for the Holy Spirit. But to such often it is their own temperament or moods that speak and they become very erratic in behaviour.

Often, if we are guided by circumstances, we will interpret their instructions to suit our own wishes, seeing that which prevents our doing what we do not wish to do and overlooking that which might encourage us to hope that we might succeed in the undertaking. Then there is the voice of God in His word. This is the truest guide, as the Holy Ghost makes clear our Father's will. But to discover that will we must take into account our circumstances. For example the Bible would not give the same instructions to a man in the last stages of consumption in regard to entering the ministry or undertaking any other work, that it would to a man in the full possession of all his strength and faculties, though it be the same book from which each seeks instruction.

The following actual case will serve as an illustration of what is meant by the three voices concurring. A young man wished to decide whether he should become a foreign missionary. He was prompted from within to do so. The inner voice gave its verdict "you ought." He looked for God's voice in His word. It gave its verdict "you ought." He consulted the voice of circumstances. He was of a very delicate constitution, compelled to spend many days confined to his house—missionary work would probably cause his death inside of a year. The voice of circumstances said "you ought not." The three did not concur. He believed it was not God's will. To-day he is serving God and the missionary cause in another way, and enjoying God's peace in his heart. II.

GOLDEN RULE PROVERBS.

A faith-filled life is full.

A true man's lips are oracles.

This hour is tied to all other hours.

Only great eyes can see a great life.

When God sends word, He sends success.

He mounts a throne who bends his knees.

The Christian gymnasium is the world's need.

Knock down another's doubts, and they drag your own with them.

THE SELFISHNESS OF ILL-HEALTH.

"Unselfishness is a game that two ought—mark you, I don't say *can*, but *ought*—that two ought to play at."

The remark was called forth by a case my friend and I were discussing. It was that of a young man who for several years had been in ill-health. An acute disease had left him an invalid, not altogether hopeless or incurable, but still confined to his room, and with no immediate prospect of being able to leave it. Though it was a sad case, for his hopes of a useful life were blighted, it was not without its alleviations. Two sisters devoted themselves to him; they gave up all the pleasures of society for his sake; they lived only to anticipate his wishes; morning, noon, and night saw them devising schemes for his amusement or laboring to add to his comfort; no sacrifice was too great for them to make; and the result, instead of being beneficial, was, as far as he was concerned, the reverse, for, from being a meek, patient sufferer, he was transformed into an unconscious tyrant.

"Poor Frank fancies the light hurts his eyes," said one sister, as she drew down the blinds, and prepared to sit in semi-darkness. "The click of knitting-needles irritates Frank's nerves," said the other, as she laid her work aside. "Frank feels that everything bright and cheerful is mocking him," they chimed in concert, "and therefore we deny ourselves

for his sake. Self denial is a duty, you know."

It was this that called forth my friend's remark. Frank did not dream he was selfish; he never realized that any self-sacrifice was required of him, he received his sisters' attentions as his right, and plumed himself on being a martyr. It was his part to receive; theirs to give; and the result was that his misery and despondency, not to speak of his demands, increased day by day.

It is no unusual case. There is more of this unconscious selfishness in the world than appears at the first glance, and more of it, perhaps, in our own hearts than we think.

How many of us who are familiar with pain and weakness and langour can say truly that we have never exacted more attention from our friends than we need have done, that we have been always patient and considerate, willing to see and thankful to receive every little kind deed bestowed on us? I fear there are few. We are apt to take all as our right, as the proper tribute paid to our weakness and ill-health; we seldom try to realize how much others may be denying themselves for our sakes, nor at what a cost their services are sometimes rendered. We become like spoiled children,—the more we get, the more we demand, and our wants instead of diminishing, multiply day by day.

And then how many of us have a conscience void of offence in the matter of peevishness and irritability? What a deal of extra trouble do we unhesitatingly give in this matter? We are not quite so well to-day as yesterday, and therefore everyone must feel the effects of it. We must not suffer and no one know it. And how apt are we to grumble at trifles!—the opening or closing of a door, the rustle of a paper, the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the condition of the fire, the placing of a chair, each is made a source of trouble to ourselves and of worry to our friends.

Have you ever observed how much more patient the sick are in a hospital than they are at home,

how submissive they become,—how grateful they are for all that is done for them? At home they question and find fault and tyrannize over their friends; but they never do so with strangers. Peevishness seems to vanish when they leave the family circle; they grow quiescent and contented. Why should this be? Why should we treat those near and dear to us with less consideration than we do strangers? Why should we lay on them burdens which we would never ask outsiders to bear, and demand sacrifices which are as unnecessary as they are selfish?

"I never sing now because my sister doesn't like it," said a sweet little maid; "she's so sensitive, you know, and has had so much sorrow, that I feel it would be cruel to do anything she doesn't like, so I've given up singing."

Very right and kind of the little maid, but not so right of the sister who accepted the sacrifice.

