

"Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God"--Col. 1:10



# St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

# PARISH AND HOME.

No. 18.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

*Lay Delegates.*

I. H. KNIGHT, WM. GRACE, JAS. CORLEY.

*Sidesmen.*

R. HANNAH, A. TIMS, M. SISSON.  
DR SIMPSON, T. J. MURTAGH, J. E. BILLINGSLEY.  
C. D. BARR, JAS. CORLEY.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton.*

A. ROADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

KING.—Florence Adeline May, daughter of Geo. A. and Margaret J. King, born 13th September, 1892; baptized in St. Paul's church, January 8th, 1893.

#### Funerals.

STEPHENSON.—At St John's Cemetery, Port Hope, on January 2nd, 1893, Catherine Stephenson, in the 62nd year of her age.

### CHURCH NOTES.

"Have a place and a time to pray, and read the Bible every day."

The offertory on Ash Wednesday will be devoted to the Mission Fund of the diocese.

The Rev. E. Daniel of Port Hope is holding a ten days' mission at Creemore.

We congratulate Mr. Eustace Hopkins on being chosen Warden of the County.

St. Paul's Church Christian Endeavor Society meets the first and third Mondays of each month from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m.

The W. A. sent off a bale of quilts, garments, etc., for the scholars of the Indian homes at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

The Christmas offertory at Coldwater mission was \$25.17. The water may be cold but hearts seem to be warm up there.

We rejoice to know that the Canadian department of the World's Fair at Chicago will be closed on Sunday. "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

Mr. Marsh took services at Omamee and Emily on January 22nd and found good congregations throughout the parish. The new pastor seems to be getting to the hearts of the people.

Archdeacon Allen has called a conference of the clergy of his archdeaconry for Feb. 23rd and 24th at Port Hope. It is expected that about thirty or forty clergymen will be present. Some very practical and interesting subjects will be discussed.

The reception on Friday, Jan. 27th, was well attended, and we congratulate the Young Men's Association on the success of the evening. Messrs. McSweyn, Walters, Lamont and Petty gave songs, while Miss Perkins and Mr. Silverwood recited touching and

interesting selections. Mrs. Roberts kindly presided at the organ.

Rev. H. Jekill, travelling missionary for Salrevois (or work among the French Canadians), visited Lindsay in January, preaching in St. Paul's on 15th ult. He collected \$44.75, being a little more than last year.

In a letter from Japan Rev. H. J. Hamilton says: "I like the looks of our Christians very much; among them are several young men who give good promise of being useful Christian workers. The work is on a good basis and from what I have seen promises well." Mr. Hamilton has not yet been able to get a residential passport permitting him to settle in Nagoya, so he has to live as a traveller at a hotel there.

We congratulate the Presbyterians of St. Andrew's church on having paid off over \$4,000 of their debt during the past year, and also on having given over \$1,000 to missionary work. Church people should be even more liberal than their neighbors. Our year ends at Easter, let us try and be faithful in this matter of giving so that we may make a good report then.

The Sunday school at Coldwater has more than doubled in attendance within the last 18 months. The Rev. J. H. Sheppard, incumbent of the mission, received a visit from some of his country parishioners a short time ago, who brought a load of hay, 19 bags of oats, wood, flour, potatoes, pork, beef etc., quite an old-fashioned "donation party," but none the less pleasant and acceptable.

On Christmas day, 1889, Rev. J. C. Robinson baptized the first convert in connection with Wycliffe Missions in Japan; since then he has baptized 26 others. A few weeks ago he baptized three men, two of whom at one time were among the most bitter opponents of Christianity and work in Nagoya. Let us thank God for this fruit, and send forth the word to many others.

Lent begins this month. We trust our people will use it as a means to draw them nearer God, spending more time in communion with Him in prayer, study of the Word, attending His house, denying themselves for the sake of others, and the extension of God's kingdom. Let us practice some self-denial and give the sums saved to the missions or the church debt, or relief of those in need.

Rev. W. McCann was presented by the Association with a beautiful Prayer Book, and Mr. and Mrs. McCann with a pair of honey spoons. The chairman and Mr. Murtagh made the presentations in a few suitable words, while Mr. McCann replied, thanking the givers, and referring to the pleasant memories of his sojourn in Lindsay. Coffee and cake were served during intermission, and we were pleased to see the kindly social spirit manifested. Such reunions do good.

A minister of another church speaks as follows of our Book of Common Prayer:—"Every one who read it must admire and love it, and venerate the church which has produced it. Its Christian breath, its deep spirituality, its adaption to the uses of all who profess and call themselves Christians, its unsectarian

character, excluding, as it does, all forms of sectarian controversy—all these make the book of Common Prayer an ideal agent for winning the regard of Christian people for the church to which its belongs." So we say, next to your Bible, use and cherish your Prayer Book, and show its beauties to others.

The annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society was held on January 30th, with a good attendance. The report of the Secretary showed that eleven meetings had been held and thirty new members added during the year. The total membership is now about three hundred and fifty. The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$26.57 after meeting the expenses of the year. The following officers were elected: President, the Rector; First Vice President, Mr. J. H. Knight; 2nd Vice President, M. H. Sisson; Secretary, J. L. Perkins; Treasurer, Miss S. E. Twamley; Executive, Miss Deacon, Mrs. Goodwin, Miss Stephenson, Miss B. Browne, Mrs. Soanes, Robt. Hannah, Jas. Corley, Mr. Bray, L. Archambault. There was a short program and five new members were added to the roll.

Offertory for January:—

		Envelopes	Loose	Total
Jan.	1	\$17 25	\$9 50	\$26 75
	8	19 10	7 52	26 62
	15	22 17	7 79	29 96
	22	39 30	11 52	50 82
	29	15 40	5 50	20 90
				\$155 11

MISSIONS: Foreign. Epiphany.—Relief Russian Jews, \$8; Wycliffe, Japan, 12.25; Algoma, \$1; General, \$8.28—\$29.53 Missions from Reaboro, \$2.50; missions from Currin's, 76 cents. Diocesan—Currin's, \$1.35. Parochial Missionary Association—January, (\$5 for Home Missions), \$7.45—\$41.59.

We are glad to see that the wardens and congregation disapprove of smoking—especially by furnaces—and that steps are being taken to put new heaters in the church. Some who have lately shed many tears will now rejoice. While on the subject of smoking we would say to all boys under twenty-one, don't do it. Smoking tobacco, for growing boys, is bad for body and mind. Then it costs money, and it looks bad to see a young fellow who cannot even grow a moustache, with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth. Boys' wait until you are twenty-one, or if already started, give it up at least during Lent; then give the church wardens what you save to help them get furnaces that do not smoke and at Easter tell us what you think about it.

The Sunday school tea, drive and entertainment on Jan. 20th was a great success. Nineteen sleighs took part in the procession, filled with scholars and friends, with flying banners and bells ringing, and if the Superintendent had been elected M.P. for both the Victorias, the scholars could scarcely have cheered more lustily, or waved their flags more enthusiastically. Tea was prepared at the school-house, and after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," some two or three hundred scholars, with appetites made keen by the drive, did full justice to the good things provided. Then from 7 to 9 the entertainment lasted and was much enjoyed, and "God Save the Queen" brought a happy afternoon to a close. The friends who so kindly sent their teams are specially thanked; the only

# Parish and Home.

Vol. III.

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## CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

### LESSONS.

- 5—**Sexagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. 3; Matt. 20-17. *Evening*—Gen. 6 or 8; Acts 21-17 to 37.
- 12—**Quinquagesima.** Gen. 9 to v. 20; Matt. 24 to v. 29. *Evening*—Gen. 12 or 13; Acts 27 to v. 18.
- 15—**Ash Wednesday.** Pr. Pss. M. 6, 32, 38; E. 102, 130, 143; Ash Wednesday collect to be used daily throughout Lent. *Morning*—Isa. 58 to v. 13; Mark 2-13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah 3; Heb. 12-3 to 18.
- 19—**1st Sunday in Lent.** Ember Collect daily. *Morning*—Gen. 19-12 to 30; Matt. 27 to v. 27. *Evening*—Gen. 22 to v. 20 or 23; Rom. 3.
- 24—**St. Matthias.** Athan. Creed, Ember Day. *Morning*—1 Sam. 2-27 to 36; Mark 1-21. *Evening*—Isa. 22-15; Rom. 8 to v. 18.
- 26—**2nd Sunday in Lent.** Gen. 27 to v. 41; Mark 2-23 to 3-13. *Evening*—Gen. 28 or 32; Rom. 9 to v. 19.

