

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



## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 104.

JUNE, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

THOS. WALTERS, } *Churchwardens.*  
ROBT. BRYANS, }

*Lay Delegates.*

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

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS, H. J. NOSWORTHY, R. PLAYFAIR,  
J. H. SOOTHERAN, J. A. PADDON, E. C. ARMSTRONG,  
G. H. M. BAKER, M. H. SISSON, THOS. J. MURTAGH  
L. KNIGHT, J. M. KNOWLSON, F. HOPKINS.

*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. and Mrs. George Carr and family have removed to Midland. Mrs. Carr and sons have been among the most regular worshippers at St. Paul's and will be much missed. We wish them all every blessing in their new home.

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Obituary.

LYTLE.—At Riverside Cemetery, on May 10th, 1900, Rhoda Lytle, widow of the late James Lytle, in her 71st year.

METHERALL.—At Sea, off the West Coast of Africa, on February 27th, 1900, Samuel Albert Metherall, aged 41 years.

### CHURCH NOTES.

The Sons of England, in large force, attended service at St. Paul's church on Sunday evening, May 27th.

We were glad to learn that at the last meeting of the Mission Board, the overdraft of \$1,500 had been reduced to \$787.

We rejoice that the Canadian exhibit at the Paris Exposition is to be closed on the Lord's Day, "righteousness exalteth a nation."

The rector has lately received two donations towards helping sick or needy ones. He hopes with the amounts, \$1.00 and \$2.00, to give some little trip to a sick one, or help to a needy one. May the "Inasmuch" of the Master be the reward of the thoughtful donors.

We notice by the convening circular of the Synod, that the following sums are acknowledged as being paid by the respective parishes for Missions, Widows and Orphans' Fund, etc., for year ending April 28th: Fenelon Falls, \$62.26; Cameron, Cambray and Reaboro, \$64.52; Cartwright, \$73.08; Omeme and Emily, \$122.42; Bobcaygeon and Dunsford, \$155.59; Cavan, \$368.77; St. John's, Port Hope, \$385.50; St. Paul's, Lindsay, \$568.18. Some of these sums give reason for encouragement, and we rejoice that St. Paul's occupies its proper place. Yet we could wish that our gifts to the W. & O. Fund and Diocesan Missions had been larger.

Mr. Tate, of the Montreal Bank staff, has been removed to Goderich. We are glad to welcome Mr. Siddle, of the Ontario Bank, to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

The Bishop of Algoma was elected Coadjutor Bishop of Ontario Diocese on June 6th, but declined the office, and Rev. Lenox Williams was elected instead.

The synod of the diocese meets in Toronto from June 12th to 16th. We trust there will be a good attendance of delegates from this part and that earnest prayer will go up that the deliberations of the assembly will be guided to the glory of God, and the welfare of our beloved church.

On May 2nd the Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd was one of the speakers at the annual meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Zion College, London, England. The *Record* gives an interesting resume of his address and we notice that when he closed there was "Loud applause." We are sure Mr. Lloyd will be much used in his new field of labour.

The annual vestry meeting of St. John's Church, Cambay, was held on May 15th. The receipts for the year were \$73.60, of which \$11.31 was for missions and outside work. There was a balance of \$15.38 on hand. Messrs. E. P. Smith, V.S., and Wm. Beacham were appointed wardens. Messrs. Roddy and P. Wilkinson, sidesmen, while Mr. Henry Fowler was elected delegate to the Synod.

The Rev. Ihsan Ullah, a convert from Mohammedism, visited Lindsay and this district in May, and gave some very interesting accounts as to the way he had been brought up, and then led to know Jesus as the Saviour. Some of his addresses were intensely interesting, and he himself was a living witness of how God is able to call men from the service of the false prophet, as well as from heathenism.

Mr. G. S. Patrick, who for twenty years has been Vestry Clerk of St. Paul's, has gone with his mother for a long visit to New York and Connecticut. They will be much missed from St. Paul's, as they have been among the most regular worshippers there, and the one who takes up Mr. Patrick's work will find it difficult to keep the books as nicely as he did. We wish them a very pleasant holiday and a safe return in the autumn.

As announced we publish the amounts received in boxes distributed in Sunday Schools and other ways, one-half of which is to go for the church debt:—No. 2, \$1.60; No. 5, 65c.; 6, 51c.; 8, 25c.; 10, 39c.; 11, 9c.; 12, 50c.; 17, 50c.; 19, 36c. We are sorry that in some cases the amounts got mixed together before they reached us, so we cannot give them separately. We hope in future to be able to do so. A hundred boxes well worked might bring in a large sum in one year, when opened every three months.

A very interesting meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery was held at Omamee on May 17th and 18th. Among the subjects considered were "Family Religion," "Current Church Topics," "Missionary Work," etc. Among the speakers and readers of papers were Ven. Archdeacon Allen, Revs. H. Symonds, Canon Farncomb and Ihsan Ullah. The Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Langfeldt, and the good people of Omamee, kindly entertained the visitors, as well as giving them a large and hearty welcome, and the gathering will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of being present.

Mr. A. F. Barr is assisting the Ven. Archdeacon Allen in Cavaa parish on Sundays during the holidays.

Mr. Jesse Perrin, jr., has accepted a good position, and expects shortly to move with his family to Toronto. We wish him every success.

God spake unto Moses long, long ago saying "speak unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering." (Exodus 25: 2) God wants no unwilling gifts, made grudgingly or of necessity, but he loveth a cheerful giver.

The Evangelical Churchman of May 31st says, under the heading of *Winnipeg, St. George's*: "The ministrations of the Rev. H. Beacham at St. George's during the absence of Rev. H. L. Roy at Wycliffe College, were most acceptable, and the different societies of the church united to wish Mr. Beacham God-speed in his future work."

It is not a sign of character or of intellect to be always giving emphasis to one's disbeliefs. If a man does not believe this thing or that, why should he trouble himself or others about it? If there is anything that he does believe, that is the thing for him to emphasize. If, indeed, he does not believe anything, the less he says about himself the better.—S.S. Times.

Interesting letters have been received from Miss Wilgress, on her way to Hay River. The last one dates from Athabasca Landing, about 100 miles from Edmonton; they were three days on the road, travelling by wagon over a very bad road, or rather trail, full of mudholes, and camping out at night. The rest of the journey will be mostly by water, and will take from a month to six weeks. Miss Scott, sister of Rev. Geo. Scott, formerly of Minden, overtook her at Edmonton, going to assist Rev. Charles Weaver, at Wapuskow, diocese of Athabasca.

Three adjourned vestry meetings were held during May, in connection with St. Paul's, at which the chief subject discussed was the allotting of the seats. The churchwardens sent out ballots asking the opinion of the members and adherents, which resulted in a majority of those returned asking for the seats to remain as they were. This request was confirmed by the vestry. In the discussion some of the advantages of both systems were brought out and earnestly advocated, still we cannot but feel that the vestry has done wisely in leaving the seats free and unappropriated. We only wish they might be crowded every Sunday, and many receive rich blessings from above. Why should they not? It was also decided to publish a year book next Easter, with reports and lists of contributors.

We should commence every day with God. The busiest and best man in Jerusalem was wont to say: "In the morning will I direct my prayer to thee and will look up." "I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning." Daniel, too, saluted his God with prayer and praise at early dawn. We begin the day unwisely, and at great risk to our lives, if we leave our chamber without a secret conference with our Almighty Friend. Every Christian, when he puts on his clothes, should also put on his spiritual armor. Before the day's march begins he should gather up a portion of heavenly manna to feed the inner man. As the Oriental traveller sets out for the sultry journey of the burning sands by leading up his camel under the palm tree's shade, and fills his water flagon from the crystal fountain which sparkles at its roots, so doth Christ's pilgrim draw his morning supplies from the exhaustless spring.—Selected.

