

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 23.

JULY, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. N. I. PERRY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

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

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.

HOUGHTON.—Edith May, daughter of Richard and Ellen Houghton, born 1st May, 1893; baptized 5th June 1893.

WATSON.—Harold Allan, son of Isaac L. and Elizabeth Ann Watson, born 3rd April, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

HOPWOOD.—Alice Kathleen, daughter of John and Ellen Hopwood, born 2nd February, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

DOLBY.—Louisa, daughter of William and Mary Amelia Dolby, born 18th August, 1892; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

GREENBURY.—Flora Mable, daughter of Reuben and Lottie Greenbury, born 14th May, 1891; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

GREENBURY.—Charles Mervin, son of Reuben and Lottie Greenbury, born 9th January, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

PARKER.—Alda Hazel, daughter of John and Margaret Parker, born 17th October, 1889; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 18th June, 1893.

Marriages.

BARBER.—CAREW.—At Lindsay, on 5th June, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Hiram Robert Barber, of Alliston, Ont., to Minnie Carew, of Lindsay.

TAYLOR.—FEE.—At Lindsay, on 6th June, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, George James Taylor, of Battlecreek, Mich., to Agnes Jane Fee, of Lindsay.

CARLIN.—FERRILL.—At Linden Valley, on 1st June, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Carlin, of Toronto, to Margaret Anne Ferrill, of Ops.

MCAULTY.—BRITTON.—At Lindsay, on 20 June, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Joseph Vincent McNaulty, to Edna Britton, both of Lindsay.

Funerals.

REEDS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 3rd June, 1893, Mary Reeds, aged 84 years.

ALEXANDER.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 19th June, 1893, Charlotte Elizabeth, widow of John B. Alexander, aged 45 years.

CHURCH NOTES.

It is said that the elevated railroads in New York last year collected thirty million dollars in fares. See

what can be done with gathering small sums, only five cents a trip. If every Christian family had a Missionary box and were careful to put in small sums whenever they could, what a large amount would be raised. For a box apply to the rector.

The congregational "At Home" at the Rectory on Friday, June 9th, was a very pleasant affair; about 200 were present, and a very hearty reception was tendered Mr. Perry as he began his work in this parish and neighborhood. We are sure such gatherings do us good.

The little girls' Sewing Class held a sale and garden party at the Rectory on 23rd June, though not as well attended as they could have wished, yet it went off satisfactorily, and a pleasant afternoon was spent. They cleared a little over \$10.

Mr. Lawrence, a divinity student of Trinity College is taking duty at Minden during the summer.

We are glad the World's fair is closed on Sunday, and trust no street cars will be run in Toronto on that day. Too many are expected to work, as it is, on the Lord's day. We might all well ponder the words of Isaiah, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The June meeting of the young men's association was held at Mr. McGaffey's and was largely attended, two new members were enrolled. There is now a cricket club in connection with the association, which meets on Tuesday and Thursday evenings for practice.

Mr. N.W. Hoyles, Q. C., will (D. V.), address a missionary meeting in the school room on July 12th, at 8 p. m. Come and hear of God's work among the heathen.

SYNOD NOTES. — Synod lasted from June 13th to 16th, and was held at St. James Church and school house, Toronto. Archdeacon Allen of Millbrook was the preacher at the service, and his subject, "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts". The address was an able one and showed the secret of power for God's work. God's Spirit.—Twenty-seven years before, when Dr. Strachan was 1st Bishop of Toronto, Mr Allen was the preacher at the

Synod service. Many changes had marked the period, but also great growth. There are 178 clergy on the list of this diocese. Since last Synod the loss through death and removal has been 8 clergy, and gain, 21. The mission fund showed need of more hearty and regular support. Lindsay parish was \$16 94 short in what was expected for the Widows and Orphans fund. We are glad that one of our delegates (seeing the great need) promised that it would be made up in a few days, and that since his return he has carried out his promise. Of the five from Lindsay entitled to seats, four were present. A Diocesan Conference was held on two evenings, and the subjects of "Missions", "the increasing of the Episcopate", and "systematic proportionate giving", were discussed. Delegates were elected to the general Synod of the Dominion, which meets in September. Archdeacon Allen was chosen from this Deanery. A great deal of business was transacted, and much discussion "wise and otherwise", engaged in. As a whole the Synod was very harmonious, and we are sure, productive of much good.

The young ladies' Sewing Class held their annual garden party and sale on Tuesday, June 27th at the residence of Mr. W. Grace. The weather was fine and all went off well. They cleared over \$50.

The congregations at Cameron and Cambray are growing in numbers. We trust that earnest prayer goes up that the services may be a blessing to many.

Rev. Herbert Symonds, of Ashburnham gave an excellent address at the June meeting of the C. E. T. S. In illustrating the growth of temperance he stated that last century in London, notices were found in the windows of inns to the effect that people could get drunk there for a penny, and clean straw was provided for them to sleep on while sobering up. What would we think of such a notice now? Still there is room for much active work yet, there are still too many slaves of strong drink. Who will help break their fetters?

The Sunday School excursion and picnic will (D. V.) be held to Beaverton on Monday July 10th. All aboard!

Offertory for June:—

		Enve'opes	Loose	Total
May.	4	\$16 15	\$9 42	\$25 57
	11	28 25	8 71	36 96
	18	18 57	10 93	29 50
	25	29 25	7 82	37 07

\$129 10

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1893.

No. 32.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

LESSONS

- 2-5th Sunday After Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. 15, to v. 24; Acts 10, to v. 24. *Evening*—1 Sam. 16 or 17; 1 John 5.
- 9-6th Sunday After Trinity. *Morning*—2 Sam. 1; Acts 15, to v. 30. *Evening*—2 Sam. 12 to 24, or 18; Matt. 4, to v. 23.
- 16-7th Sunday After Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 21; Acts 19, v. 21. *Evening*—1 Chron. 22, or 28, to v. 21; Matt. 8, to v. 18.
- 23-8th Sunday After Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 29, v. 9 to 29; Acts 23, v. 10. *Evening*—2 Chron. 1, or 1 Kings 3; Matt. 12, to v. 22.
- 25-St. James, A. & M. Ath. Cr. *Morning*—2 Kings 1, to v. 16; Luke 9, v. 51 to 57. *Evening*—Jer. 26, v. 8 to 16; Matt. 13, to v. 24.
- 30-9th Sunday After Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 10, to v. 25; Acts 28, v. 17. *Evening*—1 Kings 11, to v. 15, or 11, v. 26; Matt. 15, v. 21.

PEACE.

"In me ye have peace."—JOHN xvi. 33.

THE shadow, Father, is our own,
That sends across our path a stain,
The discord is in us alone,
That makes the echoing earth complain.

O God, how beautiful is life,
Since Thou its soul and sweetness art!
How dies its childish fret and strife
On Thy all-harmonizing heart!

Leaving behind me dust and clay,
From selfish hindrances set free,
I find at last my broadening way
Unto my ocean rest in Thee.

—Lucy Larcom.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK AND SCRIPTURE.

III.

