

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 98

DECEMBER, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

POGUE.—Amelia, daughter of Stewart and Eliza Pogue, adult, baptized 7th Nov., 1899.

Marriages.

LEGGETT—KNOWLSON.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 8th Nov, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Ross Mortimer Leggett, of Trenton, Mich., U.S., to Florence Knowlson, of Lindsay.

Burials.

ALLEN.—At Riverside cemetery, on 12th Nov., 1899, William Allen, in his 37th year.

SAUNDERS.—At Riverside cemetery, on 24th Nov., 1899, Masson Auguste, son of Masson Saunders, aged 3 months.

KEEVE.—At Riverside cemetery, on 29th Nov., 1899, Anna Keeve, in her 61st year.

HUNGERFORD.—At Riverside cemetery, on 30th Nov., 1899, Amelia, wife of Richard Hungerford, in her 70th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Evans, of the Dominion Bank, to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

We wish a very happy Christmastide to all our readers. Let us also strive to make others happy.

Among the new comers to Lindsay and St. Paul's we are glad to welcome Mrs. Hume and family (of Russell st.) from Cobocok, and Mrs. Ashman from Hartley.

Mrs. E. Rogers, mother of Mr. Hewson, who died on Dec. 2nd, was taken to Port Hope for burial on Dec. 4th. Though she will be much missed, she had reached her 80th year and expected soon to be called home.

The ministerial association of Lindsay passed a very kind resolution expressive of congratulations and good wishes to the rector of St. Paul's on his appointment as Rural Dean of Durham and Victoria.

Don't let this year end, or the century close without seeing that your arrears to Parish and Home are all paid.

We are glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Finlay settled in Lindsay again. Mrs. Finlay was at one time a member of St. Paul's choir.

We are sure many of our readers take an occasional look through our advertising columns and do part of their trading with those who have cards in Parish and Home

The Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., is (D.V.) to address the McAll mission in Lindsay on Dec. 11th in the afternoon. In the evening he has consented to give an address at a Missionary At Home in connection with the "Gleaners' Union."

Miss Lila Graham has gone to Toronto to live, but kindly remembered to send a contribution towards the church debt. She will be missed from church and from the Gleaners' Union, but we wish her every blessing in her new home.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," said the inspired writer St. James, and yet how seldom people ask another to pray with or for them. In sickness or trouble how much of solace, balm and strength may be secured through fervent prayer to God.

A wedding is usually a pleasing event, and the one in St. Paul's church on Wednesday, November 8th, was a very pleasant and happy one. Still we are sorry to lose Miss Florence Knowison from Lindsay; yet as Mrs. Leggett wish her many years of happiness in her western home.

Some three hundred members of the Canadian Contingent for South Africa partook of the holy communion at the cathedral, Quebec, on the Sunday before they started on their long journey. It must have been an inspiring sight to see so many soldiers gather at the Lord's table, and we rejoice that they acknowledged themselves soldiers of Christ as well as of the Queen. Who can say how many of them will be permitted to return to their own land?

We regret to state that we are to lose the Rev. R. McNamara at the beginning of the year. He goes to be appointed incumbent of the parish of Gagetown, N.B. While very many will miss him here, yet as he feels that God is leading him down east we are sure many will follow him with their prayers, and wish both him and Mrs. McNamara richer blessings in their new home and field of labour. As they are taking with them a native of Lindsay we do not think they will ever entirely forget this parish.

The 14th anniversary of the opening of St. Paul's church was kept with special services on Nov. 26th. There were large congregations, with excellent singing, and we trust the hearts of the worshippers went out in deep thanksgiving to God who has led us hitherto. The Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., of Toronto, was the preacher morning and evening, and his subjects, Prayer and Jacob's staff, with the many lessons to be learned therefrom. There was a Sunday school service in the afternoon with an offertory of over \$19. The united offertory for church debt was some \$356, (after deducting the ordinary collection) and about \$50 has since been promised or handed in, which considering there was no personal canvass, is very encouraging. The rector and congregation owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jones for his kindness and efficient help.

St. Stephen's church, Toronto, kept its 41st birthday the first Sunday in December.

Incidentally we have heard lately of several young people of St. Paul's who have begun to lay by for God's work at least one tenth of what he gives them. We rejoice with them and are sure they will find God's promise true, "Them that honour me I will honour." Read also Gen. 28:20-22.

The sixth archidiaconal conference of this archdeaconry was held at Peterboro on Nov 14th and 15th, some 25 clergy and about 12 lay representatives being present. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, M.A., presided with his usual tact and wisdom. The spirit of the gathering was helpful and stimulating, and we are sure many are stronger for having been present. The Rev. H. Symonds is an excellent secretary and the minutes read were like a short synopsis of the preceding conference. The archdeacon in his opening address, referred to the excellent spiritual address of the morning service by Rev. G. Warren to the reduction of interest from endowments to the needs of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, to the desirability of a clergyman being introduced to his new charge by the archdeacon or rural dean and neighboring clergy, wishing him Godspeed in an impressive and helpful service; also he said that the Church of England should take a decided stand as to the sanctity of the Lord's day, and in temperance work. Excellent papers on the Church of England, (1) Its origin, (2) Its relation to the Church of Rome and the Reformation, were read by Revs. J. S. Broughall, M.A., and Canon Farncomb, M.A. The Rev. Rural Dean Webb gave much information on "The Condition of the Church in the Archdeaconry," and we were surprised to find that in some townships there were more than a hundred voters who were put down as belonging to no church. There was a large congregation at the evening service and the Rev. Provost Welch, M.A., D.C.L., delivered an instructive and helpful sermon on St. John 9:4. On the morning of the 15th the Rev. H. C. Dixon deeply moved the hearts of all his hearers as he spoke on "Rescue Work," and told some of the great things God had done, and the value in his sight of the lost ones. At the suggestion of the Rev. J. C. Davidson the archdeacon requested Mr. Dixon to lead in prayer that all present might be more consecrated to the work God had called them to. The rector of Lindsay spoke on "Desecration of the Lord's Day," which at present is felt to be a burning question. Rev. Canon Spragg, Mr. Wm. Grace and R. M. Dennistoun, esq., led in the consideration of matters relative to the division of the diocese, while the Revs. R. L. Weaver and W. C. Allen gave instructive papers on "The Devotional Life of the Church." "Unbelief" in its various phases was ably dealt with by Revs. Herbert Symonds and John Bushell. A closing public meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. hall and addressed by Revs. R. J. Carson, E. Daniel and H. C. Dixon, with we are sure lasting results. The hospitality of the church people of Peterboro was very kindly extended to the visitors, and the lunches at St. John's and St. Luke's schoolhouses gave pleasant opportunities of making new or renewing former acquaintanceship. Mr. J. H. Knight was the third representative from Lindsay and took a very active part in the discussions; we wish laymen from Cameron, Cambray and Reaboro and other parts had also been present.

