

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6: 33



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 46.

JULY, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambrey.*

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	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 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

CLARK.—Mary Etta Clark, adult, baptized in St. Paul's church, 19th June, 1895.

ADAM.—Mary Etta Adam, adult, baptized in St. Paul's church, 19th June, 1895.

MILNE.—Norman Sidney Milne, adult, baptized in St. Paul's church, 19th June, 1895.

MAY.—Thomas Joseph, son of Henry and Martha May, born—March, 1893, baptized in St. Paul's church, 21st June, 1895.

BUNTING.—Ida May, daughter of Robert and Margaret Bunting, born 13th May, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's church, 21st June, 1895.

Marriages.

WILFORD—DEACON.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 4th June, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh and Rev. Carl E. Smith, Frederick Richard Wilford, of Cookshire, Quebec, to Maud Mary Deacon, of Lindsay.

CAMPBELL—ROBERTS.—At Lindsay, on 19th June, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Archibald Donald Campbell, to Margaret Ann Roberts, both of the township of Eldon.

JONES—COOK.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 19th June, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William M. Jones, of Port Perry, to Ellen Cook, of the township of Fenelon.

Burials.

KELLS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 2nd June, 1895, Ann Thexton, wife of John Kells, in her 75th year.

MANN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 10th June, 1895, Mrs. Martha Mann, in her 55th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"A religion that costs nothing does nothing."

"Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death."

"The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."—*Pr. x: 22.*

Twenty-five candidates were confirmed by the Bishop of the diocese at Sunderland on June 19th.

Among the new-comers to Lindsay we are glad to welcome Mr. Fennell and family, from Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell from Port Perry, and Mr. Richardson, of London, as worshippers at St. Paul's

and hope that our people will soon make them feel at home in our midst.

The offertory in St. Paul's Church during May was \$107.63 for ordinary expenses, and \$14.53 for Missions.

The Little Girls' Sewing Class (or Sower's Band) gave \$20 to the Church debt as a result of their entertainment held in May.

According to his report to the Annual Synod of his diocese the Bishop of Huron had confirmed 1,586 persons in the year then closed.

The Rev. R. L. Weaver, who was ordained in June at St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, took the service at Sturgeon Point on July 7th

Mr. O. Malley, who has occasionally taken duty in St. Paul's, was ordained early in June and appointed to the Mission of Atherley and Longford.

The Orangemen of Cameron and neighborhood attended service at St. George's Church, Cameron, on July 7th, and were addressed by the Rev. Carl S. Smith.

Mr. Gladstone has given a bell to the new chapel of Selwyn College, Cambridge, founded in memory of his friend and old schoolfellow at Eton, the late Bishop Selwyn.

Miss Maud Deacon will be much missed from St. Paul Church choir, of which she has been a member for several years. Still her many friends wish her long years of happiness as Mrs. F. R. Willford.

Notwithstanding the general depression last year in the old land the ordinary income of the Church Missionary Society was £20,000 (or nearly \$100,000) larger than ever before. They never refuse a candidate they think fitted for the work, believing that God, who call the Missionary, will furnish the means.

The annual Sunday-school picnic and excursion is being arranged for Thursday, July 25th, to Orillia. The train will leave Lindsay about 9 a. m. and call at Cambray. As Orillia is a beautiful town, and has a pleasant park right by the R. R. track, and on the shores of Lake Couchiching, we expect many of our friends will be on hand when "all aboard" is called. Tickets only 75c., children, 40c.

At the meeting of the Synod of the Diocese in June several laymen from Lindsay were appointed on Standing Committees. The Hon. John Dobson and Messrs. Barron and McGaffey were appointed on the Mission Board, and Mr. C. D. Barr on the Widows' and Orphans' Fund Committee. It is quite a number of years since this honor has been bestowed before on any laymen of Victoria County.

Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society baptized last year 11,619 persons, of whom over 4,200 were adults. Speaking of the latter the annual report says:—"As the Society's Missionaries ever set their faces against the system of hasty and wholesale baptism, and converts are carefully instructed and well tested, there is every reason to believe that a large proportion of the new accessions to the visible Church are also living members of the true body of

Christ." "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Zech. 4: 6.

This number of PARISH AND HOME is particularly interesting, and we trust our people will peruse the articles carefully, for much good will be received from this food for reflection. Read the article "The Fruit of the Spirit" by Rev. W. J. Armitage.

The Orillia Packet contains the following from Ragged Rapids:—"Messrs. McPhan and Soanes, of the Presbyterian and English Churches, visited this settlement last Friday, and arranged for fortnightly services during the summer, beginning on Friday, 22nd of June. This is the first regular service ever established here, and the people are much gratified by the action of these earnest young gentlemen."

The special offertory on Sunday, July 7th, for the reduction of the floating debt, amounted to \$170. Considering that so many were out of town this was very good, and much appreciated by the churchwardens and officers. Thanks are returned to all who gave, whether little or much, and above all thanks, are given to God for putting it into the hearts of His people to give.

St. Paul's Church Collections June, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
2	\$15 65	\$ 7 28	\$22 93
9	20 15	11 12	31 27
16	15 80	8 41	24 21
23	15 15	9 13	24 28
30	17 48	9 55	27 03
	\$84 23	\$45 49	\$129 72
True Blue Service,	-	-	\$ 5 26
Confirmation Service,	-	-	7 23

Missions.

P. M. A., May and June,	-	-	\$4 05
Ascensiontide, Domestic,	-	-	12 93
" Cameron,	-	-	47
" Cambray,	-	-	1 72
Students' Fund, Cambray,	-	-	1 11

\$20 28

God has vouchsafed a wonderful blessing to the work of the C. M. S. missionaries in Uganda, Africa. One hundred and eighty churches were built in 1894; in the capital, Mengo, about 1,000 persons were baptized. Over one hundred and thirty native teachers have been sent forth, and some of these to the tribes and nations beyond. Twenty thousand attend worship each Sunday; there are over 1,500 catechumens preparing for baptism, and thousand are reading and studying the Scriptures. And this in a land were twenty years ago not a Christian was to be found, whose king in 1885 ordered Bishop Hannington to be murdered, and in 1886 had some of his subjects (young men) slowly roasted to death because they would not recant and deny their Saviour. A land of slavery, oppression and heathen cruelty being, by the gospel and power of Christ, changed to a land of Christian freedom.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1895.

No. 56.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

LESSONS.

- 7—**4th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. 12; Acts 13, v. 26. *Evening*—1 Sam. 13, or Ruth 1; Matt. 2.
- 14—**5th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. 15, to v. 24; Acts 18, to v. 24. *Evening*—1 Sam. 16, or 17; Matt. 6, v. 19, to 7, v. 7.
- 21—**6th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Sam. 1; Acts 21, v. 37, to 22, v. 23. *Evening*—2 Sam. 12, to v. 24, or 13; Matt. 10, v. 24.
- 28—**St. James. Ap. and Mar. (Ath. Creed).** *Morning*—2 Kings 1, to v. 16; Luke 9, v. 51, to 57. *Evening*—Jer. 26, v. 8, to v. 16; Matt. 13 to v. 24.
- 28—**7th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Chron. 21; Acts 27. *Evening*—1 Chron. 22, or 28, to v. 21; Matt. 14, v. 13.

"TALITHA CUMI."

Our little one was sick, and the sickness pressed her sore,
We sat beside her bed, and we felt her hands and head,
And in our hearts we prayed this one prayer o'er and o'er:

"Come to us, Christ the Lord; utter Thine old-time word,
'Talitha cumi!'"

And as the night wore on, and the fever flamed more high,
And a new look burned and grew in the eyes of tender blue,

Still louder in our hearts arose the voiceless cry:
"O Lord of love and might, say once again to-night,
'Talitha cumi!'"

And then, and then—He came; we saw Him not, but felt;
And He bent above the child, and she ceased to moan, and smiled;

And, although we heard no sound, as around the bed we knelt,
Our souls were made aware of a mandate in the air:
'Talitha cumi!'"

