

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 90.

APRIL, 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, } *Churchwardens.*
 ROBT. BRYANS. }

Lay Delegates.

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

Stewards.

A. TIMS, H. J. NOSWORTHY, J. E. BILLINGSLEY
 J. H. SOOTHBRAN, 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.

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

The "Mail" says that Britain is spending 175 million dollars on increasing her navy. How much can the Christian church give to send Christ's gospel to those still in darkness and the shadow of death.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

SMYTH.—Alice Bessie, daughter of Sidney David and Alice Maud Smyth, born 15th Jan., 1892, baptized in St. Paul's church, 12th March, 1899.

KENT.—William Gordon, son of George and Mary Etta Kent, born 7th Oct., 1898, baptized in St. Paul's church, 12th March, 1899.

HASLAM.—Thomas Spencer, adult, son of William and Margaret Haslam, baptized in St. Paul's church, 12th March, 1899.

BLONDIN.—Frederick John, son of Gilbert and Ida Blondin, born 14th March, 1899, baptized 26th, March, 1899.

Marriages.

MCCAUSLAND—HICKS.—At Lindsay, on 9th March, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James McCausland to Minnie Florence Hicks, both of the township of Ops.

BALDWIN—RAWLINGS.—At Lindsay, on 28th March, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Frederick Baldwin to Jane Rawlings, both of Lindsay.

CHURCH NOTES.

Mr. Maconachie will address a meeting at Cambray on Tuesday, April 11th, for increasing missionary interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Currins, so long connected with St. John's congregation, Dunsford, have moved into town. We gladly welcome them to St. Paul's.

The births returned in Ontario for 1897 were 47,323, and the total deaths 27,633, being an increase for the province of 19,690.

It pays to advertise in Parish and Home. Only the other day a new family coming to town began to trade with one of our patrons.

We are glad so many are sending in their subscriptions to Parish and Home, still some have not yet done so and we want to pay all our bills.

The congregation at St. Paul's on Good Friday was large, and the offertory for promoting Christianity among the Jews amounted to \$25.40.

Mrs. Geo. S. Thompson and family have gone to Sudbury, to join Mr. Thompson, who has been in that north country for some time. They will be much missed from St. Paul's, having been very regular worshippers there, and Miss Thompson having been a teacher in the Sunday school.

We are sorry to lose Mr. L. Archambault and family from St. Paul's and Lindsay. Mr. Archambault has been a sidesman for a number of years, and also vice president of the C. E. T. S. having done good work in many ways. We wish them every blessing in their new home in Toronto. We welcome his successor in business, Mr. Symons, to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

On Wednesday, April 12th, there will (D.V.) be Centenary C. M. S. meetings in St. Paul's schoolhouse at 4 and 8 p.m. Addresses will be given by Mr. R. Maconachie, of Burnt River, and Rev. T. B. Smith, B.A., curate of St. Peter's church, Toronto. We hope all will read Mr. Hoyle's letter in this issue, and then by prayer and work do what they can to extend the kingdom of our Lord, beginning at once.

Mr. MacKay, president of the Actors' Association of New York, speaking before a body of clergymen, asked for help to defeat the bill introduced in the New York Legislature calling for open theatres on Sunday. Men need a day of rest, and in Canada we should see to it that no encroachments are made on the rest and sanctity of the Lord's day. Workingmen especially should set their faces against all unnecessary labors. God's commands are for our good. Let us see to it that we keep Sunday as a glad happy day for rest and worship.

The annual vestry meeting was held in the schoolhouse on Easter Monday, April 3rd. The Rector occupied the chair, and after prayers were read he briefly addressed the Vestry, giving the statistics for the year in connection with the parish, and considered the congregation should be deeply grateful to Almighty God for the great blessings vouchsafed to them. He thanked the Vestry and officers for their kindness and assistance. After the minutes were confirmed, Mr. Robt. Bryans, People's Warden, presented the financial report, which was most favorable and encouraging. We will give particulars in our next issue, but may state that the floating debt has been nearly extinguished since last Easter. The mortgage was also reduced by \$200. The Wardens thanked the congregation for their liberal response to the special appeal for the debt, the large sum of \$1,212 having been received. The report was referred to Messrs. E. Flood and C. A. Hooper as auditors. The reports of the Sunday School, the Gleaners' Union and the Young Men's Association, were also read. The officers were then elected (see front page). Mr. Flood, Mrs. Paddon and Mrs. D. Brown were appointed representatives to the board of the Home for the Aged. Votes of thanks were tendered the wardens, the treasurer, the choir, and Mr. McGaffey, for their efficient services, after which the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baldwin, who were lately married, and have been for some time regular worshippers at St. Paul's church, have gone to Carberry, Manitoba, to live. We wish them every success.

The Rev. F. W. Barnes visited Lindsay in the interest of the Sabrevois Mission of Montreal, and received subscriptions to the amount of twenty three dollars. We wish the debt on our own church was wiped out so that we could help outside works more largely.

On March 29th, the Rev. C. H. Marsh addressed the annual meeting of the Orillia Women's Auxiliary and Ladies Aid of St. James' church. Some very interesting and instructive reports of the year's work were given, and though, owing to the storm, the attendance was small, a very enthusiastic spirit seemed to pervade those present. The united societies had raised over \$400 during the year, and in view of both home and foreign needs a "forward movement" was advocated.

There were large congregations at St. Paul's on Easter Sunday, both hymns and sermons being suitable to the joyous day. Mrs. G. H. Hopkins singing solos at morning and evening services. Some 153 remained to Holy Communion, being the largest number on any one Sunday in the history of the church. We trust that many who were present will let the risen and glorified Christ reign and rule more and more in their hearts. As St. Paul says: "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; set you affections on things above, not on things of the earth."

Notwithstanding the stormy night about 40 were present at the home of the rector on March 20th, to study and pray about missions. Instructive readings were given by Mrs. McNamara, Miss Twamley and Miss Browne mostly dealing with the advance movement in connection with the C. M. S. Centenary. Mrs. Marsh sang "The Shepherd's appeal," while a Bible study on the reflex blessing of missionary work brought out such texts as "The liberal soul shall be made fat," "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," "No man hath left houses and lands for my sake and the gospel's, but shall receive an hundred fold in this present world, with persecutions, and in the world to come life everlasting." After hearty singing, and earnest prayer for the work, a short time was spent in social intercourse.

