

Church of The Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE



VOL. IV

TORONTO, OCT, 1895

No. 12.

RECTOR:—REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A., R.D., RECTORY, 160 BLOOR STREET WEST.

CHURCH WARDENS.

DR MILLMAN, 490 HURON STREET.

D. T. SYMONS, 88 AVENUE ROAD.

SEXTON:—JOHN COLLS, 85 CUMBERLAND STREET.

SERVICES

Sunday, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.

Holy Communion, 11 a.m., first Sunday of each month.

" " 7 p.m., third " "

" " 8 a.m., every other Sunday.

Baptism, first Sunday of each month, 4:10 p.m.; or at the same hour on any other Sunday, or at any of the services if previously notified and arranged.

Sunday School, 3 p.m. Adult Bible Class, 3 p.m.

Wednesday Service, 8 p.m.

During Advent and Lent service on Friday at 5 p.m.

Confirmation Classes, as announced from time to time

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

Monday—Girls' Friendly Society at 8 p.m.,

Wednesday—Mothers' Meeting, 3 p.m.

" —Girls' Branch of W. Aux., 3 p.m.

Thursday—Women's Auxiliary to Missions, 3 p.m.

" Men's Missionary Association, 8 p.m., fortnightly.

Friday—Boy's Bible Class, 7.30 p.m.

Saturday—Busy Workers (Jr. Br. Women's Aux.) 10 a.m.

P. M. A. and District Visitors meet at the call of the Rector.

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SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue of the Church of the Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE closes the year 1894-5, and whether this paper will be published for another year depends entirely upon the number of subscriptions we receive before Nov. 1st next. It is not, as in the past, our intention to call on pew-holders at their residence to get them to subscribe and collect the small sum of thirty-five cents.

It is hardly reasonable to expect the management of this paper, which is in the hands of those who have to work at their own business six days in the week, to do the unnecessary work of canvassing for subscriptions. We do not ask for a large subscription list, but we would like to see at least one copy in each pew of the Church, and if you have friends at a distance who are interested in the working of the Church of the Redeemer, take an extra copy or two to send away.

The "Parish and Home," published by the Alumni of Wycliffe College, the subscription alone being 50 cents per annum, is included with the PARISH MAGAZINE, so that subscribers not only receive this Magazine free of charge, but have a reduction of fifteen cents on the price of the annual subscription of the "Parish and Home."

VESTRY MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the Vestry of the Church of the Redeemer was held in the School house on Monday evening, Sept. 30th, 1895, at 8 o'clock.

There were present: the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., R.D., Rector, in the chair; Messrs. J. R. Silliman, Dr. Millman, W. P. Torrance, Thos. Shortiss, J. W. Somers, W. H. Eakins, F. J. Campbell, Geo. Musson, R. H. Greene, F. Dunbar, Robt. Parker, Dr. Armstrong, E. Bar-

ber, D. T. Symons, H. Armstrong, W. G. Gamble, and C. Postlethwaite.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rector.

Mr. D. T. Symons, secretary of the Advisory Board, then read the following report—Report of the committee appointed to advise with the Rector concerning the appointment of an assistant minister.

Since their appointment your committee have held several meetings and have given every consideration to the question submitted to them.

At the last meeting of your committee the following resolution was carried—Resolved, that this committee advise the rector to extend a call to the Rev. L. G. Wood, as assistant minister, for the period of one year from date of entering upon his duties, and at a salary at the rate of \$1000 per annum; and resolved, that the rector be asked to call the adjourned Vestry meeting for Monday evening, 30th inst., at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving the report of this committee. All of which is respectfully submitted.

SEPTIMUS JONES,
Chairman.

D. T. SYMONS,
Secretary.

Toronto, Sept. 26th, 1895.

Moved by Mr. D. T. Symons, seconded by Mr. J. R. Silliman, and unanimously resolved, that the report as read be adopted:

APPEAL.

The Churchwardens are much pleased with the unanimous action of the Vestry in adopting the report of the Advisory Committee respecting the appointment of the Rev. Louis G. Wood, of Wingham, as assistant minister. It was pointed out at the vestry meeting that the salary of Mr. Wood was larger than heretofore paid to assistant ministers of this Church,

that the wardens to successfully carry on the financial interests of the Church, must have the hearty support of the congregation as a whole, and that a genuine effort should be made to increase the general Sunday offering, and maintain it. It is remarkable how the "smallest coin of the realm" finds its way to the collection plate on Sunday. The Church is deeply thankful for the smallest offering, but in a large and well-to-do congregation like ours cannot an effort be made to do better? Do not let the few who are always willing to respond be the ones to bear the burden of the church expenses. A little effort by each member of the congregation would assist most materially. It is well known that the pew rents are not sufficient for the purpose and that the offertory must make up the deficit. Hearty response to the above is only fair not only to the Church and the Wardens, but also to each individual member of the congregation.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Wednesday, Sept. 25th, Ellen, beloved wife of Mr. George Jaffray, entered into the saint's everlasting rest. She had endured with the utmost fortitude and resignation for nearly seven long years the most excruciating sufferings, but no word of complaint ever fell from her lips. Her lovely countenance spoke of an inward peace and joy which heaven alone can give. Her sick room was a lesson to all—a lesson which none of her friends can ever forget. None could witness it and doubt the grace and power of God to sustain his children amid the most fiery trials.

We desire to express our heartfelt sympathy with the family in their sore bereavement; may the God of all consolation comfort them in their hour of trial, and enable them to bow before His holy will, and even to rejoice in the blessed hope of a resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

MARRIAGES.

June 5th, Duncan Mayburn Stewart, of Montreal, Que., to Katharine Lizzie Clark, of Toronto.

July 24, Walter John Mathews, of London, Eng., to Mary Stuart Grassick, of Toronto.

Sept. 11, William Leroy Leeson, of Merritor, Ont., to Essie Walls, of Toronto Junction.

BAPTISMS.

August 22nd, WILLIAM HELLIWELL, born May 30th, 1895, son of Geo. H. Clarkson, and of F. G. Clarkson, his wife.

August 22nd, 1895, VIOLET, born April 13th, 1895, daughter of Alfred Stevens, and of Ellen Stevens, his wife.

August 22nd, 1895, VICTOR, born April 13th, 1895, son of Alfred Stevens, and of Ellen Stevens, his wife.

August 22nd, DAISY MARY, born Sept 2nd, 1893, daughter of Alfred Stevens, and of Ellen Stevens, his wife.

October 6th, 1895, MABEL LOUISE, born July 16th, 1895, daughter of Arthur Ernest Jones, and of Charlotte Selway, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, AILEENE MAY, born April 20th, 1895, daughter of Arthur Hervey Selwyn Marks, and of Zella Mary Dunbar, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, JOHN STANLEY, born Sept. 19th, 1895, son of John Teal and of Jane Watson, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, MURIEL VIOLET, born Sept. 6th, 1895, daughter of Joseph Payne and of Emma Clink, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, GWENDOLINE MAUD, born Aug. 23rd, 1895, daughter of James Slader Cook and of Minnie Silvia Clapp, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, JAMES, born Dec. 16th, 1893, son of James Filby, and of Jemima Hamilton, his wife.

Oct. 6th, 1895, ETHEL, born Aug. 1st, 1895, daughter of James Filby, and of Jemima Hamilton, his wife.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I would again ask for a small space in the Church Magazine in behalf of the Sunday School. I only wish the Magazine was read by every member of our Church, and that each one would particularly read this short appeal. The teachers as well as myself earnestly request the congregation to take a livelier interest in the school. At present very few do so. Even the parents who send their children, as a rule, do not appear to take the interest they should. They seldom cheer us by their presence, either by dropping in Sunday afternoons, or attending the regular quarterly services for the children, parents, and friends. If the parents and other members of the church would only visit the school from

time to time, it would be a great incentive to the teachers, myself and children.

We hope to have a larger attendance than ever this coming winter, and we ask all those who have children to send them to the school and thus let our hopes be fully realized. We are in need of half a dozen good teachers, especially men. I cannot understand why so few men offer their services as teachers. I am sure there are many men in our church who are quite able to instruct the young and make the hour in Sunday School pleasant and profitable. I am afraid the only plea many have, is self indulgence. This is a mistake, yes a misfortune, not only to the children, but to such individuals. We undoubtedly are sent into this world to do good; not to ourselves alone, but especially to others. There are many boys who prefer a male teacher, and we have the greatest difficulty in getting said boys to attend school because there are no men to teach them. I earnestly and prayerfully ask God to touch the hearts of a few of our fathers and brothers, and that we will have them offering themselves as teachers. I make this earnest appeal because it is an urgent one.

