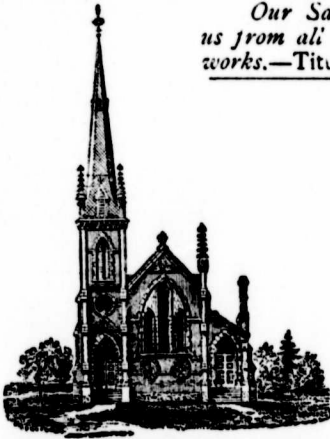


*Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1: 14.*



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 71.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

### St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,  
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

*Sidesmen.*

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYLER,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton,*

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. C. Akister, who has been secretary of our Young Men's Association for some time, has finished his studies and returned to his home in Verulam. He will be missed from the work of the Y. M. A.

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

CRONK.—William John, son of Alexander and Lydia Ann Cronk, born 7th August, 1897, baptized 9th August, 1897.

#### Funerals.

ESCHWEGE.—On Aug. 25th, 1897, James Eschwege, in his 64th year.

EILBECK.—On August 23rd, 1897, Mary Eilbeck, in her 77th year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

During Queen Victoria's reign three hundred and twenty new churches have been built in the diocese of London.

Sixty years ago there were twenty-three bishops of the Anglican Communion outside of England. Now there are one hundred and seventy-six.

The services at Sturgeon Point were conducted on Aug. 8th by the Rector, on August 15th by the Rev. C. Smith, M. A., and on Aug. 22nd, by the Rev. H. R. O'Malley.

The Rector who is now absent on his holidays is spending them at his early home at Clarksburg, a beautiful village on the shore of Georgian Bay. He expects to spend the latter part of his holiday at Cobourg.

A missionary meeting was held in the school room on Friday evening, 27th ult. We had hoped to have Mrs. Phillips with us, but were disappointed, she having gone on to Toronto. However the Rev. H. S. Phillips was present and gave an exceedingly interesting address on missionary work in China in general and more particularly of work in the Fuh-kien province in which he has labored. He answered conclusively the objections generally urged against missions in China and cited several examples of what a Chinaman will suffer and give up for his Master. We wish him God-speed in his work in that needy empire.

Prayer is the mightiest engine for personal sanctification.

The annual conference of the archdeaconry of Peterborough will meet in Lindsay in November.

Four things cannot come back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

The ruri-decanal chapter of Durham and Victoria will meet at the residence of Rural Dean Allen, M. A., Millbrook, on the 9th inst.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Crosswaite to Lindsay and St. Paul's. We expect shortly to have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Crosswaite also.

Mr. Rennie, who has been assisting in the work of the parish during the Rector's absence has already made many warm friends in Lindsay and neighborhood.

With the end of the school holidays a great many who have been away from town will return. St. Paul's has missed them during their absence and will gladly welcome them back again. The Sunday School, the attendance at which has been below the average, will also be glad to see its young friends home.

Miss Leary, our esteemed organist, has been away for about three weeks enjoying a well-earned holiday. During her absence Miss Dingle has kindly taken her duty for her. The congregations very much appreciate Miss Dingle's kindness and willingness to preside at the organ whenever called upon and when it is at all convenient to do so.

The annual excursion in behalf of the Home for the Aged took place on the last Thursday of August to Sturgeon Point. The excursion was well patronized. Lunch was provided for the old people who seemed to enjoy the outing very much. The excursion returned early in the evening. Those who assisted in arranging and carrying out this break in the monotony in the lives of the inmates of the Home will know what that means "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

During the present month from the 19th to 22nd there will be held in Toronto meetings for the deepening of spiritual life. The purpose and teaching will be the same as that which characterizes the great annual convention at Keswick, England. The speakers will be (D. V.) Rev. F. S. Webster, M. A., Episcopalian, Rev. W. Sloan, Presbyterian, Rev. C. Inwood, Methodist. These are all well-known speakers at Keswick. It would well repay any who could to go even from Lindsay to attend one or more of the meetings.

How many subscribers to Parish and Home have any other religious paper coming to their homes? Our Church Magazine comes only monthly, but every family who could possibly afford it should have in addition a distinctly religious paper coming at least weekly. It would supply the place of the Sunday newspaper, furnish reading legitimate for Sunday contemplation and keep them acquainted with and in touch with the religious life and movement of the times. It would be much better reading than many Sunday School books. There is no paper which would be more satisfactory in every way than "The Evangelical Churchman," which has been lately much improved, published by The Bryant Press, Toronto.

There is no readier way of getting relief and comfort ourselves than by endeavoring to become ministers of comfort to others.

For the last three months the service at Cameron has been held on the first Sunday, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The congregations have been much larger. The people of St. George's heartily welcome all who can come.

At the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews to be held in Buffalo next month, besides several speakers from England, the bishop of Huron and the bishop of Niagara will be present and give addresses.

The annual excursion of the C.E.T.S. was held Thursday afternoon, 19th ult., per Str. Crandella, to Sturgeon Point. The proceeds of the excursion has, we are glad to say, enabled the treasurer to wipe off the debt on the piano.

We are glad to notice the good showing of our Collegiate Institute at the recent examinations. We heartily congratulate the staff, also Mr. Kylie on his success in obtaining the scholarship for highest standing in classics at matriculation to Toronto University.

On the programme of the Wycliffe College Alumni Association, which will meet in Toronto in the beginning of October, we notice the names of Rev. W. J. Southam, Ottawa, and Rev. Wm. Major, Gore's Landing, both well-known to many in Lindsay.

Of the 6,690 persons connected with St. George's Church, New York, just one-half are men and boys. Of the parishioners 4 500 live in tenement houses, 800 in boarding houses, 750 in apartments, flats and hotels, and less than 500 in private houses. The number of communicants is 3,611.

The Rev. Carl Smith, M.A., of Berlin, and Mrs. Smith visited their many friends in Lindsay last month. Mr. Smith preached in St. Paul's on the evening of the 22nd ult., to a large congregation who had assembled, glad to hear him again. It is with pleasure we learn of his success in his present field of labor and the people of St. Paul's wish him a long and useful future.

To show how wide-spread the interest in our Church and Parish paper is we might say that Mrs. James Gallon from Ann Arbor, Michigan, U. S., ordered a copy of Parish and Home to be sent to Donald MacMurchy, Birmingham, Eng. We trust that though we get scattered far and wide, present and former worshippers at St. Paul's occasionally remember one another before the throne of grace. What joyful reunions there will be one day, if we only keep "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

The Lambeth Encyclical is the subject of much discussion in the church papers. Public opinion in general appears to regard it as lacking in force and character, perhaps the necessary result of a unanimous pronouncement on the part of nearly 200 men of different gifts, experience and ways of thinking. But one very gratifying feature is the marked prominence given to missionary work, as that which most demands attention from the church. Some had been hoping for a solemn declaration against the "society system" which would have meant a virtual condemnation of the C. M. S. and its ways. The conference, however, have given no encouragement to such hopes, indeed the report of the Committee on Foreign Missions explicitly rebukes them.—  
Evangelical Churchman.

# Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 82.

