



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. 64.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

W.A. meets the third Friday in each month at 4.15 p.m.

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

On Sunday, Jan. 31st, the rector exchanged duties with the Rev. Canon Farncomb, of Newcastle, each bringing before the congregations of the others parish the need of our own diocesan mission. We trust a deeper interest has been stirred up in regard to the needy parts of the diocese.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

WARNER.—Harvey Springer, son of John Billings and Louise Warner, born 5th March, 1896, baptized 10th January, 1897.

KEAST.—Cora Elvira, daughter of John and Mary Keast, born 25th July, 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church 10th January, 1897.

Marriages.

PIERCY—TOTTON.—At Lindsay on 19th January, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Charles Henry Piercy to Addie Totton, all of Lindsay.

SLUGGETT—MCEACHERN.—At Lindsay, on 20th January, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William Sluggett, of Oakwood, to Etta McEachern, of Cardiff, Haliburton County.

SHAW—RICHARDSON.—At Ops, on 20th January, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Francis Henry Shaw to Mary Elizabeth Rosetta Richardson, all of Ops.

REEVES—COURTEMANCHE.—At Lindsay, on 25th January, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Samuel Reeves to Daisy Courtemanche, all of Lindsay.

Burials.

WATSON.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 3rd January, 1897, Isaac L. Watson, in his 41st year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The meeting of the Band of Hope this winter so far have been very encouraging. About 70 children were present at the last meeting and each one received a bag of candy off a Christmas tree which was arranged on the platform especially for them. Great importance is attached to this branch of temperance work. It is felt that by this agency a vast proportion of the coming generation can be saved from the cause of intemperance. Mothers and fathers should induce their boys and girls to come while yet they are safe that they may be secured

rom the blighting influences of the intoxicating cup themselves and also learn to help others.

"The Earth is the Lord's; the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

The Rev. F. E. Farncomb, for many years at Haliburton, has been appointed to Holland Landing.

Mr. Rennie and Mr. McKim have assisted in the duties in this parish during the absence of Mr. O'Malley, and give promise of being earnest and useful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

The C. M. S., early in the autumn, cabled to the three secretaries of their missions in the troubled parts of India, to draw on them for relief of the famine sufferers to the extent of £500 each.

We are glad to see that the managers of our banks are receiving donations for the famine sufferers in India. The need is great, the suffering appalling, and we are sure many will hand subscriptions to Mr. MacGachen or Mr. Brodie.

Mr. I. L. Watson, whose sudden calling away was so much mourned, will be very much missed by the congregation in Reaboro, in which he had taken so much interest, even from its beginning, having been both Churchwarden and Lay Representative in the synod of the diocese. We trust that God may guide and comfort his bereaved family.

The attendance at St. Paul's Sunday school on the last Sunday in January was 253, being, as far as we can find, the largest in the history of the school. While we thank God most heartily for this, more than ever do we need, and ask the parents, teachers and scholars to pray that God will direct, guide, prosper and make our school a blessing to many.

If any of our readers interested in missions can spare an hour on the first Wednesday of any month from 4.15 to 5.15 p.m., at the school house they will find the time most profitable, as much information is gleaned. At the last meeting Mrs. Goodwin read a paper on "How to interest others in the cause," and news about work in Africa, China and India was given.

"Not one of my scholars has been absent for a number of Sundays," said an S.S. teacher to the Rector the other day, "but when one does happen to be absent," she added, "I always go and see what has kept her away." Ah, there is the secret, interest in her work and a personal interest in her scholars. Might not many of us exert a much greater influence for good over our friends if we took a like interest in them?

Mr. O'Malley has been very much missed from the Parish for the last two weeks, but ere this is in the hands of our readers we trust he will be at work in our midst again. His absence was to allow Mr. White to leave in January for China, he taking his duty until the arrival of the Rev. T. R. O'Meara from England, who was to sail not later than Jan. 27th. At first Mr. White was to have left early in the spring, but it was found that missionaries going to Southern China must reach there in the fall or winter so as to become acclimatized before the very hot weather, so if Mr. White had not left here now he would have to remain until next fall. Much as we miss Mr. O'Malley we are sure few of our people would have wished by his refusing to go for two or three weeks, to keep back a man for nearly a year from that great dark heathen land of China, which is now calling so loudly for christian teachers.

A New York paper tells of a woman making shirts at 15c a dozen. Think of a person trying to earn a living at rates like that—and yet some of us by trying to beat down others to prices below cost are helping along such a state of affairs. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," and we should be will-

ing to pay a fair price for good articles. "Very cheap" generally means either very poor or else someone robbed of their just wages.

WARDEN'S NOTICE.—Will those who are in arrears in their subscriptions please give the matter their attention. We are behind in salaries \$200, Fuel, etc., \$75. Help us in this matter.

Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that the Rev. J. M. Jones, formerly of Minden and Orillia, and who has been since October under the care of eminent physicians in London, England, is nearly well again.

Through the instrumentality of Dr. Barnardo's Homes some 30,000 boys and girls have "been removed from the life of the streets," and after teaching, training and instructing for a time, sent forth the great majority to lead useful lives. There are now nearly 5000 orphans or destitute children in his institutions, and the daily expenses are never less than \$1,000, and all this work under God dependent on the free-will offering of the benevolent.

At the January C. E. T. S. meeting on the 25th ult. the Rev. Geo. Rix, of Cannington, gave an excellent address, although the attendance was small. In the absence of the Rector, who had a wedding, and Mr. J. H. Knight, 1st Vice-pres. who was unwell, Mr. Archambault, another V. P., who has done good work for the society, acceptably filled the chair. An interesting program was rendered, and it is expected that the society will do more good work in promoting temperance this winter.

The social gathering in connection with the Gleaners' Union, on Jan. 22nd, was not as largely attended as it should have been owing to the storm and other causes. Mr. N. Milne occupied the chair. Mr. W. Vance, who has been working in Haliburton county, gave some graphic and touching incidents showing the needs of the work in Essonville Mission, and some of the poverty along the Irondale, B. & O. Railway where regular wages have not been paid for some time. We are glad to know that Mr. Vance was taking back from Millbrook and Lindsay some useful bales of clothing, etc. The program was interesting, refreshments delicious, and good feeling manifested.

St. Paul's Church Collections, 1896.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Jan. 3	\$15 55	\$11 15	\$26 70
10	11 75	10 66	22 41
17	12 80	7 99	20 79
24	17 70	12 18	29 88
24	31 15	11 13	42 28
	\$88 95	\$53 11	\$142 06

Mite Society—For principal on mortgage, \$50 00
 Missions—Epiphany "Foreign," 5 45
 January "Diocesan," 2 05

At the monthly Missionary Meeting on Jan. 13th in St. Paul's School Room, Mr. Machonachie, a retired member of the civil service in India, gave an instructive address. He said he could bear witness to the good work of missions in India especially in the Punjab where he had lived many years. It was proved in the lives of the missionaries and also in the lives of the converts—he had known the life of a proud Brahmin changed and made an humble follower of Christ. The good side of a Mahomedan is that he fears God and has zeal, but when led to Christ it improves him wonderfully, but the

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

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No. 75.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

PROPER LESSONS.