We have an able and faithful staff of lady teachers, and I thank them heartily for their regular attendance and good work.

The orchestra was very popular last winter, and certainly was a great acquisition. It will begin again next Sunday, or the Sunday after, under the able leadership of the choirmaster, Mr. W. H. Robinson. There is considerable expense in connection with the orchestra, and it is seldom the Sunday School asks for a contribution from the congregation. I take the liberty of asking those in comfortable circumstances to send me or the secretary of the school a donation. T. MILLMAN,

Oct. 2nd, 1895.

Superintendent.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The Woman's Auxiliary held their opening meeting on Thursday, October 3rd. The officers for the ensuing year were elected by ballot, and donations received for laying in material for the winter's work. It is hoped that all the old members will be at the next meeting and the officers will gladly welcome any new comers who will help in this branch of Mission work.

LETTER FROM PERSIA.

JULFA ISFAHAN, May 22, '95.

Dear Mr. Hoyles,—

Mr. Tisdall, the secretary of our C.M.S Mission, has asked me to give you some account of the progress of our work amongst Mohammedans out here.

The outward progress is but slow certainly, if one compares it with the leavening process which goes on quietly by means of God's word and the constant visiting and teaching in and around Julfa. The most striking outward signs of the power of God's word, are first, the Sunday morning services, where a crowd of Persian men and women come Sunday after Sunday in increasing numbers, to eagerly drink in the gospel messages (they have overflowed from a gallery set apart for them to two other rooms adjoining the church). 2nd, the crowded audiences at Miss Bird's dispensary for women, who listen with wonderful attention to her simple gospel address. These are the more conspicuous signs to us that God is in our midst, but what specially rejoices us is the fact that an increasing number of enquirers are coming for teaching and within the last two or three months, four men and one woman have been baptized. It sounds such a small number, but in every case it means facing dreadful persecution, and even death to be baptized.

The girl who has been baptized is only 18. and she has been driven from her husband simply because his ill usage made her ill, and she and her baby live with her father and mother. Her father has beaten her, and occasionally turned her out of the house because she wanted to become a Christian, and she has had to bear so much persecution, and only a week or two since the man who had disowned her wished to have his child back lest she should bring it up as a Christian; he in fact took it away one night, but it cried so much that, next morning, he sent it back to its mother. But, spite of all this she has been true to the faith, and she is now bringing several friends with her to Miss Bird, for teaching, and she has persuaded her brother-in-law to come to Mr. Tisdall for teaching. Mr. Tisdall has a continued stream of enquirers, many of course come only to argue, at least at first they do so, but many come because they feel that our religion supplies a

need in their hearts which Mohammedanism cannot touch. One young man had been a Mohammedan and then became a Babi, because of the many beautiful moral precepts which he found in the books of that sect, but something about the Babi philosophy did not satisfy him, then he came across the Bible and found that all the beautiful thoughts and precepts which he had admired in the Babi books were merely quotations from the Bible.

One young fellow who had been given a Bible said, "He had read it himself, and that he had also read it to his people and that his home was quite changed since."

If there is any branch of our work here in which you are specially interested, please let me know and I will give you more details about it.

With kind regards and much sympathy in all your home work for the Mission cause, whose difficulties and joys I know full well by experience.

Yours faithfully in the one most glorious and happy service,

ELEANOR C. DAVIES COLLEY.

THE GLEANERS' UNION.

A meeting was held in the schoolroom on Friday, 27th, to form a branch of the Gleaners' Union in this parish. The Rural Dean Jones was in the chair and after a hymn opened the meeting with Scripture reading and prayer. Mr. Hoyles then explained the aim of the Union. He said, it will not interfere with the other societies in the parish but rather infuse new life into them. The only really binding obligation upon Gleaners is earnest daily prayer for missions, though other things are hoped to follow, that is the first and great object. The Rev. C. C. Owen, of Winnipeg, gave a stirring address, urging the importance of all Christians taking an individual part in the evangelization of the world. He showed the astonishing sums spent on mere luxuries and how very little is given by the church of Christ for the cause which should be her chief aim in obedience to our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." After the meeting proper was closed, the Rural Dean was elected president, and Miss Hoyles secretary-treasurer, and several new names were added to the Gleaners' Union.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Sept. 26th, 1895.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Toronto:—

The approaching month of October brings with it the annual collection for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and again we address you on its behalf. We know that you will rejoice with us in the fact that the satisfactory returns from the parishes last year, in response to the appeal made on behalf of this Fund, placed the committee in the gratifying position of being able to discharge in full the demands upon it. This year we ask only for such an amount as will, if contributed by all, enable us to discharge the claims upon the fund. We have thought it better not to make a demand, in view of any deficiency on the part of any parish, for we feel after the hearty utterances at the last meeting of the Synod, that each parish will do its duty and contribute the amount assessed; and in some cases contribute more, in order that we may be able to lay up a small insurance fund to meet fresh charges or matters unforeseen. You will remember that at the last meeting of our Synod our obligation in respect of this fund was rightly put as a debt owed by the church to the widows and orphans of our clergy; as it was upon the strength of our undertaking to make good this amount that they entered into the service of our church in this Diocese. Will you kindly give your best attention to this appeal and make the returns of your collection to the Synod office at the earliest moment possible so that we need not be put to overdraw our account at the bank, but, as the charges mature we may be able to meet them.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN PEARSON,
Chairman (pro tem.) of the W. & O. Fund Committee.

The clergy, churchwardens and lay delegates are respectfully requested to make this appeal as widely known as possible in their respective parishes.

The Church of the Redeemer Sunday School Orchestra met for practice on Saturday evening, October 5th, in the School house. The orchestra took charge of the musical part of the Sunday School service on Sunday afternoon, October 6th.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 59.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

LESSONS.

- 6—17th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jer. 5; Ep'l. 6, v. 10. *Evening*—Jer. 22, or 35; Luke 7, v. 24.
- 13—18th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jer. 36; Col. 2, v. 8. *Evening*—Ezek. 2, or 13 to v. 17; Luke 11, to v. 29.
- 18—St. Luke, Ev. *Morning*—Isaiah 55; 1 Thess. 3. *Evening*—Eccles. 38, to v. 15; Luke 13, v. 18.
- 20—19th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. 14; 1 Thess. 5. *Evening*—Ezek. 18 or 24, v. 15; Luke 14, v. 25 to 15, v. 11.
- 27—20th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. 34; 1 Tim. 4. *Evening*—Ezek. 37, or Dan. 1; Luke 19, v. 11, to 28.
- 28—St. Simon and St. Jude, Ap. & M. (Ath. Cr.). *Morning*—Isaiah 28, v. 9, to v. 17; 1 Tim. 5. *Evening*—Jer. 3, v. 12, to v. 19; Luke 19, v. 28.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

HYMN.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John xiv. 6.

Show me Thy way, Lord, for my eyes are dim,
I need Thy hand to guide, my lamp to trim;
The path grows toilsome and my strength is weak,
Show me the narrow way that I should seek.

Teach me Thy truth, Lord, for I have been vain
Of all that by myself I could attain;
I have been drinking from the streams of strife,
I would drink deeply from the Well of Life.

Grant me Thy life, Lord, for my heart is cold,
I need Thy strength to stay me and uphold;
Show me Thy way, Lord; still Thy truth display,
Grant me Thy life, dear Lord, from day to day.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

Ottawa, August, 1895.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

I. THE SOLDIER LIFE.

The Christian life is often compared to that of a soldier in the service of his country. We are familiar with the thought in the baptismal service, where the minister of Christ says: "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign *him* with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter *he* shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant

unto *his* life's end." It was St. Paul's favorite figure. Like his great Master, the apostle used many illustrations to make the meaning of the truth clear to the mind, and to enforce its obligations in the sphere of practical life.

St. Paul writes to his beloved Timothy, "Suffer hardship with me as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath enrolled him as a soldier." "I have fought the good fight." "This charge I commit unto thee," he writes to Timothy, that "thou mayest war a good warfare," and he urges him to "fight the good fight of faith." He takes the rough weapons of the soldier's warfare and turns them into weapons of offence and defence in the battle of the Lord in the great spiritual combat in which the Christian is engaged under the Captain of his salvation. The armor of God is Christ Himself, the girdle of the loins is the truth, the breastplate is righteousness, the sandals are the gospel of peace, the shield is faith, the helmet is salvation, and the sword is the Word of God.