### ETERNITY.

Days come and go

In joy or woe ;

Days go and come,

In endless sum.

Only the eternal day

Shall come but never go ;

Only the eternal tide

Shall never ebb but flow.

O long eternity

My soul goes forth to thee.

Suns set and rise

In these dull skies ;

Suns rise and set,

Till men forget

The day is at the door,

When they shall rise no more.

O, everlasting Sun,

Whose race is never run,

Be thou my endless light,

Then I shall fear no night.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

## Papers on Christian Practise.

### II. DUTY—"I OUGHT."

THE word duty comes from "due," and means what is "due" towards another. It means a debt which we are bound to pay. It covers the whole field of life, and is due, as we are taught in the Catechism, towards God and towards our fellow-men. Duty often seems a cold word, but it should not

be so to any soul that has realized the meaning of life. If it be true that life is a mission, and that, as John Wesley said, man "is a spirit come from God and returning to God," then duty becomes an inspiration in the life of men, whether he meets with success or failure, sympathy or neglect. Mazzini, the Italian patriot, saw the force of this when he said: "Life is a mission, duty is, therefore, its highest law." He could, in the light of this truth, consecrate his life to his country's good, and say that he would labour on and love on even "without earthly hope." "Whether the sun shine with the serene splendour of an Italian noon, or the leaden, corpse-like hue of the northern mist is above us, I cannot see that it changes our duty." Duty, then, is the governing principle of life. It meets us every day and everywhere. We do not need to look for it. As Carlyle says: "The situation that has not its duty was never yet occupied by man." We have only to do the thing that's nearest, to look to God for help and guidance, and the performance of the simple things of life with the thought of duty in them will make even "drudgery divine." We need never look abroad and sigh for great opportunities for the display of heroism, for a larger field of action and influence for our abilities; our ordinary life, with its daily round and common task, will furnish us with all we need in order to do our duty, and we will find that

"The primal duties shine aloft, like stars ;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

There is first of all our duty towards God. Tom Hood once said, in his sarcastic way, that "There are some persons who have so far outgrown their Catechism as to believe that their only duty is to themselves." Self is an idol with many worshippers. Indeed it is the fashionable religion of the day. God is dethroned in the heart, and self, the usurper, takes the highest seat. But what have we to do any more with idols? Our duty towards God should be instinct with love and faith. It be-

gins with trust, fears to do aught displeasing to Him, loves with the whole being, worships in adoring praise and prayer, is full of devout thanksgiving and holy faith, ever calls upon Him, honours His holy name, feeds on His Word, and devotes a life of loving service to His glory.

Our duty towards our neighbour arises from the law of love. It is simply stated in the words of Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and in the Golden Rule "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to men likewise." Our first thought in all our dealings with our fellow-men must be that of duty. It will often, perhaps, conflict with our interests; yet we must do the right if we are to live up to the light of truth which God has given us. Duty must stand first and remain supreme. The right is the supreme good, the secret of human happiness, the foundation of individual and national prosperity. When we outgrow the Catechism and think our only duty is to ourselves, we are working from a wrong centre and will soon find that the fountains of happiness will dry up. The fire of love is needed in the great heart of duty; love to our great Elder Brother and through this love to the great brotherhood of man. On the pedestal of the statue of the great and good Earl of Shaftesbury in Westminster Abbey there are two words which sum up his life purpose and illustrate our duty towards our neighbour. They are: "Love, Serve." Duty is not cold when it becomes loving service. Our religion is not a system of abstract doctrines, it is a life—a life linked by living faith with Him who is the Life, the centre, the source, the secret of all life.

It may become our duty, like those of whom Milton writes, to serve in what seems inaction: "They also serve who only stand and wait." We may be called to suffer a living martyrdom for loyalty to the truth. The body may not be racked by pain, but the soul may suffer and endure in silence. Thus Lewis Morris says:

"For what is martyrdom but witness borne  
To God and Truth in body as in soul,  
Through life and death, through sudden stress  
of pain,  
Or life-long suffering, witness to the right?"

It may be that there will come to us a call to higher service in the line of duty; if so, let us not shrink from the call when it comes, but remember that for every duty God gives the grace to perform it, and in His strength even weakness is made strong. Whatever work God prepares for us, whatever He calls us to endure, whatever path He opens to us, let us be sure of this, that for the duty we have to meet He provides the needed guidance and strength.

Duty is the concentration of courage in an effort to do the right. It is the victory of the soul over the body, of love over selfishness, of right over every lower interest. It is the pole-star of life, the oriflamme of Christ's soldiers, the cement which holds society together, the foundation of happiness, and the crown of character. It appeals with strong force to the English race. We like its iron ring. It was Nelson's guiding star and the mainspring of that hero's character "Whose life was work," England's greatest warrior. Tennyson, with the thought of Wellington's great career before him, poured his soul into a song of praise of duty—

"Not once nor twice in our rough island story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory;  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before the journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples which out-redit  
All voluptuous garden roses."

Professor Tyndall says the German soldiers are animated by the same great principle; that it was a sense of duty, rather than a love of glory, that filled them with an invincible heroism during the late war. Some Prussian officers told him that the cry "We must conquer" is never heard from German soldiers; but rather the words, "We must do our duty." Do we not see here, under God, the secret of their success?

Duty has been the watchword of all noble souls since Abraham went forth, not knowing whither he went; since Moses made his great choice of affliction with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin for a season; since David, the Hebrew lad, faced the haughty Philistine; since John the

Baptist braved the wrath of the King, and Paul sailed every sea and crossed every land as an evangelist. It was duty that prompted Henry V. to say, when a wrong course was suggested, "Impossible"—when there was a call to action, "It must be done." It was duty that made Sir Thomas More stipulate when he took office that he was "first to look to God and afterwards to the King." It was duty that prompted Hacket, as he was preaching at St. Andrew's, Holborn, when a musket was pointed at his breast, and he was told to desist, to say: "Soldier, do your duty; I shall continue to do mine." It was duty that moved John Howard to visit the prisons of Europe on a mission of love and mercy. It was duty that made Sir Henry Thompson perform a difficult operation at such a cost to his own life force that he afterwards exclaimed: "There's another nail in my coffin." It was duty that kept the mind of Havelock in restful peace during the horrors of the Indian mutiny, so that when a friend asked his wife how he bore himself amongst such trying scenes, she could say: "I know not, but I know that he is trusting in God and doing his duty." It was the thought of devotion to duty that moved the Princess Alice to select the lark as her emblem, because, as she said, while it lived on the ground it taught by its life that in the discharge of homely duties we find the strength, the knowledge and the inspiration to fill the air with joyous and soul-stirring music.

Duty is a holy word; sacred from its many associations with noble deeds in sacred and secular literature. To the Christian it should be full of Divine meaning. In the common everyday actions of life he will be able to hear the holy call of duty, and he will find abundant opportunity to follow in the footsteps of his Divine Lord and Master, and to go about doing good. The voice of duty is the voice of God. Man's highest duty is to do God's will, and to be of service in the world.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

For PARISH AND HOME.

#### FEELING AND FAITH.

NOTHING is more untrustworthy than our states of feeling. A well-known characteristic of the fatal disease of consumption is that its victims at times feel bright and much stronger than

they really are, and are thus buoyed up by delusive hopes of recovery. On the other hand we know that many persons are steadily haunted by the feeling that they are ill, while they in fact enjoy robust health. The truth is that we cannot trust our feelings. We must have other tests by which to gauge our real condition.