## Calendar for September.

- 5—12th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xxiii. to v. 41; 1 Cor. xiv., v. 20. *Evening*—2 Kings ii. to v. 16; or iv., v. 8 to 38; Mark vii. to v. 24.
- 12—13th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings v.; 2 Cor. iv. *Evening*—2 Kings vi. to v. 24; or vii.; Mark xi. to v. 27.
- 19—14th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings ix.; 2 Cor. xi. to v. 30. *Evening*—2 Kings x. to v. 32; or xiii.; Mark xiv., v. 53.
- 21—St. Matt., A. E. & M. *Morning*—1 Kings xix., v. 15; 2 Cor. xii. v. 14, and xiii. *Evening*—1 Chron. xxix. to v. 20; Mark xv., v. 42; and xvi.
- 26—15th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings xviii.; Gal. iv., v. 21 to v., v. 13. *Evening*—2 Kings xix., or xxiii. to v. 31; Luke ii., v. 21.
- 29—St. Michael and All Angels'.—*Morning*—Gen. xxxii.; Acts xii., v. 5 to 13. *Evening*—Dan. x., v. 4; Rev. xiv., v. 14.

## CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Are we servants of the Master,  
Waiting at His side,  
Seeking, with a deeper longing,  
Closer to abide?

He will ever richly bless  
All who thus confide.

Are we honouring the Master,  
Owning His command?  
Do we raise His banner boldly,  
And unflinching stand?

He will keep the loyal hearts  
Sheltered by His Hand.

Are we looking to the Master  
In the earthly race?  
Daily trials and vexations  
Need His special grace;  
And sweet calm and strength are given  
When we seek His face.

Are we working for the Master  
In our life's brief day,  
With an earnest zeal and courage,  
Trusting as we pray?  
He will crown all faithful toil  
In the realms of Day?

—E. Gertrude Barnes-Lawrence.

SEPTEMBER brings before our minds the thoughts of fruitfulness, —in orchard and garden will be seen the various kinds of fruit that so abound in many parts of our fair land.

We trust that many readers of PARISH AND HOME will be fruitbearers, that their lives will be rich in that fruit which is so pleasant to look upon, and to the taste, and which is also for the healing of the nations. How

disappointing it is to have a tree that year after year bears no fruit, and how natural for the owner to say, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground"; and if of a tree, how much more of a life that has been trained and cultivated and cultured and yet brings forth no fruit.

On the other hand what more beautiful or inspiring than to see a life fruitful in all good works, bringing forth abundantly that which will bless, strengthen, and be for the good of men and glory of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us how we may be rich and fruitful. He says (John 15 : 5) "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Looking unto Christ, abiding in Him, and letting him lead us, we are sure to be fruitful, fruitbearing Christians. What glorious possibilities are ours if we only abide in Christ!

A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place; a time for everything and everything at its time, is the secret of many a man's success in life while failure to observe this rule is the secret of non-success. Everything about us teaches the need of system. The Creator had system in creation; every blade of grass, every shrub, every insect, every animal, every revolving sphere of the universe has a plan. In the record of creation God gives to each day its own work. To be systematic is to be followers of God in His methods of work.

BUT in human experience we see the need of system—how would our railroads and steamboats give satisfactory service without the time table? How would schools and colleges be successful without programmes of

work for the day and the year? How would a business get along if system was forgotten, each clerk doing a little of each work in the office, no foreman in the work-shop, no special job for each workman? To-day in view of the extreme specialization in all departments of life the one who does not fit himself into the system of modern activity and civilization will be a failure.

To bind ourselves by certain rules and submit to them day by day till we almost become machines may be irksome, but it is part of the price of success and must be paid. It may seem hard to be compelled to be in the office at 8 o'clock each day and go through the same routine of duty for six days in the week, year in and year out, but it must be done if we would succeed. The manager must submit to these rules no less than the junior, the employer as well as the employee. The one who learns this earliest in life, submitting to system and demanding system is the one who, other things being equal, will succeed, whether a mechanic, a business man or a professional man.

How much we might do in witnessing for the Master if we were only more courageous. Last winter a tall, fine young fellow was enjoying a game in a curling rink; all went well until one of the players gave utterance to a blasphemous and unholy expression. Immediately the young man said to the skip, I must give up my broom, I came to have some fun but I cannot do so if the name of God is to be blasphemed. The one who had spoken unadvisedly and wrongly with his lips expressed his sorrow and regret, while the other, to show

that it was for no private or personal reason he had spoken, but because he considered it a duty to witness against wrong doing, shook him warmly by the hand and the game went on.

To that little party one of the most impressive sermons they had ever heard had been preached.

It is needless to say that right-doing never makes a club weaker. That one to which these men belonged holds the tankard, as being victorious in the Province where it is found, and has a reputation far and wide for its uprightness and good curling. Let us never be ashamed or afraid to stand up for the right.

#### CHRISTIAN MODERATION.

St. Paul exhorts his Philippian converts to let "their moderation be known unto all men." The word "moderation" here requires explanation. We sometimes use it to mean the virtue of self-government. The moderate man is he who has his habits and feelings under full control. But we also use it to mean what can scarcely be called a virtue at all—an abstinence from all extremes in opinion and practice, a *point de zèle* carried into everything. In this sense the moderate man is he who has no strong convictions, who "tends to look on evil with only cool dislike and on good with only a mitigated and philosophic love," and who, wisely or not, declares his preference in all things for "the golden mean."

But St. Paul is not referring either to this virtue or to its counterfeit. Not that any one should imagine that the Gospel inculcates a rash, untempered enthusiasm (a word by the way which does not occur in the New Testament, probably because of its old connection with the frenzy of Bacchic worship), or a heat which outruns light. The zeal of the Gospel is something nobler and more serene than the mere flow of animal excitement.

What the Apostle really means appears from a close examination of the word he used. The Revised Version renders it "forbear-

ance" (margin "gentleness,") Wycliffe's version "patience," Tyndale's "softness," Luther's *Lindigkeit*, or "yieldingness." This last comes closest to the literal meaning. "Let your yieldingness be known." This "yieldingness" is not akin to weakness or indifference. It is a very positive grace of the Holy Spirit, flowing, as the context shows, from the fullness of Christ. What is it then?

In order to answer this question, remember how from another point of view the Gospel commands the most absolute *unyieldingness*. It knows how to impart power of resistance to evil. It can make the weak strong. Surely nothing is so unyielding as the will of a Christian sustained by the power of the Spirit, on any clear question of principle. Unyielding we must be when principles are at stake. But, on the other hand, our "moderation," our "yieldingness," must be shown where only self-interest is at issue and where our Master demands the surrender of our own selfish ends. Yieldingness in this passage of St. Paul is just *selflessness*. It is the considerateness which in remembrance of others forgets self, which willingly gives up purely personal claims for the claims of Christ and our brethren. It is not a virtue easy of attainment. Only a strong Christian can show it. It is meekness but not weakness. The grace may, as one has said, be passive in form, but it is active in meaning. It is nothing less than holy Love at her work of suffering long and being kind, vaunting not herself, bearing, believing, hoping and enduring all things, in the path of service. This grace will undoubtedly be *known unto men* if once it exists. It need not, indeed it cannot, be paraded, but in life, action and intercourse it will inevitably be recognized and respected, though it may baffle the world's experience.