THE glory of our Prayer Book is that it is so thoroughly scriptural. And this must needs be from the character of our church. For the Church of England directs the children to the pure fount of the Word of God, in the words of the Sixth Article, which declares "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation." The men who compiled the Prayer Book were great scholars, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has recently pointed out; and their minds were satur-

ated with the sacred scriptures. Cranner possessed a marvellous memory, and knew almost the whole Bible by heart. Ridley committed St. Paul's epistles to memory while taking his daily walk in his garden. Latimer's sermons mark him out as the great scriptural preacher of the Reformation. The Reformers were men who knew and loved the Bible. It would almost seem that in preserving the prayers of the saints of old and in the new compositions, the master minds to whom we owe our Prayer Book kept ever in view the petitions of God's saints, as found in Scripture, and that the Bible itself is the true liturgy of the spiritual life. And so they framed our prayers so that they contain either the words, or the sense, or the teaching of Holy Scripture. Their object was to make English churchmen, Bible churchmen. "They so ordered the matter that all the whole Bible . . . should be read over once every year, intending thereby that the clergy . . . should be stirred up to godliness themselves . . . and . . . that the people . . . might continually profit more and more in the knowledge of God."

We can trace the same spirit in the literature of the age. In book-making the great authors that were a product of the Reformation used the Bible to illustrate some of their noblest thought; it supplied material for their studies, and was a veritable well-spring of inspiration to their minds. Spenser made a special study of the prophecies before he wrote the "Faerie Queen." Bacon has more than seventy allusions to the Bible in twenty-four of his essays. Shakespeare, as a study of his writings will show, was a profound student of the scriptures; his mind was imbued with their sublimity and divine origin as "the Book of Life," the revelation of the All-Father, who

"To believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

The direct extracts from Holy Scripture in the Prayer Book are legion. They are more or less familiar to all who use it. But the indirect references are not so apparent at the first glance. They are woven into the warp and woof of every page. There is a very useful book which

churchmen should possess, by the Rev. Henry Ives Bailey, published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. In it the marvellous parallelism between the Bible and Prayer Book can be profitably studied. It is called "The Liturgy compared with the Bible." It illustrates by quotations from Scripture such parts of the Prayer Book as are not direct extracts from the Holy Scriptures. I have taken the liberty of making a few extracts, which, I trust, will be of interest to the readers of PARISH AND HOME. There is only space for two of the prayers, the General Confession, and the Absolution.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

Almighty and most merciful Father—
"Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee," Ps. lxxvii. 5.
"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," II. Cor. i. 3.

We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," Isa. liii. 6.

We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. "They said, We will walk after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart," Jer. xviii. 12.

We have offended against thy holy laws. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good," Rom. vii. 12.
"We have rebelled against him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us," Dan. ix. 9, 10.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done. "Ye have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone," Matt. xxiii. 23. "We have dealt very corruptly against thee, and have not kept the commandments, nor the statutes, nor the judgments, which thou commandedst," Neh. i. 7.

And we have done those things which we ought not to have done. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23.

And there is no health in us. "There is no health in my flesh," Ps. xxxviii. 3.

But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders. "God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke xviii. 13. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions," Ps. li. 1.

Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. "I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him," Mal. iii. 17. "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin," Ps. xxxii. 5.

Restore thou them that are penitent. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit," Ps. li. 12. "He restoreth my soul," Ps. xxxiii. 3.

According to thy promises declared unto mankind, in Christ Jesu our Lord. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins," Acts xiii. 38. "All the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen," II. Cor. i. 20.

And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," II. Cor. vii. 1.

To the glory of thy holy name. " whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," I. Cor. x. 31. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," John xx. 8.

Amen. "All the people shall answer, and say, Amen," Deut. xxvii. 15. "Let all the people say, Amen," Ps. evi. 48.

THE ABSOLUTION OR REMISSION OF SINS.

Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies," II. Cor. i. 3.

Who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live," Ezek. xxxiii. 2.

And hath given power and commandment to his ministers, to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "God, who hath reconciled

us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ," II. Cor. v. 18, 19, 20.

He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel. "Thou, Lord, art ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee," Ps. lxxxvi. 5. "By him all that believe are justified from all things," Acts xiii. 39.

Wherefore let us beseech him to grant us true repentance. "If God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth," II. Tim. ii. 25.

And his Holy Spirit. "God hath also given unto us his Holy Spirit," I. Thess. vi. 8. "A new heart also will I give you, and I will put my spirit within you," Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

That those things may please him which we do at this present. "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools," Eccl. v. 1.

And that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy. "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," II. Cor. vii. 1.

So that at the last he may come to his eternal joy. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord; into life eternal," Matt. xxv. 21-46.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son," I. John v. 11. "Neither is their salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12.

It is thus that our Prayer Book appeals to the Word of God. It places upon our lips, in prayer and praise, the thoughts and words of Scripture. It stands next to the Bible in the English tongue; nay, more, next to the Bible in human language as the vehicle best fitted to voice the heart's desire and yearning for the Father of our spirits, the the God who has revealed Himself in nature and in name as Love.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

THE EVER-PRESENT CRISIS.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side:

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Puts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record

One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;

Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne—

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,

And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hand;

Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,

While the looting mob of yesterday in silent awe return

To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires;

Shall we make their creed our gaoler? Shall we, in our haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old parties steal the funeral lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient goods uncouth;

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam our camp-fires; we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—James Russell Lowell.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

IT is a misfortune that marriage, the most important step that men and women take in life, is apt, when referred to in general conversation, to provoke smiles rather than serious thought. And even in the pulpit few clergyman have the courage to preach upon marriage. The young man, with his life all untried before him, feels that this is a topic for older men to discuss, and the older men have too often lost the freshness of sympathy which would enable them to bring the subject before younger people in an interesting and profitable

manner. It requires delicate and reverent treatment. What is strongest and best, and also, unhappily, what is weakest and worst, in human nature is associated with it. We venture now to say only a word or two upon the relations between the husband and wife in the home.

We are apt to forget that woman is by nature vastly different from man. Man is strong and self-reliant. Woman is shrinking and trustful. It is true that many men are weak and without self-reliance, while many women are bold and masculine; but in the highest types of both sexes the man will be found to stand as the strong support, the woman as the clinging flower. In the nature of things, it should be the man who leads, and the woman who clings and follows. The man is the pioneer and the warrior. It is the woman's place to make bright and cheerful the home for which he fights.

All this is ideal. The reality is often very sadly otherwise. How many men realize that it is their God-given privilege to be the strong support to which their wives may cling? How many give that tender sympathy that will soothe their wives' fears and drive away the clouds that sweep over their spirits? Some will smile when they compare this ideal with what they find in many homes. Here the woman, instead of being herself supported, is the chief burden-bearer, the patient pack-horse, carrying all the load of the household. The husband is exacting, and often gruff. The wife has her duties, and he insists upon their rigorous performance. He is vexed if any customary service is wanting. *He* does his work without expecting sympathy and help, and why cannot she do the same? he thinks. And all the time he is, perhaps, driving to death one whom God gave to him to support and love and cherish. The woman never receives a caress or a tender word. She is never invited to tell him her cares and sorrows, that he may sympathize with them, and crush them with his stronger touch. Perhaps they are only to be talked about to disappear. But the door of her lips is unopened, because no loving gentleness unlocks it. Husband and wife grow hard and impenetrable, and where there might be the brightness of love there is gloom and indifference. We heard lately of the climax of this misery. A young farmer, married only a few years, regretted the step he had taken. His wife had proved to be delicate, and he could not get as much work out of her as he had hoped!