What is true of our bodily state applies with even greater force to the spiritual. The great snare to many a Christian life lies in the varying phases of feeling which may obscure the unchanging realities that lie behind them. The sun always shines; the clouds, the earth itself obscure our view of him. When the cold mists lie about us it is hard to feel the same brightness of spirit that we have in the joyous sunshine. Yet, as we grow wiser, we yield less to the changing influences of nature, and try to preserve a calm and hopeful spirit. If the sun does disappear we know that we shall soon see him again, and in the darkness we rest. The unchanging spheres may thus teach us a lesson of faith. God, too, does not change. Clouds and darkness may obscure our view of Him. The bright spirit of service that made us so active yesterday is gone to-day, and we have instead only dark and gloomy thoughts. We feel no desire to do our work. We find no pleasure in reading the Bible, no joy in prayer. Truly we have changed; but behind the clouds God is the same. If we cannot feel this we have something better. We know it, and we can hope and rest for we walk by faith and not by sight.

One law in regard to our feelings should be kept steadily in mind. As we know more we feel less. As the surgeon's skill becomes greater, and he knows better how to spare his patient suffering, he himself feels less acutely. The sight of suffering does not disturb him as it once did. Yet his head is clearer, his hand firmer for this want of emotion when he performs his operation. Probably the mother never again feels the same depth of emotion that she did when she pressed her first child to her bosom. Older people look back upon the strong feelings of youth as something that is gone for ever. With what feelings of pride did the young doctor or the young lawyer take his first fee; with what soul-stirring did the young clergyman face his first congregation! Yet, though the



intensity of feeling passes away, the men themselves, if true men, are becoming all the time more effective in their work.

The application is again to the spiritual life. We may very often mourn that the feelings of joy, the passion of self-consecration, do not seem so intense now as they were when we first gave ourselves to God. Well, be it so! The feelings may evaporate, the facts remain. He is our Father. Jesus Christ is our Redeemer. These are eternal truths which our feelings do not affect either one way or the other. What if we do not feel as nervous about kneeling down to pray at the bedside of a poor sufferer! Can we not with our riper experience really pray better, understand better than in the earlier days? This is the truer test of our spiritual state. If we have broader sympathy, better instructed activity, keener discrimination, larger views of truth than we had in earlier days, we may leave the feelings to the kites and the crows. Faith is better than feeling. Knowledge is stronger than deep emotion.

G. M. W.

#### LUKE 10, 18.

God makes a feast and bids His creatures come  
But strange excuses keep the most at home,  
Some are too busy to partake the treat,  
And some too idle e'en to rise to eat ;  
Some too well settled and too much caress'd,  
And some too happy to be truly blest ;  
Some are too learned to be good and wise,  
And some too rich the pearl of grace to prize ;  
Some are too knowing Wisdom's voice to attend,  
And some too stupid Truth to comprehend ;  
Some are too bold the God of heaven to dread,  
And some too timid duty's path to tread ;  
Some are too good for mercy to receive,  
And some too bad their wickedness to leave.  
"Tis yet too soon," says youth in vigorous bloom,  
To waste my life in dull religious gloom ;  
While bustling manhood pleads a short delay,  
" 'Tis time enough—I'll seize a future day."  
E'en withered age still asks a longer day,  
And then exclaims "Alas ! 'tis now too late !"  
—Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

#### THE BIBLE IN SIBERIA.

BEYOND thinking of a vast snow-clad region, the prison home of thousands of Russian exiles, few of us know much about Siberia. It may help to widen our minds and enlarge our hearts if we study for a little while this far-off country, and learn how the Word of Life is spreading throughout this vast region.

We are struck at once with the many

points of resemblance between Siberia and our own North-West, though in point of size North-Western Canada, vast as it is, is small in comparison with that region which stretches from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

It, however, were to cut off from that portion of Western Canada which lies along the American border a belt of land two hundred miles in width, the latitude of the two countries would be found almost identical, the Arctic Ocean being in each case the northern boundary.

In countries so vast it will readily be seen that there must be varieties of climate. The cold in Siberia is undoubtedly most severe, trees are frozen to their very heart, rivers are frozen to the bottom, the thermometer occasionally falling to seventy-five degrees below zero ; but on such occasions, as in our North-West, there is a perfect stillness, which renders the cold endurable, the fur-clad inhabitants dreading far more the terrible "burans," or snowstorms, in the early spring. These "blizzards" often destroy thousands of horses and cattle.

In Siberia, as in the North-West, the spring sets in with remarkable rapidity. Owing to the great dryness of the climate the sun is seldom hidden behind clouds. The summer is warm, vegetation goes on apace, wheat sown at the end of May is ripe by the end of August.

As with us, the portion of country lying along the Arctic Ocean is a frozen waste for the most part unexplored, but Siberia proper rejoices in many districts of rich prairie land, containing over twenty-five million acres of wheat growing soil. In addition to this there are vast hilly tracts densely covered with forests.

No wonder then that a stream of immigration has been steadily flowing into Siberia, chiefly from European Russia, until now it has a population of nearly four and a half millions.

And what is being done for the spiritual needs of these people scattered over this immense region ?

They are not in heathen darkness for most of them belong to the Greek Church, but they are steeped in ignorance and superstition.

Is there any hope that the light of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ will shine into their hearts and dispel this ignorance and superstition ?

There is. The Greek Church has never expressly prohibited the reading of the Bible by the people in their native tongue. The Orthodox Church of Russia has always had a popular version of the Bible, though the circulation of the Scriptures among the laity has not been much encouraged by the clergy.

So long ago as 1813 Alexander I. allowed the British and Foreign Bible Society to establish a branch in St. Petersburg. In 1825, however, Nicholas, under the influence of the monks, placed the Bible under arrest, and replaced it by an official book of Saints. Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs, also emancipated the Bible and restored in part at least the liberty of the Bible Society, whose agents circulated widely the People's Testament, issued by the Holy Synod, as well as copies of the Bible or portions of it, in the various dialects of Russia.

To the Bible Society, therefore, belongs the great honour of spreading the Word of God far and wide throughout the vast empire of Russia, so that now most of those who can read have at their very doors the Holy Scriptures, and we know that, "The entrance of thy Word giveth Light."

Turning again to Siberia, we are glad to learn that notwithstanding the famine which has left many poor and starving, there has been, according to the report of the year ending May, 1892, a steady demand for the Bible, nearly forty-four thousand copies or portions of it, being distributed.

The colporteurs of the Bible Society have on the whole been kindly received by all classes of society. Governors have given them permits to visit the prisons, the Minister of Prisons actually agreeing that the Bibles or New Testaments given to the prisoners should be entered on the list of their personal property, to be preserved or replaced at the prisoner's cost. Railway officials and steamboat owners have in many cases granted these bearers of the Word a free pass. From Ekaterineburg to Turnev the railway carried during the year—free of charge—over eight tons of Scriptures. The clergy of the Greek Church have more frequently helped than hindered in this good work of Bible circulation.

The Bishop of Tomsk co-operated so heartily, that through his influence the agents of the Bible Society were

enabled to distribute a large number of copies.

We are naturally drawn towards the prisons of Siberia, concerning which we have heard so many horrors. No doubt they are terrible abodes of misery, but it is comforting to hear some of the prisoners testifying that they learned to read the Bible first in prison, and that the Word of God had brought gladness and light into many dark cells.

We must not, however, think only of this class, we know too much about Siberia now to imagine that it is chiefly inhabited by convicts. It is also comforting to learn that with the stream of immigration flowing eastward into the wheat-growing districts, are to be found here and there those whose business it is to circulate the Bible, and still more cheering is it to learn that there is often to be found among these scattered settlers a hungering for the Bread of Life. One colporteur travelled during the past year 3,500 miles, being kindly welcomed wherever he went.

Who can tell what the result of this quiet seed sowing will be? We rejoice to know that many an ignorant Siberian peasant has already caught a glimpse of the unclouded Light of the World. We see, further, in the fact that many of the Russian clergy are recommending their people to read the Scriptures, the dawn of a reformation within the ancient Greek Church.

When we remember in our prayers the continent of Asia, let us not forget the northern half—vast Siberia.