An incident related by Principal Moule in his "Thoughts of the Spiritual Life" illustrates at once the unyieldingness and the yieldingness of the Christian. About sixty years ago an Englishman accepted a high military com-

mand in India, with a stipend of £10,000 a year, but only on condition that he should not be asked to give official countenance to idolatry. The East India Company did not observe this stipulation. The officer was required to sign a money grant to the idol-temple, and after his refusal to comply he promptly resigned his command and returned to England without a murmur and without a compensation. Here in a conspicuous case was the unyieldingness of a Christian in what he believed to be a question of principle, and his yieldingness so far as his own interests and gains were concerned. He was jealous and sensitive for his Lord; indifferent for himself. His "moderation" was known to all men.

Toronto.

C.

#### THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale.

If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, or dress, or our affairs.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

### GOD'S PATIENCE SHOWN IN INDIAN HISTORY.

To any one who believes at all that there is a God who governs the world, the study of the history of British power in India cannot fail to be instructive. It is the history of a people few comparatively in number, who obtained entry in the country at first as a mere trading company, and then gradually acquired territory bit by bit until they became a recognized power in the land. Jealous of this growing strength their enemies made combinations and alliances to destroy them, but through wonderful contingencies, unforeseen alike by the British and their opponents, such hostile schemes always failed. Through many years, and many vicissitudes the English star shone brighter and brighter, and English arms when it proved necessary to use them were constantly victorious—the very seasons and elements seemed to favor them. In the end there appears on the scene the unique phenomenon of the British empire of India, stretching from the Himalayas to Cape Camorin, and ruling over 280 millions of souls.

When he has read thus far the thoughtful student will ask himself for what purpose has this enormous power been granted to our nation. The answer will at once suggest itself that God intends that through the English domination over India His name shall be made known to the heathen, and that the earthly kingdom given to us shall advance the spiritual kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The next question demanding an answer will be how far has England justified her position—how far has she used her authority to support the beneficent energy of missionaries. Of course official interference with heathen religion is worse than useless, but still a judicious countenance and favour would, one might think, be naturally given to the work of men who so far as they are successful in their professed purpose make their converts better men,

and better subjects of the Queen. Here the student will encounter surprising facts—facts which show in an astonishing manner, the patience and long suffering of God. For more than one hundred years after the establishment of the East India Company no Protestant missionary went to India, and the first man of the kind that did go was a Dane, in 1705. But worse than this, toward the end of the last century the Company adopted a policy of hostility to missionaries, and for twenty years it was almost impossible for any man to preach the Gospel to the heathen in their territory. The three Baptist missionaries Carey, Marshman, and Ward had actually to set up their printing press in Danish India, at the settlement of Serampore. The year 1813, however, saw an end put to this monstrous and unnatural state of things, and when the East India Company's charter was renewed it was distinctly stipulated that "sufficient facilities" should be allowed by law to persons wishing to secure the religious improvement of the natives. From that day to this there has been a slowly increasing perception of the duty lying on the nation in the matter of giving spiritual light to India, but even now who can say that we are doing all we can, or all we ought. And yet God waits—He protected us in a wonderful way through the mutiny, and He still manifests His favour to us as a governing body. How patient He has been with us—who can say that we deserve it. Doubtless His far-seeing eye has seen long before it came to pass the partial awakening which the last ten years has brought to England about missions. He wants to see further active, wider and deeper energy of organization, more general and more strenuous fulfilment of our Lord's commands to evangelize all nations. *No one is outside the sphere of this duty*—every member of the church has work to do, if he will only set himself to find it. Meanwhile God—so patient—waits.

R. MACONACHIE.

Burnt River, Ont.

### YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You never can tell, when you send a word—

Like an arrow shot from a bow  
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,  
Just where it will chance to go.  
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm ;  
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart  
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell, when you do an act,  
Just what the result will be ;  
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,  
Though its harvest you may not see.  
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil ;  
Though you may not know, yet the tree  
shall grow  
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts  
will do  
In bringing you hate or love ;  
For thoughts are things, and their airy  
wings  
Are swifter than carrier doves.  
They follow the law of the universe—  
Each thing must create its kind ;  
And they speed o'er the track to bring you  
back  
Whatever went out from your mind.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### MY AMERICAN FRIENDS.

One more great American I must mention—my dear friend, Bishop Phillips Brooks, writes the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D., Dean of Canterbury, who is publishing a series of articles in the *Independent* under the above title. He called and introduced himself to me in Dean's Yard at Westminster, about the time that he preached his sermon in the Abbey on "The Candle of the Lord."

I was very deeply struck with the sermon, and at my persuasion he published it with others in the admirable volume to which it gives the title. It was the first volume of sermons he ever published. After that he used to preach at St. Margaret's whenever he came to England.

He was the fastest public speaker in America and England; he uttered two hundred and thirteen words a minute in the pulpit, and was the despair of reporters. He not infrequently repeated his sermons in his own church (in which, like many English visitors, I preached for him). It was well

that he could do so, for his discourses were unusually full of thought and power, and the only drawback to their magnificent effect was the lightning-like pace at which they were enunciated.

I asked him if he could not correct this defect, which destroyed the power of some of his hearers to follow him; but he replied that it was not possible. As a youth he had suffered from some slight vocal difficulty, and it was only by very rapid speaking that he could get over it. If space permitted, I might have much to tell of the delightful talks I had with him in his beautiful bachelor home at Boston, and of all his super-abundant kindness; but I will here pass over them.

His popularity in America was wonderful.

I travelled with him to Portland, where we both were guests in the house of the venerable Gen. Neal Dow; to Salem, where I looked with deep interest on the relics of the old witch-hunting days, and to other places. Whenever we came to a town where there was a university or a large school, I invariably had to go and give the youths an address; and when I had finished, they always tumultuously called on Phillips Brooks to say something, too.

What he said was generally quite simple, but delighted the "boys" by its large kindness; and his hearty greetings to them were always welcomed with enthusiasm.

There were tremendous currents of opposing feeling when he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts. His election was really carried by the overpowering enthusiasm of the laity, especially of his own devoted people, who thronged the immense and splendid Church of Holy Trinity, Boston. It is certainly the finest church in America, and is a standing memorial of the genius of the American architect, Richardson, whom I visited with Phillips Brooks, and who died soon after.

But the warm determination of his people that he should become a "Right Reverend" was not, I

think, for his happiness. The distinction could add nothing to his immense influence—especially over the young—or to his genuine greatness. The virulence of the attacks made upon him pained him, and the work which his new office entailed upon him was overwhelming, and destroyed the peaceful happy leisure which had been his delight.