There are sacrifices which we have no right to accept, even when they are offered voluntarily. "Oh, that one will would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, that is at the gate." Yet when the brave men burst through the hosts of the Philistines, and brought back the water, David would not drink it. Why? Because it had cost too much. They had risked their lives to get it. "Shall I drink the blood of these men who have put their lives in jeopardy?"

I think there is a lesson for an invalid in this. Some things that are offered to you cost too much. If they are the price of another's health or another's happiness, or another's usefulness, they cost too much. Refuse to accept them; rather bear your burden alone. And does it ever strike you how much you may be the poorer by accepting these sacrifices? You may get what you long for, it is true, but even in the getting of it you will find it has lost its sweetness. One of a family who was deaf said: "Don't speak so much to each other; it irritates me to know you are speaking when I cannot hear what you say." And so, out of

sympathy with the afflicted one, lips were closed, and smiles checked, and silence reigned. She got her wish, but the shadow that rested on the family circle was more depressing to her than the sight of gaiety which she could not join. Better to witness joy that you cannot take part in than to see no joy at all.

Oh the shadows that even the best and the brightest, and the most hopeful among us cast, shadows often thrown unconsciously,—the shadow caused by a look, a frown, a petulant tone! We don't mean it, perhaps, but the result is the same as if we did; the cheerful are depressed by it, the hopeful cast down. Instead of gladness in our dwelling there is gloom. And what can be said of those miserable people who would banish every pleasure which they cannot enjoy, and fain lay the burden of their own pain and weakness on everyone beside them? They have their reward; the burden comes back doubly weighted to their own shoulders, and stays there.

What a blessing it would be, not only to the weak, the suffering, the invalid, but to the whole of the little world in which they are placed, if they would but take to heart some such counsel as this:

Do not foster and pet and magnify your complaints; they will only take deeper root by such treatment. And don't let your self-sacrificing friends make too much of you. Take your own proper part in the game of unselfishness, try and find out by experience the blessedness of consideration for others, and instead of always receiving benefits, try and give.

What can you give, you will say, as you hold up your thin, nerveless fingers,—what can you do for any one? Give love instead of always claiming it, give joy instead of trying to take it away, keep back the murmur that will cause pain to your friends, cultivate a gentle, resigned, patient spirit; fill your sick-chamber with the light that comes from inward peace. "He who imparts light to another," as Dr. Trench says, "has not less light, but

walks henceforth in the light of two torches instead of one." And it is the same with happiness; strive to make those beside you happy, and you will find how greatly your own happiness is increased. *Sister*

"BETTER FARTHER ON."

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone,
Singing as if God had taught it—
"It is better farther on."

Night and day unceasing sings it,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so the heart can hear it—
"It is better farther on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken—
"It is better farther on."

Farther on? Then how much farther?
Count the milestones, one by one?
No, not counting—only trusting—
"It is better farther on." *Exchange*

EMPTYING BY FILLING.

"We must empty by filling," said a divinely enlightened woman, Ellice Hopkins; and a wise man has said, "Nothing is ever displaced until it is replaced." In these two utterances lies the secret (if it be a secret) of all reform. Here, as elsewhere, nature (which abhors a vacuum) teaches. We cannot pump the darkness out of a room; we must empty it by filling it with light. One tallow dip will do more to exclude darkness than a thousand steam-pumps. The only way to shut out disease is to fill the veins with health. In morals we must banish the degrading by the elevating,—not by prohibition, but by substitution. We must crowd out the saloon by the reading room, the lecture, the boys' guild, and the young men's club, with its light and pleasant rooms, its games, and its cheerful welcome. If your boys are prone to spend the evening on the streets or in the billiard room, forbidding will not answer; you must make the home the brightest place in the world to them. We are all troubled by bad thoughts, by recollections, by imaginings, but we cannot exclude them by an effort of the

will. Strange as it seems, the mind is less our servant than the body. We can close the eyes of the body, but not the eyes of the mind. We must drive out, and keep out, the bad by the presence of the good. We must occupy the mind with pure, elevating, ennobling, useful thoughts, drawn from reading, from conversation, from hearing, from meditation; and, while we cannot forget absolutely, we shall in this way overlay the old impressions, and the mind will become wonted to travelling over another course. The mind indignantly resists vacancy. It will not be unoccupied.

The popular superstition which credits every vacant house with being haunted, and peoples it with bad spirits, has a germ of truth. If the demon be excluded, and the soul be swept and garnished, yet if it be empty, the demon will return with seven other spirits more wicked than himself. The Holy Spirit by entering the soul empties it of evil spirits; and, by dwelling in the soul, filling it to the utmost, he maintains the exclusion of the bad.