And as at dawn's fair summons faded the morning star,

Holding the Lord's hand close, the child we loved arose,
And with Him took her way to a country far away;
And we would not call her dead, for it was His voice that said:

"Talitha cumi!"

—Susan Coolidge.

CHURCHGOING IN SUMMER. — With the hot weather of July there will be, no doubt, the usual falling off in the numbers at church. This is, of course, partly due to the rash for the country and the seaside, but not altogether. There are many who do not go out of town for the summer, and yet are seldom seen in church then. It seems to be a harmless and quite permissible thing to keep from church on a very warm Sunday. But surely this must depend upon our reasons for going to church at all. If to be in church on the Sunday is merely a privilege or luxury, which we can easily do without for a time, then there is perhaps little harm in keeping at home during the excessive heat. But if, on the contrary, church is the house of God, existing to supply a real and constant need in human life, our being there is a *duty*, and our absence is not only wrong, but deprives us of what God, in His wisdom, provides. The churches are warm, no doubt, and propriety prevents us being as coolly clad there as at home; but the Christian whose desire is to do his duty can surely master these little discomforts. Besides, the people who absent themselves from church because of the heat, are glaringly inconsistent. They commonly attend all social functions, no matter what the heat, or the time of day, or the oppressiveness of conventional clothing. People who justify carelessness or wrongdoing must at least be consistent in the application of their reasons.

BISMARCK'S PHILOSOPHY. — "Man can neither set in motion nor control the stream of time. He can only steer his boat upon it with more or less skill," said Prince Bismarck the other day to the German students who had come to greet him on his birthday. What a profound truth it is! Of course, he applied it to his own achievements in Germany during the last thirty years or more. He had simply done his best under the rigid, unalterable conditions laid down by the times. But the remark is applicable to every humble Christian life. We all work under conditions. No man is entirely free. We cannot prescribe circumstances. The times

are good to one and harsh with another, and what time brings we have to accept. Hardships and disappointments and sorrows come unsolicited and without any fault of ours, and they do not come to all alike. Fortune smiles on one, and frowns on another. Our lots are often widely sundered. God sends each man what His wisdom deems best, and there is nothing but to accept it. Yet, for all that, our lives are not so circumscribed that we are without freedom. The future is in our hands. If we fail the fault lies wholly at our door. We are like so many mechanics. Some work in wood, some in iron, some in stone, some in gold. For each his material is fixed. But in its use he has all possible latitude. The finished product, whatever the material, may be a work of art, a masterpiece of exquisite workmanship and great price, or a poor, worthless botch; and this will depend wholly upon the skill of the workman. Our duty is to take cheerfully the material time brings, and develop, by God's grace, such skill that the finished article may be perfect. Grumbling at conditions is more foolish than if the stonemason were to give up because his materials were not gold. The master always appointed for his slaves the conditions they should work in. Their duty was to work, to do their utmost under those conditions. And we are the bondservants of Jesus Christ. The stream of time and the circumstances of life are not so much our concern as His. Our duty is to acquire skill daily and use it unceasingly, whatever the material and whatever the conditions.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS. — How many tired workers, who are about to seek rest and recreation away from home and the noise and confusion of city life, will have an opportunity this summer of learning the truth of Count Tolstoi's words on the conditions of happiness! In a recent article, after pointing out the tedium, the suffering, and the unhappiness of modern life, especially in cities, he points out some indispensable conditions of happiness. And, first of all, he says people must abandon their artificial ways of living, and get nearer to nature. There must be

more of sunlight, free air, and open fields in their lives, and a better acquaintance with plants and animals. To be deprived of these things is to be poor, disconsolate prisoners, like the birds shut up in cages, that may know nothing of freedom, but certainly are without the happiness of bird-life. In their ambition and thirst for gold men have flocked together and taken up conventional standards of living, and set their hearts on what the world thinks necessary to happiness, and in so doing have renounced real blessings. They have lost everything, and live on scraps. The truth of these words that follow is pathetic: "See now the existence of the men who live according to the world's rules. The higher their position in the world, the more they are deprived of this condition of happiness. Most of them—almost all the women—attain old age without having seen the dawn, the fields, and the forests more than once or twice in their lives, except through a car window; without ever having planted a seed, or raised a cow or horse or hen—without even knowing how animals are born, grow, and live. Wherever they go they are deprived of this happiness of nature, just as the prisoners are; and as the prisoners console themselves with the sight of the grass growing in the prison yard, and the furtive passage of a spider or a little mouse, so these men console themselves with the enjoyment of sickly hot-house plants and the society of a parrot, a little dog, or a monkey—and even these are reared and fed by mercenaries."

To one whose life is simply the artificial life of modern society, some such thoughts as these must come home, as he is enjoying a quiet holiday in some shady retreat by a quiet stream or lake, or on some farm where he learns the delights of early rising, fresh air, unbroken quiet, and closeness to nature. With what a weary feeling he looks back upon the turmoil of the city! He begins to realize what delights God has prepared for men, and holds close at hand, if only they would not reject them. We pay very dearly for the things we commonly set our hearts on. There is a great deal of progress of a certain kind to-day, but the individual suffers terribly. He has to go out annually and be re-made by a few weeks of altered living, or he would go to pieces. But if his aims were purer, and his personal desires more moderate, the joy and pleasure of his holiday weeks might be found in a great measure every day of his life.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near,
Though time has little left for hope and very much
for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold
mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but
luminous.

We can give kindly speech,
And ready, helping hand to all and each,
And patience to the young around by smiling
silence teach.

We can give gentle thought,
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil
and failure wrought.

We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred
By the keen aims of power or joy that make youth
cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold—would fain fare on unchecked,
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that
young eyes expect—

Why, do thy day's work still,
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-
worn hands to fill.

—*All the Year Round.*

THE COMMERCIAL DECALOGUE.

I.

THOU shalt not in any wise boast, brag, bounce, or bluster, or the wise man will hold thee in low esteem.

II.

THOU shalt not permit thy wife to be living at the rate of £200 a year, when thy business is not yielding more than £199; nor shalt thou withhold from her the business information which, as I shall meet, she is entitled to receive.

III.

THOU shalt not mock the unsuccessful man, for he may be richer in his poverty than thou art in thy boasted abundance.

IV.

THOU shalt not carry the counting-house into the domestic circle, nor in any wise spoil the children's hour by recapitulating the bankruptcies of the day.

V.

THOU shalt not hob-nob with idle persons, nor smoke with them, nor encourage them, nor approve their evil life.

VI.

THOU shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin.

VII.

THOU shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee.

VIII.

AS to hours of slumber and sleep, remember the good old rule:

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

IX.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," but give where well bestowed right cheerfully.

X.

Be honest in copper, and in gold thy honesty will be sure — *Dr. Parker.*

TOO THIRSTY AND COLD.

A CHAPLAIN, during the American war, was passing over the field, when he saw a soldier that had been wounded lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said: "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said:

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and, tenderly lifting his head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

There is a world of meaning in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lesson the book teaches. — *Selected.*

"I MAKE not the least doubt in the world but the Church of England before the Reformation, and the Church of England after the Reformation, are as much the same church, as a garden before it is weeded and after it is weeded is the same garden." — *Archbishop Bramhall.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

VIII. MEEKNESS.

THE world does not appreciate its greatest men. It often worships at the shrine of success, or gives the highest place to those qualities which gain success, quite regardless of moral ends. It fails in many cases, too, to understand the highest qualities of head and heart.

When Jesus Christ began His wonderful ministry of love and mercy, many were astonished at His teaching, for He spake as never man spake. But the fault-finders of the day heard nothing in His words that breathed of heaven, or that was potent with truth. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, and brother of James, and Joses, and Judas, and Simon?" was their estimate of the Man and of His teaching. When Luther raised his voice of thunder, which echoed through the world, there were many found who heaped abuse upon him and his cause. John Milton only lived to be misunderstood. A bishop of the church could say, "Get thee behind me, Milton, thou cankerworm, thou Shimei, a dead dog, thou savorest of pride, bitterness, and falsehood!" Oliver Cromwell was coupled with Judas Iscariot as one of the worst men that ever lived, yet Carlyle ranked him as one of the world's truest heroes. Professor Reynolds calls him "the greatest of Englishmen," and one who understood his character declared, "A larger soul I think hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was."