Parish and Home

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 1

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 3—1st Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah i.; Peter v. *Evening*—Isaiah ii. or iv., 2; John xiii. to 21.
- 10—2nd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah v.; John iii. to 16. *Evening*—Isaiah xi. to 11; John xviii. to 28.
- 17—3rd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah xxv.; Rev. i. *Evening*—Isaiah xxvi. or xxviii., 5 to 19; Rev. ii. to 18.
- 21—St. Thos., A. & M. *Morning*—Job. xlii. to 7; John xx., 19 to 21. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxv. John xiv. to 8.
- 24—4th Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah xxx. to 27; Rev. xiv. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxii. or xxxiii., 2 to 23; Rev. xv.
- 25—Christmas Day. *Morning*—Isaiah ix. to 8; Luke ii. to 15. *Evening*—Isaiah vii., 10 to 17; Titus iii. 1 to 9.
- 26—St. Stephen, the First Mart. *Morning*—Gen. iv., to 11; Acts 6. *Evening*—Chron. xxiv., 15 to 23; Acts viii. to 9.
- 27—St. John, A. & E. *Morning*—Exod. xxxiii., 9; John xiii., 23 to 36. *Evening*—Isaiah vi.; Rev. i.
- 28—Innocents' Day. *Morning*—Jer. xxxi. to 31; Rev. xvi. *Evening*—Baruch iv., 21 to 18; Rev. xviii.
- 31—1st Sunday after Christ. *Morning*—Isaiah xxx.; Rev. xxi., 15—xxii. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxviii. or xl.; Rev. xxii., 6.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how as the day had come,
The bellies of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

With this issue we enter upon our tenth year of publication. After careful consideration of the need existing for such a paper, a committee of the graduates of Wycliffe

College in December, 1890, got out the first number of PARISH AND HOME.

This initial number was, of course, a large one, for, although the subscribers were few, a great many were required for distribution as sample copies. By the following October, however, there were 2,700 subscribed for. The subscription list has fluctuated very considerably since then, but stands now at about 3,000. For these nine years, regularly, month after month, PARISH AND HOME has gone forth with its messages for young and old. The committee have been and still are cheered from time to time in their labour of love by letters telling of appreciation of the paper and of benefits received from its perusal. Some of those friends have evidenced their interest also by work in increasing the subscription list, but there are, we feel sure, many others who, if they understood the facts of the case, would be willing to do something to help on the work. Briefly, then, it is as follows. In the early years of publication the paper was carried on at a financial loss, consequent upon the smallness of the subscription list. The committee, however, strong in faith, persevered, even to the extent of undertaking a large personal responsibility for the yearly deficits.

The indebtedness amounted at one time to about \$1,000. This has since been reduced by one-fifth. No expense has been incurred for contributions to the paper or for editorial management. The work of the committee is gladly and gratuitously given. The only expense paid is for printing, postage, etc. So much for history, now as to the present. With our subscription list as it is to-day, the paper just about pays for itself, but additions to the list are coming in slowly and the accumulated deficit of previous years presses somewhat heavily upon the members of the committee. If the subscription list could be increased to, say 5,000, the in-

creased revenue would be sufficient to take care of and in due time wipe out the deficit already referred to. Surely this is not much to ask our subscribers to do for us. The committee have given time and labour year after year to the work. May we not ask each subscriber to give one contribution of—at the most—two or three hours' work to secure one new subscriber. It is personal influence that counts in such a matter as this. If you have received blessing yourself through the agency of this paper, tell others about it, and help thus to increase the field of usefulness of PARISH AND HOME

* * *

OUR FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.
—This list is growing from time to time, new names being put upon it as occasion arises, and if the funds permit; and, indeed, sometimes, in special cases, even if there is no money in hand to warrant the expense, needy applications for free copies are granted. The latest addition is, "10 copies per month for the Canadian Contingent to South Africa." Will our readers remember these 10 copies, and ask our heavenly Father to make them the means of much blessing to our brave soldier-lads, who have gone forward so willingly to fight for our gracious Queen? May PARISH AND HOME be the means used of God to induce some of them to enlist in a yet more glorious service under the banner of our great King Jesus.

* * *

We wish a very merry and happy Christmastide to all readers of PARISH AND HOME, little and large, young and old.

Perhaps no season in the year is so looked forward to or is so dear to the little ones and young people as this; let us then make it a glad, bright, happy time.

First, we should remember God's great gift to man, the wondrous love shown in the nativity of Christ, and gladly go up to the House of God (if able to do so) to render

PARISH AND HOME.

homage to the new-born yet ever-living King, to listen once again to the angel's message, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Then might not each one of us do something to brighten up the lives of others. *At home*, in our own family, the bright smile, the cheering word, the loving gift, it matters not whether large or small if from a loving heart. Oh the power of little things to make home happy!

But do not let us stop *at home* altogether in our preparations for Christmas, there are so many poor and neglected and old people—yea, sometimes rich and lonely ones. Let us seek out those whose lives we can brighten and not only wish, but do our parts to give them a merry and a happy Christmas.

* * *

It is told of the first Bishop of Toronto, the late Dr. Strachan, that once being asked when he came to this country he replied: "On the last day of the last month of the last year of the last century," that being the date he landed. With this issue we come to the last month of the 19th century.

What wonderful changes have been wrought in Canada, yea, throughout this continent and the world during these hundred years.

Think of the vast tracts of land that have been taken possession of, reclaimed from the wilderness and made to blossom as the rose, of the cities and towns that have come into existence, and are now throbbing with life and activity, of the great discoveries and advances in art, science and knowledge of every kind—and, we ask, has the Church of the living God grown and extended her borders as she should have?

While we have much to thank God for, while there has been much land possessed, yet we have much also to humble ourselves for and confess that we have been slow to obey the Master's command, and do the Master's work, preaching His Gospel to every creature.

Comparing December, 1799, with December, 1899, and noticing the

great increase in Christian and philanthropic work at home, and missionary activity abroad, we have much reason to thank God and take courage; but, comparing the Church's success with her opportunities and the world's needs, we have reason to humble ourselves in the dust. When we consider the poverty and sin and shame, even in Christian lands, and also remember that one-half of the people of the world do not know that there is a God who loves them and a Christ who died for them, surely we will ask for grace to gird on our armour and do our part for the world's evangelization and redemption.

May the closing days of the passing century be as a trumpet call to all Christians to awake, arise, shine, yea, brightly, with lamps trimmed and lights burning, lest our King come suddenly and find us unprepared.

* * *

THE following extract of a letter (as published in the *Montreal Star*) from a Canadian mother to her son ere he started with the Canadian Contingent for South Africa, will touch the hearts of many these Christmas times by its patriotic self-sacrifice:

MY DEAR SON,—I was never more surprised than when I received your letter informing me of your intention to be a soldier and go to the battle field at once. No matter, dear boy, how this affects me, I will not be guilty of making you feel sad or taking the courage out of your heart at this moment, the courage you need so much to keep you manly and brave. You are only following in the footsteps of your forefathers—they were all British to the core. Your great grandfather, both your grandfathers and your father, all were true to their king and country. Now, dear boy, you have been well brought up —; but I will say, be a good and obedient soldier, and respect your commanding officers, no matter who they are. We all here will pray for you, and may our dear Lord keep you and bring you back safe to us.