There was a good attendance at the March C. E. T. S. meeting. After the hymn "Rescue the perishing" and the opening service, Miss McDiarmid gave an instrumental which was encored; Mr. Knight read a most appropriate temperance story; while Miss McQueen and Miss Ethel Wilkinson sang. Another reading and song made up an interesting program. The following resolution was moved by Mr. J. H. Knight, seconded by Mr. Billingsley, and carried unanimously, "That this society regrets the removal of our second vice-president, Mr. L. Archambault from Lindsay, and desires to place on record their appreciation of his earnest labors during the eight years that he has been a member; and to wish him every blessing in his new home in Toronto." The mover and seconder of the resolution, and also the rector, spoke very highly of Mr. Archambault's work. At the close of the meeting three new members were added to the roll.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 5

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

- 2—**Easter Day.** *Morning*—Exod. xii. to 29; Rev. i. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Ex. xii. 29, or xiv.; John xx. 11 to 19, or Rev. v.
- 3—**Monday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—Ex. xv. to 22; Luke xxiv. to 13. *Evening*—Cant. ii. 10; Matt. xxviii. to 10.
- 9—**First Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xvi. to 36; 1 Cor. xv. to 29. *Evening*—Num. xvi. 35, or xvii. to 12; John xx. 24 to 30.
- 16—**Second Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xx. to 14; Luke xiii. to 18. *Evening*—Num. xx. 14; xxi. 10; Gal. vi.
- 23—**Third Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xxii.; Luke xvii. 20. *Evening*—Num. xxiii. or xxiv.; Eph. vi. 10.
- 25—**St. Mark, E. and M.** *Morning*—Isai. h lxii. 6.; Luke xviii. 31; xix. 11. *Evening*—Ezek. i. to 15; Philip ii.
- 30—**Fourth Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. iv. to 25; Luke xxi. v. *Evening*—Deut. iv. 23 to 41, or v.; Col. ii. 8.

SPRING.

"Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, and they are created; Th u renewest the face of the earth."—Psaln civ. 30.

Spring is coming tripping o'er the meadows,
Twining wreaths of blossom in her hair,
Playing with the flitting lights and shadows,
Breathing waf s of incense in the air.

Lo! the bees in cup and bell are humming,
And the leaves unfolding in the sun,
And the brooklets tell that Spring is coming,
Laughing as their loosened waters run.

Birds are singing in a joyous madness
To their mates that nestle in the boughs,
And the lambs are frisking in their gladness,
While their dams among the daisies browse.

Hang the dainty blue-bells in the woodlands,
Children gather posies at their will,
And on sunny banks and sheltered goodlands
Lo! the primrose and the daffodil.

All the world in all its paths rejoices,
For the Lord hath sent His Spirit forth,
And the earth lifts up her thousand voices,
Praising Him who fills her heart with mirth.

Not alone the flowers from death He raises,
Nor alone gives birds a song to sing,
But the soul is moved to nobler praises
When it feels the stirrings of the Spring.
—Walter C. Smith, in *Hand and Heart*.

THE Archbishop of Rupert's Land, in his address to the synod of his diocese, at Winnipeg, in 1898, after referring to the advantage of religious instruction in the schools, said: "But, dear brethren, after

lar family worship—the reading of the Word of God and prayer. I ask the clergy to give much attention to this in their pastoral visiting. As most of the manuals with forms of prayer are somewhat expensive,



The Late Rev. R. W. Stewart, his Wife, and Mrs. Ahok.

all, much of the influence of the teaching of religion, whether in the day school or the Sunday-school, will be neutralized if there is not family religion. Now, the very life of family religion depends on regu-

I have prepared a small book, that can be obtained at the Book Depot at cost price. Let me read to you a few words lately addressed to the Minnesota Council by my dear friend, Bishop Whipple: 'I was

deeply impressed by the fact that English Churchmen have so universally preserved the teaching of the early Church, that the layman is a priest in his own household. The household is gathered together, including servants, for family prayer, and in no case have I known the episcopal guest to be asked to occupy the father's place. I know of nothing sadder than that in our own land there are so many Christian homes without family prayer. May I not affectionately ask you, brethren of the laity, to take your rightful position, as priests in your own households. It is an inheritance that goes back through the ages as the bounden duty and privilege of the head of every household."

We would that the godly admonition of these two eminent western Bishops might reach to all the readers of PARISH AND HOME, and that in every family where it finds its way God might be honoured and the household blessed by the daily reading of God's Word and family prayer.

Brethren, begin at once; don't put off until a more convenient season, and we will learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

WHAT joy and gladness must have filled the hearts of the disciples and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ on the first Easter day! Lonely, discouraged, scattered and almost hopeless, how their hearts must have been uplifted and changed! First Mary, as she enquired of the supposed gardener, "If thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." Oh, what a thrill of joy must have gone through her as she heard the well-known voice saying, "Mary," and in amazement answered, "Rabboni, my master." So also the other women, and Peter and John, or the two disciples as they journeyed to Emmaus, and the gracious stranger walked with them, removing their doubts, and causing their hearts to "burn within" them as He opened to them the Scriptures. Then the ten, as in the eventide they were gathered together at Jerusalem, the doors being shut for fear of the Jews, and Jesus Himself came and stood in the midst of them and said, "Peace be unto you." Let us seek

this Easter joy for our Saviour is a living, risen Saviour, death has been overcome and He is alive for evermore, and able to do for us above anything that we can ask or think, able still to thrill us with His Spirit, filled words of power, able to make our hearts burn within us, and to the most troubled and tried ones whisper "Peace be unto you."

OUR MISSIONARY PICTURES.

On the 12th of this month the Church Missionary Society will celebrate its centenary. We desire to call special attention to the article in this number from the pen of Mr. N. W. Hoyles about this great work. In addition, we give two missionary pictures, illustrating the work of this Society. One is a picture of the late Robert Stewart and his wife, who were massacred at Hwasang, China, with nine others, on August 1st, 1895; and the other is a picture of Rev. J. R. S. Boyd and his wife, who have since gone from Canada to take up and continue the work of Mr. Stewart on the very spot where he fell. We feel sure that these two pictures will show in a very touching way the oneness of desire, the singleness of aim, and the harmony of work that characterizes both parent and daughter—the C.M.S. in England and the C.C.M.A. in Canada. "God buries His workmen, but carries His work on."

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S CENTENARY.

"Simeon in earnest," so wrote William Wilberforce, the statesman and philanthropist, in his journal of 9th November, 1797, . . . describing a conference at Henry Thornton's house, as to a mission scheme:

The times needed earnestness.

Europe was Christian by profession, "but with a Christianity corrupted in the south, frozen in the north and formally abolished in France."

Africa was a coast line, harassed by the slave trade.

Asia was heathen or Mohammedan.

South America was sunk in superstition.

Of China—the doors were closed. Japan was hermetically sealed.

India's millions were prevented from knowing the Saviour of the world by the anti-Christian policy of so-called Christian men—the East India Company of England.

A vast part of the world lay in the evil one.

And the Saviour of the world, after 1800 years had rolled away, was still *expecting*.

In England the majority of the clergy were living careless, worldly lives; the people generally were absolutely indifferent to religion—"drunkenness was general, and not even regarded as a disgrace, Bibles were scarce and little read, the laws were barbarous, the prisons dens of appalling wickedness."

To lead a Christian life was to be a "Methodist." To attempt the conversion of the heathen was considered folly, cruel to the heathen, a danger to the State, and injurious to the Gospel itself. But Simeon was "in earnest." His intense desire for the conversion of India's millions had led him on to consider a larger scheme, and the hearts of the so called "serious" clergy and laity who acted with Wilberforce and Simeon were determined to do something for the preaching of the Gospel to the regions beyond.