The life of the soldier was familiar to St. Paul from his experience as a prisoner at Rome, where for two whole years he was chained by the arm day and night to a soldier of the Imperial body-guard from the Prætorian barrack. It was also well known to the early Christians to whom his letters were addressed, for the soldiers of the Roman Empire had turned the world into one great battlefield.

The Christian life requires for its development the same great qualities which military service demands from all who enlist beneath their country's flag. The Christian soldier is called into active service for the King, and his whole life is a campaign. There is no discharge in the war. He fights against spiritual enemies. It is true his foes are often unseen, but the foes are real foes, and the combat to the death.

The Christian soldier who follows the flag of the King must be LOYAL. His heart must be true to Christ, united by living faith to the living Lord. The

watchword of his lips must be loyalty to his King. It is useless to put the best weapons in the hands of a disloyal man. He needs a change of heart. He cannot fight for his Queen and country in the battles of earth if his heart is not right. And he needs the Holy Spirit to take away the old disloyalty and make the heart right with God, if he is to be a true soldier of Christ. Isaac D'Israeli tells of the Marquis of Montrose, who, when condemned by his judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, replied that he was sorry that he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities of Europe as monuments of his loyalty. He served a king unworthy of such deep devotion. We serve the Lord Christ, who, while He demands the allegiance of an undivided heart, gives all the riches of heaven's kingdom to His own. Well may we say of such a King, "True-hearted, whole-hearted! faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be."

The Christian soldier must yield unquestioning *obedience* to the great Captain of his salvation. It is his place to obey and Christ's to command. With England's Iron Duke he is simply to ask, "What are the marching orders?" The word of Christ is to be his law. His commands the rule of his life. "It is impossible," said an officer of engineers to the Duke of Wellington. The Duke simply replied: "I did not ask your opinion; I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." In the campaign against sin, and for the conquest of the world, Christ makes no mistakes. Obedience is our duty, the results belong to God.

The Christian soldier must learn the lesson of *self-sacrifice*. The soldier goes to war with the bare necessities of life. His food is simple, he expects no luxuries. His home is a tent, his bed hard and narrow; at times, indeed, it is mother earth, and heaven's blue is his only covering. Even in peace he is taught to prepare for war, and in the camp he learns something of its lessons, and may even be called to suffer some of its discomforts. The country's interests are everything, the soldiers' are effaced. When Xerxes suffered a defeat

in his flight, he sought refuge on board a boat. The flying soldiers crowded in after him. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" Many were found ready to perish if by their death the king could be saved. They were faithful unto death. With the Christian soldier Christ is all. Self must stand in the background. He must keep himself free from the entanglements of the world.

The Christian soldier must practise the virtue of *endurance*. It is this quality which marks out the British soldier from all others. Napoleon used to say, in the bitterness of his heart, that the British never knew when they were beaten. The French had all the dash and verve, but were lacking in staying power. They could not meet the patient endurance of the soldier who would die in the last ditch, but who knew not the meaning of defeat.

The Christian soldier is to cultivate the spirit of *vigilance*. He is to be ever watchful against the enemy, ever on guard lest he should be taken unawares. He keeps the citadel of life, he guards interests of eternal worth. Watchfulness is the price which all must pay for spiritual blessing. The duty of the guard is to warn his superior officer of approaching danger. The Christian soldier should do the same. Indeed, it is his duty and his privilege to call to his aid the Captain Himself, who does not leave him to meet the foe in his own strength, but who brings to his aid the all-powerful forces of heaven. We are called to a spiritual battle, but it is in Christ's strength that we are to fight.

"Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy light."

The Christian soldier, though engaged in a warfare in which there is no discharge, in a campaign which ends only with death, and against a watchful and cruel enemy, enjoys inward peace amidst it all. Every victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil is a cause of triumph. It was otherwise with that great soldier, the first Napoleon. When he was asked at St. Helena if he did not feel happy in the height of his success, when victory perched on his banner, and the world was filled with his fame, it is said that his reply was that he "enjoyed not one moment of peace." "They who think so," said Napoleon, "knew nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow." But amidst the conflict of life, the smoke of its battle, Christ the great Captain

whispers His peace to His own. It is the place which He won for us in His own great victory. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He provides for His soldiers armor which He has Himself tested and tried, and the very weapons with which He gained the day and triumphed over Satan's power. It is, indeed, the very panoply of God. And it is as true to-day as ever that he

"Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

HELPING THE WICKED ONE.

WALKING by the wayside, home from church, along the smooth, broad pavement of the city, the whole family moves along together, the mother feeling very complacent in her handsome silk and new bonnet, and the father stepping quite proudly beside his pretty wife.

The young people have all been dutifully drilled to go to church with their parents, unless they have some good excuse for staying at home. So they are all here except the eldest daughter, whose new dress was not quite finished, though the sewing girl worked hard on it until late Saturday evening. Little five-year-old Emma holds her father's hand. George, next older, walks beside his mother, while two bright, intelligent misses of ten and twelve follow in their parents' footsteps. Lily, the elder, looks serious and quiet. Some good seed, perchance, has found a tender, moist spot in her young heart, and may take root and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Alas! The mother's voice breaks heedlessly in upon the sober thoughts of the child: "Don't you think Mr. — is failing very much? He does not preach near so well as he did at first. Do you think he does? There was not a thing in that sermon to-day. I could not keep myself awake all I could do, and you did not try; you were fast asleep before he was half through."

Both laughed as if it were an amusing thing to comment on a man's faithful, earnest labor.

"It certainly was a poor sermon, but he may not have been feeling very well; I believe he was sick the other day," remarked the father.

"But I don't think a minister has any business to preach unless he can do it well,

so that his congregation will enjoy hearing him. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. —?" she added, as an acquaintance stepped up beside her.

"Indeed, I do," replied her friend. "I wish we could find some one who would give us good sermons all the time."

"And yet," mused Lily, "he said he had a message from the King of kings, and I thought it was meant for me."

"But I believe, after all," continued the mother, "I would rather listen to our own minister than to that little fellow he had preaching for him last Sunday. His gestures were as awkward as those of a schoolboy, and his whining voice made me so nervous I could hardly keep still."

"And he," thought Lily, "told us he was an ambassador for Christ."

"I couldn't sit still either," said little Emma.

"No; you never do," replied the mother, carelessly.

"I liked the young preacher best," spoke up Master George, "because he did not preach so long."

"Well," questioned Lily, in her heart, "if father and mother, who are Christians, see no good in the sermons, why need I disturb myself? Surely, if they believed what the preacher said, they would talk to me about it sometimes. I reckon it will be time enough for me to think about being a Christian when I am grown."

Ah! Whither had the good seeds gone? Had not the parents, her own father and mother, played the part of the evil one in taking the Word out of her heart, lest she should believe and be saved? And who can calculate the number of souls that have been lost, turned out of the way, by just such thoughtless criticism on the way home from church, or even at any time?—*Sunday School Times*.

"HIS WORK IS PERFECT."

THE inspection of a little shell teaches me that, even in the depths of the ocean, and in creating a habitation for the most insignificant creature, God acts as though that little domicile were to be submitted to the examination of the whole universe, and as though all His perfections were to be disclosed by it alone. And yet how little do Christians think of the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for them! Let me remember that my most insignificant and hidden act is to come into broad light and universal inspection.—*Rev. George Bower, in Gospel Trumpet*.

THE DAY'S WORK.

THREE things Theodosius purposed; as he rose,
Should be accomplished ere the evening's close:
His missal-copy, finely writ, and splendid
In crimson, gold, and azure, should be ended,
And written be the song of sacred praise
For choristers to sing on holy days;
Then, as an added, but not alien, grace—
As ocean's glass interprets heaven's face—
With every note aright, a music-scroll
Should give the body of his song its soul.