Let the husband who would be truly

worthy take a high and holy view of his responsibilities in his home. Those who love most are happiest. Just in so far as love enters and softens a man's life does he cease to be a mere working or money-making machine, and become something higher and nobler. There are one or two things that every husband ought to try to do:

(1) Let him *talk* in his home. Many men come home with their minds engrossed in outside business. At table they are moody and silent. The children speak under their breath, half afraid of saying anything that would catch the ear of their father and disturb him. The poor wife is divided between her desire to remove the restraint from the children and her fear of an angry word from the master of the house. When the husband is face to face with such a situation, let him make a heroic effort. Let him *talk*. It may be hard to do so at first, but soon the evil spirit will have been exorcised. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

(2) Let the husband take an interest in his children, and understand what they are doing. Too many children are fatherless, while their father is still alive and dwelling in the same house with them. The mother knows what they are doing; she reads their story books to them; she knows the lessons they are studying, and helps them in their difficulties. But the father does not thus enter into his children's lives. Sometimes the opportunity is wanting; more usually it is the will; for few men are so situated that they could not, in the early morning, or in the early evening, find time to learn something of their children's thoughts. Those who fail to do so miss one of the purest joys that God has given to human love.

(3) Let the husband go to church with his wife. We assume that the husband believes that religion is a good thing for his family. Most men do. But too many think that their share in the family religion is discharged when they sign the cheque for the pew rent. The father cannot, however, discharge his moral and religious duties by proxy. They are placed upon his own shoulders, and he must do his duty or be false to his trust. If religion is a good thing for the children, it is a good thing for their father. If they need it in the narrower range of their lives, he needs it much more in the wider range and perplexing variety of his own duties. What if the sermon is often feeble, ill prepared, and worse delivered. There is the noble service; there is the Word of God; there

is the hour spent in open and public reverence for the eternal Father of our spirits. It is, indeed, less easy for a man to trust than for a woman, and it is here that the wife may teach her best lesson to the husband. If they two are united in spirit, the man will see the sweetness and blessedness of the woman's faith; and she, for once, will lead, and he will follow.

THOU KNOWEST.

"Unto whom all hearts are open."

Thou knowest all my heart!
Its stain of sin,

Where secret thoughts of evil deeds
Have dwelt within.

Thou dost not turn in wrath
From that dark spot,
But with the Blood on Calvary spilt
Dost cleanse each blot.

Thou knowest all my heart!
Its depth of woe,

When o'er my life the waves of grief
Toss to and fro.

Thou com'st to my poor soul,
So faint and sad,
And with the sunlight of Thy smile
Dost make me glad.

Thou knowest all my heart!
And Thou dost see
How day by day my trusting hope
Grows fixed on Thee.

Thou bidst me ready make
To greet the Guest
Who comes with gracious love to dwell
Within my breast.

So, all unmeet, my heart,
By grace divine,
Shall be God's home, wherein His light
Shall ever shine.

—Thomas Mair.

LIVE AND DO: NOT DO AND LIVE.

GOING to get saved is just putting the cart before the horse. Good works before conversion are simply "splendid sins."

Without faith, saith the Scripture, it is impossible to please God (Heb. xi. 6). "Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit are not pleasant to God, . . . yea rather . . . we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." So we are taught in a well-known statement of Scripture doctrine.

It appears very plausible to talk of entering into a covenant to serve God; to sign a form of self-dedication; to keep on praying; or to say:

"I have done my duty."

"I have turned over a new leaf."

"I have led an upright, moral life."

"I attend church and take the sacrament."

To rest in such things as these for salvation is a delusion of Satan. Such pleas are *laws*, not *Gospel*, and are devices to divert you from the only true way. This trust in works is unbelief in the work of Christ.

There are four things which it often takes a soul years to learn :

(1) You cannot atone for your own sins, or do anything towards your own salvation.

(2) God does not require you to do anything.

(3) Jesus Christ has "done it all" Himself.

(4) You cannot add anything to the blood of Christ.

In fact, there is nothing left for you to do.

On the cross the Lord Jesus said, "It is finished."

Look to Him and be saved; and then work, not for salvation, but *from* salvation.

"I would not work my soul to save,

For that my Lord has done;

But I would work like any slave

For love of God's dear Son!"

—*Cheyne Brady, in Good News.*

THE DAY'S RECKONING.

During a visit to Stockholm some years ago, I was much struck by one of the regulations at the large hotel where I stayed. Each night the visitor, when he retires to his bedroom, finds inside the door, hanging on a nail, a piece of paper or cardboard with the various items of expense through the day. The price of his chamber, it may be—breakfast, dinner, or other meals, and whatever else may be put down to his account—all is clearly stated, so that there may be no mistake when the bill is finally settled. It seemed to me a novel plan, and not at all a bad one. Possibly, now and then, a visitor might not be aware of the large expenditure he was incurring, and so might reduce it in time before the season for payment arrived.

But there may be an excellent lesson learned from this custom which may be useful for all. Let us think of the debt which, day by day, men incur by their sins and shortcomings. As we retire to rest, it were well for each one quietly to ponder the doings of the day. What have I done since I left my room this morning? What duties have I fulfilled, and what have I neglected? What temptations have crossed my path, and how have I resisted them? What words have I this day spoken? Have they been words of truth, of kindness, or have they been tainted by

malice, deceit, or any other evil? What has been my temper in my home or elsewhere? Has it been kept in check by the thought of God's presence? What have been my thoughts, my motives, my principles of action? Let the Christian thus consider his ways. Let him confess humbly the faults and failures of which conscience condemns him. Let him bring them all to the open fountain of Christ's blood. And let him pray that the Lord would search and prove his heart, that He would sanctify him wholly by His Spirit, and keep him henceforth more watchful as to his course of life.

But there is a solemn lesson for the unsaved. It may be you never think of your sins, or care to seek pardon through Christ. The whole debt of a lifetime lies at your door. Oh, think of it! Who shall count the wrong thoughts and words and actions of a single day? Then remember the days and weeks and years you have lived, and that each one bears its witness against you. Remember also that one single sin merits death and condemnation; for "The wages of sin is death." "Whoso shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."

Will you not think of your present condition in God's sight? Will you not acknowledge your sin and come humbly to the Saviour? How shall you stand before the great white throne, when the books will be opened, and the quick and dead be judged for all their sins?

Therefore, let the great matter of salvation be settled now, before it is too late. Seek pardon through the finished work of Christ:

Return and come to God,

Cast all your sins away;

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,

Repent, believe, obey.

—*Church Guardian.*

FORGIVENESS.

BISHOP RIDLEY, of Caledonia, has sent home this story: Two years ago one of the Indian churchwardens at Metlakahtla gave great offence to one of his neighbors. From that time until last December the two men had not spoken to each other. Last Christmas day, however, the man who thought himself wronged gave his hand to the other, and wished him a happy Christmas. The churchwarden, in delight, came to Bishop Ridley to tell the good news, and added that it must have been his words that brought it about. But it was not through the bishop that God had sent the message of peace, but

through a little Indian child. The young daughter of the man who had been wronged lay very ill, and wished to see Mrs. Ridley, to whose Sunday-school class she belonged. The bishop goes on to say: "When I called I was surprised to see how ill she was, and thought she would die. Her father was unremitting in his tender attention, and could not help sobbing when he read my thoughts, as he clearly did. She was the peace-maker. . . . This child's Sunday custom was to read from the translated gospels the lessons for the day, and then explain to her father and mother what her teacher had taught the class. Last Tuesday she stood in her class at the annual examination and took a prize. I then noticed her pale lips. She grew rapidly worse, but before her little strength was quite exhausted she put her arms round her father's neck, and said, 'Darling father, hear me about the little child Jesus.' Then she repeated the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the highest,' and finished up by saying, 'We must be happy at Christmas, because of heaven, not of earth. The little Jesus brought down peace. Now, father, listen to the little child of God, and try to love every one and hate nobody. Will you, darling father?'

"'Dum wattu' was the tearful promise: 'I will, my darling.'