At a meeting held in London on 18th March, 1799, Simeon, "with characteristic distinctness of purpose and promptitude of zeal," urged that not a moment should be lost.

And so it came about that on 12th April, 1799, sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met at the Castle and Falcon Inn, Aldersgate street, and resolving: "That it is a duty highly incumbent upon every Christian to endeavour to propagate the knowledge of the Gospel among the heathen," formed the "Society for missions to Africa and the East"; in 1812 the present name of the society was adopted, "The Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East." "It was not an influential meeting, the lay magnates of the evangelical circle" were not present.

The Rev. John Venn, rector of Clapham, was in the chair. The Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, who had been the instrument

of Carey's conversion, was appointed secretary. The Rev. John Newton, once a slave dealer, and even a slave, now a beloved and revered clergyman of the Church, well known by his hymn "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," was present; so was the Rev. Josiah Pratt, who became the second secretary of the society, and who later on was practically the originator of the American Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

And so these few feeble folk, as to whom it could truly have been said by their contemporaries: "As concerning this sect we know that everywhere it is spoken against," made their venture of faith, and might well have used in reply to all criticisms the words of Nehemiah, "The God of heaven will prosper us, therefore we His servants will arise and build." As to the men to be sent out they believed that only converted men could tell the story of redeeming love to others, and that only such men should be sent forth. "A missionary," said John Venn, "should have heaven in his heart, and tread the world under his feet."

But where were the men?

Money came in, but no candidates. Simeon, having found no response from the "serious men" at Cambridge, wrote: "I see more and more *who* it is that must thrust out labourers into His harvest."

At the time of the second anniversary, held in 1802, when the society was three years old, no missionary had come forward.

After five years two men had come from Berlin and gone to West Africa. By its tenth birthday the society had sent out five men, all Germans, one of whom was dead.

The first two Englishmen sent out were not missionaries, but "lay settlers," and went to New Zealand in response to an appeal from Samuel Marsden, the chaplain of the convict colony in New South Wales.

And now, in April next, the society is going to celebrate its one hundredth birthday. Let us see how far its promoters were justified in their faith.

The last C.M.S. tables reckon nearly a quarter of a million of na-

tive Christian adherents connected with the society; about one-fourth being communicants.

The C.M.S. missionaries and native clergy have baptized in the last three or four years some 7,000 adult converts per annum, or *about twenty every day*, in each case after careful instruction and scrutiny.

During the last nine years the society has sent out 719 missionaries, having now on its roll 777 missionaries, while its income last year was \$1,657,990. Well may its first centenary watchword be "Thankfulness."

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The Canadian Church Missionary Association is making preparations to fitly commemorate in Canada this remarkable anniversary. Meetings will be held, sermons preached, and Sunday-school services arranged for, so as to stir up the sympathy of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ towards His great missionary cause.

Special offerings will be invited so that an advance may be made in the work of the C.C.M.A.

The earnest prayers of every reader of PARISH AND HOME are asked for "that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

PRAY that the Holy Spirit may direct every word spoken, every line written, every appeal made. PRAY that He may teach you to cry, as you think of the millions dying without the knowledge of Christ, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?"

And will you not also WORK?

Let me make some suggestions: Read as much as you can about the work of the C.M.S., and especially Mr. Stork's most interesting book, "The Hundred Years," which can be had for 30 cents from C.C.M.A. office, Toronto.

Talk about the centenary to your friends, strive to interest them in it, induce them to come to meetings.

GIVE whatever you can, as in God's sight, to advance this work.

And, as you pray, and read, and talk, and GIVE, you may hear a voice telling you to

Go!

And may you answer from a loving heart

"Here am I, send *me*."

N. W. HOYLES.

Toronto.

AN EASTER MORNING SONG.

O God, how beautiful art Thou,
Beyond our utmost thought!
The painting of the sunset sky
Is by Thy finger wrought.

What glories of the land and sea,
Of vale and mountain height,
Dost Thou with lavish Hand display,
Thy children to delight.

The drifting of the snowy cloud,
Touched with the sunbeam bright;
The rosy morn and fading day,
And starry host of night.

All of Thy wondrous power and skill
Daily and hourly speak;
But of Thy goodness and Thy love,
How poor our speech and weak!

—Caroline F. Dole.

"THE BLANK BIBLE."

"The Eclipse of Faith" is a book which, though little known perhaps to the present generation of readers, was famous in its day, and did good work against Deists and Rationalists in the middle of this century, notably Frank Newman and Theodore Parker. It was published first in 1852, and my copy, dated 1855, is of the sixth edition, but even this hardly measures the successful effectiveness of the work. Some points dealt with by the author (Henry Rogers, who also wrote some of the best essays ever printed in the *Edinburgh Review*) have, it may be safely affirmed, been vindicated finally and entirely for the side of truth; his logic is irresistible, while his humour sometimes light and playful, sometimes graver, and keen as a razor, reminds the student delightfully of Socrates. The book consists of a series of letters written to a missionary in the South Pacific by his brother residing in England, and describes a visit paid by the latter to his nephew, who for the time being has become an absolute sceptic. Another friend pays a visit at the same time, and this gentleman, who has been bitten with Frank Newman's views on the soul,

and on inspiration, tries to lead his host into this new and "better" way. The young sceptic, however, who is too keen to be misled by such easy sophistry, sarcastically puts him to rout, and during the progress of the book seems to accept the conclusion strongly pressed home by the author that there is really no alternative between scepticism and simple Evangelical Christianity. The end of the volume contains one of the finest and most pathetic passages in modern English literature, but the whole work is extremely valuable as a powerful exposition of simple orthodox views on the great subjects of Revelation, the Incarnation, and the Inspiration of the Scriptures.

One characteristic episode which will show the style and humour as well as the earnestness of the writer I have ventured to epitomise as being helpful and interesting. It is called "The Blank Bible." The writer says:

I thought I was at home, and that on taking up my Greek Testament one morning to read (as is my wont) a chapter, I found to my surprise that what seemed to be the old familiar book was a total blank; not a character was inscribed in it or upon it. I supposed that some book like it had by some accident got into its place, and, without stopping to hunt for it, took down a large quarto volume which contained both the Old and New Testament. To my surprise, however, this also was a blank from beginning to end. While I was musing on this unaccountable phenomenon my servant entered the room and said that thieves had been in the house during the night, for that her large Bible, which she had left on the kitchen table, had been removed, and another volume left by mistake in its place of just the same size, but made of nothing but white paper. She added with a laugh that it must have been a very queer kind of thief to steal a Bible at all; and that he should have left another book instead made it the more odd. I asked her if anything else had been missed, and if there were any signs of people having entered the house. She said no, and I began to be strangely per-

plexed. On going out into the street I met a friend, who, almost before we exchanged greetings, told me that every copy of the Bible in his house had been stolen during the night, and a volume of exactly the same size, but of pure white paper, had been left in its stead. Other acquaintances, when we met, all complained of the same loss; and before night it became commonly known that a great and terrible "miracle" had been wrought in the world, and that the precious gift of the Bible, which had been so abused by ungrateful man, had now been reclaimed by the Giver. I was curious to watch the effects of this calamity on the varied characters of mankind. Some, to whom their Bible had virtually been a "blank" book for twenty years, and would not have known whether it was full or empty had not the lamentations of their neighbors impelled them to look into it, were not the least loud in their expressions of sorrow at this calamity. One old gentleman who had never troubled the book in his life said it "was confounded hard to be deprived of his *religion* in his old age," and another, who seemed to have lived as though he agreed with Mandeville that "private vices were public benefits," was all at once alarmed for the *morals* of mankind. He feared, he said, "that the loss of the Bible would have a cursed bad effect on the public virtue of the country."

