

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 41.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambury.*

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

C. D. BARR, E. D. ORDE, A. TIMS,
T. J. MURTAGH, JAS. CORLEY, M. SISSON,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY, L. ARCHAMBAULT, J. JEWELL.

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 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.

WATSON.—Robert Lindsay, son of Isaac L. and Elizabeth Ann Watson, born 13th January, 1895, baptized 20th January, 1895.

Marriages.

TERRILL.—SMITH.—At Lindsay, on 2nd January, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Morgan Terrill, to Elizabeth Smith, both of Lindsay.

SINCLAIR—FITALL.—In Fenelon, on January 8th, 1895, by the Rev. Carl S. Smith, William Arthur Sinclair, of the township of Fenelon, to Ada Ellen Fittall, of the same township.

TAYLOR—GRAHAM.—At the residence of the bride's father, on 2nd Jan., 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, John Taylor, of the township of Mariposa, to Rebecca Jane Graham, of the township of Ops.

Burials.

WATSON.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 21st January, 1895, Robert Lindsay, son of Isaac L. Watson, aged 7 days.

HAWKINS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 23rd January, 1895, Frances, widow of the late Joseph Hawkins, in her 54th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Remember that "Ye are living for Eternity."

The Christmas collection in the mission of Bolcaygeon and Dunsford amounted to \$69.

Please pay your subscription for 1895 for the parish paper to Miss Goodwin as soon as possible.

The Rev. J. C. Davidson, Rector of Peterborough, will be the preacher at St. Paul's Church on Tuesday, 12th, at the W. A. service.

Mr. Henry J. Fowler has been appointed clergyman's warden at Cambury, which position was made vacant by the death of Mr. Robert Oxby.

The staff of Wycliffe Missions in Japan, according to the last report, distributed eighty-thousand tracts during the year, which they say were gladly received and read.

At the joint meeting of the C.C.M.A. and the committee of Wycliffe Missions, seven offers for service were received. Surely this is a call to the church for greater effort in this work.

In the United States during 1894 9,800 murders were committed, and there were only 132 legal executions, while there were 190 lynchings. There is room for much Christian work in that land yet, and it is a pity the ten commandments were not taught in the public schools.

The articles on "Charles Simeon," by Rural Dean Armitage, and "Fiction," by Rev. Dyson Hague, written for Parish and Home, appear in the January number of The Churchman's Magazine, of London, England.

The services of the Week of Prayer were well attended this year, and, as an evidence of practical Christianity a collection of about \$50 was taken up to help relieve the suffering from hunger and want in Newfoundland.

Mrs. Joseph Hawkins, whose death we chronicle in this number, and whose loss we mourn, some time ago gave the Rector \$40 for Missionary work. May her thoughtful act spur some others up to seek to make God's love known far and wide.

The Women's Auxiliary to Missions hold their semi-annual meeting in Lindsay on Tuesday, February 12th. About 90 outside delegates are expected. Be sure and attend the service at St. Paul's Church at 10 a. m., and the meeting in the schoolroom in the evening of that day.

It took 24 turkeys and ten huge plum puddings for the Christmas dinner at the Washakoda Indian Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba. The children also had a Christmas tree and there were gifts for over one hundred. The birthday of our Saviour now brings kind remembrances as well as "glad tidings" to these dusky children of the west.

At Mengo, the capital of Uganda, a monthly Missionary meeting is held, at which a Bible reading, Scripture addresses and short speeches by men from the surrounding country are given, and a collection taken up. At a recent meeting the collection consisted of 2 goats, 13 fowls, 3 eggs, 54 bundles of plantains and sweet potatoes, one stick of sugar cane, 2 bark cloths, 27½ yards of calico, 9,511 shells. On Saturday a cow and an ox were given to the church collection as a result of this meeting.

A strange church edifice has been built by the Rev. E. J. Peck, Mr. Parker, and their Esquimo friends, at Cumberland Sound, in our far North-eastern Canada. The frame is made of the rib bones of whales joined together, and is covered with skins. It is twenty feet long and was opened on Sunday, October 7th, 1894. In writing they speak of it as "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness." In what strange places our God is worshipped, and how His Gospel is being carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. Truly His words cannot fail.

On Monday evening, January 31st, the C.E.T.S. held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the following year:—Pres., Rev. C. H. Marsh; 1st vice, Mr. J. H. Knight; 2nd vice, Mr. J. L. Perkins; hon. vice, Rev. C. S. Smith; sec., Mr. Leigh, R. Knight; treas., Miss Twamley; executive committee, Messrs. Archambault, Henry Bell, George H. Johnston, Stanley Soanes, Humphereys, Billingsby and Gibson; Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Soanes, Mrs. J. C. Armstrong, Miss Annie Walters, Miss B. Deacon, hon. A capital programme was furnished.

The Rev. T. J. Marsh nearly lost his life this autumn in the waters of Great Slave Lake. We have not yet heard full particulars, but the young Indian, who was with him perished and Mr. Marsh was for a time unconscious. When he regained consciousness a couple of Indians were hugging and holding him before the fire to try and put warmth in him, and were doing all in their power. God has graciously spared him, and we trust will for years make him useful among these dusky dwellers in the far north.

Two Missionary meetings were held during January. At the first one on Wednesday, 6th, Mr. Percy Soanes, who hopes to go out as a missionary in the near future, gave a very interesting address. Mrs. Frank Goodwin, who was visiting relatives, kindly favored us with a song. At the meeting on the 20th, a very interesting programme was rendered. The Rector read a letter from the Bishop of McKenzie River, giving an account of the work in the diocese.

The Rev. T. J. Marsh in a letter to the Rector, says: "I am writing to ever so many of your parishioners, this post, to thank them for their share in those three bales you sent from St. Paul's. I don't think I should say there was one useless thing, although I have not given the dolls away. The children have so much out-door life in this country that I fancy the poor dolls would get left outside some night and actually freeze to death, so I just keep them where they are comfortable. You will please thank everybody concerned most heartily from me." He also said, "I wanted to write and thank everybody whom I personally knew for their kind remembrances in the bale, but only managed a few." On Dec. 4th he writes, "I start for Fort Simpson to-morrow, a 240 mile walk each way."

The Bishop of McKenzie River, in his annual letter, received a few days ago, says: "St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, our latest enterprise, is one of the bright spots in the diocese. It was opened only last year, but the Indians already seem to love their missionary, the Rev. T. J. Marsh, have rallied round him, and have shown their appreciation of his efforts on their behalf by their regular attendance at the Sunday services, his little room nearly always being full to overflowing. I spent a week there at the end of August and was much cheered by what I saw. A good substantial log house has been erected, and another building to serve as church and school is to be put up as soon as possible. Several of the young men have learned to read the syllabics, and we hope much more progress will be made this winter, as I have sent my lay helper, Mr. Webb, to assist in the teaching and to aid Mr. Marsh in his other multifarious duties."

The Orillia Packet says: "On Monday evening St. James' schoolroom was filled to the doors. Mr. Robinson gave a most interesting lecture on Japan and the Japanese. The lecture was illustrated with the aid of a magic lantern which, though not powerful, made the pictures clear. Mr. Robinson's thorough familiarity with his subject enabled him to give a large amount of information in the short time at his disposal. He spoke in an easy conversational way, describing each picture as it appeared on the canvas. The manners and customs of these highly polished and energetic Easterners, their country and scenery, their government and rulers, were all vividly portrayed. Nor did Mr. Robinson fail to mention their religious and moral condition, to dispel some popular illusions and show the need of Christian missions amongst them. The lecturer closed with an appeal for more workers and expressed the hope that he might be able to take back with him some volunteers when returning next autumn. Women particularly were needed, for though the women of Japan were not shut up like their sisters in India, it was almost impossible for male missionaries to reach them. The collection amounted to over \$18. Mr. Robinson exhibited a number of curiosities and answered many questions at the close of the meeting, which was one of the most pleasant gatherings held in St. James' for a long time." Mr. Robinson is expected to visit Lindsay, Reaboro, Cameron and Cambray this winter.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 51.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

LESSONS.

- 2—**Purification of the Blessed Virgin.** *Morning*—Ex 13 to v. 17; Matt. 18, v. 21 to 19, v. 3. *Evening*—Hag. 2 to v. 10; Acts 20 to v. 17.
- 3—**4th Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Job 27; Matt. 19, v. 3, to v. 27. *Evening*—Job 28 or 29; Acts 20, v. 17.
- 10—**Septuagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. 1 and 2 to v. 4; Rev. 21 to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. 2 v. 4, or Job 38; Rev. 21, v. 9, to 22 v. 6.
- 17—**Sexagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. 3; Matt. 26, v. 31, to v. 57. *Evening*—Gen. 6 or 8; Rom. 2 to v. 17.
- 24—**Quinquagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. 9 to v. 20; Mark 1, v. 21. *Evening*—Gen. 12 or 13; Rom. 8 to v. 18.
- Matthias, A. & M. (Ath. Cr.).** *Morning*—1 Sam. 2, v. 27, to v. 36; Mark 1, v. 21. *Evening*—Is. 22, v. 15; Rom. 8 to v. 18.
- 27—**Ash Wednesday.** *Morning*—Is. 58 to v. 13; Mark 2, v. 13, to v. 23. *Evening*—Jonah 3; Hebrews 12, v. 3, to v. 18.

LITANY TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

THRICE-HOLY name—that sweeter sounds
Than streams which down the valley run,
And tells of more than human love,
And more than human power in one;
First o'er the manger cradle heard,
Heard since through all the choirs on high;
O child of Mary, Son of God,
Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!

While in Thy blessed name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

Within our earth-dimmed souls call up
The vision of Thy human years;
The mount of the transfigured form;
The garden of the bitter tears;
The cross upreared in darkening skies;
The thorn-wreathed head; the bleeding side;
And whisper in the heart, "For you,
I left the heavens and died";

While in Thy blessed name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now.

