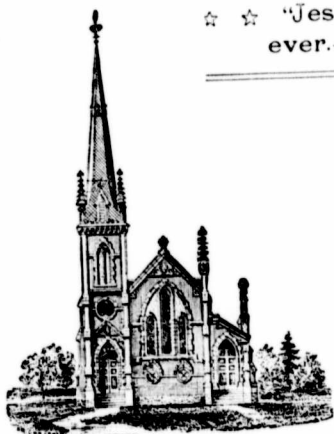


☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 97.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. R. McNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

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

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.

"I have not been at church since the first of May" and I have scarcely had a whole Sunday off duty since then, said a railway man the other day. And yet this white slavery is allowed to continue.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

GRAHAM—Vera Maud, daughter of Thomas James and Mary Maud A. Graham, born 26th Oct., 1895, baptized in St. Paul's church, 8th Oct., 1899.

McCULLUM.—Albert Henry, son of William M. and Ann Eliza McCullum, born 15th June, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 15th Oct., 1899.

Funerals.

BEACHAM.—At Newcastle, on 25th October, 1899, Agnes, wife of David G. Beacham, in her 77th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Only a few more weeks of the nineteenth century are left.

The bishop of the diocese has lately visited and held confirmation at Ursa and Deer Lake in Haliburton county.

Kindly see that your subscription to *Parish and Home* for 1899 is paid. About 175 have not yet paid and some are in arrears for several years.

Many were disappointed that more of our volunteers from this part were not accepted for the war in South Africa. How many regret that more volunteers do not go from here to preach the gospel of peace to those who have heard it not?

Our thoughts turn often in these stirring and troublous times to South Africa. Let our prayers also follow our brave soldiers there, remembering that our war is not for tyranny or oppression, but for the extension of liberty and freedom to all alike, British citizens as well as Boers. Whether we remember it or not "The Lord God Omnipotent" still ruleth and woe to the nation that wages unjust and unholy wars.

Mr. Frad H. Hopkins is taking a course at the Military School in Toronto. We wish him success.

Mr. Joseph King and family have removed to Toronto. They have for many years been attendants at St. Paul's church.

We were grieved to hear of the death of Capt. Kennedy, of Dunsford, who for so many years was churchwarden of St. John's church, and one of the most faithful workers and regular worshippers of that congregation.

Mrs. McGuin, who has been such a regular worshipper and earnest worker in connection with St. Paul's for the last few years, has gone to Trenton to live. She will be much missed here, but earnest wishes for her happiness follow her.

Mr. John Cook, an old and respected member, was taken suddenly ill during service in St. George's church, Cameron, on Sunday, October 22nd, and it was feared at one time he would pass away in the house of God; but we are thankful to say he has been raised up, we trust for years of usefulness to the church and community.

Among the recent comers to Lindsay and St. Paul's, we are glad to welcome Mrs. Mackey, (Russell st.) with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ayres, who are spending some time with her; and Mr. and Mrs. Staples and family, who have until lately been worshippers at St. John's church, Toronto Junction, of which the Rev. F. H. Du Verzet is rector.

The Rev. John Creighton, B.D., of Cartwright, was the preacher at the anniversary services at St. John's, Dunsford, on Sunday, Oct. 29th. There were good congregations both morning and evening and the offertory for the church debt was some \$20.00. We are glad to learn that there is only a small indebtedness remaining. Mr. W. H. Vance took the duty at Cartwright during Mr. Creighton's absence.

The Rev. H. Beacham, of Killarney, Manitoba has been at home near Cambray, attending the funeral of his mother, who passed away on October 22nd, at the ripe age of 76. It must have been a comfort to the family, in their sore bereavement, to have the absent members, consisting of Mr. Beecham, of New York, Mrs. Whitlock, with her husband, the Rev. Mr. Whitlock, of Indians, and Mr. H. Beacham, of Manitoba, all together again for a time.

The Bishop of Toronto confirmed some twelve candidates at Christ Church, Omeme, on Monday evening, Oct. 30th, in the presence of a large congregation. At the close of the service about fifty gathered at the Lord's Table and partook of the memorials of our Saviour's dying love. The service was very impressive, and we are sure the Bishop's earnest words as he reminded and impressed upon those being confirmed their opportunities and responsibilities, will long be remembered.

Two of the older clergy of this diocese have lately passed away. The Rev. Vincent Clementi, B.A., of Peterboro, who was in his 88th year. He had had charges both in England and this country, for eleven years being incumbent of Lakefield, and for one year of Lindsay when Rev. S. Weston Jones was curate in charge, but lately he has lived quietly at Peterboro abounding in good works. Also the Rev. Philip Tocque, of Toronto, who was over 80 years old, and came to this diocese in 1863, and at one time had charge of Kinmount and surrounding country. They have been honoured of God by long lives of usefulness. May many others be raised up to take their places in extending the kingdom.

Perhaps some of the readers of Parish and Home who formerly worshipped at St. Paul's, would unite with us in reducing the debt which is still over \$9,500. Any sums sent to the churchwardens, lay delegates or sidesmen, will be thankfully acknowledged.

Let every boy and girl, man and woman, connected with St. Paul's church see what he or she can save by November 26th, so as to make a large offering and reduce our church debt on that day. The century is nearly ended, and we would like to begin 1900 without a great burden.

Would you send or take your boy to church against his will? is sometimes asked. Would you make him wash his face if it is dirty? or make him go to school? or do anything else for his good? Certainly. When he becomes a man he must answer for himself, but as a boy his parents are also responsible.

An interesting account was given at the last Gleaners' Union meeting by Mrs. Goldie, of the annual C.C.M.A., and Gleaners' Union meetings held in Toronto early in October. Reference was also made to the pleasant and profitable summer meeting held at Sturgeon Point at the cottage of Mrs. Goodwin, and thanks expressed to the kind entertainers.

Two ladies trained at the Deaconess House, Toronto, are ready to go out as missionaries, one to China and one to India under the Canadian Church Missionary Association, and there is no means to send them, and that where millions of women in both those lands have never heard the gospel. What is your privilege and duty in the matter when the King's command is so plain?

Some time ago at the request of the Young Men's Association, the Rev. Septimus Jones, of Toronto, consented to give a talk on "Oliver Goldsmith" interspersed with musical selections. The date has been changed and made a little later than before announced, so that Mr. Jones can be present at our anniversary. Tuesday, Nov. 28th, is the date, so please to reserve, as we hope to have a large congregational reunion. The collection will be for the young men's work.

The rector exchanged duties with the Rev. E. A. Langfeldt on October 29th, and administered Holy Communion at St. John's and St. James' churches, Emily. At St. James' church some \$485 were subscribed in one day toward building a new church, as the old one has about served its day. We were also glad to see in Omeme a fine large rectory, which is being built in the village, almost ready for occupation. We congratulate our neighboring parish and people on their zeal and energy.