Very different from this was the case of an excellent female relative who had long been a prisoner to her chamber, and to whom the Bible had been, as to so many thousands more, her faithful companion in solitude, and the all-sufficient solace of her sorrows. I found her gazing intently on the blank Bible which had been so recently bright to her with the lustre of immortal hopes. She burst into tears as she saw me. "And has your faith left you, too, my gentle friend?" I said. "No," she answered, "and I trust it never will. He who has taken away the Bible has not taken away my memory, and I now recall all that is most precious in that book which has so long been my meditation. It is a heavy judgment on the land, and

surely," added this true Christian, never thinking of the faults of others, "I at least cannot complain, for I have not prized as I ought that book which yet of late years I think I can say I loved more than any other possession on earth. In these hopes I have lived, and in these hopes I will die." "I have no consolation to offer to you," said I, "for you need none." She quoted many of the passages which have been through all ages the chief stay of sorrowing humanity, and I thought the words of Scripture had never sounded so solemn or so sweet before. "I shall often come to see you," I said, "to hear a chapter in the Bible, for you know it better than I."

The calamity not only strongly stirred the feelings of men, but it immediately stimulated their ingenuity. It was wonderful to see the energy with which men discussed the subject and the zeal too with which they ultimately exerted themselves to repair the loss. It was very early suggested that the whole Bible had again and again been quoted piecemeal in one book or other, but on reference being made it was found that every text, every phrase quoted, not only in books of devotion and theology, but in those of poetry and fiction, had been remorselessly expunged. Never before had I had any adequate idea of the extent to which the Bible had moulded the intellectual and moral life of the last eighteen centuries. Many of the sweetest passages of Shakespeare were converted into unmeaning nonsense; as to Milton, he was nearly ruined, as might naturally be supposed. Walter Scott's novels were filled with many "tacnœ," and some of the most beautiful and comprehensive of Barron's aphorisms were reduced to enigmatical nonsense. It was impossible almost to look into any book of merit, and read ten pages together, without coming on some provoking easures and mutilations which made whole passages perfectly unintelligible. Men were at first afraid that if they rewrote the expunged words from memory they might not be allowed to stand. It was with trembling that some at length made the attempt, and to their unspeakable

joy found the impression durable. It at length came to be the received opinion that God left men at liberty to reconstruct, if they could, the Bible for themselves from their collective remembrances of its divine contents. It was with incredible joy that men came to this conclusion. Some of the obscurest of the species who had studied nothing else but the Bible, but who had well studied *that*, came to be objects of reverence among Christians and booksellers; and the various texts they quoted were taken down with the utmost care. He who could fill up a chasm by the restoration of words which were only partially remembered, or could contribute the least text that had been forgotten, was regarded as a sort of public benefactor. At length a great public movement amongst the divines of all denominations was projected to collate the results of these partial recoveries of the sacred text. It was curious to see in how various ways human passions and prejudices came into play. Differences of reading were sometimes contended about, not because they were *important*, but merely because they were *differences*. Two reverend men of the synod I remember had a rather tough dispute as to whether it was *twelve* baskets full of fragments of the *five* loaves, which the *five* thousand left, and *seven* baskets full of the *seven* loaves which the *four* thousand had left, or vice versa: as also whether the words in John vi. 19 were; "about twenty or five and twenty," or "about thirty or five and thirty furlongs." There was indeed an intense *general* earnestness and sincerity befitting the occasion, and an equally intense desire to obtain as nearly as possible the very words of the lost volume, only, vanity in some, in others confidence in their strong impressions, and in the accuracy of their memory; obstinacy and pertinacity in many more (all aggravated as usual by controversy), caused much trouble before the final adjustment was effected.

I was struck with the varieties of reading which prejudices in favour of certain systems of theology occasioned in the several partisans of each. The worthy men were in-

deed generally unconscious of such prejudice, yet somehow the memory was seldom so clear as to texts telling *against* their views as it was to those which told *for* them. A certain Quaker had an impression that the words instituting the Eucharist were preceded by a qualifying expression, "Jesus said *to the twelve*. Do this in remembrance of Me," while he could not exactly recollect whether or not the formula of baptism was expressed in the general terms; some maintained it was. An Episcopalian began to have his doubts whether the usage in favour of the interchange of the words "bishop" and "presbyter" was so uniform as the Presbyterian and Independent maintained, and whether there was not a passage in which Timothy and Titus were especially called "bishops." In like manner it was seen that while the Calvinist was very distinct in his recollection of the ninth chapter of Romans his memory was very faint as to the exact wording of some of the verses in the Epistle of James; and though the Arminian had a most vivacious impression of all those passages which spoke of the claims of the law, he was in some doubt whether the Apostle Paul's sentiments respecting human depravity, and justification by faith alone, had not been a little exaggerated. Again it was curious to see by what odd associations obscure texts were recovered, though they were verified when once mentioned by the consciousness of hundreds. One old gentleman, a miser, contributed (and it was all he did contribute) a maxim of prudence, which he recollected principally from having systematically *abused* it. All the ethical maxims indeed were soon collected; for though, as usual, no one recollected his own peculiar duties or infirmities, every one, as usual, kindly remembered those of his neighbours. Husbands remembered what was due from their wives, and wives what was due from their husbands. The unpleasant sayings about "better to dwell on the housetop," and "the perpetual dropping on a very rainy day," were called to mind by thousands. Some dry parts of the laws of Moses were recovered by the memory of jurists, who seemed to

have no knowledge whatever of any other parts of the sacred volume; while in like manner one or two antiquarians supplied some very difficult genealogical and chronological matters, in equal ignorance of the moral and spiritual contents of the Scriptures.