It is the same with the noblest virtues, the highest qualities of the heart. Humility is no virtue to the world. Before the Gospel transformed the meaning of the word it meant something that crawled upon the ground. Dickens has held up to scorn its counterfeit as seen in Uriah Heep, who was so very "umble," and meekness, which is in reality a very high development of Christian character, has been considered to be but tameness, or insensibility, or want of proper self-respect. It runs counter to the pride of man's natural heart, and the hard, resentful spirit of the world, and is considered an amiable madness, if not indeed a sign of cowardice, rather than a lofty and noble virtue.

What, then, is true meekness?

It is the spirit of Jesus Christ brought to bear upon human life in all its relations. It is the gentle, loving spirit of the Christian whose mind has been brought into harmony with the mind of Christ, who was

meek and lowly of heart. It is the sweet forbearance of a soul that, through Christ, has won the victory over the lower self, has tamed its natural tendency to anger, violence, and resentment, has curbed the hateful passions which, when given rein, trample and destroy, which knows how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong, and so returns good for evil. It is that moral strength which, linked with patience and contentment, endows the soul with a might which is irresistible. Dean Stanley, in his exposition of the meaning of "the meek," points out that it is not merely a passive virtue in the character. "Happy," he says, "are the gracious, graceful Christian characters who by their courtesy win all hearts around them, and smooth all the rough places of the world." It is not, as some seem to think, a quiet resignation alone, which is chiefly marked by an uncomplaining attitude towards the acts of others, no matter how trying to flesh and blood; it is rather love in quiet but yet persistent action.

Meekness is love in action. It is seen in the life that has gained something of Christ's spirit. It is what has been called a heart virtue. There is only one place in Scripture, I believe, where the heart of Jesus is mentioned, and it is in connection with the spirit of meekness which He ever showed. "I am meek and lowly in heart." (Matt. xi. 29).

Meekness is a disposition of mind which sees its own faults in contrast with the perfect life of Christ, and seeks to improve them. Lord Brougham once confessed, in a letter to a friend, that pride was his besetting sin, but he added, "I try to conquer it and sometimes succeed." Calvin said that for sixty years he had struggled to master his temper, and had only partially succeeded.

Meekness is power wedded to gentleness. We see it not only in gentle, trusting women, but in strong and forceful men. It is often a reserve power, which is only used in time of trial. When a speaker in the House of Commons endeavored to disparage William Wilberforce as "the honorable and religious gentleman," the taunt brought out the biting sarcasm that it was strange that a "British senate should be required to consider piety a reproach." A member expressed his astonishment at the power of sarcasm Wilberforce had shown for the first time, when Romilly remarked that it illustrated the virtue even more than the genius of Wilberforce; "for who but he has ever possessed so formidable a weapon and never used it?"

Meekness blends the harmlessness of the dove with the courage of the lion. Just as a quick temper is often allied with strong affections, so meekness is often joined to a bold and courageous nature. Moses is an example. Meekness is mentioned in Scripture as his prevailing characteristic. He was the meekest of the sons of men. This meekness did not arise from a placid nature, or from a tame spirit. The old Adam in him was strong and fierce, when he "smote the Egyptian" (Ex. ii. 12); when he stood up single-handed and alone against the shepherds of Midian and protected the daughters of Reuel from their insolence (Ex. ii. 17-19); when in his anger he broke the sacred tables of the law (Ex. xxxii. 19); when at the waters of strife he spoke unadvisedly with his lips (Num. xx. 13). Meekness was the fruit of God's Spirit working in his heart and life. It mellowed his disposition, so that he was able to forgive those who injured him, to speak and act gently towards the erring, and to return good for evil. He sought no honors, no place, for himself or his descendants, but, as Professor Rawlinson points out, "the meek inherit the earth," and Moses, who was highly esteemed during life, gained after death name and fame, more than national, as the emancipator of his race, the great leader of his people, and a legislator whose laws have profoundly influenced all subsequent ages.

Meekness bears with it exceeding rich and precious promises. "The meek shall eat and be satisfied" (Ps. xxii. 26); "The meek will be guide in judgment," and "The meek will he teach his way" (Ps. xxv. 9); "The meek shall inherit the earth" (Ps. xxxvii. 11); "He will beautify the meek with salvation" (Ps. cxlix. 4); "The Lord lifteth up the meek" (Ps. cxlvii. 6); "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel" (Is. xxix. 19).

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

LOSING the temper takes all the sweet, pure feeling out of life. You may get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out happy as a bird, and the moment you are crossed and you give way to your temper, the clean feeling vanishes and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart, and you go through the rest of the day feeling like a culprit.—*Family Churchman.*

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day ;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart.
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said,
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but 'we men here ;
To every mother's son 't is
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm :

"Am I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbb'd with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song : the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends ; good-night !
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged,
The soldier bent his head.
Then glancing 'round with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang ;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard ;
But ah ! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
That boy long years ago.

—Mrs. E. V. Wilson, in *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

HOW TO LIVE.

FIRST and absolutely, a person is not to try to do everything. He is to do that which he can do best, if no one else is doing it, and, as between two enterprises of equal necessity, he may choose that which is the more agreeable to him. But he is not to take into consideration his likes and his dislikes, unless the necessity is equal in the two cases before him.

To begin with, then, let it never be forgotten that the family in which it has

pleased God to place you is the place of activity for which He trained you. A man of much experience once said to me that he had to consider not simply whether he were to accept a new part, but whether his old part were done with him. Now, one is never done with his part in the family. Even if he travel far, there is always an electric cord connecting him with pleasures or with duties there. It is to centre there, but it is not to be confined there. Charity, or love, begins at home, but it does not end at home. Our first question recurs then, Where and how shall a man's brotherly affection pass beyond his own household into the need of those brothers who are "of the same blood"? Let a man remember, then, that what he does in public spirit is to be done from principle, and not from impulse. He does it because he ought, and not because a pathetic appeal has been made to him, and he finds the tears starting from his eyes. Let him make up his mind in advance how much money, how much time, how much thought, how much care, he ought to give to bearing his brother's burdens. Let him determine how he can concentrate this work so as to save wear and tear, save steps, save time, and save money.

We shall do best what we are most fit for, but we have many other things to do which we do not want to do. "Do the thing which you are afraid to do" is one of Mr. Carlyle's rules. Once done, you will find that you do not fear it so much again. Any man who thus selects his lines of life finds out, indeed, sooner or later, that he has done a thousand things more than he purposed. He planted, and God gave the increase. It does not do for me to leave all my work of charity or public spirit to this or that well-knit organization, however wise may be its plans. The world wants not mine, but me, and, besides directing soldiers how to fight, I must throw myself somewhere into the battle. Personal presence moves the world, and only personal contact carries with it the promised gift of the majestic triumph of the Holy Spirit.

There remain the duties to the public in which one engages as a member of an association. We expect that the same skill and diligence which build up a man's inventions or business, which he shows in the books he writes, the speeches he makes, in the cure of his patients or the care of his farm, shall be shown somewhere and somehow in the care of deaf or dumb or blind or hungry or naked, of the prisoner or of the stranger. The same rule

applies here as in the personal kindness which one renders his neighbors in need. What we try to do, let that be well done
—Edward Everett Hale.

ETERNAL LIFE.

STERILE the ground, but fresh and sweet th rain ;

Refined the pleasure, sanctified the pain ;
To heav'nly wisdom we by grace attain ;
Patient in hope, not deeming all things vain ;
Our loves controlled and made no more our bane ;
The blood of Christ removes the curse of Cain ;
Burning the chaff, but garn'ring precious grain ;
Worthy the labor that exerts the brain ;
The Spirit's growth within, life's solemn wane ;
The final scene, the broken earthly chain ;
Vict'ry through Him who died and rose again.
—James J. Hatch.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WOMEN WORKERS.