- 7—5th Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Prov. i.; Matt. xxi. 23. *Evening*—Prov. iii. or viii.; Acts xxii. 23 to xxiii. 12.
- 14—Septuagesima Sunday. *Morning*—Gen. i. and ii. to v. 4; Rev. xxi. to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. ii. 4. or Job xxxviii.; Rev. xxi. 9 to xxii. 6.
- 21—Sexagesima Sunday. *Morning*—Gen. iii.; Matt. xvii. 57. *Evening*—Gen. vi. or viii.; Rom. v.
- 24—St. Matthias' Day. *Morning*—Sam. ii. 27 to 36; Mark i. 21. *Evening*—Isai. xxii. 15; Rom. viii. to v. 18.
- 28—Quinquagesima Sunday. *Morning*—Gen. ix. to v. 20; Mark iv. to v. 35. *Evening*—Gen. xii. or xiii.; Rom. x.

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

What is thy grief to-day?

A mind mute-burdened with its heavy sorrow,

A soul too faint to see the hopeful morrow,

A life that longs death's drapery to borrow?

Take heart!

He knoweth all thy way,

And makes thy inmost grief His chosen part.

What is thy joy to-day?

A mind in wonder at its own keen knowing,

A soul wherein God-planted truth is growing,

A life with eager, happy love o'erflowing!

Rejoice!

He knoweth all thy way,

And hears with perfect love thy praising voice.

—Herbert Clarke, in *S. S. Times*.

WE wish to take our readers into our confidence and make them co-workers with us in extending the usefulness of our paper. PARISH AND HOME is now just nicely paying its way, but we wish to go on and improve the paper until it is not only the best of its kind in Canada, but one of the best in the world. To do this we need largely to increase our circulation, and, as this month and next are among the best in the year to get new subscribers, we ask the hearty co-operation of all our friends. If the reader is in

a parish where it is localized, let him show it to those who are not subscribers, and if possible get them to take it, and so strengthen the hands of your clergyman, and of the workers of your church. If it is not localized with you, try to get a few copies taken in the Sunday school—it will be a great help to the seniors or scholars—or get some individual subscribers and send their names to The Bryant Press, 20 Bay street, Toronto. One or two ladies can help very much in this way. If a district visitor, or one who visits a hospital or jail, or any institution where good reading is needed and appreciated, take a few copies, if needs be getting some well-to-do friend to help you pay for them, and then leave them where they will do the most good. The promoters are not pushing the work as a money-making venture, but to do all the good they can, and all their work has been done as a labor of love. They desire to scatter good, healthy, yet cheap literature among our church people, to take the place, as far as possible, of that which is trashy and evil, and they want to sow the seed of truth far and wide, and so build up a strong, robust character among our people; above all, they desire to extend the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. To this end and in this work they ask your prayerful help and co-operation, and they ask you, if possible, to give it at once.

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A VISITOR to Canada, who had spent most of his life in Russia, said that one thing that struck him as being very common among Canadian people was fault-finding—grumbling about the weather, the bad times, the low prices, and a hundred other things, and yet he said, contrasting them with the great majority of the people of Russia, he sometimes wondered what they really lacked. Canadians have food in abundance, clothing, freedom to

come and go without any government to harrass and annoy them, and, above all, freedom to worship and serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and opportunity to know His will. Is not this spirit of fault-finding much too prevalent? Parents find fault with children and children with parents; teachers with scholars and scholars with teachers; clergymen with their people and people with their pastors, and all of us with our surroundings, and the little trials and difficulties that come in our way and beset our path. I have heard a farmer do more grumbling because the pigs got into a field and destroyed a couple of bushels of grain than rejoicing for the large and bountiful crop that God had given him. I have heard a woman do more complaining because a child had torn a new dress than thanksgiving for all the many garments she was able to procure for herself and family; a business man murmuring over one bad sale or dull day, rather than rejoicing over a dozen good ones. Surely this must be anything but pleasing to a loving Father who gives so many things to His children richly to enjoy, and tells them to "rejoice in the Lord alway," and plainly shows that all things, even the little everyday cares and worries, work together for good to them that love Him. Let us, this new year, seek to cultivate glad, happy, cheerful characters, thinking of our many blessings, and recounting all we have to be thankful for, rather than brooding or worrying over our trials and troubles. It has been well said, "There are two things we should never worry over, things we cannot help, and things we can help." The former it is of no use to worry over; the latter we should at once set about to remedy. How much happier will the homes of many of our readers be this year if all who read these lines determine, by God's help, to be glad and cheerful, ever looking

on the bright side of things, and so encouraging others, rather than complaining and grumbling and making themselves and everybody else about them miserable! *C. N. L.*

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"WHAT I give is nothing to any body," said a man once when he thought the subject of giving was getting to be too much of a personal matter, in the company where he was. While few of us would care to express ourselves in such language as the above, yet the question as to our giving to God's cause and God's work is a very personal one. We live in a time when our opportunities are many, and God's calls are loud and numerous. In nearly every parish there are various works that need our help. "The poor ye have always with you"—God's poor, often those to whom Christ referred when He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We have splendid opportunities for pushing Christ's work in Algoma and the great Northwest of our own Canada. The writer had the privilege one summer of driving some four or five hundred miles through Manitoba, and the calls to help in that part are many. As the settlers go back and take up new homes, they cannot at once without help support the ministrations of our Church in their midst, much less supply the needs of the Indian missions. Then there are the needs of the other dioceses, the work among the Indians and Esquimaux of our far northern regions. What a splendid work to help make the light of the Gospel shine in every part of our own land, so that at least not a Canadian shall be able to say he had no opportunity of learning the way of life! *C. N. L.*

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LOOKING beyond our own borders, in nearly every land there are now "open doors," and not only are the people crying, "Come over and help us," but God is commanding His followers to go in and take possession in the name of the Lord and proclaim His love to every creature. Yet in the light of all this need, the very vastness of which one would think would call God's soldiers to heroic self-denial and effort, the

work is hindered by the lack of means, and at the same time many who call themselves Christians, yea, many who love the Lord Jesus Christ, make no systematic effort to supply this need. System is needed in giving as in other things, and, if the Jews gave at least a tenth for the support of God's cause and worship in their midst, surely Christians, with their higher privileges and greater responsibilities, should give at least that proportion for God's work at home, and the carrying of His Gospel to those who have it not. May all the readers of these lines "lay by as God blesses them," and then many of them will be surprised to find how much pleasure they take in distributing the money in answer to the calls made upon them, and how with their gifts will go out their desires and prayers for the extension of their Redeemer's kingdom. So true is it "that where your treasure is there will your heart be also." *C. N. L.*

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BE sure, writes Mr. Gladstone that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say that nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and exercise your strength. Work onwards, and work upwards; and may the blessings of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

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A PRIVATE letter to a Cincinnati friend by a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of the Tyrol says: "The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreaths

on a high chair, which was set in state. The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people, whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree.