His admirable, good-humored lines during the fury of the attacks which assailed him are worth recording. On seeing a caricature of himself in the columns of a certain journal, he wrote:—

"And is this then the way he looks,  
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?  
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,  
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.  
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try  
To give these doubtful looks the lie.  
He dares not promise, but will seek  
Even as a bishop to be meek;  
To walk the way he shall be shown,  
To trust a strength that's not his own,  
To fill the years with honest work,  
To serve his day and not to shirk;  
To quite forget what folks have said,  
To keep his heart and keep his head,  
Until men, laying him to rest,  
Shall say, 'At least he did his best.'  
Amen."

I fear that it was the bishopric which really killed him. Being a bachelor, there was no one who could so closely look after him, and prevent him from being overworked, and nurse him when he was poorly, as a wife would have done. Colossal frames like his—he was six feet four and proportionally broad—look strong, but do not wear so well as those of average proportions.

I think that his episcopal work tried him severely, and he died prematurely, to the irreparable loss of many friends in America and England, in consequence of a chill caught at one of the many evening meetings which he was constantly obliged to attend.

#### SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The Jews have a legend to the effect that Solomon did not employ men in building the great "House of the Lord," but that he was aided in the gigantic undertaking by the genii. Having a premonition that

he would not live to see the building finished, Solomon prayed to God that his death might be concealed from the genii until the structure was finished. Immediately after he made a staff from a sprout of the tree of life, which was growing in his garden, and, leaning upon this, he died standing bolt upright in the unfinished temple.

Those who saw him thought that he was absorbed in prayer, and they did not disturb him for upward of a whole year. Still the genii worked day and night, thinking that they were being constantly watched by him whose eyes had been closed in death many weeks. All this time, so the legend says, little white ants (one account says red mice) were gnawing at the staff, and when the temple was finally finished the staff gave way and the body of the dead Solomon fell prone upon the floor. Mohammed alludes to this queer legend in the Koran, where he says: "When He (God) had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death to them (the genii) except the creeping things of the earth."—*Exchange*.

#### SKIMPED OR HEAPING?

"Jennie can't make a good cake," laughed my friend, Mrs. Walters. "When she measures the sugar and butter called for by the recipe, she looks at it and thinks, 'It can't be quite so much'; and takes out a little."

"That's singular," responded her sister smiling. "It reminds me of my besetting tendency; I always want to add a little more, to be sure of good measure. It's the same with soda and baking powder. I know a teaspoonful means just level, but it's almost impossible for me to help heaping it a little bit."

Both ladies laughed. "Well," said the first speaker, "I know that I would rather trust your cookery than hers. Something is the matter with everything she makes. It is second nature for her to be skimping."

Callers were announced just at this point. As I was an invalid, I remained in the cozy library, while the two sisters went to the parlor to receive their visitors.

I fell to thinking over what I had just heard.

The two housekeepers, whose methods of work had just been contrasted, were well known to me. Jennie was a cousin of Mrs. Walters, while Margaret Holmes, her sister, lived near me, a cherished friend and neighbor. The difference between the two extended far beyond the domain of the kitchen.

Jennie "skimped" in everything. As Mrs. Walters said, it had become second nature. It seemed to be an inborn mental process with her to subtract a trifle in all she did. It spoiled her cookery; it marred her home life, it defrauded her Master, whom she had promised to serve. Her children suffered from her economy in matters of dress. For the sake of using a button or two less, her little girl's frocks were liable to gap in unseemly places. Saving a trifle on the price of shoes and hosiery, she was forever buying inferior articles, which wore out quickly and always looked shabby. Her husband's patience had long since worn threadbare, and he was learning to find his best pleasures away from home.

In Christian work it was the same story. Her contributions to the Master's cause passed under the same review as the sugar and butter for prospective cake and was made smaller in like proportion. In the beginning it had been only a tendency, which some wise and tender friend might have checked. Now, in middle life, it had grown into a propensity.

Poor Jennie! starving her soul, forever "skimping" the happiness, and endangering the future well-being of her family!

Margaret Holmes was very different. "Dear soul," I thought, "you heap not only your cups of sugar and butter, but you are generous and noble in all things. Your love longs and strives to add a little to each act of ministry, forever seeking to bestow a little more light and blessing upon other lives. Home is a heart refuge for both husband and children. Nor does your kindly soul stop within the narrow boundaries of your own household.

Still reaching out, it blesses neighbors and friends; drawing the portion of humanity within its influence, nearer God and Heaven."

The Master crowns her work done in His name with divine approval. Her life is truly one of self bestowal.

The closing of the front door tokened the departure of the guests. As my two friends returned to the library, solicitous lest I had been lonely, I assured them with a smile that my thoughts had been good company. Little they dreamed of the train of meditation their chance conversation had set in motion. Margaret bent over and kissed me tenderly; and I could hardly refrain from saying:

"Dear one, your blessed cups of sugar are always heaped and running over!"—*Mrs. B. Titterton in the Advocate and Guardian.*

#### BETTER DAYS.

Better to smell the violets cool than sip the glowing wine;

Better to hark a hidden brook than to watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle hearts than beauty's favours proud;

Better the roses' living seen than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than bask in love all day;

Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hands than eat alone at will;

Better to trust in God than say, My goods my storehouse fill.

Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound;

Better to teach a child to love than fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at a master's feet than to thrill a listening state;

Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen than watch the hour's event;

Better the "Well done" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;

Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;

Better a child in God's great house than a king of all the earth.

—George Macdonald.

#### FEEDING UPON CHRIST.

"And they shall eat these things where-with the atonement was made, to consecrate and to sanctify them."—Exodus 30: 33.

"Feed on Him in thy heart, by faith, with thanksgiving."—Book of Common Prayer.

The privilege of the priests, the sons of Aaron, to eat of the holy things wherewith the atonement was made, is a faint shadow of the privilege of the believer in Christ to feed upon Him, who was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. As the physical life and health of the sons of Aaron depended upon their availing themselves of this privilege—their right as sons of Aaron—so does our spiritual health and life depend upon how far we avail ourselves of all our privilege or right as believers in Christ, to appropriate to ourselves all that is in Him.

How far do we avail ourselves of this privilege—our birthright as children of God? Is it our habit to "behold the Lamb of God, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and then to say, "here is life and grace and strength, and wisdom, and pardon, and cleansing; and it is all for me—my right in Him?" Is it our habit to claim the innumerable benefits which, by His precious blood-shedding, He obtained for us (without reference to our merits or deserts) eighteen centuries ago? "Why art thou, being the son of a King, lean from day to day?" is a question which may well be put to many a one who bears the name of Christian. There is far too little feeding upon Christ, and the soul, lacking nourishment, remains dwarfed and fruitless.

The way to feed upon Christ is to appropriate the promises. Through one promise *believed*, divine life flows into the soul. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life," said our Lord. It is not merely by speaking to God in prayer that the soul is to obtain nourishment, but by receiving His words. It is by thoughtful daily study of the Sacred Book, that we shall learn that we

do not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.—*Selected.*

### A TRUE STORY.

There were two women traveling alone, and it was their first voyage across the Atlantic. The passage was stormy, and seasickness and fear caused them to cling desperately, as to their only friend, to the little stewardess who nursed them. She was a gentle Scotchwoman, past middle age, and being lonely too in the huge, noisy steamer, her tongue was loosened by their kindness. They soon knew all about the sweater's shop for which she had worked twenty years in Glasgow, and how some wonderful good luck had brought her the chance of this place, and how, if she could keep it for two years longer, she would have saved enough to go back to her old mother in Peebles, and live on their cotter's patch in peace to the end of their days. "She is hoping for it too. It will be great comfort," she said, ending her story, her grave eyes shining. "I will bring your tea now."