It was very strange to see, as time made men more familiar with this astonishing event, the variety of speculations which were entertained respecting its object and design. Many began gravely to question whether it could be right to attempt the reconstruction of a book of which God Himself had so manifestly deprived the world, and whether it was not a profane, nay, an atheistical attempt to frustrate His will. Some who were secretly glad to be released from so troublesome a book were particularly pious on this head, and exclaimed bitterly against this rash attempt to counteract and cancel the decrees of heaven. The Papists, on their part, were confident that the design was to correct the exorbitancies of a rabid Protestantism, and show the world by direct miracle the necessity of submitting to the decision of their Church and the infallibility of the supreme Pontiff; who, as they truly alleged, could decide all knotty points quite as well without the word of God as with it. On the other hand, many of our modern infidels gave an entirely new turn to the whole affair by saying that the visitation was evidently not in judgment, but in mercy; that God in compassion and not in indignation had taken away a book which men had regarded with an extravagant admiration and idolatry, and which they had exalted to the place of that clear internal oracle which He had planted in the human breast; it was a rebuke in fact to a rampant "Bibliolatry." As I heard all these different versions of so simple a matter, I could not help exclaiming, "In truth the devil is a very clever fellow, and man even a greater blockhead than I had taken him for." But this *last* reason which assigned as the cause of God's resumption of His own gift, an extravagant admiration and veneration of it on the part of mankind—it being so notorious that even those who believed in its divine origin

and authority often grievously neglected both the study and practice of it—struck me as so exquisitely ludicrous that I broke into a fit of laughter, which awoke me. I found that it was broad daylight, and the morning sun was streaming in at the windows and shining in quiet radiance upon the open Bible which lay on my table. So strongly had my dream impressed me that I almost felt as though, on inspection, I should find the sacred leaves a blank, and it was therefore with joy that my eyes rested on these words which I read through grateful tears: "The gifts of God are *without repentance*." R. MACONACHIE.
Burnt River.

THE PAUPER AND PRINCE IN PRAYER.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?"—Micah vi. 6.

With what argument, what attitude, what motives, and ends? Prayer is low and mean, or high and influential, according to the man. Man may be called a praying animal, and, therefore, needs training. In his spiritual advancement he rises to the dignity of intercession, and is superior to the angels.

The prisoner, the sinking man, the starving man, feel their wants and cry in their distress. Their range is not wide, their vision is limited, they think only of themselves. The pauper feels that someone owes him a living, and he applies to the parish; municipal resources, a national wealth, come not within range of his small horizon. His cry is the cry of emptiness and little more.

Selfish prayer is poor prayer, and if the Lord were to answer all selfish petitions, even of good people, the Church would be destroyed and the world roll back into confusion. How needful the word, therefore, "Examine yourselves." We are profoundly convinced that for want of clear perception, and a little more knowledge, men allow themselves to repeat stale prayers which begin and end very largely with self. If we come in the spirit of a pauper, we cultivate the pauper habit, and in the end attain to a pauper character.

How different and how dignified

the character of those who, in the inception of the new life, offered a few initial prayers, entered Christ's hospital, "weak and wounded," "sick and sore," but soon got well under the skill of the Great Physician; and are now out in the world, using their new strength, putting forth all their powers to reach and bless others! We call these princely men; they have power with God, they prevail with men. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men and hast prevailed." Gen. xxxii. 28.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Let us, then, lift up our hands, not empty, but full; filled with wants and woes, and souls of others. Plead with unselfish hearts what blessings may come down on others. Dwell deep before God in lasting humility.

"Spirit of holiness control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade my soul.
Make it a voice for heavenly thought,
Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought;
Thou tender Spirit! breathe in me
The tenderness of Deity."
Then will God hear; He knows right well

The holy mind: Thy groanings tell
All interceding might is there,
Spirit of God! pray thou the prayer."
Beamsville, Ont. H. T. MILLER.

THE RESURRECTION AND HUMAN LONGINGS.

The nobler man's little life on earth is made, the more inexplicable it becomes if there is nothing beyond. If "to-morrow we die," it were wise enough to "eat and drink": but mere waste and folly to "fight with beasts at Ephesus." It is by a perfectly wise instinct that men regard pain as a warning that something is wrong; the pain of hunger and thirst, the pain of a blow, the obscure and often excruciating pain of various forms of disease, all put them on their guard. A life of continued suffering, regarded as a whole, would not be worth living; and self-inflicted suffering, for no future and permanent benefit, would be empty folly. Indeed, foremost among the natural indications—why may we not say proofs?—of immortality, is this sense of

incompleteness, which increases with the increase of all that is noblest and best in human purposes and lives. There must be something beyond; there must be some opportunity of finishing what has been so well begun; the best of earthly life is manifestly but a part of some beautiful whole, which somewhere must be attainable.

Such hopes are inextinguishable, and the noblest of men have lived in the spirit of this belief; but still the spirit longed for some absolute demonstration, some one conclusive instance of a life that death had no power to break. No mere poetry or metaphor can satisfy that demand of intellect and heart. Jesus Christ proclaimed Himself the very Son of God; He lived a pure and blameless life; His meat and His drink was to do the will of Him that sent Him. He lived for eternity; His teaching was for all time; His Kingdom for all mankind. As in life, so in death, He was unalterably faithful: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." What was to come of it? Was such a life to be extinguished? Was the immortality of Jesus to be like the immortality of the autumn leaves which reappear in the verdure and the blossoms of the next spring? Was He to "join the choir invisible"; and, dead Himself, to live only in the lives of others?

"Risen, indeed!" In very fact: not in the new life of His disciples, not in the future of the human race. In them truly He does live, but only because He Himself, the very Jesus who was crucified, dead, and buried, was "alive again forever more." There He was, to be recognized by those who had known Him so well, to whom every look and tone of voice had become so familiar. And so, sufficiently at least for their present needs, He shows to all men the life to come. So will His disciples rise. So will those whom death has severed meet again, and know each other, and find all that was noble in the old life raised to a loftier level and assured of victory and permanence. It is the real, liberal, bodily resurrection of Jesus that is the hope, the confidence, of the individual and of the world.—N. Y. Churchman.

Parish and Home.

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EASTER DAWN.

Easter, blessed Easter,
 Joyous sound of spring,
 Nature all rejoicing,
 Song-birds on the wing,
 Lenten sadness ended,
 Brightness dawns again,
 Like the bursts of sunshine
 After clouds of rain.

And what holy lessons
 Does this season teach
 Of a full salvation
 Now within our reach,
 Of a risen Saviour,
 Of a home above,
 Of a life unending
 Through a Father's love.

Thus, all nature tells us,
 In the harvest-field,
 There the golden grain falls,
 Other crops to yield.
 So earth's fairest blessings
 Which in autumn die,
 Spring again to new life,
 'Neath a summer sky.

Lord, may we, Thy children,
 At this Eastertide,
 Rise to higher longings,
 To a life aside.
 From temptation's thralldom,
 From besetting sin,
 Free thy erring servants—
 Crush the foe within.

And when death's bright angel
 Calls our souls away,
 There beneath the daisies
 Till the Judgment Day,
 Our frail bodies, resting
 In the quiet sod,
 Rise to life immortal,
 At the trump of God.

—Selected.

"LIFE THAT IS LIFE INDEED."

By Rev. DYSON HAGUE, M.A., of Wycliffe College, Toronto.