"They were very simple, for the donors were poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread, but upon all some little message of love was pinned. 'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord. 'Ach, nein!' he said, 'we do not make such a pother about our young people. It is our grandmother's birthday.' The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this, and I thought we could learn much from these poor and simple mountaineers.

* * * * *

A FRENCHMAN who had won a high rank among men of science, and who yet denied the existence of God, the author of all science, was crossing the desert of Sahara in company with an Arab guide. This so-called philosopher noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and the Arab never neglected his devotions. At last one evening, as he rose from his knees, the Frenchman asked him, with a sneer:

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer in wonder, and then said solemnly:

"How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot on the sand? Even so"—and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint was not that of a man."

OFFICE HOURS.

Of course you are all interested in your own clergyman (if you are not you ought to be), but how many of us realize our duty to him? I think most of us consider only his duty to the congregation, and not our duty to him. In a great many places one lone man is expected to keep in touch with several hundred people, but how is he to do it? Just put yourself in his place for a while, and work out the problem.

The clergyman is public property, and every member of the Church has, or should have, a claim on his time and sympathies, but, like any other man of business (surely soul winning is a business), he must have appointed "office hours," and in order to fully benefit by his prescription we must make it a point to call when he is ready for us.

Your "M.D." has certain office hours, and when you have a bodily ailment you call upon him, he writes you out a prescription, and you go away prepared to follow implicitly his instructions; in a short time you receive a bill for "services rendered," viz., building up the outer man. But how about the soul that is starving within you for a prescription from your "D.D."? Do you not know what his "office hours" are? Alas! I fear you know too well, but we are all too prone to give our thoughts, ourselves, to other pleasures—things of the earth, earthy.

It occurs to me that our rector gives more time to his work than any other professional or business man, and certainly, in the majority of cases, does not receive more remuneration. Apart from the personal calls he makes on his parishioners (say nothing of the sick calls), he appoints special evenings when we may meet with him in the presence of God. Wednesday is usually set aside for the week-night prayer-meeting, and the true man of God, seeking to fulfil the command, "Feed my lambs," spends many hours preparing helpful, wholesome soul food, and if he is greeted with a goodly number of earnest parishioners, feels that his labor is not all in vain. But how often must he return to his home with a heart

bowed down with discouragement and disappointment because there are so few earnest attendants out of so large a membership!

Again, he sets apart a certain evening for the Sunday-school teachers, comes on time, prepared to impart many helpful suggestions, but here again is disappointment staring him in the face. The proverbial "faithful few" are there, but where are the others? There may be something else going on, in the way of a party, social, concert, or what not, but is this sufficient excuse?

We would think it a dreadful state of affairs if there was no Anglican Church in our vicinity, but did it never occur to you that this must be quite a temptation to "close up shop" and seek other fields where the soil is more fertile? I mention the English Church because it seems to me there is less enthusiasm there than in other churches. The young people do not respond to the calls of the Church as they ought to, and why not? It is true we may have no Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, or B.Y.P.U. to rouse our enthusiasm, but there are sufficient other societies to include all of our young people, and old people too.

If we could only bear in mind that the man who pleads with us from the pulpit is taught of God, and that through Him we are listening to the exhortations, the loving counsel of our Creator, the Maker of all things, would we, could we, dare to lose one opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Him "who sticketh closer than a brother"? Let us, as individual members of the various organizations in connection with our Church, resolve to set apart at least one evening during the week for special service to God.

H. K. O'H.

MOODY IN NEW YORK.

Come, come, come unto Me,
Come, all ye sore distressed:
Come, come, come unto Me,
Come unto Me and rest.

Four thousand voices, singing almost in a whisper, chanted the chorus. Over and over they sang it. Some were weeping. At last the singing ceased.

"Again!" cried the leader from the stage, and once more rose the chorus, soft and low.

"Now the men!" he cried, and bass, tenor, and baritone rang out the familiar words.

"The ladies!"

And 2,000 trebles sang it. The leader waved his arms as if to command silence. The choir on the stage swelled up the chorus at his bidding. Then the parquet sang the hymn, then the boxes, then the galleries.

"Everybody now!" And with a glad note of joy the vast audience that filled every available inch of space in Carnegie Hall sang at the bidding of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist.

Never in its history has Carnegie Hall known such a crowd. Those in charge of the recent meetings at Cooper Union thought the assemblages that Moody drew there were wonderful, and they expected a crowd, but to hear a symphony concert or to attend set for three o'clock, and the tickets bore the inscription, "Everybody welcome." By half-past two it looked as though everybody had accepted the invitation.

The stage was jammed; not a seat was left in the body of the great hall and hundreds lined the walls. Upstairs the two balconies of boxes were filled and overhead the two big galleries were packed.

Outside another multitude of well-dressed, prosperous-looking people fought, pleaded, threatened; all insanely eager to get within sound of Moody's voice. But the ushers were obdurate. Another person within might mean a panic. Still the crowd stood at the entrance. The front rows pressed their faces against the plate-glass doors and peered in. They could see nothing, but they kept their places.

It was a well-dressed, enthusiastic crowd. The men wore stylishly cut overcoats and silk hats; the women had furs and velvet wraps. Many drove up in carriages, some with crests and monograms. It was a crowd that had been to Carnegie Hall before, but to hear a symphony concert or attend a college commencement. At first they wouldn't hear of being turned away.

"Overflow meeting around the corner!" cried the ushers, forcing back the throng.

It was so. Moody and Sankey had decided to split their forces for the afternoon. Mr. Moody stayed at Carnegie; Mr. Sankey went around to the Central Presbyterian Church on Fifty-seventh street, and drew hundreds there. Still a thousand or more patiently waited outside of the hall, hoping vainly for admittance.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was Moody's text.

Over and over again he had the audience sing the hymn. When the last note softly died away he spoke.

"Won't you come?" he cried. "It's not for the elect; not for the select few; it's for all. Rest! rest! rest!"

The speaker paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Most of the women had out their pocket-handkerchiefs. But not a sound from anyone.

"Rest!" whispered Moody, "one of the sweetest promises given to men. No one is shut out—it's for all! Rest; you can't buy it! If it could be bought like stocks or bonds there are men in Wall street to-day who would give millions for it, and gladly, too. Rest; you can't get it at your theatres or in your ball rooms, or in your whirl of society! You may drink of the cup of pleasure to-day, to-morrow you drain the dregs of sorrow."