# Parish and Home

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 7

## CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

- 3—Whitsunday. *Morning*—Deut. xvi., to 18; Rom. viii., to 18. *Evening*—Isai. xi., or Ezek. xxxvi., 25; Gal. v., 16, or Acts xviii., 24—xix., 21.
- 0—Trinity Sunday. *Morning*—Isai. vi., to 11; Rev. I., to 9. *Evening*—Gen. xviii., or I. and ii., to 4; Eph. iv., to 17, or Matt. iii.
- 11—St. Barnabas, A. & M. *Morning*—Deut. xxiii., to 12; Acts iv., 31. *Evening*—Nahum i.; Acts xiv., 8.
- 17—1st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—J. s. iii., 7—iv., 15; Acts ii., to 22. *Evening*—Jos. v., 13—vi., 21, or xxiv.; 1 Peter ii., 11—iii., 8.
- 24—Nativity of St. John Bapt. *Morning*—Mal. iii., to 7; Matt. iii. *Evening*—Malachi iv.; Matt. xiv., to 13.
- and Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Judges iv.; *Evening*—Judges v. or vi., 11.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

"And one cried unto another, and said Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts."

All hail, Adoréd Trinity;  
All hail, Eternal Unity;  
O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, ever One.

Behold to Thee, this festal day,  
We meekly pour our thankful lay;  
O let our work accepted be,  
That sweetest work of praising Thee.

Three Persons praise we evermore,  
One only God our hearts adore;  
In Thy sure mercy ever kind  
May we our true protection find.

O Trinity! O Unity!  
Be present as we worship Thee;  
And with the songs that angels sing  
Unite the hymns of praise we bring. Amen.  
—Hymn.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALMOST at the opening of June we have the season of Whitsunday, when we commemorate the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

How weak and frail and utterly powerless seemed the early Christian Church; but the disciples were told to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, and then they were to be witnesses unto Christ in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. We know how they did wait in Jerusalem for the fulfilment of the promise and how God, who never breaks His word, bestowed upon them on the day of Pentecost an abundant outpouring of His Holy Spirit, and they were made strong, valiant and irresistible in their work and witnessing for the risen and ascended Lord. On the very day of Pentecost were added unto the Church about 3,000 souls.

What we need, what the Church needs in these closing days of the 19th century is a fresh and mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We need power, power to witness for the Lord Jesus and so bring souls into the Kingdom.

See the selfish Christians and selfish Churches, the lukewarm Christians and Churches, the worldly Christians and Churches, and then let us pray as never before that at this Whitsuntide God will again baptise His Church with power and the Holy Ghost and make us, even us, faithful witnesses for Christ even unto the ends of the earth.

\* \* \*

The great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions has been held at New York after years of preparation. Under the blessing of God it has been a great success, thousands and tens of thousands of people have attended and have been encouraged, stimulated and upbuilt. Hundreds of addresses on the various phases of missionary life and work have been given, exhibits from many lands were a constant source of interest and instruction to the multitudes visiting them, and a mighty volume of prayer and praise has gone up to the throne of Grace to bring down blessing upon the home Churches, and to hasten the carrying of the glad tidings of the Gospel to all people.

Some of the striking features of the Conference were: (1) The large percentage of men attending all the sessions. (2) The enthusiasm and continued attendance of such vast numbers. (3) The interest taken by those who perhaps are not ordinarily touched by missionary gatherings, as statesmen, business men, heads of colleges, etc.

The reception and welcome given on the opening day were intensely interesting. Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal Church in New York, asked the Divine blessing on the proceedings. The greetings of President McKinley, on behalf of the United States, and of Governor Roosevelt, of New York, on behalf of the State and city, were most hearty and enthusiastic, and the re-

ply of ex-President Harrison, on behalf of the delegates, showed how the leaders of the land were influenced and influencing others. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds who desired to be present were unable to get admission.

The Church of England was well represented there by such men as Mr. Eugene Stock, editorial secretary of the C.M.S., who gave a wonderful review of the history of missions during the century just ended.

The Rev. Canon Edmonds, of Exeter, whose scholarly diction, wide research and apt illustration made him one of the most appreciated of the delegates from the Old Land.

Bishop Ridley, of Caledonia, thrilled the hearts of his hearers as he told of the wonderful works that God had wrought among the Indians of Northern British Columbia.

And so one might go on and tell of men, both in our Church and others; men like Dr. Paton, of the New Hebrides, with his flowing white hair, and wonderful record of the work done for Christ in those distant islands; J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, who has been enabled to do so much for the millions of China; Dr. Chamberlain, of India, Dr. Ashmore, and many others.

May the spirit that breathed over the Conference, the enthusiasm that seemed almost to shake the great building as they sang such hymns as "Jesus Shall Reign," or "All Hail the Power," the enthusiasm and devotion that were so marked that President Harrison said on the closing day that he had been at many large gatherings during political campaigns, when political feeling was at white heat, but he never till now saw the time when for ten days such vast numbers could be gathered day after day, and twice a day, as were here for the cause of missions. May this spirit be carried to the homes of the delegates, and awake, by God's grace, the slumbering Churches, so that soon the Gospel of God's love and goodness may be proclaimed to all people.

### THERE IS TREASURE TO BE DESIRED.

Prov. xxi. 20.

The treasures of men are wine, oil, honey, wheat, gold, silver, etc. The treasures of God are snow, hail, wind, waters. "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

Treasures are frequently hidden, and call for search, patience, ingenuity. Very often men work long and wait long; sometimes very short.

In the early days of the Pilgrim Fathers they suffered much; the store ships were long in coming, and they were in sore straits, still they looked to the sea, ever bountiful. One day on the beach someone picked up a clam, found it good for food, searched for more and found abundance, so that when the relief ship arrived, instead of finding lean and haggard men, they found them fat and well favoured.

This was according to ancient prophecy, "They shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand," Deut. xxxiii. 19, a scripture ever memorable to these hardy pioneers. Treasures of earth are often treasures of wickedness. They "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath." Treasures of earth are a ladder to climb by, a promise of something better. The Christian is the true alchemist; he turns common things to gold. "In the home of the righteous is much treasure," but very seldom is there much earthly gold. "God hath chosen Israel for His peculiar treasure; these shall be mine when I make up my special treasures." This gold does not become dim; the fine gold is not changed. In the heart of the child of God common things are made precious; pure thoughts, like jewels, shine in the light of God. Now we see Him letting go all, then we see Him grasping all. "Go sell all that thou hast, let all go, and come follow me," saith the Master, "and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Let go with one hand, lay up with the other treasures in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt, where thieves do not break through and steal.

What a gathering that will be!

1. God will gather us all who are in the covenant of grace, and gather into one. John ii. 52.

2. We also shall gather. Oh, the baskets full of fragments! Thoughts, influence, character, tears, sufferings, service.

3. Angels will gather. "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. xiii. 41.

H. T. MILLER.

### THE ATONING DEATH.

By the REV. W. J. ARMITAGE, Rector St. Paul's and Rural Dean of Halifax.

I. Cor. ii. 2: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

There were many truths of the Christian religion which must have appealed to the mind of St. Paul with peculiar force, for he was a philosopher as well as a theologian—a deep thinker in the region of metaphysical inquiry. There must have been a fascination to him in the discussion of such subjects as the being and attributes of God, His providential dealings with mankind, the origin and destiny of man and the high moral teaching of Christ.

And yet he declares that there is one subject of such pre-eminent importance that he has determined to shut all else out from his teaching in Corinth, and to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified.