Ah! with faith's surest inmost eye
The riven rock-hewn bed we see,
Untreasured of its heavenly guest—
Triumphant over death in Thee!
And O! when thou our Saviour Judge
Again shall come in glory here,
With love upon Thy children look,
And bid us read our pardon clear!

While in Thy blessed name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

—F. T. Palgrave.

WE call the attention of our readers to the story in this issue, "The Angel of the Beautiful." It is by the Bishop of Ripon,

and has received the highest encomiums in many quarters.

THE RIGHT TO READ THE BIBLE.—When speakers and writers in our day eloquently sum up the blessings of Protestantism, they dwell with great emphasis upon the privilege of an open Bible. Protestantism means, we learn, the right of all to read the Word of God without restriction. And certainly everything has been done to protect and to assist all classes in the enjoyment of this right. All things duly considered, the Bible is the cheapest and best circulated book in the world. Every man may have a copy for the asking. Now, there was a day when the men of England prized this right as their dearest possession. They read their Bibles, and they read very little else. They knew the contents so thoroughly that even their everyday speech was colored with its grand phraseology. To the Puritan of the seventeenth century the Bible was history, and poetry, and adventure, and practical teaching, and literature in general, as well as religious instruction. What the newspaper, the magazine, and the novel together are to us Scripture was to him. The Old Testament was as carefully read as the New—indeed, very much better, as many have pointed out.

What a change has come over the Protestant world in our time! It is not a Bible-reading world as it used to be. The right to read Scripture may be still emphasized, but great multitudes neither appreciate it nor take advantage of it. There seems to be less and less family reading of Scripture every year. In thousands of church families there is no attempt at any such thing. Even the individual members refer to the Bible very occasionally, if at all. It's not a book for everyday use. Like encyclopedias and dictionaries, it's a book of reference that every household ought to have, but, ordinarily, they get on very well without it. Newspapers and magazines are the necessary food for the day with us. The poor, fragmentary knowledge of the Bible that a great portion of church people have has been gained chiefly in childhood at Sunday-school, later

on through the reading of Scripture at church, and from the occasional references to the Bible in the literature of the day. But it is a most disappointing knowledge. It grasps nothing completely, and understands nothing thoroughly. *Shreds and fragments* is its best description. Facts, names, dates, characters, events, are often in a most hopelessly tangled mass.

INETEENTH CENTURY KNOWLEDGE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—The New York *Churchman*, a few weeks ago, gave some statistics that ought to make us take this matter of Bible reading seriously to heart. In an American college a class of thirty-four young men was examined with a view of ascertaining, not their grasp of religious truth or dogma, but their knowledge of plain Biblical history, characters, and literature. The method adopted was to take from Tennyson twenty-two poetical allusions to Holy Scripture, and ask for the facts referred to in each case. The result we quote: "Thirty-two out of the thirty-four had not heard of King Hezekiah's prayer for a lengthening out of his days, and of the turning back of the shadow on the dial in answer to his petition. Figurative allusions to 'Pharaoh's darkness,' to Jonah's gourd, to Lot's wife, to the striking of the rock, to the wrestling of Jacob with the angel, to 'Arimathea Joseph,' to the mark of Cain, and other like references, were wholly devoid of meaning to most of these young men, who were presumably graduates (shall we say?) of Sunday-schools. Twenty-seven failed utterly on the allusion to 'a whole Peter's sheet,' and twenty-four knew nothing of Jephtha's vow. The summing up of the whole examination showed that, out of a total of 748 answers, only 328 were correct."

Very probably our Canadian colleges would show no better result. We have excellent schools, and their work is most satisfactory as far as it goes. Our young men and women are being admirably trained in many branches of study. But Scripture is not one of these. We have to exclude the study of the Scriptures from the schools. And the result is that Cana-

dian children are well grounded in mathematics and English, and history and the languages, and various sciences, for they study these in splendid institutions, under carefully trained and highly qualified teachers, who follow the very best methods. But of the Bible they know next to nothing. For the study of Scripture they are thrown upon the home and the Sunday-school. The parents are too often very ignorant of Scripture themselves, and of ~~o~~gener still they have no desire to instruct their children in it. Good, kind fathers and mothers see their children growing up round about them, and yet have scarcely a care about their knowledge of God and Jesus Christ. If they learn to be honest and truth-telling and kind-hearted, the parents are satisfied. For a knowledge of the Bible they are left to the Sunday-school.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF THE DAY.—Is the Sunday-school of to-day an institution from which great results may be expected? Can we place it alongside of our common schools as qualified to do a similar work in its department? Can it, for instance, make children as proficient in Bible history as they are in the secular history taught in the common schools? The purpose of the Sunday-school is a noble one, and all will agree that, in lieu of something better, it is a most necessary institution. Nay, more, there is much to admire and commend in its plan of volunteer teachers and gratuitous services. But, judged solely as an institution for doing a certain work, it must appear very weak and defective. This inadequacy is not merely accidental, it follows of necessity.

In the first place, the Sunday-school is a purely voluntary institution. The teachers give their services gratuitously. They undergo no proper training, and as often as not have few or no qualifications for their work. They are employed simply because they give their services willingly. It is quite impossible to adopt a standard of qualification. There is very little opportunity for choice. We are glad to take all who offer their services, and even then teachers are continually lacking. It's not as in the common schools, where, for a living, hundreds of excellently trained and qualified teachers offer themselves annually and can hardly be supplied with pieces. The teaching, therefore, in Sunday-schools is and must be of a very poor average. The methods are very poor—sometimes wretched. The voluntary principle, moreover, applies to the scholars as well. They understand this perfectly, and in the ma-

majority of cases they learn their lessons or not, as it pleases them. Comparatively few parents make it a point to see whether children learn their Sunday lessons. For an unprepared lesson there is no punishment or discipline, and a child's neglect may, and often does, ripen into a habit. Possibly nearly half the scholars never look at a lesson before entering the school.

In the second place, the ORDER in a Sunday-school is generally rather questionable. Certainly it is far below that in the common schools. In some Sunday-schools it is bedlam. The children know that there is no punishment for idleness, inattention, and mischief. A very bad child may be reported to his parents, but every little breach cannot be taken so seriously, and it's the many little things incessantly kept up by a number of scholars that really combine to make bad order. From the superintendent's desk the order may be very fair, but in many classes for the teacher it is distressing. Yet without order no proper instruction can be given. No teacher—not even the most skilful—can do anything without strict attention and silence from a class. The personal power or magnetism of a teacher in Sunday-school may do much for order, but perhaps three out of four teachers have no magnetism.

Again, the time is terribly restricted. Every week for five days of over five hours the children are learning at school, but in Sunday-school it is about forty minutes once a week. Twenty-five or thirty hours per week for secular studies, two-thirds of an hour per week for religious teaching. And when to this we add the voluntary plan, bad teaching, and bad order, it is evident that the results must be very unsatisfactory.

Further, in the common schools, there is proper inspection by qualified inspectors. Defective teaching or bad order are pointed out, and the teacher must improve then or his livelihood is in jeopardy. But point out mistakes to the average teacher in Sunday-school, and it might mean resignation on the spot.

SHOULD NOT PARENTS BE MORE ANXIOUS ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN?—If the facts referred to be correct, is it right that parents should leave the religious education of their children to the Sunday-school? For utterly outcast or neglected children, or the children of very ignorant parents, it is a necessity; but should educated, self-respecting Christian parents send their children there, and

consider their full duty done? No wonder the results of the Scripture examinations in the American college referred to were bad. Could we expect anything better from such a system? If the children are not rescued in some way, such results will happen on every hand, and things will go from bad to worse. It is, above all, the urgent duty of Christian parents to take into their own charge the little children whom they love, and not merely speak to them occasionally and in a general way of God and Jesus Christ, but regularly and systematically to *teach* them. Give them Bible history, and Bible teaching, and church catechism, and see that they become familiar with the words of Scripture itself. The home was the very earliest place of religious instruction for the young, and no institution can ever effectually take its place.

But cannot something be done for the Sunday-school itself? If the teachers are badly qualified, cannot they be gradually trained? In many parishes teachers' meetings are held weekly. Could not these be held in every parish? At these meetings it is customary to take up the lesson with a view to a proper understanding of it. But surely in this day of lesson helps that is the least important part of a teachers' meeting. It should be with a view to *teaching* and not merely to understanding that a lesson should be taken up there. The capacity and the needs of the children should control it. Methods ought to be discussed. What points should be dwelt upon with younger scholars, and what with the older? What may be omitted? How should a difficult lesson be attacked? Rightly conducted, a teachers' meeting should give even to a poor teacher the lesson *in the very form in which it ought to be presented to a class*.

Our teachers need this. They make sad mistakes. They don't teach the right things. They often try to do too much. A really interesting lesson they make very dry. Difficult passages they try to explain to young scholars, instead of letting them go. The very simple parts of a lesson they are apt to pass over, instead of dwelling long upon them. Little children cannot assimilate principles or profound truths. The epistles and even the sermon on the mount are above them. But they have a grand capacity for remembering facts and names and events. Bible history and Bible stories they need and enjoy, and if deep moral or spiritual teaching cannot be driven home—and very often we shouldn't attempt it—facts and events always can.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust ;
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust ;
We pipe and pipe again for dreary music
Upon the selfsame strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back again in sad refrains.
On through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears ;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.
They love us, and we know it : this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care ?
Why should they pause ? But still our hearts are
Aching
With all the gnawing pain.
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.
We love them, and we know it ; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb ;
We shrink within ourselves, in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And side by side with those we love the dearest
In silence on we tread.
Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence
Its fate fulfils,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills ;
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is : Here we love, and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

IV. LONG-SUFFERING.

LONG-SUFFERING may seem to be a negative kind of virtue, but it requires Christian character to produce it. It is not natural to man ; it is a fruit of the Holy Spirit's work and influence. His goodness never fails. It endures daily. His great mercy and infinite long-suffering are ever exercised towards us. The Christian in his sphere is to show the same spirit, and this requires the grace and strength of Christ.

