



*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. 65.

MARCH, 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.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, } *Churchwardens.*  
M. H. SISSON, }

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR.

*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,
I. C. ARMSTRONG,	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.

The Bishop of Toronto will (D.V.) visit Lindsay on May 6th for confirmation. The Rector will begin preparatory classes shortly, and invites those who have not been confirmed to attend, and also requests the prayers of God's people that this may be a time of rich blessing to many.

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

HEWSON.—Lorne Hamilton, son of Joseph Henry and Mary Ann Hewson, born 8th August, 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church 21st February, 1897.

#### Funerals.

POGUE.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 10th February, 1897, Stewart Pogue, in his 69th year.

FORTT.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 12th February, 1897, Mary Jane Knowlson, wife of E. Fortt.

WARNER.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 17th February, 1897, John Billings Warner, in his 53rd year.

### CHURCH NOTES.

The attendance at the February meeting of the C. E. T. S. was small, owing to the stormy evening. After the opening service the Secretary read the minutes, and then the officers for the following year were elected as follows: President, the Rector; Vice-presidents, J. H. Knight, P. S. I., and L. Archambault; Secretary, Mr. Lockwood; Treasurer, Miss S. E. Twamley; Executive Committee, Mrs. Soanes, Mrs. Goodwin, Misses Deacon, B. Browne, Wingrove, Messrs. R. Humphreys, Henry Bell, S. Perrin, Gideon Mark and Rev. H. R. O'Malley. Mrs. J. C. Armstrong then gave an instrumental. Dr. Herriman congratulated the Society on its work, and gave an instructive and impressive address on the evil effects of alcohol on the human system, speaking as a physician of many years' experience, his words carried great weight. Miss E. Burnham, of Ashburnham, then favored the audience with a song, entitled "The Gift."

A boy had saved up four dollars, and, on the last Sunday of February put two of it on the offertory plate to help relieve the famine sufferers in India. It is good to see our young people thinking of the needs of others, and who can tell what will be

the result under God of the help sent from Christian nations to these poor starving heathen.

The Rev. J. C. Davidson, of Peterboro, has been gazetted Honorary Chaplain to the 57th Battalion.

It is said, in reports from Delhi, India, that 40,000 persons have already died owing to the famine in that land.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."—Jer. 3: 33.

The income of the C. M. S. for the first nine months of the present financial year was £21,000 more than the preceding year, but the needs have been growing even faster than the income.

The Rev. J. D. O'Meara, of Winnipeg, son of the late Rev. Dr. O'Meara, of Port Hope, has been appointed Dean of Rupertland, in succession to Dean Grisdale, who was lately elected Bishop of QuAppelle.

The annual Sunday School drive was a great success, some 300 were on hand with flags, etc. Twenty-four sleighs were in the procession. After the drive over 325 sat down to tea, and an interesting program brought a very pleasant affair to a close. Very hearty thanks are tendered to those who so kindly sent sleighs and provided so many good things, and we trust that many of the scholars, when they remember the pleasant outing, will thank our Heavenly Father for His good gifts.

Miss Wahl, a Missionary, writing from near Lucknow, India, of the famine says: "Parents are already selling their children to get food. In Aminabad a man sold his only son for Rs 2½, as they had not had anything to eat for four days. When he brought home some provisions he did not tell his wife how he obtained the money, but when the dinner was ready, and the son did not come, he at last had to confess it. That was more than the poor mother could bear, and she cast herself down into the well. When the man saw he had now lost both wife and son he followed her." Now is the time for Canadian Christians to feed the hungry and starving of India.

In addition to the Wednesday evening service, during Lent there will be service at 4.15 p.m. in the school-room on Fridays, also we expect to have confirmation classes each Friday evening. We trust many will use these opportunities.

A meeting of the Clergy of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria, was held in Lindsay on February 25th and 26th. Rural Dean Allen occupied the chair at the meetings at the Rectory, and after the ordinary business was transacted Rev. J. Creighton, B. D., opened the discussion on "Pastoral Visiting" by giving many useful suggestions to young men. The Women's Auxiliary kindly entertained the visitors at tea in the school room on Thursday, after which there was a Missionary meeting. God's blessing was invoked and then Mr. A. Lawrence, of Minden, in a manly straightforward way, gave the history of his work in the north country, its advantages and pleasures as well as its needs and difficulties. We wish more could have heard of the zeal of our fellow-church people in the north, also the need of increasing the labourers. The venerable Archdeacon Allen showed the need of increased effort in Missionary work and answered some objections raised against it. Miss Leary and Miss Burnham, of Peterboro, each sang very touching sacred songs. On Friday there was a short service and holy communion at 10 a.m., and then the study of a portion of Greek Testament. In addition to those mentioned above the

Revs. W. McCann, of Omeme; W. Farncomb, of Fenelon Falls, and Creighton, of Bobcaygeon, as well as Messrs. Marsh and O'Malley were present and took part in the proceedings.

We would advise all Sunday School Teachers and workers to read Miss Twamley's excellent paper on an "Ideal Sunday School Teacher."

We hope our readers will scan our advertising columns as we want our patrons to know that they are not only helping a good work, but that it pays to advertise in Parish and Home.

Miss Lucy Dingle, who has gone to Albany, N. Y., to take a course for a trained nurse, will be missed from St. Paul's Church Choir, of which she has been a member for the past few years.

Death has been busy in our midst of late, the sudden calling away of some in the vigor and prime of their lives deepens our loss and causes our sympathy to go out all the more to the bereaved ones.

Over \$90 has been subscribed to purchase an organ for the Union Church in Reaboro, and so very shortly that aid to the musical part of the service will be secured. We congratulate the people on the effort put forth.

The C. E. T. S. paid \$30.90 on the piano in the school room during the year, and now only owe a balance of \$21. The instrument is a great comfort at many of the meetings and entertainments held, and we owe many thanks to the C. E. T. S. for even this work.

News has been received from St. Peter's Mission, McKenzie River diocese, Miss Tims (from Omeme) arrived there after her long journey on Sept. 16th, and was received with much joy. Soon after her arrival Miss Marsh, who had been over-taxed with the long strain, was laid up with a sort of nervous prostration for two months, but owing to the kind nursing and attention of Miss Tims and the Indian girls was much better in December when she wrote. Very hearty thanks were returned for the kindness of the Lindsay people in sending such useful bales. They arrived in good order and nearly every article was what was needed. With regard to the special gift to the chief's wife, one letter says, "We sent for Mrs. Chantla, the chief's wife, and presented her with the red jacket Mr. M— sent from Lindsay, and she went away as proud as a peacock. Poor old Chantla has always been a good hunter and worker and had many skins coming to him in the fall, but this year being ill, he has nothing, so the gift was particularly acceptable to the poor old wife." They give food and clothing in times of need to the aged and widows, and, of course, supply the children in their school, but the men have to pay for what they get in work. On December 7th they speak of having a moonlight drive with the dogs between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, so one may judge how short the winter days are, and often in the winter the Indians are short of provisions. The work is going quietly on and being blessed of God, but a zealous, earnest, godly young layman is needed to help Mr. Marsh in his part of the work. The freight bill for the year for supplies for the mission is \$850, and even then bread has to be used very sparingly. The autograph coverlid is much prized and often reminds them of many kind Lindsay friends. Prayer is earnestly requested for God's continued guidance and blessing.

# Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

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No. 76.

## CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

### LESSONS.

3. **Ash Wednesday.** *Morning*—Pr. Pss. vi., xxxii., xxxviii.; Isaiah lvi. 1, to v. 13; Mark ii., v. 13 to 23. *Evening*—Pr. Pss. cii., cxxx., cxliii.; Jonah iii.; Hcb. i., v. 3 to 13.
7. **1st Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xix., v. 12 to 30; Mark viii., v. 24 to xvii., v. 10. *Evening*—Gen. xxii., to v. 26, or xxiii.; Rom. xvi.
14. **2nd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xxvii., to v. 41; Mark xi., v. 27 to xii., v. 13. *Evening*—Gen. xxviii., or xxvii.; I. Cor. vii., to v. 25.
21. **3rd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xxvii., to v. 41; Mark xv., to v. 42. *Evening*—Gen. xxxix., or xl.; I. Cor. xii., to v. 28.
25. **Ann. of Virgin Mary.** *Morning*—Gen. iii., to v. 16; Luke i., v. 46. *Evening*—Isaiah lii., v. 7 to 13; I. Cor. xv., to v. 33.
30. **4th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xlii., to v. 23. *Evening*—Gen. xliii., or xlv.; II. Cor. i., to v. 23.

## PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from  
me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always  
spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I  
plead;  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter and though  
heart should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst  
shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall  
shine—  
Through Peace to Light.  
—Holy Family.

THE season of Lent is upon us, a time that may be rich in blessing or that may be only a meaningless

round of services and self-denials, with a weary wishing that it was all over, and that we were back in the rush and hurry of social or business duties again. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile," said the Lord Jesus to His active and busy disciples of old, and His followers to day need times of rest and refreshment as much as ever they did. Lent, then, should be a time of going apart and holding deep and real communion with our Saviour, drinking of the living water that He alone can give; a going off, if need be, into the wilderness with Him, and searching deep into our own lives, and seeing what are the besetting sins that we are specially to fight against and overcome. Lent is also a time of self-denial, not only when we should take up our cross daily and follow Christ, but when, out of loving hearts, we may see if there is not something that we could give up or do without for His sake, so that we may help His needy ones, and do even more for the extension of His cause at home and abroad. C. N. 111

LENT is a time of fasting. Our Church, like the Word of God, generally lays down great principles rather than minute and vexatious rules. She does not command her children to abstain from meats or forbid them to marry, knowing that these things are good if used lawfully; but if they give up even lawful and good things that they may the better carry on God's work, she approves. She lays down the principle that it is good to fast, if done from the right motive, and then leaves the individual member to decide how best he may carry out the principle. How beautifully expressive is the first lesson that she appoints to be read from God's Word on Ash Wednesday: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let

the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh," Isa. lvi. 6, 7. If we make some extra self-denial for Christ's sake and for the good of others, we will, indeed, find it a blessed service. C. N. 111

We trust that many of our readers will make much of the opportunities they have during Lent of coming together to worship God in the congregation; also that many will practise some self-denial, that they may thereby be enabled to help forward God's work and meet the many calls to push the cause of our Master in the enemy's country. Lent is also an excellent time to establish family worship in the home. We wonder in how many households into which PARISH AND HOME finds its way there is no gathering of the family day by day to ask for family mercies and family blessings. The Hon. T. F. Bayard, United States ambassador to England, in speaking in Delaware some time ago, said that he had visited a number of the homes of the well-to-do and wealthy, and added: "I have never passed a night in any house in England in which the family did not kneel in common prayer to the Ruler of the world." He said that this was not a matter of display, but an ordinary part of the home life, and he expressed the wish that the same excellent custom might prevail in his own country. We would echo the wish as to Canada, knowing how much the home life influences the country, and that "righteousness exalteth a nation." Let us not only re-echo the desire, but fulfil it as far as we are concerned, and see that our children and households have the

advantages that come from daily reading God's Word and daily family prayer. Let us begin at once.

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THE way to happiness, said the late Dr. Guthrie, does not lie in attempting to bring our circumstances up to our minds, but our minds down to our circumstances. Many birds wear a finer coat than the lark, nor is there any that dwells in a lowlier home; yet which of the feathered songsters soars so high, or sings so cheerily, or teaches man so well how to leave the day's cares and labors, for the bosom of his family, as when, envying neither the peacock his splendid plumage nor the proud eagle her lofty realm, it drops, singing, into its grassy nest, to caress its young, and with its wings to shield them from the cold dews of the night? Let ours be the cheerful happiness of him who, content with little, pleased with whatever pleases the Father, careful for nothing, thankful for anything, prayerful for and in everything, can say with Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

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How true is it that the world knows nothing of its greatest men! There are great multitudes of lowly lives lived on the earth which have no name among men, whose work no pen ever records, but which are well known and unspeakably dear to God. They make no noise in the world, but it needs no noise to make a life beautiful and noble. Many of God's most potent ministers are noiseless. How silently the sunbeams fall all day long upon the fields and gardens, and yet what joy, cheer and life they diffuse! How silently the flowers bloom, and yet what sweet fragrance they emit! How silently the stars move on in their majestic marches around God's throne, and yet they are suns or worlds! So Christ has many earthly servants, who work so quietly that they are never known among men as workers, whom He writes down among His noblest ministers. They do no great things; but they are blessings, oftentimes, perhaps unconsciously, wherever they go.

THERE are few of us, says the *Young People's Weekly*, who estimate rightly how much a happy, sunshiny temperament can do toward lightening the burdens and cheering the sorrows of those with whom we come in contact from day to day. If we can help in no other way, we can at least turn a cheerful face to the world, for this sunshine of the heart may be cultivated, as is proved by one woman's experience, told of in an exchange.

A woman who had had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give to my friends but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I, myself, am happier than I should have been had I sat down and bewailed my fate."

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WHEN Dr. S. H. Tyng, the eminent preacher, was a young man, says *Our Sunday Afternoon*, he received from someone a stinging, provoking letter. After reading it he wrote a reply filled with words quite as sharp as those which had come to him, for he was abundantly able to hold his own in such a controversy. Starting to the post-office to mail his letter, he heard on his way a voice as if someone spoke to him, saying:

"Stephen, that won't do."

He looked about him, but there was no speaker to be seen; and yet the voice had reached his heart.

Said one good man, when speaking of certain things which other people sometimes practised:

"I cannot do such things; if I do, there is someone inside of me who talks to me nights."