Good-bye, and may God bless and protect you from danger. With love, your very affectionate,

MOTHER.

LOVE'S MINISTRY.

The following was written in a young Nurse's album by a clergyman-friend in Toronto.

Ask God to give thee skill

In comfort's art,

That thou mayest consecrated be

And set apart

Unto a life of sympathy;

For heavy is the weight of 'll

On every heart,

And thou in Christ's own hands may be

In every part

God's messenger in ministry.

THE SUITABLENESS OF OUR CHURCH SERVICE.

By the Rev. DVYSON HAGUE, M.A., of Wycliffe College.

This is one of the most wonderful things to my mind about our Church of England service; its adaptation to every life. It suits everybody,* in every place in every condition.

There are, to begin with, services for every period of life in our Prayer Book. There is the baptismal service for little infants; the catechism service for the growing children; the confirmation service, for the youths and a little older maidens; the marriage service, for the beginners of new homes; the churching service, for the mothers; the visitation service, for the sick; the communion service, for all times; and the burial service, at life's close. Thus the Church is attentive and studious to supply every spiritual want in every period of our changeful life.

Then notice how impartial and free it is to all. The pauper is buried with the same stately service as the king. The labourer's child is baptised with the same beautiful service as the children of royalty.

Then consider how there is provision for every time and condition, every want and emergency. Such a minuteness and completeness, as Simeon said, is rarely found even in men's private devotions, and those very particularities are founded in the deepest knowledge of the human heart, and the completest view of men's spiritual necessities.

* "There is no possible situation in which we can be placed, but the prayers are precisely suited to us, nor can we be in any frame of mind wherein they will not express our feelings as strongly and forcibly as any person could express them even in his secret chamber."

Consider some of these :

We pray continually for pardon, peace, preservation, everlasting needs of each human spirit. We pray in the very lines of 1 Tim. 2 : 1-2, and in the very order there laid down, for all men, and for those in authority, we observe the divisions there stated also in supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings. We are led to pray too for every variety of human need, for those in times of prosperity—a most needful prayer—for the weak, the fallen, the needy, travellers, the sick, widows, orphans, children, prisoners, our enemies, our slanderers, and those at sea.

Now I would like to illustrate this by two experiences. A few summers ago I spent a few weeks in the wilds of Newfoundland, salmon fishing, with a dear friend of mine, a parishioner. We were far away from any church of any kind,

"The sound of the church going bell,
Those valleys and rocks never heard."

But there on the Sunday, far from any human habitation beneath the shade of a canvas tent on the bank of the river, we used to take our Prayer Book and go through the grand old simple service of the Church as we were accustomed to do in the house of God in our city home.

But can you believe it ?

Never did the language of the Litany seem more heart-touching and sublime; never did the prayers seem to come so close to one's very wants and needs. Never did the words of the "Te Deum" seem clothed with such beauty and glory.

Without a choir, without a vestment, without a pulpit, pew, or people, with no organ to swell the sounds of harmony, and no stately building to suitably set forth the praises of God, the services of the Church of England seemed more beautiful than ever.

It may seem strange and yet it was true. That service which seems of all to need most the accessories of dignity and beauty and ornament and form, was never so sweet and natural, and well suited to the heart and mind, as when simply recited at that lonely river-

side where we two were gathered together.

The other experience is equally interesting.

An earnest Church layman was spending a few days of summer holiday in a mountain hotel, remote from the noise and whirl of city life.

The Sunday came, but there was no Church or Church service. What was he to do? Let me tell how he did in his own language. "There had been no clergyman here for Sunday, and no service, so after wandering about the wonderfully beautiful woods for a time, I found a quiet spot *where I had the morning service all alone*. I had never had the experience, and almost wondered when I opened my Prayer Book how it would seem. *But the service was as impressive and edifying as ever*. Under the waving woods the voice of prayer and psalm and Litany seemed as natural as in a church with clergy and congregation and organ. It is truly a marvellous directory of worship adapting itself to every variety of circumstances, just as suitable to a service at sea as to the prayers of a congregation in quiet parish church or grand cathedral; just as edifying when used in a family gathering in a quiet place where no Church exists, or even when used by one individual alone as in my case today, no responding voice being near. It was refreshing, indeed, in a very high degree. I took the service in order including the prayer for all men, the General Thanksgiving, the Litany (marvellous!) and the prayer for Parliament, most conveniently in season at the time. I sang two hymns—one beginning "Three in One and One in Three," a grand, solemn strain very suitable to the solitary grandeur of nature's surroundings; the other a hymn of general worship. The sermon had to be omitted—I could not preach to myself, though really we ought to preach to ourselves when we preach at all. In the same letter this layman refers again to the Church liturgy and its marvellous suitability to the Divine sentiments and needs of the human heart.

"These prayers," he went on to say, "grow upon one still, and more

especially the Litany, which is gradually incorporating itself into my whole spiritual life. Formerly I thought there was too much of a deprecatory character about it, too much crying for mercy—a want of that drawing near in full assurance of faith which is the privilege of the children of God. But as Sunday after Sunday passes, I find it answers much more nearly to the wants and burdens and feelings, and the outcries of the average congregation of Christian people than a prayer which took higher ground. and it has taught me what we are a little too apt to forget—that the best of us need mercy, that we are very unprofitable servants, and indeed miserable sinners. But the breadth and variety of the petitions covering the whole of the Christian life of both the individual and the State, and the depth and tender pathos, always draw the heart out of them and stir up the spirit of prayer, and that kind of sighing that cannot be uttered.

"I could wish," he concludes, "that the Church in general could come to the adoption of the Litany, and this done, a good deal of variation could be provided for and allowed in the metaphysics of theology and even in church government."

Now, this is not the language of a clergyman or a theological professor.

It is the testimony of a busy man of the world, immersed from Monday to Saturday in the seething anxieties of the great business maelstrom. And it only shows how dearly the laity still prize the blood-bought inheritance of the Liturgy of the Church, and how suitable and wonderfully adapted to the need of the human heart our dear old Prayer Book is.

The Book of Common Prayer is not perfect; no human composition could be, and it is a human composition. It is not inspired as the Bible is inspired, and, yet, taking it for all in all, its like is not to be found in the history of religion.

And we may well agree with the sentiment of the venerable Simeon, that if its excellencies be fairly weighed, its blemishes will sink into insignificance, and if it were carefully examined and compared, there

is not a man who would not fall down on his knees and bless God for the Liturgy of the Church of England.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path :
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid !

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now !
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die !

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came ;
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
To taste Thy lesser death !

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day !
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear !

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE CHRIST-LIGHT IN THE HOME.

By THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP WYNNE, D.D.

We read at Christmastide how "the people that walked in darkness saw a great light"; how "the glory of the Lord" shone around the shepherds in their midnight watch. We read of Him who is "the brightness of His Father's glory," who is "the Light which shineth in darkness." All these Christmas lessons are gathered together in our Master's own words,

"I am the Bright and Morning Star."