"Rest; I'll tell you what it is! It's a gift. It's freely given. The moment you bend to take up the cross away goes your burden. Who'll take it?"

The faces told the effect of Moody's exhortations. There were no ringing "hallelujahs," no frantic "amens," no shrieks of joy or anguish, no falling down on bended knee. The expression on those faces told of cravings satisfied, the hope-lighted eyes, the half-parted lips, the silent tears were visible tokens of fervor deep-rooted.

"He came unto His own," cried the speaker, "and 'His own received Him not.' God wants you all to take Him. Will you take Him? Will you have Him? Will you believe Him? Will you have life?"

Now it was a story of a little dying child. The agonized mother had tried to tell it of approaching death by promising that it would soon hear heavenly music, and see the pearly gates, and the streets of gold, and the jasper walls. But the little one was very, very tired.

"Oh, mamma," it sighed, said Moody, "'if I saw all that it would make me so tired and worse.'"

And in whispers he told how the heart-broken mother had clasped it to her breast while the little one moaned. "Oh, that's what I want; if Jesus would only take me in his arms I'd get rest."

The pocket-handkerchiefs were all out now. Men, too, were weeping. Moody was exultant.

"If I were searching for those who enjoy perfect rest I should never go among your millionaires to find them. Nor should I go among your pleasure seekers, nor your so-called 400, your fashionables, your bon-tons. Nor would I go among your honorables, your statesmen. No, Washington is the last place I should go to find rest. Ambition kills rest."

"But you can have rest, too," he shouted. "There are hundreds here who want it. Go home to your families and confess God! Be bold. Thousands upon thousands could become Christians if they had the boldness to confess. There is more rest around the family organ than in any other place I know of. But here in busy New York you're too occupied to have family organs and family prayers. No time to pray? Oh, God help you!"

He was done. They sang another hymn. Moody prayed and four thousand heads bowed with his. He called for one more hymn.

"He saved me, O glory," burst from 4,000 pairs of lips in a mighty chorus.

"Now," spoke Moody, "those who feel that they want to know the way to God please come down to the platform. I have a little book that I want to give to you, 'The Way to God.'"

He had reckoned without his host. Those prosperous, well-dressed people surged like a sea down the aisles to get the books. The ushers had big stacks of them ready. They melted away like snow

under an April sun. Hundreds more were holding up their hands for one.

One man, in a frock coat and carrying a silk hat, climbed up on the stage. He wrung the evangelist's hand. Tears streamed down his face.

"I'm sorry," said Moody, "but we didn't expect so many. There are no more books left. But if anyone writes me a letter I'll be glad to send the book."

Still the people wouldn't go. Hymn after hymn the choir sang. Moody led them with uplifted hymn book. At last he had to go. Word had come over from the church where the overflow was that he must come. At last he went. There were many with a new light in their faces who followed him out. —*New York World.*

TRUST IN GOD.

The ends of the earth are coming fast upon us. The world is full of sorrow; the signs of the latter days multiply about the course of time. Why add to all that we have to bear the misery of doubting Him who only of all we ever heard of can help us to carry our burden of anxiety and pain? All this lies in our own hands. Believe me, brethren, no man will be moved who lives his life in God, who places himself quietly in God's hands and fixes on Him, with steady resolve, the eyes of a loving faith. And as that is the way not to be moved, so to neglect it is the sure way toward the great, troubled whirlpool wherein we, who stand on the shore, see men drifting about and dashing each other and themselves into mere masses of forlorn and unhappy wreck. Suffer yourself to be detached from Him, get off from Him, cease to worship, to pray, to read His Word, forget Him; put Him out of your purposes, your interests, your affairs; and all that is worth having, and all that makes life grand and good, heroic and sublime, will recede and vanish, leaving you like those of whom the apostle said that they had "no hope, and were without God in the world."—*Dr. Dix.*

THE GRUMBLER.**HIS YOUTH.**

His coat is too thick, and his cap is too thin ;
 He couldn't be quiet, he hated a din ;
 He hated to write, and he hated to read ;
 He was certainly very much injured indeed ;
 He must study and work over books he detested,
 His parents were strict, and he never was rested ;
 He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
 There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big ;
 He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig ;
 His wife was too silly, his children too rude ;
 And just because he was uncommonly good,
 He never had money enough or to spare ;
 He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear ;
 He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
 There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears ;
 He grumbles to think that he grumbled for years ;
 He grumbles to think that he's grumbled away
 His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
 But, alas ! 'tis too late—it is no use to say
 That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray :
 He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
 There is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.

—Our Little Folks.

SHOULDERING RESPONSIBILITIES.

There are a great many people who make excellent workers if they have someone else to lean on. If there is another who will appoint them their work day by day they will do it faithfully, energetically, and satisfactorily. But when the time comes for them to decide about their own work, and to shoulder the responsibility of such decision, they are unwilling to do so. They have been leaning so long that walking alone seems almost impossible.

This unwillingness to shoulder responsibility is one of the secrets

of the hold which the Roman Catholic Church has on mankind. Many are not willing to shoulder the responsibility of deciding what is the will of God for them, and so very gladly throw that responsibility on the priest and follow his instructions. So is it also with many Protestants ; they do very well so long as the clergyman or someone else directs them, but without such direction they are useless.

This is not right. We are not to be driven by anyone nor to follow implicitly anyone but the "Man Christ Jesus," and each of us, instructed by the Holy Spirit, must shoulder the responsibility before God of deciding what the will of Christ is for him or her in any particular matter. Even in the commonplace affairs of daily life there are not a few men and women who wish to lean on others in the smallest affairs of life, who wish to have someone to blame if what they do does not turn out right. They will not choose the materials for their next suit of clothes or dress without having someone of whom to say, "He or she advised it." Often in a home the young people are accustomed to depend so much on the advice of parents in every matter that, when the time comes (as come it must) for them to form their own conclusions and act on their own observations, and take upon themselves the responsibility of their own decisions, they are unwilling and unable to do so. Young people in homes should not be allowed to lean too much on father's or mother's or the elder brother's decisions, but should be taught to form their own, and abide by them. Then, when the time comes that their former advisers are no longer by their side, they will not be babes, but men and women in the world.

When a responsibility comes to a man, if wise he will at once take it up as a sacred duty sent to him by God. He may throw it upon other shoulders, but he will be held to account for neglecting to shoulder it himself ; or, he may, indeed, like Pilate, try to throw it on others, only to find that they, as was Herod, are also unwilling to assume it. But if when it comes he takes it as coming from God, shoulders it, and de-

pends on God to enable him to discharge it faithfully, God will guide him, will help him, will give him peace, the peace of obedience, instead of the restlessness of rebellion, and will finally reward him, often in this world, and assuredly in the next.

H. R. O'M.

FEAR HIM.