But a strange woman brought the tea.

"Where is Jean?" they asked impatiently.

"The chief steward has ordered her to another part of the ship," was the reply. "Two passengers are ill, and she is to nurse them."

"They can not need her as much as we do," the Americans grumbled. But Jean did not come again.

On her way for the tea the head steward had met her. "Two women," he said, "are seized with what the doctor hopes is only the measles. They must be isolated with one stewardess to attend them. I have chosen you. Get what is necessary, and come at once."

"Must I go?" Jean faltered.

"You are single, and the other women have children depending on them. The disease may be malignant." The man hesitated, looking at her. "I can't force

you to do it," he said gently, "but somebody must go."

Jean stood a minute. She saw the old mother at the door of the cottage. So many years she had worked for her. "Yes, I will go," she said, quietly.

A few minutes later she passed into the hospital room carrying a bundle, and the heavy oak door closed behind her.

The fact that two patients were isolated was kept secret on the ship, in order that the passengers should not be alarmed. They recovered sufficiently before the vessel reached port for her to escape quarantine.

"There were no other patients?" the examining physician demanded.

"But one," replied the captain. "Their nurse. She was not strong, and succumbed at once."

"You are fortunate; I can pass you."

Days before the ship reached harbor, a plain, wooden box was brought on the deck one evening, and after a brief, hurried service slid into the sea.

"Who is dead?" asked a startled passenger.

"Only one of the stewardesses," was the reply.

The world loses every day nameless heroes who die for duty with as high purpose as any who perished in the flames of Smithfield. God only keeps their names and record.—*Youth's Companion.*

### SIMPLE WILLINGNESS.

"A simple willingness to serve the Master." It was a petition in a good man's prayer, which falling on the ear of the writer, has long dwelt in her memory.

In this busy, hurrying age, when so many are working at fever heat, in the Church, as well as out of it—when our books and papers, the sermons we hear, even our intercourse with our friends, all seem to stimulate to yet greater activity—that prayer for simple willingness falls like a soothing balm on the overwrought.

There are some of us—not few—whose hands are not idle, but who chafe and fret against the

bounds of our appointed place, and look longingly towards what we deem a nobler and larger work. The words "mission," "vocation," "a higher sphere of activity," so much on the lips nowadays, too often steal between us and a *simple willingness*.

We are too prone.

"The daily task forgetting,"

to look too eagerly beyond to some great work we should perform for the Master; while we count as "common" the work He Himself has laid upon our hands. We pant to serve Him in the throng, when He calls us to a desert place.

"Do not pray for strength to bear the tortures of the Inquisition," says Spurgeon, "when what you need may be grace to *uncomplainingly darn the family hose.*"

We may fondly think how well we might serve the Master "in such and such a place, if I were free from such heavy, homely cares," sighs one; "if I had only my once firm health," moans another.

But what we may need for service anywhere is the simple willingness to "do the next thing," whatever that may be.

How would the church—aye, the world—grow in grace if the servants of Christ more frequently and sincerely lived and practised this beautiful petition.—*Selected.*

### FAITH IN THE TRINITY.

No man will be convinced well and wisely of the article of the holy, blessed, undivided Trinity, but he who feels the mightiness of the Father begetting him to a new life, the wisdom of the Son building him up in a most holy faith, and the love of the Spirit of God making him to become like unto God. In this case experience is the best teacher, and holiness is the greatest wisdom, and he that sins most is the most ignorant, and the humble and obedient man is the best scholar. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine" (St. John vii. 17).

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.



## Parish and Home.

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### BY THINE ANGUISH CLEANSE MY SOUL.

By Thine anguish cleanse my soul,  
By Thy Passion make me whole;  
Weak and helpless on the tree,  
Thou didst gain the victory;  
Weak and helpless as I lie,  
Thou canst triumph, sin can die.

Search me through, and nothing spare,  
Burn the sin out that is there;  
All that is of Thine and Thee,  
Quicken into energy;  
Let Thy love enlarge my heart,  
Deepen, soften, every part.

In the silence, deep and still,  
Bind me closer to Thy will;  
Earthy friends are far away,  
Be Thou with me night and day;  
Earthy happiness I miss,  
Grant me more of Heaven's bliss.

Teach me how to guess aright  
Of the wonders out of sight;  
Let my spirit grow more clear,  
Heavenly whispers let me hear,  
Let the veil become more thin,  
And the glory pierce within.

Make me pure, that I may be  
Able to be one with Thee;  
And reveal Thyself, for Thou  
Art the thing I long for now.  
When the veil at last is riven,  
To behold Thee will be Heaven.

—Caroline M. Noel

### THE MIGHTIEST POWER ON EARTH.

Two men are standing by the seashore. The younger one, George Wilson, looks the picture of despair. "It is no use trying any longer," he says, "drink has ruined me, body and soul; it has taken everything away from me, self-respect, friends, even God Himself. If I had the cour-

age I would sink my useless body out in the sea yonder and be done with it all." His companion, an old man, laying his hand gently on his arm, said: "Oh! laddie, don't go on so. I was as bad as you three years ago. Little Eddie, whose body lies in the grave yonder, was the little messenger God sent to lead me to the Light. Would you care to hear the story?"

George nodded, listlessly, and with this slight encouragement the old sailor began.

"One wild night I felt just as sad and miserable as you do now. I had not a friend, even the children shunned me like a murderer. I had no God. The loneliness was unbearable. The shrieking of the wind seemed almost to drive me mad. I, too, thought I would jump off the rocks and give up the struggle. I was climbing like a madman over the rocks when a great cry of fear came with the wind from the sea. In the distance I could make out a light that showed me a ship had struck the rocks near my cabin.

Then there was a crash, another awful cry and a silence, except for the wind and the waves.

I clambered down the rocks and tried to swim to the wreck, only to find myself very soon thrown back on the shore exhausted. I sat on the rocks and almost cursed God for his cruelty in allowing the loss of so many lives.

As the Lord turned and looked at Peter, so now he sent his gift of peace to me. A sweet child tied to a spar came floating out of the darkness almost to my feet.

He looked so beautiful with his white, pure face and wavy golden hair, I felt it almost wrong to touch him. I thought he was dead at first, but to make a long story short, I saved his life, and as his friends were lost I kept him. And it seemed as if with him the Christ I used to know as a little boy came back too. My evil habits droppped away from me as the scales did from the lepers when Christ touched them.

After my little lad had been with me a few weeks he took the fever. I watched him night and day. One night when he was very, very weak I fell asleep and dreamt. I saw Christ standing on the wreck and guiding the little boy to where I sat, and I heard him whisper: "I am sending you to teach old Tom that no one liveth to himself, and when he has learned the lesson, I will come and dwell with him myself."