How many have been withheld from folly, from rashness, and from bitterness by that voice within?

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In these days of speculation and

eagerness to grow rich, the following wise words of Phillips Brooks should do good:

I do say that in young men with abundance of life within them and around them gambling and betting, if they be not the result of much thoughtlessness, are signs of premature demoralization which hardly any other vice can show. In social life, in clubs, in college, on the street, the willingness of young men to give or receive money on the mere turn of chance is a token of the decay of manliness and self-respect which is more alarming than almost anything besides. It has an inherent baseness about it which not to feel shows a base soul. To carry in your pocket money which has become yours by no use of your manly powers, which has ceased to be another man's by no willing acceptance on his part of its equivalent—that is a degrading thing. Will it not burn the purse in which you hold it? Will it not blight the luxury for which you spend it? Will you dare to buy the gift of true love with it? Will you offer it in charity? Will you pay it out for the support of your innocent children? Will it not be a Judas treasure, which you must not put into the treasury because it is the price of blood?

#### MEN AND LENTEN SERVICES.

Should one come from another world and enter one of our churches during a week-day service he would be likely to conclude that either the women were the only sinners on earth, or the men were so bad that repentance, confession, and reformation would be without avail. We, who live here, know that either conclusion would be false. We know that while men are not hopelessly bad they need repentance, confession of sin, and prayer for grace to start afresh in the service of righteousness and God, quite as much as the women who so often form nearly the entire congregation at a week-day service, whether in Lent, or out of it. Most men have grown ashamed to say "that religion is a good thing for women, but men don't need it," yet by their conspicuous absence from God's

house whenever ordinary respectability will permit them to stay away they are giving utterance to this which they know is a falsehood. We wonder that it never occurs to them to be ashamed of their actions in this regard. We are very familiar with the arrogant claim, "I know what is right, I have no need to go to church to be told my duty." Why can't the man who utters such a claim see where it leads him? The one who knows what is right knows he ought to worship God, that he ought to go daily into His presence, and by the side of his wife or sister or mother, whose more sensitive and probably purer soul his silly self-pride seems to try to condemn, confess in deepest contrition his sin in neglecting God and living only for this world; or if this is a stronger self-condemnation than his conscience demands, at least humble himself before God because of many a failure to do Him honor, and many a thoughtless disobedience of His holy will. Surely arrogance is not more manly than humility. It is very far from being as manly. But it is not arrogance and self-conceit that make most men neglectful of the worship of God. We are sure of that, for we are sure it is worldliness. It is absorption in business or other occupations that makes a man indifferent about his relations to God and the cultivation of the divine life that is in him, and often makes worship an uninteresting and irksome thing to him. This is no more than we expect in the case of those who are professedly worldly and unspiritual. But it is not what we have a right to expect of men who are members of Christ's Church by baptism and confirmation. And it is a very serious obstacle to the progress of the Lord's kingdom in the world that even men who are communicants in the Church make apparently no systematic attempt to attend the week-day services with any regularity—not even in Lent. The excuse is the demands of business. If it is sometimes a valid one, everyone knows that oftener it is not, for a little care in adjusting one's work, a little thought in making engagements, a little courage to let our associates know that attendance upon church services is regarded as both a pleasure and a duty—

in short, a little of just such carefulness as men exercise in arranging to do what they really want very much to do would nearly always enable the busiest of men to attend most of the Lenten services. What can any of us expect but that God will judge our care for His worship just in that degree in which we make effort to be participators in it, and will bless us or condemn us accordingly—*Parish Visitor*.

### GOD'S WISE PROHIBITIONS.

"THOU SHALT NOT."

If you open your Bible, and in the first chapters of Genesis read about the creation, you will see that after God had made the world, filled it with everything of wonder and use and beauty, and handed it over to man to enjoy, he yet fastened on to that enjoyment this stern command, "Thou shalt not," in one particular, and because man could not or would not understand its meaning, and obey, sin came into the world, and all its consequences.

From that time forward, in all the record of God's dealing with men, in all His plans for bettering them and drawing them towards Himself, the expression is constantly used. Of the ten commandments written upon the tables of stone by God for the guidance of His people, and constituting what we know as the moral law, no less than nine contain the injunction "Thou shalt not." And so we find it in many forms scattered throughout the teaching of the Bible. There must be some deep reason for this. The God who made us knows what is in us. He knows the human heart, its weakness, its dangers, and its needs, and if "Thou shalt not" is so often repeated we may be sure it is because there is need of its repetition. I think you will all see, when once it is put to you, that our own knowledge of life helps us to the explanation.

As little children we had to meet these words, "Thou shalt not," at the very threshold of life. In its ignorance of the physical world and its laws, a little child is ready and eager to do a hundred things which will do him harm—play with fire or

hot water, eat noxious things, handle edge tools, go into dangerous places. All the activity and watchfulness of parents or nurses is required to protect the child from hurting himself. "Do not do this—do not do that" is the constant and necessary language of the nursery. Nature, with its steady and certain laws, constantly reinforces the injunctions or warnings which the child gets. The burnt or scalded hand, the cut finger, the bitter physic which follows unwise eating or drinking, the broken arm or the bruise which results from a fall, gradually compel the child to see that there is reason behind the commands he receives and the restrictions imposed on him.

Notice that all this training is necessary for the child's own happiness. As soon as he learns the simple laws of nature, that fire burns, that knives cut, that tumbles bruise, he soon begins to find a world of happy enjoyments and pleasures within the limitations imposed on him. He has learned to refuse the bad and accept the good. As the child grows older the same great law of discipline must go on in other ways. He is as ready, through ignorance or wilfulness, to injure himself morally or intellectually as the small child was physically.

So "Thou shalt not" must be as steadily enforced on other lines as he advances in years, in the school-room as in the nursery. The boy must not steal, he must not lie, he must not be profane, he must not indulge natural laziness, he must not give way to violent passions or depraved tastes. Nor does the restriction cease with boyhood. When we grow up to be men we find that it is still the same. Pick up any volume of the laws by which we are governed, and everywhere you will find regulations defining what people shall not do. They must not trespass on the rights of others, they must not injure their neighbors, they must not do what harms the community. The "Thou shalt not" of these laws is enforced by a whole body of police or constables, by magistrates and judges, backed up by all the force of the community. It is the weapon with which society finds it necessary to guard itself

against its own worse members—against those particularly who have refused to take the earlier training of which I have spoken.

Now do you think that this constant reiteration of "Thou shalt not" makes all life one long prison house experience? Not at all, although some think so. Ask your own observation and experience for an answer. Is the wilful little child who insists on doing what is forbidden and suffers the natural penalty brighter and happier than the one who takes warning and avoids what is bad for him? Is he even freer in the best sense of the word? Is the street boy who has had no home discipline, who has grown up to steal, and lie, and swear, freer and happier than the lad who, under the strong and loving compulsion of father, and mother, and teacher, has learned to speak the truth, to keep from picking and stealing, to look all men in the eye with frank honesty and the simplicity of a pure heart? Is the man who shuts his ears to the "Thou shalt not" of the law, and so finds himself behind prison bars, to be compared with the man who obeys the laws, bends his own will to the will of those who make the laws, and so is free to walk the streets, looking the whole world in the face?