In imaginary pictures of the Nativity by the old masters, we generally see a background of darkness; the stable barely visible in the shadow; then from the Babe lying in the manger there issues a brilliant radiance, lighting up the faces of those who kneel in adoring attitudes around. The actual scene at the Nativity was, of course, very different from this. There was no visible glory around the Babe. He came in simple and perfect Humanity; more truly glorious thus; giving an interest to every human birth, and a sweet sacredness to every human mother, and elevating every human life by its being lived in the same conditions as Christ's life. But still the old pictures express a great symbolic truth. From that lowly cradle there did issue a Light which illumines still all who kneel around it. To the eye of faith the humble shed in which the Saviour of the world was born was lit up by the soft shining of Him who says, "I am the Bright and Morning Star."

Can we have a truer, better Christmas wish than this—that the rays of "the Bright and Morning Star" may fall upon our own hearts and homes, and the hearts and homes of others too, at this Christmastide?

We all know full well there are certain things that darken homes, and certain things that brighten them. It is easy to see what kind of things darken the home—cross tempers, selfishness, wilfulness, obstinacy, caprice, impatience, discontent. These bring shadow to the brow and gloom to the countenance. These make the young people of the home surly, sullen, and disrespectful, and the elders peevish, unreasonable, and unjust. These make masters and mistresses hard and inconsiderate, and servants grumbling and unprincipled. These bring deep darkness over any home where they are allowed to dwell unchecked. And there is only one thing that can chase away such shadows. It is the Light from heaven—the Light from Him who says, "I am the Bright and Morning Star."

Yes; the Christ-light in the

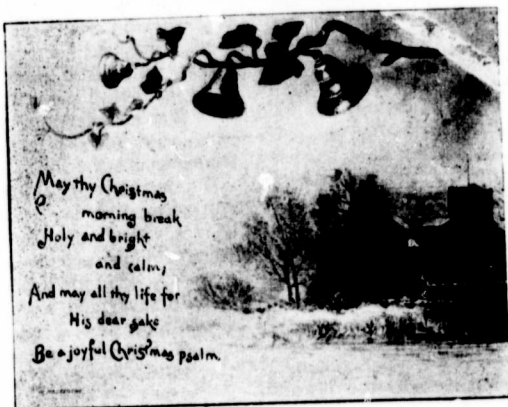
home *alone* can make home happy. The Christ-light, the Lord Himself honoured, the influence of His wishes felt, the restraining power of His teaching moulding the character; tempers subdued for His sake, self-will controlled, self-conceit kept down with a strong hand, angry and harsh-judging words silenced, mutual bearing and forbearing, kindness, courtesy, consideration for others, proceeding from thought of Christ and wish to do His will; these are the things that make the home bright.

Even one person in a household, thoroughly influenced by the love of Christ, and walking in the light of His presence, will bring wonderful brightness to a whole family. They hardly know what makes home so pleasant. What is it? It is the light from "the Bright and Morning Star." It glistens in the kind eyes and pleasant countenance of a humble follower of Jesus; and sullenness, gloom, and ill-humour flee before it like shadows before the breaking day.

May the Christ-light thus shine in all our homes on Christmas Day. May we see more and more clearly that Christ is indeed to us, as sinners and sorrowers, "the Bright and Morning Star," the true Gospel Light which brings pardon and peace, and love and joy, and every grace of the Spirit of Holiness, to all who welcome Him.

THOUGHTS ON ADVENT.

"It is the peculiar computation of the Church to begin her year, and to revive the annual course of her services, with this time of Advent. For she neither follows the sun nor moon, to number her days and measure her seasons according to their revolution; but JESUS CHRIST being to her as the only Sun and Light whereby she is guided, following His course alone, she begins, and counts on her year with Him. When this Sun of Righteousness, therefore, doth arise—that is, when His coming and incarnation are first propounded to us—then begins the year of the Church, and from thence are all her other days and times computed."—Hook.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily through the frosty air
 The Christmas bells are ringing.
 Happy the morn when Christ was born ;
 Let all the earth be singing
 Glory to God ! Good-will to men !
 The Christmas day has come again.

Angels beneath the starlit sky
 Of ths. first Christmas morning,
 Sang of the Son of Righteousness
 Which on the world was dawning.
 "Glory to God !" we sing it still ;
 "Peace upon earth, to men good-will !"

So merrily ye bells ring on !
 Nor cease your Christmas greeting,
 While every earnest Christian heart
 With holy joy is beating.
 For Christmas day has come again,
 The day of God's best gift to men.

—Selected.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

I once took a trip on an ocean steamer, and we had many passengers. We exchanged experiences and all learned something. Some were critical, some were amusing, and some were stubborn in their notions. Yet points were sharpened and mayhap knowledge took a trip as well as the ship. A summary of our cogitations may be ranged under the divisions of mystery, responsibility, and destiny.

Mystery. What a school of mystery and immensity is the ocean ! How the mind expands with the blue above and the blue below. I talked with a plain blunt man, who believed only in what he could understand. I took him to the binnacle and asked if he understood the compass. The most learned man on board joined us, and I asked the professor, and the steers-

man, to tell us all about the compass, how the needle always pointed to the north. The steersman said it was "so" and the learned man said the same, and acknowledged it a profound mystery. And yet, I said, we could not be in the middle of the ocean without it ; we use it, mystery and all. Why not use the gospel for our long safety, mystery and all ? The man who waits to understand before he uses it, is a fool, for great is the mystery of godliness. The only way to know is to follow on to know.

Responsibility. One night I walked the deck with a man who said he had got to get to heaven any way. I told him the responsibility of his reaching heaven in safety did not rest with him, and he demanded a full explanation. I assured him that every adult soul now in heaven had not got there, but had been brought there ; taken in tow, so to speak ; that salvation was not like the magnet, cold and distant, and silent and mighty ; nor like a fair wind right aft, driving us onward, but rather a person on board to bring us to our desired haven. "So he bringeth us to our desired haven." He knows and we do not, he is able and we are not. Look at the captain as he walks the bridge, he is responsible for the voyage and our safe arrival, he has mastered the laws of navigation and the care rests on him, not on you. The lost sheep does not find its way to the fold unaided, but the shepherd finds it and brings it home. The ability to

reach heaven is lodged in Christ. The work is His and His alone, the joy is ours and His too.

" 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis His to provide."

Destiny. Another night I walked the deck with a man who had not decided to be a Christian, but confessed himself of a fearful spirit. I pleaded with this man upon the utter absurdity of his position. "Has this ship," I said, "a definite aim ? Did you pay your passage money to reach a certain point ? Even the dumb cargo rebukes you because it is bound to a certain port. All men are travellers, only some are going nowhere, only drifting, like that piece of wreckage we passed yesterday. Is this drifting the mark of a man, intelligent, reflective, immortal ? He acknowledged that blindness had happened unto him, and that he was careless in his blindness ; he had not set before him the way of life, nor had he engaged the service of the only Pilot.