Long-suffering is patience under a sense of injury. Sir Walter Raleigh, the type of an honorable and fearless Englishman, was once insulted by a hot-headed young man, who challenged him to mortal combat. When Sir Walter refused to fight him, the young man spat in his face. The brave

knight, taking out his handkerchief, made this reply : " Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." It required great patience to bear such an insult, and the self-restraint shown marked out a high type of character. It is only charity, Christian love in exercise, that knows how to suffer long and to be kind.

Long-suffering is the power to resist anger, to smother hate, and to disarm revenge. It will not quarrel. It will meet harsh, hard, and unkind words, either by not answering them, or by the soft answer which turneth away wrath. It will refuse to meet evil with evil, to fight fire with fire.

Long-suffering is the spirit of forbearance with others. It was constantly shown by Jesus Christ to His disciples. He was met by their want of faith, by the narrowing influences of their early environment, and had to bear with much dullness of understanding, and many shortcomings. " How long shall I be with you ? how long shall I suffer you ?" Yet He ever showed a patience which nothing could weary, and a long-suffering which covered all the shortcomings of men.

Long-suffering makes us approachable and easy of access. There are some Christians who are so impatient of faults in others, or are so quick to discern them, that they keep ordinary people at a distance. They may have many excellencies of life and character, but, to say the least, they are not lovable. But long-suffering brings divine patience with the faults and failings of others into daily life : it teaches us to suspend our judgments, to hope for the best, and not to be too ready to censure others.

The question now arises, How is long-suffering gained ? It is a plant which grows from a divine seed, in a soil prepared for its reception. But it requires constant care and diligent cultivation. The Christian has often a hard struggle against his natural disposition. There are some people born into the world with such a kind nature that it seems easy ground in which to develop the Christian virtues. Others, again, have a very different temperament. They are high strung, easily moved by passion, perhaps even quick to take offence.

The source of strength is with God, but the means of obtaining divine grace are within our own reach. It was said of Richard of the Lion-heart that when moved to anger by his naturally quick

and imperious temper, he made it a rule to say the Lord's Prayer before he gave utterance to his thoughts or play to his feelings. Long before he reached the " Amen," generally when the petition, " Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," was upon his lips, his temper subsided, and gave place to a calm and cool frame of mind.

The long-suffering of God shines out in almost every page of the Bible. It is seen in the long record of His dealings with His people. He has ever stretched forth His hands in entreaty, and offered the rich blessings of His love to the children of men. He has borne with all our shortcomings. So the spirit of Christian love which is gained from union with Christ, and is a fruit of His Spirit, is to be shown by the children of God in their daily walk and conversation. Christians need to remember continually that they are the world's Bible. The world does not judge the Christian's doctrine by the doctrine, but from his daily conduct, his everyday actions, his ordinary life. It is not enough to talk about the Christian virtues ; we must make an effort to translate them into action. In *We Too* Edna Lyall pictures her heroine, " Erica," as brought to Christ through the influence of Livingstone's Christian character. Erica assisted her father in editing an infidel journal. She was given the " Life of Livingstone" to review, and told to leave out all reference to his religion. But she found that she could not divorce the religion from the life. She could no more draw a true portrait of Livingstone without his religion than of Cromwell without his Puritanism, or Napoleon without his ambition, or Pitt without his politics. She saw that his religion was a real factor in his life, and when in the darkest hour, surrounded by savages thirsting for his blood, she read that he sought guidance from the pages of God's Word and help through prayer, and was able to come forth with untroubled brow, as if no danger were near, she was compelled to confess that God was behind it all, and to say, " I believe in God." Professor Blaikie, who was the author of Livingstone's life, says that Edna Lyall has since written to him to the effect that when she incorporated the incident into her story she felt that it had such a ring of sincerity about it that " even Mr. Bradlaugh himself would at least pause over it, and, perhaps, ponder."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory, St. Catharines.

WAITING FOR SALVATION.

How many in every part of the country are waiting, some even *praying for*, salvation! They never seem to realize that Christ came and finished the work of salvation, and He is now waiting to bestow His blessing upon men.

Such waiters for salvation somehow seem to stifle the voice of the Holy Spirit, who pleads with man to accept His gift without waiting or even simply praying any more for it.

At an evangelistic meeting in Liverpool a father and three daughters were found seeking the way of salvation. A woman sitting immediately behind wept as if the fountain of her tears could not be staunched. She was the man's wife, and these were her daughters. Twenty years before, she had been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the influence of a remarkable vision which she experienced. During those years she had impressed her family with the necessity of waiting for a similar experience. Now she saw her sad mistake, and wept because she kept them so long from the Lord, and yet thanked God that they had not been allowed to pass from time into eternity unsaved. There were five happy hearts that night at home, and there was joy in heaven because the weary waiting was ended, and a present salvation was theirs.

Waiting has, indeed, a wide sphere of its own, and in its own place it has precious promises attached to it. But it is not the duty of the *unsaved* man.

The Bible nowhere encourages the sinner to *wait* for pardon. Christ waits to save the sinner (Rev. iii. 20). To-day, God waits to be gracious. Why wait when eternal life, joy, and peace, may be a permanent possession by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ?

There's no time, sinner, to wait. Life is shortening, and the longest season of waiting will soon end. Waiting? Why, there is only a step between you and eternal ruin! Keep waiting, sitting still, and neglecting salvation, and you are lost! How, then, shall you escape? To-day is the day of salvation. Escape thou for thy life into the arms of Christ.—*G. M'Robert.*

A FARMER said "he should like to have all the land that joined his own." Bonaparte, who had the same appetite, endeavored to make the Mediterranean a French lake. Czar Alexander was more expansive, and wished to call the Pacific

my ocean. . . . But if he had the earth for his pasture, and the sea for his pond, he would be a pauper still. He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy or demon, who possesses such power as that. The days are divine as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension, and of the greatest capacity, of anything that exists. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Emerson.*

A PEACEFUL LIFE.

A PEACEFUL life: and this I hold to be
A life that finds its springs of peace in Thee;
Then outer cares are outer things alone,
And do not jar the quiet undertone
Of heavenly joy, that through the passing years
Sings to the soul, unheard by worldly ears.

So winter, summer, spring, and all the days
Pass in a calendar of prayer and praise—
Now loud, now soft, half whispered, it may be,
And heard, oh, Father! often but by Thee;
Till the still soul, like a calm summer's sea,
Reveals the Saviour's image perfectly.

May this sweet life be mine! Oh, Jesus, keep
My soul in peace, sure, undisturbed, and deep;
Calm, tho' expectant in its hope, until
It sees Thy face, some new dawn, fair and still.
—*M. L. Van Vorst.*

The Angels of the Beautiful.

By the LORD BISHOP OF RUON.

PRELUDE.

THE angel paused upon the threshold of heaven. A message from the Eternal had been entrusted to him. It was not reluctance to discharge the high behests of immortal wisdom that made him pause. He rather paused an instant to glance round and fill his eye with the ineffable beauty and untold radiance of the fair realms which he was leaving; that, drinking in once more the joyousness of its splendor, he might be able the more fitly to fulfil his mission. For his mission was to one of those far-off worlds of God's creation, in which the dullness and the lowered desires of its inhabitants had wrought many defects and built many uglinesses in a globe which had once been so exceeding fair that at its birth the morning stars had sung together, and the sons of God had shouted for joy.

It had been most bright and beautiful, shining in the system in which it had been placed with a loveliness which was all its own. Other worlds shone with more brilliant hues, shooting forth into space their dazzling ruby, topaz, and sapphire beams;

but this world shone with a quiet and submissive light as of infinite patience under suffering, and gave forth a gentle green-hued brightness, softer and more restful than the emerald. But a dimness had fallen, somehow, upon its pristine lustre. The folk to whom the rule had been given had somehow mismanaged its government, and had allowed ill things to grow up apace; and where ill things grow the heavenly light of the planets waxes dim. To that once beautiful but now faded world was the mission of the angel, who now paused at heaven's gate to refresh his eye and his spirit with the fadeless and inspiring beauties of heaven. He knew, as all God's highest-taught creatures know, that to maintain his virtue of thought or feeling, or power, he must drink of the rivers of life which stream freely through the paradise of God. Four rivers streamed through the heavenly kingdom, and, flowing outwards and past the gates, turn winding on their various ways, and, working their course as God commands, unite at length once more in the jasper sea which rests beneath God's throne. For the streams of Truth and Wisdom, of Righteousness and of Beauty, are four; but the sea from which they spring and to which they return is one—even the sea which is pure as crystal, and yet which can glow at times as though it were of molten fire. From the river of Beauty the angel drank, and then, forasmuch as his eye was filled with the beauty of heaven, and his heart (since he had drunk of the stream) was refreshed with the love of it, he paused no more, but to fasten his winglets about his feet, and to spread his wings for flight. And so, like a cloud, he passed out of the gate of heaven, and, as he passed, the Angel of the Gate gave him, in God's name, the greeting and the dismissal that sounds in the ears of all the messengers which go forth from heaven to do God's will: "May the power of the Word of Eternal Wisdom be with thee! In His light thou seest light. When thou art wearied and thine eye grows dim, return to drink of the river of His pleasure, that thou mayest find strength to accomplish thy task and to fulfil His bidding, in whose name thou goest forth." And the Angel of Beauty answered: "In His presence is Life." And the Angel of the Gate said: "Return to drink of the brook if thou wouldst lift up thy head." And the other angel, as he passed from under the lintel, replied: "All my fresh springs are in Him."