Certainly not. The truth is that the best and noblest freedom that can be enjoyed in the world is that which is enjoyed under obedience to law. The grand motions of the stars and planets with their wide sweep through space are all controlled by law. So it must be with every human life. It is those who have learned to accept with a humble spirit the restrictions placed upon them by the laws of God who have really taught the true secret of noble life. Within those restrictions they are able to exercise to the utmost all their noblest forces of body, mind, and spirit. So drive from your minds the thought that the "Thou shalt not" which meets you at every turn, and will meet you as long as you live, makes life a prison house. It is the necessary discipline of freedom. It is the gateway to the fullest happiness which is possible for man.—*G. R. Parkin, Principal of Upper Canada College.*

### FULLY TRUSTING.

BY THE REV. E. DANIEL, PORT HOPE.

We are commanded in Prov. iii. 5 to trust in the Lord with *all* our hearts, which means, of course, so to rest our whole souls upon God, upon His wisdom, power, and goodness, that the burden of our lives, the care and government of them, rests upon Him and not upon ourselves, our part being that of waiting upon Him in absolute dependence, as willing servants, ready to carry out His orders as He reveals them to us. And why should we not do so? Why should we not allow God to carry our burdens and to manage our concerns when He not only offers to do so, but positively commands us to trust in Him with all our hearts, to cast all our cares and burdens upon Him? As someone says truly, we find no difficulty in trusting the Lord with the management of the universe, of all the outward creation, and can *our case*, by any possibility, be more difficult or complex than that? We put our souls into His keeping, we trust Him with the whole work of our salvation; but why stop there? Why, when God commands us so to do, should we not extend that trust to everything that concerns us, and rely upon Him with all our hearts?

Go back to the patriarchs, to Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham, to Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. Examine the history of the prophets and the kings; of Samuel, and Elijah, and Elisha, and of David and of Solomon and Hezekiah, and where do you find a case where a single trusting soul was deserted or disappointed by God Almighty? We do find cases where even God's servants involved themselves in difficulties and perplexities, and we do find them allowed to reap the results of their follies, but we never find them erring or suffering in this way through trusting God too fully; on the contrary, in every instance it was when these saints began to be distrustful and disobedient, to waver in their confidence, to become half-hearted in their faith, and to lean upon their own understanding that they began to stumble and to fall. And so it is still. If we trace our sins and failings down to the root

we shall find that want of trust in God, that a half-hearted trust, which is only another term for unbelief, is the secret and the cause in almost every case. God must have our confidence or He cannot deal with us effectually. Give to a physician half your confidence, or give to someone who has undertaken a business matter for you only half your confidence, trust him at one time and refuse to trust him at another, and what satisfaction would there be for anyone concerned? And so in our dealings with God, unless we trust in Him with all our hearts, and lean not upon our own understanding, unless in all our ways we acknowledge Him, we make it morally impossible for Him to direct and make plain our paths. On the other hand, nothing but blessing, nothing but that which leads to deeper happiness and peace, can come to us if we trust Him fully.

### SOME OF THE HABITS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

He used no coffee, tobacco, or spirits. He would go all winter without cloak or overcoat, and that, too, in the mountains of Virginia, because—the only reason he gave—he "did not wish to give way to cold." People laughed, because they did not know that, like St. Paul, he was keeping under his body, and bringing it into subjection. Jackson was a dyspeptic, and had been at a water-cure establishment, and on leaving it was prescribed a diet of stale bread and buttermilk. A wet shirt was to be worn next to his body. He followed these directions for a year after entering upon his professorship at the Virginia Military Institute, though he boarded at a hotel, and these peculiarities caused him to be laughed at. The water cure doctor had directed him to go to bed at nine o'clock. Jackson obeyed strictly. If that hour caught him at a party, a lecture, or a religious meeting, he invariably started homeward.

His pastor once called upon him to pray in public. He did so, but with such confusion of utterance that the pastor told him he would never require it of him again. Jackson replied that he did not wish

to be excused from duty. It was a cross for him to pray in public, but he made up his mind to bear it. He persevered, and became fluent in speech. His pastor once remarked that "in our country the man who can speak multiplies himself by five." This remark so impressed Jackson that he resolved to become a speaker, though he was nervous and diffident. He joined a debating society, and after many efforts became an impressive, though never an eloquent, speaker.

Commenting on this contest with self, begun in childhood and never given up, General Hill says: "This self-denial and self-control explains his wonderful success. He had conquered himself, and was thus made fit to be a conqueror. No self-indulgent man was ever truly great, however lavishly nature may have showered upon him her bounties. How many opportunities have been lost through the wine-bibbing or pleasure-seeking of some officer of rank! Every page of history points to such instances, and the experience of every man in his own life confirms the lesson."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### FORGIVENESS.

Bishop Ridley, of Caledonia, once sent home this story: Two years ago one of the Indian churchwardens at Metlakahla gave great offence to one of his neighbors. From that time until last December the two men had not spoken to each other. Last Christmas Day, however, the man who thought himself wronged gave his hand to the other, and wished him a happy Christmas. The churchwarden, in delight, came to Bishop Ridley to tell the good news, and added that it must have been his words that brought it about. But it was not through the Bishop that God had sent the message of peace, but through a little Indian child. The young daughter of the man who had been wronged lay very ill, and wished to see Mrs. Ridley, to whose Sunday-school class she belonged. The Bishop goes on to say: "When I called I was surprised to see how ill she was, and thought she would die. Her father was unremitting in his tender attention, and could not help

sobbing when he read my thoughts, as he clearly did. She was the peace-maker . . . This child's Sunday custom was to read from the translated Gospels the lessons for the day, and then explain to her father and mother what her teacher had taught the class. Last Tuesday she stood in her class at the annual examination and took a prize. I then noticed her pale lips. She grew rapidly worse, but before her little strength was quite exhausted she put her arms round her father's neck, and said, 'Darling father, hear me about the little child Jesus.' Then she repeated the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the Highest,' and finished up by saying, 'We must be happy at Christmas, because of heaven, not of earth. The little Jesus brought down peace. Now, father, listen to the little child of God, and try to love every one and hate nobody. Will you, darling father?'

"'Dum watu,' was the tearful promise; 'I will, my darling.'

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

#### AN IDEAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY MISS S. E. TWANLEY, LINDSAY, ONT.

"Aim high" is a motto which each teacher should make his or her own. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself has said, "Be ye perfect," and no true teacher should be satisfied with anything short of perfection. This being the case, let us consider for a short time the kind of teachers we ought to be, and also a few of the means we should employ to enable us to ascend to the exalted position God intends us to occupy.