F. H. DUVERNET.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### THE PLACE OF REST.

A SHORT while ago, in the course of my parish visiting, says a Church minister, the following incident was related to me by a lady parishioner: A little while ago I sat by the bedside of a dying friend. She had been ill for a long time, and there was no hope of her recovery. I said to her, "Do you not feel it hard to leave your children?" She had two little ones, one ten and the other eight years of age. She looked up and answered, "No; I do not feel it hard now. At one time the thought of leaving my children without a mother in the world was very hard to me. But," she added, with a faint smile on her wasted face, "I have given my children to the Lord. I have put them in His hands, and I believe He will

keep them." She spoke of it as a past, definite transaction between herself and the Lord. Her giving of the children was real, and she believed His acceptance of them was real also. By faith she saw His loving hands laid upon them. He had claimed them for Himself; and now she had rest, perfect rest, with regard to that great matter. When I heard the incident from my parishioner I said, why cannot we all do that, and do it with everything connected with our life? Why cannot we take our life, our health, our work, our business, ourselves, everything that concerns our welfare here and our welfare hereafter, and just place them in the Saviour's hands. He has invited us to do so. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And those who come, however feebly, however unworthily, he pledges and binds himself to receive. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." That is the place of rest. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." B. B.

#### THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

It may be in the morning  
Ere the dew is off the grass,  
When the little birds are singing  
Their sweet welcome as they pass;  
Ere the sound of busy thousands  
Is heard upon the street,  
I will listen for His coming,  
For the coming of His feet.

It may be at the noonday,  
When the sun is hot o'er head,  
And the whirr of noisy insects  
Comes from out the grassy bed;  
When the wind is softly sighing  
In the tree-tops as they meet,  
I will wait me, hopeful listening  
For the coming of His feet.

It may be in the evening,  
When the busy day is o'er,  
When the setting sun is throwing  
Lengthened shadows on the floor;  
Or the moon is slowly rising  
Behind the meadow bars,  
And the dark blue heaven is studded  
With the tender light of stars,  
That I will sit and listen  
With a love so strangely sweet,  
Wrapped within the Heavenly glory,  
For the coming of His feet.

But in patience, uncomplaining,  
I will wait and watch away,  
Trusting that the Heavenly Presence  
Will turn darkness into day;  
And along the lessening dimness  
Where the light and shadow meet,  
I will know with sight unclouded  
Of the coming of His feet.  
—L.M.T. in *Our Dumb Animals*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### THE SCHOOL OF GOD.

A MEDITATION

"TEACH ME, O LORD."—DAVID.  
"I HAVE LEARNED."—PAUL.

This is an *old* school; the entire Bible may be considered as the record of God's teaching. Poets may sing of the mighty men of the past, whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time, and scholars may venerate the ancient seats of learning; but this school was in being when time was born, and man was made.

This is a *wealthy* school, not in earthly estates or rich endowments as men generally understand these things; but wealthy in wisdom, in dominion, in far-reaching power; wealthy in peace, security and favour; wealthy in durable riches and righteousness.

Give what Thou wilt, without Thee I am poor, But with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

This is a *select* school. Select as to numbers, sometimes even to loneliness. Was not Noah lonely as he floated over the silent tomb of a drowned world? Select as to company: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." In "the narrow way which leadeth unto life," how select the company with:

Here and there a traveller.

This is a *free* school—free as to admission; money terms are not mentioned. Why? Because God is too rich to sell and we are too poor to buy—free as to audience. "In his favour is life." In the presence of Christ, in the family of the Redeemed, freedom finds its home, freedom is the law of the house, a perpetual benediction—free as to service. His service is perfect freedom, fight the good fight of faith, for we wrestle not against flesh and blood (then it would be easy), but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Quit ye like men, be of good courage, valiant sons of freedom, whose

"Banner torn but flying  
Streams like the thunder-cloud against the  
wind!" H. T. M.

It is well to let prayer be the first employment in the early morning and the last in the evening. Avoid diligently those false and deceptive thoughts which say, "Wait a little; I will pray an hour hence; I must first perform this or that;" for with such thoughts a man quits prayer for business, which lays hold of and entangles him so that he comes not to pray the whole day long.—Luther.

**The End of a Feud.**

FOR a long time it had been Noel Jordan's habit to go to the top of a hill, and there in the waning light of the sun ere it bid the world good day, watch the play of light on the waters of the Penobscot.

It was a grand and beautiful scene, the waves reflecting the golden beams of the sun as they danced toward the sea, and the pines lifting their stately crests far above the historic river. Not very far away, but through the forest, stood the homes of some Indians, the remnants of a once powerful tribe, and Noel could almost see the cabins by looking down the aisles of the tarn.

In the past, he had been joined on the hill by a youth of his own age, and they had talked about the tribe, having read of it in the books to which they had access, but a feud had risen between Noel's family and his friends, and they no more went to the hill and watched the play of light and shadow on the waves.

Rob seemed to be forgiving, for on more than one occasion Noel had seen him in the forest, but the feud which had estranged the families stood between them and Noel was inclined to let it remain.

"Mother, the Masters boy was down in the wood where we were to-day, but we never noticed him," said Alice, Noel's pretty sister, addressing her mother one afternoon.

Mrs. Jordan, a little bit haughty and unforgiving, looked at her daughter and smiled.

"Do you intend that we shall notice them?" quietly asked Noel.

"Your father says not," was the reply.

"It has deprived Noel of a companion, and the studies which he and Rob were pursuing have been interrupted."

"I am aware of that, Alice, but —"

Mrs. Jordan was interrupted by a footfall, and the shadow of a strange-looking man fell across the threshold.

He was one of the Indians of the village in the wood, and as he stopped and stood statue-like before the house, his eyes fell upon Noel.

"It is old Saugunay," said the boy. "I used to meet him on the hill, and he would listen to Rob and I, though he did not seem to understand more than one half we said."

The Indian folded his arms, and for a moment longer remained silent.

"Where other boy?" he asked.

Noel shook his head and looked at his mother and Alice.

"He means Rob, Noel," said the girl.

"I know whom she means. It's a scheme. Old Saugunay has been sent as a peacemaker —"

"Between us and the Masters? That will not do, Noel. Your father will never consent to any interference in the feud, and this man will have his trouble for his pains."

Saugunay was one of the last chieftains of the tribe. He was tall and stately, carrying with him that reserved dignity which had for more than a century distinguished his race.

Noel, with a glance at his relatives, walked into the wood with the old man, and was stopped under a tree.

"White boy wants his friend back," he began.

"It can't be done, Saugunay. If he sent you on this mission you must go back to him and say that the feud was not of our making and that I have no control over it."

The face of the Indian seemed to grow more sorrowful.

"He sent you, didn't he?" asked Noel. "Rob induced you to undertake this mission?"

There was honesty in every line of old Saugunay's face, and he looked for a moment at Noel while his dark hand fell with the lightness of a snow-flake upon the boy's shoulder.

"No, Saugunay come himself. No one send him," he answered. "White boy is sick."

The better impulses of Noel's nature surged up in his bosom.

"Sick?" he cried.

"Sick here," and the Indian laid his hand on his heart and smiled faintly.

Noel looked over the hills and seemed to catch the last beams of the sun as they played capriciously with the leaves. It was October in the forest, and the earliest frost had turned to gold the leafy shreen that stretched everywhere, even to the islands in the Penobscot.

Slowly old Saugunay turned and walked away. His mission had failed, and Noel watched him out of sight.

"I would it were otherwise," said the boy. "This feud has robbed me of a friend, and all because our families see fit to remain enemies—for nothing."

Half an hour later, while still on the spot where the old chief had left him,

Noel heard the splash of paddles in the river, and looking thitherward, he described two Indians coming down stream in a birchen canoe.

The one on the bow was Saugunay, his long hair just a little white despite his age, and on his brow the marks which Noel's answer seemed to have placed there.

The boy watched the Indians with a good deal of curiosity. He saw them vanish among the trees that bent over the water's edge and conjectured that they had moored the canoe to a sunken log while they took a ramble through the forest.