"At the midnight service, when we watched in prayer for the New Year, I asked the congregation, at the father's request, to remember his sick child. After the midnight service, Miss Dickinson flew off to the dying bed, but the gentle peace-maker, having ended her sweet work, had entered into eternal rest. Her sermon was better than mine, and worthy of attention by all."—*Selected.*

FAITH IS BETTER.

"I am very anxious about my class," sighed an earnest teacher. She went to them with the burden of anxiety upon her soul, and sighed at the close again, "They are utterly careless!"

How much better to leave the burden where it belongs! Pray for your pupils; work for their salvation; love them; but do not worry about them.

Faith is always better than anxious care. Faith has wings. It can soar away from sights and sounds terrestrial. And it is practical soaring, too, for it is the very "substance of things not seen."

Lay down your anxiety, earnest teacher, and take faith!—*Sunday-school Journal.*

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

Continued.

"CLEMENT RUGGLES, do you mean to tell me that you'd say that to a dinner party? I'll give ye one more chance. Mr. Clement, will you take some of the cramb'ry?"

"Yes, marm, thank ye kindly, if you happen ter have any handy."

"Very good, indeed! Mr. Peter, do you speak for white or dark meat?"

"I ain't particler as ter color—anything that nobody else wants will suit me," answered Peter with his best air.

"First-rate! nobody could speak more genteel than that. Miss Kitty, will you have hard or soft sars with your pudden?"

"A little of both, if you please, an' I'm much obliged," said Kitty, with decided ease and grace, at which all the other Ruggleses pointed the finger of shame at her and Peter *grunted* expressively, that their meaning might not be mistaken.

"You just stop your gruntin', Peter Ruggles; that was all right. I wish I could git it inter your heads that it ain't so much what yer say as the way yer say it. Eily, you an' Larry's too little to train, so you just look at the rest, an' do 's they do; an' the Lord have mercy on ye, an' help ye to act decent! Now, is there anything more ye'd like to practise?"

"If yer tell me one more thing I can't set up an' eat," said Peter, gloomily; "I'm so crum full o' manners now I'm ready ter bust 'thout no dinner at all."

"Me too," chimed in Cornelius.

"Well, I'm sorry for yer both," rejoined Mrs. Ruggles, sarcastically; "if the 'mount o' manners yer've got on hand now troubles ye, you're dreadful easy hurt! Now, Sarah Maud, after dinner, about once in so often, you must say, 'I guess we'd better be goin';' an' if they say, 'Oh, no; set a while longer, yer can stay; but if they don't say nothin' you've got ter get up an' go. Can you remember?"

"*About once in so often!*" Could any words in the language be fraught with more terrible and wearing uncertainty?

"Well," answered Sarah Maud, mournfully, "seems as if this whole dinner party set right square on top o' me! Maybe I could manage my own manners, but ter manage nine mannerses is worse 'n staying to home!"

"Oh, don't fret," said her mother, good-naturedly; "I guess you'll git along. I wouldn't mind if folks would only say, 'Oh, childern will be childern;' but they

won't. They'll say, 'Land o' Goodness, who fetched them childern up?' Now, it's quarter past five; you can go, an', whatever yer do, don't forget your mother was a McGrill!"

VI.—"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED, THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING!"

The children went out the back door quietly, and were presently lost to sight, Sarah Maud slipping and stumbling along absent-mindedly as she recited, under her breath, "It-was-such-a-pleasant-evenin'-an-sech-a-short-walk-we-thought-we'd-leave-our-hats-to-home."

Peter rang the door bell, and presently a servant admitted them, and, whispering something in Sarah's ear, drew her downstairs into the kitchen. The other Ruggleses stood in horror-stricken groups as the door closed behind their commanding officer; but there was no time for reflection, for a voice from above was heard, saying, "Come right up stairs, please!"

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die."

Accordingly, they walked upstairs, and and Elfrida, the nurse, ushered them into a room more splendid than anything they had ever seen. Lut, oh, woe! where was Sarah Maud? and was it Fate that Mrs. Bird should say, at once, "Did you lay your hats in the hall?" Peter felt himself elected by circumstance the head of the family, and, casting one imploring look at tongue-tied Susan, standing next him, said huskily, "It was so very pleasant—that—that—" "That we hadn't good hats enough to go round," put in little Susan, bravely, to help him out, and then froze with horror that the ill-fated words had slipped off her tongue.

However, Mrs. Bird said, pleasantly, "Of course you wouldn't wear hats such a short distance—I forgot when I asked. Now, will you come right in to Miss Carol's room; she is so anxious to see you?"

Just then Sarah Maud came up the back stairs, so radiant with joy from her secret interview with the cook that Peter could have pinched her with a clear conscience, and Carol gave them a joyful welcome. "But where is Baby Larry?" she cried, looking over the group with searching eye. "Didn't he come?"

"Larry! Larry! Good gracious, where was Larry? They were all sure that he had come in with them, for Susan remembered scolding him for tripping over the door mat. Uncle Jack went into con-

vulsions of laughter. "Are you sure there were nine of you?" he asked, merrily.

"I think so, sir," said Peoria, timidly; "but, anyhow, there was Larry;" and she showed signs of weeping.

"Oh, well, cheer up!" cried Uncle Jack. "I guess he's not lost—only mislaid. I'll go and find him before you can say Jack Robinson!"

"I'll go, too, if you please, sir," said Sarah Maud, "for it was my place to mind him, an' if he's lost I can't relish my vittles!"

The other Ruggleses stood rooted to the floor. Was this a dinner party, forsooth; and, if so, why were such things ever spoken of as festive occasions?

Sarah Maud went out through the hall, calling, "Larry! Larry!" and without any interval of suspense a thin voice piped up from below, "Here I be!" The truth was that Larry, being deserted by his natural guardian, dropped behind the rest, and wriggled into the hat-tree to wait for her, having no notion of walking unprotected into the jaws of a dinner party. Finding that she did not come, he tried to crawl from his refuge and call somebody, when—dark and dreadful ending to a tragic day—he found that he was too much intertwined with umbrellas and canes to move a single step. He was afraid to yell! When I have said this of Larry Ruggles, I have pictured a state of helplessness that ought to wring tears from every eye; and the sound of Sarah Maud's beloved voice, some seconds later, was like a strain of angel music in his ears. Uncle Jack dried his tears, carried him upstairs, and soon had him in breathless fits of laughter, while Carol so made the other Ruggleses forget themselves that they were soon talking like accomplished diners-out.

Carol's bed had been moved into the farthest corner of the room, and she was lying on the outside, dressed in a wonderful soft white wrapper. Her golden hair fell in soft fluffy curls over her white forehead and neck, her cheeks flushed delicately, her eyes beamed with joy, and the children told their mother, afterwards, that she looked as beautiful as the pictures of the Blessed Virgin. There was great bustle behind a huge screen in another part of the room, and at half-past five this was taken away, and the Christmas dinner table stood revealed. What a wonderful sight it was to the poor little Ruggles children, who ate their sometimes scanty meals on the kitchen table! It blazed with tall colored candles, it gleamed with

glass and silver, it blushed with flowers, it groaned with good things to eat; so it was strange that the Ruggles, forgetting that their mother was a McGill, shrieked in admiration of the fairy spectacle. But Larry's behavior was the most disgraceful, for he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once for a high chair that pointed unmistakably to him, climbed up like a squirrel, gave a comprehensive look at the turkey, clapped his hands in ecstasy, rested his fat arms on the table, and cried, with joy, "I beat the hull lot o' yer!" Carol laughed until she cried, giving orders, meanwhile, "Uncle Jack, please sit at the head, Sarah Maud at the foot, and that will leave four on each side; Mamma is going to help Elfrida, so that the children need not look after each other, but just have a good time."