And so the Angel of Beauty went on his

way. With outspread wings and weariless feet, he parted the air and sped downwards towards the earth. And as he went, he thought joyously of the exceeding beauty of heaven, and he tried to imagine the dimness and darkness which disfigured the world to which he was sent; and he felt a gladness in his heart that he was sent, not like the Angel of Righteousness to smite men for their wrongdoings, not like the Angel of Discipline to educate them through pain, but to spread before their eyes visions of beauty which thrilled his heart, and to revive in them the love of what was fair, and the joy of beholding it. Nearer he came to the dull and smoky atmosphere and heavy air of the lower world; nearer, till he heard all around him the soft, sharp sound of the dropping rain, and the sad and restless rustling of the forest leaves; but clear and low, heard among all the sounds which greeted his ears, he heard the Voice which sent him forth on his errand: "Go to the dimness of the world, and brighten the lot of the darkened with the beauty of the Eternal." And as the darkness of the world gathered round, deepening as he descended, and the saddened and saddening sounds of earth snote upon his ears, the angel's heart was filled with a deep pity which longed to fulfil the Eternal's command, and brighten the lot of the darkened with the beauty of the Eternal. And as he set his foot upon the earth, the angel bowed his head in mingled reverence and compassion, and, speaking low as to himself and to God, he said, "God help me to bring the light of eternal beauty into the midst of this darkness. God helping me, I will."

CHAPTER I.

EVERY day the artist might be seen at work. In the great open square of the town he worked. The great square was large enough for many poor people to carry on their open-air trade without hindering the general business of the town. All the townfolk were proud of the great square. It was the largest (so they said) of any city square in the kingdom. Nobody objected to the little stalls set up by the poor or the country people in the corners of the streets which opened upon the square, or in the angles of the steps which led to the public buildings which surrounded and adorned the large square. Nobody objected to the miniature booths and movable stalls, where flowers, and fruits, and carved ornaments and toys were sold; indeed, they lent a picturesqueness to the scene, and gave the sense of

freshness, and brought back the memory of country life to the toilers of the town. So they were of use also. The tired and thirsty men, as they came out of the Law Courts or Town Hall, would stop and buy some fruit to refresh themselves as they hurried across the hot and sunlit open square. From the flower stalls, bright bouquets were bought by those who, ascending the great cathedral steps, wished to brighten with their little offering the house of prayer. And now in the square, among the fruit-sellers and basket-makers, the artist was seen at work. Openly before the eye of the world he set up his easel and painted his pictures; his quiet and serene face showed no sign of emotion as the critics of the crowd passed their judgment upon his work, or his mode of handling his brush, or upon his distribution of color. He was the artist of the Green, for so the great paved square with its pathetic back look at its earlier days was called, and as the artist of the Green he must be prepared for the outspoken opinions of the candid critics; and as he sat and painted there day after day he heard many opinions, and he seemed insensible to all. There were two things about him which after a time struck the people who noticed him. One was the quiet and unruffled demeanor amid the strange and reckless criticisms of the crowd. He painted as a man who had made up his mind, and whom no words could move from the pathway he had resolved to tread. The other thing they noticed was his occasional absence. I have said that he painted in the Green every day. This was not literally true. Every now and then his place was empty for a day. After these absences he would return to work as a matter of course. He spoke but little, and he never attempted to explain why he had been away. Those who thought at all on the matter supposed that he had been into the country to glean inspiration from blue skies and green fields. Certainly his pictures possessed finer and clearer qualities when he returned to work. But as yet none had seriously noted his pictures at all; they were gazed at and chatted about by the crowd, who were not slow in delivering their judgment, but none of the established artists of the town had paid attention to his work. If they had seen him at all, they had glanced with a sort of contemptuous surprise at the tall and fine-featured man who was "degrading art" by working in public, and who could not be a man of note and power, for he did not belong to

any of the art institutes of the town or of the kingdom. Perhaps the contempt of the professional men was increased when they discovered that the newcomer did not confine his efforts to painting. There were days when he might be seen hewing shapeless stones into forms of beauty; and when he wrought with his chisel there was something like the imperious energy of inspiration in the way he worked. The chips and fragments fell on the pavement like flakes of snow; with wondrous rapidity features of strength and forms of loveliness seemed to grow beneath his hand. Slowly this interest in his work spread through the town; the dull curiosity of the ignorant was followed by the intelligent appreciation of that large body of people, to be found in every place, who, though not, perhaps, to be reckoned among the cultured classes, are yet profoundly responsive to all that appeals to the heart; and it was to the heart that the new worker made his silent appeal. The people that stood by could not have explained their own emotions, but the silence which at times fell upon them told that some deep feelings were roused. Many a poor woman, climbing the steps of the great church, would come to a stop, and, drawing her child instinctively closer to herself, would stand gazing upon the figures, on the artist's canvas, and, after awhile, gentle tears would gather in her eyes, as though some long-suppressed trouble had been drawn from the heart, and had found relief in finding expression and, with a hand that clasped more closely the child hand in hers, she would pass onward to her quiet prayer under the dome of the great cathedral. Strong men would look on with hard and careworn faces, and in spite of themselves the lines on their faces would soften as they followed the rapid hand of the artist, and perceived some meaning in his work. He painted simple things—a flower, a child, a mother with her firstborn on her knee, a strong man toiling in the field, or in the workshop; he carved fair forms of innocence and eager figures of supple strength, and figures of heroic patience and unvanquished purity; and his works had a power over the hearts of men. Men would go to their homes and look with such an unwonted and wistful tenderness at their wives that the poor women, missing rough words or rough handling, feared that their husbands were ill. Many a poor woman who had lived in dread of her husband's return, and who had been accustomed to hurry her children to bed or out of their

father's way, looked in amazement to see the strong man come in with a little bunch of flowers in his hand; but when he threw the flowers in her lap, or silently took her worn face between his great, strong hands, and kissed it with a reverent gentleness, she could only burst into tears at such tenderness. So the artist of the Green painted. He painted children so pure and so full of gentle wonder in their soft eyes that women who had deemed children a burden felt them to be a blessing. He so painted motherhood that men felt a great compassion and a new revived love for the wives and little ones at home. He painted men with such eager earnestness of purpose in their eyes and faces that the Town Councillors began to attend municipal meetings more regularly, and to seek out more thoroughly the reasons for the bad sanitary condition of the town. The plumbers and the contractors had a bad time of it after that, and the artist's fame became a matter of town talk.

One other thing added to the gossip about him. He never sold his works. When he grew famous, rich men of a speculative turn of mind sought to buy his pictures, but he declined the most tempting offers. He did not paint or carve for profit. But, though he would not sell, he would give away. Often the poor woman who had watched him working, and the veil of whose dull ignorance began to lift as she watched him, would be amazed to find herself the possessor of the picture of the wonderful child.

So the strange artist of the Green became a man of note; the crowds who gathered round him increased in numbers, for many who never came before now came in the hope of getting a picture for nothing. But such were disappointed. The painter seemed to have the gift of insight. The eager people in the crowd, who fixed on him greedy eyes of flattery and expectation, went away as they came, empty-handed. These were not the kind of people whom he selected when he gave his gifts. His clear eyes, calm and searching, would slowly pass over the faces crowded round him; and he would select some grave-faced man, some wondering child, some simple girl, or careworn woman, as the recipient of his work.

So he worked, and so he acted, and always, as the days went by, there came the day when he was no longer at his place; he had gone to the country, they said. In a sense it was true; for, far away from the sad and busy town, cleaving the bright blue air, an angel, with wings outspread

and winglets on his feet, was making his way to his native country. As he entered the gate of heaven, the cloud of care and thought melted from his brow, and he dwelt for awhile in the presence of the eternal light, and then, with new brightness in his eye and new vigor in his heart, he would descend again to the earth. And the next day the artist of the Green was at his work again.

CHAPTER II.

NONE work, even at the highest and best work, without trial. The artist had his trial, and it came about in this way. As he walked about the dark and infested purlieus of the town, he had noticed that there were scores of little children who seemed to be homeless. Fatherless and motherless little waifs they were, who lacked the nurturing love of guiding and encouraging kinsfolk. There were benevolent people who sought to build a house for these waifs and strays; and the matter was talked about. And kindly, liberal people were ready to give their money for the building. The artist of the Green was deeply moved. He wondered how his art could help the good work. To give his works to the little ragged orphans would be useless. The one thing that was wanted was money—money for the building. Money was just the thing the artist had not got. He pondered long over the matter, and when the day came round when he should "go into the country," instead of following his usual custom, he went to some of the picture-dealers in the town; and, after spending the day in visits to them, he went home with an eager flush on his face, quite unlike the calm and passionless contentment of his habitual expression. He now changed his habits of life. He took a studio; he was no longer to be seen on the Green; and, in little more than a month, he was able to send a princely gift of money to the orphanage building. He had sold his pictures. And, as he looked upon the gathering hoard of money, consecrated, as he told himself, to the children's use, he felt a sense of power which he had never known before. And, after he had made his gift, the instinct of power remained with him. He looked at his pictures which hung on the walls of his studio, and he read in each of them what he had never read before. They looked at him, and they seemed to say, "We are powers; we are worth something." And he said to himself, "I have found a new way of doing good. It is surely better to turn my works into money

which will give the children bread, and clothes, and home, than to give them away for nothing to people who, probably, cannot appreciate their beauty or their meaning." And this thought grew on him, and he began to count upon the money which he could accumulate, and the good which he could do with it; for in the sad and busy city there were many ways in which struggling women and lonely children and suffering men could be helped. So he kept to his studio, and painted pictures and carved statues. And he had plenty of work. Special orders came in. There were aldermen and other officials who wished to have their portraits painted, and to be represented in their robes of office—though they always said it was to please their wives. The artist smiled to himself as he painted these portraits, as he thought, "It is vulgar sort of work, but it will help the children and the poor." He had plenty to do now; his work increased very fast. From the very hour he began to sell his pictures he became more than famous, he became fashionable; he found himself obliged to enlarge his studio. His pictures, busts, and statues needed more room; and the crowds which visited his studio on certain days of the week were so numerous that his first simple studio was quite too small. And, as he said to himself, "To do good one must get influence, and a fine studio like this impresses people's minds and adds to one's power, and out of power comes good."