That morning, from a neighboring convent, came
A novice, knowing of Theodosius' fame,
Who craved instruction in the painter's art.
Hour after hour Theodosius saw depart
The precious morning light, yet patiently
Tutored the novice. Once again set free,
A woman eagerly besought his aid
For her sick child: Long time Theodosius
Stayed,

Tending his patient, till, with tearful joy,
The mother gently kissed her rescued boy;
Vespers were sung: a brother, sore distressed,
Poured out his fears upon Theodosius' breast,
And, comforted, departed. Compline said,
Theodosius turned wearily to bed,
Praying: "O God! to glorify Thy Name
Three things I purposed; now, with heartfelt
shame,

I see the day is ended, and not one
Of all those things my feeble skill hath done.
Yet, since my life is Thine, be Thine to say
Where shall be found the duties of the day;
And, in Thy work, my work perfected be,
Or given o'er in sacrifice to Thee!"
Then, suddenly, upon his inward ear
There fell the answer, gentle, calm, and clear:
"Thrice hath My Name, to-day, been glorified
In loving service—teacher, friend, and guide.
Such work with God for man, if gladly done,
Is heaven's ministry on earth begun.
To work the works I purpose is to be
At one with saints, with angels, and with Me."
—Arthur Chamberlain.

SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

VI.

JOHN NEWTON—Continued.

NEWTON, in order to accept his first spiritual charge, gave up a lucrative position, not knowing how he could live upon the small stipend offered to him. It was a venture of faith. But the Lord provided for him. John Thornton, whose charities, as the *Gentleman's Magazine* said, "transcended belief," said to him, "Be hospitable, and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment; help the poor and needy. I will steadily allow you £200 a year, and readily send whenever you have occasion to draw for more."

Olney has ever been associated with the strong friendship that grew up between Newton and the poet Cowper. It was a friendship based upon spiritual affinity. Newton wrote of the poet, "In humility, simplicity, and devotedness to God, in the

clearness of his views of evangelical truth, the strength of the comforts he obtained from them, and the uniform and beautiful example by which he adorned them, I thought that he had but few equals." It was at Olney that Newton published his review of ecclesiastical history, a number of sermons, and many hymns.

But it was as rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard street, London, which he served for twenty-seven years, that Newton exercised his widest influence. His parish was, in the heart of the city, near the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, and in those days the bankers and merchants resided near their offices or places of business. It was a ministry greatly blessed in word and work.

Newton's character was marked by deep sincerity of purpose. He was a man of strong convictions, yet most kind and lovable. His social instincts were strong; his house was open to all ranks and denominations. He combined the qualities of a father and a friend. Romaine, whose influence in London was so powerful at this time, was abrupt in manner and often made enemies. Newton was approachable, and "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." Lecky, the historian, says of him that "he was one of the most devoted and single-hearted of Christian ministers." Jay considered him "one of the most perfect instances of the spirit and temper of Christianity he ever knew."

John Newton was a model pastor. He knew that a house-going parson makes a churchgoing people. He loved to go in and out among his people and to have personal intercourse with them. He took special interest in the children.

John Newton was strong in preaching power. He was limited, it is true, on the side of delivery, which lacked in grace, and also by an unmusical voice; but all defects vanished in the face of his earnestness, his faculty of illustration, his intimate knowledge of the needs of his people, and his knowledge of Scripture truth. He continued his preaching to his last. "I cannot stop," he said; "shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?"

Newton was a good friend; he grappled his friends to him with hooks of steel. And his friends were the choice spirits of the age. Whitefield might be called his spiritual father. Willerforce, the emancipator of the slave, often sought counsel from him. Cowper was seldom separated from him, during his life at Olney, for more

than twelve hours at a time when they were awake and at home. Milner was moved by him to undertake his "History of the Church." Hannah More was thankful for his shrewd and common-sense advice. Thomas Scott owed to him the clear grasp he possessed of truth, and the main idea of his great commentary. John Thornton was glad to have him as an almoner of his bounty. Charles Wesley prized the treasures of his head and heart. His heart was rich ground, in which the seeds of friendship germinated, blossomed, and bore fruit.

Newton loved and honored the Word of God. It was a veritable lamp unto his feet. He loved to read its pages, to meditate upon its truths, and to circulate it far and wide. He taught others to value the Bible. "Persons," he wrote, "to whom I give the Bibles value them more than gold. We have many here who esteem the Word of God as their food."

Newton was a brilliant conversationalist. Like Luther, his "table talk" will live. His sayings were full of wisdom and to the point. Space only permits the quotation of a few. "There are silver books, and very few golden books; but I have one worth more than all, called the Bible, and that is a book of bank-notes." "I have read of many wicked popes, but the worst pope I ever met with is Pope Self." "Love and fear are like the sun and moon, seldom seen together." "A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish." "Candor forbids us to estimate character from its accidental blots. Yet it is thus that David and others have been treated." "Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end." "My course of study, like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted of walking the hospital." "It is pure mercy that negatives a particular request. A miser would pray very earnestly for gold if he believed prayer would gain it; whereas if Christ had any favor to him, He would take his gold away. A child walks in the garden and sees cherries. He knows they are good fruit and, therefore, asks for them. 'No, my dear,' says the father, 'they are not ripe; stay till the season.'"

Newton was an able hymn-writer. Christendom is indebted to him for some of the most beautiful gems of sacred song. He was Cowper's coadjutor in the composition of the well-known Olney hymns. Some of the wisest used and most popular

in the language were from his pen. The first lines will recall some of the hymns to mind. Only a few can be given here: "Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near." "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare." "Day of judgment, day of wonders." "For mercies countless as the sands." "Glorious things of Thee are spoken." "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord." "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet." "May the grace of Christ our Saviour." "Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal." "Oh! for a closer walk with God." "One there is above all others." "There is a fountain filled with blood." "What various hindrances we meet." "Why should I fear the darkest hour?" Newton was the writer of over three hundred hymns, and may justly be placed in the front rank with the greatest singers of the church.

John Newton may fairly be called a great churchman. Sir James Stephen ranks him with the four evangelists of the Evangelical school: John Newton, Thomas Scott, Joseph Milner, and Henry Venn. The church of Christ furnishes no richer example of the marvellous power of divine grace. John Newton, the slave dealer, the blasphemer, through the regenerating influence of God's Holy Spirit, became the great evangelist and teacher, and one of the sweetest singers of the songs of Zion.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

THE GREATNESS OF THE H BREWS.

"WHEN we try to say in what way the Hebrews were a 'great' people, we must use the term in an entirely different sense from that in which we employ it of the kindred nations. They were great simply in this—that they were the people through whom the true religion was revealed to men, and in whose lives and teachings it was illustrated for the saving and guiding of our race. Compared with the Phœnicians, their near neighbors, they were circumscribed and provincial. Of the business, and politics, and natural features and products of the great, far-stretching outside world, they, for many ages, learned almost entirely at second hand from the travelling merchants that passed along their borders. Of mechanical or constructive skill they had but little. Stately buildings were rare among them, and these were erected of materials drawn from Phœnician territory and under the superintendence of Phœnician architects. In

their most prosperous times they were poor as compared with the 'traffickers who were among the honorable of the earth,' and their meagre occasional foreign trade was done in Phœnician bottoms. A Tyrian chronicler, in referring to Israel and Judah, would think them worthy of mention only because they furnished slaves for their galleys and foreign plantations, and 'little dues of wheat and wine and oil' for their tables (Ezra iii. 7). But their very poverty and simplicity were the conditions of their elevation above, and deliverance from, the moral and religious conceptions and practices of the Canaanites. The introduction of foreign art (Isaiah ii. 16), as well as of foreign luxury, were symptoms and forerunners of decline in that which alone could make them strong and enduring."—*History, Prophecy, and the Monuments,* by J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

IT IS GIVEN UNTO YOU.

To you it is given,
Though furies of sin
May rage round your heart's door,
Nay, e'en enter in.

Though Satan assail you
Wherever you go,
And bitter temptations
Your soul fill with woe,

To you it is given
God's myst'ries to know;
To you it is given
To drink of life's flow.

Even here you may have it—
The foretaste of heaven.
For Jesus hath said it,
To you it is given.

THOMAS C. GERRARD.

IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONS.

Is not the way in which we estimate the relative importance of things curiously interesting?

The nose of one horse gets some inches before the nose of another horse on Epsom Downs, and forthwith the fact is telegraphed over England, and even over the civilized world. Excitement reigns in the Punjab, and in Canada, not to speak of the ferment among all ranks in this country as to the great result. But the course—the onward progress and success of missions—what does society in general think about these?

I repeat, it is curiously interesting, the way in which we estimate the relative importance of things.—*English Exchange.*

WORK AND WAGE.