"The just shall live by faith." There are so many that lead lives that are not satisfactory; lives that are without heart, without hope, with-

out inspiration or power. So many of the sons of men are living a life that is a mere drift, without aim, object, purpose or power. It should never be forgotten that the life that is worth living is a life that has a foundation, a reason and a motive.

First, the life that is life indeed has a *foundation*; "The just shall

quicksand. There is nothing to rest upon in life or to give one a y cheer in death. The life that is life indeed is not

"A heartless, hopeless, limited life,
 Nerv'd with no valour for the strife,
 Against the evil that is rife;"

it is a life that does not end here. Agnosticism is not a creed, it is a



Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, Wife, and Child.

live by faith." It is based upon the infinite God. It is based upon the God who is a real living Person; God revealed to us in His blessed word; God known to us by Jesus Christ, His blessed Son. Life therefore first of all must be based upon faith in the living God.

AGNOSTICISM IS NO BASIS for a true life. It is a foundation of

non-creed. But, if it is a creed, it is a creed not for a man but for a savage; not for a man, but a poor dumb brute that perishes, that knoweth not whence it comes or whither it goes, and has no motive and no outlook.

But the life that is life indeed is based upon a rock. And more. Those who believe in Him know that they

have a sure foundation. The fishermen in Brittany when they go out to the seas sing, "Oh God, the ocean is so large and our boats are so small, protect us." And it seems to me that a man who realizes what life is, with

ITS INSOLUBLE MYSTERIES,

with its haunting perplexities and its never-ending uncertainties; life that is yesterday a mistake, to day a misfortune, and to-morrow a speculation, like the stag that brayeth for the water-brooks, cry out for the living God.

We want a Person. We do not merely want a something. We do not want an outside force that makes for power. We do not want a mere indefinite theory. We do not want a mere abstract Deity. We do not want an impersonal Providence. Our hearts cry out for the living God. And when in Christ, through that blessed Book, the only revelation of the Unseen, we come to rest upon God, the personal, the revealed, the infinite, our God, then life begins. Do not make a mistake; get what Huxley calls a working hypothesis for life.

THE MAN WHO HESITATES

and drifts in religion is lost. He has no hope, no certainty; for if you take away God from your life you have taken away its meaning. I can't understand myself the creed of agnosticism, because I know that when I come to the hour of death those things that tell me of the infinite and of the meaning of the unseen and about the eternity beyond must be answered.

But life begins, not only with faith in the personal God; it begins with a reason.

"The just shall live by faith." Life begins with an adjustment, a rectification. It begins with a starting point of power; and that starting point is a settlement in Christ with God. We feel that all is well because in Christ Jesus everything is settled and everything is made right. You cannot pacify conscience by sweet promises about the beneficence of God and the conditional immortality of man. These are miserable comforters in the hour of death. There is only one place where you can satisfy man's conscience and that is at the place

WHERE STANDS THE CROSS.

There mercy and truth are met together. There "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," and there His only Son so loved you and me that He gave Himself and His heart and His all for us. And when we come to the Cross and see our substitute there, bearing the sin of the whole world, and He says, "Look upon me who have been pierced for thy transgressions," then we begin to live. We get a life, we get a settlement, we get a pacification. We know our sins are forgiven, and our conscience is set at ease, and we know all is right between us and God, because we are settled upon a foundation of righteousness.

Never forget that the true life of man begins at the Cross of Jesus Christ. Before the cross man stands, man falls and man rises again redeemed, regenerate^d, disenthralled by the irresistible power of the love of Jesus Christ for his soul, redeeming him and making him a man once more.

EVERY LIFE IS RUINED

until it is restored in the cross. There the ruined life is rectified and the man stands up again and lives. That is the meaning of "The just shall live by faith."

I shall never forget what a friend of mine, an officer in the navy at Halifax, once said: "Why don't you parsons preach more about pardon and forgiveness? Why don't you tell us more about our sins being forgiven?" "Martin, Martin," said the old monk to Luther, "Dost thou believe in forgiveness of sins?" "Yea, verily," said Martin. "Martin, Martin, dost thou believe in the forgiveness of thy sins?" It is when our sins are forgiven that we begin to live.

Realize that your life has not begun to live until it begins with a sense of freedom in Christ Jesus from the starting point of redemption at the cross by faith. And faith is not merely the acceptance of a theological proposition. Faith is an action. It is a trust, it is a leaning upon the infinite love of an infinite God, and taking Him and living in the power that He gives.

FAITH IS REASON

in its highest exercise. And when we have faith then we are able to say,

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

The heart does not want any proof; it has got the proof of life.

Then life has got a motive. You cannot live unless you have a motive. And the motive that makes a man to live by faith is the motive of controlling, constraining love; the love of Christ, which permeates his life, makes him live as he never thought of living before; living not with his life gravewards, but towards the sky; living because Christ loved him. Faith energized by love; oh, what a different thing it is from the cold unreality of an impersonal religion which so many people have nowadays.

"I would not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord hath done;
But I would work like any slave
For the love of God's dear Son."

IT IS LOVE ALONE

that makes a man live a large, ample, joyous, sunny life. This makes the sky bright when the sun is not there. Yes, the darkest thing becomes light; because we know Christ is in us, with us, and Christ is all.

Do you want to live a life that is life indeed? Then let me give you this help from God—Look back at the cross and see the love of God in Christ and what that did for you; look up and see God your Father, the infinite in love, powerful in might to save; look around and see the want and need of your fellow-men, and let your life go out in desire to uplift and bless; look onward and believe in Christ that liveth and cometh again. In one word, Get the reality and go forth, as St. Patrick used to say, "Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ around me; Christ all in all." Have you got the reality?

OH, GET THE REALITY!

Never be satisfied with the respectability of an artificial, formal, mechanical religion; get the reality of the cross. If you want to know

how to get it, just let me tell you what the great Canon Wilberforce, of Westminster Abbey, said about it: "If you want Christ you can have Him by three words, simple but satisfactory, three 'mits'; first, 'admit' Christ into that heart of thine; second, 'submit,' surrender thy will to Christ; third, 'commit' thy life to Him to guide. Admit Christ, submit to Christ, commit thy life, soul, and will to Christ, then you will live indeed." "The just shall live by faith."

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

The following beautiful Easter poem was written by Margaret J. Preston. An aged man, surrounded by weeping friends, is gently passing into eternity. His little daughter, unconscious of death's presence, gleefully rushes in and places in his dying hands a beautiful daffodil, known in Virginia as the Resurrection Flower:

He folded his hands across his breast,
As token that toils should cease;
And his pallid face had a look of rest
That startled them with its peace.

So weary had been the stress and strife,
So chafing the trials past;
And now, like a loosened bark, his life
Was drifting away at last.

They had not the heart to signal him,
With even a touch or tone,
As out to the sea, unknown and dim,
They watched as he went alone.

They knew that the Pilot holding the
helm
Would guide to the furthest verge,
Nor suffer a fear to overwhelm,
Nor suffer a wave to merge.