WHAT a debt of gratitude does England not owe to her noble army of women workers and reformers, who waged continuous warfare against every form of social injustice ! The life-work of Elizabeth Fry, who, from 1809 until her death (which occurred in 1845), worked unceasingly for prison reform. She found the prisons of England for women human hells, and left them freed from the disgusting and brutalizing influences. She found some 300 women and children herded together within two wards and two cells, with no furniture, no bedding, no arrangements for decency or privacy, no female warders—in fact, left to themselves, a seething mass of vice and corruption, to spread and to contaminate all that they came in contact with. Yet for this purifying work Mrs. Fry was subjected to opposition, to abuse, and her motives impugned. The movement was for bettering the condition of those who needed it, God knows. But when we read the names of those who opposed this work of social improvement, we blush for our manhood. Mary Carpenter, the mother of our Neglected Children's School, had to undergo the same from brutal ignorance and prejudice raised against what was called unwomanly work. Women should be seen, not heard, was the ignorant dictum of a prejudiced bourgeoisie. It is to Mary Carpenter's indefatigable work that we owe the reformatory and industrial schools established. For twenty years she labored incessantly until she saw her efforts crowned by the Youthful Offenders' Bill receiving the royal assent in 1854. The work of Florence Nightingale, who shall estimate it ?

To the suffering and dying she came like an angel of light and love. No wonder they turned "to kiss her shadow as she passed." And "Sister Dora," that "beautiful" revelation of the Good Samaritan, a beautiful and fascinating woman, to whom was opened the path of wedded life and the comforts and pleasures of domestic felicity, chose a lot that brought her hourly in contact with pain and affliction in their most repellent aspect. In 1868 "Sister Dora" one night was sent for by a poor man who was much attached to her, and who was dying of what is known as the black pox. She went at once, and found him almost in the last extremity. All his relations had fled, and a neighbor alone was with him, doing what she could for him. When Sister Dora found that only one small piece of candle was left in the house, she gave the woman some money, begging her to go and find some means of light while she stayed with the man. She sat on by his bed, but the woman never returned—went, no doubt, to some public house and spent the money. After some little while the dying man raised himself up in bed with a last effort, saying, "Sister, kiss me before I die." She took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, into her arms and kissed him, the candle going out almost as she did so, leaving them in total darkness. He implored her not to leave him while he lived, although he might have known that she would never do that. It was then past midnight, and she sat on, for how long she knew not, until he died. Human sympathy—oh! how rich thy blessing! How boundless thy power! The world to-day is dying for the want of it. Faith, love, and sympathy are the forces that beautify the face of the earth and make humanity a poem.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AN INCIDENT IN PAROCHIAL WORK.

I HAD been, for several weeks, visiting a young man stricken down with rapid consumption. We had some very heart to heart talks together, and I believe he died trusting in Jesus. But what about his two sisters, both grown-up girls, who had been nursing him? Were they Christians? In my anxiety about Will, I had forgotten them, and now, driving over to the funeral service, I had just remembered that I had spoken no word to them. There was no

opportunity on that day, so I determined to come over specially in the early part of the week. Having prayed very definitely that I might be given a message, I drove across to their home on Tuesday afternoon. God had made me a means of blessing to the brother; would He not to the sisters also? I was a little disappointed on reaching the farmhouse, to find it empty and the door locked. I thought God was sending me to them that day, but evidently not. What would He have me do? It was in an out-of-the-way part of the parish, and I had no other calls that I could make near at hand. I let my horse have the reins for a while, waiting; waiting to hear what He would say to me. Presently it was all made plain. I had not gone far before I overtook the two girls I had called to see, walking along the road. God had not sent me in vain. I asked them if I might drive them as the day was very hot. They were going down to their grandma's, and would be very glad to be driven. On my endeavoring to turn the conversation on the things of Christ, I found them reticent. It was not God's time after all, then. Asking about the grandmother, I found that she lived outside my parish, about a mile or more farther on, in a direction in which I had not been, and that she was very ill—indeed, not expected to live. Perhaps, after all, it was to her I was being sent that afternoon. But how was I to know? I did not know the people, nor did they know me, for I had only arrived in my parish a very short time before. Was it just the thing for me to go and see sick people who did not know me, and who had not asked me to go? He will decide this for me; and I silently prayed, "Lord, what shall I do? If they ask me to go in, I will go, believing Thou art sending me." Reaching the gate, I found that they quite took it for granted I was going in. He had settled it for me, then, very plainly. Going up to the house, I found it full of people, and, on being shown into the sick room, I saw that there were not many hours left. I spoke to the poor sufferer of Jesus and His love, but there was no response. She was not even conscious of my presence. I waited for a while, but to no purpose. I got up to leave, having to own to some little disappointment. I thought I was sent out with a message that afternoon, yet my message had twice returned to me. Was my afternoon to be fruitless? Ah, well! I am not master; He is Master; I am servant.

As I went from the house over to where my horse was tied, one of the sons of the

dying woman followed me, to loose my horse and open the gate for me, I supposed. Something in his manner, however, made me think that he was thinking of more than the gate, and I willingly entered into conversation with him.

"Some one was telling me about your sermon of last Sunday."

"Yes," I said.

"He said that you preached that a man could know that he was saved, and that God had forgiven him his sins."

"Yes," I said, "I preach that, and I believe that. Don't you believe it, too?"

"Well, I never was taught that. I always held that if a man read his Bible and said his prayers, and went to church, and took Holy Communion, he would be saved when the time came."

"You hope to be saved?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

"And you have been doing all these things?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you found it satisfactory? Have they brought you peace? Or is there a feeling away down in your heart that there is something still to be done?"

"Ah! that's just it. They have not brought me peace, and I do feel as if there is something more I ought to do. I went to our minister and he told me that that was all there was to do, but that I must do them more carefully. I wish I could think so."

"My dear fellow, your heart conviction is right this time. There is something more to be done. The very fact that you have done all these things, and yet have no peace, proves it. God wants us to have peace, else why does He tell us of 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding'? There is more to do, but, though you cannot do it, thank God, Jesus Christ has done it. You can never be saved by what you do, for, try as you may, you cannot do it all; but you may be saved by depending upon what Jesus has done for you."

I paused a little. It was a new thought to him, one that had evidently never entered his mind before. I waited for God to speak it to him. Then I said: "You may be saved now, if you will give up all else, and rest only on what Jesus has done."

I saw that he was willing. There was no hesitation on that score, for he was most anxious. Oh, that God might enable me to make it plain to him.

We were standing close beside a large barn. "Suppose," I said, "your little

boy to have been playing in the barn and to have climbed up on to a high beam. He has not noticed that a fire has started in the stable adjoining, and is already spreading to the barn. You rush into the barn and tell him of his danger. It is too late for him to climb down as he went up; the fire bars his way. To stay where he is to be burned. What can he do? Quickly you call to him, 'Jump, my son, I am here underneath you. I will catch you.' Yet to let go his hold on the beam is to let go everything that he can either see or feel, for the smoke hides you from him. He must do it though, if he is to be saved. So you see that he must let go, and throw himself into your arms?"

"Yes, I think that's plain."

"Now, what does he throw himself upon? What has he to depend on when once he lets go the beam?"

He thought for a moment. The new light was breaking in upon his soul. God's own light. A great change was coming over his face, and in a different voice he said:

"My word for it, and my strength to catch and hold him."

"Yes, my friend, when we let go everything else, we have God's word for it, and His strength to catch and to hold us," and, grasping his hand quickly, I left him in the presence of God. M.

THE JEWS.