"What shall we have, therefore?"—Matt xix. 27.

"Whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive."—Matt. xx. 7.

Give me my work; I deem it best to do
The task allotted in great wisdom's page;
If but the work assigned I can achieve,
I ask no other wage.

I ask no wage; for thus to do Thy will
Doth bring my soul exceeding great reward;
For, if the work be pleasing in Thy sight,
'Tis all I ask, O Lord.

I ask no wage. The creatures of Thy hand
Toil on their tireless way from age to age,
An' flood and flower and sea and star work on,
Nor ever ask a wage.

I ask no wage; for hireling is the heart
That looketh ever to the wages won;
Nay! in my Father's fields I fain would be
No hireling, but a son.

I ask no wage; since none rewardeth Thee,
Who doest good without or thanks or fee;
How can I ask for wage when my one hope
Is to grow like to Thee?

I ask no wage; yet, since love ruleth all,
The world, our life, and unknown spheres above,
Grant me Thy Spirit, that my soul may seek
No wages but Thy love.

—From the Bishop of Ripon's New Year's
Address to his Clergy.

THE PREACHING OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

WHAT a wonderful book it has been and is in its power to turn away the sweep of tempests or pacify their fury when they burst! It must needs be that offences come, and it were idle to hope for millennial peace till the fullness of the time. The earth must be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea, before the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatted together; and a little child shall lead them. What varieties of churchmanship Isaiah saw symbolized in the animal kingdom! What a blessed forecast was given him of the serene evening of the world when Ephraim shall cease to envy Judah and Judah to vex Ephraim! The little book of the "Dearly beloved brethren" will have much to do with the advent of that little child that shall lead the lion and the lamb, lead Peter and Paul and Barnabas, Arius and Athanasius, Anselm and Abelard, Aquinas and Scotus, the patriarchs of East and West, the Tiber and the Thames; for have we not seen and do we not abidingly feel the strange might of its voice invoking upon our turbulent hearts "the peace of God which passeth all understanding"? It neutralizes that cen-

trifugal force which the farther it hurls men away from each other the further it banishes them from God, and while this peacemaker is always rebuking the winds to a calm, and bringing men to be of one mind, it is quietly impressing itself more and more upon their hearts as the visible expression of that Christian unity for which so many plaintive prayers are going up to God in these days.

It is, indeed, a wonderful book when we consider what worlds of knowledge and wisdom it contains, so much more than the casual or careless reader suspects. What vistas of history many a rubric opens to view! What fights with heresy, what victories for all time, many a sentence witnesses! What new floods of living water from the dear old psalter are always flowing to make glad the city of our God, and refresh the souls that get weary with serving sin and denying self, until the irrigating streams cause the wilderness of their worldliness to blossom as the rose! What calm, sweet voices of saintly bishops and priests seem to whisper in those inspired collects! What never-ceasing pentecosts hover on wings of fire over those solemn sacramental offices! How the amber shades of life's evening, softening down to the horizon till they melt into the gorgeous splendor of the departing sun, make many a page as sacred as heaven in our memory! How the full voices of the living choir of devout antiphoners blend with the alleluias that come floating over from the land that is not far away, notes the ear of sense is too gross to hear, but silent only to sense, soft echoes from spiritual choirs stealing into hearts that are meek and pure!

It is a wonderful book for the spiritual gifts which it contains and imparts. It is a mirror in which souls see the reflection of their unloveliness; but while they look see also the reflection of the Son of God standing over them as the objects of His protecting love. Nowhere else do the reproaches which our sins deserve become so emphatic, and nowhere else is the marvellousness of mercy for the penitent so apparent. As nature supplies food for every need of man and for every man's need, according to the measure of his desires, the Prayer Book enshrines grace no less for the babe in grace than for him who would be filled with all the fullness of God. We marvel sometimes, thinking how it finds its way to the affections of the undeveloped Christian, while at the same time it captivates those who are moved of God to scale the heights of sanctity. Its

graces are suitable for every need, and, like the ocean, there is a place even for those who wish to stand on the dry sands only, for those who approach the water line but shrink from the balsamic spray of its surf, for those who fear not the foam of broken crests as they ripple up to the slope of the shore, for those who feel the power of the wave as it breaks upon them in torrents, for those who plunge fearlessly into the very bosom of the sea, diving to its depths or resting on its buoyant surface as it gleams like molten silver under the splendor of the sun.—*Bishop McLaren.*

A HARVEST HYMN.

"Thou visitest the earth and blestest it; Thou makest it very plenteous."

Now with thankful hearts and voices,
Thee we praise, our Lord and King,
Who hast crowned the year with fullness,
Causing earth with joy to ring.
Safely gathered in and garnered
Are the tokens of Thy love,
Emblems of the glad fruition
In Thy blissful home above.

Winter, with its snowy garment,
Days and nights of frost and rain;
Spring, with mingled shower and sunshine,
Clothing earth with smiles again;
Summer, with its radiant glory,
Blooming flowers, and strengthened roots;
All have done their part in bringing
These our golden autumn fruits.

Just so varied are the changes
Waiting on the spirit life;
Sunny days of health and gladness,
Stormy days of pain or strife,
Fierce temptations, sore bereavements,
Intermingled joy and woe;
All are tokens of Thy favor,
All Thy perfect wisdom show.

Grant that these Thy dispensations
For our growth in grace may be,
So that, as each day departeth,
We may more resemble Thee.
May Thy life-impacting Spirit
Pure desires within us raise,
Forth to ripen into action
Fruitage to Thine endless praise.

LET parents beware what they say about the sermons or the preacher before their children, in whose hearts the Word of God may be seeking a lodgment. Why pray in the morning for the conversion of sinners, and then, by cold criticism of the sermon, neutralize the very means by which it pleases God to save? Thoughtless comments at the dinner table will do this far more effectually than all the profanity children hear as they pass the drinking saloons on their way to school. Parents, beware!—*The Lutheran.*

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

LORD, by Thee the world is fed,
Thou dost give our daily bread.
Soon as man the seed hath sown,
Thy almighty power is shown.

Thou with warmth and genial shower
Giv'st the seed its quickening power.
Held by Thee, the clouds on high
Drep their fatness from the sky.

Thus the stalk, the leaf, appear,
Thus the seed-producing ear.
Myriad blossoms in the sun
Glitter till their work is done.

Thou dost every step defend
Till is reached the happy end.
Thus by Thee the world is fed,
Thus Thou givest daily bread.

—*Henry Moule.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from September.)

ON the ancient road leading northwest from Jerusalem to the town of Lydda and the plain of the Mediterranean Sea was the little village of Modin, some twenty miles from the capital. It lay nestled away among the mountain fastnesses of Judea, in the midst of a sea of rocks, but commanding a fine view of the more fertile and wooded Shephelah or low hills towards the coast and the sandy plain leading to the sea. At the time of the persecution by Antiochus, an aged priest, Mattathias, was living here with his five grown sons. With a heavy heart he had retired from Jerusalem to the country on the desecration of the temple and the Jewish ritual, and there mourned the sad lot of God's people. At Modin he was probably the chief man of the place, and when the king's commissioners arrived to carry out the edicts against the Jewish religion he was the first to be approached. Their policy was, by bribery, or persuasion, or threat, to induce the leading families of a place to succumb, the populace being very likely to follow their example without compulsion. But in Mattathias there breathed a lofty spirit, and it was the sight of the heresy of Jerusalem that had led him to leave the city. When he saw, therefore, a weak-kneed Jew falling prostrate at the pagan altar, all the old fury of the judges and prophets in the presence of idolatry broke out within him, and he ran upon the apostate and slew him at the altar, and then followed up this deed with the life of the king's commissioner himself. All Greeks were driven out of the village, and the pagan altar was destroyed.