A sprig of holly lay by each plate, and nothing would do but each little Ruggles must leave his seat and have it pinned on by Carol, and as each course was served one of them pleaded to take something to her. There was hurrying to and fro, I can assure you, for it is quite a difficult matter to serve a Christmas dinner on the third floor of a great city house; but if every dish had had to be carried up a rope ladder, the servants would gladly have done so. There was turkey and chicken, with delicious gravy and stuffing, and there were half a dozen vegetables, with cranberry jelly, and celery, and pickles; and as for the way these delicacies were served, the Ruggleses never forgot it as long as they lived.

Peter nudged Kitty, who sat next him, and said, "Look, will yer, ev'ry feller's got his own partic'lar butter; I suppose that's to show yer can eat that much 'n no more. No, it ain't neither, for that pig of a Perory's just gittin' another helpin'!" "Yes," whispered Kitty, "an' the napkins is marked with big red letters. I wonder if that's so nobody'll nip 'em; an' oh, Peter, look at the pictures painted right on ter the dishes. Did you ever!"

"The plums is all took out o' my cramb'ry sarse, an' it's friz to a stiff jell!" shouted Peoria, in wild excitement.

"Hi—yah! I got a wishbone!" sung Larry, regardless of Sarah Maud's frown; after which she asked to have his seat changed, giving an excuse that he gen'ally set beside her, an' would "feel strange"; the true reason being that she desired to kick him gently, under the table, whenever he passed what might be termed "the McGill line."

"I declare to goodness," murmured

Susan, on the other side, "there's so much to look at I can't scarcely eat nothin'!"

"Bet yer life I can!" said Peter, who had kept one servant busily employed ever since he sat down; for, luckily, no one was asked by Uncle Jack whether he would have a second helping, but the dishes were quietly passed under their noses, and not a single Ruggles refused anything that was offered him, even unto the seventh time. Then, when Carol and Uncle Jack perceived that more turkey was a physical impossibility, the meats were taken off and the dessert was brought in—a dessert that would have frightened a strong man after such a dinner as had preceded it. Not so the Ruggleses—for a strong man is nothing to a small boy—and they kindled to the dessert as if the turkey had been a dream and the six vegetables an optical delusion. There was plum-pudding, mince-pie, and ice-cream, and there were nuts, and raisins, and oranges. Kitty chose ice-cream, explaining that she knew it "by sight," but hadn't never tasted none; but all the rest took the entire variety, without any regard to consequences.

(To be continued.)

EARLY FAITH.

Whom hear we tell of all the joy which loving faith can bring,

The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph wing?

Is it not oftener they who long have wrestled with temptation,

Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

Perhaps in life's great tapestry the darkest scenes are where

The golden threads of faith glance forth most radiant and fair;

And, gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs may bring,

We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lustre fling.

Thank God! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,

A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,

An ivy wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,
A staff for weary trembling ones, when youth and health are past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusty mine,

When 'mid the sunny sands of youth they wait to flash and shine?

Neglect the fountain of true joy till woe-streams darkly flow,

Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold frown we know?

Nay! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled brow,

The sparkling dew-drop on the grass, the blossom on the bough;

The gleam of pearly light within the snowy bosomed shell;

An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh! let it be the sunlight of the pleasant summer hours,

That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant flowers;

That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-murmuring tree,

And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-crested sea.

Oh! let it be the keynote of the symphony of gladness,

Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem of sadness;

For they who melodies of heaven in hours of brightness know

Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's discordant woe!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

WISE WORDS.

In a recent address to his clergy, Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, gives the following godly counsels: "(1) First of all, they must be established in the faith they are sent to teach. They have a definite message to deliver. It is a thing to be held, not in blind belief, but with intelligent apprehension; not in the bigotry of ignorance, but with all the certainty of knowledge, as it justly may be.

"(2) Preserve the distinction between the Christian faith and theology, opinions and views. Theology is based upon the faith. It is not a subject for scoffs or sneers. Theology is a science built upon unchangeable truth; but, like all other science, it is liable to be modified by the discovery of new truth. Reasonable opinions are to be respected, differences in opinion tolerated; but 'views' should be avoided.

"(3) There should be plain speaking about Christian living, the things to be done and those not to be done. Instruct the people how to be good rather than about goodness. Teach morals, behavior, how men should treat themselves, and, what is of more importance, how they should treat others.

"(4) Preach God the Father. The pastor should be saturated with the temper and meaning of the parable of the prodigal. So he will be able to teach God, not as an infinite Being only, with obscure relations to men; not as a Creator merely, having but a Creator's interest in us; but as made known to us by Jesus Christ—the Father. Avoid the cant of the day about the Fatherhood of God, which really means He does not care enough about us to mind our doing wrong, which is a very different affection from the love that longs to lift us up into participation in the divine nature."—Parish Visitor.

Parish and Home.

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IF Christ be God as well as man, His language falls into its place, and all is intelligible; but if you deny His divinity, you must conclude that some of the most precious sayings in the Gospel are but the outbreak of a preposterous self-laudation.—Liddon.

THERE is no glorious hilltop without its steep ascent. There is no blessedness of rest without labor. The student finds that it is only after painful, wearisome toil that the hard problems with which his brain has been puzzled become easy. We shall find freedom from pain at last by enduring pain; joy, by bearing sorrow; peace, by walking for a time in the storm, and so learning the ground of our peace.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

FROM the *Bible Society Reporter* we gather a good suggestion which some of our readers may be in a position to act upon either in regard to the Bible Society or the missionary cause. A jeweller, finding that frequently he was asked to do some trifling piece of work for which he did not know what to charge, kept a collecting box for the Bible Society near by, and suggested that the customer should put what he liked in this. In this way he was enabled to raise in the course of the year quite a good sum for the society.

IF we trust God, we must believe that the main outline of our lives is shaped by Him. We must not hold the blind fatalism that makes God responsible for all that comes to us. Much that we do is in violation of His will, and it is His will

that wrongdoing should bring its own punishment. But though pain and sorrow thus come as the result of our own actions, God does not desert us. His guiding hand is still shaping our lives. He is so strong and loving that He turns what was evil into good, and the pain which our sin has brought teaches precious lessons to our spirits, and brings them into submission to Him.

ONE of our first duties is to be cheerful. Some persons pitch their voices habitually in such a mournful cadence that they have much the same effect upon the spirits as a passing funeral; and when they add sighs, and sometimes tears, to this accomplishment, their neighborhood is as gloomy as a perpetual rainy day. The pleasant touch, the cheerful voice, the animated manner, do much to keep the machinery of our lives from creaking.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

The heart may be heavy, but there is no reason why we should inflict our sorrows upon others. They are given us for ourselves, not for our associates.

THERE is not one law for ministers and another law for laymen. There is not one solitary line in God's revelation which says that one must work and sacrifice and give, and the other may hoard and keep. You may be tied down to the dull routine of daily toil, and yet your life, hid with Christ in God, may make you one of the best preachers of righteousness in the world. You may be a very stammerer, and yet your life of love go straight to every heart. We can all give our example. A chance word of reproof, a wayside word of warning, a loving invitation, an act of Christian courtesy done in a Christian way, may lead others unto Christ.—*Church Helper*.