And so, as they sat with hushing breath,
Too burdened, too awed to speak,
There burst on the silent room of death
A child, with flushing cheek.

"Ah, see!" she said, "it is sweet and
bright,
And brimmed to the edge with dew;
It hurried to open its leaves last night
To be ready this morning for you."

She knew not, the darling, what she did,
As her childish thought she told;
Nor what was the mystic meaning hid
In that delicate cup of gold.

For over the greening April land
Had broken the Easter hour,
And the flower she laid in the dying hand
Was a resurrection flower.
—Margaret J. Preston in *Parish Visitor*.

"EL SHADDAI."

"I am the Almighty God."—Genesis xii. 1.

These words shine forth as a star-gem in the galaxy of God's Word. The original reveals to us some exquisite touches of beauty of thought. It reads, "I am El Shaddai," the One who is able—the God of impossibility.

Oh, weary one, tired with the burden of sin, even now, with a heart of infinite pity, He is yearning to gather you close to His own bleeding, broken heart. Will you let Him? To you personally He is saying, "I am El Shaddai, the Christ who is able." There is nothing too hard for Him.

Do you not think, too, very often, that God leads us on as little children, to take higher and yet higher steps of faith? When like Abraham of old we lay our all upon the altar, then does he not sometimes call upon us to slay that which seemed to us most precious, even the last vestige of self-pleasing which still remains? Before we can be used of God we must be able to say from the heart—None of self and all of Thee. Oh, it is then we lift up our eyes and see the ram caught in the thicket—the loving Saviour always provides a substitute for sacrifice; and in its place He gives the unspeakable joy of His own Presence in the heart.

Yes, and when the way is dark, and the circumstances of our lives seem hard to understand, let us then with a mighty leap of faith go "abroad" with God, and launch out deep upon the promises of His word; and placing our hand in His, look up into His face and say, "Thou art El Shaddai, the God who is able. Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

There is no circumstance of our lives which is too hard for Him, if we but place it in His hands. He is leading us step by step, as only one who knows the way can lead. "The Father is preparing every evening the details of the following day for His child."

Oh, what resting beside still water does this life of trust entail! It is only then that we can comprehend the fuller meaning of these words. It is Christ only who can reveal to us—"I am El Shaddai," the God

who is enough, the One who satisfies. As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land comes this message to-day to every heart-hungry, soul-thirsty, unsatisfied one. He is enough, He satisfies. Oh, does this not tempt some restless, unsatisfied soul to surrender the keeping of his or her life into the tender, loving hands of the rest giver? He is enough, He does satisfy. Try it!

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY,
Ottawa.

PROPORTIONATE ATTAINMENT.

"As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him."—Col. ii. 6.

This is not a matter of liberty, it is a matter of law. Man must receive before he can give; as he receives so he conveys. In Cornwall, in England, you may find oak trees a hundred years old, and their trunks are not thicker than your wrist. They are rooted in fissures of the rocks and the wood is as hard as iron. How many professing Christians are subject to bondage through fear. They fear death, they fear hell, if they knew their privilege they should on'y fear sin! Fear is wasting, its wings are leaden, its joys are few. How largely this spirit prevails. How many columns in the daily press minister to this element. "The crisis is acute, the house is excited, quotations are lower." Oh, the devastation of fear! Some enter the visible Kingdom through the door of the intellect. They see things in their relation and proportion, the massive foundation, the imposing superstructure, the top stone, to come with shoutings of grace. Things religious are held by a logical connection. These men have mental grasp, clear and cold, they climb the hill of Time on the sides of the north.

Some come into the Kingdom on a bustle. They believe in doing, they are big in activities; but it is expansion rather than concentration. They lack depth, and calm, and nourishing power. They are great in the presence of the decalogue, but God needs something more than a commandment-keeping people. They are cumbered about much serving, and troubled about many things, like Martha.

Others enter with a right royal nature. Like Samuel in his sleeping garments in the dark and alone, they say: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." They answer not till they are called. These regal characters are somewhat rare. Large resources wait upon them and they dispense and disperse, yet they are often poor as to money. They touch the golden harp of thousand strings and music swells which makes the angels glad. Their passion is to give, not to get. They draw up living water with the golden chain of prayer, and hold the cup to the burning lips of wearied men. These men are an enigma, they are largely undefinable, search for their secret and it eludes you. Some call them hotheaded enthusiasts and bigots, but they are present and wield beneficent power. They are rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith. The cup of joy is full and they abound in thanksgiving.

"Come yet as guest within the breast,
That burns to follow Thee,
Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be."

H. T. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

WHY IS IT ?

Dean Farrar, in a recent speech, strikingly presented the overwhelming and unique obligations which rest upon England with regard to missionary enterprise—"Why is it," asked the dean, "that God has caused the white sails of our vessels to dot every ocean on the globe? Why is every sea furrowed with the keels of our merchantmen which have been called 'the fittest avenue to our palace-front'? Why has He given us that gigantic force of expanded vapour which we have made our slave? Why has He enabled us to seize the lightning by its wing to flash our humblest messages through the hearts of mountains and under oceans? It was not for no purpose that God has given us such powers as these. We are not intended to be merely the accumulators of the world's riches, nor the carriers of its burdens, nor the manufacturers of its goods; we are not to be the beasts of burden of the world—but we are to be the evangelists of Christ."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
April 2—St. John xi. 32-45.	I. Cor. xv 35 to end.
" 9—St. John xii. 1-11	Acts xix. 21, 22-xx. 6
" 16—St. John xiii. 1-17	St. Luke x. 25-38.
" 23—St. John xiv. 1-14	Acts xx. 6-18.
" 30—St. John xiv. 15-27.	Acts xx. 1-18.

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Twelve.
2. That he died in the country east of them.
3. Jacob and Esau.
4. Jacob, "A supplanter." "Hairy," Esau.
5. About 1848 B.C.
6. Two, Methuselah and Shem.
7. Beer-Sheba.
8. Isaac's covenant with Abimelech.
9. One hundred and thirty-six years.
10. Esau had threatened to kill him after his father's death, and he left at the suggestion of his mother.
11. Jacob's dream.
12. Luz.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

By REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, M.A.

1. Give the names of Jacob's two wives.
2. What son of Jacob is first mentioned in Holy Scripture?
3. Name Jacob's eldest son.
4. How many children had Jacob?
5. Name his youngest son.
6. What is the meaning of the word Benjamin?
7. What was his mother's name?
8. Where did she die?
9. What words in Genesis could not have been written by Moses?
10. On his return, where in the Holy Land did Jacob live?
11. Had any of his forefathers lived there?
12. How old was Isaac when he died?

Reader asks the meaning of Luke iv. 36, "And there were with him other little ships."

Ans.—It would be well if travellers to Palestine were to lay themselves out to take lessons in the night, say amongst the fishermen. The mode of fishing is very interesting. A large boat takes up its position about sundown, when it is dark a flaring light is exhibited to attract the fish, then in great quietness the little boat or ship, with the nets piled on the stern, puts out and forms a circle round the light, when this is accomplished the water is beaten with strong plumpers to frighten the fish away and in their flight they are taken in

the net. This process is repeated till the night's work is done.