In all this there was no premeditated plan of revolt or national deliverance. It was the sudden act of an old priest infuriated by the desecration of his faith; but as it has happened so often since, it was really the beginning of a national resistance that was ultimately crowned with success, and was destined to make his name and that of his sons illustrious in the annals of his country's history. The immediate effect, however, was only a terrible fear, as the inhabitants of Modin saw what was done. The news would reach Jerusalem, and an army be immediately despatched against them. Gathering together their little possessions, they dashed into the caves and retreats of the neighboring mountains, to live like the animals, and feed on the wild herbs of the wilderness. Such a sight, we are told, may be witnessed even to-day in unhappy Palestine, where, under Turkish rule, the extortions of the tax-gatherers often provoke the violence of the exasperated peasantry, and the latter have then to flee to the waste lands of the country to escape punishment. And now Mattathias raised the standard of revolt. The villagers of Modin formed the nucleus of his band, but it was soon augmented by accessions from the *chasidim*, or Puritans (the later Pharisees). The war-cry was *the ancient religion of their fathers*. In the first year of the revolt Mattathias succumbed under the weight of years and the hardships he had undergone. But the work was taken up instantly by his five sons. "Seldom," says a great German historian, "has the world seen an instance of five brothers, animated by the same spirit, and without mutual jealousy, sacrificing themselves for the same cause, of whom one only survived another in order to carry it on, if possible, with more zeal and success, while not one had anything in view but the great object for which his father had fallen." The second, SIMON, was esteemed the wisest of the brothers, and JUDAS, the third, the greatest warrior. It is the achievements of this latter that we are about to relate. He was surnamed MACCABÆUS, which means the *hammerer*, and to him the command of the insurgent forces immediately fell. There is hardly a greater instance in history of unselfishness of aim, humility of life, and success in arms than that which his career affords, and, though not living in an age falling within the limits of the inspired Book, he is worthy of a place beside Moses, and Joshua, and Gideon, and David, as leaders and benefactors of God's people.

With a small but united band of enthu-

siasts, Judas Maccabæus took the field in 167 B.C. against the tyranny of Antiochus. His aim was to restore the religion of his fathers, to free Israel from the Greeks, and re-establish the independence of the nation; and to accomplish it they were all prepared to shed their last drop of blood. The governor of Samaria, to whom Judea had been recently assigned as a province, collected all his local forces and advanced against Judas, but was defeated and slain. His sword was afterwards carried by Judas in all his battles. But more terrible foes were now to be met, for, hearing of the defeat, Antiochus despatched his general, Seron, with an army of regular troops, to put down the insurrection. The orders of the general were more violent than any given before. The Jewish insurgents were to be annihilated, and their religion utterly stamped out. The land was to be colonized by strangers and parcelled among them by lot. With an imperious confidence, the army of Seron marched toward Jerusalem by the main road from Lydda, past Modin, the home of Judas, and climbed the steep ascent to Bethhoron. The road here became a narrow mountain pass, and at the top of it Judas placed his scanty forces, displaying a military talent of a very high order. Here he waited for the Greek advance. The place was one full of inspiring memories. Not only was Modin, his father's burial place, near by, but here, many hundred years before, Joshua had defeated the Amorites, on the day when he commanded the sun to stand still until the enemy was crushed. All about him, too, were spots renowned in Jewish history. On came the Greek host, when, suddenly, Judas charged and, with every advantage of ground, drove their shattered forces further, even, than Joshua pursued the Amorites at the first battle of Bethhoron. It was a glorious victory, and secured, for the time being, a very large measure of independence. Moreover, such a spirit was infused into the heart of every Jew as made further victories almost certain.

In 165 B.C., three new generals were sent to reconquer Judea. They commanded a force of 40,000 footmen and 7,000 horse. Remembering the fate of Seron, they tried a new road to Jerusalem, the main road leading up from the west. With this overwhelming force they felt certain of success, and they permitted merchants to follow the camp provided with gold and silver to buy, as slaves, the Jewish captives of the next battle, little dreaming that Judas was about to win another—

and, perhaps, his greatest—victory. His little army of 3,000 men he gathered at Mizpeh, immediately north of Jerusalem, and spent a day in prayer and fasting. At night they set out on a long march, and in the gray dawn found themselves in sight of the Greek army. In the meanwhile, one of the Greek generals, Gorgias, had been despatched, with 5,000 men, to surprise Judas by night and prevent his retreat into the mountains. This detachment was allowed to slip by, and Judas, with a Napoleonic instinct for battle, resolved to attack the main army under Nicanor, who was utterly unprepared for a fight, thinking that Gorgias had already defeated the handful of Jews. The attack was made at Emmaus, and was so sudden and unexpected that the Greeks fled without striking a blow, and left their whole camp as booty for the victors. And now Gorgias, having wandered about in the mountains, vainly seeking Judas, returned, but the first sight that met him was the blazing tents of the main army, and the first sound, the Jewish trumpet calling to the onset. There was another precipitate retreat, and the little force of 3,000 Jewish warriors stood victors over 40,000 picked troops of Antiochus. This battle of Emmaus is generally considered the most brilliant of the many victories of Judas.

(To be continued.)

OUR ALARM CLOCK.

NOT many years ago a student, desiring to rise early in the morning, bought an alarm clock. For a short time it worked well. But one morning, after being aroused by its alarm, he turned over and went to sleep again. On the subsequent mornings the clock failed to wake him. He placed it at the head of his bed in close proximity to his ear. There it woke him till the time he disobeyed its summons; ever afterwards it was a failure; he slept through its call with perfect regularity.

In like manner the conscience may be deadened. Let the Christian disregard its voice, and soon it will become unable to arouse him at all. Let him carefully heed its faintest remonstrance, and it will become to him a most valuable mentor. Take good care of your conscience; it is a most delicate apparatus.

"LET our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race."

—Longfellow.

Parish and Home.

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AFTER AN EARLY CELEBRATION.

BLEST two or three
Who, in this still and consecrate retreat,
And in obedience to Thy mandate sweet,
Remember Thee!
As early dew upon the thirsting flower
Descends Thy grace, in this congenial hour.
To some the crowd
That, later, throngs Thy sacred courts, is dear,
Th' harmonious swell of many voices clear,
And praise more loud.
As all combine to raise the joyful strain,
And Thy sweet cup of mercy thankful drain.
More dear to me
The dewy freshness of the early morn—
The grateful odors of a world newborn,
From turmoil free.
The first-fruits of the day are here—a calm
That falls upon the weary soul as balm.
My Saviour! here—
Alone, but for the faithful two or three
Who humbly bend to Thee the suppliant knee—
To me, more near
Thou seemst than when Thy hallowed courts are
filled
With eager throng, is sweeter peace distilled.
The pathway long,
'Twixt earth and heaven, here Bethel's ladder
spans;
And on the shining steep the spirit scans
A glorious throng:
Here the transfigured Christ, by favored brethren
seen,
To each is manifest in power serene.
O spot most blest!
Abode of purest joy, and bliss complete.
Here would we oft in thankful gladness meet,
Here would we rest,
Here would we tabernacle gladly build,
That by Thy presence it may aye be filled.
—H. F. Darnell, D.D., in *New York Church-
man*.

WHEN men are rightly occupied, their amusements grow out of their work as color petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithful, helpful, and compassionate, all their emotions become sturdy, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body.—*John Ruskin*.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE JEWS.

I CANNOT understand how any careful Bible student can possibly make the assertion that the Jews are never again to be restored to their own land as an independent nation. Has the following prophecy of a restoration been fulfilled? "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord . . . *it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down forever*" (Jer. xxxi. 38, 40).

I lay down four propositions, founded upon God's Word. Let those who deny a future restoration answer them.

(1) God promised the land to Abraham and to his seed forever. Gen. xiii. 15: "For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Again, Gen. xvii. 8: "And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession." This promise was also confirmed to Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 3, 4). Now, how could God promise the land to the seed of Abraham forever, and for an everlasting possession, when they occupied the country only during a period of 1,300 or 1,400 years, and are never to occupy it again?

(2) God promised an extent of territory to Israel which they have never yet possessed, except, perhaps, during the reign of Solomon. Gen. xv. 18: "In the same day, the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." See also Ex. xxiii. 31; Deut. i. 7. Shall we consider it a sufficient fulfilment of God's promise to Abraham that during the reign of one king they occupied the land "from the river (Euphrates) even unto the land of the Philistines, and to the border of Egypt"? (II. Chron. ix. 26.) If not, then there must be another restoration, when Israel is to occupy this territory.

(3) Many prophets, foretelling a restoration, dwell upon the fact that Israel, as well as Judah, are to be restored and united together. This must refer to a restoration other than the return from Babylon; for Judah only returned then, not Israel. This is very plainly mentioned in Ezra ii. 2; iv. 1, and elsewhere. But a restoration is spoken of that distinctly includes the ten tribes of Israel, as well as the two of Judah.