And St. Paul who takes this position is one of the wisest of men. He is an opportunist, in a good, a Christian, sense. He is willing to become all things to all men, if by any means he may save some. He is a man of affairs, a trained speaker who desires to win his audience to his views without exciting their prejudices. He is tempted to gain a way for the reception of the gospel by the use of worldly policy, that is, by eliminating from his message that which was particularly distasteful to his hearers. And leaving out of account His cruci-

fixion, Jesus Christ appealed with irresistible force to the men of His time. For was He not a Jew of the Jews, connected with their royal house and embodying their national hopes and aspirations; a zealous advocate of their law and a teacher of their sacred Scriptures? And as for the Gentile world, did He not rise above the narrow exclusiveness of His race? Was He not an advocate of law and order, a loyal subject, rendering unto Cæsar his due? And as a teacher in the school of truth did He not throw light upon the problems of philosophic thought?

We can well imagine the influence of the personality and of the teaching of Jesus Christ upon any unprejudiced mind brought in contact with either. Richard Watson Gilder has well explained it in his "Song of a Heathen Sojourning in Galilee A.D. 32."

"If Jesus Christ is a man—  
And only a man—I say  
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,  
And to Him will I cleave away."

But what is St. Paul's settled policy as a preacher of the gospel; what is the great theme of his discourse? It is Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He brushes aside attractions of rhetoric, and makes no appeal upon questions in which there is mutual agreement, but deliberately speaks of the cross, the gallows of the day, with all its awful associations of shame and infamy and disgrace.

There is to his mind one central person, Jesus Christ; one great fact, His crucifixion; one all-important truth arising from His death, which is a sacrifice for the sin of the whole world. And although St. Paul concentrated his teaching in a ministry marked by singleness of aim, "This one thing I do," yet it must not be supposed that his course had a narrowing influence upon the mind. For all life's richest blessings centre in the person of Christ, and its greatest gains may be traced to His cross.

There is first, then, the central figure, Jesus Christ. Our religion is not simply a philosophy, nor yet a system of teaching to be studied, accepted and received, but a life. It brings to bear upon human

thought and action not a body of new truth for consideration, but a person to be trusted and loved. This is its peculiar excellency, and the reason of its heart-moving power. It is the attracting force of love in a personal life lived on earth in the fierce light of duty, in the form of a servant stooping to the lowest and showing for all time to all men, in human form, the wideness of God's mercy and the greatness of His love.

There is, in the second place, the central fact which leads to the central truth—Christ crucified. St. Paul knew well the power of attraction which lies in the person of Christ. But one act stood out above all others as a revelation of His heart, and that was His death upon the cross. So the Saviour Himself had pointed out long before when He had said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

The cross shows the way by which God is able to reconcile His justice with His mercy. A God all mercy were a God unjust. It is a bridge which passes from the one to the other. The sinner who looks in faith to Jesus Christ finds a way of access to the Father, and the free and full forgiveness of his sins.

The cross bears upon it the message of redeeming love, even as the Christian poet sings:

"Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, 'God is love.'"

The outstretched arms of Jesus Christ tell the story of God's attitude to men. He stretches out untiring hands of mercy and of love. It displays the whole redeeming powers of God brought into contact with human souls. There is nothing which speaks with such eloquent voice to the sinful, and proclaims so truly God's attitude towards sin and yet His love for the sinner.

The cross proclaims our redemption. It was there that Christ triumphed over Satan and his power. It was there that sin was nailed to the tree and condemned in the flesh. It was there that Death was met and vanquished, disarmed of its awful sting, and its power forever destroyed. Truly the death of Christ was our redemption. It is not Christ without His cross, nor

the cross without Christ, but both together, that gives life to dying men. It is this that makes Him irresistibly attractive.

"As I shall be uplifted on a cross  
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,  
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands  
Not unto dark, but light—not unto death,  
But life—beyond the reach of guilt and grief,  
The whole creation."

The cross declares the way of cleansing. The forgiveness of sin is as ever through the blood. And on the cross the true paschal lamb suffered and bore away the sins of the whole world. And so in trusting faith we bring our guilt to Jesus Christ, who alone can wash our

"Crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains."

#### ANOTHER GIRL.

Written for PARISH AND HOME.

The recess bell had rung and on all sides came the girls trooping from the class-rooms into the corridors.

Arm in arm, school-girl fashion, rather behind the last group, came two girls chatting away.

"When is your cousin Amy coming, Alice?" asked the taller of the two.

"To-morrow. She's full of fun, Walter says. You know he was in Washington in the spring. So she'll be another girl in our set."

"Miss Walcott won't like that. She thinks we're too many now," laughed the first speaker.

"Hush! there she is!" said Alice, quickly drawing her companion back, as a tall, slight girl with rather a weary look on her young face, passed out the door and along the hall.

"Do you suppose she heard?" asked the first speaker, rather horror-stricken. It was one thing to make one of a clique whose main determination was to torment a certain teacher, but quite another thing to have her know you were purposely acting contrary to her wishes.

Had Miss Walcott heard? Yes, she had. She went into her little study at the end of the hall, placed her books on the table, and sitting

down wearily bowed her head on her hands.

So these girls had actually arranged to torment her! And there was another one coming! Would she prove still worse than these six? Could she be? And these girls she had tried so hard to win—these few girls who had given her more trouble than all her other classes put together, was it possible they were going to slip from her after all? Suddenly a voice within whispered, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." By-and-bye when she lifted her face there was a calm, sweet peace in it, very different from the weary look there when she entered.

The bell soon rang for recitations, and soon classes were going on all over the big building.

When school was over Alice and her friend walked quickly home.

The family were in the midst of supper, when who should walk in but Amy!

She was greeted with a chorus of, "Why, where did you come from?" "We didn't expect you till to-morrow." "You dear thing!" "I am so glad to see you!" "Why child, how did you find your way over from the station all alone?" "It was too bad that no one met you."

And Amy, in the midst of the laughing and joyous greeting, had to explain that a friend of her father had suddenly to come on business last night and so it was decided she had better come with him than alone the following day.

When supper was over Amy had to answer innumerable questions and deliver all the messages Uncle Fred and Aunt Bertha had sent. So it was nearly eleven when the girls finally went upstairs to bed.

"Tell me something about school," said Amy, putting her arm around her cousin, as they walked down the hall.

"Oh, there's not much to tell," replied Alice, "it's just like any other school, but we girls have a good time."

"Who are 'we girls'?"

"Till, Marian, Louise, Mamie, Margie and I. Some of the teachers think we're lazy, but we're not. Of course we like to have a good time and don't want to be forever

grinding like Susie Connell. That horrid Miss Walcott said yesterday she'd have to report us if our lessons weren't better. But I'll not study for her!" and Alice wielded the brush with considerable energy as she finished.

Amy couldn't help smiling at the way the brush was being applied to Alice's yellow hair but she felt a little disturbed for all that.

"Who is Miss Walcott, Alice?" she said, gently. "I never heard you speak of her before."

"Why, she's a substitute who is

intended to be mean. We were only having a little fun."

"Or whatsoever ye do—do all to the glory of God," said Amy, slowly.

There was silence for a long while till lights were out and prayers said.