The fear of God seems to be dying out like an old superstition. There are different reasons for this. The glorious truths of Christianity have taught people to love God ; "being justified by faith, we have peace with God," and so the judgment day has lost all its terror for Christians. The world is very apt to borrow Christian thought without necessarily having any right to the truths which are so much comfort to God's children, and this is in part, no doubt, the cause for the fact that the dreadful side of God's character is thought of so little. We delight to emphasize the love of God ; it is far more acceptable to the public than the other side, and so it is very easy to drop all mention of the terrors of hell. Yet it is very important to note that He whose name and nature are love, who really gives us our present conception of what love really means, is the one who spoke so emphatically of the stern side of God's character, and taught us that the same One who numbers our hairs and takes note of the fall of the sparrow to the ground, is also the dreadful Judge who says that even for the "idle word" men must give account in the day of judgment. Jesus Christ tells us to be afraid of Him who, after He hath killed the body, hath power to cast into hell ; emphatically He says, "Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him." Scepticism has had its share in making unfashionable any mention of future punishment. The world, therefore, to day discountenances in every possible way any mention of this, the dark side of New Testament teaching.

I want for a moment, then, to ask you to face the terrible side of God's character. He tells us that death in this life is something that we need not be a bit afraid of. The

man who by violence or otherwise can take away your life here is a man you need not fear. "After that" he can do nothing. The only one a person has really any reason to fear is God. How apt we are to look upon death as the worst thing that can happen to us! How hard it is to realize that life is so small a matter, and that the eternity which stretches out beyond Christ's "after that" is what we want to think most about, and consider most carefully!

It was my duty recently to spend some days in a court room where a young man was being tried for his life, and partly because the scene was an unusual one I was very deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene—the judge seated in solemn state, the various court officials, the crown prosecutor, the jury sworn in, and, not the least impressive, the prisoner at the bar, in a kind of cage, standing there alone, to be tried for his life. It is hard to conceive a more impressive scene. I wondered how I should feel if I stood in that little box instead of him. How eagerly we listened to the points made by the crown prosecutor; how we watched the various links as they tried to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence round the prisoner; how we waited for the summing up; with what eager interest each point was noted, whether in favor of the prisoner or against him! Now the jury retires, and the hours pass wearily while we wait to hear the verdict, "guilty" or "not guilty."

At last we hear that they have come to a decision, and the prisoner is placed in the dock once more. He is white and anxious. The jury are asked for their decision, and as the foreman stands up the surging crowd in the court are breathless, all eagerly stretching forward to hear. One could hardly be present at a scene like this without his thoughts being carried forward to the greater judgment day. The great white throne, before which the crowd in the court, the witnesses, the man who is pronounced "not guilty" by his earthly tribunal, the crown prosecutor, yes, the very judge himself, all, will stand.

Dear reader, have you ever faced it? There is one thing absolutely

certain in this world, more certain than death itself, and that is that you must stand before that judgment seat and answer for the things done in the body, but thanks be to God there is a way of escape, though there is only one. We read, "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus"; "being justified by faith we have peace with God." The great accuser will in that day try to bring accusations against the children of God, but the Judge will say they are justified, or made just, because they accepted Christ as their substitute. The prosecutor will try to make out that they have sinned, but God will show that the sin has been atoned for, and He is too just to punish them and Christ as well. Is it not a wonderful thing that no one will be condemned because he has sinned, but because he has rejected the One who came to save him from sin? No man need be condemned in that day. Have you ever faced the question personally? You have sinned. Do you know Christ as your personal Saviour, as the one who took your place? Do you know the joy of being forgiven? If not, it is my privilege to invite you to know even now that if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son that you should not perish. I plead with you to accept that Saviour now. C.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Years ago a young, fair-faced, golden-haired English girl who had struggled through an experience of restless and unsatisfied desire, and at last had found peace through the blood of the cross, sat down and wrote some verses. She read the manuscript over, but her eyes were holden that she could not see its worth. She says: "I was so little impressed with it that I threw it on the fire, thinking it not worth preserving; but a friend sitting by rescued it just in time to save it, and after it had lain away in my friend's portfolio for a year or two it was brought out and given to the world."

That young girl lived on through years of useful, pleasant, happy ser-

vice, till she died in June, 1879, at the age of forty-two years. She sang sweet songs, she composed many poems, she wrote numerous volumes, her name is known around the world; but nothing she has ever written is so widely known or will be so long remembered as that little scrap which she valued so lightly, that she committed to the flames; for the hand that snatched that paper from the fire preserved to us the hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

"My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?"

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?"

"And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?"

So little do we know what our true work in this world is! The things upon which we pride ourselves turn to dust and ashes before us. Things on which we bestow labor and pains wither and pass away; but some word spoken, some deed done under the promptings of a divine impulse, though we may not recognize its importance or its value, yet has in it the breath and power of the living God. It is the token of the inward energy of "God which worketh in" us "both to will and to do of his good pleasure." And the work of God abides. We may do it with indifference, the world may look upon it with contempt, but the ages shall know its virtue, and eternity shall reveal its worth.—*The Christian*.

Truth may be defined as the shortest possible distance from one point to another.

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BAPTISM.

O Thou who didst young children bless
And not despise their tender years,
Thou who hast felt a babe's distress
And wept a feeble infant's tears,

O look upon this little child
And keep him free from sinful stain ;
Pour down Thy Spirit from on high
And grant him to be born again.

Thou helpless babe, thou dost not know
How fervently for thee we pray,
That God may heavenly gifts bestow
And guide thee in His perfect way.

The Church's prayers are offered up,
The holy sign is on thy brow,
Thou art a lamb of Jesus' flock,
Thou art His little soldier now.

Thy banner is the Saviour's cross ;
Oh, ne'er that sacred symbol shame,
But bravely face Thy Master's foes,
And nobly keep thy Christian name.
—E. F. W.

EXACTNESS.

To be exact in everything is no easy matter, yet to a great extent success in any business or occupation depends on it. The second-class workman is satisfied if his work is nearly exact ; the first-class one is dissatisfied unless it is perfect. The spirit of the second-class workman is "It is not just right, but oh, it will do." The spirit of the first-class workman is "unless it is as nearly perfect as I can make it, it will not do." This kind of man is always in demand, for first-class jobs at first-class wages ; the second-class man is sought for when the other is not available. He gets second-class jobs, about which the employer will say, "Well, if he

doesn't do it very well it makes no difference ; it will not be seen."