Jeremiah says, "In those days the house of Judah shall talk with the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I

have given for an inheritance unto your fathers" (ch. iii. 18). Again, "Lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah" (ch. xxx. 3). God promises "to bring again the captivity of Jacob, and to have mercy upon the whole house of Israel" (Ezekiel xxxix. 25); that in Jerusalem "shall all the house of Israel, all of them in the land, serve me" (ch. xx. 47); that, instead of a divided kingdom with two heads, "the children of Judah and the children of Israel shall be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head" (Hosea i. 11). See also the whole of Ezekiel xxxvii.; Jer. l. 4, 5; Jer. xxxiii. 7, 8. Surely, if we are to understand these texts as referring to the return from Babylon, then they were only very partially fulfilled.

(4) A restoration is promised that is never again to end in captivity; a Jerusalem is spoken of that will no more be destroyed. See Amos ix. 14, 15: "And I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities . . . and I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord God." Jeremiah foretells that the city "shall not be plucked up or thrown down any more forever" (ch. xxxi. 40). See also the following passages: Ezek. xxxvii. 25; Jer. xxxi. 12; Isaiah lxii. 4, 7, 8.

Now, these four points with quotations from God's Holy Word prove that the land was promised to Israel forever. It is, therefore, absurd to say that Israel is never again to be restored. "God is not a man, that he should lie."

The children of Israel are to occupy the whole land as originally promised; Israel is to be restored as well as Judah; and, lastly, the children of Israel are to expect an unending, never-ending season of prosperity, never again to be led captive, nor is Jerusalem ever to be destroyed again.

REV. S. SCHOR.

"CARELESS seems the great Avenger,
History pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness,
'Twixt false systems and the Word:
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind that dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

"SCIENCE shows me how the heavens go, but Jesus shows me how I may go to heaven" (Galileo).

VALUABLE PARISHIONERS.

PARISHIONERS may be divided into two classes. This division is neither fanciful nor arbitrary, but one which is made by the facts. In every parish the world over these two classes are present.

One class is composed of the faithful people who are a help and an ornament in the church, and whose praise is in the hearts and on the lips of all who know them. They are a precious comfort to the rector and the mainstay of the parish. They are always in their places during divine service unless hindered by some necessity, ready ever with aid, and sympathy, and appreciativeness, and invariably to be depended upon to support every noble undertaking. In them we have the valuable parishioners.

The other class consists of those who, though their names are on the roll of communicants and the list of pew-holders, are of no real account to their parish. Indeed, the parish is scarcely theirs except in a remote sense. Nothing pertaining to the Church arouses their interest. At the best, they are spectators, and not very inspiring ones either. They do not know what is going on, and they do not care. No one expects them to do anything. When parochial schemes and possibilities are canvassed, they—their purses, co-operation, and even their good wishes—are left out of the calculations, just as though the individuals themselves were not in the land of the living. They are never counted upon for any good word or work. If they were only zeroes, the case would not be so distressing, but they are a dead weight upon the parish, and by their example they hamper and hinder the glorious work of saving souls and blessing the world. Let us not characterize them, except to say that they are not valuable parishioners.

Everybody can be a valuable parishioner if he will. It does not require that he be rich, or educated, or a person of elegant leisure. All that is necessary is for him to do what is *easy* within his power.

Valuable parishioners are the faithful and devoted Christians of the congregation. Their godly lives are a blessing to the parish. People who are true to Christ commend the church. They are the best and strongest sort of argument for the existence of God, the Gospel of Christ, and for the American church. Adversaries may attack our arguments, but they cannot controvert a noble life. Every earnest Christian is a valuable parishioner.

Churchgoing is one instance of the helpfulness of valuable parishioners. Although they attend divine service in order to worship Almighty God, and hear His Word and receive His grace, their devotion is blessed as a ministry to others in cheering the pastor's heart, in giving a wholesome example to others, and in aiding the church to appear worthy of herself before the community. They love the courts of the Lord's house, and the negligence and indifference of others is not countenanced by them. To attend the services is one of the first Christian duties; it is also a powerful means of helping the parish. They who can do nothing more than this are of large worth.

A valuable parishioner will not stand aloof from the parochial activities. Guilds, the Sunday-school, and perhaps other spheres, offer opportunities for serving God and the church, and the people who assist in at least one of these are of great account. They will not be among the whining or disgruntled number who "never see the rector" and "never receive any notice." Church work renders such complaints impossible, and it makes a cheerful and united congregation. Every one might undertake at least one little task for the church, though it be nothing more than to attend a guild meeting.

Parishioners who are worth having will speak for the church. It is bad manners and a lack of charity to obtrude one's convictions in the social circle, and especially should we beware of introducing matters of religious controversy. But occasions will often arise when the more sensitive propriety will allow and even command us to stand up for the church. If we are to do this, we must be able to explain her heavenly ways and give reasons for her principles. Of course we must understand her ourselves, if we would point out her strength and beauty to others; we should know why we are churchmen.

They who do such things as these are valuable parishioners. Alas, that there are so few in every congregation. If there were more, if all who are nominally Christians were to do their duty, it would not be long till the world would be won for Christ.—*Selected.*

"THE easy path in the lowland
Hath little of grand or new;
But a toilsome ascent leads on
To a wide and glorious view.
Peopled and warm is the valley,
Lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud
Is nearer the stars of light!"

CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY.

JESUS CHRIST was always practical, though oftentimes He said things which seemed to be of a visionary nature. He was practical when He told His church to take care of the poor, and to visit the sick, and bless the unblest, and give joy to him who was sad of heart. Christianity has its own *secularism* as well as its own theology. To hear some persons talk one would imagine that Christianity was only the latest phase of the theological imagination. Christianity has its *humanities* as well as its divinities. There are two commandments in its infinite law, the love of God, the love of man.

There is no religion under heaven so hard-working as Christianity; it never rests. Hindooism has its At Home, Mahometanism makes no proselytes, Confucianism lets the world alone, but Christianity *lets nobody alone*. It is the working religion, the missionary religion, the energetic faith, the revolutionary force. Do give Christianity the credit of being the *hardest-working* religion known amongst men.

I do not mean merely hard-working in any ceremonial sense, but in the largest sense of beneficence, love, evangelization, caring for everybody, never resting until the last man is brought in; not judging by majorities, but judging by individualities; counting every man one, and reckoning that its work is unfinished till the last man is homed in the very heart of Christ.

Our Christianity is nothing if it be not thus practical. He only is the visionary theologian who is so lost in theological speculation as to neglect the ignorance, the disease, the poverty, which are lying round about his very house and path.

GOD'S PROMISES.

A PROMISE is like a cheque. I have a cheque; what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it;" a person would say, "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No; I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you your name on the back of it?" "No; I have not done that." "And yet you are blaming the person who gave you the cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name on the back of the cheque, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you."

A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise, endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into the bank with a cheque and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common-sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money, and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business.—*Spurgeon*.

A SWEET THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY.

ANOTHER page of life
Is opened unto me;
O blessed Spirit, write thereon
What seemeth best to Thee.

Write lovely acts of love!
Write holy thoughts of praise;
Yea, write a copy, Spirit dear,
Of one of Jesus' days.

And every mark of mine,
Oh! wash it, wash it white;
Let nothing on the page appear
But words that Thou dost write.

And then, lest some should miss
Whence all the sweetness came,
When Thou has written all the rest,
Write underneath Thy name.

—*Selected*.

LOOK AT THINGS IN THEIR RIGHT LIGHT.

THE great German etcher, Retsch, produced a singular etching, called "Cloud-land." At first sight it seemed simply a mass of floating clouds; but after a little careful observation it was perceived that in each cloud were an angel's face, angel's wings; and what at first appeared a mass of gloom, by and by revealed a number of angelic watchful eyes.

How often is it the case that many things that seem gloomy and against us turn out for our advantage and blessing! It is not for us to judge by appearances, but let us weigh matters in the balances of the sanctuary. It seemed to be against the three Hebrew young men when they were cast into the fiery furnace, but it proved to be to their gain, for they *lost* the bonds with which they were bound, and *gained* the company of Christ.

Look not at the tangled side of the carpet for the pattern.

WORDS FROM CANON TRISTRAM.