Here is a lesson for the conduct of our hearts. Perhaps Solomon only half comprehended the truth when he said, "Keep thine heart with all diligence." However great the diligence, we cannot keep it except by filling. There is a deep meaning in Paul's promise to the Philippians, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds" (Phil. iv. : 7). The word "keep" but inadequately expresses the sense of the Greek verb. It is more adequately rendered in the Revision, "shall guard." It means literally, "shall garrison,"—shall keep as a garrison, as a fortified place. Paul wrote from the place of his imprisonment at Rome. The castle in which he was confined was, of course, garrisoned. Often, when he lay awake at night, his mind occupied with thought for the infant churches, he heard the pacing of the sentinel upon the walls, and he knew there was not an hour of darkness or light when the castle was not fully occupied. Every morning he heard the

guard-mounting, when the new guard was mustered in before the old guard was turned out. He desired that in the same way the peace of God as a garrison should so occupy the hearts of his Philippian brethren that anxiety and foreboding, the enemies of the soul, could not find entrance.

Here is a lesson as to our oversight of the souls of others. It is not enough for the pastor or preacher to try to empty the mind; he must keep it filled. He can institute circles for the study of attractive subjects in sociology, economics, ethics, history. It is not enough for the Sunday-school teacher to reprove the scholar whose mind wanders; he must give the mind something to attend to, he must make his thought attractive, he must preoccupy the mind. There is enormous significance in the original meaning of our word "prevent." To prevent is, literally, to "come before." He who comes first may naturally hope to retain possession. If the church and the Sunday-school could only prevent the saloon and the gambling-hell in our new Western towns, it would make all the difference in the world.—By *H. L. Wayland, D.D.*

OUR Lord's great lesson in John xv. is about the vine and its branches. He says "I am the vine, ye are the branches." If you look at the branches of a vine, you observe that the bark is the same, the leaves are the same, and the fruit is the same. There is the closest resemblance between the branches and the vine. Some Christians reduce your spiritual temperature to zero. They have comparatively little or no spirituality, and worse, they are worldly. If I brought you a slip of a log, and said I had found it growing on a vine, you would say: "I think there is a mistake, this is oak, the leaves are ragged like those of an oak. We are not accustomed to see that kind of branch on a vine." I can believe that that oak grew on a vine before I can believe that some men and women that I have met grow on Jesus Christ.

BISHOP OF HURON.

MY VESPER SONG.

BY MARY R. BUTLER.

Filled with weariness and pain,
Scarce strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit,
Sit and sing my doubt away,
O'er my broken purposes,
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,

"Let me to Thy bosom fly."
How the words my thoughts repeat!
To Thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast:
Now I can but idly sing,
"Oh, receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears;
Like a child, when night comes on,
In the shadow, Lord, I sing
"Leave, oh, leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing,
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed";
Does the rhythm of the song,
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or is this Thy perfect peace,
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"Neath the shadow of Thy wing?"

"Thou of life the fountain art";
If I slumber on Thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep,
Sleep and death alike are rest.
Through the shadows over past,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In Thy kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

WERE THEY MERELY COINCIDENCES?

Not unfrequently the coincidence is so marvelous as to take our reason by surprise, and suggest that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Two of these coincidences are related by an eminent Boston clergyman, the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, as occurring to himself. We abridge the narrative as published in his "Biography."

On opening his mail one morn-

ing, Doctor Gordon found an earnest appeal from a poor student, detailing the straits into which he had been brought by debts for board and books. He was reluctant to ask aid, but he did ask Doctor Gordon to pray for his deliverance from burdens that discouraged him. It was only a little sum that he needed—fifty dollars—but it was a great sum for a poor student.

Having read the letter with hearty sympathy, Doctor Gordon continued opening his mail. The next letter whose seal he broke was from a wealthy gentleman, expressing thankfulness for a service the clergyman had rendered him a few days before, and inclosing a check for fifty dollars as a token of gratitude.

"Instantly," writes Doctor Gordon, "I perceived that the second letter contained the answer to the first; and endorsing the check, I sent it to the young man, with my congratulations for his speedy deliverance."

The noon mail of the same day brought a letter from a young colored man, whose piety and scholarship had prompted Doctor Gordon to help him pursue his studies. He told a pathetic story of his struggles, of how sparingly he had lived,—an inclosed list of his expenditures demonstrated that—and that he had not a cent to pay his debts.

Doctor Gordon went to the telegraph office, and wrote a despatch to the poor student to say that he would be responsible for one-half the amount needed, provided he could raise the other half from Mr. W. But as he could not remember the student's street number, nor the amount of money needed, he went back to his house to find the letter.

On his way he called at a certain place to pay a bill—thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He handed his check for the sum to the bookkeeper, who, on turning to the account, said:

"This bill is paid, sir; you do not owe us anything."

"Who paid it?" asked Doctor Gordon.

"I cannot say; only I know that it was settled several weeks

ago," and the bookkeeper handed back the check.

Doctor Gordon, surprised to find himself so much better off than he expected, returned home, opened the student's letter, and found that his list of debts came to just thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He sent a check for the amount to the poor student.

The points at which these several events coincided should be noted. Doctor Gordon knew nothing of the necessities of the two poor students; the money by which he relieved them was not his money; in each instance the exact funds were provided. Does this external falling together of the events suggest an internal propelling cause? Doctor Gordon believed that it did.—*Youth's Companion*.

SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

So said one of our Sydney, N. S.W. divers to a city missionary. In his house, in one of our suburbs, might be seen lately what would probably strike the visitor as a strange chimney ornament—the shell of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. Devoutly do I wish that every chimney ornament could tell such a tale of usefulness. The possessor of this ornament might well value it. He was diving amongst wreck on the coast, when he observed, at the bottom of the sea, this oyster on a rock with this piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head dress. It was a gospel tract, and coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his heart that he said "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became under water a sin-forgiven man—saved at the bottom of the sea.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs;
He most lives who thinks the most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

"HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

The farmer chides the tardy spring,
The sun withhold his wonted ray,
The days are dull and cold and gray,
No shadow doth the maple fling.

From snow-clad peaks and icy main
The north wind cometh wet and chill,
And evermore the clouds distil
The hoarded treasure of the rain.

But still, oh miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The straggling vines begin to creep,
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south wind tarry on its way;
But through the night and through the day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north wind force him back,
The song-bird hurries from the South,
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with songs his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know
Thy days of darkness, gloom, and cold,
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,
And grief compels my tears to flow?

And what if, when with bended form
I praise the gods for sorrows past,
There ever comes a fiercer blast,
And darker ruin of the storm?

As tarry not the flowers of June
For all the ill the heavens can do,
And, to their inmost natures true,
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune!

So, Father, shall it be with me:
And whether winds blow foul or fair,
Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee;

That, though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come,
My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

—John W. Chadwick.

If we are like Christ, there will be about us the savor of His name. We are to be chosen witnesses to His resurrection. Men can believe that there is a God up in Heaven if they can see a God dwelling in our hearts. The greatest evidence of the spiritual religion is a holy life. A man that will be pure in the midst of impurity, that will be loving in the midst of the bitter sarcasms of a cruel world, that will reproduce the lowly character of the dear Saviour in a polluted, sinful world, is the most clear and irrefragable argument that God is true, and that His Word is true.

BISHOP OF HURON.

Parish and Home.

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NO PRAYER HERE.

A dying soldier in India said to his nurse
"I shall soon be where there is no prayer."

The night, the gloomy night of sin,
Has melted into morn for ever clear,
The welcome door of death has shut me in,
No prayer here.

My pilgrim feet no more shall trembling
wait
Beside the watch-fire's gleam the night
to cheer,
I gave the pass-word at the golden gate,
No prayer here.

The path of faith emerges into sight,
The surging songs of praise salute my
ear;
I'm with my Lord, I walk with Him in
white,
No prayer here.

—H. T. Miller.

THE MISCHIEF WITH MERE MORALITY.

Multitudes complacently trust to their own good works to save them, but the trouble with mere morality is that, while it satisfies man, it does not satisfy God; and God is the most important factor in the case.

After all, it is a question, not of what man's ideal is of man, but of what God sees when He looks on man and then on His own perfect law. The disparity between these two objects of vision is man's complete condemnation, and exhibits the weakness of a morality which is, to the matchless splendors of the moral law, but as a glow-worm's feeble gleam in an otherwise unlighted night. What God expects is so much

that what man renders seems in comparison nothing at all

Yet many misguided souls keep on endeavoring to square off their little of moral attainment against God's great measures of desire and commandment. They think they succeed simply because they look at those great divine standards through the big end of the binocular, thus dwarfing the infinite into the compass of a fantastic finite. They are satisfied because they fulfil a smaller standard; and since they are moral in a certain tentative, petty way, think themselves safe with God and sure of Heaven.

That is the mischief of a mere and mock morality. It puts men at ease with themselves when they should be struggling for a better self. It falsely persuades them that, having done a little, they have done all. It deludes by representing the outward veneer of an ordinary decency or an average culture as equivalent to the interior processes of a spiritual regeneration and the rescue of a radical redemption.

Such moralists strive to base a pyramid of divine requirement on the apex of a petty, human righteousness. Since they are honest and kind and amiable, they regard themselves as favorites of God; because they are out of States prison, they take it for granted that they are in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Not of such a "manner of spirit" is the true child of God. The man who is saved is the man who thinks he needs to be saved. He gets up finally to glory by previously getting down in humility before the cross. Confessing himself to be a sinner, he becomes at last a saint, according to the principle of that moral axiom of Epictetus: "If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad."—By C. A. S. Dwight.

THE BINNACLE.

The most ornamental piece of furniture on board a sailing ship is the binnacle. It is made of oak or mahogany, it is put together with brass nails and screws, and held to the deck with brass

rings; no iron must come near for fear of deflection. The binnacle contains the compass, that tender, delicate, exquisite guide of the mariner, silent in its unflinching vigor, its tiny agate socket poised on the diamond point.

"Its primal energies no slackness know." The best oil is used for a light by night, so that the steersman may see the point by which to steer. It has passed into a proverb that the fast man runs the light out of the binnacle. Byron said this in burning words (let us commend his honesty):

"My years are in the sallow leaf.
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

A dark binnacle forbodes disaster—the man drifts, he does not steer; the current carries him; he neither invokes the light of conscience, the light of the Word, nor the light of the Holy Spirit. He simply drifts in the company of others as deeply laden as himself, swings round for a time in the whirl of carousal, and is no more.