Not only is this so with the mechanic, but also with the merchant. He that keeps an exact account of expenditure and receipts, of profit or loss, on each article, who studies the temperaments of his customers, who knows the value of each clerk in his employ, who speaks in definite exact terms and not in generalities, is the one who succeeds, other things being equal. How careful are the bankers with their accounts. Days will be spent in discovering an inaccuracy of one cent. The man who has exact knowledge of a subject and has no guess work in his answers, the man who, when studying, is not satisfied with "I think this is what the author of this work means," but searches until he knows exactly the meaning, and then answers a question exactly, is the one who is depended upon. This is the difference between superficial learning and scholarship. He who is exact becomes the medallist, the professor, the college president. How exact must be the physician's knowledge of a disease before he can cure it, how exact the lawyer's knowledge of a case before he can conduct it properly! We must be exact if we would succeed.

WHAT SAVED A MAN.

"Dolly, Jack Alcott's going to the bad."

Little Mrs. Haywood, lying on the couch in front of the blazing wood fire, studying her husband's handsome profile, had just arrived at the highly satisfactory conclusion that her Will was the finest-looking man she had ever seen. At these words, however, the happy smile on her face died quickly away as she answered, "I'm afraid you are right, Will." And then the silence fell again.

Jack Alcott, the subject of that brief conversation, was a handsome, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky scapegrace, endowed with a deeply affectionate nature, with nothing whereon to expend itself. Had his mother lived it might have been different, for the sight of her distress and suffering over his reckless life would have proved a restraint. Poverty,

also, would have been a blessing ; but deprived of these two safeguards the young fellow seemed bent on going blithely, and with no uncertain steps, on toward that goal designated in popular parlance as "the bad."

Finally Mr. Haywood spoke again.

"Can't we do something, Dolly? Jack's much too fine a fellow to go to waste like that!"

"I wish we could ; but he comes so seldom now. Can't you speak to him, dear?"

"I know Jack better than you do, Dolly, and speaking would not be of the slightest use. He would lend me an ear, so to speak, might even pull up for a while just to please me, but that's all it would amount to. Things have to go deeper than that with Jack to make an impression."

"Well, I think he's a hard-hearted, ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Haywood, wrathfully, at the sight of her husband's anxious face, "when he knows how much you care for him, and how his conduct must grieve you. It's a disgrace for such a man as he might be to be what he is!"

"Of course it is," answered her husband, "and I am going to trust you to think of some plan, Dolly, by which he may become what God intended he should be. If he only had some sweet, good woman like you to love him there would be some hope. But what right has any good woman to venture on the experiment of trusting herself to such a man as he is now, for all he is so lovable? But I must go, dear. I'm sorry to leave you feeling so miserably, but I will be back in two hours."

Then he stooped and kissed her and went away, and Dorothea lay looking at the dancing flames, with a happy flush on her sweet face, thinking of "poor Jack Alcott."

Not five minutes had passed when a tap on the library door was followed by the subject of her meditations, who entered smiling and handsome. She did not reproach him with his long absence, but simply looked glad to see him, and held out her hand with a word of warm welcome.

"Will was obliged to go out, so

you are doubly welcome," she said, "for I have such a wretched cold that I need company."

But she was not to have it, after all, for at that moment a maid entered with a note, at which, on opening, Dorothea first laughed, then looked as though she wanted to cry.

"What is it?" asked Jack; then she handed it to him.

"Bob's techer," it said—

"Bob's awful fond uv you an' no mistake, an' ef yer ever wants ter see him agin yerd better com rite off. Bob's askin' fur yer an' askin' fer yer hes that terrible sick. I'm his brother Sam."

"Oh, Jack, what shall I do?" and there was no doubt about the crying now.

"What does it mean?" he asked, full of sympathy at her evident distress.

"Bob is in my class at the mission, and though I have only had him for a few Sundays I have grown really fond of him. I think I never saw quite such a little heathen as he was, but he is very lovable. He was not out last Sunday, and I intended to go and see him, but this cold has kept me in. Oh, I wonder if I might not go to-night."

"Certainly not. It would be your death in such air."

"But fancy the poor little fellow wanting me! It breaks my heart to think that he will be wondering why I do not come. If Will would only come home!"

"Why, I will go and explain it gladly, if you will tell me where the little scamp is to be found."

"He and his brother have a tiny room at the top of a tenement house. Oh, how good you are!" and she seized a bit of paper and wrote off the address.

"First time I have ever been accused of that," he said, dryly, as he took the paper and went off, promising to come back and report.

Jack Alcott experienced a rather peculiar sensation as he climbed the fourth flight of stairs in a tumble-down tenement, knocked at a certain door, and, in response to a rough, boyish voice, entered. Directly before him, on a miserable apology for a bed, lay an evidently dying child, who, with eyes bright with fever, was looking beyond him

as he crossed the room to the still open door.

"Didn't she come?" he asked, pitifully, when he found that Jack was unaccompanied.

"She couldn't Bob, she was sick herself," and Jack Alcott felt a strange lump rising in his throat as he saw the big tears rush into the blue eyes.

The other boy, presumably Sam, turned suddenly away, muttering between his teeth, "He's been awaitin' and awaitin' for her!"

"Poor little chap!" said Jack, seating himself on the miserable bed. "She cried because she could not come to you, and she has sent me to tell you how sorry she is."

"I wanted to see her awful! I wanted to ask her somethin'." Then, after a moment, looking up into Jack's face as the young man took the dry, hot little hand between his cool ones, he said, "But I 'spect you could tell me. You're good, too, like she is."

"The dickens I am!" thought Jack.

"You're not like me, that has stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad," he went on, in a thin, feeble voice. "But I was a-tryin'—tell her I was a-tryin'—but it was awful hard when you're hungry mostly and ain't had nothin' all day. But I wished I'd stayed hungry an' not stole! But what I want to ask yer is, do yer 'spose He'll let me in? She said He was sorry fur me, and do yer think He knows I was a-tryin', and maybe'd let me in up there that she told me about, where no person ain't never hungry, and where yer don't want to steal, nor nothin'? Say, do yer think He will?" and the little hand clutched Jack's with feverish strength, and the eyes looked almost in agony into his.

O, Jack! Jack! What can you say to comfort this poor, penitent little sinner? Which of you two, think you, has the better chance of an entrance into the heavenly mansions? Which has made the most of his opportunities? The clasp of the boy's hand tightens, and the eyes still question pitifully. Answer he must.

"Yes, Bob, yes!" said Jack, almost with sobs. "He will let you in, He surely will if you ask Him!"

"Then I will; you're good like her, an' yer know fur shure!"

The thin, hot hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and Jack Alcott, watching in the dim light of one poor candle, saw the lips move. The eyes were open again, and a radiant smile fairly glorified the little face.

"I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in! He surely is!"

"Tell her," he went on, presently, the voice growing faint and weak now, "tell her that you wur werry good to me, and tell her I wur a-tryin' like she tol' me, and I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in." A moment's pause, then: "You'll kinder look after Sam, won't yer?"

"Yes, Bob, I'll look after Sam, I promise you I will," and with great tears in his eyes, the first which had come to bless them since he was a boy, Jack Alcott leaned over and kissed the white forehead. The blue eyes opened once more with a look of deep gratitude as the lips murmured, "Yer good, werry good, to me;" then a deep drawn breath, and Bob had been "let in."