"Woe, woe to him on safety bent
 Who creeps to age from youth,
 Failing to grasp his life's intent,
 Because he fears the truth."

We reached port on a bright morning, all well ; as I bade farewell to this friend I expressed the hope that he with myself might have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Ont.

SAILOR SAM.

"As it was in the days of Noah and Lot, they ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage." Thus Jesus does not once upbraid them with the scandalous crimes which they committed, but with that very thing in their way of life which was commendable, but which becomes hideous when nothing higher can be told of an age ; when its whole life is a worldly life, in which God is no longer taken into account. A great increase of outward power and culture, reliance on science, industry, the conquest of the external world, lead to an arrogance that no longer admits its dependence on God."

—Langa.

MINISTERING.

What though your feet are often over-
weary,

On ceaseless errands sent ;
And tired shoulders ache and ache so
sorely

'Neath heavy burdens bent ?
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are
serving

Be soon beyond your care ;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guid-
ing
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and
blessed,

As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished dar-
lings

So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still
around you,

Do not regret your care ;
Far easier aching feet, and arms, and
shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.

And still beyond your household duties
reaching,

Stretch forth a helping hand ;
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land ;

Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-
morrow

May with the angels sing ;
Some one may go straight from your
earthly table

To banquet with the King.

—*Exchange.*

THOUGHTS FOR A YEAR'S END.

A man who has lived fifty years will have passed through 26,297,280 minutes, or 438,000 hours, not reckoning the extra time in leap-years. Making the most liberal allowance for time spent in sleep, eating, recreation, what a large amount this leaves to be accounted for.

If, during fifty years one half-hour a day were devoted to the pursuit of any special subject, it will amount to 9106 hours, or 910 days of ten hours each, or two years and a half. Many could spare much more than this besides doing their regular work.

The difference of rising every morning at six and at eight in the course of forty years amounts to upwards of 29,000 hours, or 3 years, 126 days, 6 hours, so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.

If two men rise, one at six o'clock, the other at seven in the morning, both going to bed at the same time, and all other things being equal, the early riser adds to the length of each year 365 hours, or more than 24 days, besides being in better health of body, and, if he has used his time aright, wiser in mind.

If we reckon the value of every hour redeemed from bed each day at sixpence, it would amount, in the course of fifty years, to £456 5s. without any interest or compound interest.

If any one throw away five minutes of the day foolishly, reckoning eight working hours in the day and 313 working days in each year, each five minutes wasted mounts in the year to 3 days, 2 hours, 5 minutes ; every ten minutes wasted to 6 days, 4 hours, 10 minutes ; every twenty minutes wasted to 12 days, 8 hours, 20 minutes ; every half-hour wasted to 18 days, 12½ hours.

If a man were to throw away a guinea every minute, he would be looked on as a madman, and his friends would confine him as such ; but a man who throws away his time, which is far more valuable than gold, may still pass for a wise man.—*Exchange.*

WHOSE I AM.

Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O Spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me ;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

A STRING OF BEADS.

There is a story somewhere of a mother who gave her daughter a string of beads, telling her that if she used it right it would charm away her bad temper. "When you are very angry," she said to the daughter, "and want to say something that is cross and unkind, pass the beads through your fingers, one at a time, till you reach the end of the string. When you reach the last bead, you won't want to say the words that were on your lips."

The girl tried it, and found that it worked just as her mother had said. By the time she reached the

last bead, her anger had cooled, so that she did not want to say the cruel words that had rushed to her lips at first. And, more wonderful still, she found after a time that even if she chanced not to have the beads with her she could hold her temper in check.

Can anybody guess the secret of the charm that lay in the beads ? It is a very simple one : It took her some few seconds to move all the beads along the string, for there were quite a good many of them. And in those few seconds the first heat of her anger cooled down a little, so that she could think more calmly, and see that it would only make matters worse to speak the hasty, cruel words that had trembled on the tip of her tongue. And the reason that she could get along without the beads after a time was that by counting them over, she had, without really knowing it, fallen into the habit of pausing a few seconds when she was angry before she spoke, so that is the whole secret of the charm that lay in the string of beads. Wasn't it a good one ?—*Weekly Magnet.*

NATURALNESS OF PRAYER.

That prayer is natural and acceptable to God has been well put by a man of science thus :—"The existence of an organic or constitutional instinct is adequate scientific proof of the existence of its correlate. Wherever we find a fin there has been provided water to match it ; a wing, air to match it ; an eye, light to match it ; a migrating instinct, a climate to match it. The instinct of petition is no exception to the rule that God creates no hunger to mock it."

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin ; justification, that it may not condemn ; sanctification, that it may not reign ; and glorification that it may not be.

The characters of men placed in lower stations of life are more useful as being imitable by great numbers.

Parish and Home.

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!

On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonesy, the wretched and poor,

That voice of the Christ-Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field

Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.
—Bishop Philips Brooks.

CHURCH WORK IN RUPERT'S LAND.

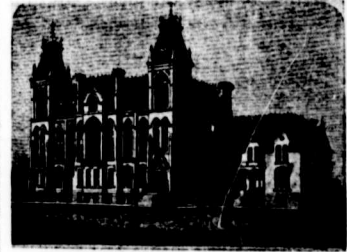
The Diocese of Rupert's Land is situated in the centre of the continent, with a mixed population made up of all nationalities and creeds. It is estimated that there are 240,000 in Manitoba, and of this number 40,000 belong to the Church of England. According to the Synod report for this year, 27,000 only of these are being reached, leaving 13,000 outside the services of the Church, and the prospect is that

thousands more will find homes within the province in the near future. Large tracts of country are entirely without any provision for the means of grace by our Church for our own people. What are we doing to help Rupert's Land to cope with the rapidly extending work? The colonial life of Rupert's Land only began nineteen years ago, when the railway reached a farming country 1,500 miles from the sea coast. The Church was started on a purely voluntary basis. In 1879 there were but two clergymen among the new settlers outside the Red River half-breed parishes. Now there are fifty. To-day there are 120 congregations without churches, worshipping in schools and halls, and there is still possible unlimited expansion. During the nineteen years nearly 1,800 miles of railway have been built in Manitoba alone, thus scattering the settlers in all directions, and so dividing the inadequate force of clergy. This railway extension goes on with increasing rapidity. The diocese is doing all it can; last year it raised for all Church purposes \$87,386.84—giving an average of \$17 per family. The next few years must determine to what extent the Church is to be a force in the country. Manitoba is advancing by leaps and bounds. The progress is marvelous, and probably by the next gen-

trations this month are taken from the Diocese of Rupert's Land. We give two, Holy Trinity Church and St. John's College, both in Winnipeg.

THE ANALYSIS OF LOVE.

As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it



St. John's College, Winnipeg.

through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red and blue, and yellow and violet and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love,



Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg.

eration Manitoba will be in every respect one of the most important provinces in the Dominion. How will our Church stand? Let us help our brethren now. Our illus-

the analysis of Love. The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: Patience—"Love suffereth long." Kindness—"And is kind." Generosity—"Love envieth not."