"The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears
Is not so sweet as virtue's very tears."

"AFTERWARDS."

(Hebrews xii. 11.)

Dost thou ask, *When* comes this hour?
Then, when it shall aid thee best?
Trust His faithfulness and power,
Trust in Him and quiet and rest.
Suffer on, and hope, and wait,
Jesus never comes too late.

Myraids of weary, aching, longing hearts are asking: "When is this 'afterwards' coming in my experience? When shall my soul realize the fulfilment of the soothing portion so often resorted to by the tried and chastened children of God?"

It would appear that this wholesome, and may be lengthened, season of chastisement has a very firm and stringent condition as to its acceptance, if we are to expect peaceable fruit yielded "*afterwards*."

Our Father always wraps up a wise and well-thought out plan wherewith He designs to unfold in our characters full symmetry and strength.

"Doest thou well to be angry" with a young tree of a solitary summer's growth because the fruit doth not appear? Or would it not be more reasonable and wiser to abide patiently, and let it endure the north wind yet a while, for assuredly the south wind followeth such, and it is *then* the garden of nature flourishes and the spices flow forth.

The whole gist of the peaceable "afterwards" depends upon *endurance*. So we gather from Holy Scripture.

Some of us seem almost beyond enduring any more. Life has been so full of funeral dirges, sorrows and vacant places in our hearts and homes, that courage and fortitude to "bear up" (as lookers-on so frequently exhort us) is well-nigh exhausted altogether. Well, if the peaceable fruits never fall into the empty cup of the expectant and chastened soul here, may it not be that the exercise of that salutary chastening has not completed its work yet?—the object is not fully attained to the attitude of the "spirit of just men made perfect?"

It is in the lonely wilderness of life that Jesus draws near, and speaks comfortably unto his bereft and sorrowful ones, and no doubt we so often fail to *rise above* our woes and our foes, without and within, that He cannot find the ground clear whereon to produce growth-fruit, or even the foliage of cheerful acceptance, and calmly restful acquiescence.

An injunction closely follows the exhortation (verses 12 to 19): Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down and strengthen the feeble knees, etc.

Let activity and cheerfulness struggle forth—just another effort to be brave-hearted and endure to the end, when all present-time will flee away, replaced by an eternal *weight of glory*.

No more, no more their souls shall faint
With the day's heat and care,
Storms reach not there;
Their life-work done,
Their life-race won;
Only a weight of glory they bear.

Surely the little while before we cross the bar we may strive to follow after peace, and accept

cheerfully the appointment of this disciplinary probation, knowing that, should the "afterwards" stretch onwards outside and beyond the confines of this border-land to Zion, yet, within the portal of that city there shall be no more sorrow, no more shadowed lives, no more death. Till then work, assiduously and bravely, that when the longed and looked-for "Afterwards" glistens across the Heavenly horizon, may be seen written in gold:

"Their works do follow them.
Her own works praise her in the gates."

—*Lucy Abrams.*

THOSE MIGHTY ATOMS.

"We seldom think that little things
May win or lose a goal;
But many a time a tiny word
Hath made or marred a soul.
So teach thy tongue to speak aright,
And look before it leaps,
That naught be laid unto its charge
Whereat another weeps."

—*A. Webb.*

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

THE ANSWER TO AN OFT-ASKED QUESTION.

By REV. B. G. MANARD.

"Good night, mamma!"

"Good night, children!"

And the young ones are off on their voyage to "Dreamland." Their evening devotions at the mother's knee have been performed. Brief are these evening services, but they span the ages, and are limited by eternity only. In all the world of speech there is no such pulpit as that about the godly mother's knee. There devotional habits are formed and religious impulses awakened that tide the budding life into destinies of goodness, greatness and glory. It is at these home altars that we hear notes which echo down the years—blessing, exalting, ennobling. Their memory never dies. Who can forget their songs, their prayers, their exhortations, their warnings and their tears? The hopes awakened, the anxieties quieted, the joys experienced, the peaceful sense of security attained—can these ever

fade away into dreamy forgetfulness? Can they die without their living fruitage? No! No!

God be thanked for the family altar, with its hallowing and saving influences and its sweet and soothing memories! Oh, that the flames of these old-time family devotions, with their sacred songs and prayers of faith, could be re-illumed in our Canadian homes! Oh, that all Canadian hearts could be re-enthused with regard for this old-time family relic! Its disappearance is a social, Christian and national calamity. We learn here the answer to the oft-asked question, "Why this alarming decline of religious zeal, of self-denial, of personal sacrifice? Why this declension of the missionary spirit?" Here's the reply: The withering grasp of worldly-mindedness and self-gratification on the family.