"SINCE the attention of Anglican Christians was turned to this subject, and societies were organized for work among the Jews, not less than one hundred thousand have been baptized through such agencies. Of these a large percentage have become ministers of the church. At least five converted Jews have been contemporary bishops, our own Bishops Auer and Schereschewsky, and Bishop Hellmuth, of Canada; Bishop Alexander and Bishop Gobat, deceased, became Bishops of St. James', in Jerusalem. Reflect upon the breadth of learning added to our sacred libraries by the sainted Edersheim, the brilliant Delitzsch. I almost wept when Edersheim was taken from his lofty mission; to him, and to the other I have just named, the Christian world owes some of the noblest offerings to sacred literature. Are not such trophies worthy of our heartfelt thanksgiving? Is the work of converting such souls to be slighted? The time forbids, or I could tell of instances in private life which are highly encouraging. A Jewish lady of my acquaintance, with

her intelligent daughter, began to frequent our services some twenty years ago, and, when I ventured to ask her what she found so attractive in them, she said to me: 'Oh, I was educated to consider the dear Jesus of Nazareth as the grandest teacher of our race. I loved to hear our Decalogue and our prophets rehearsed in Christian congregations.' It was observed that she was always present on All Saints' Day, and a lady of her acquaintance said to me: 'I verily believe she loves to hear the psalm for the day: "Of the tribe of Judah were sealed twelve thousand." She has been one of the sealed since then, she and her beloved child. 'Yes,' she said, 'I once admired Jesus of Nazareth, but the scales have fallen from my eyes. Oh, how happy I was when I felt that I loved at last, loved with all my heart, Jesus as the Messiah.'"—*Bishop Coxé.*

CONDUCT.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do;
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that, too,
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ill by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pain;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
—*George Herbert.*

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA'S NEW TESTAMENT.

A LADY missionary in China has sent to the Rev. Stanley Rogers an interesting account of recent events in the Emperor's household. The New Testament which the Christian women of China presented to the Empress on her sixtieth birthday was really a lovely book. "I could only get a momentary glimpse of it the day it was on exhibition at Tientsin, so cannot describe it very accurately. But I had a vision of a book about a foot square, bound in solid silver, and exquisitely chased with a graceful bamboo design. The Testament lay in an equally beautiful silver casket, chased with the same design. There is a story going the rounds, which we believe to be true, that after the entrance of the New Testament into the palace the Emperor ordered one of his eunuchs to purchase for him a complete Bible. We also hear the Empress Dowager is having her portion re-copied in unusually large characters, in order that her

eyes may not be fatigued with reading." *Liverpool Post.*

THE GARMENTS OF OUR LORD.

THOSE artists who represent our Lord bareheaded labor under a mistake. It was forbidden to pray with head uncovered, and the priests in the temple were always required to keep theirs covered. It grew, consequently, to be considered not only unbecoming but almost undecorous to go with no covering on the head. We cannot, of course, absolutely affirm that we are correct as to the colors usually worn by our Lord, but that His *tolith* was not generally white may be inferred from Matt. xvii. 2; and that it was not red, like the garment of the Conqueror described in Isaiah lxiii. 2, we may judge from the declaration that He had not come into the world to condemn, but to save it. At the same time, we have reason to imagine that our Lord's attire contained the three sacred colors—blue, white, and scarlet; red would therefore be introduced, though sparingly. His perfect obedience to the law induces one to believe that He must have worn the fringes described by Moses, though we have no certain knowledge. See Numbers xv. 38.—*Dr. Franz Delitzsch.*

"DO THEY WANT TO DEPRIVE ME?"

A MINISTER says that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave, every Sabbath, one pound for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of three pence per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings.

One day the rich man came to the minister, and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the three pence for her every week.

The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as he well, "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to Him. My health is good, my children kept well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."

How many young men there are who know nothing of the privilege of regularly giving something to the Lord's work, because they have never tried it.—*Selected.*

Parish and Home.

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MY DAISY LESSON.

I WALKED at noon in the meadow,

Each daisy stood in its place,
And turned to the eastern sunshine
Its dear little white-frilled face.

I was there again at the noon-tide,
Each face was looking straight up,
Catching the golden glory
In its golden-hearted cup.

And I walked that way in the evening,
When the sun was sinking low;
Each flower was gazing westward,
And smiled in the sunset glow.

Then I thought—if our hearts, as the daisies,
Would always follow the sun,
What lives of sweetness and beauty
Would be in us begun!

Lives that would surely please Jesus,
Jesus our Sun and our Light;
If we lift up our hearts to His shining,
They will ever be pure and bright.

—Mrs. Helen E. Brown, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

Service of Song.

ONLY the other day I met a man whose face and words sent my mind travelling back over the space of years to a little mountain hotel in Tennessee. There had been an accident to the engine, and consequently, my cousin Agnes and I, who were journeying across the state, were delayed, with other unfortunates, in a village uncompromisingly desolate, and in the hotel of which I speak.

I cannot undertake to describe the aspect of the little town, or the impression it made on my impatient mind. I might say it seemed to be asleep, but that the term would convey too much of an idea of repose and peace. Perhaps I may describe it as in a sort of drunken stupor, but with too little enterprise to be bad. The hotel partook of the character of the place. In the ill-smelling "parlor," to which my

cousin and I betook ourselves, we found a sort of corpse of a carpet and some ancient furniture, among it a piano of an old style, sadly out of tune. Where the other delayed passengers were I do not know. The only companion we had in that dismal place was an old lady, evidently a boarder there. Her dress was antiquated, but the wrinkled face which smiled from the depths of the large frilled cap was pleasant and refined, presenting, to my mind, the one relieving feature of the scene.

Outside it rained. This did not appear to interfere in the least with the comfort of the loafers who smoked under the "parlor" window. Agnes, for want of occupation, sat down to the piano, which was very hoarse and occasionally sneezed inwardly. I cannot say that "Chopin's waltzes" sounded very natural, but "Old Hundred," which my cousin tried by way of contrast, appeared to give the old lady an idea. She had been watching the player with admiring eyes, and now came over to the instrument and spoke.

"I was thinking, my dear," she said, hesitatingly, "that if you could sing a little mite, just some old hymn or something, it would seem real good. Who knows but it might help them poor boys out there? They're most likely away from their homes and mothers, and it ain't probable they hear much good music—the Lord's music, you know."

Agnes looked at me inquiringly.

"It seems to me," I replied in a low tone, "rather an odd idea. I can't say that I should like your singing in such a place as this." Doubtless my nose involuntarily showed my disapproval of our surroundings, as noses will.

My cousin looked thoughtful. "But, Ralph," she said, "if this is one of those little opportunities for service, such as we were speaking of last night, would it not be the right thing to do?"

"My dear cousin," I replied, "I do not see any probability of our doing helpful work by singing in this place, but do as you think best. No doubt the old lady would enjoy it."

"Won't you sing with us?" said Agnes, turning and speaking to her, with the deference she would have shown to a queen. "My cousin and I will be glad to sing a little."

"Dear child!" said the old lady, "I haven't no voice for music now. It was used up long ago. When I was young like you, they used to say I sung in the choir like a bird. But my old voice is almost

through its work here. I'd love to listen to you, though."

My cousin turned around, the tears in her bright eyes. Did she see the vision which passed before me—a church of the olden time, with lofty pulpit and high-backed pews, a solemn minister, an attentive congregation, a choir of young singers, in the simple garb of long ago, their sweet voices pealing forth the Psalms of David, their happy "hearts in tune," like his "harp of solemn sound"? Did they consider the weary years, the white hair, the dimness of sight, awaiting them? I think not, for they sang:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!"

And my vision vanished, for Agnes was singing it now, and the wrinkled face was smiling at us, and the old lips were moving with the old words, for the home had only come nearer through all the advancing years!

I have never heard my cousin sing as she did that dismal afternoon. The crowd at the windows laid aside their pipes, and looked and listened. We sang together many familiar hymns of invitation and Christian thought, and Agnes sang alone the one beginning:

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me!"

Then came the refrain:

"Come home! come home!
Ye who are weary, come home!
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!"

I confess I looked with surprise on the interest manifested among the group at the window. As the last sweet strain died away I noticed one young man, with a face better than most of those there, rub his rough hand quickly across his eyes. Almost immediately afterward the clerk of the hotel brought us the welcome news that the engine had been repaired and that our train would start at once. The old lady followed us to the door with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"You have done me good!" she exclaimed,

"And you have done us good!" Agnes replied, quickly.