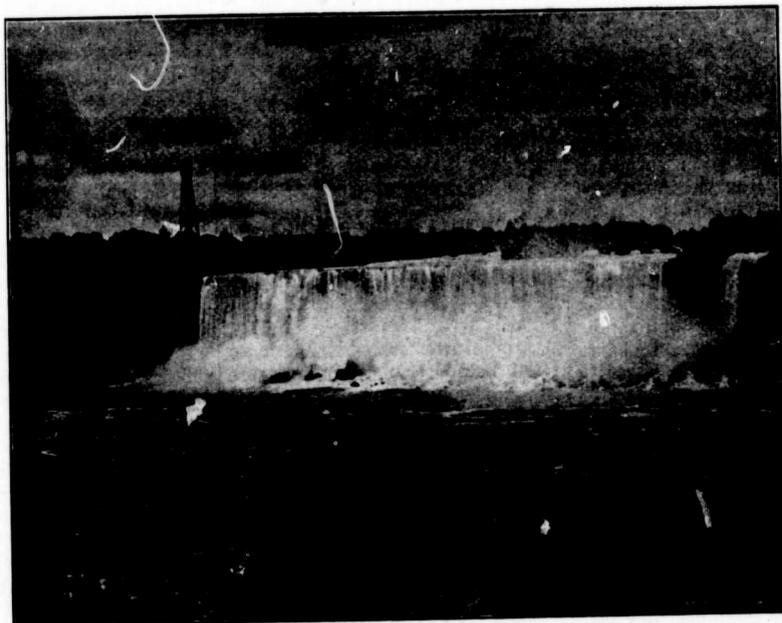
Then Amy broke the silence by saying:

"What did you do in Miss Walcott's room besides not getting your lessons, Alice?"

This last remark Alice was inclined to resent for a moment, but

son went on quietly enough for about a quarter of an hour, when a sudden crash came from the back of the room. Two or three of the girls screamed, several jumped and all turned around. Several books had fallen off the desk of one of "the six." They were picked up and replaced with a good deal of suppressed giggling and Miss Walcott went quietly on with the recitation.

Presently it came Mamie's turn to recite. She rose, stumbled through several lines, while the giggling in the rear increased, then stopped short in her recitation.



Niagara Falls.

in while Miss Markham is sick. You see she'll only be here a few months and she'll have nothing to do with the promotions, for Miss Markham will be back before that; so we don't care a bit for her, and we might as well have a good time."

As she finished, Alice looked up. The expression on her cousin's face as she met her glance made her begin to think over what she had said, and gradually some of the meanness of it dawned upon her and her face flushed.

"I—I never thought of it in that way before," she faltered. "It is kind of queer. Why I—we never

the thought was banished, and she said quietly:

"We haven't been very nice to her. I'm afraid we've been rather rude. I'm sorry, but let's say good-night, Amy."

Amy understood, so she kissed her cousin and soon both were sound asleep.

Next day the two girls were off early to school. Alice proudly introduced—"My cousin, Amy," to all her friends.

Nothing remarkable happened until 11 o'clock came and Alice's class went to Miss Walcott's room for the usual recitation with her. It was French translation and the les-

son went on quietly enough for about a quarter of an hour, when a sudden crash came from the back of the room. Two or three of the girls screamed, several jumped and all turned around. Several books had fallen off the desk of one of "the six." They were picked up and replaced with a good deal of suppressed giggling and Miss Walcott went quietly on with the recitation.

Presently it came Mamie's turn to recite. She rose, stumbled through several lines, while the giggling in the rear increased, then stopped short in her recitation.

Miss Walcott's face flushed and she said, "Why is your lesson not prepared, Miss Duncan?"

"Too many other lessons—had no time for the French," said Miss Duncan, with an insolent toss of her head.

Miss Walcott looked her full in the face and Mamie rather quailed for an instant. The giggling in the rear rather re-assured her, however, and she looked round for some of her comrade's approving glances as she sat down.

Instead, she saw Amy looking at her with eyes full of tears. She looked in astonishment and then dropped her eyes on her book

while a whirl of thoughts went through her head. She did not hear the giggling now. She saw only Miss Walcott's face and Amy's tear-filled eyes. Was it as bad as that? Did it sound so dreadful to a stranger? Would it—yes, would it—sound like that to her mother and father? Would it? What had she said anyway? She moved uneasily in her seat and wished she were out of the room. Then she heard Alice's voice and looked up.

Alice was reading in a clear, quiet tone so different from the usual mumbling. When she finished Miss Walcott said, "That was very good, Miss Dunn." Alice flushed a little and sat down.

The giggling in the back of the room had ceased. Evidently "the clique" were a little taken aback by Alice's behaviour. The recitation was drawing to a close and the girls and Miss Walcott were becoming thoroughly interested in the adventures of Monsieur Franchon, when another one of Alice's friends, Marian, the girl whom Miss Walcott had overheard speaking to Alice, rose to recite. She went on well enough for about three lines, then raising her voice so that no one could mistake her aim, she gave a purposely ridiculous translation of the next sentence. It was too funny and many of the girls joined in the laugh, which Marian's friends raised. Just then the bell rang and the class went out at once for recess.

Amy's eyes were flashing as she took Alice's arm and walked rapidly down the hall.

"Alice Dunn, those girls are a mean, contemptible set! I'm ashamed to be a girl! I declare I never knew they could be so mean! You wouldn't catch boys doing a trick like that!"

"Yes, you would, you just ask Walt about some of the tricks that they do. But Amy, I don't believe the girls know how mean it is. I'm sure I didn't till we talked last night."

"Well," said Amy, stopping short as the thought struck her, "let's call the girls together and talk it over."

The two girls soon found Alice's five friends and took them off to a quiet corner.

"You be spokesman, Amy," said Alice.

"No, I'm too hot just now. You go ahead and then I'll say my word."

So Alice proceeded to tell the girls how she had realized a little of what they were doing and how it must look to other people.

When she finished Mamie Dunn said:

"Girls, I've been thinking I wouldn't have liked my mother to have heard what I said this morning."

"Well," said Till Fraser. "If my father had seen me put those books on the very edge of the desk and let them fall off 'accidentally,' he would—well, he *wouldn't* take me to Maine this summer."

"Dear me," put in Louise. "Seems to me you're making a great deal of fuss about nothing. We haven't been any worse than lots of the girls. Besides, Miss Walcott hasn't been very nice to us."

"I don't know about that," said bright Margie, slowly. "I guess we've done the most of the 'guying' and Miss Walcott's been a good sight nicer than I'd have been in her place."

"Girls," said Amy, "I propose we all go to Miss Walcott and tell her we're sorry and intend to get up our lessons and behave ourselves for the rest of the year."

There was some hesitation, but finally all gave in, and started for Miss Walcott's study. After they had knocked some of them drew back rather frightened, but Amy and Alice marched boldly in in answer to the "Come!" and the others followed.

There was silence for a minute as Miss Walcott looked in some surprise at the group.

Then Alice said: "Miss Walcott, we have come to ask your pardon and say we intend to get up our lessons after this and give you no further trouble."

A light flashed over Miss Walcott's face, but she said simply, "I am very glad, girls."

When the girls were gone and all was quiet in the little study once more Miss Walcott bowed her head and thanked the dear Father Who had sent "another girl" into her French class.

### THE COMFORTER.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord,  
The simple and the blest;  
Thy lodging is in child like hearts,  
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter, eternal Love,  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this breathing heart of mine,  
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest.

—Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

### MY SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—  
Jehovah, who was on the tree, Jehovah, who enters the everlasting gates. I have a Shepherd, therefore, who meets all my sin, and, on the other hand, who secures all my glory. "My Shepherd," not *our* Shepherd—mine, though there may be thousands besides for whom He cares. All the offices of Christ—Intercessor, High Priest, Mediator, Surety, Captain of salvation, Author and Finisher of Faith, Forerunner of Righteousness, King of Peace—all these are summed up in one word, "The Great Shepherd of the sheep." "I shall not want." There is no peradventure there. The language of nature is full of *ifs* and *buts*. The language of faith is absolute. "Jehovah is my Shepherd," and that settles the whole of the wilderness path. Want is impossible.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

For encouragement in persistent prayer, the following instance may be of service. In an address delivered at Calcutta, George Muller said that in 1844 five persons were laid upon his heart, and that he began to pray for their conversion. Eighteen months passed by before the first was converted. He prayed five years more, when the second was converted. After twelve years and a half yet another was converted. And at the time when he spoke, he had prayed forty years for the other two, without letting slip a single day; and still they were not converted. He was, nevertheless, full of courage in the sure confidence that these two also would be given him in answer to his prayer.—*Rev. A. Murray.*

## SEEDS.

A wonderful thing is a seed—  
The one thing deathless forever !  
The one thing changeless—utterly true—  
Forever old, forever new,  
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom ;  
Plant hate, and hate will grow ;  
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall  
bring  
The blossoms that prove what sort of a  
thing  
Is the seed—the seed that you sow.