Worldliness and pleasure have usurped the place of devotion. Pastime cards have supplanted the Bible on the centre-table, and instead of songs of the Redeemer those of empty hilarity are heard by the fireside. God's name goes unmentioned and God's word remains unopened. The latest novel, the Sunday paper, the mirthful song, the theatre and the social dance, all occupy time and absorb attention; while the awful realities of eternity are forgotten and unheeded. Godlessness in the life, and thoughtlessness and forgetfulness in the mind and heart, are the prelude to consequences awfully tragic. May our country be spared the doom which awaits that land where godless lives and altarless homes bring down the judgments of an offended Deity!

TRUE GREATNESS.

There are many who think that intellectual gifts constitute greatness. Many more regard prominence as the certain sign and exact measure of it. None of this is true by itself; all of it may have truth in it. Large endowments bring the opportunities and responsibilities of greatness, but nothing more. What a man makes of what God gives is the

only Christian test of desert. The wrecks of genius lie everywhere to warn men how dangerous it is to have large mental endowments without certain other conditions of true greatness.

Under the Christian order of life, which is one of vital conflict between the good and the bad in men, the measure of a man's greatness is his capacity to suffer and serve in this supreme issue. No man can rightly read the gospel and fail to become imbued with this notion. To know even moderately the wants, wickedness, struggles and sorrows of humanity, and to enter even into the *penumbra* of this appalling mass, necessitates an agony of spirit which none can know, save the truly magnanimous—those who have caught something of the spirit of the suffering Saviour. But the relations of each individual to other members of the race are such that the occasion for personal suffering is a part of the system of things. The iron has been forged for every soul, and, sooner or later, the piercing comes. Now he who has preparation of mind and spirit for properly enduring this suffering when it comes, and as often as it comes, has one side of a genuine and Christ-like greatness. We have in this line illustrious examples, such as Moses, Job, Jeremiah, Paul and many other of like experiences; but this is neither all, nor the most of it. The illustrious suffers are merely samples; the illustrious great are only beacons. A million lives unchronicled here have gone to record beyond the lines of the visible. The highest heroism of this world is of a kind that has never aspired to a princedom or marched to a drum-beat or been thrilled by the blast of a bugle. Quiet sufferers, who are not even sustained by the carnal reflection that their sufferings are distinguished—these are the rank and file upon whose strength and fidelity the welfare of the world depends; and these are they from whom the constellations of the upper kingdom will be made up. There are honest fathers and mothers in the shadowed nooks

and unilluminated dells of life, who have suffered more heroic solicitude over the conditions and destiny of their unknown families than it cost Julius Cæsar to become master of the world. When our Saviour was finishing a discourse in regard to John, in which He had uttered truly monumental words, He said: "Notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." When we have made all due allowance for what was implied in this statement as to the greater opportunities of the new kingdom, it still remains that all real greatness in the kingdom of God was to get its pitch from Gethsemane and the cross, and was to harmonize in every chord with the life of Him who gave himself as a Sacrifice for others.

Next to the power to suffer comes the power to serve. The bestowment of affluent abilities and conditions does not mean that they are for the sole or chief benefit of those to whom they are given. The ability to serve others implies the obligation, and he only is truly great who recognizes this purpose and addresses himself to this work with all the fervor of consecration. There are some who foolishly envy those of the larger gifts and wider spheres, as if those gifts and spheres were to advance the personal felicity of those to whom they come. It is far otherwise. Every successive step in the development of the faculties, and every enlargement of position to which men of conscience are called, means more care, more responsibility, more work, with commonly less of even legitimate gratification and personal enjoyment. There have indeed been some men in exalted positions, in both the Church and the State, who lived on the contrary view; but not one of them has come down in history as a truly great man, or has had any permanent hold on the reverent love of mankind.

He who came as the Exemplar in the paths of the only perfect manhood said of Himself that He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. And He

said also: "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord." So that the Christian ideal of greatness is that a man shall serve his fellow men, even to the point of complete self-offering. In comparison with this standard, how mean and defective do the selfish and limited lives of most men appear!—*S. S. Magazine.*

TWO LIGHTS.

The light of the Jew was feeble, "thy word is a light unto my path," that is a hand lantern held low, a farthing rushlight in a paper lantern; and this in a locality without roads, only commons, full of danger to the benighted foot passenger. But Jesus said "I am come a light into the world." Is it like the moon ever changing, or like the sun permanent in its shining? "We are the children of the light and of the day." Does this light beam with a steady constancy, does it glow with benignity to cheer and strengthen the worker, to nourish germs of truth that they may grow to fruitfulness and beauty? Then how great and lasting the privilege of the child of God. H.T.M.

Men sometimes sing:

'Tis a point I long to know.
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His or am I not?

You can answer this by asking another, Am I alive or dead? A dead fish floats with the stream, but a live fish swims against it. 'Tis a moving world, and men are moving on. The great question is, *how*? Are we stemming a retarding medium, or floating with it? Sometimes both wind and tide are against us. What shall we do? Drop the anchor and wait for a better slant; but is riding at anchor a part of true progress? Yes. Hold what you have and wait. A negro preacher thus defines final perseverance: "Take right hold, hold fast, hang on, and not let go."