Anniversary services will (D.V.) be held on Sunday, Nov. 26th in St. Paul's. On the last Sunday in November, 1885, St. Paul's was opened and most of us will agree that it is nearly time the debt was off it. We are thankful so much was done last year, and we believe no one is now really the poorer for what they gave, and we trust this year when other churches are giving such large century offerings, we will also make large and self-sacrificing gifts to free God's house and cause of debt. The Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, has kindly consented to preach at both morning and evening services. Let us work and pray that the day may be a glad happy one, and that we may all rejoice at a large reduction in our debt.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 12

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1—All Saints' Day. *Morning*—Wisd. iii. to 10; Heb. xi. 33. *Evening*—Wisd. v. to 17; Rev. xix. to 17.
5—23rd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Hosea xiv.; Titus ii. *Evening*—Joel ii., 21, or iii., 9; Luke xx ii. to 26.
12—24th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Amos iii.; Heb. vi. *Evening*—Amos v., or ix; John iii. to 22.
19—25th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Micah iv., or v. to 8; Heb. xi., 17. *Evening*—Micah vi., or vii.; John vi., 22 to 41.
26—26th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Eccles. xi and xii; James v. *Evening*—Haggai ii. to 10, or Mal. iii. and iv.; John ix. 30—x., 22.
30—54. Andrew, A. & M. *Morning*—Isaiah li., John i., 35 to 43. *Evening*—Isaiah lvi. 17; John xii., 20 to 42.

AUTUMN.

Translated from the German.

The dry leaves are falling—
The cold breeze above
Has stript of its glories
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping—
The field is a waste;
The songs of the forest
Are silent and past.

And the songsters are vanished—
In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white;
With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain
The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale autumn
Pervading the lands.

Then, sorrowful wanderer,
Sigh not, nor weep;
For nature, though shrouded,
Will wake from her sleep.

The spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments
Of splendor shall give.

MANY eyes are at this time turned towards South Africa where war is now raging.

While we rejoice in the righteousness of Britain's cause and admire the patience of a great nation in seeking to secure justice and freedom for all her subjects, yet we grieve that a sturdy, hardy people like the Boers have thrown defiance in the face of a great power, and

so there must result all the sufferings of a bloody war.

Cape Colony was founded by the Dutch in 1650, but became a British possession in 1815, much to the dislike of many of the dwellers there. The Dutch farmers (or Boers) employed the natives as slaves, treating them very harshly; and the efforts of British missionaries to christianize the natives was opposed by them, as they thought their own interests were compromised by the encouragement given to the converts. The emancipation of their slaves in 1853 (which cost Britain a large sum), and the cession to the Kaffirs in 1835 of a frontier district filled up the measure of provocation, and the Boers resolved to place themselves by emigration beyond the British rule. They first went to Natal, where they settled for a time, but as there were also British settlements at Port Natal in 1837, they were not allowed to form an independent community in this district.

About 1848 they crossed the Vaal River, settling in the country to the north, and by an agreement with the British Government their independence was acknowledged and their country called the Transvaal.

A writer in the Windsor (Eng) *Chronicle*, referring to the time following, says:

The Boers of the Transvaal next attempted to seize the lands of our native allies, the warlike Basutos, who own some of the most fertile land in South Africa, consisting largely of lovely valleys lying among the spurs of the Drakenberg Mountains. We intervened in favor of the Basutos, and the Boers very unwillingly withdrew from the coveted farms which they had begun to form in the Basuto valleys. In 1876 the constant attempts of the Transvaal Boers to seize lands beyond their northern frontier led to fierce attacks upon them by the northern tribes whom they were trying to despoil. These tribes

were brave and fierce Kaffirs, possessing a very effective military system. Though armed only with shield and assegai, their numerous and well drilled regiments made them a formidable foe. This the Transvaal Boers soon found to their cost. A Kaffir chief, named Seccocooni, defeated the Boers in battle after battle, till at length our Government was forced to interfere to save the Transvaal from annihilation. They were bankrupt, less than a sovereign being found in the state coffers. They had shown themselves unable to protect their republic from their savage neighbors, and their troubles were a standing cause of anxiety to our Government. Our commissioner in the Transvaal—Sir Theophilus Shepstone—assured our Government that the Boers wished us to annex the Transvaal to our South African territories, and in 1877 this formal annexation took place. Immediately a number of the Boers began to protest loudly against being deprived of their independence. As our Government refused to listen to their protestations, the Boers took up arms, and virtually declared war against us. This was a bold measure, as we had just defeated the Zulus, the most powerful and well-organized of the Kaffir nations, who, under their king, Cetewayo, had made their name a terror to their fierce brethren.

Unfortunately we have always been inclined in these colonial wars to "despise the enemy"—a dangerous military habit. This error was repeated when fighting the Boers, who are excellent marksman, as they depend largely on their skill with the rifle in filling their larders. In consequence we were four times defeated, the last fight being at Majuba Hill, where less than four hundred English troops were defeated by a body of three thousand Boers. We lost ninety-two killed and fifty-nine prisoners, their commander, General Colley, being among the slain. Yet a large British

army was quite near under Sir Evelyn Wood, who at once began to surround the Boer army. He telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister: "I hold the Boers in the hollow of my hand." He was astonished to receive a reply forbidding his advance, and telling him that Mr. Gladstone was about to yield to the Boer demands. This sudden change was due to a determination on Mr. Gladstone's part to overwhelm the Boers with an act of magnanimity. He would restore them their coveted independence, and would take their nation under our protection as suzerain power, and would thus win their gratitude and make them our eternal friends. Alas! that he should have so miscalculated the effect of his own actions. The Boers failed to understand him, and assumed that they had won their cause with the rifle. This idea has since spread and deepened among them, till the very name of Englishman is despised by them. "We beat you at Majuba Hill and can beat you again," is their constant cry.

Three years later (1884), a new Convention made important modifications in our relations with them, and gave to the Boers the right to call their country the "South African Republic." All this was done, however, with the expressed condition that in the new republic all white settlers were to stand on an exactly equal footing with the old burghers. Paul Kruger, the present president, distinctly assured our commissioner that this should be the case. In connection with our present difference it is important to bear this in mind.

The later history of the republic is well known to most of our readers. While we must all regret and deplore the war, yet we trust that even out of evil good will come, and trust and pray that God will overrule it to greater freedom, liberty, and above all to the extension of his Kingdom (among both whites and natives), whose right it is to reign, even "the Prince of Peace."

* * *

November opens with All Saints' Day, and as one reads Hebrews xi. which contains the second lesson

appointed for that day, his soul is stirred within him at the high courage and heroic devotion of some of the heroes of faith of the olden time.

We could not do better than read carefully the whole of the chapter, and see how implicitly they trusted and obediently they followed their God. The young of our day need high and lofty ideals, and where can they better find them than among the saints and heroes of God's Word?

Abraham when he was called to go out from his father's home at Ur of the Chaldees went, not knowing where God was leading him, but he believed Him and looked beyond to a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

He put God before even home.

Moses, though trained in all the wisdom and learning of the Egyptians and a prince in that land—when he came to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

He gave up riches and position and honour, to throw in his lot with a nation of slaves and follow his God.

And so, as the sacred writer says: Time would fail to tell of Gideon and of Barak, and of Sampson and of Cepthae; of David also and Samuel, and of the prophets, who *through faith* subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, and in many other ways glorified God.

Let us not pray to saints (for that is contrary to God's word), but let us emulate their high faith and sublime devotion to God and to duty.