Jack Alcott did not go back to report to Dorothea that night; he sent this note:

"Little Bob is gone. He left you this message: 'Tell her that I wur a-tryin' as she tol' me, and that I've asked Him, an' He's going to let me in.' I shall see to everything here, so do not worry. JACK."

Dorothea read the note, and with her eyes full of tears passed it to her husband.

"Dolly," he said, as he laid it down, "I think our question for Jack is answered."

Yes, things had gone deep with Jack Alcott at last. Ever present was that pitiful little voice: "You're good; you're not like me that's stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad." Sitting in his dark room one night with Sam, who, worn out by his grief, was fast asleep on the sofa beside him, Jack finally faced the great question of life.

Poor little Bob with his baby sins! Ah, yes! he had been "let in." But with opportunities so basely misused, what hope was there for one like himself? Get thee behind him, Satan, with your vile temptation to limit the power

of God! But down on your knees, Jack Alcott, and there beg for mercy. Listen: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "For a little moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Ah, you may well tremble, Satan, and slink away, for he is on his knees, and your wretched reign in that soul is over forever!

It began to be noised abroad, soon after the pitiful funeral, that Jack Alcott had thrown up his presence of business, and was working night and day down in the slums among newsboys, bootblacks, and worse, and that a shadow called Sam was ever beside him as his right-hand man.—*Annie L. Hannah, in Watchman.*

"SEALED ORDERS."

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through evil and good report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the voyage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port!
—*Helen Chauncey, in Sailor's Magazine.*

VERY PRESUMPTUOUS.

"Well! I never heard such a thing! How very presumptuous!" exclaimed Ida Morton, laying down the book she held in her hand, and looking up at her old friend, Mrs. Montrose, with an expression half of dismay, half of disgust. It was

a pretty picture. Ida sat on the flower-flecked grass, her lissome figure and fair, golden-framed face bent down towards the book she had been reading. White doves cooed in echo to the silvery tones of her sweet young voice; bees buzzed in and out of the rose and honeysuckle bushes round her, and in the big garden chair against which she leaned sat the dearest old lady in the world, owner of the quaint cottage in which Ida Morton was lodging while painting her last commission—a picture of glen and wood, with softly rippling, softly-shaded streamlet of silver beauty. Such a dear old-fashioned woman, in her soft, pale gray dress, lace crossover, and close fitting cap bordering the silver hair upon her brow. On the lips is a smile of sweetness, in the eyes a look of love, over the face the light of peace—oh, yes! you would have called Mrs. Montrose a beautiful woman, although she was old and wrinkled, and gray-haired—just because you could not help it—it was the truth.

"What do you call presumptuous, my dear?" said Mrs. Montrose, laying her hand gently on the girl's arm.

"Just listen." And Ida read:

"The late Joseph Mackey, of New York, printer and publisher, was a great Bible-reader and Bible-lover. He determined to have a Bible of his own, and having a large number of workmen in his employ he made them print for his private and individual use a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures, differing from the ordinary one only in this, that wherever there was a general promise or command he made it particular by inserting his own name before it. For example, he made it run thus: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that Joseph Mackey believing on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom Joseph Mackey is chief.' 'My grace is sufficient for Joseph Mackey, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'Himself bore Joseph Mackey's sins in His own body on the tree.'"

Ida stopped suddenly, and ex-

claimed, "I think it most presumptuous, don't you?"

"No, my dear lady," said the old lady, very gently, but with a joyous gleam in her still, dark eyes, "I don't think he went beyond his privileges. All that believe in and obey the good Lord are His children, and are entitled to the rich legacy He left them in His will."

"I quite understand," said Ida, "that salvation is a personal matter, but I don't quite like the idea of taking possession of the Bible promises in that way; it would make things so dreadfully real," pausing a little to select a word, and then using it with lowered breath. "And it would not always be comfortable; for example, I am not sure I should like this: 'If Ida Morton will come after Me, let her deny herself and take up her cross daily.' I do not so much mind the comforting bits of the Bible, but I do not like the commands coming so closely into my daily life."

"You speak very frankly, my child," said the old lady, gravely; "I can imagine that Scriptures became a different book to Joseph Mackey when he read it in that way. We all like to claim God's promises, even though we can't go the length of printing our names before them like this man did. But when it comes to carrying out His commands, many besides yourself object. It is not presumptuous to assure ourselves boldly of God's Word; it is but blessed faith."

"Well, dear Mrs. Montrose, it certainly would make my hope of heaven and grasp of God very real, if I read my Bible as Joseph Mackey read his, and I am afraid—don't be shocked, I only want to be quite honest—my life would be very different if I read the commands of Christ as literally," and the girl shut her book impatiently.

"Oh! don't look at me so gravely," she cried presently. "I am not good, I know; I'm only a half-hearted Christian. I'd like to be safe and happy, but I'd like to have my own way a bit, too; I don't like giving up my will. It is hard, you know, Mrs. Montrose, when one is young, and the world before one."

"Not hard to a true heart, my child. Our way, our will, can become the Lord's way and will. Be-

utes, and, as he came near, Mr. Duncan held out a dime, saying: "

"I would like two more bags of your popcorn, for it's fresh, just as you said it was"; then, for the first time glancing into Jimmie's basket, exclaimed: "Why, boy, what have you done with all that corn?"

"I've sold it, sir, every bagful. I'm sorry I haven't some more for you, but I never have any left after I go through the train the first time."

"How does that happen?" inquired Mr. Duncan.

"Well, you see, sir, I've been selling on these trains now for over a year, and folks have found out that my popcorn is always fresh, just as I say, and that's why I never have any left," answered Jimmie, proudly.

"I see you have learned that 'honesty is the best policy,'" said Mr. Duncan. "Won't you tell me how you learned it?"

"I don't like to talk about it, sir, but I guess I'll tell you—for—for—now, don't think I'm putting on you when I tell you that you make me think of my pa, for he was a real gentleman, if he was poor, and I mean to be just like him."

Deeply touched at the compliment, Mr. Duncan laid his hand on the boy's arm, saying:

"I'm listening; tell me in a few words."

"Well," said Jimmie, in a low tone, "the summer pa died we lived in a little house in the suburbs, and just back of the house was a cherry tree; the cherries were fine, too, most of them, and we wanted money so bad we put 'em in boxes and sold 'em. Pa 'most always put 'em in the boxes while I picked 'em; but one day he was too sick, so I did it. When I got done I took 'em to show him, saying, 'Don't they look lovely?'"

"Pa looked at 'em a moment, and said, 'Yes, they do look lovely on the top; how about the bottom?'"

"I couldn't lie, so I said, 'Nobody'll see the bottom till after they're sold.'"