Suddenly a twig was broken in the young forester's rear, and he saw gazing at him from a little clump of trees a deer whose arching horns caused a wish for possession to take root in his mind.

The animal was watching him with wide-eyed curiosity, and Noel saw that it had come upon him so suddenly that it had not thought of danger or retreat.

Noel was admiring the poise of the handsome head, and the glimmer of the great eyes when the stag leaped aside and dropped to its knees. The boy knew what had happened; the animal had been shot with an arrow.

In a moment he recalled the two Indians in the canoe, and was quite sure that the shaft had been fixed by Saugunay or his companion.

Noel stood gazing at the deer, when the animal sprang up and came toward him with lowered antlers.

The peril was very great, for he knew something of the attacks of wounded stags, and, being defenceless, he looked around for help. In another moment the sharp report of a rifle awoke the echoes of the October wood, and the deer fell dead in the very act of charging Noel.

The preserved youth looked in vain for the author of the deadly shot. The sound died away, and no one came forward to claim his game. The river near by flowed on as peacefully as ever, and the stag, dyeing the leaves with its blood, stiffened where it had fallen.

It was a most unaccountable adventure to Noel Jordan. He wondered why the hunter did not come forward to take his own and he was in the act of turning from the scene, when the sounds of paddies again saluted his ears.

The boy turned at once to the river, and forth from the rising banks shot

the canoe of Saugunay and his companion. They rowed up stream as if nothing unusual had happened in the forest, and Noel, like one in a dream, stood spellbound and let them pass.

"It is very strange," said he. "The Indians had no guns when they landed, and the arrow which struck down the stag must have come from an Indian bow."

He walked over to where the stag lay. He pulled the arrow from the wound and examined it in the last rays of the sun. It was a curiously made shaft, tipped with feathers, which to Noel betrayed its maker. Old Saugunay was famous for his arrows; he made them all alike and this one was of the prevailing pattern.

Back through the forest, strangely perplexed by his adventure, Noel Jordan made his way. More than once his thoughts stopped him. He turned and looked toward Rob's home, as if his better nature would have turned his feet in that direction; but the old feud came between him, and he shut his hands to go on again, threading his way through rustling leaves and waving grass.

All at once a singular sound came to him. The boy stopped.

"Help! help!"

Noel stood a moment and then ran toward the sounds.

The last one, dying away in the heart of the wood, caused him to stop again and listen.

"It sounded toward the quagmire," said he, with his hand to his ear in the form of a trumpet.

The quagmire was a place which was spanned by a fallen tree. It had almost engulfed several persons who had fallen from the log into the dark ooze, and on one occasion Noel had narrowly escaped with his life.

While he stood in the path listening for a repetition of the cry by which he might be guided, he saw the last sunbeam fade on the leaves, and the forest became one great shadow.

"Help! I am in the quagmire!"

The words came clear and distinct to Noel across the shadowed place.

In a moment he was running like a deer, bounding over all obstacles in his way, and at last he reached a spot from which he could see the dangerous locality and make out the log that spanned it like a bridge.

Some one in the quagmire? The

very thought was enough to stir the young forester's blood.

He bounded to the very edge of the quagmire and looked toward the middle.

Some one was there, but Noel could not recognize him. The unfortunate one was struggling against the ooze which was sucking him down with terrible certainty, and when Noel sprang out on the tree and saw the victim directly beneath him he uttered a cry.

It was Rob Masters!

The white-faced boy, almost engulfed, looked up at Noel with a mute appeal for help, but he spoke not. It seemed to Noel that the old feud sealed his lips, and that it had come between them in the shadow of dreadful death.

For a moment Noel looked at the boy motionless now amid the ooze and then he leaned over, clutching the bark to prevent falling in himself, and said:—

"I will do my best, Rob. I will get you out if I can."

"You, Noel?"

"Why not? We're friends, aren't we?"

"I thought —"

"To the winds with the old feud, Rob! It musn't come between us, and a life as good as yours, I'll throw some limbs to you and you can hold on to them till I can get more."

Strong as a young giant, for his whole life had been spent amid the absolute freedom of wood and stream, Noel Jordan threw down stout branches which he tore from the trees, and in a short time had builded for Rob a breastwork which he caught and thus stopped his descent into the quagmire.

Braced by the limbs, Rob, with Noel's assistance, gradually drew himself out of the trap and was pulled upon the log where he lay exhausted.

"I started back after I had shot the stag," said Rob, and here Noel's hand stopped him.

"Didn't you see me?" he asked. "The animal was about to charge me. There was death in the glazed eyes of the deer."

"I saw you Noel, but you know the old feud —"

"Between us there is no old feud!" was the interruption.

"I know this much—there should be none. But I don't know what your mother and sister will say."

"Come, let us see," cried Noel. "When old Saugunay came to me and said you were sick I felt like going with

him; but that foolish hatred came between."

Noel helped Rob from the log, and they went back over the forest path. Reunited, and hand in hand, they approached the house in the birch clearing to hear Alice say:—

"Here he comes, mother, and I believe he is bringing the Masters boy with him!"

"Rob shall go where I go!" said Noel, and after the narration of the adventures in the forest, there stole down the white winged angel of peace, and that night the old feud came to an end, and the waters of the Penobscot, flowing to the sea the next day, saw two boys arm in arm on its bank.—*T. C. Harbaugh.*

#### IS THE HEART RIGHT?

"A PRETTY face does not always mean a noble character," said Dr. Thain Davidson, in preaching to young men the other night, and he went on to tell them that they could not be too guarded as to their companionships. Be careful, he said, as to whom you take to your bosom. If you are wise you will salute each new would-be friend after the fashion in which Jehu met Jehonadab. "Is thine heart right? If it be, give me thine hand." Speaking of marriage the Doctor said that the most important step in life is often determined with a rash disregard as to what is beneath a fair exterior. As a rule, no man is so much to be pitied as the husband of a professional beauty. Beauty in women, no doubt, is a valuable endowment when it is the reflection of a pure and refined soul within; but unhappily the two do not always go together. Dr. Davidson then pointed out very impressively, that there is a Divine eye that penetrates beneath the surface, and cannot be deceived by any outward gloss. "The Lord looketh on the heart." The Lord often passes by gifts and qualities which are attractive to the world, showy talents, glittering genius, pretentious manners, outward display, and beauty and strength; and chooses the meek and lowly to be the instruments in doing His work. His eye sees beneath the tinsel and veneer, and looks straight to the very heart within. Is the heart contrite, believing, pure? Is the soul yearning after the holy and the true? Are you men whom the world admires, or are you men "after God's own heart"?—*The Home Messenger.*



## Parish and Home.

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WE want our big and our little readers to do all that they can to make everyone receive PARISH AND HOME into their houses. It is going into many more homes now than it was a year ago, but we wish to have it in many more before the year ends. Sample copies will always be sent free on application to the publishers.

MANY people go out camping in the summer. The camping life is pleasant; but we should not like to live it always, it is rough and cheerless at times. The nights are cold, and it is hard to enjoy one's self in camp on a rainy day. St. Paul compares this life to a temporary camping out, and says that he has the desire to depart—literally to break up the encampment—and be with Christ. The camping is very good and useful. It has its own enjoyments, its own discipline in hardness, but, as St. Paul thinks, *Home* is better.

JESUS CHRIST came to bring peace, but His is a strange peace—not peace by having our desires satisfied, but peace by giving them up. The world says that when a man gets what he wishes he is most happy. Jesus Christ teaches that when a man gives up what he desires and takes what God wishes, he is happy. This is for many of us a hard saying, but it is a profoundly true one. It contradicts all worldly maxims and brings man to the definite choice between his own will and God's will. To obey the one is to be a worldling, to follow the other is to be a Christian.

WE must accept Christ as we are, to begin with. Man's way is live as much like a child of God as you can, and bye and bye you will get to be a child of God. God's method is just the other way. Come and be made a child of God, and, when you are, live out the child life. This is the difference between true godliness and mere human religiousness. The Christian tries to become what he should be *because he is God's child*, the merely religious man tries *because he is not saved*. The Christian yearns to be like Christ, because he is already past death and judgment. The other would become Christ-like because death and judgment are *before* him, and he would, if possible, prepare himself for such great realities.