No cause was ever won, in this world, without waging offensive and persistent warfare. The great Farragut used to say, "I don't care a cent how big a gun the Navy Department gives me, but I want plenty of them. If I can't get enough guns to keep up a continuous fire, I don't want any. I don't think that it is the sole policy of guns to sink ships and batter down forts. I want to use them to scare the human element in the enemy. If you can get close enough to your enemy, and can keep upon him such a fire as he cannot stand up against, you have him whipped." And the *Advance*, quoting his words,

adds: "What excellent sentiment for Christian warfare as well! Might we not say as truly, 'A defensive Gospel never won a soul to Christ?'"—*Apostolic Guide*.

IT CANNOT BE DONE.

"Gather up my influence, and bury it with me," were the dying words of a young man to the weeping friends at his bedside. What a wish was this! What deep anguish of heart there must have been as the young man reflected upon his past life—a life which had not been what it should have been! With what deep regrets must his very soul have been filled as he thought of those young men whom he had influenced for evil!—influences which he felt must be eradicated, and which led him faintly, but pleadingly, to breathe out such a dying request: "Gather up my influence, and bury it with me."

Young men, the influence of your lives, whether good or evil, cannot be gathered up by your friends after death, no matter how earnestly you plead. Then remember your influence is now going out from you; you alone are now responsible; you have now the power to govern and shape it. Then live noble, true, heroic, God-like lives.—*Selected*.

For PARISH AND HOME.

REST.

This is for many the season of rest. In increasing numbers every year, men and women are leaving the usual scene of their labors for a few weeks rest amidst changed surroundings. Our forefathers, indeed, did not think this necessary to their health. They toiled on from year to year without change of scene, and never dreamed that a sojourn at the seaside or in the country every summer was necessary to health. Nor was it then. Life had less of movement, of turmoil and waste, for them than it has for us. The business man, with the aid of shorthand and typewriting, does as much mental work now in an hour as he did formerly in three, but his business day has not become shorter. The expenditure of nervous energy is thus vastly greater now, and the man needs a period of prolonged rest if he is to bear the increased strain.

The first requisite to true rest is probably change of scene. So long as we are upon the ordinary scene of our labors, it is hard, almost impossible, to throw off their burden. The old familiar cares and anxieties will not leave us, and so we must leave them, if possible. Therefore, it is wise for every one seeking rest to go away from

home; and the fuller the home life is of duties and responsibilities, the more imperative is the demand that we should leave it for a time. With dwellers in the city, this has become a fixed maxim. Those in smaller places who cannot do more might at least spend an occasional afternoon in the woods; and amid the soothing sights and sounds that are to be found there, let some of nature's strength pass into the fibres of their own being.

But it is of the spiritual side of rest that we would speak more particularly. To rest we must have restful thoughts, and to have restful thoughts we must *trust*. Often in Scripture the succession of ideas is vastly important. St. Paul tells the Philippians to be *anxious* for nothing, but to make their requests known unto God in prayer and thanksgiving; and he adds immediately, "The peace (harmony, tranquillity, *rest*) of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." But this comes when we throw off care and learn to trust. To rest is to exercise faith, and the deepest test of the Christian life lies in our ability to lay down all our burdens and trust God and rest.

Perhaps some day, as we lie in the cool shade, with the soft breeze fanning our cheeks, we shall review God's dealings with our spirit, and learn new truth from the review of the past. It is full of mingled light and shade, of sorrow and of joy; but can we not see that every sorrow and every joy has been fitted into its right place, and has been allowed to come just when most needed? We were perhaps, in our prosperity, losing sympathy with those whose lot was hard and burden heavy. We were becoming absorbed in our own aims only, and just when our characters were beginning to harden God allowed the crushing sorrow to come that seemed to take all the joy out of our lives. Now we can look back more calmly upon it, and see that we are stronger, sweeter, better, for the grief. We can see a wise plan working out in all our past. Let us thank God that He has taught us this blessed truth, and rest in Him more as we know His love better.

WORSHIPPING MEDICINE BOTTLES IN BURMAH.

An eminent lady missionary in Burmah recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter from her experience. In one of her tours, she said, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a

quantity of a famous pain-killer, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalids, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone.

Returning to the village some months after, she was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side. The medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God."

Overjoyed at this news she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the pain-killer bottles ranged in a row upon a shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.—*Selected.*

GOOD REASONS.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, being once asked why he took such a prominent part in the temperance reform when untouched by its evil influences himself, replied: "At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined by drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes, and almost food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth, who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink. When I was at King's College, I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."—*Selected.*

A PATIENT LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

It was once my privilege to visit in Louisville, Ky., a very remarkable woman, who has recently died there. The story of her life is briefly told, but her influence will

long be felt. Though she no longer speaks to us from the sick chamber, the memory of her patient life of usefulness, recalled by this sketch, comes to us as a voice from the upper sanctuary.

Twenty-five years ago she was riding in her father's carriage, when a runaway team dashed into the carriage and seriously injured her back. Some years after this another accident entirely disabled her, so that she was confined to her bed for the remainder of her life. Instead of submitting in quiet despair to a helpless and useless condition of suffering, she began, as soon as her injuries would permit, to devise plans for doing good. Although suffering great pain, and unable to leave her couch for a moment, except as she was lifted by kind hands, she began to circulate good literature through her friends and to care for the afflicted. She became an active member of the "Shut-in Band" of sufferers, who cheered one another by pleasant letters, messages of love, etc. She did not forget the poor, the prisoner, and the lonely stranger, but organized for them the "Flower Mission." "Prison Day" was another of her benevolent devices, and she selected herself the verses of Scripture sent with the flowers. Many a sad heart was made happy at least for one day by this noble-hearted servant of God. She was elected international president of the whole Flower Mission work under the care of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "The Louisville Nurses' Training School" was started by her influence; and "The Rest Cottage," some miles from the city, where saleswomen could have a two weeks' rest in the pure country air in the summer, at the nominal cost of one dollar a week. In recognition of her noble character and wonderful work the "Circles of King's Daughters," both at home and abroad, have established a hospital for women in Louisville bearing her name. These are some of the marvellous good works accomplished by this wonderful Christian woman, a confirmed and helpless sufferer for twenty-five years. The secret of her success was consecration of body, soul, and spirit to God and His service; prayer, earnest, fervent prayer; faith in God, and supreme love to her Saviour. She lived for others, not for herself.

May the example of Miss Casseday's life inspire us not only with more patience under our comparatively light trials, but also with the earnest desire to be fully consecrated to the Master's service in whatever sphere we may be placed.—F.H.D.

A CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.

OFTEN when I have been asked what are the causes, or what is the particular cause, that sends most men to prison, I have of late years invariably answered: "The want of family discipline."

The indulgence of the father and mother who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character leads almost inevitably to evil ways, and consequently to prison.

The child, even of tender years, who is indulged in its natural waywardness, and who is allowed to say to its father or its mother "I will" or "I won't," is in a fair way to become an inmate of our penal institutions.

Parents are also responsible for the waywardness of their children which leads them into a crime from a practice of deceiving them.

The intelligent child, when deceived by its parent in small things, is likely to form evil habits, which in its future life will not be easily eradicated.

This cannot be better illustrated than by the growth of fruit and other trees. If they are allowed in the first year of their growth to become crooked, distorted, and out of shape, it is found nearly or quite impossible, in later years, to bring them into symmetry and to make perfect trees out of them.

So with the child. Its early training lasts for a lifetime, and, unless there are elements in its character, and will power, to correct its evil bringing up, it naturally grows worse and worse as it grows older. —*Ex-Warden A. A. Bush, of Sing Sing.*

THE "EXPECTATION CLUB'S" MAIL MESSAGES.