1. In the first place, I believe that every Sunday-school teacher should be a Christian; not only a professing Christian, but a Christian in the true sense of the term. It is

impossible for us to teach things of which we ourselves are ignorant. How can we lead our class to feel love and affection for Christ when we have never experienced the slightest gratitude towards Him ourselves? How can we unfold to the children the truths of the Bible unless these have sunk deeply into our own hearts by the Holy Spirit's teaching?

2. Again, a Sunday-school teacher's life should be above reproach. We all know how much better example is than precept, and if we wish to retain the respect of our pupils and the esteem and trust of their parents we must so live that no action of ours may bring any discredit on Christ and His religion.

In a Sunday-school, some time ago, a teacher and her class of girls were discussing the propriety of going to a certain place of amusement. The teacher was impressing upon them that it was very wrong to go, when one of the girls, looking up quickly, said, "But, teacher, did you not go yourself last week?" The teacher was embarrassed for a moment, and then said: "Girls, you must not always do as I do, but do as I say." I suppose she congratulated herself that she had been equal to the emergency, but her influence over the class was gone.

3. I am sure we all wish our pupils to attend regularly. Then we must set them the example by being regular in attendance ourselves. Some teachers absent themselves for the most trivial causes. How often we have heard such reasons as the following given by teachers for not putting in an appearance at Sunday-school: "It was too warm" or "too cold," "too wet" or "too stormy," "I had a headache," etc. A teacher in our public schools would never dream of tendering such excuses for remaining at home. Why, then, should a Sunday-school teacher do so? Is it not as much the duty of the latter to be present as of the former? How often a brisk walk to Sunday-school has driven away a headache, which, had we yielded to our inclinations, would have been an excuse for not going. If it is really necessary to be absent, a substitute should be provided if possible; also we might write a note

to the class regretting our unavoidable absence. This will lead pupils to see the importance we attach to regularity.

4. Closely allied to regularity is punctuality. This, again, is taught best by example. The teacher who seems to make it a point to get in during the opening service, or, perhaps, when it is over, will soon find the greater number of his class doing likewise, and we cannot wonder that is so. Then, again, the thoughts of those who were in time may have been led away into mischievous channels, and it may take the whole hour to bring them back again. How much better it would have been had the teacher come a few minutes before the opening of school, so that his presence might have had a restraining influence upon his class.

5. No one will deny that preparation is one of the most important parts of a teacher's work. Thorough preparation involves a great deal more than appears on the surface. I was told of a Sunday-school teacher who always read over on Sunday evening the lesson to be taught the following Sunday. This he did each day, until he had learnt the whole passage by heart. After this he was continually on the watch for illustrations connected with the subject to be taught, and was also studying out geographical or historical references until by Sunday he was familiar with the subject in all its bearings.

But the preparation of the lesson is not all. The teacher must be a student of child life. He must bring himself to the child's level, and try to be interested in what interests the child. He must, for the time being, put himself in the child's place. Then only will that bond of sympathy be established between the teacher and his pupils without which no effective teaching can be done.

We can all remember very well how different things looked to us in our childhood's days from what they do now, and we will have more sympathy with the little restless hands and feet when we think how irksome it was for us to sit still for an hour in the days gone by.

We must never forget to make a personal application of every lesson.

No matter what part of the Bible the lesson is taken from it should never be ended without Christ being lifted up before the children, not as the Saviour of the world only, but as the Saviour of each individual boy or girl in the class. We must always remember that our great object is the training of the spiritual nature of the child. As thirty hours each week have been devoted to his intellectual training we can very well, for one hour, leave it to take care of itself.

6. Another requisite for the true teacher is love and sympathy for his pupils. Some of them get very little kindness in their homes or anywhere else. Many of them are not lovable children, I admit, yet often, down in the heart of our roughest boy, there is a God-given spark which needs only the touch of a loving hand to kindle it into such a flame as will never die out.

Then it would be well for us to come into personal contact with our pupils. We should get to know them intimately. Here the teacher in our public schools has the advantage over the Sunday-school teacher, as he has them a much longer time in his charge and has more opportunities of studying their characters. However, we should make opportunities. Occasionally a teacher might invite his class to his home. Even while walking along the street we sometimes come across one of our boys going in the same direction. By a few pleasant words we can get him to speak of things that interest him, and it is often surprising to find that a boy whom you have pronounced stupid or dull shows by his conversation that he does more thinking than one has given him credit for. We might also call at the homes of our pupils, or, as they are often not at home, we might send them notes, addressed to themselves, which would show them that we take a real interest in their welfare.

7. Above all, prayer should enter into this work as into all other work for God. The best teacher will be the praying teacher. We should pray that God will not only give us knowledge and understanding to impart instruction, but that He will also prepare the hearts of our pupils to receive it. We should talk to

God about each child individually, mentioning his peculiarities and asking for guidance as to the best way of dealing with him.

In conclusion, I would say, Never be discouraged. We may often have uphill work, and may seem not to be accomplishing very much, but we may safely leave the results in God's hands, and in His own time He will permit us to see some we have never dreamed of.

#### MODERN MARTYRS.

Armenian women value virtue and religious faith above all things. When death has been offered as a penalty for adherence to Christianity, few Armenian women have refused it. In every massacre in Turkey the wretched, panic-stricken Armenians have been given their choice between Mohammedanism and death. Last year's fifty thousand dead speak with mute lips of unquenchable faith in Christ. In the massacre at Kharput the fugitives filled a large Armenian church. The venerable pastor, whose son I know well, exhorted them to remain steadfast in their faith, even unto death. The despairing creatures were brought out and told to choose between Mohammed and death. They chose death. One after another, the pastor first, they were asked, "Will you accept Mohammed?" As each one unfalteringly answered "No!" the executioner's sword fell. Not one wavered in this modern-day martyrdom for Christ. No saintly martyr of any race, who has died for the faith in any age of the world, could do more than that.

It is idle to ask why the Armenian men do not resist the pollution of their women. The bones of thousands who did resist are scattered from the Black Sea to Arabia, and from the Dardanelles to Persia. — *Parish Visitor.*

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;  
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;  
No sorrows pierce our human hearts  
That Thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel!

Thy pity like the dew distills,  
And Thy compassion, like the light,  
Our every morning overfills,  
And crowns with stars our every night.  
— *Starlight.*

**Parish and Home.**

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**THE GIFT TO THE KING.**

The Master painted a picture  
With tender touch and true,  
And colors of royal beauty  
That only the Master knew ;  
And in our poor home He labored  
To fashion the perfect thing,  
To place in the royal palace  
As His Son's gift to the King.

And dearly we learned to love it,  
Because it was very fair,  
And because, while His work was with us,  
The Master, we knew, was there.  
We watched it with tender wonder  
As it grew 'neath the gracious Hand  
To the fullness of perfect beauty  
That the Master Himself had planned.