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

We wonder if we are to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness. If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them, for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sauces, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home dead drunk many a time, desired to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge, and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied:

"I can make myself go past saloons; I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner-table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have: "Oh, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone—it's just an excuse."

We know other men who have given up strong drink, who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and keep recommending them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their

pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save so many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.

A FORTUNE.

One day a man was walking along the street, and he was sad at heart. Business was dull. He had set his desire upon a horse that cost a thousand dollars, and he had only eight hundred with which to buy it. There were other things, to be sure, that might be bought with eight hundred dollars, but he did not want those. So he was sorrowful, and thought the world a bad place.

As he walked he saw a child running toward him. It was a strange child, but when he looked at it his face lightened like sunshine and broke into smiles. The child held out its closed hand. "Guess what I have," it cried gleefully.

"Something fine, I am sure," said the man pleasantly.

The child nodded and drew nearer, then opened its hand. "Look!" it said; and the street rang with its happy laughter.

The man looked, and in the child's hand lay a penny.

"Hurrah!" said the child.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

Then they parted, and the child went and bought a stick of candy, and saw all the world red and white in stripes.

The man went and put his eight hundred dollars in the savings bank, all but fifty cents; and with the fifty cents he bought a brown hobby-horse with white spots, for his own little boy; and the little boy saw all the world brown with white spots.

"Is this the horse you wanted so to buy, father?" asked the little boy.

"It is the horse I have bought," said the man.

"Hurrah!" said the little boy.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

And he saw that the world was a good place after all.—*L. E. R., in St. Nicholas.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Oct. 1. Acts xxi., 1-15. . . .	St. Luke x. 25-42.
Oct. 10. Acts xxii., 17-30. . .	2 Sam. v., 1-12.
Oct. 17. Acts xxiv., 10-25. . .	2 Sam. vii., 1-17.
Oct. 24. Acts xxvi., 19-32. . .	2 Sam. xii., 1-14.
Oct. 31. Acts xxvii., 13-26. . .	St. Matt. vi., 24-34.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands numbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold;
" 'Tain't very big, but I think 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little!" Oh, girls and boys,
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys,
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and loving speech,
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold:
Let them stretch to households manifold.
—*Selected.*

A WHITE SOUL; OR, BENNIE AND JOE'S TRAMP.

By EMMA L. DICKIE.

Rat-tat-tat!

It was a very peremptory knock, indeed. And Bennie and Joe flew to the door and opened it wide, for they always thought a knock at the door the most interesting thing in the world. "For," as Joe said, "You never know who's going to be there!"

It was a very ugly, unwashed, unsightly fellow this time, with torn, dirty clothes and a rusty old hat that looked very ill-used indeed. He had a rough, overgrown beard and a sour look on his face, as he said in a rough voice to Bennie and Joe: "Gim' me sumpin to eat, can't yer? Bin walkin' miles, and ain't hed nuthin' sense last night! Got a

wife and six children, an' I'm tryin' to get to 'em. Mer little boy's a dyin'—"

"Oh," said Bennie, interrupting this sad tale in a sympathizing voice, "I guess you're a tramp! Ma'll give you somefin', I guess. She says tramps is angels in disguise, sometimes. Oh, she'll give you somefin', I know!" and away ran Bennie to fetch what his mother might give.

"I ain't no go fer a angel, I 'low! But I'm a mighty hungry man; and I reckon youn's 'll be the angel part," said the ragged man at the door, in a gentler tone, as he gazed admiringly at Joe's pink and white face.

"N-o-o," said Joe, slowly, and gazing critically at the dirty fellow, "you don't look like an angel! Angels have clean white robes, and they sing and are beautiful; but you might have a white soul, you know. Mamma says if you have a white soul, it's all right. Have you got a white soul?"

"No, little feller, I ain't," said the man, in a voice that sounded quite gruff; and, as Joe said afterwards, he looked "awful teary."

"Poor man!" said Joe, kindly. "I know Jesus will give you one if you ask Him for it."

"Sich ain't fer the likes o' me, sonny," and the rough fellow looked away as if he could not bear the earnest scrutiny of Joe's big gray eyes, so innocent and fearless.

"But it is, if you want it and ask for it," said Joe. "You just try it!"

Bennie appeared then with a large paper bundle containing one of Mrs. Buckle's generous lunches; for Bennie had said he was a very "solemn man, and awful hungry. So, please give him a big lunch!"

It was a bright, sunny spring day, and Mrs. Buckle did not deem it needful to have him come inside the house.

"Thank'ee, my little man, thank'ee!" said the tramp, taking the lunch from Bennie. And, as he went down the steps, he looked over his shoulder at Joe, and said: "Me'be I will ask Him about the white soul, little feller!"

"I do hope you will," said Joe.

Bennie and Joe watched him go out into the road, undoing the package as he went.

"He was a very interesting tramp, though," sighed Joe, as he pressed his dear little nose flat against the window pane, "and I hope he'll reach home in time to see his dyin' little boy, and not forget to ask Jesus for a white soul! I know Jesus will give it."