WITHOUT the bounding inspiration of hope men can scarcely be useful. The languid air and listless manner of those who have no cheerful hope of success in what they are doing is the certain forerunner of failure. To hope steadily is to win in the end, for all things come to him who waits. St. Paul exhorts the Philippians by the *encouragement* that is in Christ. He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but there is no languid despair in His life. Temporary failure was on the line of ultimate success. Too many Christians make one effort and then give up in despair and disappointment because they seem to have failed. The encouragement that is in Christ ought to nerve us to something braver.

A COUNTRY merchant asked the writer a few weeks ago: "Who do you think buy the most expensive dresses and millinery from us—the town people or the farmers?" One would naturally say that the town people, the daughters of the lawyers, doctors, and the merchants would dress most expensively. But this merchant said this is not the case. There is a sufficient love of display in the town, but there is even more in the outlying country, and one may often see a flaming expensive head-covering and ragged boots on the feet. The one will be seen, the other, it is hoped, will escape notice. We hope that some plain words will be spoken from the pulpit about this vain and extravagant folly. Nothing can be more foreign to the teachings of Him who

was born in a manger than empty display.

I WISH to have the honour to die fighting. I would have all my scars on my breast. Methinks I would not be wounded running away, or skulking into a hiding place. Though I long to go to heaven to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure shall I make among the saints, confessors and martyrs that surround the throne, without some deeper signature of his divine impress, without more scars of Christian honour. I don't envy those who choose to sleep in a whole skin. OLD AUTHOR.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME. MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA.

WHAT a wreath of memories cluster round the name of Africa!

The land which in the early centuries of Christianity gave the fiery eloquence of Tertullian, the executive ability of Cyprian, the soul-searching confessions of Augustine. The land which in the present century has witnessed the self-sacrificing labours of some of the noblest missionaries, such as Bishop Crowther in the West, Robert Moffat in the South, Bishop Smythies in the East, Bishop Hannington and Mackay under the equatorial sun of Uganda!

The land for which Livingstone prayed as he was dying upon his knees, alone in the interior. This land so rich in memories must ever be full of interest to those who are praying their Divine Master's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Though Africa is still worthy of the name "the Dark Continent," there are not lacking hopeful signs that "they that sit in darkness shall see a great light."

An African missionary wrote not so many years ago, that to bring a spiritual truth home to the mind of a Bechuana savage was as hard as to lift a mirror by taking hold of the face. The last census of Bechuana land reports that almost the whole population is now Christian.

Canon Taylor Smith, in a recent number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, says:

"You can never win an African unless you first love him; and then when you love him, like all human nature, he responds to the love. The African has a sweetness of character which I have not found excelled even in England. The

Africans of the Bible were gentle and kind. I call to your mind Ebed Melech, who lifted Jeremiah the prophet from the dungeon and the mire; Simon the Cyrenian, who carried the Cross of our beloved Master and Lord; the Ethiopian eunuch, who asked Philip the Evangelist to step up beside him, and was willing to listen to the explanation of the old Book. The African is the same to-day."

Uganda is attracting our interest now through the daily newspapers. We should especially at this time remember good Bishop Tucker and his fellow-labourers in our prayers.

When about a year ago Bishop Tucker left Uganda for England to appeal for reinforcement, he carried with him an inspiring recollection of his last morning there, which he thus described:—"We were astir before sunrise. The purple flush of the dawn was brightening when there came, on the stillness of the morning air, a sound which stirred our souls to the very depth. What was it? From some little distance, from a native hut which we could see but dimly in the half-light, there came a voice from one pleading with God in prayer, then came the response, then once more all was still. What was the meaning of it? These were the voices of Christian men and women, engaged before sunrise in family worship. They were men and women who only a few years ago were living in all the darkness of heathendom. Could we as we stood there on the Uganda shore before leaving, have had a more touching proof of God's work of grace in the hearts of the people, and of the power of the Gospel to change men's minds, turning them from darkness to light, from the power of sin and Satan unto God?"

Thus we see how without distinction of race or country it remains ever true that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

F. H. D.

#### "DOE THE NEXTE THYNGE."

FROM an old English parsonage  
Down by the sea,  
There came in the twilight  
A message to me;  
Its quaint Saxon legend,  
Deeply engraven,  
Hath, as it seems to me,  
Teaching for Heaven;  
And on through the hours  
The quiet words ring,  
Like a low inspiration,  
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning  
Many a fear,  
Many a doubt  
Hath its quieting here.  
Moment by moment,  
Let down from Heaven,  
Time, opportunity,  
Guidance are given,  
Fear not to-morrow,  
Child of the King;  
Trust them with Jesus—  
"Doe the nexte thyng"  
Oh, He could have Thee  
Daily more free,  
Knowing the might  
Of Thy Royal degree,  
Ever in waiting,  
Glad for His call;  
Tranquil in chastening,  
Trusting through all,  
Comings and goings  
No turmoil need bring;  
His allthy future—  
"Doe the nexte thyng."  
Do it immediately,  
Do it with prayer,  
Do it reliably,  
Casting all care;  
Do it with reverence,  
Tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before Thee  
With earnest command.  
Stayed on Omnipotence,  
Safe 'neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings,  
"Doe the nexte thyng."  
Looking to Jesus,  
Ever serene,  
Working or suffering,  
Be thy demeanour!  
In the shade of His presence  
The rest of His calm,  
The light of His countenance,  
Live out Thy psalm;  
Strong in His faithfulness  
Praise Him and sing;  
Then, as He beckons thee,—  
"Doe the nexte thyng!"

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### PLAIN PLEADING.

WHAT makes a man a soldier? Certainly not the uniform. A man just enlisted and yet in his own clothes is as much a soldier as he will ever be. Is it the drill? The raw recruit is as much a soldier as the senior who knows his drill perfectly, though of course he is not such a good soldier; a little thing—the receiving of the Queen's shilling, makes a man a soldier: drill, obedience and necessary instruction make a soldier a good soldier.

What makes a man a Christian—is it a particular way of living? No. Is it drill or exercise in the Lord's work? No. Then what is it? Just the receiving God's Christ—that makes the Christian. Then comes the drill and

the service, but not till then. Receiving Christ is the first, the very first thing.

Yes, you say, I know if Jesus were mine of course I should be all right—but that is just it. I am praying God to give me Jesus, but it does not seem to make any difference; God *has given* Jesus. "God so loved that He gave." He is not going to give Him again. He was given once for all. This being so, your part is not to pray but to *take*—or receive, the already given Jesus. Suppose on your way down town you notice a half-starved little boy looking in at the window of a baker's shop. You buy him something—"Here, my boy, take that"—but instead of taking it he asks, "Oh, sir, please give me that bread, I am so hungry, please give it me, sir." You say, "Take it, man." But no, he keeps on asking. You say, "Take"; and he says, "Give"; and so here is a deadlock between you. God has given Jesus. The Gospel message is "Take, take, take," and yet you are praying, "Give, give, give." And so there is a deadlock between God and you. Give up asking Him to do what He has already done, and thankfully take or receive the long-given Saviour.

"Well," says someone, "I try to be good, but I do not believe that it is possible to become good all at once." Being saved is not a matter of becoming good all at once, but of receiving the Saviour that you may become good. Perhaps you think that being saved is to pass at once from a life of sin and failure into a life of perfection, and you cannot believe that it is possible. It certainly is not possible, but such a change is not what the Bible brings before us.