When I woke I saw my little child was dead. But I knew that Christ was with me. I felt him everywhere. Though I could not help weeping when the little one was laid in the grave I have never felt lonely since."

Old Tom brushed his hard brown hand across his eyes, then held it out to George, whose face had lost its sad, despairing look. "Thank you for the story," he said, "it seems to me that when Christ guided your little laddie to the shore to teach old Tom his lesson, he had in mind poor Georgie Wilson, too.

R. L. WEAVER.

Hastings.

### WHAT HAVE I A RIGHT TO?

The answer a man gives to this question indicates that man's character. The other day I was in a house where the father was in receipt of an income of over seven hundred a year. His wife was simply a drudge, the necessities of home were unprovided, his family had to look to other sources for necessary clothing. Drunkenness could not be blamed for this sort of affairs, for he did not drink. The fact is, he believed he had a right to certain things, and indulgences had to be provided for himself, before the needs, the absolute needs of anyone else, even those who ought to have been dearer to him than life, would be considered. His slightest whim, his smallest desire must be gratified, his vanity must be satisfied before he would think of others. And he believed he had a right to act thus! Yes, he had, if might makes right. Yes, he had, if a man

is to change natures with the tiger. Yes, he had, if this earth was made as a special gift to him and for no one else. Yes, he had, if selfishness is the noblest attribute of man. Yes, he had, if God has not other children whom He intends to provide for, if God has not laid on this man and all others like him duties towards his own family which he will be held to account for if they are not fulfilled—a duty which involves forgetting self, putting others and their needs first, putting self last, a duty of love which asks what does my family need, provides for those needs, and not till then thinks of self.

Ontario. H.

#### WEALTH IN FRIENDSHIPS.

Next in value to the love and grace of God, is true, strong human friendship. In our bright, prosperous hours we are not apt to realize the full worth to us of our friends. We do not know how much they do for us, how much of our life's joy we owe to them, how much of our prosperity, nor do we realize what their influence is in the making of our character. Even the friend of an hour, whom we meet on a railway car or steamboat, at the house of a friend, or amid the busy scenes of life—as when two ships meet on the broad sea, speak to each other and pass on never to meet again—we know not what blessings he brings to us from God, nor how that transient and casual meeting will affect our whole after-life. We know not what touches, delicate and beautiful, upon the canvas of our soul, there will be forever, which the fingers of that chance friend left there.

Every soul that touches ours leaves its impression on us. We get good from every pure, gentle, genial companion of even a few moments. How much more, then, do we receive from the friend who walks by your side, and whose friendship sings sweet songs in our ear and heart for years and years! There will be a silver thread in every life-web when it is finished, woven into the tissue by the friendship of many days: and there will be a touch of beauty on the canvas, put there by every good and

holy hand that has ever been laid upon us even in momentary greeting or benediction.

It was a beautiful fancy of our gentle poet that the song he had breathed into the air he found again from beginning to end, long, long afterward, in the heart of a friend. Friendship is ever breathing its sweet songs into the air; and so, too, it shall find them all again, from beginning to end, in the hearts into which they fall. Nothing that love does is ever lost. The time we spend with pure and good friends in sacred communings, or in the cultivation and deepening of noble friendships, is not lost. It brings us not only passing enjoyment, but permanent blessing.—*Evangelist.*

#### IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face  
And laugh our troubles down,  
For all our little trials wait  
Our laughter or our frown.  
Beneath the magic of a smile  
Our doubts will fade away,  
As melts the frost in early spring  
Beneath the sunny rays.

It pays to make a worthy cause,  
By helping it, our own;  
To give the current of our lives  
A true and noble tone.  
It pays to comfort heavy hearts  
Oppressed with dull despair,  
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives  
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand  
To eager, earnest youth;  
To note, with all their waywardness,  
Their courage and their truth;  
To strive with sympathy and love  
Their confidence to win;  
It pays to open wide the heart  
And "let the sunshine in."  
—*Christian Herald.*

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The school is for discipline, the home is for love. If you learn your lessons well your reward is faint praise, and if ill you are in danger of being thrashed. How many respond to the Commandments as they are read out one by one. "God be merciful unto us and incline our hearts to keep thy law." This has never been done, and never can be done, because it is not in the design. The law makes nothing perfect, it was added because of transgression. Let this be clearly

seen; as a rule of life the law is perfect and sublime; as a means of life it fills the heart with despair. By the law is the knowledge of sin, but it cannot bless, it can only curse, for "cursed is every one who continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them."

The highest uses of the law are to bring us to the Saviour, the law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, for what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, by a sacrifice for sin (man) hath obtained for the believer everlasting, deliverance for He hath magnified the law and made it honorable. The law was given by Moses but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

H. T. M.

Beamsville, Ont.

A sculptor has many models from which he chisels various statues, though one may be his masterpiece. But when I come into the Lord's studio I find only one design: that we should be made in the likeness of Jesus Christ. "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." If you should go to the Kingdom of Glory to-day, and open the great book of God, and should find your own name written there, after that name you would find written these words: "To be conformed to the image of my dear Son." Not the image of Paul, however grand; not that of any sanctified man that we may meet in our pilgrimage here, but that of the dear Lord, the Holy One. You may say that the materials of your heart are vicious,—and they are not single in that,—but be assured, if Thorwaldsen could not make a masterpiece of art out of loose sandstone, God can make a being that will shine like a star before his throne out of the poor, weary, burdened sinners that his grace calls to the hallowed feet of Jesus Christ. The materials form no obstruction to that heavenly architect.—*Bishop of Huron.*

**THE POWER OF A HYMN.**

A Scotch soldier was dying in New Orleans when a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said: "Don't talk to me about religion."

Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland, beginning with the words:

"Oh mother, dear Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?"

He sang it to the tune of "Dundee," and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?"

"Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that."

"So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

Oh, the irresistible power of a hymn! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his, 'Judgment Hymn' sings on through the ages.—*Christian Scotsman.*

**THE HARDENED HEART.**

It is a great mistake to suppose that God singled out Pharaoh, or that He ever singles out any one, and says: "I will harden his heart," and then proceeds to do it. But the solemn truth is this, that by the operation of that well-known law according to which the soul becomes less and less susceptible to impressions which have been resisted, God hardens the heart of every man and woman that does not yield to Him. Think how many men have hardened themselves in dishonesty, by first using for a little time a sum of money not their own, which prepared them by and by for using a larger sum, fully intending to replace it; and so it went on, the hardening process going on until it ended in the most shameless robbery, and brought final ruin and disgrace.

How many men, again are "gospel hardened," as it is fitly called. They have so often listen-

ed to the appeals of the gospel without yielding to them, that their hearts have become as hard as the nether millstone, and the most earnest appeals have not the slightest effect.