—Selected.

## WHITSUN-DAY.

By REV. GEORGE BAKER, D.D., in *Parish Visitor*.

Whitsun-Day is the Christian Pentecost. On this great feast, the faithful thankfully and joyfully commemorate God's last and best gifts of Himself to man. He is the Paraclete, "to abide with man forever," "to lead him into all the truth."

By this last gift, God the Spirit makes good, to the individual, the redemption from sin which God the Son won for the race. He thus enables the individual Christian, in a life of faith and loyal service to realize and manifest the dignity, honor and glory of his relation as an adopted Son of God the Father.

When God the Son was revealed on earth, He "glorified the Father." When God the Spirit was revealed He "glorified the Son." Now, it is the privilege and duty of the faithful to glorify the Spirit.

How may we do this ?

1. By remembering how near the Spirit brings God to us. He sanctifies our bodies making them His temple. He sanctifies our minds, "taking the things of Christ and showing them unto us." He sanctifies our spirits, by forming the Spirit of Christ more and more in us as the controlling principle of life, bringing us ever more fully into that life of active and self forgetful love in which God dwells.

2. By thinking habitually of the Spirit of God as "the Lord and Giver of all life"—in the natural world, as the living power who clothes the earth with ever-changing landscape, evolving infinite varieties of living forms, each invested with its own peculiar beauty, and adapted

to glorify God in the work of its own sphere. Thus, observing with a "seeing eye" the works of the Spirit of God in nature, we every where behold, as our Lord did, parables of the working of the same Spirit in the character of man.

3. By remembering that the Spirit of God is the Spirit of unity and order. As in the original creation, it was the Spirit brooding as a dove over the waters, who, in His own time and way brought order out of chaos, as amidst all the discordant elements which sin has introduced into human hearts and into the world, the same Spirit, in His own time and way is bringing order out of confusion and unity out of discord, so that at last all shall be made one in Christ, the acknowledged Lord of a kingdom of universal love and peace. In accomplishing this end the Spirit of God acts as the God of Providence, casting down and raising up empires and individuals to accomplish His gracious design, causing even the infirmities and errors, yea, even the wrath of man, to contribute often to His praise. Believing this, why should we fear for the eventual triumph of good over evil ? This is assured. Why should we distress ourselves over the crosses, the disappointments, the afflictions of our individual lives ? Are not these the very means by which the loving hand of God leads us to a higher, purer and nobler life ?

We must recognize and work with the Spirit as the God of order, so far as that order is revealed to us by God's Word and providence. In doing this we shall honour those institutions of the Family, the Church, and the State, by which from the first God has ordered society. We shall honour and use "the Word and the sacraments" by which life in Christ ordinarily is communicated and nourished by the Spirit. Whatever form of prayer we use, we shall take heed that we "pray in the Spirit."

4. We should remember that from God the Holy Spirit "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works proceed." Thus, although the Holy Ghost ordinarily works through "laws of the Spirit," which He has revealed for our guidance, and which He promises to bless,

still we should recognize the fact that He may, and often does, work in other ways to accomplish His loving purposes for the individual and for the race. We should be grateful for His works wherever we see them manifested, even among those who recognize not the source of their holy inspiration. We should honour goodness for goodness' sake, and praise the richness and fulness of God's grace, which manifests itself so universally for the establishment of righteousness upon the earth. Thus we shall cultivate a liberal and charitable spirit toward all mankind.

5. Above all, remembering that "unless a man have the Spirit of Christ he is none of his," we should cultivate in ourselves those fruits of the Spirit which St. Paul has enumerated in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Galatians : "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," the possession of which, and growth in which is the only test of our Christian life.

God grant that our faith in the Spirit may increase, and that our lives in the Spirit may abound more and more in all good and holy works !

## A LIFE OF PEACE AND KINDNESS.

Dean Stanley on one occasion said to the crowd of children at Westminster Abbey : "I knew once a very famous man, who lived to be very old—who lived to be eighty-eight. He was always the delight of those about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like an eagle's when it flashed fire at what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this ? I have an old grammar, which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when a little boy at school, and what do you think I found written, in his own hand, in the very first page ? Why, these words :

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues ; be just, and fear not.' That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honoured down to the day when he was carried to his grave."—*Parish Visitor*.

**Parish and Home.**

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44-46 Richmond Street, Toronto.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.	
10 copies, for one year, to one address, \$ 3.50	
20 " " " " " 6.00	
40 " " " " " 11.50	
50 " " " " " 13.00	
100 " " " " " 25.00	

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

THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.  
44-46 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

**LITANY FOR OUR SOLDIERS.**

By REV. DR. DOWNES, London.

God of our Fathers, at whose call  
We now before Thy footstool fall,  
Whose grace has made our Empire strong  
Through love of right, and hate of wrong,  
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield  
Our soldiers on the battle-field.

If there be eloquence in grief,  
Or if in Deity relief,  
If Heaven regards the valorous deed  
Or sighs to see the patriot bleed,  
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield  
Our soldiers on the battle-field.

Asleep beneath thine ample dome  
With many a tender dream of home,  
Or charging in the dust and glare  
With bullets hurling through the air,  
We pray Thee in Thy pity shield  
Our soldiers on the battle-field.

If wounded in the dreadful fray  
Be Thou their comfort and their stay,  
If dying may they in their pain  
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain,  
And thus in Thy great pity shield  
Our soldiers on the battle-field.

And soon, O blessed Prince of Peace,  
Bring in the days when wars shall cease,  
And men as brothers shall unite  
To fill the world with love and light,  
Meanwhile in tender pity shield  
Our soldiers on the battle-field.  
Tune—"Eternal Father Strong to Save."

**PAY ME MY WAGES.**

Pay day! Generally a happy day. It is a universal cry, "Pay me my wages." Every workman looks for wages or pay in some form. The merchant looks for profit, the artist for praise, the literateur for fame. In one form or another, every one looks for recompense—wages, in fact.

The laborer who earns with

the sweat of his brow his daily wage, and on pay day carries it home to his wife and family, makes it a sweet and happy day.

Literal wages may be paid by the day, week, or month, or quarter; but there are wages of another kind which are paid at the end of a lifetime.

The payment of wages is a matter of justice; the receiver gets what is earned. It is a matter of debt, not a favor. There is a great day of reckoning coming. Then it will be found that mankind is divided into two classes—those who will receive wages, and those who will receive gifts.

The wage-earning class are those who live in sin, who serve "divers lusts and pleasures." If you are a wine-bibber, liquor is your master (or may be); if you are lustful, the flesh is your master; if you are a miser, gold is your master; if you are selfish, self is your master; if you are vain, pride is your master. "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?"

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." At the last day you will be forced to admit that you have reaped what you sowed. 'The wages of sin is death.'

These are terrible wages. If you continue in sin, you will earn these wages, and get just what you deserve. Men do not complain when they get full wages for their work. Nor will you be able to complain, for then you will see that these wages are just.