"Good-by, grandma," I said, and bent willingly to kiss the brow crowned with the whitened hair. I never saw her again.

I said in the beginning that I recently met a man whose face and words sent my thoughts back to that time and place. He was an evangelist, and a remarkable

singer. He had just been singing, with wonderful power, this very hymn.

"I well remember," he said, turning to us who were standing near him, "the first time I heard that hymn. It was in a miserable little hotel in Tennessee, where I had been squandering my substance—a real prodigal son. There came one afternoon into the building a little company of people who had been delayed in that forlorn place by a railway accident, and one or two of them began singing around the piano. The lady's voice I shall never forget. She sang one of my mother's old hymns, and then this one, 'Come Home!' Wherever I went, the next few days, I seemed to hear that voice, saying, 'Come home!' And the end of it was, I came."

"Not the end, sir," I said, reaching out my hand. "How often we drop our little pebbles of service into the stream, and know not where the widening circles reach!"

Then I told him of the singers of that afternoon, and the only earthly one whom he had to thank—that dear old lady with the crown of snowy hair! I hardly think we often find two such links in the mixed chain of our experiences. God be thanked that sometimes we may see the "working together for good" of the plans of the only wise One.—*Raymond M. Alden, in Congregationalist.*

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN, from my window on the seashore, I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favoring breeze, has reached the haven, this little barque moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this? It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord, scarcely visible, enchants it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest; this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchants

the soul, and will not let it go. If it be so, make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill your every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of life to the haven of everlasting life.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from May.)

Alexander the Great died in the year 324 B.C. His vast dominions were divided into four kingdoms, two of which alone are of interest to us—the Asiatic kingdom of the family of Seleucus, with its capital at Antioch, and the Egyptian kingdom under the Ptolemies. Palestine became a part of the former, and was governed from Antioch. But the same mild and judicious policy of religious toleration as had prevailed under Alexander was continued for a time, and the relations between the Jews and their heathen masters were more friendly, perhaps, than ever before. In the reign of Antiochus the Great Palestine was transferred to the rule of the Ptolemies of Egypt, but whether governed from Antioch or Egypt the ruler was Grecian, and whatever foreign influence was brought to bear upon the Jews was Greek. The Greek became a more and more widely diffused language, so that in the time of Christ it was almost as well known in Palestine as the native Aramaic speech of the people, besides being used throughout the rest of the eastern world. Thus it came about in a wonderful way that when the apostles were ready to preach the Gospel throughout the world, there was one language almost universally spoken or understood which they might use. By it they could reach the greater part of the Roman Empire, and the epistles they wrote could be circulated and read almost everywhere. If Christ had come five hundred years earlier, before Palestine had come under the influence of western civilization, and when each little country spoke its own language or dialect, the apostles in their native Hebrew would have made comparatively little progress. In every sense, it will be found that Jesus came *in the fullness of time.*

But before following further the history of Palestine, it will be advisable to take a thorough survey of Jewish life as it appeared about the year 200 B.C. Once

we are familiar with this, and the influences then at work upon it, we have the key to New Testament times. The national life changed very little, if at all, in the interval.

To the modern mind the Jews are essentially traders and commercial people. But nothing is more striking than the contrast presented between modern Israel and the Israel of early times. The Jews of Scripture were agriculturists and herdsmen, and so they continued up to the time of Christ, at least. The words of the great Jewish historian, Josephus, representing the national life in the Herodian age, are: "As for ourselves, therefore, we neither inhabit a maritime country, nor do we delight in merchandise, nor in such a mixture with other men as arises from it; but the cities we dwell in are remote from the sea, and, having a fruitful country for our habitation, we take pains to cultivate that only." It was among the Jews of the dispersion, that is, those who did not return from Babylon, or who afterwards settled in the Greek city of Alexandria, that the commercial spirit first arose. At the time of which we are treating the great occupation of the Jew was the cultivation of the soil and tending of herds, and his social system was as simple as in the days of Samuel. The people were divided into two classes—the educated and the ignorant. There was no middle class. The upper class consisted of those families that could trace their descent back to the time of the destruction by Nebuchadnezzar, and it included the twenty-four courses of priests, and the professional men of the nation. The lower class were regarded with contempt by the educated as the "untaught" and the "beasts of the people." They were entirely distinct in religion, language, occupation, and social position, though forming with the upper class one distinct nation.

About this lower or untaught class there is little to be said. They tilled the soil and led a life of toil and misery, very much like the Egyptian fellahin of to-day. They knew nothing of Hebrew, but spoke the Aramaic or Chaldee dialect—the language of Babylon. Unable to read or write, they knew little of the law of Moses or of the prophets. Their religion was crude and superstitious. The old worship of the "high places" still existed. Generation after generation their history was the same. They were born, they married, they toiled, and they died. Their children were set to tend the flocks and herds at the earliest possible age, and even the rudiments of education were out of the

question. The general life of this class can only be paralleled by the condition of the same class in the East to-day. There has been scarcely any change in two thousand years. It was on the multitudes of this class that our Lord had compassion, for they were as sheep having no shepherd. They were at the mercy of the educated class, and were treated little better than animals. It was such, probably, that Jesus fed when He fed the five thousand, and to such He oftenest preached, for they gave Him the most attentive hearing. It was He who first recognized them and fully felt their wants.

It is in the upper class that all historical interest centres. They alone understood the old Hebrew and had the key to the Scriptures. Law and government, religion and education, were in their hands. But these things with the Jew were not what they are to us. They were fulfilled in the law. Law and the sacred Scriptures were synonymous. Government was simply the enforcing of the law; education meant the knowledge of the law. The volume of Scripture was the standard by which everything was tried. A Jewish child learned to read the holy books at eight years old. The schools were held in the synagogues, and were closely connected with the daily religious exercises of the people. The synagogue dates from the return from the captivity, and soon sprang up everywhere like modern churches, being built by private subscription. There was daily service in the synagogue, with two lessons—the first from the law, the second from the prophets—followed by a sermon or exposition. Each synagogue had an appointed minister, and elders, also a *chazzan*, or clerk, who was also the village schoolmaster as well. Science was no part of Jewish education, and even the study of Greek, or any foreign tongue, was discouraged by the Jewish teachers, who dreaded the influence of heathen philosophy. "It is written," said one rabbi of the law, "'thou shalt meditate therein day and night.' Find me an hour which is neither day nor night, and in that you may study Greek." It was an educational system looking not to the future, or even the real needs of the present, but with its eye fixed on the past. It knew no progress and no change. The greater part of life was completely given up to religious observances. These were of its essence. Everything was subservient to religion—not a spiritual religion, but rather a religion of outward forms and pious customs—governed not by the heart but by rule.

(To be continued.)

THE HEART MUST SPEAK.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—H. BONAR.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE GLEANERS' UNION.

I HAVE been asked to make a few suggestions on the work that may be done by the members of the "Gleaners' Union" during the summer months, when so many go to some country resort for a rest.

As will be seen by reading the first page of the "Manual," "The object of the Gleaners' Union is to unite in one fellowship all who labor, at home or abroad, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, all who pray for its missions, and all who are interested in the cause it represents, viz., the evangelization of the world." It then goes on to state the work of the Gleaners, the first being "to glean out of Holy Scripture the messages of God regarding His purposes of mercy to mankind, His commands to His people to make Christ known everywhere, and His promises of blessing to those who work for Him."

Prayer is the principal object of this union, without which nothing we do can prosper; but if we ask for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we shall never lack opportunities for helping on the work of the Lord.

During the summer vacation, many of our Gleaners will have extra time for communion with our Heavenly Father. We would, therefore, suggest that all who can do so should devote a certain portion of the day to the study of God's Word, and prayer, and, when kneeling before the "throne of grace," take with them the "cycle of prayer," and plead earnestly for a blessing on the missions arranged for each day, having previously studied on the C.M.S. atlas the account given of those missions. This will be a great help, and bring them in touch with those who have obeyed our Saviour's command and gone forth to preach the blessed Gospel of peace, some of whom, both in India, China, and the Northwest, many of us have had the privilege of meeting.