So he removed to his new studio. This cost time which he could ill spare from his work; so he would not use one of his working days, but he employed the day when he was supposed to be in the country, for the removal of all his works and his furniture into his fresh quarters. There were some things, too, which he wished to remove secretly, and which he could not entrust to any hands but his own; and these he carried himself, after dusk, and locked them safely in a secret cupboard which he had carefully constructed in his studio.

New quarters mean new expenses, and often lead to new habits; and so, still with the view of extending his influence, he opened his house at stated periods, and his beautifully furnished rooms were crowded with the gay and the rich and the fashionable of the town; and the dust grew thick upon the secret cupboard door, and the watchman at a gateway far away looked wistfully out into the blue space, and wondered, and was silent.

(To be continued.)

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 20 Bay Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance,		
10	copies to one address, for one year,	\$3.50
20	" " " " " "	5.00
40	" " " " " "	11.00
50	" " " " " "	13.50
100	" " " " " "	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE BRYANT PRESS,
20 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

UNANSWERED yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,

The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

UNANSWERED yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.

The work began when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun,
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

UNANSWERED yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And Cries: "It shall be done!" sometime somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SEEKING FOR LIGHT.

SENECA.

THERE is no rest for man, except he find rest in God. The longings of the heart are all for a Being who is greater than man, who can bring order out of apparent chaos, peace out of turmoil.

Before the Saviour of the world came men were groping in thick darkness, and yet with all that darkness we read of some who, in their morals and philosophy, seemed to have almost caught a glimpse of the light which was soon to dawn upon a dark world.

One of these was Seneca. He was born in Cordova, in Spain, about 11 B.C., but when he was a mere child his father and all his family moved to the city of Rome, where, amid its sin and shame, most of his life was to be lived, a broken, chequered life, and yet, in the main, in quest of truth.

Perhaps no period of the history of the world presents to us such a lurid picture of wickedness as the period in which Seneca lived. Millions of slaves were at the very lowest point of human life, without friends, possession, or God. At the other extreme were the wealthy and noble, who were ready to squander a fortune at a single banquet, and who were feasting on the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales, the greatest delicacies which a Roman could have. Highest of all stood the emperor, who, the historian Gibbon tells us, "was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god."

We know little about the early life of Seneca. It was a characteristic of the age that the great men should tell very little about their childhood. Childhood among the ancients was thought very little of, and was often much less happy than with us. Domestic life was of little account. Public life was everything.

His father was a wealthy and cultivated man of literary tastes, and endowed with a prodigious memory. Helvia, his mother, was a sweet and lovely woman. "She never was infected with that plague spot of her age, immodesty." Unlike many of the other women of her day who dressed luxuriously, gems and pearls had little charm for her. Many years afterwards, when Seneca was in exile, he wrote the following to her to console her: "You never stained your face with walnut-juice and rouge. . . . Your single ornament was a loveliness which no age could destroy; your special glory was a conspicuous chastity."

Gallio, the deputy of Achaia, spoken of in Acts xviii. 19, was a brother of Seneca.

Perhaps the nearest contact which the heathen philosopher Seneca ever had with Paul, the Christian apostle, was when Paul was dragged a prisoner before Gallio, but the dim-eyed, insignificant-looking apostle would scarcely have much effect upon the philosopher, who would look upon him as some unknown troublesome fellow who once tried to inflict upon him a harangue. Little did Gallio know that this ordinary-looking man was destined to become one of the greatest characters which has ever graced the pages of history.

Little also is known about the education

of Seneca. It seems, however, that he early became an enthusiastic student of philosophy.

For a time he was most abstemious in his habits, refraining altogether from meat; but later on he revived his custom of eating meat, lest he might "incur the horrible suspicion of being a Christian or a Jew." Poor Seneca did not know that the very truths for which he was seeking were to be found in the "sect" called Christians, which he so heartily despised. Yet he was a good man. Although surrounded by vice of the worst kind, we are told in his writings that he made a daily self-examination. Every night when he betook himself to rest he would ask himself the question: "What evil have I cured today? What evil have I resisted?" Then he would carefully consider in his heart everything he had done during the day, and, as far as he could, make a correct estimate of his deeds and words. What about ourselves, who "profess and call ourselves Christians"? We into whose hearts the light of heaven has shone, are we better, nay, are we as good, as the heathen philosopher who was as

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry"?

Unconsciously, Seneca was reaching out for a power outside of himself and greater than himself. Had he come into contact at this period of his life with the Saviour whom we love, we might have a very different story to tell of him.

There was much in the nature of Seneca which would have made him a strong Christian like his contemporary St. Paul, and would have placed his name high among Christian saints; but he did not know Christ as the Saviour of the world, and therefore his powers were soon turned into a different channel, until at last we find his life ending in disgrace.

The tendencies of the age have always a great deal to do with the moulding of a character. The general tone of thought, the habits of society, and the great questions which present themselves to a nation to a certain extent determine a thinking man's future, unless he has some offset to all these by a firm trust in God.

To Seneca God scarcely seemed to be a reality, although in his own mind he was trying to work out some solution for the many mysteries of life. His age was one of atheism and superstition. These two things generally go together. Seneca wrote a book entitled "Against Superstition," but where could he turn for light?

"The common worship," says Gibbon, "was regarded by the people as equally true, by the philosophers as equally false, and by the magistrates as equally useful"—a strange mixture it must have been. It was natural that Seneca, in his thought and life, would in some way be controlled by the age in which he lived—an age of wealth, cruelty, luxury, sadness, and superstition. He gave up philosophy and became an advocate, and soon distinguished himself by his genius and eloquence. Later, he entered upon a political career, and was before long a successful candidate for a very high office in the state.

About this time he arrived, and, according to the custom of Roman ladies, his wife kept an idiot girl among her servants. Seneca writes that he did not approve of this. He says, "If ever I want to amuse myself with an idiot, I have not far to look for one. I laugh at myself." This idiot became blind, but she did not know it, and always wanted her attendant to bring her out into the light. Seneca draws a practical lesson from this. He says, "But you may be sure that this at which we laugh in her happens to us all. No one understands that he is avaricious or covetous. The blind seek for a guide. We wander about without a guide."

Seneca became enormously wealthy, although this may have been gained honorably, yet it shows inconsistency in his life, for as a philosopher he was continually praising poverty. Poverty was from the standpoint of the philosopher, wealth from the standpoint of the politician.

But the storms of fate had overtaken him. While the earth's true King was quietly living a peasant life in his village home of Nazareth, poor Seneca was thrown at the mercy of those monsters of crime, the Roman emperors. He was first suspected by the Emperor Caius, and then banished into exile by Claudius, accused of intrigue. It was to the pestilential shores of the island of Corsica he was sent. Writing to his mother from this lonely spot, he bears up with true stoical fortitude: "Whoever or whatever made the world—whether it were a deity, a disembodied reason, or a divine interfering spirit, or destiny, or an immutable series of connected causes—the result was that nothing except our very meanest possessions should depend on the will of another. Man's best gifts lie beyond the power of man either to give or take away. . . . There is no land where man cannot dwell—no land where he cannot uplift his eyes to heaven; wherever we are, the distance

of the divine and human remains the same. As for poverty, every one who is not corrupted by the madness of avarice and luxury knows that it is no evil. How little does man need, and how easily can he secure that! As for me, I consider myself as having lost, not wealth, but the trouble of looking after it."

These are the words of a man "struggling with the storms of fate."

But, finally, the philosophy of Seneca gave way. It is hard for a man with great powers to be sent where all these powers are as nothing, and where there is naught else but a living death.

Exile and wretchedness is hard for any of us to bear, but to the Christian martyr there is the Christian crown. To poor Seneca there did not seem to be even this. Such a feeling of wretchedness broke his strong spirit, and made him become the obsequious flatterer of the emperor, who recalled him from exile—recalled, alas! only to die at the hand of Nero, the most inhuman brute who has ever played a part upon life's changing stage.

So died the Pagan philosopher. It was impossible for him, as with us, to be at once worldly and righteous. It is Mr. Froude who says that "of all unsuccessful men there is none equal to the one with one eye on heaven and one on earth, who sincerely preaches one thing, and sincerely does another."

But let us not be too hard on Seneca till we put ourselves through an examination. He did not know God. We do. Should not our lives be better than his, for our privileges are greater, our light is brighter? Seneca was one who, in the language of his great contemporary, St. Paul, "was seeking the Lord, if haply he might feel after Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

St. Paul's, Halifax. N. I. PERRY.

LOOKING at some missionary pictures lately, with a friend who knew Chinese ways, we were puzzled by the quick remark: "Those are Christians." We looked closely at the group. There was a Chinese father, with a quaint Chinese baby in his arms, and a Chinese woman sitting beside him. "How do you know?" we asked, failing to see anything in the picture to guide us as to the religion of his family. "Don't you see the father has the baby in his arms? No heathen Chinaman would think of that!" was the reply. Yes, Christianity is at the bottom of the sacred joys of home.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ORDER IN THE CLASS.

THIS is truly a vexed question, as difficult of solution and admitting of as many answers as the intricate Chinese problem, or, "What shall I do with my boys?" and many another burning and vital question of the present hour. But we all have our pet theories on order; and it surely can do no harm, but in the end it may be productive of good, to ventilate these theories, rub ideas together, and help each other by mutual contact.