Pharaoh's case is not at all peculiar. It is typical of thousands in every generation. God dealt most tenderly with him, with the utmost long suffering and forbearance, through scorn and evasion, through sham prayers and promises, sham repentance and sham submission; but all in vain. His heart grew harder and harder all the time, till he was swallowed up in the angry waters of the Red Sea. Who ever had more chances of escape? Yet what was the end. Had he only regarded the voice which came to him so gently at the first, or the harmless sign, all would have been well; or had he but recognized "the finger of God" as the magicians did (8:13), he would have had nothing to fear from "His outstretched arm."—*Selected.*

**CHINA'S APPEAL.**

Millions are in darkness lying  
In the sunny clime afar;  
Hear ye not their voices crying  
From the depths of their despair?—

"Ye that have the light of heaven,  
Ye who know a Saviour's love,  
Share with us the light thus given,  
That we too its joy may prove.

"From our mountains, rivers, plains,  
And our myriad-peopled shore,  
Hope from every idol wanes;  
To their help we look no more.

"Is it true that ye, possessing  
Knowledge of a price untold,  
Such a wondrous cup of blessing,  
Can from us a draught withhold?"

"Come, ye messengers of gladness,  
Come and bring the light of day:  
Let it chase away our sadness,  
Come, that joyful light display!"  
—*George Pearse.*

**"I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."**

Surely the one solitary utterance preserved us from the Saviour's first thirty years of earthly life, may well be taken as the standing motto of our lives. Mark its imperative tone, "I must."

There is no doubt, no wavering, no choice. It is not even the conscious "I ought," with which we too often tamper, but an uncompromising "I must." Sonship of necessity includes service; every true child of God *must* be about his Father's business.

There is no thought here of special privilege or special call, but only of sheer necessity,—a fact which it is strange that anyone should fail to recognize, "Wist ye not" that I must be about my Father's business.

With perishing souls and perishing bodies round our doors, with the cry of the heathen world wafted on every breeze, with the emissaries of evil ever busy night and day, how can a child of God be self-engrossed or idle?

Another thought, equally true and equally important, is suggested by the Revised Version, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" Sonship includes communion as well as service, and we can only do the Father's business in so far as we are abiding in His presence and listening to His voice.

There is rest too, as well as stimulus in the words, for they remind us that the work is not ours, nor have we to supply the means or the strength. It is my Father's business, and I have His infinite resources to draw upon—it is my Father's house, and His ear and His heart are ever open to His child.—*Service for the King.*

**OUR FATHER'S BOOK—HOW SHALL WE USE IT?**

A young lady I know of read and laid aside a book. Though perused with some interest, it was soon nearly forgotten. Subsequently she became acquainted with the author, and the acquaintance resulted in betrothal. Then she took down and read again the book with ten fold interest. The soul betrothed to Christ reads the Bible not as mere history, but as a personal message from a dear and personal friend. Yet it is sadly true that there is a vast neglect of the Bible. Its pre-

cious ores are not by any means well-mined, even by Christians. Some think simply a Sabbath reading will suffice; some give it a hurried listless reading once a day; some yawn over it late at night as a kind of truce with conscience, not caring or hardly daring to sleep till they have at least gone through the form of looking down on one of its pages. But some, and we rejoice to believe they are increasingly many, study the Word, give it time and thought, go searching after its hidden treasures, make it their daily companion, get their minds filled with its great thoughts of God, get their memories stored with its wondrous truth, get their hearts thrilled with its teachings of Christ's love, get their faith fortified with its promises and helps. O, for a whole Christian Endeavor membership, or better, a generation of such Bible readers and lovers! —*Hallock.*

#### A MISSION INCIDENT.

"Is it worth while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

"Perhaps not," answered the other doubtfully; but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker; "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"Work thrown away," grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's word, and we are told that it shall not fall to the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer by, who stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, of which he had heard that night for the first time; and in a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years afterward we found him surrounded by "his children," as he loves to call them, the centre and head of the model mission station of the north-west coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.—*The Dayspring.*

#### GROW IN GRACE.

Before there can be growth there must be life. All are by nature "dead" to God and to spiritual realities. "We must be born again." This great and saving change lies at the very outset of the Christian course. We may acquire the power of discussing and explaining what we have learned in school, but unless we are quickened by the Spirit of God all our religion is but a hollow and empty profession. Alas! how many have gone on from year to year, regarding themselves as Christians, defending and upholding Scriptural truths, until awakened, perhaps, by some special instrumentality, they have made the startling discovery that they have been deceiving themselves, and that their religion consisted in mere theoretical knowledge, having its seat in the head and not in the heart. As with conversation, so with revival; it must be a matter of individual experience. In a large assembly of preachers lately held on the continent, one of the most esteemed and distinguished, when speaking of the low condition of things, exclaimed with beautiful simplicity, "What I want is a revival in my own soul!" Were there equal candor, how many of us might make the same acknowledgment! The outpouring of the spirit in taking of the things of Christ, and showing them to the soul, is

God's way of reviving His own work in the heart of a sinner. It is not produced by human power, or creature excitement, or sensational stories, or beautiful music. "This is the work of God, that ye believe," and the faith that works by love is the true revival in the soul of a believer.—*Selected.*

#### SHALL TIRED MEN GO TO CHURCH?

Three gentlemen were in conversation. Said Mr. A. to Mr. B. (who was an editor), "Mr. B., I must thank you for giving us Talmage's sermons in your Sunday morning issue. I enjoy staying home on Sunday morning to read them."

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "My dear sir, can't you arrange to give that sermon in your Monday's issue, so that Mr. A. can go to church on Sunday, as he should, and stay home Monday morning to read Talmage."

Mr. B. replied, "Go to church? Why I don't go to church. After such a busy week I need rest on Sunday, and I feel more like lounging about home than fixing up for church."

To which Mr. B. said, "Amen."

Mr. C.'s reply was earnest and practical. Said he, "Gentlemen, I appreciate every word you say. You both know there is no busier man in town than I am. I grow so weary that I can hardly sleep. And you will always find me at church on Sunday. I go there for absolute rest—where my mind can entirely forget its week-day thoughts in the contemplation of Divine truth and love, and where body and soul can unite in the worship of God. It is because we need rest that God bids us worship Him, and I advise you to throw Talmage and lounging aside and enjoy your duty."

The conversation was ended, but we trust not its influence. And we reproduce it here, because it is a thought many a man should consider who makes rest an idleness, and has a slothful disregard for the commands of, and his duty to his God.—*Texas Church Record.*

**Boys' and Girls' Corner.**

**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.**

*International. Institute.*  
 Sept. 5th. 2 Cor. ix., 1-11. 1 Pet. ii., 13-25.  
 12th. Rom. xii., 9-21. 1 Sam. xvi., 1-13.  
 " 19th. Acts xx., 22-35. 1 Sam. xvii., 4-11,  
 29-51.  
 " 26th. Review. . . . . 1 Sam. xviii., 1-4 ;  
 XIX., 1-7.