What then should you do? Strike instantly! Leave the Devil's service at once. No notice is necessary. Turn to God. Confess your sin. Seek the gift of God, eternal life, and accept it by faith in Christ.

You can never obtain this blessing by merit. You must accept it as the free gift of God.

Some are too proud to receive a gift. Let not pride rob you of eternal happiness. "Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." Being made free from sin, you shall be

come the servant of God, having your "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—*Cheyne Brady, in The Sunday School Times.*

**LOST, A BOY.**

He went from the old home hearthstone  
Only eight years ago,  
A laughing, rollicking fellow  
It would do you good to know;  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with a nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved so  
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to-day.  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kissed and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went;  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a grave intent;  
We know he is thinking and planning  
His way in the world of men,  
And we cannot help but love him,  
But long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Who comes to take his place,  
With hints of a vanishing boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face;  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we must henceforth miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
Forever with a kiss.

—Selected.

**"HE'S A BRICK."**

Is this heading slang? Well, it is a very ancient form of slang. The meaning is given us by Plutarch in his "Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta":

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though nominally only King of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire," said he, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show

you the wall of Sparta." Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and, pointing proudly to the patriot host, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick."—*Ex.*

#### REFRACTORY BOYS.\*

A teacher brought for the first time to a class of refractory boys will, in all probability, be confronted by a dilemma for which he is totally unprepared.

The lesson upon which so much care and zeal has been expended is treated with the utmost indifference—a simple question is answered only by a shake of the head, while an appeal for order to one side of the class is responded to by a disturbance on the other side. Not the slightest attention can be obtained, and the situation soon becomes disheartening. The teacher has taxed his resources to the utmost but in vain, and he is soon forced to the conclusion that before he can ever hope to teach he must obtain control of the class. But how to do it is a problem—a problem that has brought dismay, discouragement and even failure to many a faithful Christian worker. Is there a teacher here who has failed to solve this problem? Let us solve it now. Let us begin by considering what are the *causes* that produce this state of affairs with which we are confronted.

This refractory state (if I may so term it) is but the *effect* of certain *causes*. If we can determine the causes we then have to consider how we can introduce factors that will eliminate or outweigh these refractory tendencies to produce opposite and more beneficial results.

Now, as one star differeth from another in glory, so one boy differs from another in energy, thought and personality. This is largely the result of environment. One boy has been reared amid surroundings of poverty and vice—another is the pampered child in a home of luxury; one has been taught reverence and obedience, while an-

other recognizes no authority but the bigger boy on the street. Small wonder, then, that we cannot obtain a harmonious tune from such discordant notes. "For of thorns men do not gather figs nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes." What would we think of a physician who had but one prescription for every kind of ailment?

What success can a teacher expect who uses but one method on half-a-dozen different boys?

Every different condition calls for a special treatment. And the influence a teacher will be able to exercise over a boy will depend upon his knowledge of the boy's character and surroundings. The *extent* of that control will be just in proportion as he being guided by that knowledge is able to call into action the dormant qualities of good or is able to devise new methods of gradually eliminating the evil tendencies.

And the control of the aggregate—the class—will be just in proportion as he can influence the individual. So it appears to me that *the great essential towards successful teaching is a thorough knowledge of each individual in the class.*

But how can anyone expect to know a scholar seeing him for only one hour a week, and that in company with other boys, on the Sunday? Knowledge requires some special attention. Take the boys in turn. Walk home with one after class. Don't talk school. Don't lecture him. See where he lives. Thus you can judge something of his surroundings. Where does he work? What are his surroundings there? Who are his companions? How does he spend his spare time? What books does he read? What pleasures does he enjoy? From all of these you can glean something of his character, his ambitions and his ideas of life. And then get at his hobby. That is a weak spot with us all. Take an interest in it. Discuss it with him. Ask questions. He will feel flattered in answering.

Nothing will gain the friendship of a boy quicker than an active interest in or sympathy with his hobby. And is not this but human nature all the world over?

Follow this up by calling upon

him. This will show him and his parents as well that you have an every-day interest in him as well as a Sunday interest. This is a critical time. Don't lose the slightest hold you gain upon him. If he is absent look him up at once. Make him feel somebody—that he has been missed—that his presence is a help and his absence a hindrance to the school.

And then when opportunity offers *write* him. There is always a thrill of expectation in the postman's knock. In a home where these bright messages come but all too seldom imagine with what pride and eagerness the boy receives the letter bearing his own name and address. Let the message be free from all formality—cheery and bright. But one thing it should contain, somewhere or other, a carefully-planned sentence containing a thought that will pierce some vulnerable part of that boy's character and reach right to his heart.

It appears to me then that *another great essential towards individual control is a practical demonstration of an every-day interest in the boy.*

These links of individual influence must now be welded into a chain of mutual sympathy embracing the whole class.

Nothing will accomplish this like periodical gatherings. Meet together say at least once a month. Make the meetings attractive. A purely social evening or perhaps a Saturday afternoon's outing. Remember, variety is the spice of life.

And then always talk about *our* class, not *my* class. *This will cultivate a class sentiment.*

This class sentiment is too often overlooked, and yet what a powerful factor it can be made for securing the control we desire. The class will take pride in being named from the superintendent's desk as a full class—they will be stimulated to increase their offering—they will be constantly on the alert for new members—and each one will vie with the other in promoting the common welfare of the class.

Perhaps organization is necessary—it certainly may be useful. For example class "2 B" has organized for the summer. Their motto is "2 B—the Best." Their programme

\* Paper read by Mr. Clarence Bell at the Teachers' Meeting of the Church of the Ascension, Toronto.

speaks for itself. Great results are expected from this organization—so increased and more regular attendance—a much larger offertory—a broader class sympathy—a deeper interest in the lessons and a more earnest application of their teachings.

*Frequent reunions and the cultivation of a healthy class sentiment is a most efficient way to secure class control.*

Ah, but some teacher may say, your suggestions won't apply to one of my boys. I don't believe any scheme will reach him. He is a problem no one can solve. If I was but free of that one boy I would have a fair class. I was in that position myself one time. I have always regretted I let that boy conquer me. I don't believe he could do it now. There is a spark of humanity in every boy—a fire in every soul that can be kindled for good. Don't put that boy away. There is a way to win him.

Remember Dr. Morrison. For years the worst boy in the town. Three times expelled from the Sunday-school. He then became one of the most successful of missionaries. Don't be too niggardly of your time. Don't think the effort too great. For oh! what a reward will be ours if through our instrumentality the Holy Spirit breathes upon the smouldering spark of good in even one boy's heart that it may burst into flame to illumine the rugged pathway that leads to life eternal.

#### CALL OF THE BELLS.

It was a lonely Sabbath afternoon. I sat in the doorway, looking out upon green fields which stretched away before me, with groves of trees farther on, and here and there a roof peeping out between. On one side rose a tall hill crowned with a lighthouse, and in the distance lay the sea, intensely blue and beautiful. The sun shone brightly overhead, and sky and earth seemed to bask in its smile. But the central point of the landscape was the old church tower, from which the bells now began to ring out for afternoon service—such a sweet, joyous, inviting sound, as though they would say, "Come! come! We can promise you better things than

even the bright sunshine and the beauty round about you. Come and see! Come and hear! Come and taste! Come and possess!"