Humility—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness—"Seeketh not her own."

Good Temper—"Is not easily provoked."

Guilelessness—"Thinketh no evil."

Sincerity—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

—Prof. Henry Drummond.

CANADA: AN ODE.

From a Canadian in England.

Far from a western land
Wistfully wandering,
Seeing earth's cities,
And sailing its streams;
Hoping for happiness
Mine, not another's,
Lured on by visions,
And driven by dreams.

Distant lands beckoned me,
Promising pleasure;
Farther I fared
For the regions of rest:
But to the homeland
Presently bending,
I found, like Columbus,
The land of the blest.

—Claude Bryan,

A CONTRAST.

The Bishop of Winchester in a sermon drew a striking contrast between the infidel Voltaire and the Christian on the review of their lives. "Who," says Voltaire, "can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonder; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage, and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers, in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being

robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and I wish that I had never been born."

Now, let us hear the language of the excellent Hallyburton; who died as he lived full of confidence in God. "I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise Him for ever and ever. Oh! the thoughts of an Incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing. O, how I wonder at myself that I do not admire Him more, and that I do not love Him more. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What a mercy that having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul. I long for His salvation, I bless His Name, I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. Oh! blessed be God that I was born."

KEPT HIS BURDEN.

Many of us are like the man told of in the following story:

Foot-sore and weary, a man was trudging, one hot day, along a dusty country road, bent beneath the weight of a huge bundle which he carried on his back. A farmer, passing along the road in his wagon, overtook the foot-traveller, and, seeing how weary and worn he was, invited him to ride with him as far as the next town, some miles farther on. The man accepted the invitation thankfully, and climbed into the wagon. He did not remove the burden from his back, but sat bent over, with its weight still pressing upon his shoulders. "Why don't you lay that big bundle down and rest yourself while you have the chance?" the farmer asked in surprise. And the man answered: "It's very kind of you to give me this lift, and I feel that it is enough for you to take me, without having to carry the bundle too."

We may smile at this man who

was not bright enough to see that the farmer's horses were carrying his bundle as well as himself, even though he still kept it strapped to his back, and burdened himself with its unwieldiness. But are we not a little like him? Christ has asked us to entrust ourselves, with all our troubles and burdens, to Him. How often do we do it fully and freely? Is there not usually some burden, some trouble, that we will not give over to Him, but insist on carrying ourselves, even though we feel that His strength is upholding us?—*Weekly Magnet.*

HOW JOB HELPED ONE CHINA BOY.

Len Yen worked in my family nine years, and though he was always a good servant there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday afternoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression on Len Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came ready and quick, "All right; Job help me very much yesterday."

"Job help you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sabbath School lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job help me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I worked hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose all his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

—*Dartmouth Parish and Home.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Dec. 3—Neh. 13: 15-22.	Rom. 8: 8 to end.
" 10—Mal. 1: 6-11 and 3: 8-12	Neh. 13: 15-23.
" 17—Mal. 3: 13 to 4: 6	Mal. 1: 6-12 and 3: 8-13.
" 24—Isa. 9: 2-7.	Luke 2: 1-17.
" 31—Review.	Luke 2: 21-41.

" Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

WHY?

By EUGENE FIELD.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

O aye a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger cradle bright.
There a darling Baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled,
" This is Christ, the holy Child."

Therefore, bells for Christmas ring;
Therefore, little children sing.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

By Rev. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, M.A.

1. By what man is the Spirit of God first mentioned?
2. Is the Spirit alluded to in Genesis before this?
3. What important event happened in the year previous to Joseph's liberation?
4. What was the interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams?
5. How was Joseph rewarded?
6. What name did Pharaoh give him?
7. What is the meaning of the word?
8. What time elapsed between Joseph being sold and his liberation from prison?
9. Whom did Joseph marry?
10. How is the "plenty" of the seven years described?
11. How soon after Joseph's liberation were his two sons born?
12. What were their names?

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. The chief butler.
2. To God.
3. The favourable interpretation of the chief butler's dream.
4. Three days.
5. It was Pharaoh's birthday.
6. To mention his name to Pharaoh as having truly interpreted his dream.
7. Pharaoh's dreams.

8. Two years.
9. G.n., chap. xli. verses 1-vii.
10. The magicians and wise men of Egypt.
11. It is supposed to be derived from Pa-ra "the sun;" another derivation is Phouro "the King."
12. Chap. xli. verse 16.

ED'S CHRISTMAS MONEY.

By ELIZABETH E. BACKUP.

Ed had a feeling of profound pity for himself. It never occurred to him that it was either weak, or selfish, or wicked, to cherish this sentiment. Of course he loved his mother, and was sorry for her, but then a boy must consider himself occasionally. It was a shame to be pinched in this way. When his father was alive, Ed had his mice money, and the money for shovelling snow, and he was paid for lots of little odd jobs. Now he set the trap and caught the silly mice just the same, but he never got his ten cents as he used to. His mother said they were poor, but Edward was not satisfied with this solution of the problem. Ed brooded over the subject, and at length his reflections brought forth fruit in kind.

"Do you know you can get milk at Brown's for five cents?" said Will Adams one day.

"Is that so?" said Ed. "Why we pay six at Seymour's. Good milk, is it?"

"Good as any store milk," Will replied; "when we get extra I buy it there, and pocket the other cent—see?" and Will grinned hideously.

"Humph!" said Ed, thoughtfully; "and your mother, she knows?"

"No, indeed!" said Will; "she'd declare the five-cent milk wa'n't as good as the six cent. Trust this child for holding his tongue! You were bemoaning your hard luck, and I thought I'd let you into my scheme for getting a bank account. You buy other things for your mother, and I can tell you the places where you can get cheap goods."

"Cheap in quality as well as in price, p'rhaps," said Ed. doubtfully.

"Not a bit of it," said Will. I save a cent or two on lots of things mother sends me to buy. There's

nothing like having one's eye-teeth cut;" and Will smiled complacently.

"I want awfully to get some money for Christmas," said Ed; "but I never see a cent nowadays 'cept when I'm sent on some errand. It's mighty rough on me. I wish I could earn some money. It's a scarce article up to our house."

"Well, here's your chance, and all perfectly above board. Your mother gives you so much to buy a thing, you get it for less, and the difference is yours. But mum's the word, or you'd have to fork over your change."

Ed did not accept Will's suggestion very enthusiastically, but he turned it over and over in his mind until he made it seem quite right and reasonable.

"Mother needn't be so stingy," he argued with himself; "then if I weren't going to spend every cent I get on mother and Edith, it would be different. Will spends his money on himself. There may be a slight hitch in the principle of the thing, but in my circumstances it's just as right as right can be."

"I believe when I want extra milk I shall be obliged to order it from the milkman," Mrs. Walton said, one day. "It's pretty poor stuff you bring from Seymour's these days."