Enthusiasm and love of our work are in themselves powerful agents; these added to intelligent, well-directed *zeal* must, in the very nature of things, accomplish telling results. Of course, all must agree that the disciplinarian or good manager is born, not made. With a firm hand, and just one glance from a cold, steel-gray eye, he rules indeed, and though love may not enter into his calculations, and for all his iron sway over the hearts and minds of the tender beings under him, he is often admired, and even loved, by his scholars.

Then there is the teacher whose rule is so completely magnetic that she may actually fall a victim to her own magnetism and powers of attraction. The feeling of her class towards her is one which they call love, but which, in reality, is almost idolatry. She holds her class firmly together. The order, for the time being, is perfect. They look up to their teacher as far above and superior to themselves. They are ready and anxious to do anything and everything for her. But away from her brilliant, winning presence, all lessons, precepts, influence are forgotten. Her power is solely personal; and if she is removed the class falls to pieces, and can only, with great difficulty, be gathered together again to resume work under a teacher less fascinating, but perhaps more spiritual, and with a faculty for self-effacement, and a power of drawing her class away from the world towards God.

Firmness is, of course, a requisite quality, but it certainly cannot play as important a part in Sunday-school as in the day-school; for in Sunday-school we know, to our sorrow, that the pupil come or goes as he pleases; staying only as long as the teacher continues nice, as he expresses it, or the picnic, Christmas tree, or prize list holds out tempting inducements. As a substitute for this display of firmness or very great dignity on the part of the teacher, let us teachers make ourselves one with our pupils, teaching, controlling, talking to them like an elder brother or

sister. The children will like this and profit by it, and we, in turn, will find ourselves growing younger instead of older, and decidedly fresher and brighter for the loving effort.

Hope is another thing we must have if we really wish to succeed. Let us bring to our class all the hope we possibly can. How our scholars scan our faces as we greet them! and who can deny that our expression will certainly affect them for the whole hour devoted to class work?

I never shall forget the lesson one of my day pupils gave me one weary, warm afternoon. I was at that time at the head of a large church school. My duties, although numerous, were by no means heavy, but I had a bad habit of giving myself a deal of unnecessarily hard work. As the session was drawing to a close, I sank back in my chair utterly tired out. I said nothing, but my pupils, with the unerring instinct of childhood, saw that something was wrong; so one little fellow, who had just come into school and did not know it was a crime to speak aloud, and reading the minds of his schoolmates, said in a sweet, distinct voice, "Miss Fitch, I seen a rainbow once." Recalling the blessed hope and promise of this everlasting symbol, I said to myself, "If there is a rainbow in Harry's sky, why should there not be one in mine?" This child's outburst has haunted me many times, and taught me the beauty of cultivating hope, not only in my teaching, but in all things relating to this life.

In regard to the spiritual and mental attitude of the teacher, in spite of all disguises, the scholars can see as well as feel whether the teacher comes to them in a bright, enthusiastic mood with a happy eagerness to teach, or whether her nature is so choked with the cares and pleasures of this world that all good is crowded out. If this is the case, can we wonder that the scholar's attention flags, or that he slyly laughs or jokes when our eye is turned, or fastens his eye with envying admiration upon the successful teacher in the next class? Goodness, like evil, is magnetic and contagious; and it is only by being spotless ourselves that we may expect to see our scholars reach a high standard of purity and goodness.

Children are human, and, like their seniors, love to be noticed, and on this very account a little judicious neglect of a stubborn or badly-behaved scholar is often a capital reproof. A certain teacher in a Sunday-school in this city had a scholar who was loving and lovable, popular with

her class, and leading them wherever her fancy willed. This girl was totally unaccustomed to discipline, therefore the restraints and order of the Sunday-school were hateful to her. She would not submit to them, and her insubordination caused her teacher almost untold trouble. One afternoon when her behavior got beyond endurance, an inspiration came to the teacher to let the girl alone. This she did. The teacher turned her back slightly upon her for the remainder of the session, neither looking at, speaking to, or paying any attention whatever to her. The wayward child was quieted, softened, subdued, CONQUERED. From that day to this the teacher has not had one moment's trouble with this particular scholar. Everything goes smoothly now, and the whole tone of the class has improved in consequence.

Still another key to successful discipline is keeping the scholars busy. Do not let them be idle one single instant. If the lesson gives out, as it will sometimes with the best of teachers, to try turn the thoughts of the scholars into new channels. For instance, let them look up references in the Bible bearing on the lesson. The Bible is its own best commentary, and finding suitable texts will keep them well employed, and prevent Satan from stealing a march and suggesting his own mischievous work for young hearts and eyes.

Perhaps we teachers are too prone to dwell upon our past failures and mistakes. They should never be recalled except as lessons or danger signals for future guidance. This done, let us put them behind our backs; bury them once and forever. This habit of brooding over mistakes made in ignorance or innocence is most fatal to growth, and should never be allowed to gain a headway. Let us unite our prayers for the good of our scholars. Bring them all the love of our hearts. If we are ever puzzled over a particularly difficult lesson, or worried about some sullen, obstinate scholar who silently, though ungraciously, receives our instructions, while flattering himself, perhaps with a shadow of truth, that he is getting to know more than his teacher, let us apply to our own case the words that we so often hear, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and go our way feeling and knowing that He can and will give us the needed strength and wisdom to carry on our work, the results of which we may not live to see, but the future will see and know and tell it with a true tongue to the world's passer-by.

ADELAIDE P. FITCH.

WHAT MATTER?

I KNOW not whether good or ill
May come from what I do,
Nor if my feeble strength will serve
To toil the whole day through;
I only know that I must strive
His bidding to pursue.

And if my little, humble part
On earth be soon forgot,
And if, to mortal eyes, it seem
That failure is my lot,
What matter, if I serve but Him
Whose glory changeth not?

—Clara Boise Bush.

A DANGEROUS PATIENT.

A PERILOUS operation on an elephant is described by a dentist in the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. He was summoned by the keeper of a travelling circus to examine the teeth of one of the elephants in the show. The keeper told him that the animal had been one of the most docile and affectionate he had in his possession, but for several weeks past he had been gloomy and irritable. His trunk and tail hung limp and lifeless, and he would lie for hours rubbing his jaw against the ground. It occurred to the keeper that he might be suffering from toothache, and on looking at his jaw he noticed a tooth that had a suspicious appearance. The dentist was accordingly summoned, and having examined the tooth advised that it be filled. The elephant was furious when the tooth was touched, and if the dentist had not taken refuge behind a beam he would have been killed. The keepers chained the animal's feet and secured his trunk firmly to a beam overhead, and then the dentist went quickly to work. But there was an evil look in the elephant's eye, and his frequent trumpeting and his struggles to free himself indicated how he would deal with the dentist if he could have his liberty. But before the operation was half over, the big beast seemed to realize that the pain was for his good. The angry look went out of his eyes, and he ceased to struggle. When the work was done the elephant recovered his former appetite and spirits, but the most remarkable change was noticed when the dentist entered the elephant house the next day to inquire after his patient. The animal saw him and knew him. He extended his trunk, flourished his tail, and tried to express by his actions his regard and gratitude to the man whom the day before he had tried to kill. The animal had discovered what some men fail to discover with all their superior faculties, that pain was sometimes inflicted in love, not in anger, and results in the benefit of the afflicted one. (Heb. xii. 11.)—*Christian Herald*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

PAROCHIAL INCIDENTS.

(By a clergyman in Eastern Canada.)

A CLERGYMAN meets with strange incidents very often in his parish work, and frequently has very strange experiences narrated to him. It has been my lot to have heard not a few narratives of so extraordinary a character as almost to transcend belief, and to have been the hearer of experiences so curious that if they had not been authenticated beyond doubt by the personal character of the narrator they would have been deemed absurd. As they may be of profit, as well as interest, to some of the readers of PARISH AND HOME, I will narrate some of them, suppressing, of course, names and dates. The first that I shall give was narrated to me by a lady in a former parish, and I transcribe the story as I wrote it in my journal at the time.

I was visiting a lady in my congregation, who narrated to me an event that happened to her during her illness last year, and made a deep impression on her mind. She was ill, fatally ill, to all appearances, and had been given up by the local physicians. Her disease was of a peculiar character, an internal and complicated one.

One night as she lay in her bed, not asleep, but wide awake—and she was positive that she was thoroughly and certainly awake—she declares that she saw bending over her a strong, gentle-looking, bearded man.

He put his right hand on her shoulder, as if to support her. She distinctly felt his firm, strong hand, and looking up, hardly knowing, like Peter, what she said (Luke ix. 33), she said, "Who art thou, Lord?" The language she used surprised even herself, as she was not accustomed to speak in that way. However, those were the words she used.

"You know me," was the answer, distinctly given, in a gentle, manly voice. He seemed troubled, pained as one grieved at not being recognized by a friend.

"You know," he again repeated. "I am your Saviour. Do not be afraid; I am not going to take you now, I am going to leave you a little longer." With that he left her. She quickly turned to her husband, to look, but when they looked again the figure was gone. The remarkable thing about it was that she declares she was not asleep, and that soon after, beyond all expectations of both physicians

and friends, she got quite well again, and is now fairly strong. I questioned her very carefully with regard to this strange manifestation; but, however it can be explained, the fact remains.

Is it not, after all, something of a similar kind to the strange spiritual experiences which St. Paul describes in the first four verses of the twelfth chapter of II. Corinthians?

WATCHING, WORKING, WAITING.

I'm trusting, Lord, myself to Thee;
How peaceful all my life should be;
I'm trusting Him who died for me;
My Saviour and my all.

I'm watching, for I know not when
Or how my Lord will come again;
At midnight or at morning dawn—
I'll watch until He come.

I'll watch for Him who comes for me,
How full of hope my life shall be;
I'll watch for Him who comes for me,
My Saviour and my all.