We would also suggest, when possible, to gather two or three together for this hour of prayer, remembering the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Having asked for God's blessing, they will find many opportunities to influence others with whom they come in contact to become Gleaners. They may be the means of leading a young companion to see that there is something better and more satisfying than the constant whirl of excitement and gaiety, and who may be just waiting for one of God's children to take them by the hand and lead them into the fold of Christ.

This "Gleaners' Union" need not necessarily interfere with other organizations; for instance, every member of the Woman's Auxiliary is, or should be, a Gleaner. She is working as such, when uniting with others in sending pecuniary aid and clothing to both foreign and domestic missions; the distribution of the latter, missionaries have told us, is often the means of drawing our heathen brothers and sisters to the mission house to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel of peace. Could not the members of the auxiliary, when offering up the daily prayer for the above, which we are each asked to do, unite at the same time with all the hundreds of Gleaners in using the cycle of prayer for the mission arranged for each day?

In the Huron diocese, most of those who joined the union during the visit of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were earnest workers in the W.A.M.A., and, instead of their zeal being diminished for the above society, they were all the more anxious to give more time, more of their means and work in filling the bales for the Northwest, and, we are sure, more earnest in prayer for a blessing on these missions.

The distribution of missionary literature is what most of the members can do in the summer, and specially recommending the C.M.S. *Gleaner and Intelligence*, to which each member is expected to subscribe, as it contains an account of the "Gleaners' Union," and all the missions for which they are asked to pray.

In London, Ontario, a number of young girls meet together once a week at the bishop's house, for the purpose of sending off magazines, illustrated papers, etc., to several missionary stations in the Northwest, and to settlers, the Rev. Mr. Burman having given them a list of names. Letters have come every now and then appre-

ciative of the kind thought and telling how these books and papers have cheered many a lonely hour. Could not some of our young friends who remain in town do the same during the holidays, collecting magazines and stamps from their friends?

We would also suggest, to those who have the time, writing interesting letters to the lonely ones in the mission field, especially in the Northwest, where they are sometimes hundreds of miles from any companion. We who love the sound of the postman's knock, when expecting news from dear friends, can easily realize what a letter, full of loving sympathy, would be coming in the half-yearly or yearly packets. How it would cheer their hearts to know that they were not forgotten by their co-workers in the field! A pretty and appropriate text might be enclosed, and also a letter to the children, if there are any, who there know so little of the pleasures of childhood.

This union does not mean more work to those who are already using every effort to further the mission cause, but only more earnest, united prayer, and using every opportunity of influencing those around them to work for Christ. If every member of the union were able to get one more to join the band, think what a mighty army of workers for the Lord there would be; and think of the prayers that would ascend to the throne of grace for the blessing which God has promised to pour down in such "showers that there will not be room enough to receive it."

Those who are watching for opportunities may come across some child of God, shut away from the outside world, and who has not the facilities for obtaining missionary intelligence; how gladly would such a one welcome a visit from one of our Gleaners, who could give her news of the far countries in the Master's vineyard! This one may have been working for years and, perhaps, laying by her tent for the Lord, and she would, as the members' manual remarks, be made happy by knowing that she could join a band which linked together all God's workers.

We can each "speak a word for Jesus" if we have not the opportunity of working for Him this summer, and if we strive to do all, with God's help, that is printed on the back of our cards, and to which we have signed our names, our holiday will be a very happy one, and full of the richest blessing to our souls.

We shall hope when Mr. Eugene Stock comes in the autumn he will find that the Canadian Gleaners have not been idle, and

are helping to prepare the way for the Lord's return which we are "looking for and hasting unto."

HE SPOILED IT ALL.

WE are perhaps too apt to lay stress on the virtues of thrift and economy. Without noble aim and use these characteristics soon degrade instead of ennobling.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. He was a man who cared little about religion; on the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought; he was talking chiefly about money.

His first was, "Get all you can."

The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching; I never heard the like before; this is very good. That man has got things in him; it is most admirable preaching."

John Wesley discoursed on "industry," "activity," "living to purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can."

The farmer became more excited.

"Was there ever anything like this?" he said.

Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the wilful wickedness which lavished in luxury; and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up"; and what with hoarding it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, "Give all you can."

"O dear! he has gone and spoiled it all," said the farmer.—*Selected.*

THE following anecdote puts in a shrewd way a much-needed lesson. The unselfish house mother, however, cares little whether "there's money in it" or not; what she wants is loving appreciation.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why, she doesn't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes! For us she does; but there's no money in it."—*The Household.*

WHAT HE MISSED.

JULIUS CÆSAR was indeed a great man, but we never understood his limitations until we read the following:

"He never rode on a bus in his life; he never spoke into a telephone; he never sent a telegram; he never entered a railway train; he never read a newspaper; he never viewed his troops through a field-glass; he never read an advertisement; he never used patent medicine; he never cornered the wheat market.

"He never crossed the Atlantic; he never was in a machine shop; he never went to a roller-skate rink; he never controlled a manufacturing company; he never dictated a letter to a typewriter girl; he never invested in railway stock; he never played a game of billiards; he never saw an electric light; he never listened to a phonograph; he never posted a letter; he never had his photograph taken.—*Selected.*

HOW TO DOUBLE OUR PLEASURES.

EDITH M. THOMAS has a delightful article in a late *Atlantic*, which contains the following beautiful parable:

"I double all pleasures that come in my way by a method similar to that which a young sewing girl of my acquaintance has. If anybody gives her a winter rose she sets the flower in front of her looking-glass, where its clear, still reflection gives her a second rose in every respect as satisfying to the eye as the first and tangible rose. One is fortunate to have the sort of temperament in which is fitted a magic mirror. I take the best of care, however, to keep disagreeable objects as far removed as possible from its reflecting surface."

Our pleasures may be doubled by sharing them with others. A young lady enjoying the pleasures of good health may have her pleasures doubled by visiting her classmate who is sick, and carrying to her the sunshine and cheer of her own buoyant spirit and life.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

July 7th..	Ex. xx. 1-17.....	Ex. xx. 1-8.
" 14th..	Ex. xxxii. 1-8; 30-35..	Mark I. 40, to end
" 21st..	Lev. x. 1-11.....	Mark II. 1-13
" 28th..	Num. x. 29-30.....	Matt. ix. 9-14

NOTHING LIKE TRY NG.

Life, after all, is a kindly affair ;

Why is it stupid and not worth the living ?

Striving and getting won't drive away care—

Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old ;

Money and fame at the best are beguiling ;

Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—

Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate ;

Why should you think you will find her by roving ?

Never was greater mistake than to hate—

Try loving.

—John Estlin Cooke.

DID PRINCE KNOW ?

We were discussing dogs, when Capt. Clark, a native of Illinois, related an incident that will bear repeating.

About ten years ago the captain purchased some land on the south branch of the Big Wichita River, Texas, and a few months later went out to make arrangements for establishing a ranch. He took with him a large shepherd dog of great intelligence. From Fort Worth he journeyed to within twenty-five miles of his destination by rail. At the fort he hired a horse for a week, got his directions about the roads, and set off in good spirits. It was lovely weather and a bracing atmosphere, and the captain was jolly enough until, after the first five miles had been covered, he noticed that Prince was acting in a queer manner. Three different times the dog headed the horse as if to turn him back, and when this did not avail he sat down in the road and howled. The captain got down to look him over, but could find nothing wrong. The dog would look up at him and whine and bark, and run back toward the town, and when his master refused to follow him he howled. No such conduct had ever been noticed in him before. He left the town at two o'clock in the afternoon, calculating to stop over night at a ranch eighteen miles distant, and, after waiting a quarter of an hour with the dog, remounted and rode on. Prince howled louder than ever. He followed, but with his tail and ears down, as if in great trouble.