* * *

The life of everyone is taken up in the pursuit of that which he most prizes. The class of the shiftless drones of society is so large, because so large a number value more highly than anything else physical and mental ease.

But there are many prizes and treasures to be had for the seeking and striving after. There is the open rivalry, or competition of commercial or political life; there are

also the hidden treasures of literature, science and art. Similarly in Christian life and experience, there are prizes and treasures. The apostle St. Paul speaks in Eph. ii., 7, of "The exceeding riches of His grace." In chapter i., 18th verse, of "The riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints; and again in Col. ii., 3, of the "Hidden treasures" that are to be found in Him.

To those who earnestly desire the best gifts and purest gems of which Christ's treasury is full, the divine promise is "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened," even Christ Himself the Pearl of great price may be had by seeking. "Ye shall seek me," he has said through his servant Jeremiah, "and ye shall find me when ye search for me with all your hearts."

ALL FOR CHRIST.

These words are the keynote of St. Paul's life of devotion to the service of his Master. Can we look up into the face of Christ and say from the heart—all for Christ. The reason why so many of us lack power for service is that our wills, our lives, are not entirely yielded to Him. We have sometimes met with individuals living such Christ-filled lives that there seemed to go out from them a subtle influence redolent of the aroma of Christ. Now we have the same Christ and the same Holy Spirit, and it is nothing with God to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power. Why, then, are we not a power for Christ among those with whom we come in contact? Surely it is because our wills, ourselves, are not fully yielded to Christ. Many years ago, Rev. F. B. Meyer met a missionary who seemed filled with this power for service. He said to him, "You have something I do not possess." His friend looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Is your will entirely surrendered to Christ?" Mr. Meyer was silent, for at that moment he knew that there was something in his life not in accordance with the will of God. He saw that this thing must be surrendered before he could be used

in Christ's service. Speaking of his surrender, he said, "Here, Lord, is the ring containing all the keys of my heart. Up to this I have withheld one little key, but now give up this also. Take me, and break me, and make me." From that hour he was filled with a new power for service, and a new peace and joy. At some period we all have a testing time in our lives, when Christ asks us to surrender wholly to His will. Sometimes it is very hard, and we say, "Lord, anything but this. This is too hard for me." Ah, does He not know, who shed tears of blood before He could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done"?

With each one the test is a different one. To one it may be to witness for Christ in the home or among friends. To another it is the giving up of some worldly pleasure not in accordance with His divine will. To still another it may be the bearing of some burden of pain or sorrow sweetly for His dear sake, or the being laid aside when one would fain rush into the thick of the battle. "To do God's will is to do His work." And this is service.

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY.
Ottawa.

THE DERELICT.

I once passed a derelict in the Bay of Biscay. She bore signs of having been on fire; cable chains dangled from the hawsepipe, the masts were gone, the decks were green with marine grass, there was no life, only the cargo of logs gave forth a grinding groan. Where had the crew gone? Perhaps a passing ship picked them up; perhaps they took to the boat and were lost, so often have we to say "perhaps" in this life. We squared away at nightfall, and in our sleep dreamed of deserted ships.

The sinner is a derelict. Adrift, carried away by foul winds, moving towards a rockbound shore. The derelict was once a goodly ship, well formed, well manned, with a capable commander, but storm, or collision, or fire, made her as we found her. So man was once noble and happy, but he has drifted away from God and happiness. Every derelict grows worse and not better,

every gale shakes her frame and ultimately she will go to pieces. So the sinner grows in badness, deceiving and being deceived. Every derelict is a menace to navigation. Governments have been moved to send out suitable vessels to blow up and destroy these floating obstacles. The sinner is a menace. He is to be dreaded and avoided. "Go not in the way of evil men." Who does not pray, "gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with men of blood." Derelicts are sometimes taken in tow to get them out of harm's way, and because they are capable of being repaired, and because they have a valuable cargo. Powerful tugs and strong cables are despatched for the purpose, and they are often successful. Man is capable of being saved, he may be rescued, he has a valuable cargo—a soul beyond price. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The redemption of the soul is precious. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

SAILOR SAM, Ontario.

"SAMSON'S RIDDLE AND ITS LESSONS."

By the REV. W. J. ARMITAGE.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."—Judges xiv., 14.

The character of Samson, the sun-like or strong, the great national hero of Palestine, has a strange fascination to the human mind. The portrait of the ancient deliverer of Israel stands out in the Book of Judges in all its lights and shadows like a thing of life. He has been taken by some, as a type of his race and country. He was much more, for he might well be called a child of humanity, and his experience a moving picture of human life, illustrating the need of purity and self-control amidst the temptations of the world—the secret of spiritual strength in communion with God, the slavery of sinful habits, and, above all, the misery of sin and the beauty of holiness. His last end points to Christ's triumph through Jeath and His glorious victory over all spiritual foes.

Samson's whole life, from the cradle to the grave, was an acted prophecy. It was a divine riddle, which taught that the secret of

spiritual power lies in separation from evil lusts, and consecration to God—that when a man's heart is in the world and he relies upon the arm of flesh every foe will triumph over him, but that united to God by a living trust he will come forth victorious over sin and Satan and be more than conqueror.

The story is founded upon historical facts, and is not simply allegorical or fanciful, as if simply intended to teach certain lessons. It is true that it has a striking resemblance to the Greek legends of Hercules, but they belong to a later age, and were probably carried by the Phœnicians to Greece and Rome. The similarity between the leading features of the two lives is most remarkable, for Hercules, while he was endowed with great strength—submitted to a weak woman; he slew the Nemean lion; he was also led away into captivity, and death came to him through the wiles of his wife. But the legend of Hercules lacks the supernaturalelement, and has attached to it none of the great moral and spiritual lessons which cluster around the mighty champion of Israel.

Samson was a judge in Israel for twenty years. He was of the number of those leaders of the people around whom the national life centered; a commander in war, and exercising almost royal functions in administering justice in the land.

He was a Nazarite, one separated from birth, like Samuel and John the Baptist—for the service of God. He was under a threefold vow to abstain from wine or strong drink! not to cut his hair, which was the symbol of strength or manhood; and not to touch a corpse, even that of the nearest relative.

There is nothing in Scripture to show that while Samson had a giant's strength, he was of extraordinary bulk and stature. He was no son of Anak. It was not brute strength that he possessed which he could call into play at all times. His great power and strength were spiritual, depending upon the influence of the Spirit of God. The secret of his gigantic strength was in his hair, the seven locks of his head, the uncut hair, which was the symbol of his Nazaritish vow, which separated him from the world, and

dedicated his whole life to the living God. The writer of the Hebrews names him as one of God's great spiritual heroes who triumphed through faith. He was strong only when the hair, the symbol of his covenant relationship with God, remained untouched. When the sign was destroyed his strength went from him and he became like a little child.

Samson's riddle was closely connected with one of his feats of strength. He gave it for an answer at a feast, according to Eastern custom as a pastime. But riddles in early days were valuable as a means of imparting instruction as well, and were held in high esteem. The reference was to the slaying of the lion of Timnath and to the honey, which he afterwards obtained from its mummified body. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

There are many lessons connected with the incident—

(1) There is a foe in every path. Samson met the young lion at the vineyards of Timnath. He was fierce and hungry and seeking prey. So Satan, the great enemy of souls, is pictured as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. But just as the lion raised its note of warning and roared upon Samson, which as Gordon Cumming tells us when he is seeking prey, is a roar at once loud, deep-toned and solemn, so temptation comes to us not without warning. The Scriptures everywhere tell us of Temptation and its awful power, and the voice of Jesus like a danger signal tells us to beware of the wiles of the Evil One.