Here Jimmie's face became very red, but he kept bravely on. "Then pa turned over a box and looked dreadful sorry as he saw the wormy, green cherries I had put there.

But the conductor is shouting 'All aboard,' sir, and I have just time to tell you that pa told me never to forget that God would see all my naughty tricks, and that I must never cheat again, and—and it's Him I'm thinking of when I sell popcorn and everything."—*Laura E. Hutchinson, in Sunday Afternoon.*

GRANDFATHER'S INVENTORY.

"Run away, Dick! I'm taking an inventory. I can't be bothered now."

When Grandfather Morris used a certain tone, people were apt to obey him, but this time his small namesake only came nearer.

"What is an 'inventory,' Grandpa?" asked the boy.

"Every year, before the first of January, I go over my books, the record of the store, my bank stock, rents and all. I have the capital and profit on one side, and the expense and loss on the other. Then I balance my accounts, and know just what I am worth," answered the old gentleman.

"Oh, I believe I'll do that, too," said his small grandson, who tried to imitate his grandfather in every possible way.

"Very well," said Mr. Morris. "Here's a little book. What can you enter on the credit page?"

"I have four dollars in the bank, and my pony and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and grandma and little sister and papa and mamma. You, I'll put in big letters."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "Anything more?"

"Yes, I'll write down my eyes and ears and my legs, anyway."

"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr. Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satisfaction.

"But, grandpa, don't we have to invest on the credit side?"

"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent., and more. Your bank money draws interest, and your belongings pay you in comfort. Now run away, my boy."

"One thing more, grandpa," said the little fellow, laying his head against the old gentleman's shoulder; "what are you going to do with your money?"

Mr. Morris looked at the boy

sharply from under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner was evidently innocent of any personal designs.

"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making my family comfortable, I'm going to leave the rest to charity—that is, for poor people, or to a school, or to the church."

"Oh, grandpa; I'm so glad! Then you won't mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are not dead. That's why I came. Mary said you wasn't to be disturbed, but I told her I had particular business which couldn't wait. He's in trouble. You see he's in college, but even the preps and the primes in our room make fun of him, and call him 'Old Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you know. Well, some of the boys thought they would play a trick on him, so they went to his room, and took his stove down and put it on the shed roof. Then they found they had all their work for nothing, for he hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been awful cold. We all went to the chapel, even us primes, and I heard Doctor Williams tell about it. Steve was at work. He said some good man ought to put up a building for poor boys, so they could have warm, comfortable rooms and plenty to eat without it costing so much. So I thought I'd ask you right away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fellows."

"You seem to think grandpa is made of money," said the old gentleman, much amused.

"Oh, grandpa, do take some of the money you're going to leave when you're dead," begged Dick. "I'd afraid Steve and lots of nice boys will freeze, waiting for you to die. Why, he only has mush he makes on a little oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it. If you'd build a home for boys you could see all about it yourself, and you'd have more folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look down from heaven, and see whether folks used your dead money as you wanted?"

"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away; I must get this work done before day after to-morrow."

Dick turned away much disappointed, not quite sure his grand-

father was going to see about it. He had hoped Steve could have a better home at once. He did not know how hard it was for his grandfather to part with his dollars. The good old gentleman was waiting for the cold hand of death to loosen his grasp, and then he hoped to bless mankind with what he no longer needed.

"Dead money," muttered the old man. "Pretty good, after all. A man's money seems to die or stop growth with him. Why not make folks love me when I can feel it? And boys may freeze waiting for me to die! I hope they will wait for some years."

Then he turned to his ledger, but in the row of dollars and cents he seemed to see other entries—"a long life," "a loving wife," "good children," "bright, loving grandchildren," "eyesight and hearing," "the hope of a life beyond."

"If I reckon like Dick, I have a good deal to give account for. This little college does need help," he thought.

The old gentleman sat thinking it over for some time; then he said aloud:

"I believe it is a foolish plan to leave your good deeds for other people to do. They don't always carry out one's wishes. I believe, my boy, I'll take your advice."

To think was to come to a decision, and that meant action with Grandfather Morris.

Opposite the college building was a large frame house for sale. The last day of the year this became the property of Mr. Morris, and I must confess he made a close bargain. The deed was made to the college trustees in Richard's name. This the boy found under his plate New Year's morning, and when his grandfather explained, he was almost wild with delight.

"I have sent for Steve to come to dinner," Mr. Morris said. "Tomorrow we will furnish what rooms are needed, and find some good woman to take charge of the new home."

"Steve's mother is a widow, and a very worthy woman, I hear," said Richard's mother.

"That might do. I want to make this a good, comfortable home for young men who are deserving.

Yet we will find some way so the boys can help themselves," said grandpa.

That was the beginning of the "Morris Endowment," which in time made a fine institution out of a struggling little college. The old man lived to know that many blessed his name, and that his money was well invested.

"Richard," he said, just before his death, "if I had not given my money, charity would not have gotten much, for that bank failure nearly ruined me. I can't leave my children and grandchildren the wealth I expected."

"You leave a blessed memory, grandpa," said the young man. "The New Year's gift you gave me ten years ago has done more good than if you had left me a fortune."

"God blessed that gift, and opened other hearts. Do good while you have a chance, my boy," said the old gentleman.—*Myra Goodwin Plants.*

One should never omit a chance to speak a word for the Master, even if it's only to ask a question. If, then, you have a word to say, say it. If you are ever moved to open your lips, open them, for while we stand hesitating the angel of opportunity goes past our doors never to return again.

If we want to do something for Christ, God will open up the way for us to do it, and teach us how, and whether it be by word of mouth, or by a line of writing, or by the handed invitation or *Paflet*, it will be blessed, for He loves a cheerful worker, and will crown his attempt with blessing.

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great movement in the Punjab was among the poorest of the people, thousands of them being brought to Christ, and he could bear testimony to the great change in their lives. It is good to hear such testimony from one, who in one sense is not a missionary, (in another sense every Christian is a missionary, and especially if his lot is cast among a heathen people.) It should encourage us at home to push the battle in the enemies country.

The *English Churchman* of a recent date, in speaking of India says: The retirement from India of Mr. Maconachie, of Gurdaspur, of the Civil Service, is referred to in the Punjab Mission News as "a very heavy loss, not only to the United Presbyterian Missionaries, who work at Gurdaspur, but to Church of England Missions from Delhi to Dalhousie." The Punjab Mission has been blessed in having the active sympathy of a number of christian officers both military and civil. We hope to have the privilege of other addresses from Mr. Machonachie as he is now living near Fenelon Falls. Mrs. Koyle gave a missionary song, and Miss E. Soanes and L. Wallace gave recitations, being on the same subject. Missionary Boxes were brought in and nearly \$20 given to foreign work. Let us pray, work and give (selves if possible) until the King's command is fulfilled and every creature has heard the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ.

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