Fair as the morning glory,  
As the lily undefiled,  
So fair was the finished picture,  
And the Master saw and smiled,  
When the autumn sunlight kissed it,  
One beauty the more to bring,  
The Master stooped and took it,  
And brought it to the King.

And aye, since that autumn evening—  
Ah, Christ ! but the years are long—  
We have longed for the vanished picture  
With aye-yrning that grows more strong—  
More strong for aye, till the Master  
His people at last shall bring,  
And we shall behold our treasure,  
Safe, safe with our Lord, the King.

—H.H.D., in *Parish Visitor*.

**CHRIST OUR REFUGE.**

BY THE REV. W. J. ARMITAGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

**I. THE CITIES OF REFUGE.**

In the early Jewish economy appointed of God for the settlement of the Promised Land, six cities of refuge were especially set apart and given rights of asylum and certain

well-defined conditions. It was intended that they should afford shelter and protection to those who committed homicide unintentionally, or, in the language of the Scripture, unawares and unwittingly.

The word city in ancient times carried with it the idea of protection. The first city of which we read was founded for that purpose. Cain built the first city and called it after the name of his son Enoch. The city of Enoch was not, of course, a city in the modern sense, with its civil government, its lines of streets and squares, its houses and factories, its churches and shops; but a fortified place, built for the greater protection of those who congregated together for safety and social intercourse. Its first and leading thought, like the Saxon "burg," is that of security. In later times the term gained a wider significance, and to the Greeks and Romans a city furnished opportunity for collective and corporate life upon social and political lines.

The cities of refuge were placed so as to provide readiness of access, three on either side of Jordan, and nearly opposite to each other. The approach to them was to be left open, with good roads at least forty-eight feet in width, and bridges were provided wherever necessary. At the cross-roads finger-posts were to be erected, with the inscription upon them "refuge," "refuge," in plain characters so that the runners might read it as they ran. In the cities themselves an abundant supply of food and water was to be constantly kept against all exigencies which might arise, and no weapons of war were to be allowed within the walls.

The need of the cities arose from the old custom of the avenging of blood by the nearest relative of the deceased, a practice common in the East still, and which, to a greater or less degree, was recognized in nearly all the nations of antiquity. Layard, in his "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon," declares that however repugnant it may seem to our ideas of justice, it must be "admitted that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment however severe, could tend more to the maintenance

of order and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the desert." The Mosaic law by this provision, while it upheld the sanctity of human life and inspired horror at the thought of the shedding of blood, even by accident, furnished some protection to the innocent.

The refugee was safe the moment he entered the gate of the city of refuge. But as a safeguard, and in order not to screen real criminals, the elders of the city and of the place from which he came instituted an inquiry into the facts of the case, and reached a decision as to whether the act was involuntary or the result of malice. If he was pronounced a murderer, the nearest kinsman of the person slain executed in his own person the sentence of death. If he was adjudged innocent of wilful murder, he was protected in the city of refuge, and on the death of the high priest he was no longer counted as a fugitive, but was allowed to return home to his relatives and friends. This merciful provision of the cities of refuge acted as a preventive to idolatry; the involuntary man slayer was not driven to seek a home among the heathen nations around, but was allowed to live in his own land, among his own kindred, who held like him a common faith in God.

The cities of refuge were not merely civil institutions serving a local purpose. They were also types of heavenly things, and taught Scriptural lessons of very deepest significance. They pointed to Christ in His office of our great High Priest, in His work as Redeemer and Saviour. They were an object-lesson of the meaning of sin, of the punishment which it deserves, and of the only way of escape, and furnished a marvellous resemblance to the way of salvation in Christ our only refuge.

The cities of refuge appear to have been prepared and designed of God to point to Christ as the sinner's refuge, and that in more ways than one. Christ is the city of refuge. The six cities of refuge belonged to the priestly tribe of Levi. The forty-eight cities of Levi possessed the right of asylum, but the six cities of refuge were bound to re

ceive willingly and entertain, without cost, the involuntary homicide. Jesus Christ is our first and only priest. In Him the Levitical priesthood which pointed to Him has been realized and fulfilled.

Jesus Christ is the one eternal High Priest, through whom salvation comes to man, and in whom man has communion with God. The Levitical priesthood was limited by imperfection and changes. The priesthood of Christ is eternal, inviolable, perfect, intransmissible, all-powerful, and all-prevailing. He is our priest upon the throne of the divine majesty, the sovereign Lord over all, God blessed forever. He is the sole and perfect mediator between God and man; He receives the trustful, penitent soul, and saves to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him; He is the sinner's refuge, his only hope, his life, his all; He is, in Himself, the living way; in His own person the bridge that spans the great gulf of eternity; the ladder set up from earth to heaven; the world's great altar stairs, which lead from man to God. The very name Jesus means saviour, and the Scriptures declare that there is salvation in Him alone, "neither is there salvation in any other." He is the world's sole refuge. There is none other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Christ is not only the divinely appointed way of escape, He is, in Himself, the city of refuge. "I have no hope in what I have been or am," said the saintly Dr. D. d. dridge on his dying bed, "yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence: there is a hope set before me I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust; in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this beloved of my soul." "Believe a dying man," said the great Dr. Johnson to his physician, "there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

It is better to *do* one little thing than to resolve to perform many great ones.

#### STILLNESS.

Persons overworked, and half worn out, easily drop below a happy mental level, and in such a condition anxiety and doubt are quite sure to get the ascendancy over faith and hope. Then there begins a chewing of the cud of bitter thoughts. The constant tendency is to look back and say: "If I had not done so and so! If I had acted differently in such a crisis! If I had not done too much at this time and too little at that period!" So the poison works. The corners of the mouth droop, wrinkles form in a short time, the household at first pities, and then dreads and avoids the victim, who in his turn is grieved at their unkindness.

Now if, in such a morbid state, one could or would stop thinking, and simply be still, the morbidity would be cured much more rapidly than with constant inward irritation. A sore upon the flesh is treated with soothing appliances and left to heal. A spiritual sore is fretted day and night. Stillness is as necessary for the one as for the other. A text, speaking of God's care for us, repeated with determination, will keep out irritating thoughts and will quiet and cool the fever of the soul. An uplifting sentiment kept persistently in the mind will wonderfully help, and, better than all, at some stages of the trouble, is a determined absence of all thought, that in the silence the Comforter's message may reach us. For always the voice is ready to speak to us, but often the inward preoccupation of joy or sorrow, of earthly music, or of earthly discord, will not let it be heard.—*Golden Rule.*

#### THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

I know our young people are sometimes a little dubious concerning stories related in books for the purpose of teaching wise morals; but the following is not taken from a book at all, but was told me by a young friend as he sat in my office, a few evenings since, and, I think, may interest by little patients.