(2) There is victory through faith. Samson rent the lion as he would have rent a kid. He met the king of beasts weaponless and alone, he met him when his courage is the greatest, when suffering from the pangs of hunger, and he came forth victorious from the conflict, triumphing in the strength of God. And so in real life we overcome our spiritual enemies not in our own strength, which at best is weakness, but through the power of the Holy Spirit. Christ met Satan and foiled him at every point with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. And when we look to Christ in faith that victory be-

comes ours. Just as the soldiers of Marathon thought that they saw two pale horsemen leading them to victory, as they fiercely charged the foe, so the Christian as he faces the hosts of evil and draws from the armory of God his sword, finds that he has Christ at his side.

(3) There is strength to be gained out of temptation, and blessing out of trial. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." The honey out of the dried up carcass of the lion refreshed the weary man in his journey. The conflict with the man-eater gave him confidence in God which he had never known before, and taught him how to use his heaven-given powers. And so, when temptation comes and we meet it in a right spirit, it may become the means of strengthening our faith, as we turn from self, in its weakness, and remember that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and humbly trust in Jesus Christ our Saviour, who has all power in heaven and on earth. It is said that when the best oak is required for naval purposes, the wood which is sought is not the forest oak, which has been protected on every side and has never known the full effect of the fierce storm, but the pasture grown oak, over which all the storms and winds have passed. And the reason is plain. The storm causes the tree to send its roots into the earth and it takes a firmer hold. And so the time of trial sends the Christian to God, and his faith becomes the firmer, and his character is strengthened, and he gains a stronger grasp of saving truth. The diamond in the rough gives forth no radiance, but when it is cut and polished it reflects the bright rays of light, and so the Christian life may become the mightier through stress and trial.

COME OVER—OVERCOME.

Voices keep crying, "Come over." A voice came from Europe to Paul in Asia Minor, "Come over and help us." Voices cry from heaven, "Come over and rest and reign."

Come over the sea of trouble, of darkness and danger.

Come over the River Jordan and

eat the old corn of the land.

Come away from toil, and strife, and sin.

Come away from disappointment, and disease, and death.

Come. You are invited. Jesus bids you come.

Come. You are commanded. Jesus commands you to be called.

Come. Your time is short; your life is a hand-breadth, a vapor, a dream.

Come. Let not earth deceive, detain, destroy.

Overcome. Here the order is reversed. The invitation changed into a condition. This must be noted, or you will never come or find a welcome.

To overcome is to know your enemy, his designs and resources. "We are not ignorant of his devices." This is true only of the enlightened man.

To overcome means to fight in the holy war. "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air, but I keep under my body."

To overcome is to live by plan, "Father, I know that all my life is portioned out by thee." Act on that maxim and you will be right.

To overcome, you must have knowledge of yourself. Knowledge is power. If you do not know yourself, you know nothing well.

To overcome, you must be personally acquainted with Him who said, "I have overcome the world."

To overcome, you must be well acquainted with the contents of the great armory, "Neither wise men nor fools can work without tools."

The Bible is a sword—the sword of the Spirit. It has a double edge; it is a self-sharpener—a human grindstone will only blunt the edge. Faith is a mighty shield, defending against fiery darts and red-hot shot. The helmet is the hope of salvation, defends the eye, helps it to see afar off.

Humility is a great garment; it covers the whole body and smothers pride. Let this holy garment fold over a heart of instant, constant, incessant prayer!

To overcome at last, we must triumph as we go.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

BICYCLE LAMPS.

The other day while visiting a town on the border of U.S.A. and Ontario, I noticed all the bicycles had lamps on, and as they went by in the darkness they looked very pretty. I saw some bicycles without a lamp, but no one could ride them in that town, as a law had been passed to the effect that anyone not having a lamp and riding when it was dark should be fined, as they were dangerous to the public; so I watched the lights come and go, and noticed some whose wheels had no light walking and leading their bicycles by hand, a thought came to me and this was it: "Oh, the power of a concentrated light, a light with a reflector and burning for the Master." As I walked along the streets of that town I said to myself, "Now the bicycles with lamps represent to me the Christian." You see the bicycle lamp has the light inside and it shines out ahead on the path, so as to show the holes and bad places on the road. Christ in the heart is like the bicycle lamp to the bicycle, insures its safety and that of others in the way. Oh how I wish every boy and girl who reads this would become such a lamp, lighted every day and burning with zeal for the Master; soul winners. "He who winneth souls is wise." The lamp is the word of God, Christ the oil that giveth light, as he said, "I am the light," the Holy Spirit the reflector which reflects out the light of salvation into the hearts of sin and darkness. And now only one more thought. The bicycle lamp has two little glass windows on each side, one is red and the other blue, which is to show the side each cyclist ought to pass on to avoid collision; the red for danger and the blue for service, denoting caution and right of way. We as Christians should look out for the signal lights and approach to do His work with caution and prayer. Some we would speak to but for their temper or something, which prevents us. We want to get the blue light of service consecrated, when we will be able to be used as a blessing indeed, having obtained favor of God by His Spirit, whereby He has used us to his glory and

power. Then the red window; we must be careful not to enter his service with bad habits, such as deceit, bad temper, lying, etc., and others I won't mention, but let you think them all over and decide to give up and let the power of God come into our hearts, and say with the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." So let us come to Christ and say, "Oh use me and let me be used as a helper, as a light, as a power, as a soul winner, that our lives might be earnest and useful, and God, even our own God, will bless us and make us to be a blessing all our days. So let us be consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

S. P. MILLER.

Toronto.

HOW TO SHINE.

By the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A., Rector of All Souls', Langham Place, in *Home Words*.

The first duty, the calling, the purpose for which the Church exists is to give light. It is set in a dark place. For Christ, the Light of men, is in heaven; so the Church must make up for the Saviour's absence by shining steadily with the light He gives. Such a light is not selfish. It shines not for its own glory, but for the world's good. And every Christian is saved to shine. Then shining is steady, noiseless, unostentatious work. Not by fits and starts, with blast of trumpet and by great effort. A light shines because it is its nature to. It cannot burn without shining. The true Christian is a burning and shining light: the fire ever burning upon the heart's altar—the light ever shining forth into the dark world. Of course the light may be covered over and put under a bushel. But then it is likely to go out. If the light is to keep burning it must be allowed to shine.

But shining is very effectual and conspicuous. Bring a light into a dark room and everybody must know of it. Does everybody about you know you are a Christian? Is your love for Jesus shining clearly, lighting up the gloom and sin, and helping men to see the heavenward way?

A light is not much good unless you can see by it. If Christ were

still upon earth we should have no doubt as to the right course to take. We should just follow His example in everything, doing whatever he did, abstaining from everything that He abstained from. We should see our way by the light of His example. So should it be with all true Christians. Their example should be one which all men can safely follow. They should be able to say with St. Paul, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." There is something wrong with our shining if it does not help others to see the way.