The natural or unregenerate man only has the one nature, which the Bible terms the "flesh" nature. The regenerate man has *two* natures—the flesh nature and the spirit nature. When you are born again you do not get rid of your flesh nature, it remains with you in this world, but you *receive* a new nature or life. *Now the act of receiving that life is the work of a moment, the living of it out is the work of a life-time, yes, the work of eternity.*

"I would like to be a Christian, but then it is so hard to serve God." This is but the suggestion of "the father of lies." The Bible says, "the way of the

*transgressor* is hard," and do you not see that it is true nearly every day of your life? You meet a good many broken-down looking men men who look as if they have had a hard time of it, and as if they still had a hard time of it. Are they men particularly noted for godliness? Those who serve the devil most faithfully all their lives, do not look as if they have had an easy or pleasant time; if they have, they have a profound way of concealing the fact. Why, the very thing God proposes to do for you is to deliver you from Satan's bondage and hard service. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is *easy* and my burden *light*." If God's service appears irksome to you, and Christ's yoke galling, it is because you have not yet come to know the blessedness of the new life. It is no use trying to take to one or the other till you are born again. Then, but not till then, will you be sufficiently in accord with God, but coming to Him you will find that "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more until the perfect day"—that day when Jesus, Sun of Righteousness, shall shine forth in all His glorious wealth of love, grace and power.

No one, even though of the "elect," can be saved if he neglects so great salvation; and no one, even though of the "non-elect," can be lost if he only believes in Jesus Christ.

R. SIMS.

#### THE HAND OF FAITH.

FAITH, is the hand upheld  
Emptied of worldly grasp;  
God's is the hand that gives,  
Yielding His strength to clasp.

Hope, is the hand that waits,  
Knowing that God will fill,  
Sure that His time is best,  
Ready to wait His will.

Trust is the hand that bears,  
Counting as gain all loss,  
Marked with the strokes of pain,  
Holding, through all, its cross.

Love, is the hand that clings,  
Casting on God all care,  
Giving to Him its life,  
Longing His Life to share.

Peace, is the hand that rests  
Fast in God's hand of love,  
Steady in joy or pain,  
Held by the Strength above.

Joy, is the hand full-filled,  
Free from earth's care and strife,  
Bearing the victor's palm,  
Led by the Lord of Life.  
—A.C., *Family Churchman*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### THE SECRET OF REST.

A FEW months ago while attending a meeting in connection with our Church, a brother clergyman sat down by my side and began to speak to me about our Saviour's command to His disciples: "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye except ye abide in Me." He said, I have known for a long time that the secret of all rest in the Christian life, and the secret of all fruit-bearing, all success in one's ministry, was abiding in the Saviour. But the difficulty with me was to know the meaning of to abide. My idea was that it was to come as the result of my own effort. If by my own resolution and assertion of strength I could keep myself resting, keep myself in the way of holiness and peace, then I would believe I was abiding. But I found that I could not *keep myself* in these ways, and, therefore, despaired of abiding. But now I see it altogether in a new light. I see that abiding is simply resting, leaving myself in the care and keeping of the Saviour, putting myself definitely into His arms, and believing that He does receive me, and will not cast me out. I see that it is not necessary to *do some great thing in order to abide*; I *abide in order that I may do all things*. "I can do all things in Christ which strengtheneth me." This is the secret of rest—to abide in Jesus. Jesus *can* save us, and He *can* keep us, and He *can* supply all our need. But the one absolute condition is, that we let Him do so. We need in Christ not a helper simply, but a Saviour. In the life of sanctification and of Christian service the old contrast still finds place in us: the "going about to establish" stands over against the "have not submitted themselves." Let us more closely imitate St. Paul in his definite *committing*, and we shall enjoy his rest and his assurance. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep *that which I have committed* unto Him against that day."

B. B.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

THESE are seldom found united in the works of man. His strong works are not beautiful, his beautiful works are not strong—"But out of Zion the perfection of beauty—God hath shined;" "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." What a privilege to behold His beauty, to feel the stirrings of His strength!

There is the strength and beauty of attraction—not a law which acts on matter, but a love which acts on mind; a love which enlightens our darkness, quickens the conscience, gives hope to the heart, boundless powers to the affections. The Lord is strong in power, He is mighty to save. What blended elements are here—power and love, might and mercy, majesty and meekness, sublimity and grace!

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise, be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Let beauty bind me to the altar-throne,  
Sustain me with majestic strength  
That I may see Thy glorious power  
And stand before Thee in the might of life.  
Impart a character complete with  
Vision purified: Thyself enshrined,  
Enthroned; my powers responsive  
To Thy gentle call.  
Unflinching purpose give to me for  
Life-long daring; my homage own.  
And let me stand and lean  
Upon the might of God.

H. T. M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### FORGIVE.

THE home may be very nice and comfortable; the chairs upholstered in the most charming manner; the pictures on the walls may delight the eye, and every room may be warm and bright, a happy contrast to the howling winds without. The home may be most inviting, but if in the inner chamber of some heart there is lurking a bitter spirit of unforgiveness, that heart is not happy. No amount of pleasurable surroundings can make it so. To carry such a spirit, too, will hurt you more than it will hurt any one else. It will, no doubt, destroy the happiness of many around you, but your happiness will suffer most. We have known the happiness of persons shattered for years, because for years they carried about an unforgiving spirit. Brother against brother, sister against sister, neighbour

against neighbour. You have perhaps not spoken to your brother or your neighbour for years. You have cherished a bitter spirit so long, think of the little that caused the difference in the first place. The seed has produced a great tree now, but the tree is in your heart, the shadow only falls upon your brother.

If a parent, your child has already noticed your spirit towards your friend. How are you going to explain yourself? Whether you explain or not your son or daughter will draw their own conclusions, and your spirit enter into the character they are building.

Then I presume you pray. If you don't you ought to. If you would enter heaven you must pray, and before you can enter there you must be forgiven; and so you say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." With the spirit of unforgiveness in your heart, you simply ask the Great God *not* to forgive you.

But perhaps it is so many years since the feeling was kindled against your neighbour that you don't think much about it now. You have grown accustomed to it. You have buried the feeling but not forgiven. You go to God's house, perform all the functions of a Christian, and expect in that day when the secrets of men's hearts shall be disclosed, that God will have mercy on you. That day, then, will only make manifest your long-hidden spirit of hate. God never forgets, never changes; and has Christ not said that if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses?

As to how you are to be reconciled to your brother I do not say. You are the best judge of this; you know how the difficulty arose. All I will say is that if you have the spirit of reconciliation in your heart, you will find a way to show it. I knew two men who had differed, and a hard spirit held each heart. One Sunday the Lord's Table was spread. The one went to the other that morning before service and extended his hand which was freely grasped. The evil spirit was cast out, and both went in the Spirit of Christ to His table. Both have since gone to the upper Sanctuary.

Friend, forgive. You are the greatest loser. You lose happiness here and will lose it forever, if you will not forgive. You are making others unhappy,

and leaving an impress, that some day you would give all the world to erase. You may be near eternity—nearer now than you think. Let me beseech you to weigh well the awful possibility—that some moment when you least expect it, you may be ushered into the presence of God, unforgiving and so unforgiven.

T. A. WRIGHT.

#### EVENING.

THE day is done—and I am nearer home.

A weary traveller on a lonely way;  
With hunger faint, and parched with thirst I fall,  
Dear Jesu, at Thy Mercy Seat to pray.

The way was very dark, and wild, and drear,  
Footsore and weak I wandered all the day;  
Here let me rest and tell Thee of the toil,  
And how I faltered—fell—upon the way;

Now falls Thy blessing on my tired head,  
And sweet this rest which laves my weary soul;

I thank Thee, Lord, I have this road to walk,  
Thou mak'st this spirit worn, so rested, whole.

May each night find a station of Thy Way,  
Each morn a shrine, for penitence, for praise;  
There purge the dross while gazing on that pain,

While love shines through the tears to light the days.

Watch while we sleep, guard those we love so well!

Then let us wake to do Thy holy will;  
And when we fall, renew our waning strength,  
At evening let us know Thee nearer still.

—Kate A. Taylor in *Church Guardian*.

A COLPORTEUR in France was wending his way among some villages, endeavouring to sell his Bibles. He came to a place where he saw a remnant of the feudal system. A farmer of some standing was sitting in his hall at dinner, and at the same table were his servants. The parties were of a sceptical turn. They asked the colporteur what he had got to sell? He replied, "A book," the Word of God. At first they laughed at him, but after dinner they thought they would have some sport, and one said to him, "Take out your book and read, that we may see what it is like." So he began: "Servants obey your masters." The master, sitting at the top of the table, at once exclaimed: "I'll have one." He then read, "Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal," and all down the table the cry was sent forth, "I'll have one," "I'll have one."