"Isn't it too bad, doctor," began my young friend abruptly, "to think how a chum of mine might have

been helped out of trouble had he only known of help lying close at hand, of which, however, he never dreamed? You see, it happened this way:

"When leaving home a year ago his mother packed his trunk herself, and, among the last things, said to him, 'Remember, Will, you will find your Bible ready at hand, on the top of everything else. I am sure you will not forget to read it often, and, I hope, daily.'

"All right, mother," he answered hurriedly, as it was time he was off, and did not make any definite promise. But, as he told me afterward, it so happened that instead of remaining on the top the Bible was soon at the bottom of the trunk, and Will never so much as troubled himself to open it. His head, he said, was too full of other things; and soon it had cause to be, for, I am sorry to say, he got with gay companions, and gradually, not only his Bible, but his work, too, was neglected; he fell into careless, then into bad habits, lost his place, and, having saved up nothing, found himself there, among comparative strangers, without a penny.

"He was fully aroused now to the necessity of a change in his course, and was fully prepared to make it. Had he been able to raise just a few dollars, he would have braved out the situation, worked manfully for another place, and thus been saved the humiliation to himself, and the sorrow of his widowed mother, of having to return home penniless, and with only a wretched record as a foundation stone for the future.

"The evening he reached home his mother, with a heavy heart, once more bent over the trunk, removing the articles she had there placed so hopefully. At last she came to the Bible. As she opened the Book, for a moment, an exclamation of pained surprise caused Will to look up quickly.

"Oh, Will," she said, sorrowfully, 'you have not so much as opened the Book I placed here with such care!'

"Why, how do you know, mother?' he was about to ask, half doggedly, when his lips were closed; for as she slowly turned the pages, silently there fluttered from place to

place a dollar note, now here, now there, till ten lay before her.

"I had saved them for you, Will," she said, sadly, "and laid them here between the pages feeling sure you would find them, from time to time, and would read God's Word with a more thoughtful heart when thus reminded of a mother's love. I see you have thought as little of Him as of me."

"I can't tell you, doctor, how Will felt. In the first place, he was really sorry thus to have grieved his mother, so full of self-denying love and thought for him. Furthermore, he could but think had he even at the last moment of his absence opened that Book it would probably have saved him from this wretched return."

I had listened to the story with interest, as doubtless my little friends are now doing; but, as usual, my thoughts were running along side, busy with their own comments. I fancy it is not difficult to guess the tenor of them.

I could but think how true it was, also, that had this young boy, away from home, but read that Book, and made use of the truer gold to be found therein, not only would he never have needed for the purpose mentioned the money hidden by a mother's love within its pages, but would now have been on the high road to all noble and manly success. For do we not all remember that it was a great and most successful man who, though he had seen much of this world and its riches, unhesitatingly declared: "The commandments of God are more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." And can we doubt it, if remembering for a moment from what a world of sin, sorrow, failure, poverty, and despair thousands would be saved had they but read and followed the laws laid down for them in the Book God has thus given as a guide to faltering footsteps?

See how fervently He speaks to young hearts, as though seeking to guide and guard them on every side. "Honor thy father and thy mother," He pleads, as they go forth with all the love and sweet memories of home fresh within them. Then, speaking more directly, as though to guard every point, He calls:

"Incline thine ear unto me, and your soul shall live."

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile."

"Blessed is the man that keepeth his hand from doing any evil."

"When I said my foot slippeth, thy mercy held me up."

And then, to sum up all safely: "Keep thy heart pure." "Keep it with all diligence." "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Ah, can we not see how lovingly God seeks to warn and guide His children? Who, then, can fail to agree that more precious, indeed, than all gold would be these words of wisdom to the young boy or girl starting forth in life, and eager to make that life truly a "success"? Better than the bank notes concealed between its pages would the precepts of this Book of all books have proven to the young heart neglecting them. As it was, he had failed to lay hold on either.—*Young Churchman.*

#### LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY.

Oh, my Saviour, hasten the time of Thy return! Delay not, lest the earth should grow like hell, and Thy church by division be all crumbled to dust; delay not, lest Thy enemies get advantage of Thy flock, and lest pride, hypocrisy, sensuality, and unbelief prevail against Thy little remnant, and share among them Thy whole inheritance, and, when Thou comest, Thou find not faith on the earth; delay not, lest the grave should boast of victory, and, having learned rebellion of its guest, should refuse to deliver Thee up Thy due! Oh, hasten that great resurrection day, when Thy command shall go forth, and none shall disobey; when all that sleep in the grave shall awake, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; when the seed which Thou sowedst corruptible shall come forth incorruptible; and graves that received rottenness and dust shall return to Thee glorious stars and suns! Therefore, dare I lay down my carcass in the dust, intrusting it, not to a grave, but to Thee; and, therefore, my flesh shall rest in hope, till Thou shalt raise it to the possession of everlasting rest. Return,

O Lord, how long? Thy desolate bride saith, "Come," for Thy Spirit within her saith "Come," and teacheth her thus to pray with groanings which cannot be uttered; yea, the whole creation saith, "Come," waiting to be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Thou Thyself hath said, "Surely I come quickly." Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—*Richard Baxter.*

#### MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones sound through them from morning till night; and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when the doors and the windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her manners. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while those in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye, is law never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired of the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens

any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Selected.*

### "NEVER AN ACCIDENT."

Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw a hand swung aloft; at this instant the engineer turned, seized the lever, and we were off.

For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities, over switches, crossings, bridges, culverts, and through tunnels and viaducts, at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me, nor at the fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward.

At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab, and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips here at the lever?"

"Who—th' old man? Why, don't you know? He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident. The pluckiest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is."—*The Arena.*

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
March 7...	Acts viii. 26-40.	Eph. vi. 10-20.
" 14...	Acts ix. 1-12.	Matt. iv. 1-11.
" 21...	I. Cor. ix. 19-27.	Mark x. 17-31.
" 28...	Acts xi. 19-26.	Rom. vii. 12-23.

### THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
 "To make the dark world bright;  
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far  
 Through the folding gloom of night.  
 But I am only a part of God's great plan,  
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

"What's the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
 "Of those few drops that I hold?  
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
 Though caught in her cup of gold.  
 Yet I'm a part of God's great plan,  
 So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,  
 But a thought like a silvery thread  
 Kept winding in and out all day  
 Through the happy golden head.  
 Mother said: "Darling, do all you can,  
 For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,  
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full,  
 How, why, and for what all things were,  
 She was only a child at school;  
 But thought: "It's a part of God's great plan  
 That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped a younger child along  
 When the road was rough to her feet,  
 And she sang from her heart a little song,  
 That we all thought passing sweet;  
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
 Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can."

—*Examiner.*

### MY CONSCIENCE.

A long, long time ago, when I was a child, I went with my sister to a school about one mile from home.

My mother was very strict with us, and we were never allowed to loiter on the way. But one day, after school hours, I was persuaded by some of the girls to go behind the schoolhouse to a little creek, and play.