A light cannot help being conspicuous. It might well be charged with setting itself up above others. For a burning candle, though it be only a farthing dip, gives more light than a thousand fireless lanterns. Your Christianity cannot be invisible. It is a false humility which is afraid to shine lest it should seem conspicuous.

THE DAY OF REST.

By the Rev. Prebendary Godfrey Thring, B.A., author of "Hymns and Sacred Lyrics," etc., i.e. *Home Words*.

Hail! Sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! Day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that gladly sing
Glad songs of peace.

The merry thristle as he sings,
The merrier sings to-day,
The sun shines out from 'mid the clouds
With brighter ray.

The trembling breeze that softly blows
From many a sunnier shore,
More softly seems to blow to-day,
Than e'er before.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

I join the quiet thoughtful crowd
That throngs the house of prayer,
And, kneeling on my knees, I reap
A blessing there.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That thou this day hast given,
Bright foretaste of that endless day
Of Rest in Heaven.

HOW THEY CROSSED THE STREAM.

A True Story.

By Elizabeth Preston Allen, in *Sunday School Times*.

"If the fellows are going to do that way," said Guy, in a tone of scorn, "I'm done with the whole thing."

"The fact is," said Mark, "the kids want to have too much to say in this mission-band business. They want to run the machine."

"We will just show them, this afternoon, that we won't go into their schemes; and if they are pig-headed about it, why"—Guy held up his head an extra inch—"our crowd will resign."

The boys were on their way to mission band meeting, and these sentiments were re-echoed over and over as one and another of "our crowd" fell into line.

But when they actually got to the meeting, things took a different turn. I cannot say positively why the big boys got quietly into step with the schemes of the rest, nor why there was no more talk of resigning, but I think it had something to do with a story the leader told at the beginning of the meeting. Perhaps she had heard murmurs of discord among the boys on the way; but I am only guessing so because of this little story.

"When my father was a little boy," Miss MacPheeters said, "he lived in old Scotland, where breakfasts were rather scanty and the Shorter Catechism was plentiful. Along with his brothers and sisters, a goodly number, he walked bare-footed every day, over miles of rough road, to school. About half-way between the home cottage and the school doorstep ran the river Earn, which they had to ford, for there was no bridge. Fortunately, it was not deep; but a sudden fall in the river-bed gave the water an extra swiftness at that place, and, if it had not been for a promise made to their father at the beginning of each term, the younger children might have gotten many a fall and wetting. Can you guess what that promise was?"

No guesses were offered.

"I am telling you about how these little lads and lassies crossed

the river safely everyday," said Miss MacPheeters, "because I am sure that, unless you adopt their plan, this mission band will stumble and fall, and the work that we are trying to do will go to pieces, and drift away hopelessly."

The boys pricked up their ears, but said nothing.

"It was a very simple plan, boys," said the leader. "They simply joined hands!"

A look flashed into the faces of all those boys, which seemed to say, "To be sure!"

"There are as many difficulties in our way," continued the storyteller, "as there are rocks and boulders in the river Earn. Each boy has his own opinion of how things ought to be done, different from every other boy's opinion. This makes contrary currents and eddies, harder to cross than the swirling waters of the stream. There is but one way for all to cross safely. You must join hands."

"I do not ask you to make me any promises, but I want you to think about this matter at your own homes, when you speak alone with your heavenly Father. I am sure that, if my boys will make that silent, secret promise to join hands, our mission band will go forward like an army with banners."

As I was saying, there was no pulling back and no resigning at that meeting, and I could not help thinking that it was because of the picture shown them of our Scotch children crossing the river, hand locked in hand.

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE MAN.

In her sketch of the life and work of "John Eliot, the apostle to the Red Indians," Miss Yonge says: "Eliot's work was not wasted. The spark he lit has never gone wholly out in men's mind."

The modern missionary awakening is largely due to the influence of Eliot. The story of his work among the Indians in Massachusetts was written by Jonathan Edwards, and a copy of it falling into the hands of William Carey, of Bristol, England, fired his heart with zeal for missions. His work in India is a thrilling story. The legend which he uttered—"Under-

take great things for God; expect great things from God"—has gone around the world and stirred many hearts to deeds of courage and faith. Henry Martyn, the scholar missionary, also felt the power of Eliot's example and went to India. The influence of these men and many others who caught their inspiration from the heroic lives of those who were filled with a burning love for souls is the story of missionary enterprise within this century. What a grand story! Eliot inspired Carey and Martyn. Carey and Martyn awoke the sluggish from their indifference, and the roll of saints and martyrs for the faith grew in the Church of England and among Dissenters. The aspect of the Church was changed to zeal for God, and triumphs of faith were recorded such as had not been seen since the Reformation. The names Heber, Selwyn, Patteson, Hannington and others among bishops, of the great Livingston, Judson, Moffatt, Duff, Alexander Mackay and many others, are the joy of the Church. It is of the most profound interest to trace an influence to its source, and humanly speaking the modern missionary spirit took its rise in the devoted life of a missionary among the Indians in New England—*Selected*.

THE VALUE OF DECISION.

Decision is a noble element of character. The vacillating man can never realize greatness. He wastes his impulses and time in hesitancy. He poises too long between opposite forces, and when he moves onward it is with the faltering step of indecision. His faculties are relaxed—they are not condensed into a manly force by a determined will. How many opportunities for doing good in great or small degree are lost by indecision! Whilst we are asking ourselves, "Shall I, or shall I not?" the moment is passed, and the flower of joy which we might have given is withered, and often can be no more revived even by tears of penitence.—*Selected*.

The dangerous thing about saying no to God to-day is that you may have to keep on doing it forever.

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HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

God of our fathers, our trust through all ages,
Ever in mercy and kindness revealed,
Guard us in peace, and when war's tumult rages
Be Thou our helmet, our sword and our shield.

Through the long years Thou hast granted us blessing,
Filling our homes with the light of Thy grace;
Let us, dear children, Thy love still possessing,
Ever rejoice in the smile of Thy face.

When war's fierce tempest around us is raving
Let the wild storm be restrained by Thy will,
As on the lake, when the foam crests were waving
O'er the rough billows, Thy voice cried,
"Be still!"

Selected.

COURAGE.

TWO STRIKING INSTANCES OF IT.

Side by side with the grand old pictures of past courageous deeds and noble actions I would place others of our own time. "Bill the Banker" was a poor navy, whose work, when he was engaged in the construction of railway embankments, lay amongst the "tip" wagons. It so befel that he obtained the post of "tip-man" over a shaft in one of the many tunnels found necessary on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. The shaft was about two hundred feet deep, with sides and bottom of solid rock. His duty was to raise the trucks filled below, and run them to the tip, returning them empty to his mates at the bottom. If a chain broke

away, or a great boulder slipped off a truck, Bill had to shout "Wuar out!" and the miners below crept into their "drives," and the dangerous article fell without injury to any. One unhappy day, Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be hurled from side to side of the narrow shaft, until he lay, smashed and lifeless, at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual sound would draw them all out together to ascertain the cause. With a truly heroic courage, he gave the customary signal in firm, unflinching tones, "Waur out below!" And his mates heard in their secure retreats the dreadful *thud*, and final crash of their brave comrade's shattered remains.