It followed me like the Divine call in the sunny days of youth. When the world seems fresh and bright, when sorrow falls but as a momentary shadow across the path, when new scenes of interest are constantly opening before the eye, when the heart is light and the mind yet unacquainted with care, it is then that *the Lord calls the child* (1 Sam. iii. 8). It may be through the gentle voice of a mother; it may be through the friendly word of a teacher, or the kindly yet solemn admonition of a pastor; it may be through the pleasant page of some book; it may be through the holy lessons of Scripture, that the call comes. The child hears of the love of God, of the Saviour who died for sinners, of the home prepared above, and of the unfailing provision for the saint below; and the sound is sweet and pleasant, and the heart feels its attraction. But how often does the matter seem to end here! The inviting call from the old church tower ended here for the writer, for I was unable to leave my sheltered seat and accept its friendly offer. And as I sat there I sadly thought of the numbers who heard the Divine call, and whose ears were pleased for a time by its sweet music, yet who never gave heed to it, never followed it!

And as I sat and mused, a change came over the scene. Dark, threatening clouds spread themselves over the smiling sky. The soft blue of the sea turned to a sober gray, and the whole character of the landscape was altered, and whether it were imagination or not I cannot tell—the church bells seemed to take a different sound. Instead of the sweet, serene, gently inviting tone I had first heard, they now struck a harsher, sharper, more imperative note. It was not now a pleasant, alluring invitation; it was an urgent summons. It seemed to say, "The time is passing! The hour is close at hand! Delay not! Haste! Come before it be too late!"

So it is with the Divine call. In early life it says: "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" "My

son, give me thine heart." But as life goes on, and the call, often heard, is still neglected, the invitation slighted, the gracious offer trifled with, the strain alters. Now it is: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;" "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" "Escape for thy life;" "Flee from the wrath to come." And yet, as clouds of care and trouble obscure the sky, that call, though urgent and imperative and, in a manner, stern, is yet a call to shelter, to refuge, to safety, to rest. It is still a call of pleading love:

"Still open stands the gate—  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:  
Room! Room!—still room! O enter,  
enter now!"

But it will not always sound. When the hour struck on that summer's day the church bells ceased, the invitation no longer floated on the air, the time for the call was over. In that earthly building (though such is not always the case) there was still place for a late comer. But when the heavenly call has ceased, he who may yet come up to the door will find it *shut*, and will have to say, mournfully: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"—*Sarah Geraldina Stock*, in "*Light in the Home*."

Men long for riches as they long for food. They crave love, they crave fame, they crave power, they crave knowledge, they crave silver and gold; and they live and die with their cravings unsatisfied. Many a man who has given his life to the pursuit of material wealth has died in want. This is the story of the alchemists of old, who devoted themselves to a search for the secret of turning all things to gold. There was one Gabriel Plattes, for example, who gave long years to this study, and wrote a book on the subject, more than two centuries ago. He told how he had at last succeeded in making pure gold; but before he could avail himself of his discovery he "dropped down dead in the London streets for want of food." There is a longing that shall be satisfied, but it is not for gold. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

## Gops' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

June 3—St. Matt. ix. 35 to x. 8.  
 " 10—St. Mark vi. 14-29.  
 " 17—St. John vi. 5-14.  
 " 24—St. Luke viii. 26-40.

### THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Greedy, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leafed clover so crafty is and bold;

It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold."

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"

I questioned Master Generous, and thus he answered me:

"It's because the four-leafed clover so kindly is and gay;

It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away."

—Selected.

### THE BACK-ALLEY MISSIONARY

By Caroline Sheldon, in "S. S. Times."

Probably it would never have occurred to you to call Billie Martin a missionary. In fact, Billie himself would undoubtedly have been surprised to learn that any one had ever thought of applying such a title to him.

Billie's mother was a widow who did washing and helped in the larger houses of the little town of Minot at house-cleaning times, and when parties were given, and in other domestic emergencies. She was a quiet, capable woman, whose mere presence soothed the nerves of the most anxious and inexperienced of housekeepers.

Billie himself was a little, red-headed, snub-nosed, freckle-faced lad of twelve, who went to school five days in the week, and outside school hours and on Saturdays did any odd jobs that came in his way, and were suited to his years and strength.

On Sundays Billie went to Sunday-school. This was a practice not much in fashion in "the back alley" where Billie lived. In fact, Billie was the only boy in the alley who followed this custom. He had invited most of the boys of the neighbourhood to go with him, and, as Billie was rather a favourite, and

had given his invitations skilfully, they had said, "Mebbe they would some time." But up to the time of our story, "some time" had seemed to be *no* time.

One Saturday afternoon, when there was a scarcity of the jobs Billie could do, he stood on the narrow sidewalk before his home watching four or five boys who were playing ball in the vacant lot adjoining. All at once a dispute arose among them, and they stopped their game, and began to swear in a fashion that made Billie jam his hands a little farther into his pockets and draw a long whistling breath. Then he ran up to the group of excited boys, saying:

"What do you fellows want to fight like that for?"

"He won't play fair," said Tom Jenkins with an oath, as he nodded toward Ned Sawyer.

"Well, there's no use in swearing about it if he won't," answered Billie. "Mother says—"

"Oh, get out! We all know you're tied to your mother's apron-strings," interrupted Tom.

"Well, I've noticed some boys' mothers seem to wear aprons with strings too short to tie," drawled Billie, with a funny twinkle in his keen gray eyes. "But I'm thankful to say my mother don't wear that kind."

The boys laughed and nudged each other. No one ever got angry with Billie. Part of his fitness for a missionary lay in his keeping his temper when other people lost theirs, and in joking at the right time. Seeing that the boys were enjoying his little speech, he went on.

"Now, when I feel the way you fellows seem to, I take a rug and hang it out somewhere, and beat it, or saw wood like the nation, or something like that. 'Spose you fellers hain't got any wood to saw?"

The boys grinned and shook their heads.

"The rest of us don't get our winter's wood ready in the middle of summer," explained Ned Sawyer.

"No, I know you don't," said Billie. "Tell you what, I heard the commissioner saying to old Nancy Young she might have that old

fence to burn if she'd get somebody to tear it down and cut it up for her. Let's take the job. We can do it in half an hour, and you can't think what a good way it is to work off hard feelings."

A few minutes later, Nancy, looking out at the window of the room she rented in Mrs. Sawyer's tiny house, saw the boys tearing down the fence, and said to herself complainingly:

"If them plagues of boys ain't a-tearin' down that fence the commissioner giv me when the city sold that lot. Billie Martin's at it too. I didn't b'lieve he'd be so mean. Well, they's no use in my sayin' anything, they won't pay any attention, an' I'll have to look out somewhere else for dry wood. My rheumatism is gettin' so bad I can't knit much, an' I don't know what I shall do."

Nancy continued to stand by the window and fret in an undertone till she saw Billie Martin cross the street with an armful of wood, and heard him say to Mrs. Sawyer:

"Will you ask Miss Nancy where she wants this wood put?"

"Why, they're a-cuttin' it for me!" she said. "Who'd ever have believed it? That's some of Billie Martin's work, I'll bet; an' he said 'Miss Nancy,' too; he's got a nice mother."

When the wood was all stored away in the corner of the shed devoted to Miss Nancy's fuel, Tom Jenkins said, as he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief of no particular color:

"Jiminy!—that ain't swearin', is it, Billie? A job like that does make a fellow feel pretty good inside when he gets it done."

"Now let's go and play ball," said Billie.

### BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and, though not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine, it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charley," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charley; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did it; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—*Early Dew.*

#### GOLDEN GOSSIP.

Grace had been reading a little article entitled "Golden Gossip," which told of a young girl who made herself beloved by all around her, and life happier for others, by repeating only the pleasant things she heard said. "Suppose I try it," she whispered, thoughtfully, as she laid down the paper. "People are always so ready to tell you all the disagreeable things that are said about you; suppose I try the other plan, too, and see how it will work." She started for school, still turning over this thought in her mind. On the way she was joined by Susie Brown. Susie, as usual, had a pet grievance to air. "Marian Master had treated her in the most shameful way," she said, and she proceeded to give a detailed account of the whole quarrel, which was about as sensible a one as most school-girl's quarrels are. Grace listened quietly, and when Susie stopped at last, quite out of breath, she said gently:

"It is strange that Marian should have acted so, for I am sure that she is really fond of you. Only the other day, the was saying what a whole-souled, generous girl you were, and how she hoped that you would get the good-conduct prize, for that no one deserved it more thoroughly."