In this case the larger boats could not hold the people who wish to be near, so recourse was had to the smaller ones. Matthew tells us that great multitudes were about him.

H. T. M.

Nautical Reader.—Had our Lord a yacht specially fitted up for His occasional trips across the sea of Galilee?

This is an interesting question from a lover of ships.

It is highly probable that Peter's best boat was selected for these merciful excursions, fitted up with a distinguished bit of bunting flying at the peak. In the original it is *the* ship, not *a* ship, see Mark iii. 9. Common courtesy would dictate that something more than the use of a boat half-laden with fish would be provided for the Master.

WHAT CAN I DO TO-DAY ?

A sweet little friend of mine, after listening to the story of how another child was a ministering angel to many, said, impulsively:

"I want to do something for some one, too, mamma."

The mother expressed her pleasure at this remark, for she greatly feared that the pet of the household would grow selfish and unthoughtful of others.

"I wish I could begin to-day," said the eager child, looking out into the blinding storm. "But when it does clear off—to-morrow, maybe—I'll carry some of my dolls, my old one, 'n' lots of my playthings to the children's home, Can't I, mamma?"

Consent was readily given to the proposed sacrifice, for a sacrifice it was, the mother well knew, for her child to part with even her oldest doll. And then she began talking of other things. But with the impatience of childhood, Bessie soon exclaimed:

"What can I do to-day, mamma, to help somebody? I don't want to wait for some other day."

The mother thought a moment, and then, looking across the street, said:

"Susie is so nervous and irritable, now that she is getting up from the fever, that her mother is

nearly worn out trying to amuse her; and I think it would be helping two somebodies if my little girl felt disposed to begin her mission so near home."

"But I don't want to go to Susie's house," said the child stoutly. "She was so cross 'n' selfish the last time I went, I said I'd never go to her house again. She wanted all the newest dolls 'n' things, 'n' I didn't have a bit nice time."

"I was not thinking about your having a nice time," said the tactful mother, "I was only thinking that it was in your power to give pleasure to day, if you had the Christlike spirit of the little missionary child about whom we have been reading."

This only child of wealthy parents was silent for some time, and the fond mother, who furtively watched her darling, saw plainly that a struggle was going on in her mind, such as she had not been accustomed to. The silence was at last broken by:

"Would Jesus really count it as anything—for—for Him, if I took my lovely doll auntie sent me from Paris over to Susie's house, 'n' tell her everything nice I can think of: 'n', if she's cross, keep real sweet?"

"Yes, I am sure He would," said the mother, greatly pleased. And here she laid aside her work and gladly assisted her child in her preparations for the visit, which, now that her mind was intent on giving, instead of getting, she wished to make.

But, when Bessie returned, she seemed to feel much as children grown tall do oftentimes, when the effort to do good is unsatisfactory, for, with a look of disappointment, she said ruefully:

"I did just the best I could, mamma. I let Susie muss my lovely doll, 'n' I made believe not to notice it, 'n' when she got cross I smiled just as sweet as I could. I just couldn't do one mite different. But, all the same, I don't think it will count."

It did count, however, for a little later a telephone message from the sick child's mother ran as follows:

"I was at my wits' end with Susie until Bessie came over; but she, dear child, brought so much sunshine with her, and left so much

behind, that my little girlie seems to have caught her spirit, and now that she is without a playmate is cheery and happy."

When Bessie heard this message, she clapped her hands gleefully, saying:

"I guess it counted after all. I'm so glad I thought of something I could do to day!"

And just so, dear children, it always counts to carry sunshine into other lives. Not in dreams of tomorrow, but the doing to-day.—
Our Sunday Afternoon.

GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;
And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place;
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

—*Little Men and Women.*

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and in trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he would not stand my blundering ways any longer; so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother. I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say, if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, Jimmy, of course; you wouldn't think of telling anything else?"

"No; I only thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, Jimmy, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired until he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man, in a clean, bright shop, newly started, was in

want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that Jimmy, fearing that a boy who had a record of carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-humouredly; "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said Jimmy earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good-morning, uncle. Come in."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door; and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, oh!" said he, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you will find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think so well of him," said the young man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother!" said Jimmy, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you are right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that was not exactly right!"

"The truth is always best," said his mother—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"TO DO MY DUTY."

I hope most, if not all, who read this can repeat the "long answer," as it is often called in the Church Catechism—that which begins "My duty toward my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do unto others as I would they should do unto me." There is not, perhaps, anywhere a better summing up of Christian morals. Anyone who should form his life on this model would leave nothing to be desired. I wish now to call the attention of my readers to the last clause of this answer—"to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me."

This clause of the Catechism is often repeated wrongly by putting "has" in the place of "shall." This alters and restricts the meaning, making it apply only to the place in which one happens to find oneself, whereas it is intended to apply to any condition whatever. Yet this very mistake has a meaning in it which we may do well to consider.

God has called each one of us to the place which we occupy at present. He will, no doubt, call us to other positions in due time, and when He does so let us hope and believe that He will give us grace to fill them. But our concern is with the place where we are now. That place is God's call to us, and it is well to consider whether we are obeying that call.

Harry is in the highest grade of the public school. He means to go to the high school by and by to work for a scholarship and to go to the University. All that is very well, and as it should be. But how is Harry conducting himself just at this time? Is he so bent on his object as to neglect his home duties? Is he vexed and impatient when asked to perform any little service for his father or mother? Does he allow himself to be envious if some one goes before him, and to speak slightly and unkindly of any rival? Does he neglect his Bible and his prayers and his Sunday-school lessons for the sake of his Latin and algebra? If so, he is not doing his duty in the station to which God has called him.

Anna's parents are making sacrifices to give her a thorough educa-

tion in some one branch—music, perhaps—hoping thereby to give her the means of earning a good and honourable living when she shall have to do for herself. But Anna likes to amuse herself and to have a good time, as she says. She plays truant from school, she wastes her practical hours, she reads story-books when she ought to be studying. She is not doing her duty in the place where she is. By and by Anna is thrown on her own resources, and she finds those resources wanting. She has not learned when she might have done, and she finds herself obliged to take the lowest place, or she can find none at all, and is a burden on the hands of her friends.

Boys and girls, remember that now is all the time there is. "I don't see why you talk about to-morrow!" said a poor little boy somewhat deficient in mind; "There never is any to-morrow. It is just to-day all the time." The child was right. It is to-day all the time. We must do the duty God appoints for us to-day, and be sure if we do, to-morrow will take care of itself.—*London Parish Visitor.*

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	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Mar. 5	13.50	7.42	20.92
12	44.45	11.21	55.66
19	15.85	12.83	28.68
26	44.50	9.00	53.50
	<u>\$118.30</u>	<u>\$40.46</u>	<u>\$158.76</u>
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