Another example is one of deliberate courage. In the course of his labor among the collieries, George Stephenson had discovered the need that existed for a lamp which, while affording the miners sufficient light to prosecute their work in the bowels of the earth, should not ignite the inflammable gas or "fire-damp," that invariably accumulates in the less ventilated parts of a coal-pit, and is singularly dangerous to life. After various experiments on the nature and properties of the fire-damp he succeeded in constructing a lamp which, he believed, would annihilate the risk of explosion. It became necessary to put his new invention to the proof. Accompanied by his son Robert and two friends, Wood and Moodie, he hastened to the Killingworth Colliery. It was nearly midnight when they reached the coal-pit and descended the shaft. They proceeded towards the foulest of all the underground galleries, where the explosive gas issued from a blower in the roof, with the fierce hiss of a jet of steam. Here some boarding had been erected in order to concentrate the foul air in one particular spot. Moodie advanced, examined the spot, and returned with the information, that if a light were introduced an explosion would inevitably occur. He added a grave warning as to the danger to themselves and to the pit, if, unhappily, the gas took fire. Stephenson had faith in his lamp; further, he was prepared to run any

risk in his effort to conquer the dangers of the dreaded fire-damp. Ordering his companions to withdraw to a safe distance, he advanced, with the moral courage sprung from generous self-forgetfulness, towards the inflammable air. Fainter and fainter waned the tiny ray of the safety-lamp as its courageous bearer penetrated into the dark ramifications of the mine. He was pressing onwards to death, perhaps, or to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart never hesitated, nor did his hand tremble. He reached the place of peril, he stretched out his lamp so as to meet the full blast of the explosive current, and patiently waited the result. At first the flame increased, then it flickered, decreased in brilliancy, and gradually expired. The foul atmosphere made no other sign. No explosion ensued. It was evident that Stephenson had invented a certain means of lighting up a mine without any danger of igniting its combustible air. Let others praise the ingenuity of the invention; what most concerns us is the calm and lofty moral courage which tested its efficacy.

The greatest courage of all is moral courage. Every one is not called upon to show physical bravery, but there is not a man who does not need moral courage every day of his life. At any moment he may be called upon to decide whether, for the sake of peace or interest, he will turn from the right and adhere to the wrong, set aside the truth, palter to the prejudices of the crowd, listen to the voice of flattery; or whether he will follow, steadfastly follow, in the paths of rectitude and justice. To preserve our purity, to maintain our honor, to obey the Divine laws, is sometimes a painfully difficult task, and can be performed only by recourse to the promise of Divine strength. It is always a hard thing to do our duty. There are so many inducements to set it aside, so many obstacles always in the way of doing it. The hardest part of the work is to be patient. The energy of action is easier and more attractive than the courage of endurance. Yet this, too, by the grace of God, we must cultivate, must make our own. "They also serve who only

stand and wait." They, too, are brave true knights who can bear and forbear.—*Orillia Packet.*

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing Thy words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word.
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where ;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

HAVE YOU COME TO CHRIST ?

But what is it to go to Christ ? How are we to yield obedience to His call, "Come unto me" ? I think we may best learn this by looking back to the days when He was still on earth. Many came to Him then. A leper came to Him and kneeled down, and besought Him, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Two blind men came to Him, and said, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us !" A woman with an issue of blood came and said, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." The disciples in the storm came and awoke Him, saying, "Lord, save us ; we perish !" Christ is with us now as truly as He was with them. He can hear—He can see the desires of our hearts. Go to Him—pour out your heart to Him. Say to Him, "I am a sinner, O cleanse me ! the struggle is sore, O help me ! I am in trouble, O comfort me ! I am unhappy, O give me rest !" You need bring no offering—no price is asked ; Christ asks you only to

come to Him. Remember His kindness—how He never sent away any that came. Remember He is as true as He is kind. He would not invite you were He not desirous you should come. Remember He shed His blood that He might be able to invite you, to pardon you, to receive you to Himself.—*Work at Home.*

KEEP THE SUNDAY

It is one of the most remarkable facts of our time that those older nations from which some of us propose to borrow our habit of disregard for the Lord's Day, are striving at this very moment with most impressive earnestness to restore the early sacredness of that day. In Germany, Switzerland and in France there are already organizations of serious and thoughtful men who are seeking to banish the Continental Sunday. They have seen, on the one hand, as anyone may see in France to-day, that the removal of the sacred sanctions, which, with us, hold the first day of the week in a kind of chaste reserve, have eventuated not merely in degrading it to the level of a vulgar holiday, but also of degrading and enslaving him for whom its privileges were, most of all, designed—the wearied, overworked and poorly-paid laboring man. They have seen that in such a capital as Paris it has already come to pass that the workingman's Sunday is often as toilsome a day as any other, and that since the law no longer guards the day from labor, the capitalist and contractor no longer spare nor regard the laborer. He is a person out of whom the most is to be got, and if he can work six days he may as well work the seventh also, so long as there is nothing to forbid it. Such a condition of things may not directly threaten those of us who are protected by wealth from the necessity of daily labor ; but, if ours is this more favored condition, all the more do we owe it to our brother man who is less favored, to see to it that he shall have every sanction with which the law can furnish him to guard his day of rest from being perverted and revolutionized into a day of toil. And if he himself does not see that the more we assimilate

Sunday to other days by the amusements, the occupations, the teaching, and reading, and thinking with which we fill it, the greater is the danger that ultimately we shall lose it altogether, the more earnestly are we bound to strive to disseminate those sounder ideas which set this first day of the week and its devout observance before our fellow-men and women of the laboring classes in its true light, and so help and teach them how not to lose, but to keep it.—*Bishop Potter.*

TO WOMEN WHO TOILETH.

This wise bit of advice to busy women is given by Julia Anna Walcott in the *Home Maker* :

Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand,
When thou settest thyself to a commonplace seam ;
Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,
Its fragrance will sweeten each dream.

When life's petty details most burdensome seem,
Take a book—it may give thee the solace thou'st sought,
And turn its leaves o'er till thou catchest the gleam
Of some gem from the deep mine of thought.

When the task thou performest is irksome and long,
Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt or a fear,
Fling open the window, and let in the song
God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer.

And lean from the casement a moment, and rest ;
While the winds cool thy cheek, glance thou up at the sky
Where the cloud ships are sailing, like argosies blest ;
Bright-winged, they pass lingeringly by.

Then, steal a fair picture of mountain or glen,
A smooth gliding streamlet through green meadows sweet ;
Or, if thy lot's cast 'mong the dwellings of men,
Of some radiant face in the street.

Then carry it back to thy work, and perchance
'Twill remind of thy childhood, or sweetly recall
Some long-faded page of thy bright youth's romance,
It may be the dearest of all.

Oh, a branch of wild roses the barrenest ledge
Maketh fit for a throne, while the blossoming vine
Will turn to a bower the thorniest hedge ;
So will beauty make stern life divine.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.**

International. *Institute.*
 Nov. 5—Neh. 1: 21. Neh. 4: 1 to end.
 " 12—Neh. 4: 7-18. Esther 6: 1 to end.
 " 19—Neh. 8: 1-12. Esther 7: 1 and 8: 3.
 " 26—Prov. 25: 29-35. 1 Cor. 11: 27 to end.
 " Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light
 unto my path."

**BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR
NOVEMBER.**

By Rev. Klement Richardson, M.A.

1. Whether did the chief butler or chief baker tell his dream first to Joseph?
2. To whom did Joseph assign the interpretation of dreams?
3. What induced the chief baker to tell his dream?
4. How long afterwards were the interpretations of the dreams fulfilled?
5. Why?
6. What favor did Joseph ask from the chief butler?
7. What led to Joseph's liberation from prison?
8. How long after the chief butler's liberation?
9. Give the details of Pharaoh's dreams.
10. Whom did Pharaoh first ask to interpret his dreams?
11. What is the meaning of the word Pharaoh?
12. When first addressed by Pharaoh, what was Joseph's reply?

**GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN'S
APOLOGY.**

On this particular morning of which I write, for some good reason, the hour appointed to move was earlier than usual. Four o'clock found the headquarters tents struck and the general and staff ready to move out—but no escort. A moment or two later and, amid the blare of bugles and roll of drums, the troops started and the road was filled with the marching army. Still no escort.

Turning impatiently to his chief of staff, Colonel J. W. Forsythe, he said:

"What does this mean? Where is the escort? Was the commanding officer notified?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Send an aide and find out the trouble."

An officer dashed off to where

the escort was encamped on a little stream a few hundred yards away, and returned saying that the escort was saddling in haste and would be there in a few moments. Shortly after the squadron dashed up at a gallop and, fronting into line almost on a run, Captain Clafflin saluted, and, turning to the chief of staff, was about to speak, when he was interrupted by General Sheridan, who said:

"Captain Clafflin, when I issue an order to move at four o'clock, it means sixty minutes past three, not nearly twenty minutes past four. This must not occur again, sir."

"But, General——" began the captain.

"No excuse, sir. We have lost time enough already. Move out." And the General urged his horse into a trot to overtake the corps with which headquarters was to march during the day.

A few moments afterwards one of the acting aides turned to the officer he was riding with and said: "Great Scott! All this delay was really my fault."

"What do you mean?"

"The chief of staff ordered me to inform Clafflin of the hour of march and I neglected to do it."

"The mischief you did!"

"What shall I do?" He knew well enough, and in a moment more he had pushed to the head of the staff and reported his dereliction of duty to the commanding general himself.

On his return the question was asked, "Well, what did the chief say?"

"That's the worst of it," was the reply. "Not a single word."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing!" Then, after a pause, "I wonder if he will send me back to my regiment?"

"I don't think so," was the response.

Nothing more was said of the affair during the day to my knowledge, but I afterwards learned that the officer spoke to the chief of staff regarding his failure to deliver the order and apologized to Captain Clafflin for the position he had unfortunately placed him in.

The next morning, after the General and staff were mounted, he suddenly rode out towards the

front of the escorting squadron as it stood in line awaiting orders, and facing Captain Clafflin, he leaned slightly forward and said:

"Captain Clafflin, yesterday morning I rebuked you sharply in the presence of your command and my staff for what I thought was neglect of duty. I have since ascertained that you were not at all in fault in the matter, but that the fault was on the part of one of my staff, who neglected to deliver an order to you, and," raising his cap and bowing courteously, "I beg your pardon, sir."

"General," began the captain, "I already knew——" but the General had replaced his cap, and touching it in answer to the captain's salute, turned quickly away and gave the order, "Move out."

I do not think that the officer in fault ever forgot the occasion, and I know that Captain Clafflin never did, for we talked the matter over in his camp in Northern Texas the year before he died. Turning to me at the close of our conversation, he said: "Only think of it! the commanding general of the army publicly apologizing to the captain commanding his escort for having mistakenly reprimanded him the day before. I could have died for him that day."—*Omaha Christian Advocate.*

POTATO BARRELS.

Annie and Millie were the daughters of a busy farmer. On that great farm not only the farmer, but everyone else, was as busy as a bee—everyone but the two small daughters. Busiest of all was the mother with her housework, Bobbie always tugging at her skirts, and the six-months-old baby.

"Why don't you put those children to work?" the father would sometimes rather impatiently ask.

Then the sweet, indulgent mother would reply that they did help her sometimes, and, that it was easier to do the work than to show them. One bright June morning, the hired man drove up with a load of empty barrels for use in the fall, when the potatoes that were then quietly growing out of sight under the ground would be placed in them and sent to market. Putting the

barrels in front of the house, he went to his work in the field.

Annie and Millie paid little attention to this, because they were having a tea party on the porch with their dolls. Along with their own little table and tiny set of dishes, they had strawberries and sponge cake to eat.

The dollies were behaving so well, and they were having a most delightful time, when their father appeared.

He looked at the barrels.

"That stupid John!" said he. "He should have taken them to the barn."

Then, seeing the tea-party, he said: "Here, children, roll these barrels up to the barn; I will go ahead and fasten open the doors for you."

What a change came over the pleasant little faces! Before they had looked sweet enough to eat—much sweeter than the strawberries. Now they looked sour—sourer even than the strawberries before sugar was put on them. Annie looked at Millie, and Millie looked at Annie. "Isn't papa too mean?" asked Annie.

"As mean as he can be!" agreed Millie.

"He never wants us to have the least bit of fun!"

"No, he's always setting us to work. Only last night I heard him say to mamma it would be good for us to have some regular work."

"And what did mamma say?"

"She said a little wouldn't hurt us, but we would be young only once."

"Of course, we will. It won't be long before we are old; sometimes I feel old now."

"So do I. My back hurts a little already, and I know it will make it worse to roll those horrid barrels."

"Well, anyway, we have it to do," grumbled Annie, moving unwillingly down the steps. "It's awful hot out here. I 'most know we'll get sun-struck, and then I suppose papa'll be sorry enough."

Millie was walking around, placing her hand on each barrel, counting.

"Sixteen," she said, with a long breath; "eight times for you to the barn and eight times for me."

"Sixteen times," corrected Annie,

"for there's back again, and up that hill. 'It'll 'most kill us, I know. I have a notion not to do it."

"I'll tell you what we might do," said little Millie, a smile creeping around the corner of her rosy mouth. "We might pretend it was play. You see"—giving a barrel a push with her foot—"an empty barrel isn't really so heavy unless you get to thinking so, and we can play we are rolling hoops; only it will be more fun, because the barrels will make such a nice noise."

A smile began to creep around Annie's mouth, too.

"I don't mind doing it for fun," she said. "Suppose we try it."

Roll, roll, roll, under the cherry trees back of the house, up the incline, into the wide, sweet-scented barn. Back and forth flew the little maidens, rosy, laughing, full of fun. Almost before they knew it, those sixteen barrels were in the barn, and papa was saying:

"What good little girls I have today! They deserve a kiss and a hug apiece."

"We'd like them, papa; but I'm afraid we don't deserve them," said Annie, honestly; "because at first we hated to do it; but then Millie thought of doing it for fun."

"That's right, little daughters; take things by the smooth handles when you can. If you have something hard to do, make the best of it, and it will seem easier."