Ed coloured, but said nothing. Similar criticisms were occasionally made upon other articles which Ed had purchased, but he pocketed his ill-gotten gains and remained silent. Snow came, and with it some opportunities to earn money by shovelling paths for the neighbours; and yet Ed was a long distance from a bloated millionaire.

"I've been counting my money to-day," he said to Will, "and with all my scrimping I possess the munificent sum of ninety-five cents. It won't get half the things I want."

"Why not knock down in earnest?" asked Will.

"What?" said Ed.

"How fresh you are! Jiminy! Don't you know what 'knock down' means? It's what car-conductors and lots of other folks do; it's no harm—as long as you're not found out."

"Do you mean steal?" stammered Ed.

"If you want to call it by such an ugly name."

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" And Ed's tone expressed unspeakable loathing and disgust.

"Couldn't do that!" said Will, mimicking Ed's tone; "how mighty virtuous you are—all of a sudden. What you been doin' all 'long but stealing—from your mother?"

Ed looked up in shocked dismay.

"That's 'bout the size of it," said Will, laughing in high glee; "but don't be so down in the mouth; might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb—see? I know where you can get things right from a store as easy as nothing—just slip them off the counter when no one's looking. I'll show you how it's done. Bless me! What's the matter? What you so red in the face about? Got apoplexy, or swallowed your sleeve button?"

"You got me into this thing," said Ed, in a great rage; "you made out that it was all right, no harm, just being smart, an' now you turn 'round an' call it stealing an' want me to steal in real earnest. I've found you out, Will Adams!"

"Don't say so!" sneered Will; "found yourself out, you mean. You're no baby. You took the whole thing in hunkadory, an' mighty glad you were of a chance to squeeze a cent or two out of your dear ma. You needn't throw the blame on me, and make out that you're a snow white, just ready-to-fly-away-to heaven angel."

"I'd ought to have scorned the mean thing in the first place. I'd ought to have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,'" said Ed, excitedly.

"That's good," said Will, provokingly. "Satan's shoulders are broad."

"I'm not excusing myself," said Ed, humbly.

"Oh, ain't you?"

"I'll go straight home and tell mother."

"I would! Tell what a great bad boy Will Adams is, and what a sweet little creature you are."

"I'll tell the truth," said Ed, scornfully; and with a mock bow he hastily betook himself to his heels.

But truth-telling takes courage sometimes. Ed waited until Edith

had gone to bed, and then with his little money-box in his hand he went to his mother's side. Mrs. Walton looked up, and seeing the troubled look in her boy's eyes, laid aside her sewing.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

Ed tried to speak, but a big lump in his throat choked him. Mrs. Walton put her arms about his neck and kissed him, and then Ed broke down utterly.

"I've been so bad, mother," he sobbed.

Mrs. Walton's face grew very pale, but she replied, encouragingly, "You remember the old proverb, dear: 'A fault confessed is half redressed.' Tell mother all about it."

"This is my Christmas money," faltered Ed, "and part of it I didn't get honestly."

Mrs. Walton was too shocked to speak, and Ed stumbled on:

"Twenty cents of it I—I stole!"

"O my dear boy!" moaned Mrs. Walton.

Ed felt as if he had stabbed his mother. The tale was soon told.

"Here's the twenty cents, mother, it's yours. I wouldn't use it for the world"; and a weight seemed suddenly to fall from Ed's shoulders, and he drew a long sigh of relief.

"My! I wouldn't have believed that twenty cents could be so heavy," Ed declared, with a smile, half gleeful, half rueful. "Can you ever trust me again, mother?"

Instead of replying, his mother folded him in her arms. Ed did not soon forget that hour. His mother showed him how grave the danger to which he had been exposed—that by just such slight and easy steps in wrong-doing were careers begun which often ended in complete moral ruin.

Ed spent some time the following Sabbath afternoon in committing the words of the Psalm, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity; nor sworn deceitfully."

"That's got to mean you, Ed Walton," he said to himself, "Christmas money or no Christmas money! 'Clean hands, clean money and a clean gift,' mother says.

You've got to scratch 'round, Sir Edward, pretty lively, too. Mother and Edith shall have nice presents, bought with honest money, mind you."

"I do believe it's snowing," Ed ejaculated, a moment later. "Hurrah! there'll be lots of shovelling to-morrow!"

Ed's was a true prophecy. Not only was there "lots of shovelling" Monday, but at intervals also during the week. When Saturday night came—the Saturday night preceding Christmas—Ed counted his little store of money and clapped his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"Three dollars! If that ain't jolly! I b'lieve the Lord has smiled on me, just as mamma says, since I took to doing right."

Two radiant beings celebrated Christmas from early dawn until the evening bright and serene.

"I think ever so much more of your present 'cause you earned every cent of it yourself," Edith declared for the twentieth time and as a final preliminary to saying, "Good-night."

"And you made every stitch of that bag for my books, and it's just a beauty," Ed reciprocated. "I thought I shouldn't have any sort of a time, and it's been just the nicest Christmas! Glad I said 'Merry Christmas' to Will Adams this morning! Didn't he look glum, though!"—*Zion's Herald*.

THE PUZZLED SPIDER.

By REV. DYSON HAGUE.

I was sitting in my study one day in Halifax, when I saw a curious sight.

A little fly was clambering up my window-pane, *on the inside*.

On the outside there was a hungry spider.

Between them lay the transparent pane of glass.

The spider, seeing its prey, came swiftly on to seize it. There was nothing, apparently, to prevent him seizing the luckless fly. He was sure of his prize, and doubtless rejoiced.

The fly, full of fear, saw the spider coming. There was nothing, apparently, to save him. The case was hopeless.

And yet the spider was balked. The fly was secure.

Why?

Because the invisible pane of glass lay between; a power that was stronger than the foe prevented his triumph.

As I looked at that safe fly and angry spider, a thought came to my mind.

It reminded me of the safety of Christ's sheep.

The old enemy comes on and, apparently, his triumph is sure.

The Christian sees him coming, and, apparently, he must fall.

But, *invisible, yet real*, there stands between the protection of Christ.

"Fear not, little flock." "My sheep shall never perish." And this is the lesson for boys and girls. If we are in Christ's hand, and on Christ's side, we shall be safe. He will stand between us and every foe.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE SANTA CLAUS.

By GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN, in "Sunday School Times."

The head of the firm of Pendleton Brothers, real estate agents, looked impatiently from his office window out into the whirling snow-storm. He was not in the best of tempers, and every boy in the great Broadway building scampered a little faster when he came to the glass door that shut Pendleton Brothers away from the rest of their fellow-men.

This was no unusual occurrence, for "Pendleton Old Man," as the office boys called him, was never amiable; he was only sometimes a little less disagreeable than people expected him to be. When he was particularly angry, he usually flung open the door, attacked anyone within reach, and continued his tirade until even the cat slunk away discouraged.

"Guess the old man's a little nervous," the janitor was wont to remark calmly, on these occasions, in a voice of compassion. Thereupon the head of the firm glared fiercely, retreated, and banged the door.