**WHISTLE AND HOE.**

There's a boy just over the garden fence  
 Who is whistling all through the live-  
 long day ;  
 And his work is not just a mere pretense,  
 For you see the weeds he has cut away.  
 Whistle and hoe,  
 Sing as you go,  
 Shorten the row  
 By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear ;  
 He has scarcely time for a growl, I  
 know ;  
 For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,  
 He must find some pleasure in every  
 row.  
 Whistle and hoe,  
 Sing as you go,  
 Shorten the row  
 By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that  
 you hoe ;  
 For if you are idle the briers will  
 spread ;  
 And whistling alone to the end of the row  
 May do for the weeds, but is bad for  
 the bread.  
 Whistle and hoe,  
 Sing as you go,  
 Shorten the row  
 By the songs you know.

—Selected.

**WHICH WOULD YOU DO ?**

"Which place do I want to go ?"

Gertie had been walking very fast toward the gate. But she began going slower and slower, and at length stopped. Then she turned back and seated herself on the shady porch.

"I don't know whether I would rather go to Elsie's or Lill's."

It was plainly a grave question, to judge by the sober way in which Gertie looked straight before her.

Just then Aunt Amy came around the corner and sat beside her.

"Why, is this you, Gertie?" she said. "Seems to me I know of a little girl, an hour or more

ago, who could scarcely wait to eat her dinner, and then to take time to dress. I thought you were in such a hurry to get away, dear."

"Well, so I am, Aunt Amy. But now that I am all ready to go, I can't quite make up my mind where I want to go."

"That is quite a question to settle."

"You see, auntie, this is Saturday afternoon—the only good, long afternoon I have to do just as I please. Two of the girls asked me to go and see them, and I don't know which one would be the nicest. Both will be nice. I shall have a real good time at either one."

"A pity to have two nice times crowding you so," said Aunt Amy.

"Yes, ma'am," said Gertie, with rather a mournful shake of her head. "Now, if I go to Elsie's, there will be tennis. And Elsie's mother always gives us something nice to eat."

"That is surely very pleasant," said Aunt Amy.

"But Elsie gets cross sometimes. If she gets beaten, it makes her angry, and she says she wishes I hadn't come."

"That is not at all pleasant."

"Still, I like it there," said Gertie. "The other is Lill. She lives by the little brook, and we go there and wade and have a picnic under the trees, and it's—just—splendid!"

"It sounds so, dear."

"Yes. Both are nice, you see, auntie. Now, what would you do if it were you?"

"Well, if I were a little girl like you, I am pretty sure I should do just as you are going to do—choose the thing which you think will give you the most pleasure."

"That's what I am trying to do, you know, auntie."

"But the thing I, being a good deal older, would advise you to do, is to think of a little something besides the mere pleasure of the day. God has given you these delightful hours in which to amuse yourself. He has given you good health and your strong, young limbs, ready to enjoy all the

sweet and beautiful things which come in your way. It is right that you should enjoy them. But wouldn't it be a good thing if you could let in a thought of something besides pleasure—if you could seek a little pleasure for some one else?"

Gertie sat for half a minute, still with her grave face.

"Well, well," said Aunt Amy, with a laugh; "go off, my bird; have the best time you can. Only," as she kissed her, "try to make it the kind of time you will be glad to think of when the day is done."

What kind of a time would that be?

Gertie kept up her thinking as she walked down the street; "A little pleasure for some one else."

She did not want to think of that, nor of something else which it had brought to her mind.

Just as she was leaving the playground the day before, a little girl, more shabbily dressed than herself or Elsie or Lill, had come shyly up to her.

"You—couldn't come to our house a little while to-morrow, I s'pose, could you?" she said. "Mollie sprained her foot, and it hurts her, and she cries a good deal, and she has to keep still all the time, and"—

"No, I couldn't," Gertie had answered; "I'm going somewhere else."

The girl had turned away with a disappointed face. Gertie had not thought of it again until now, Aunt Amy's words brought her back.

"I don't want to go to Janet's. It's a miserable little bit of a place. I shouldn't have a bit of fun."

But she could not get the faces of the two sisters out of her mind. They were almost strangers in the school, and very few of the girls had much to do with them."

"I'll go," at length she decided.

She tripped back and got the last number of the *Children's Magazine*, then went to the dining-room and filled a paper bag with fruit left from the dessert.

The shy, rather sad little face

met her at the door. It brightened up at the sight of her.

"O Mollie!" cried Janet, "she's come! She really has!"

It was pleasant to see how glad they were. Without seeming to notice things in an impolite way, Gertie could not help seeing how bare was the little room in which Mollie had to stay all day.

They looked at the pictures in the magazine. They found puzzles in it, and worked them out together. Gertie told them a story, and then played cat's cradle with Mollie.

How merrily they laughed—how easily they were pleased—these two whom very few people took much trouble to please; for Gertie learned that their mother was dead, poor little things.

It was delightful to see how kind they thought it of her to come. Where she might have quarreled more than once with the other girls, there was nothing but kindness and gentleness here.

Late in the afternoon they had a feast with the fruit. She left her magazine for Mollie to read when she was gone.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you have to go," they both said. "The afternoon has been so short. How good you were to come."

"O Aunt Amy, I've had a perfectly splendid time!" she cried, on meeting her aunt.

"And," she added, after telling her story, "I'm just as you said—glad; glad to think of it now it is over."—*Sydney Dayre, in S. S. Advocate.*

#### THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," said good old farmer Gray, "Put on your things, 'tis market day—And we'll be off to the nearest town, There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggish mind To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face; "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm awful glad he's left at home; He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot."

"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot, The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started homeward after dark, Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree— "Your money or else your life," said he, The moon was up, but he didn't see The dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined; But quickly caught the thief behind; He dragged him down in the mire and dirt, And tore his coat and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground; The robber uttered not a sound— While his hands and feet the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; And now a hero grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; Among his friends, among his foes, And everywhere his master goes, He follows on his horny toes, The dog under the wagon.

—Selected.

#### KEEPING STILL.

"Robbie, how is it that you never get into any scrapes? All the other boys do."

"O, it's my plan not to talk back!" answered Robbie. "When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still."

There is a good deal of wisdom in this way of doing things, and many people whose lives are vexed and tormented and trou-

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bled would save themselves no end of sorrow if they would just keep still. When a man has said his say, and there is no answer to it, that's the end of it; but if you answer back, then you never know what will be the result. It is not the first word that makes a quarrel; it is the answer. —Selected.

It's easy enough to be pleasant  
While life flows by like a song;  
But the boy worth while is the one who  
will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
—Exchange.

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The regular meeting of the C. E. T. S. was held in the school room on Monday evening, 30th ult. The programme consisted of a recitation by Miss Bonnell, readings by Miss Ingle and Mr. Lockwood, song by Miss C. Wallace. Mr. Rennie gave an address, which was intensely interesting, describing the sufferings and treatment of patients in the alcoholic cells of Bellevue Hospital, New York city. His description made one feel sad indeed. One month 231 patients were admitted, tradesmen and professional men representing 51 different trades and callings were found. Some when sent out would reform, but the majority returned to their old ways and many found their way back, again suffering from delirium tremens.

St. Paul's Church Collections, August, 1897.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
1	\$ 9 95	\$11 06	\$21 01
8	12 80	12 16	24 96
15	8 15	6 97	15 12
22	9 95	9 93	19 88
29	11 85	6 19	18 04
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