"Did Marian say that?" said Susie, with a perplexed look upon her face. "I am sure it was very generous in *her*, for she has tried hard for that good-conduct prize. Well, I expect I was in fault the other day, too, for I said some very

aggravating things. I will go and make up with her at recess, for I certainly am fond of *her*."

As Grace was putting on her bonnet, after school, she saw Miss Willis, the assistant teacher, leaning her head on her hand as she sat at her desk, with a very sad expression upon her face.

"What is the matter, Miss Willis?" she asked, "is your head aching?"

"Oh, no, but I am just worn out, mind and body. Teaching is such thankless work. The girls are so provoking, and often so insolent, that I am utterly discouraged."

"We are very thoughtless, Miss Willis," said Grace, "but you really do not know how fond we are of you. When Hettie Black was impudent to you the other morning, none of the girls would play with her at recess. They all said it was a shame to treat you so, when you were so kind and gentle and patient."

A smile crept over the tired face as the young girl spoke, and it was with a light heart that Grace left the school-house and turned her steps homeward.

As she stood on the porch, outside the dining-room, she heard Molly, the waitress, grumbling to the cook, "As to plazing the mistress, there's no such thing as doing it—sich a talkin' to as she gin me this mornin', just because I forgot the spoons and left me duster on the hall table—I'll be lavin', I think, at the end of my month."

Without seeming to have heard, Grace entered the dining-room. "Why, Molly," she said, "did you arrange the flowers in the centre of the table? How lovely they are! Mamma said the other day, how much taste you had in arranging flowers. Where did you learn to do it so nicely?"

"Sure and it's because I love them," said Molly, with a smile replacing the frown. "But I didn't think the mistress noticed."

"But she did, you see," said Grace, "and, Molly, make the salad dressing, not as you did yesterday, you got in too much mustard, but as you made it on Sunday. Papa said that was quite perfect, and you know what a good judge he is."

"I'll have it right to-day," said Molly, good-humoredly. "It's a

pleasure to work for particular people, for then they know when you do things proper."

"What is the matter, Ben?" said Grace, that afternoon, as she saw her little brother with red eyes and very tear-stained cheeks, bending over his slate.

"What always is the matter," he replied, "I cannot do my sums. Papa has tried to explain them to me, and I cannot understand, and he says that I am a dunce, and my teacher says so, too, so I suppose I am, and there is no use in trying any longer."

"Why, what nonsense," said Grace, cheerfully. "The idea of any boy who can draw such maps as you can, calling himself a dunce. I heard papa tell Uncle Ben that you were quite a talented little fellow, and your teacher says that you are the best reader and speller in the school. Set to work at your sums like a man, and you will conquer them, never fear."

After a few kind words of explanation, she left her little brother bending over his slate with a resolute look on his small face, and a short time afterward heard his triumphant shout, when his task was accomplished.

When Grace went to bed that night, it was with a happy heart. She had done no great thing in the course of the day, but she had poured the "oil and the wine" upon the wounds of others, and turned the small discords of life into harmonies, and she felt glad and thankful that God had given her this small service for Him.

Dear boys and girls, will you not try to follow her example? I would not wish you to learn to be flatterers, or insincere, even with a kindly intention, but instead of repeating the disagreeable things that are said of others, can you not store up in your memories every kind word that you hear spoken, and repeat it to those of whom it is said, if possible?

If this world were full of "Golden Gossip" life would be a fair and beautiful thing.—*Alix in Parish Visitor.*

#### TWO STREET WAIFS.

I had crossed the street on a pleasant spring evening to see a

sick friend. It was dark, the moon having sunk below the high city houses. It was ten o'clock, and everything was still in the quiet street. Lights had disappeared from most of the windows and the little circle of light under the gas in the street was all that relieved the darkness.

I saw, as I approached the house, under the gas jet at my gate, two small figures huddled together, and intent upon something they held in their hands. They were so engrossed that they did not discover me as I approached; their heads were very close together, and they were discussing something with great warmth. The larger boy of the two held in his hand an old, soiled, worn Testament. They were deciphering in a slow, stammering way the verse, "Blessed are the meek." One said: "I don't know just what *meek* means, but I guess it means *wicked*." The younger replied: "No, I don't believe it means *wicked*; I think it means *not proud*." The discussion waxed warm, one of the boys insisting upon his interpretation, and the other equally sure that he was right, and that *meek* could only mean *not proud*.

I, hitherto unnoticed, now stepped up to the boys, expressed interest in the discussion, and said: "You don't seem to agree about that verse in the Testament. Would you like to know what I think about it?" I explained, adapting my language as well as I could to the understanding of the poor little waifs, and then questioned them as delicately as I knew how about their lives. They replied to my questions in a frank and boyish manner—said they had no home; that their parents died when they were babies, and they had been shuffled about from one place to another and had earned their scanty living, sometimes as errand boys, sometimes as clog dancers at the Museum—though they informed me it was awful hard work to be a clog-dancer. The older boy had wandered into a mission Sunday-school, and had been, as he said, converted. They were, on this evening, going from a "mission meetin'" to their poor quarters in a miserable boarding-house. They said they spent

most of their evenings in missions and meetings, and the older boy said, pointing to his companion, "He ain't a Christian, he ain't, and I'se tryin' to make him one." The younger boy, with a bright, intelligent face, looked up at me and said: "No, I ain't a Christian, but I am trying to be one, and it's awful hard work."

When they came the next evening, at my solicitation, to visit me and to get some books I had promised them, they sat down, those homeless, friendless boys, in my library, and turned the leaves of a little hymn book I gave them and said: "There is hymn number so and so—'I love to hear that sweet story of old'; I like that hymn ever so much." "And there is such a number—'We shall meet by the river'—don't you like that hymn?" "I sing um when I think there don't nobody hear me."

Some time was spent in looking over the hymn-book, and in remarking upon the hymns they loved best, and they became quite confidential with me. I in my turn felt that I had made two friends with whom I would not willingly part.

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Mr. and Mrs. Marsh had the opportunity of attending the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York the end of April and first of May, and a great conference it was. Some 750 missionaries were present, and about 2,000 missionary workers from many lands. President McKinley, on behalf of the United States, and Governor Roosevelt for New York State and city, gave a hearty welcome to the members from abroad, and hearty replies were made by delegates from England, Germany, Holland and Missionary Lands. The conference lasted ten days, and there were gatherings morning, afternoon and evening, the largest gatherings being held in Carnegie Hall, which would seat between three and four thousand, and very seldom could you see seats vacant and often hundreds were turned away. Good news was heard from many a field, valuable advice given by veteran workers for extending and pushing the work, and a spirit of earnest determination, by the power of God, to press the battle, seemed to brood over the mighty gatherings. It was like an inspiration to hear the vast

concourse sing such hymns as "All hail the power of Jesus' name," or "Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun," etc. There was a large missionary exhibit, showing many things from many lands, open most of the time, and home workers like Eugene Stock, J. R. Mott, Rev. Dr. Pierson, Canon Edmonds, and others, and Missionaries such as Dr. Paton, Bishop Ridley, Dr. Chamberlain, Hudson Taylor, Dr. Ashmore and many more, thrilled the hearts of the vast assemblies as they told what God had wrought among the heathen.

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	Envelopes	Loose	Total
May 6	16.85	9.05	25.90
13	24.80	10.84	35.64
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