This is a specimen of the manner in which the Bible commends itself to all manner of persons.

H. T. M.

#### THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER AND THE INFIDEL.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a great philosopher. He wrote many learned works on natural science and has ever since been regarded as a most reliable authority. He was also a devout and humble-minded Christian; and he also wrote a work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. In this work he makes this singular remark: "If these prophecies were true it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented. The knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated, namely, one thousand two hundred and sixty years, that they would be able to travel fifty miles an hour." Now as he wrote these words more than one hundred and fifty years before railroad and steamboats were known, they were considered very bold words. Voltaire, a French infidel of great fame, got hold of these words and said: "Now look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravitation! When he became an old man and got into his dotage he began to study the book called the Bible, and it seems in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!"

The self-complacency of this infidel made his friends laugh immoderately at the expense of the Christian philosopher. But what has time revealed? Less than two hundred years after Newton wrote his bold words the knowledge of mankind has so increased that daily, between London and Liverpool, travellers go more than fifty miles an hour and so in many other places. Now which was the dotard—the Christian philosopher or the scoffing infidel? —H. D. in *The Parish Visitor*.

#### FINISHED WORK.

RUSKIN tells us that in one of Italy's famous cathedrals there are a number of colossal figures high up among the heavy timbers that support the roof. From the pavement below these statues give the impression of great beauty.

Curious to examine these beautiful works of the art, Ruskin climbed to the roof and examined them. Great was his disappointment to find that only the portions of the statue that could be



seen from the pavement below had been finished. The illusion was dispelled, and afterward the sight of the finished side of the statues caused him to think of their unfinished side.

Quite different is the story told of an old man who once came to the master workman of a cathedral and besought him to let him work upon it. Fearing lest his failing sight and trembling hand should mar its beauty, he was allowed to work only among the shadows of the arches.

One day they found him lying dead beside his finished work—the sculptured face of one whom he had loved long years before; and when men came from far and near to behold the completed building, they found this face that was so hidden in the shadows that only once a day, when the sunlight touched it, could they see it distinctly, but they used to wait and watch for the sight of it, and as they gazed upon its marvellous beauty they would say softly one to another, "Love wrought this!"

Our Master, in his infinite love and wisdom, has sought us out and appointed us to work for Him. It does not matter much whether our part is large or small, or whether we work in the shadow or bright sunlight, if only our finished work can one day meet His approval, because done for His sake, and the angels, beholding, can say, "Love wrought this—the love of Jesus!"—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### THE SURPRISED MOHAMMEDAN.

ON one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "Rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning around to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said:

"Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves." He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed:

"May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such a belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my

prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

### Boys' and Girls' Corner.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Feb. 5.	Ezra vi. 14-22.	Gen. viii. 13 to ix. 17.
" 12.	Neh. i. 1-11.	" Review.
" 19.	Neh. iv. 9-21.	" xi. 1-9.
" 26.	Neh. viii. 1-12.	" xii. 1-9.

#### CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

LORD, Thy little children  
Glad would work for Thee,  
In the world's great harvest  
Gleaning faithfully.

Take our sheaves, O Saviour!  
Though our hands are small;  
Take our hearts, O Saviour!  
We would give Thee all.  
—Selected

#### THE CROSS SCISSORS.

"WHY must we always keep together, fastened up tight by that tiresome screw?" So cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work we could do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can."

So the two points of the scissors were stuck out on each side, as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings till they looked as cross as could be. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide, but it was very clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart.

"After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left side to the right.

So the two rings touched and the two tips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Brothers and sisters, who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story

of the scissors! Be glad of the tie that binds you; join hands, join hearts; so your work will be done more quickly, and your play more merrily enjoyed!—*The Home Messenger.*

#### A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it; so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer: "O, Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled by the help of God to overcome this sin that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ—*The Home Messenger.*

#### CHILD AND MOTHER.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you'll give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,  
The Dream-land that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet posie-garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming;

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you,  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-a-wake stars shall sing in my stead,  
A song which our dreaming shall soften,  
So, mother-my-love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away thro' the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,  
The Dream-land that's waiting out yonder.  
—Eugene Field.

#### A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No; he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kitty came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kitty, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat and cane could have done."—*The Child's Gem*.

#### KIND WORDS AND DEEDS.

'Tis only the loving words we've said,  
And the kindly deeds we've done,  
That will give us a peaceful conscience, dear,  
At the close of the setting sun.

Though precious are treasures of silver and gold,

Yet they never can take the place  
Of kindly words, and a loving voice,  
And a gentle, smiling face.

So simple the words that grieve us, dear,  
Although we would fain forget,  
They come to us oft in after years  
With a feeling of deep regret.

We ponder them, too, with a nameless pain,  
And a brooding sense of ill;  
Though we strive to banish them e'er again,  
They abide with us often still.

So 'tis only the loving words we say,  
And the kindly deeds we've done,  
That will give us a peaceful conscience, dear,  
At the close of the setting sun.

And the seeds that we sow in the present here,  
In the light of the passing years,  
Will yield us a harvest of loving deeds,  
Or a garner of bitter tears.

—*The Churchman's Magazine*.

#### GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.

THE flowers will not cost you any more now than they did before your marriage. Now that the pretty girl you sent the flowers to is the mother, do you think she will not appreciate the flowers? As I stepped into a lovely room, a few days ago, and looked at the great, tall roses, my friend, who has been married about three years, said to me, as I exclaimed at the beauty of the roses, "My husband sent them to me. He has kept me in flowers ever since our marriage, just as he did before we were married." And verily he has his reward in the radiant face of his wife. I said, calling her by name: "Any one to look at you would see that there were no strained relationships in your case." In this case there was plenty of money, and perhaps some of you are saying:

I would give costly flowers, too, if I had the money." Smiles, kind appreciative words, do not cost money, and they are imperishable flowers. If you married that you might have a housekeeper, do not be surprised if you only have a housekeeper. You will get in your family, as well as outside of it, what you give and no more. "Give, and it shall be given you," applies to the home, and many a woman gives her sweetest smiles to those outside the home, because from outside she gets them, rather than from inside where she ought to have them. So it will pay us to look at this subject from all sides. I am rather tired of seeing all the flowers at weddings and funerals; we need a few in between. Maybe a few flowers put into the hand when it was warm, instead of when icy cold, might have kept the hands warm a little longer. Anyway, it would have made the heart, that has at last ceased to beat, a little lighter. The first bit of poetry I ever remember to have committed to memory, commenced:

"Let us love one another,  
Not long may we stay."

—*Mrs. Bottome*.

#### WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

A LITTLE boy once said, "How hard it is to do right. I've tried and tried, and there's no use trying any longer."

But one day after reading his Bible he said, "Why, I have been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a coloured man can make himself white! How foolish I have been not to ask him."

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.—*Selected*.

#### DAILY WORK.

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—*Charles Kingsley in Parish Visitor*.

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regret was that so few could remain to have tea with the scholars.

The annual Missionary meeting at Reaboro was held on the evening of Jan, 10th, and although it was from 17 to 20 below zero, with a stiff wind blowing twenty-three people attended. All seemed pleased to see Mr. McCann back again, who spoke earnestly on Christians being co workers with God. The Rector referred to the work done, and missionary collections made in the parish, which were larger by \$38 than the year before. Mr. McGaffey, who went in Mr. Barron's

place, he being called away to Toronto, spoke on our individual missions, showing how each one had a work to do, and urging each to find out what that work was, and seek to do it. Rev. W. Creighton spoke feelingly on Missionary work, referring to our interest being deepened by knowing actual workers in the field, illustrating this by the departure of Mr. T. C. Marsh and Miss Symonds, who had frequently visited Bobcaygeon, but had now gone to be a teacher at one of our western Indian homes. Earnest prayer was offered, stirring hymns sung and a liberal collection taken up, and we believe interest in missionary work deepened.

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