It had gone on so long that it had ceased to be surprising, or exciting, or dreadful. This morning the explosion had been worse than usual, and the janitor discussed the matter with Mr. Pendleton's coach-

man, who reported a lame horse and a grazed carriage as the causes of the present little difficulty.

"He's got to go to Delancey street," remarked the coachman, "and he's got to go in the car, and I'm thankful for it. Seems like he's uglier 'long toward Christmas than any time of year; it makes him mad to see other people enjoying theirselves."

Mr. Pendleton's face as he boarded a cable car was proof positive of the truth of the coachman's statement. He wore a huge frown, and snapped up the conductor so sharply that the man retorted, and everybody had to wait until the dispute was settled. The frown, the voice, the manner, accorded ill with the snow-white hair, the heavy white beard and moustache, and the erect, gentlemanly figure.

When he reached Delancey street, on which one of his rich clients was buying property, he had cooled off somewhat, perhaps owing to the snow that lay thickly on hat and overcoat. He had not remembered his umbrella.

Delancey street was full of ash-cans, push-carts, half-clad children, and women with babies wrapped in shawls. Delancey street was above, or below considerations of weather. Mr. Pendleton was interested in spite of himself. Old New Yorker as he was, Delancey street was new to him. This side of life he had read of, but he belonged to the half that lived differently. He had not realized that there were so many children in the whole city.

Turning about, he found himself followed by a crowd of small boys, several of whom, their hands in the holes where the pockets used to be, were strutting along in comical imitation of his own military bearing. One look at his face caused two or three to burst into a shout:

"Santy Claus, Santy Claus! It's Santy Claus hisself!"

This was followed by more eager voices:

"Hi, Santy! I seen you uptown in a big show window!"

"Say, old gent, w'ere's your Chris'mus presents?"

"Are you comin' to my house?"

"I live with Billie Magee,—there where the ash-can is what's got a red poster on!"

Amazement, incredulity, incomprehension, anger, amusement, and something approaching good humour, chased each other over Santa Claus' features. He laughed outright—he, "Pendleton Old Man," who had all but forgotten how his own laugh sounded.

"I'm looking for 201," he said, smiling; "can anybody tell me where it is?"

"That's my house!" screamed the ragged little chap who lived "with Billie Magee." "And it's lots of us fellows' house, too. There's forty of us kids in Magee's."

"You've struck it right now, Sauty," said one hatless youngster approvingly. "You come along o' me. Don't you faze yourself none with Johnnie Gwinn. I licked him yistiddy, and he hain't forgot it—have you, Carrots?"

Johnnie Gwinn calmly disregarded the taunt, save that he thrust a derisive tongue in his cheek, and constituted himself Santa Claus' guardian angel on the other side, from which sheltered vantage ground he administered sty kicks to his tormentor.

Their progress was slow, and the red-postered ash-can spilled all its discouraged contents over the sidewalk in the skirmish. Old cabbage leaves, banana skins and celery-tops made dangerous going for one who chose to be fastidious; but, picking his way, with new laughter that warmed his heart, Mr. Pendleton, transformed into a snow-image, climbed the precipitous stairs, falling over pails and brooms used on Delancey street solely for purposes of ornament. He was half pushed, half pulled into a dingy front room, where an astonished woman backed off with an air of defiance, catching up a stray chair, not unused to this mission, for the laudable aim of self-defence.

Mr. Pendleton was embarrassed.

"Be seated, madam," he stammered, with instinctive courtesy towards a woman, removing his snow-covered hat and revealing his snow-crowned head.

This was greeted with a yell of joy from the clamouring crowd, who called loudly for Billy Magee. A small, sickly man came creeping out of a dark bedroom, blinking at

the light, and exclaiming, impatiently:

"Arrah, byes, what's up wid yez? Lave the owld gint alone; be aisy, now!"

A torrent of explanation nearly overwhelmed him, but singling out Johnnie Gwinn, he bade the rest keep still. Mr. Pendleton was so intent upon his new acquaintances and their remarkable language and behaviour that his own errand had quite slipped his mind. Johnnie, nothing daunted, stood forth.

"Me an' dese other kids," he began, "was up to Macy's yistiddy, an' we seen dis yere old gent in de windy a givin' away Chris'mus presents; but he didn't give us none, so he comes down here, an' axed w're we lived, an' he's got presents for us all,—ain't yer, Santy?" turning anxiously to Mr. Pendleton.

There was a breathless moment of suspense, then that gentleman suddenly took a most surprising resolution.

"For every single one of you," he said, gravely, "as soon as I find out what you want."

They crowded around him, and he got out his notebook, and balanced himself on a three-legged chair. The Magees stood open mouthed in the background.

"I want a rollin' chair for me sister; her legs got cut off by de cars."

"Gimme a drum, Santy,—g'wan!"

"Gimme a knife, old man!"

The confusion made Santa Claus throw back his head and burst into such a laugh as nobody in the Broadway building had ever heard or dreamed of.

"Go out and get every boy that lives in this house," he commanded.

"Dear heart!" broke in Mrs. Magee, who had relinquished her hold on the chair, and had grown suddenly cheerfull, "don't you be worryin'; ivery wan is here now."

Then into Santa Claus's notebook went name after name, and after each name, the name of the article desired. Poor little chaps on Delancey street! Some of them asked for nothing for themselves, but for mother, or sis-

ter, or baby. Observing this, Santa Claus's benevolent intentions expanded to include whole families.

He forgot his errand; he shook hands with every boy there, and called him by name. He hurried up town to a great departmental store, and then rushed out to a toy-store, and hastened back again, until the whole day was gone. His check was made out in three figures and he had not a cent in his pockets, but his heart was light as he watched the great pile of gifts being sent downstairs.

When he came back to his office, he was tired yet, smiling, and the janitor gazed in startled surprise. The great office door opened, and he entered the warm and luxurious apartment. The junior member of the firm looked up, and asked, shortly:

"Had a good day?"

"The best I've had in years," said Pendleton Old Man.

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The congregational re-union on Nov 28th, was a very pleasant affair. The Hon. Senator Dobson occupying his chair. After prayer and united thank-giving to God for his many blessings, Mr. Robt. Bryans thanked the people for their liberal response to the churchwardens' appeal, and urged them to be more sociable and look after the new comers. The chairman announced that "the Ninth Lancers were safe", which united the audience in singing the National Anthem, as there had been much anxiety with regard to them. Mr. Mark Ingles gave a couple of interesting selections on his gramophone, and Miss C. Wallace sang very pleasingly "Good bye Sweet Day." The piano and violin duettas by Mrs. James Graham and Rev. Septimus Jones were of a high order, and quite brought down the house, while Mr. Jones' talk on Oliver Goldsmith was a continual source of pleasure and profit. Light refreshments were served through the kindness of the ladies, and a very pleasant evening brought to a close by singing "God save the Queen."

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

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Nov. 5	24.36	10.73	35.09
12	17.65	7.99	25.64
19	18.75	11.08	29.83
26	25.25	9.78	35.03
	\$ 86.01	\$ 39.58	\$125.59

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C. E. T. S. Fund	-	-	5.00
			\$321.39

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