I'll work for Him who works for me,
His love shall inspiration be;
O! help me, Lord, while yet 'ti day,
To labor while I may.

I'll work for Him who worked for me,
How earnest all my life shall be;
I'll work for Him who worked for me,
My Saviour and my all.

I'm waiting now, dear Lord, for Thee,
For Thou hast given Thy word to me;
That Thou ere long wilt come again,
My heart replies, Amen!

I wait for Him who comes for me;
How holy, then, my life should be;
I wait for Him who comes for me,
My Saviour and my all.

THE church of the future depends on the Sunday-school of to-day. God's Word and way must be taught, and every teacher may, if he will, stand before his class because he loves the work and is doing it to win souls to Christ, saving them for this world as well as the next. Such teachers are successful according to their power with God, and in God's holy Word. The Scriptures are the God-appointed means of conviction, conversion, faith, and sanctification. That teacher is successful who has a knowledge of God and of His Word, exemplifying it in his own life, and loving to tell the sweet story of Gospel grace to others.—S.S. Journal.

LUTHER'S PRAYER.

"ONE of Melancthon's correspondents describes Luther thus: 'I cannot enough admire the extraordinary cheerfulness, con-

stancy, faith, and hope of the man in these trying and vexatious times. He constantly feeds these gracious affections by a very diligent study of the Word of God. Then not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his very best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. Gracious God! what spirit and what faith is there in his expressions! He petitions God with as much reverence as if he was in the divine presence, and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a father or a friend. 'I know,' said he, 'Thou art our Father and our God, and therefore I am sure Thou wilt bring to nought the persecutors of Thy children. For shouldst Thou fail to do this, Thine own cause, being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely Thine own concern. We, by Thy providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou, therefore, wilt be our defence.' Whilst I was listening to Luther praying in this manner at a distance, my soul seemed on fire within me—to hear the man address God so like a friend, and yet with so much gravity and reverence, and also to hear him, in the course of his prayer, insisting upon the promises contained in the Psalms as if he was sure his petitions would be granted.'"—*Milner's History* (Vol. v., p. 565).

"He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly."

WE are not in the habit of considering this an encouraging text; but is it not? When we think what is the harvest to be reaped—souls saved, is not even a sparing harvest a joyful reward? No one, because of this text, can wish to sow sparingly, or rest content to reap sparingly; but in moments when we realize the unworthiness of our efforts, and yet realize that they have been a little sincere, a little unselfish, a little earnest, is it not joy to know that they cannot be without result? I came across this promise to-day with a thrill of delight, of relief from fear of utter failure.—*Margaret Meredith*.

SPEAKING UNADVISEDLY.

THE celebrated preacher and theologian, Dr. Hopkins, was afflicted with a very ungovernable temper. He had a brother-in-law, a member of the legal profession, who was an infidel. This man was accustomed to say to his family, "Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am, and I will prove it to you some day." One evening Dr. Hopkins called upon his brother-in-law to

adjust some business matters in which they were mutually concerned. The infidel, knowing well the weak point in the doctor's character, set up the most unjust claims for the purpose of exciting his anger. The attempt was a success. Dr. Hopkins left the house in a rage, closing the door behind him with much violence. "There!" exclaimed the infidel to his family, "you see now the truth of what I have told you, that Dr. Hopkins is, at heart, no better than I am; and now I have got my foot on his neck and I will keep it there." Dr. Hopkins, however, went immediately home to his closet, and spent the entire night there in prayer to God. As the morning dawned an ineffable peace pervaded his whole being. Hastening to his brother-in-law's residence, he confessed with tears, to him and his family, the sin which he had committed in their presence, not saying one word about the graceless provocation which had occasioned the sin. As the man of God retired from the house, the infidel said within himself, "There is a spirit in my brother-in-law which I do not possess, and that spirit is undeniably divine." Thus convicted, he renounced his infidel principles, became a Christian, and ultimately a preacher of the Gospel which he had once despised. Thirty years afterwards, Dr. Hopkins stated that since that memorable night no temptation or provocation that he had received had ever once stirred a motion of that evil temper within him.—*Dr. A. Mahan.*

EVERY Sunday-school class is a hard class to teach. Some classes, indeed, are comparatively easy to manage; but the classes that are easiest to manage are often the hardest to teach. More glorious results are frequently achieved from a noisy benchful of rude and inattentive boys than from a sweet circle of little girls that smile at the teacher and think about the other girls' dresses. The real reason why some persons ask for an "easy class" in Sunday-school is not that they are afraid of making a failure, but that they are afraid their failure will show. Dodging difficulties is poor business for a servant of Christ, and usually proves unsuccessful.—*S. S. Times.*

BE honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—*J. A. Froude.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Feb. 3. . . Luke 9: 28-36. . . John 1: 35-46.
 " 10. . . Matt 18: 1-14. . . " 2: 1-13.
 " 17. . . Luke 10: 25-37. . . " 2: 13-25.
 " 24. . . John 9: 1-11. . . Eph. 4: 20-32.

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

FIRST somebody told it,
 Then the room wouldn't hold it
 So busy tongues rolled it
 Till they got it outside.
 Then the crowd came across it
 And never once lost it,
 But tossed it and tossed it
 Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,
 Dark sisters and brothers
 And fathers and mothers,
 A terrible crew.
 And while heading they hurried
 The people they flurried
 And troubled and worried,
 As lies always do.

—Selected.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

"O DEAR! it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad—now I've got to stay indoors, and I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido, and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and I'll just have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine! Why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"I'm going to start one if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now, let me give you the rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things are left to enjoy. And, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last first"; and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing, too.

"I see you are a good sunshine-maker,

for you have got about all you and Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture books are all torn, and—"

"Here's an old newspaper; let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! Why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement; and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, little sunshine-maker."

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house and put a sign over the door, which read: "Sunshine Factory, Uncle Jack and little Jennie." She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream, but she never forgot what you must remember—*a cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.*—*The Little Folks.*

BIBLE BIRDS—THE OSTRICH.

WE are going to have a chat this month about the *Ostrich*—a strange, gawky creature, half bird, half beast, about which the Bible says nothing good. Most of you have seen pictures of the ostrich, and have admired and handled its long beautiful white feathers so often used for adornment. All of you have read queer stories of its stupidity, especially how when chased in the African desert it hides its head in the sand, and then says to itself, "I don't see my hunters, I am safe." You may be disappointed to hear that this particular story is now known to be quite untrue. There are many people who hide their eyes like that from God's hunters; but, with all its faults, the ostrich is never found to be so foolish.

There are ten places in the Bible altogether where the ostrich is spoken of. But in the common translation it is sometimes confused with the "Owl"; and you will not find all the ten places, unless you use the Revised Version. I was sorry at first for our odd, awkward friend, with its lovely feathers, when I saw that the Bible never speaks of it except as a kind of warning. Has God no pleasure in this strange creature? one asked. I was sure that this could not be the case; and the

other day I got a little light upon the matter which may help us to understand. For I was standing on the shores of the Clyde, looking across the river to the lighthouse at Toward Point. It was early afternoon, and the tall, slim building looked very graceful in the sunlight. But a few hours afterwards, when the darkness had fallen, that same lighthouse showed no white curves of stone, but only a red light of warning, telling sailors not to come near the sharp rock on which it stood. Then I saw that what may be beautiful in the happy sunlight may have nothing but warning for those who are travelling in the darkness. And a text came into my mind about *our* being "in darkness, and in the shadow of death"; and I understood how a Bible bird may only hold up a danger signal, even though God's own fingers fashioned it, and God's own lips pronounced it good.

We will remember best what the Bible says about the ostrich if we sort out the passages which mention it into three divisions. It is:

(1) AN UNCLEAN BIRD.—In Leviticus xi. 16 (R.V.), you will find that it was not to be eaten. Its name is in a list beginning, "These are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls; they shall not be eaten." Can we guess any reasons why it was so strictly forbidden? Well, for one thing, it is a curious half-and-half, "in-and-between" sort of creature—a queer mixture of bird and beast. The Greek name for it means "sparrow-camel." It has a long neck like a camel, which makes it often taller than the tallest man. A clever living writer remarked, indeed, the other day in a magazine that the ostrich was not a bird at all in the eyes of science, but a kind of lizard! Now, it is worth your while to notice that God at no time speaks well of half-and-half things. He did not like in olden days even to see an ox and an ass ploughing together; nor people wearing clothes that were half linen and half woolen. Jesus said very sorrowfully to the Christians at Laodicea that He was literally *sick* of them, because they were half cold and half hot in love to Him.

But then, besides this, the ostrich is itself a very miscellaneous eater. Perhaps you won't *want* to eat it any more than the children of Israel did when you learn from one traveller that it "readily swallows rags, leather, wood, stones, and iron"; or read what another says, "When I was in Oran, I saw one of these birds swallow, without any seeming uneasiness,

several leaden bullets as they were thrown upon the floor scorching hot from the mould."

But all this does not really quite explain God's putting of the ostrich into the list of things forbidden for food. I think the true reason was that God was teaching the world by pictures in these days; and that Leviticus xi. is meant to be a picture of how even in little matters, like eating and drinking, God's people may have to refuse what others take. There are many things which other people do which Christ's soldiers must refuse to do. There are sometimes things which may be quite innocent to others which hinder us in our fight, and have therefore to be bravely thrown away. What these things are for us, we must find out for ourselves. They are not named now in any list in the Bible.