Sunday-school training shows itself in more ways than one. The boys and girls who grow up in the midst of Gospel teaching and work will be the ones to carry these forward and to devise new methods.

It was a young man in the parish of Calvary Church (Protestant Episcopal) at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who devised the "Expectation Club" as a method of carrying a friendly Christian word to young business men. It came to his heart "that it would be an excellent and helpful thing to put a paragraph or two of good direct religious counsel into the Saturday mail of five hundred business men of that town; so he conferred with several others, and they set about getting such paragraphs written by various people in and out of Pittsburgh whose interest they enlisted."

The first message was a word written by his own rector, the Rev. Dr. George Hodges. It was sent out on a folding card. On the cover was the title, "Expectation Club," and a clause from Psalm lxxii. 5, "My expectation is from Him"; on the back, "If correspondence is desired, address Lock Box 864, Pittsburgh, Pa." This was the earnest and sensible appeal:

CHRIST AND THE BUSINESS MAN.

The Lord Jesus Christ was acquainted with a great many business men. He was interested and cared for business men. He enjoyed a talk with a business man more than with all the priests and theological doctors in Jerusalem. When He came to select a place of residence, He left Jerusalem, the city of worship, and took up His abode in Capernaum, the city of work.

So that the Lord Jesus Christ knows very well the temptations that beset a man of business. And He knew what He was talking about when He warned men against laying up all their treasure down here on earth and being bankrupt up above. He understood perfectly what was involved in that searching question of His: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Is it not a reasonable question? Between the worse and the better, between the transitory and the eternal, between the body and the soul, what sensible man, who stops to think, will hesitate to choose?

A great many foolish things are said, and a great many more foolish things are thought, about Christianity. At the heart of it, to be a Christian is just to make this reasonable choice. The Christian is the man who is trying his best to make the most of life. He is the man who has set before him the manliest of all ideals. He desires to be like Jesus Christ; strong and brave as He was; pure as He was; the advocate, the brother, as He was, of all men who are down.

That is the beginning, and the middle, and the end of true religion.

GEORGE HODGES.

The project has "exceeded all the anticipations of its promoters," a friend of the method writes. "In the first place, it stirred up the town with curiosity. Everybody was asking about it and talking about it. Then more solid returns came in. The very first card was read by a young fellow who had strayed a long way off the right road, and he was somehow touched by it. That night, passing an open church, he went in. There was an

evangelistic meeting in progress. He stood up and asked the prayers of the people, and read the card to show what had turned him about. I was told of another young man into whose mail these cards have come week after week. They have changed his life. He stays at home now with his family, and goes to church on Sunday."

The club has received many letters through its post-office box—"some critical, a few desiring to have no more of this matter, but most of them commendatory and grateful." So far there has been no further object than "to get these helpful words into touch with men," though it is not improbable that a more permanent plan will result from this good impulse.—*S.S. Times.*

RECEIVING CHRIST.

AN invalid lay, propped with cushions, upon a lounge. The Bible beside her was tear-stained, and traces of tears were also upon her pale cheeks, as she raised her eyes sadly to the face of the friend who sat beside her.

"Yes, Madeline," she replied, in answer to something that her friend had said, "I admit that what you say is true, but how am I to receive Christ? I pray, I struggle, but it is in vain—darkness is around me. That I would gladly receive Him, He well knows—but how?"

"Ruth," said Madeline, "a month ago I heard, from others, that you were sick and weak and needing help. I sat down at once and wrote to you that, if you wished me to do so, I would arrange my affairs so that I could come to you and lift your burdens from you for a little while—and then I waited for your answer."

"You did not have to wait long," replied Ruth, with a faint smile.

"No, your letter came gladly accepting the offered help, and I started at once. You were watching for me at the window when I arrived, and yourself threw open the door for me, and gave me a loving welcome. Since I have been with you, you have resigned to me your keys, the management of your house and your servants, and have felt free from the responsibilities that were weighing you down."

"Yes, and, oh, what a rest it has been! I can never thank you enough for assuming voluntarily my weights. But why do you recall this now, dear Madeline?"

"Because I wish to make a little parable of it, and thus enable you to understand that you receive Christ into your

spiritual life just in the same way as you have received me into your home. You are spiritually sick, and He knows it, and sends you the gracious message, 'I will come unto you'; and His reason for coming is that you may 'cast your burdens' upon Him, the 'burden bearer.' Now He waits, as I did, for the invitation to come. I received from you a letter of thanks; will you not respond to His offer in the same manner?"

"Oh, but that is something very different," said Ruth.

"The only difference is that, whilst I waited at a distance for your letter, He stands beside you waiting for your answer. 'Behold,' He says, 'I stand at the door, and knock.' You believed me when I said I would come, but turn a deaf ear to His plea for admittance. I found you watching for me, and you threw open your door at once, and received me lovingly. Cannot you treat your heavenly guest in the same way?"

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," said Ruth, musingly. "Madeline, He says stand, not will stand. Oh! can it be," she cried with flushing cheeks, "that He is really here?"

"He is here," said her friend, solemnly.

She dropped her head upon her hands, and sat for a long time, silent. When she lifted it there was a look almost of illumination upon her face.

"What must I do next?" she said softly.

"Rest upon Him, as in some small degree you have rested upon me. Give into His hands the management of your spiritual life. Let your wishes, your hopes, your fears report to Him, as your servants do to me. Let the responsibility rest upon Him of disposing of them in His own way, and then you will understand what is meant by "casting all your care upon Him," and that your warrant for doing is that "He careth for you."—*Alix, in Parish Visitor*

FAVORITIES.

A FEW weeks ago one of my boys absented himself from the class on Sunday morning. I saw him during the week, but could get no satisfactory reason from him why he was not there. Another Sunday came around, and again his place was empty. I was troubled, and asked one of the other boys, who I knew was an intimate friend of his, if he knew any reason why he did not come, but he said he did not.

One evening I was coming up street,

and I saw Charley standing in front of a building. I touched him on the arm, and said, "Charley, come with me, please; I have something to say to you." Half reluctantly, he complied with my request.

I said, "Why is it that you do not come to Sunday-school?" For a moment he hesitated, and then burst out:

"Because you have your favorites, and I am not one of them."

If a flash of lightning had illumined the winter night, I should not have been more surprised. Favorites! Yes, I had; but every one of them was that.

He went on to tell me why he thought so—because I listened so carefully to one that did more talking than the rest, and I always gave an extra greeting to another who only came occasionally. I admitted that, but hastened to assure him that I would listen only too gladly to any and all of the others, if they would only express their opinions as that one did, and, if my greeting had a little more warmth in it, I only had a chance to give it at rare intervals.

After our talk, I thought over my boys one by one, tried to be as honest with myself as I could, and found I loved them with the same degree of yearning over their spiritual and temporal welfare, no matter what their difference of character or disposition may be, or their manner of treating me. It came to me then, in a faint sense, surely this must be the love wherewith the Father loves us? In our wayward moods we think He must have His favorites, because He listens to some and smiles graciously on them, and we grow envious at the good of our neighbor, while all the time His love is flowing in an unbroken stream toward us. For that reason we miss so many blessings, for, like Charley, we keep ourselves out of the way of them.

Thus we grieve the great loving heart of the Master, as my own heart was grieved, by our mistakes and lack of faith.—*Agnes Beard, in S.S. Times.*

YOUR BEST GIFTS.

You may not costly gems on her bestow
Who, by your side, life's heavy trials bears,
But you can give to her what she will prize
More highly than the crown an empress wears.