Perhaps it was a week after this had happened. Bennie and Joe were very happy little boys, for they were visiting their uncle, Mr. James Buckle, in the great city of N—. They had travelled a long way on the wonderful train, and were wild with delight over the new sights and sounds the great city afforded. There were no little cousins at Uncle James' to play with, but Auntie Marie was such fun! But mamma was there, too, and often they all went up town and wandered in and out of the wonderful stores, seeing such beautiful things. Then nearly every day Uncle James took them driving in a lovely carriage. But just at this minnte Bennie and Joe were tired! Tired of just looking out of the window at the busy people and the carriages and the fine horses dashing along. They wanted to be out in it all, and they had serious thoughts in that direction, too, for Joe pressed his poor nose against the window pane again, and said, daringly, "Spos'n!" to Bennie.

"Let's!" responded Bennie.

And it was agreed upon then and there. Nobody was in the room, and no one in the hall, either. Bennie tugged hard at the knob of the hall door, and it flew open. Then the two little boys passed out, and down the steps, and,—dear me! into the great, crowded street. Many people and horses and carriages were dashing by.

"Oh," said Bennie, "its dreadful crowded here. There are so many people! Let's run across the street to that beautiful store with so many things in the window!" and across they started.

They were just half way over

when it happened. They heard a loud shout, and stopped to see what it was about. Then they saw two horses dashing along close upon them. They were so frightened that they stood still not knowing what to do. But a man rushed out of the crowd and, Bennie and Joe were quickly lifted up and flung bodily to the side of the street out of the way of the maddened horses. But the man! Oh, he was still in the way, and the frenzied horses paid no more attention to him than if he had been a stone. They rushed over him, and on and on, to be finally stopped several squares away. Bennie and Joe looked across the street, and there were mamma and auntie coming for them with white faces.

Kind, rough hands lifted the fallen man and bore him gently to the sidewalk. They pillowed his poor head on someone's coat, and somebody brought water and sprinkled it on his pale face.

"Poor fellow, he's done for!" said a rough man, looking pityingly down upon the unconscious form.

"Oh, mamma! its our tramp!" cried Joe, in tones of great and sorrowful concern.

"Eh!" said the poor fellow, consciousness returning and opening his eyes for a moment, "did I save 'em?"

"Yes, you saved 'em," said someone in sympathetic tones.

A glad light spread over the poor fellow's face, and he said feebly: "Tell the—little—feller—I—asked Him!—And—." Here some one bent down to listen; "and He—give—it to—me."

"Give you what, old feller?" and the head was bent lower in order to hear.

"A—a white soul!"—*Emma L. Dickie, in Kind Words.*

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently

found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball. His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest in the party. "Never mind; I'll run for him"; and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—*Ram's Horn.*

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"Why, I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to those who were trying to tempt him to do a wrong act one day.

"Oh, you need not tell her; no one would know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother. I tell her everything."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl! The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

We like that. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell mother.

Christians, claim your full privileges. In temporal things men are beginning to do this. Suppose the son and heir of some wealthy deceased man was told

by certain trustees that he was left with only three or four hundred dollars a year, and that the rest was left in their hands in trust, he would go along on that three or four hundred dollars only so long as he was obliged to. Some one tells him that the whole fortune is left to him, and he goes to some lawyer's office, and asks to see his father's will. As he reads the will the whole truth comes out, and he says, "I have been living on three hundred dollars a year when I have a hundred thousand. I am going to come into possession of what I have, and live proportionately to my wealth." Thousands of us are yet living on two or three hundred dollars that might live on the exceeding riches of God's glory.—*Bishop of Huron.*

THE BOTHER.

"Dear, dear! what a bothersome baby." The care-wearied mother sighed out, As she looked at the books and the play-things

That were everywhere scattered about; At the great, dingy spot on the carpet, Where he'd let grandma's medicine fall, And the marks that the fat baby fingers Had left on the windows and wall.

"Such a baby for getting in mischief! I can't keep him tidy and sweet; Though I'm busy from daylight to bedtime, The room never seems to be neat."

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I never catch up with my sewing;
I've never a moment to rest";
And she sighed, as she threaded her needle,
With life and its worries oppress.

A slow, muffled sound on the pavement,
She looks through the mist-clouded pane
And sees, almost under her window,
A hearse going by in the rain,
There's a little white casket inside it,
And then by swift tears it is hid,
As she thinks of the household whose darling
Lies under the small coffin's lid.

She goes to the bed of her baby,
And kneels by the sleeper in tears,
And the prayer that goes up, mute and wordless,

The great, loving Father-Heart hears.
No longer the child seems a bother,
As she thinks of the hearse in the rain,
And the mother-arms, aching and empty,
Where the little dead baby has lain.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

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St. Paul's Church Collections, September, 1897.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
5	\$ 5 80	\$ 7 63	\$13 43
12	8 75	11 85	20 60
19	10 75	7 94	18 69
26	22 00	8 81	30 81
	—	—	—
	\$47 30	\$36 23	\$83 53

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