And with a hug and a kiss for each, the busy farmer went to the field, while the children were soon seated at their tea-party again, happier than ever.—*Youth's Companion*.

SUNSHINY WOMAN.

What a blessing to a household is a bright, cheerful, Christian woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a gleam of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's

spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he thinks to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find that he has a wife of this kind.—*Canadian Churchman*.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

Many of the young readers of PARISH AND HOME are familiar with the name Shingwauk, and I hope a great many of them have formed the habit of saving some of their pennies to give towards the support of the sixty or seventy Indian boys who are being educated there. During a recent visit at Sault Ste. Marie I was frequently at the Shingwauk Home, and I saw so much that was encouraging to its supporters that I want to tell the boys and girls who are interested what a good work they are doing in helping to educate Indian boys, and to ask them all to try to extend the work in the future. The Shingwauk Home, which is situated on the bank of the St. Mary River about two miles below Sault Ste. Marie, is a good grey stone building with grounds sloping down to the water's edge. From the front of the building the view of the channel, continually filled with boats passing to and from Lake Superior, is a revelation even to those who are accustomed to seeing the shipping of the Great Lakes, and it is hard to estimate how wonderful it appears to the little Indian boy who comes in there from a "wigwam" in an isolated part of the country. The Indian is naturally keen and observant, and as he plays there and day by day watches the passing ships, he begins to realize that there is a great outside world filled with people, and then he is taught that he must learn to take his place among the citizens of Canada and that red men and white are alike subjects of one Queen and children of a universal Father. The Bishop of Algoma, who is president of the Home, in the last annual report said: "These Indian lads are the representatives of a people we have

dispossessed. The land we live in, 'this Canada of ours,' was theirs before it was ours. It is ours only because we took it from them. The resources of stream and forests are no longer adequate for the supply of their necessities. Nor are they allowed to draw upon those resources where and as we permit

dormitories, dining-room, kitchens and one school-room, and attached to it is the residence of the Principal and Lady Superintendent, Mr. and Mrs. George Ley King. At a short distance from the main building there is a frame school building, and in another direction two buildings devoted to trades. Another

interior is plainly furnished, and will seat a congregation of at least one hundred and fifty. The walls and chancel are decorated with texts carved in wood by the boys in the home, and over the communion table the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments and the Creed are printed in the Ojibway language.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL—SHINGWAUK HOME.

them. With country, food and clothing gone what a claim these people have upon us." At the Shingwauk there is certainly every facility for giving the young Indian lad the training he requires; it is not an isolated building, but appears to be a regular settlement. The main building contains

smaller building is the hospital, and near by are some houses occupied by members of the staff and their families. The most beautiful building in the settlement is the Memorial Chapel, built in 1883 in memory of the late Bishop Fauquier, first Bishop of Algoma. A picture of the exterior is given here. The

The Sunday morning service is held in the chapel when it is too stormy for the boys to march to town to the Pro-Cathedral. There is always Sunday-school in the chapel, and evening prayer. About five minutes' walk from the chapel the little burying ground is situated, and in it Bishop Fauquier and his

wife are laid to rest, surrounded by Indian lads whose welfare was so dear to them. It is a quiet, picturesque spot, and there is an impressive sadness about the number of graves and the early age which is marked on most of the stones. The majority of the boys who are buried there have died when only eleven or twelve years of age. Some stones have most pathetic inscriptions. One which I copied, read as follows: "William Saghuckeway, a young soldier of the cross, who led twenty of his companions to love the Saviour, aged nineteen years."

A brief account of the day's routine at the home will best explain how the boys pass their time. At six a.m. the big bell rings "the morning rouse," and soon every inmate is astir. The lighting of fires and preparation of breakfast is the work of certain boys, and a busy time is spent making beds, regulating dormitories for the day, and having breakfast and prayers over by 7.30, when all who are morning workers at trades are called to their places. Those who work at a trade in the morning attend school in the afternoon and *vice versa*. Dinner is served at twelve, and a short interval is allowed for sports before afternoon work commences at 1.30. At six o'clock the evening meal is served, and at seven prayers and roll-call, after which the juniors march to bed and the seniors have a preparation class for one hour. The object of this system is to train a boy not only a trade, such as carpentry or shoemaking, but to give him a plain English education and a good knowledge of domestic work, scrubbing, baking and laundry work all being taught. The exquisite neatness of everything about the buildings testifies to the good management of the principal and the ability of the boys to carry out their instructions. The boys themselves are a happy, healthy-looking company, and are as ready for sports as the boys in any English boarding school. Their baseball and football teams have both done well during the past season, and games are continually being arranged between "the home" and "the town."

To carry on this establishment

with the strictest economy, it is necessary to have \$75 for each boy in addition to the government grant, which I think is \$50 per capita. This covers all the clothing which the boys have, and generally supports them during the twelve months of the year, as the boys rarely go out for holidays. A wing is now being added for girls, and next year funds will be required for the maintenance of girls as well as boys.

Some Sunday Schools have assisted the Home regularly and well, but there are still many boys unsupported, and more waiting to come in. If each Sunday School to which this paper goes, would try to take up the whole or partial support of a boy, they would be not only aiding one of the best managed Indian homes in the country, but would be fitting a boy to take his place in the world as a useful man, a Christian, and a member of the Church of England.

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

According to the churchwardens' report at Easter, 1893, the church debt at St. Paul's was \$12,635.13, or deducting assets as 'unpaid ground rent, unpaid subscriptions, and balance on hand,' \$12,136.54, and as now the debt is between nine and ten thousand dollars, we have reason to be thankful that more than \$2,000 have been paid, or an average of between three or four hundred dollars a year. Still this is a good year, let everyone give AT LEAST one day's income or wages for this special object and much will be done.

The Sixth Archidiaconal Conference of this Archdeaconry is (D.V.) to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 14th and 15th, at Peterboro, under the chairmanship of the Ven. Archdeacon Allen, M.A. A number of interesting subjects are to be considered as "The Church of England," "The Church's duty touching some social questions of the day," "The condition of the Church in the Archdeaconry," "The Synod of Toronto's resolution regarding the division of the diocese," "The Devotional Life of the Church," "Unbelief," and "The Extension of the Kingdom." Those taking part in the program from outside the archdeaconry are the Rev. Provost Welsh, M.A., D.C.L., of Trinity University, and the Rev. H. C. Dixon, of Toronto. We trust there will be a large attendance, and that God's blessing will rest upon the proceedings.

Some 750 of the Canadian Congregants attended service at the Church of England Cathedral, Quebec, the Sunday before they started on their long trip for South Africa. How many will follow them in the earnest prayer:

"Eternal Father strong to save
Whose arm doth bid the restless wave,
Who biddest the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea."

St. Paul's Church Collections, October, 1899.			
	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Oct. 1	21.75	18.13	39.88
8	21.80	9.02	30.82
15	22.80	12.31	35.11
22	31.35	10.77	42.12
20	17.50	11.50	29.00
	\$115.20	\$ 61.79	\$166.99
Church Debt Fund	-	-	\$ 1.00
W. & O. Fund	-	-	14.55
" " Reaboro	-	-	1.55
Thanksgiving—Diocesan Missions	-	-	9.09
" " Reaboro	-	-	2.20