A loving word, a tender smile, will fill
Her soul with joy, and make it sweet to live!
They cost so little, and they bring so much
Of gladness that naught else on earth can give.

Then be not slow to give what costs you naught,
The day may come when o'er a grassy mound
You'll murmur tend'ring words above the one
Whose ears are dulled to e'en the sweetest sound.

—*Mrs. M. E. Cornell, in Parish Visitor.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
July 2...	Acts 16: 6-15.....	Gen. 45: 28 to 47: 13.
" 9...	Acts 16: 19-34.....	" 49: 33 to 50: 13.
" 16...	Acts 17: 22-31.....	Review.....
" 23...	Acts 18: 1-11.....	Exodus 1: 7-14.....
" 30...	Acts 19: 1-12.....	Exodus 2: 1-10.....

LITTLE THINGS.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

JUST a little dew-drop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if His aid we seek:
Just one cup of water, given in His name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those above you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

—*Youths' Instructor.*

NELLIE'S GIFT.

"DID you ever want anything awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when the package came from auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splen-dor-if-ic,' and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I held my paws like a sacred rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mitts on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sunday-school, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Sunday-school I forgot everything else. A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and learn; and he said

what was given to those little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ child! I just supposed everybody would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as \$10, or \$100, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

"I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning, how she had given her two mits, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad my throat did choke up. But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. 'Has any little girl lost her gloves?' Nobody said anything, and he asked again, 'Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?' It was awful still in the room and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. 'It wasn't a mistake,' I told him; 'I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how the poor widow woman in the Bible gave her two mits, and so—' Then those folks just shouted, they did! and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mits, what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher put her arms around me and whispered, 'Never mind, little Nellie,' and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, 'This little girl has given her greatest treasure; have we older ones done as much?' Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But, oh, how full that basket was! And when that gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly (though I didn't know what he meant), 'A little child shall lead them.'—*Selected.*

MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

ON the corner of one of the business streets of the city the other morning a shoe-black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentle appearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh! but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make any money out o' your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—*Selected.*

"I LIKE TO HELP PEOPLE."

A WOMAN was walking along a street one windy day, when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind.

"Let me, ma'am; let me, please," said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hand.

The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then, taking out one of those ever-handy strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle and politely handed it back to her.

"Thank you very much," she said. "You are very kind to do so much for a stranger."

"Oh, it is no trouble, ma'am," he said with a smile; "I like to help people."

Both went their ways with a happy feeling in their hearts, for such little deeds of kindness are like sweet-smelling roses blossoming along the path of life.

We all have our chances day by day, and shall one day be asked how we have improved them.—*Selected.*

ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

THE "blue line" street-car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother, as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered, politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches, if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter.

The child turned away as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car the little boy slipped quickly down, left temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face, "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but, no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

FORGET IT.

ON my way to one of the ferries, I passed two little girls about eight years of age.

They were evidently confidential friends, and one, with an indignant look on her face, was telling the other of some unkind word spoken by a little playmate.

"Oh, well," returned her companion, calmly and soothingly, "don't think of it; forget it."

The words rang in my ears all through the hours of the day, and since then have not been absent from my memory.

Did not the little one give good advice? How often we, in our intercourse with a dear friend, take offence at a hasty word, and in our indignation brood over it until

our hearts are filled with bitterness, and the friendship of years, it may be, ruthlessly destroyed, the only remembrance of our friend being the hasty word. Our dignity has been insulted, and we have no desire to forget it.

I remember hearing a lady reprove her little sister for some hasty word spoken to a playmate.

"Oh, sister," answered the child, "did she tell you *that*?" and then burst out with a grieved expression, "If she had only remembered the many kind words spoken that day, and not thought so much of *that one word!*"—*Selected.*

PUTTING OFF.

LOUIS PHILIPPE lost his empire. How? The Parisian mob came round the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defence of the place. Said the brave commander to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." How answered Louis Philippe? "No, not yet." Only a few minutes passed, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the imminent and distressing danger to which he was subjected, seeing the forlorn condition of the situation, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." Not excitedly, but coolly, the general answered: "No, it is too late now; don't you see the soldiers yonder exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Sare enough, it was too late. Down went the throne of Louis Philippe! Away from the face of the earth went the House of Orleans; and all this, as history tells us, because the king said, "Not yet! Not yet!"

Do you recall how Felix was almost saved, but lost? The sad answer is given in his trembling words: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Yes, but that season never came.

Now, as one reason Louis Philippe lost his empire and Felix lost the salvation of his soul was procrastination, so one of the most common and universal reasons that great multitudes miss great bargains in this life, and heaven beyond, is this waiting until to-morrow before putting forth immediate effort instead of improving the present. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief robbing many of their noblest impulses and sweetest joys. An opportunity presents itself for speaking a cheery, encouraging word, singing a song of gladness, giving a dime to one in need, bringing a little relief to some sufferer; but along comes some little imp pleading

for postponement until farther on the way. While waiting the heart grows hard, the warm impulse cools, the opportunity has passed perchance forever. Theodore Cuyler, that grand and good man, says: "A human heart is like metal; it can only be moulded while it is melted; to thrust either of them into a cold bath makes them un-malleable. To kill a noble impulse by delay is a sin." Boys, it is a terrible habit, this allowing one's self to get in the way of putting things off.—*Rev. G. R. Robbins, in the Boys' Brigade Courier.*

FEELING VS. TRUSTING.

"I CAN'T feel I'm saved," said an anxious man to a friend. "You do. I wish I were like you."

That friend handed him a chair, and said, "Sit down." He obeyed.

"Do you feel you are on the chair?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"You didn't until you sat down, did you?"

"No, certainly not."

"Nor will you feel that you are saved until you sit down on the promise of God, and repose the whole weight of your guilty soul upon the arm of God."

The Spirit blessed the simple illustration; the man saw the truth, and found rest; not by *working*, not by *wandering*, not by *waiting*; but by being *willing* to rest in the chair made by Christ from His cross, cushioned with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and covered with the crimson of a perfect atonement. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Rest in the Lord" (Psalm xxxvii. 7). "Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee" (Psalm cxvi. 7).

How many are like this anxious one, and want to feel before they trust, forgetting that they must first recline before they feel repose, according to that promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3). As the hymn says:

"Cease of fitness to be thinking,
Do not longer try to feel:
It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal."

Our friend trusted the work of another when he sat upon the chair; we trust the work of another, even God's Son, when we stay our mind and repose our confidence in the salvation of Christ. The result in one case is rest to the body, and in the other rest to the soul.—*Good News.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

Letters were received from both Mr. Stringer and Mr. Marsh, from McKenzie river diocese, in June, dated January 24th and March 7th respectively.

Mr. Stringer who lives at Fort McPherson, had been up 200 miles to the arctic coast and spent a fortnight at an Eskimo village. Some opposition was shown during his visit, as he took no presents, still the chief invited him to his hut, placed a rug for him to sit on, and by means of an interpreter they had long talks together, the chief and others seeming anxious to hear the gospel story, and inviting him to return when he left. He tells of interesting hunting expeditions,

of sleeping out on the mountains with thermometer between 30 and 40 below zero; of God's kind providence in sending deer when food had been stolen while on a journey; of kindness of friends, both white and dark, and speaks hopefully of the work in that far northern part.

Mr. Marsh also tells how, although he cannot speak much to them in their own language, yet as he sings the hymns and songs of Zion in their own tongue, the Indians come and listen and then return again and ask him to sing and pray. We wish we had room for more from their letters. Mr. Stringer speaks of sometimes sitting down to meals of only dried meat and tea. Both ask our prayers for themselves and work.

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