It was in the fall of the year, and we gathered beautiful red and yellow maple leaves to take home and varnish for winter flower-pots; and we made doll furniture out of strong twigs—little beds, tables, chairs, and picture frames.

I suppose we must have stayed

at least two hours playing by the creek, for it was very late, almost dark, when I reached home. My mother was standing by the gate, and quietly opened it for me as I approached.

I felt guilty, and wondered what would happen, as I had never been so late from school. Mother knew our teacher never kept us in after school hours, as most of the children lived a great distance from school, and all of the scholars were young.

Mother walked by my side up the long, winding path to the house, and asked me in gentle tones what made me so late. She said my sister could not find me after school was dismissed, so had come home without me.

I shall never forget my mother's sweet face when she spoke to me. I was afraid of punishment, and told a lie.

"I could not come home any sooner, mother, because the teacher sent me on an errand," I said.

"Where did she send you, Nelly?" my mother asked.

"To the minister's house," I answered promptly.

The minister lived about half a mile beyond the schoolhouse, and I thought I could deceive mother; for it would have taken about as much time to go on the errand as we took to play by the creek.

Mother believed me, and I was happy—no, not really happy. I was glad I had not been punished, but my conscience made me miserable, and as soon as I had told the lie I was sorry.

However, I was ashamed to let her know I had told a lie, so I tried to forget my sin, and when the supper-bell rang I ran in the dining-room laughing and talking to my sister, and trying to appear natural.

I remember we had hot rolls and chocolate for supper, besides one or two tempting dishes mother had herself prepared. My mind was not on my supper. The rolls choked me, the chocolate burnt my tongue, and when mother asked me if I would have some apple custard I said, "If you please," and handed her my tumbler.

At this everyone smiled, and my father said, "What are you dreaming about, my little girl?"

Somehow I did everything wrong that night, and was more and more confused. I kept on my face a smile to deceive my family, but I thought I noticed on my sister's face a look of thorough disapproval. I wondered if she knew I had not gone to the minister's.

At family prayers that night I was ashamed to look at father when he read out of God's holy book. My father read in course, and that night the chapter was the twenty-first of Revelation. When he came to the eighth verse—"all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone"—I looked up quickly, and my sister's eyes were upon me. She was thirteen years of age, and had joined the church a few Sundays before.

Oh, how I longed to get away from those eyes,—so pure, so sad! Father read on, describing the New Jerusalem with pearly gates and streets of gold. It was all I could do to keep the tears back. I felt as if I could never enter that holy land. And then the last verse of the chapter, "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

We were in the habit of singing two hymns at prayers, my sister being allowed to select one, and I the other. When my time came, I was so confused I knew not what to select. As I opened my book and turned the leaves, my eye fell on a hymn my grandmother had taught me—my good old grandmother, who had passed, the year before, through the pearly gates to the New Jerusalem. My eyes filled with tears, and I could not read the words. My sister stepped to my chair. I pointed to the place in my book, and she read the words of the sweet hymn:

"I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

"I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child;

I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints his praises,  
And learn the angel's song."

After singing we knelt for prayer. As soon as I rose, I slipped out of the room, and went upstairs, saying my head ached.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and I went to bed without lighting the lamp. My room was next to my mother's, and sister's was on the other side of my room. After everyone was asleep, as I thought, I stepped into my mother's room. Yes, they were asleep.

Should I wake them, and tell them of my sin, and ask forgiveness?

I did not have the courage, so I went back to bed again, but not to sleep. There was a hair mattress and a good set of springs on my bed, and feather pillows, but it seemed to me my bed was made of thorns. I twisted and turned until I could stay in bed no longer. I determined to go to my sister's room and tell her I was sorry. She had always been kind to me, and had made a pet of me.

I stole in her room softly, and found her kneeling at her bed. She looked up at me, and I could see by the moonlight tears stealing down her cheeks. She held out her hand, drew me down beside her, whispered a prayer for God to forgive me, and I got in her bed, and slept with her arm around me.

Oh, how happy I was! As soon as I waked, I went in mother's room, and told her of my disobedience and lie, and she freely forgave me and begged God to. That was my first and last lie to mother. She is in heaven now, and is waiting for me.

It will not be long before I shall meet her.

Little children, who read this story, let me beg of you to listen to your conscience. Your sin will find you out sooner or later. Little Sammy Brown passed by our house, and told my sister I was playing by the creek with some girls. Be honest.

Little children, do not encourage deceit. When your playmate confidentially whispers to you of some deceitful thing he is going to do, you whisper, "Oh, no! I wouldn't, if I were you."

You are only a little child, but you can help people to be good.

Now I want to tell you something. I want every little boy and girl who reads this story to learn "While the days are going by."

I have some little boys of my own, and last night at prayers their voices sounded very sweet singing,

"Oh! the good we all may do  
As the days are going by."

Learn it, won't you?

—*Lily S. Rogers, in S.S. Times.*

### EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say, "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?—*Selected.*

### A REAL KNIGHT.

A pleasing sight it was, I do assure you—not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused, when around the corner came my knight. On a prancing steed, wearing a glittering helmet, and greaves of brass? No; this was a nineteenth century knight, and

they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress; swiftly he came to her aid.

"What is the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the matter was that the bundle she held had "burst," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collar in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping paper proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? No wonder she had sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon afterward I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was the boy your brother?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," said I; "a genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!"

#### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

When grandma came into the nursery, writes L. E. Chittenden, in the *Outlook*, she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Esther was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down, and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.

"What's the trouble, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted. "I was going over to John's to make a bird-house, and I took my tools over last night to have 'em there, and now I can't go because I've got a cold, and it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma; and the

three children came over and clustered around her chair.

"And that wasn't all," she went on; "he had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very oddly, too," said grandma, lifting Dick upon her lap. "First, he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back, he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but I really think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there, and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough, he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little round room in it. I thought it must be hard work, but he always sang, and seemed determined to make the best of it."

"Where is his house?" asked Dick.

"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma; so they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in one corner. "There it is. It's a mud dauber's nest."

"It's a wops's," said Dick.

"Well, a mud dauber is a wasp," said Ted, laughing. "That's built better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."

So, when grandma saw them again, Ted was mending Mary Esther's doll's head, which had waited a long time for its glue medicine; Mary Esther was sewing on her doll's quilt, and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle; and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that when the dinner-bell rang they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.

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Lent is here, most of us might well use it as a time for drawing nearer to God, for coming apart from the rush and hurry of life and spending more time in communion with our Lord and Master. "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to thee." Also we might well deny ourselves some luxury to help extend God's cause, by giving to those in need or helping some branch of the Church's work. At St. Paul's the church-wardens would like the co-operation of the worshippers in helping by extra self-denial to reduce and keep down the church's indebtedness, and then we are behind in our offering to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and Mission work at home and abroad ever needs our active and prayerful co-operation.

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