(2) AN UNKIND BIRD.—The longest reference to the ostrich in the Bible is in Job xxxix. 13-18 (R.V.), where you will find part of the passage to read like this: "The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth; but are her pinions and feathers kindly? For she leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may trample them. . . . What time she lifteth herself up on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." In order to understand this you must notice what the last sentence says, that the wings of the ostrich are tremendously strong when used for its own advantage. They act like sails to help the long sinewy legs. It is said that these birds can go for a little way at sixty miles an hour, or as fast as an express train. No horse can keep up with them. Though they cannot fly, they can easily for a while distance all pursuit. But, then, these wings which are so strong for selfish use are forgetful of the needs of others. "Upon the least noise or trivial occasion," says a traveller, "she forsakes her eggs or her young ones, to which perhaps she never returns. The Arabs meet sometimes with whole nests of these eggs undisturbed." God does not say that the ostrich leaves its eggs quite alone in the sand to be hatched by the sun. This is a foolish story which goes beyond the truth. But His reproach is just this, that the wings which are quick to help itself are slow to help even its own family. And so He says again in Lament. iv. 3, "The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness."

Are there any boys and girls, I wonder, who are now setting down the ostrich as a distinctly disagreeable bird, but who are

really growing very like it? They have grand strong legs to run a race or play a game, but what slow-coach businesses these legs are when they are sent on a message for mother! Their arms can send a "cat" much farther than Granny would guess from the name; and no knight of King Arthur would have won his captain's smile if his arms had been so unready to work for others. Take care, for I have got another picture of the ostrich yet.

(3) AN UNHAPPY BIRD.—A modern traveller who has studied the habits of these creatures says, "During the lonesome part of the night they often make a very doleful and hideous noise, which would sometimes be like the roaring of a lion. . . . I have often heard them groan as if they were in the greatest agonies." This is what the prophet Micah was thinking of when he said, "I will make a mourning as the ostriches." And Job, in the depth of his misery, cried, "I am a companion of ostriches." I am sure the light of this danger-signal is red enough and intense enough to make us pray to God for the loving and unselfish Spirit of Jesus. It was Jesus Himself who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." There is no secret of happiness like opening the door to Jesus, and allowing Him to make us kind and self-forgetful as He was Himself.—*Rev. Robert Stevenson, B.A., B.D., in British Messenger.*

MISS VEAL'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

50 and 52 Peter Street, TORONTO

English, Mathematics, Classics, and Modern Languages.
Superior advantages in Music and Art.
Home care and discipline combined with high mental training.
Resident Native German and French Teachers.

Bishop Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A High-grade School of the First-class for Boys.

Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities, the Professions, and for Business.

The undoubted advantages of the College as to location and the excellence of its staff commend it most favorably to those who contemplate sending their sons away from home.

Special attention is paid to moral training. The facilities for physical development are unrivalled in Canada. Cricket ground of eight acres, well-equipped gymnasium, four tennis courts, boat house, bathing crib, etc., etc.

For calendar, list of pupils, etc., apply to

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,
Principal.

WARNER & Co., 76 and 78 Kent-st., Lindsay

IMPORTERS OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Clothing, Mantles, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Laces, Ribbons, etc. Men's Furnishings a speciality. Latest novelties in seasonable Goods always in Stock.

A. W. J. DeGRASSI, M.D., M.C.P.O.
Physician, Surgeon, etc.
46 Wellington-St.,
LINDSAY, - - ONTARIO.

JOHN A. BARRON,
BARRISTER, Etc.
Solicitor for Dominion Bank.

J. H. SOOTHERAN,
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL
and INSURANCE AGENT.
Assignee in Trust. Money to Loan.
Office—91 Kent-St., LINDSAY

G. H. HOPKINS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc.,
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Offices:
6 William-st. South, LINDSAY, Ont.

WM. A. GOODWIN,
Room Paper and Picture Frames.
NEXT POST OFFICE.

DR. BURROWS
CORONER,
WILLIAM-ST., . . . LINDSAY.

Church, Prayer and Hymn Books.
GEO. W. BEALL,
BOOKSELLER, KENT-ST.
Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, separately or
in Cases. Great variety of Bindings. Largest
Assortment. Lowest Prices.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1847.
"Year after year the Canada Life keeps in the even
tenor of its way, enlarging the circle of its patrons,
dispensing its inestimable benefits and rearing its
great structure on sound financial principles. The
four corner stones on which the Canada Life has been
built up are Economy, Integrity, Liberality and
Stability." F. C. TAYLOR, AGENT.

Oliver's
PHOTOS ARE THE BEST
31 WILLIAM ST. LINDSAY.

JAS. H. LENNON,
—AUCTIONEER.—
VALUATOR and LAND AGENT.
LINDSAY, - - ONTARIO.

W. MCWATTERS,
BAKER and CONFECTIONER.
Home-Made Bread a Specialty.

G. A. LITTLE,
—DEALER IN—
Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Music,
Wall Paper, Musical Instruments, Etc
Opp. Post Office, 108 Kent-St., LINDSAY

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND KNITTED WARE.

It is an item of interest to know where reliable Goods are to be found in the above mentioned lines. Try LINDSAY'S LEADER LOW CASH PRICE DRY GOODS HOUSE for these articles. They are Specially Imported for our Trade.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The annual Sunday School drive, tea and entertainment, was held on 18th January. About 20 sleighs were in the procession. Some 300 young people and over 50 teachers and workers took tea, and when off the beautifully adorned and lighted trees every scholar got a bag of candies, and many of the younger ones an orange, joy seemed at its height. Some of the older scholars sang the Sunflower song, and a few words of advice and encouragement were spoken by the clergy, while Mr. Flood, who last year was superintendent, was given a hearty welcome, and in a few appropriate words wished the schoolevery success, contrasting the privileges they now enjoyed with the time before the present schoolhouse was built. Thanks were returned to the Giver of all good, to the superintendent and teachers for all their care and trouble, and to those friends who so kindly sent sleighs and provisions. God save he Queen and the doxology closed a very happy day.

Collections January, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
6	\$41 30	\$ 9 38	\$50 68
13	25 10	7 84	32 94
20	24 05	10 89	34 94
27	22 40	5 63	28 03
	\$112 85	\$33 74	\$146 59
Missions, etc.			
P. M. A., Dec.			\$ 1 60
January			2 75
Wycliffe			60
Epiphany.			
General			\$ 9 11
Wycliffe, Japan			2 00
" from Reaboro			3 65
" Cameron			0 46
Cambray			1 10
W. and O. Fund, additional			1 00
			\$23 27

ARCH. CAMPBELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
**Choice Family Groceries
 and Provisions,**
*PORTLAND SMOKED FISH,
 China, Crockery
 and Glassware.*

HOW TO CURE A BAD COUGH

Take White Pine Balsam.
**A Sure Remedy for Colds,
 Coughs and all Bronchical
 Troubles. It is very use-
 ful to singers and public
 speakers, as a preventive
 against hoarseness. Only
 25c. a Bottle at**

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist.

Johnston & Sisson,

FOR
Boots and Shoes,
TRUNKS AND VALISES.

80 KENT-ST., LINDSAY.

A POINTER

FROM

S. J. PETTY,

"THE JEWELER,"
 Get your Engagement
 and Wedding Rings from
 us. We carry a very
 large stock.

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

DIRECT IMPORTERS,

—AND—

The Leading Dry Goods House

DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

G. A. MILNE,
Fine Tailoring;

KENT STREET.

JOHN KELLS,
Contractor and Builder,

RIDOUT STREET.

The Old Reliable Route.
Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Agency

Through tickets at lowest rates to all points
 on the Grand Trunk system and connecting
 lines in Canada and the United States
 Steamship Tickets to all points in Europe by
 first-class S S lines.

R. J. MATCHETT, - Agent,

SOANES' MARKET, - 99 KENT-ST.

**VEGETABLES, FRESH GROWN LETTUCE,
 RADISH AND ONIONS ALWAYS
 ON HAND.**

C. BARTLETT,

FAMILY BUTCHER,

14 Kent-st., Lindsay.

CALL AND SEE.

J. G. EDWARDS & CO.

*Shelf and Heavy Hardware
 Paints, Oils, Glass, etc.*

Sign of the Anvil, Kent street, Lindsay

—GO TO—
ED. CLENNAN

CAMBRIDGE STREET,

FOR FIRST-CLASS LIVERY RIGS

J. A. WILLIAMSON'S

*For Good Reliable Harness, Etc. All
 Work Warranted.*

89 Kent-st. - - CALL SOLICITED

Try our Pure Baking Powder
30 CENTS A POUND.

PHILIP MORGAN, - DRUGGIST,
 Nearly Opposite Post office. - - LINDSAY, ONT

JOS. MAUNDER,

—DEALER IN—

Lumber Coal and Wood
No. 9 VICTORIA AVENUE,

H HOLTORF,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

All kinds of FURNITURE.

Leading Undertaker.

LINDSAY, - ONT

THE RATHBUN CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**Ties, Posts, Telegraph Poles, Lum-
 ber, Shingles and Timber.**
 Clear, coarse Salt in Bulk, or 200 lb Sacks in
 car lots; also fine Dairy Salt in car lots.
 Retail dealers in Lumber and Bill Stuff, Lath
 Shingles, Hard and Soft Wood at their
 Mill yard, Lindsay. **G. H. M. BAKER, Agt.**

FAIRWEATHER & CO.,
Manufacturing Furriers.

Leading Hatters and Men's Furnishers, No. 96,
 Kent-st., Lindsay. Buy your Shirts, Linen Collars,
 Ties, Scarfs, Under-Clothing, Hats and Caps, etc.,
 from FAIRWEATHER & CO.

W. F. McCARTY

if you require anything in the Jewellery line
 Fine Repairing a Specialty.

No. 77 KENT-ST.

E. WOODS,
 Kent-st., Lindsay,

**For House Furnishings, Stoves
 etc. Plumbing and Heating our
 Specialty.**

DENTISTRY,
 For first-class Dentistry go to
J. NEELANDS,

*Beautiful Gold and Porcelain crowns inserted
 Teeth painlessly extracted by gas and vitalized air*

Office: Nearly opposite the Simpson House, Lindsay.