Two things happened to prevent the captain from reaching the ranch as he had

planned: a thunderstorm, and he got among the cattle trails and lost his way. The dog kept up his strange conduct. It was nine o'clock in the evening, with another storm threatening, when he drew up at a cabin on a small creek flowing into the Wichita. He had seen the light, and made a short cut to reach it. In response to his call an evil-looking woman about forty years old came to the door, and to his request to be accommodated for the night granted a ready affirmative. While the horse was being cared for in a brush stable, the man of the house came home. He had a face more vicious than the woman's. The supper consisted of hoe cake and bacon, and the house and everything in it indicated shiftlessness and poverty. The woman had no questions to ask, but the man was full of them.

At ten o'clock, with the storm still raging, Capt. Clark went to bed. There were two rooms in the house, with a bed in each, and he had the front room. While he did not like the looks of the pair, he had no suspicion that they intended harm. He was well armed, a brave man, and he did not intend to sleep too soundly. There was neither lock nor catch on his door, and he kept it closed by placing a light stand against it. He had gone to the door and whistled for Prince before removing his clothes, but the dog would not come. Nevertheless, the captain was only fairly in bed when the dog came to the outer door, snuffed about for a minute, and then set up a howling. The master got up to let him in, but he ran away. It seemed as though Prince was mad, and the captain made up his mind to shoot him in the morning.

"It was after midnight when I was awakened. The dog had his nose at the bottom of the door, and was howling. I heard a movement in the next room. I heard the man walk across the floor in his bare feet and open the back door and go out. No doubt he had gone to drive Prince away, and I settled back in bed and thanked him for it. The dog ran off, but though I listened long I did not hear the man return. I did hear something, but supposed he had cried out to the dog. The storm was over now, and the light of the moon flooding the room, and as I turned over I saw that the door was ajar. I rose up on my elbow to get a better look, and at that instant the door was pushed further open and in came the woman. She had a light axe in her hands, and no sooner had she made out that I was awake than she sprang forward and struck at me

with all her might. I had do time to calculate, but evaded the blow by instinct. She struck at my head, and I drew myself downward, with only an inch or two to spare. As the blow fell I twisted myself out of bed, and before the woman could strike again I had her. I weighed 165 pounds, and there are few men who can lay me on my back, but I tell you I had to exert myself to conquer that woman. She had muscle, and it was not until I got a good hold on her throat that she wilted. Our struggle lasted fully five minutes, and during all that time Prince was at the door barking and growling in the most furious manner. I had just worsted the woman when the dog came in by way of the back door, and he would have killed her if I had not restrained him. I told him to stand guard, and then proceeded to strike a light and dress.

"I couldn't understand what had become of the husband. With the light in one hand and my revolver in the other, I inspected the back room, but he was not there. I had heard him pass out, and why had he not returned? I looked out of the back door, and the mystery was explained. There lay the man on the broad of his back, feet drawn up and arms extended, and he was dead. I could see no wound, and I knew that no pistol had been fired. After hesitating a bit, I seized hold of him and turned him over, and there in his back, driven clear up to the hilt, was his own knife. I did not attempt to pull it out, but returned to the woman. She had recovered from the choking and was sitting up, but Prince would permit no further move. Her hair hung down about her body, and added to this was the fact that her face was all blood. She was about as hard a sight as I ever saw. I had no sooner entered the room than she began to curse, using the most awful oaths and most terrible threats.

"It was not until daylight that I had a satisfactory explanation. The couple had determined to murder me. About midnight, or as soon as the storm passed over, my horse was saddled and led out. They knew I was armed, and the man had the door open almost wide enough to admit his body when Prince came and awoke me with his howling. The man retreated, and went out doors to settle the dog. There was a clothes line stretched from the corner of the cabin to a tree, and, as he was moving rapidly along, this caught him under the chin and flung him backward. He had the knife in his hand, and as he fell it was twisted about in such a manner

that he fell upon it. The woman went out and found him gasping his last. She determined to finish me herself and ride off on the horse.

"Now, then, to return to the dog. He acted perfectly natural from the moment my safety was assured. *If his previous conduct did not come from an instinct that danger menaced me, tell me what it was. Didn't he know the danger better than I did, and didn't he do everything he could to warn me?*"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THREE FOLLOWERS.

THE wise old Hassan sat in his door, when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after any one, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said. And each went his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," said the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."

—*Selected.*

BAD COMPANY.

A FATHER was anxious that his son should not associate with bad companions. One day they were sorting some apples, picking out any rotten ones from among the good. The father said, "My lad, bring me a plate." He then placed a

rotten apple in the centre of the plate, and six good ones round about it. "Now," he said, "place this in the cupboard, and we will look at it in five or six days. At the end of the six days, the father said, "Fetch the plate of apples from the cupboard." When the lad took the plate, and looked at the apples, he exclaimed, "Oh, father! they are all rotten now." "So is the effect of bad company, my boy; if we had placed six bad apples round the good one, it would have been bad all the sooner. Bad company will spoil good boys, just as a bad apple will spoil good ones."

THE IRON GIRDLE.

IN the wild time when

He might take who had the power,
And he might keep who could,

the turbulent Scotch nobles conspired against their king, a weak and unwarlike sovereign, and at the head of the rebellious army marched—whom do you think? Why, none other than the king's own son. He was but a child, and was partly carried by force, partly led by the enticements of the conspirators.

The poor king's weak heart failed when he saw his own son among those who fought against him, and he turned and fled from Sanchie field, only to fall by the hand of an unknown assassin.

Then was his rebellious son king of all Scotland. But little peace or joy could his fair kingdom bring him, for it seemed to him, as he cried out, that his right hand was red with his father's life-blood. After submitting to all the penances prescribed by the Romish Church, he had made an iron girdle, which he always wore; each year he added a new link to this to signify that his remorse increased rather than decreased. And often as he was merry with song and dance a sudden movement clanked the chain, and the king's brow darkened as the sound brought back the bitter past.

We do not believe in penance now, and we seek remission of sin by repentance, faith, and better works. God is very merciful, but He is also a just God. And there are sins for which we must bear penalties hard and heavy as the chain of King James. Our iron girdle is consequences, and every year adds its weight of new links. The girl who neglects her studies and work must bear through life the iron girdle put on by ignorance and inefficiency. The boy who indulges an appetite for tobacco and strong drink is hampering himself with the iron girdle which a perni-

cious habit and a weakened constitution fasten on him. And, oh, with how heavy a chain disobedience and irreligion gird young and old!

Are you indulging any bad habit? Then be sure that it is preparing for you its terrible iron girdle of consequences.—*Elizabeth Lee, in Sabbath School Visitor.*

WHEN our houses take fire, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now, the best water bucket for a roused temper is a resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act is done, or an injury has struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for a few minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn, many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off, and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until he cooled down.—*Cuyler.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

We are glad to hear that the services at the Point are well attended. True members of the Church of England will be found honoring God on His day.

Mr. Major, who was in Lindsay for a month last summer, has charge of Gore's Landing and Harwood, and Mr. Percy Soanes of Washago and Cooper's Falls, during the holidays.

The Bishop of Toronto confirmed eight persons at Cameron and fifty-five at St. Paul's, Lindsay, on June 20th. We trust that the earnest words of his lordship may long be remembered by those who heard them, and that God will make and keep the new members faithful and zealous children of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of those confirmed in Lindsay twelve were married people and in one or two cases parent and child received the Apostolic rite together, and in one, husband and wife. May God indeed bless abundantly with His Holy Spirit.

You get full value for money expended on Tuition in Music, Piano, Violin, Voice, Etc. given by R. HUMPHREYS, Russell-st., opposite St. Paul's Church.

We are glad to welcome Miss A. Williams back to Lindsay after a year or two of absence. The Sunday School will be glad of her services again.

A pleasant garden party was held on the grounds of Mr. J. G. Edwards on June 27th by the Young Ladies' Sewing Society. The music, the lighting and all the arrangements were almost perfect, and while the attendance was not as large as the young ladies would have liked, yet those present seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and some \$40 were realized above expenses. Thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards for their kindness, and the trouble they took to make everything so pleasant.

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