THE learned Canon Tristram, of Durham, gives the following account of his first open-air sermon at a large colliery: "I felt it my duty," he says, "to do something for my neighbors, and, accordingly, announced my intention of preaching on the pit heap after 'pay.' It happened to be when the wonderful comet of 1859 was just overhead. With inward tremor, for the church was in no good odor there, I mounted the 'heap' opposite the colliery office, and took the comet for my text. There was a goodly crowd around me, who gave me an attentive hearing until, on my reminding them that 'we have to do with a God who hears and answers prayer,' a well-known leader among the men cried out, 'Aye, there's one good prayer in the Bible, "Avenge me of mine adversary." Down with the capitalists!' I do not know how, but the inspiration seemed to seize me, and at once I replied, 'That prayer is not for him. My friend should have read a few verses further on, and he would have found the prayer for him, "God be merciful to me a sinner."' A woman in the crowd called out, 'Ah, Jock, the priest has given thee one in the mouth now.' Jock slunk away, and from that day I had those men."—*Family Churchman*.

BE PROMPT.

DON'T live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, now!

AMEN.

I CANNOT say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way,
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well, when dark'ning clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves, and say, since it is so,
"Thy will be done."

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drop on my cheek
Shows I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is Love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care,
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Some time, somewhere!

I do not look
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book;
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back—but hush that sigh,
"It might have been";
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond, "Amen."

—*F. C. Browning*.

ONE POOR STONE.

TWO masons were working together on the rear wall of a church, when one stopped the other just as he was putting a stone in its place.

"Don't put in that stone," he said, "it is flaky, and will soon fall to pieces."

"I know it isn't a very good one, but it is so handy, and just fits here. Nobody will see it up here, and it is too much trouble to get another."

"Don't put it in. Take time to send for another. That stone won't stand the weather, and when it falls the whole building will be damaged."

"I guess not. It won't hurt us; so here goes."

So he lifted the stone into its place, poor, and loose-grained, and flaky as it was, covered it over with mortar, and went on with his work. Nobody could

see the stone, and none knew of its worthlessness but the two masons, and the church was finished and accepted.

But time and the weather did their work, and soon it began to flake and crumble. Every rain storm and every hot sultry day helped its decay, and it soon crumbled away. But that was not all, nor the worst. The loss of the stone weakened the wall, and soon a great beam which it should have supported sank into the cavity, a crack appeared in the roof, and the rain soon made sad havoc with ceiling and fresco. So a new roof and ceiling and expensive repairs were the result of one poor stone put where a good one should have been placed.

Each one of us, young or old, is building a structure for himself. The structure is our character, and every act of our lives is a stone in the building. Don't work in poor stones. Every mean action, every wrong act or impure word, will show itself in your after life, though it may pass unnoticed at first. Let every act and word of every day be pure and right, and your character will stand the test of any time, a beautiful edifice enduring to your praise and honor.—*New York Parish Visitor.*

A FATAL MISTAKE.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

A YOUNG man in a boat, while hunting near New Haven, broke an oar. A sudden rain storm was coming up, but he was so desirous of securing a duck he had shot that he neglected to go ashore while he could. The squall drove him far from land, and with but one oar he soon found himself helplessly drifting rapidly out to sea. Finally, seeing no hope of safety by his own exertions, he took his handkerchief and tied it to the oar, and held it up to attract attention of others, should any vessel come in sight. After weary waiting, a sloop was at length seen making for him, and as soon as it was within hailing distance of the boat the captain bade the man jump aboard the instant the sloop came alongside, as it was sailing fast under a strong wind. The order was obeyed. He jumped and caught the taffrail with both hands. "Saved!" you say. No; for no sooner had he seized hold than he was pulled back, fell into the water, and was seen no more, as the sloop dashed onward in its course. He had tied the boat's painter about his loins, and so the weight of the boat dragged him down into a watery grave. In trying to save his game he was driven out to sea; and then,

in trying to save his boat, he lost his life. Had he divested himself of every weight and leaped unfettered into that ark of safety, which for an instant was within his reach, he would have been saved. Oh, the folly of those who are anxious to save trifles and reckless in risking all—who hesitate to lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets them, and thus forever perish. Did they say, as Toplady, "*Nothing in my hands I bring*"; did they drop what was dear to them, as a right hand or eye, for the sake of eternal life, they would gain heaven.

He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be Christ's disciple. If there be love of money, or fear of hardship, or dread of ridicule, or choice of pleasure—whatever it is that fetters and loads down the soul, there is no hope of heaven. The gate is narrow. There is no room for the bulky appendages with which the self-righteous, or worldly, or covetous burden themselves. To dream of thus entering heaven is a fatal mistake. But by giving up all, we gain all. By dropping the toys of time, we receive the wealth of eternity.—*Church Union.*

"TO-DAY!"

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx. 6.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 22.

SPEND not thy time in vain regrets
That thy past life has borne,
No precious fruit for selfish toil—
Thy soul depressed, forlorn.

Nor waste the hours in dreams and plans
Of great works thou wouldst do
In years to come; else, at their end,
This, also, thou shalt rue.

Act! act to-day! Each hour redeem!
Oh, stand not idly by!
The fleeting *now* alone is thine:
Work—God to glorify!

Then when thy earthly sun has set,
And heavenly life begun,
Good deeds shall be thy monument,
Inscribed with God's "*Well done!*"
—*E. K. Pettit, in Episcopal Recorder.*

THE RELIGION OF SUFFERING.

RELIGION may have an endless variety of doctrines, a multitude of gods, an endless array of institutions, but, in spite of this multiplicity, it has grown out of one solemn fact, or experience of humanity; it springs out of our suffering and our sorrow, out of our sin and our shame. It is the sin-stricken, sorrow-laden humanity which yearns unceasingly after a clue for its own redemption. Joy does not draw men together; more often it holds them apart.

But it is in the anguish of our sin-stricken, sorrow-laden souls that we reach out almost helplessly for the hand of our fellows, reach out for anything whatever that may lift us away from this awful burden bearing us down. It is because men have suffered and agonized that they are drawn together, that they are fond of brotherhood, that they have developed religions. You tell me there is nothing in common to the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Unitarian, and the Jew, the agnostic and the theist, the Buddhist and the disciple of Confucius? I tell you, look into one another's faces; see one another's features; look at the care, the anxiety, the lines of suffering and pain written therein. Is there a human being living in this wide universe who does not carry those scars, who has not felt the torture of conscience, the anguish of sorrow, the blow of defeated aims?—*Family Churchman.*

THE UNIVERSAL CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.

No other book can be compared with this simply as a book. It is an Oriental book, but, as Sir William Jones pointed out long ago, all the other Oriental books, be they ever so poetical, or be they ever so wise, in order to be made intelligible and palatable to the western mind, require to be transfused. Many omissions are necessary, and many modifications are requisite. How is it that this Oriental book has taken possession chiefly of Japhet, of the western nations—of England, of Germany, of America? How is it that this Oriental book, whether taken to Greenland or to Madagascar, or to South Africa, or to the interior of India, is a book that appeals to the mind and heart of those that hear it? Only last week I read an account of a missionary who was reading the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in which heathenism is described in its effects; and when the chapter was finished, a Brahmin, who was present, went up and said: "That describes us." He recognized in the words the condition of his own nation. To this book there is no limitation of race or nationality. It has become in all nations a *household book*, a *home book*, a *heart book*.—*Rev. Adolph Saphir.*

PATIENCE IN TEACHING.—"I remember," says John Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that stupid fellow the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Oct. 6. Judges ii. 1-12, 16. Mark x. 13-17.
 13. Judges vii. 13-23. Gen. xxvii. 6-30.
 20. Ruth i. 14-22. Gen. xxviii. 10-22
 27. I. Sam. iii. 1-13. Gen. xxxvii. 1-12

DEAR JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

I USED to be afraid at night
 When all was dark and still,
 And beg for just a crack of light
 Beneath the door—until

Mamma said: "Would you be afraid
 If I were with you, dear?"
 "Why, no, of course not; if you stayed,
 What would there be to fear?"

And then mamma, she softly said:
 "The One who loves you best
 Is caring for you in my stead,
 He holds you on His breast.

"He will not leave His little one;
 When shades of evening fall,
 And joys and cares of day are done,
 He watches over all.

"His holy angels hover near
 Throughout the long, dark night,
 Ask Him, and He will surely hear,
 'Dear Jesus, be my light.'"
 —*Cora W. Gregory, in The Churchman.*

TALKS WITH "OUR GIRLS."

I RECEIVED such a pleasant surprise this month, dear girls, a dainty booklet, bound in silver and white, bestrewn with tiny sprigs of carnations. "A collection of light verses to charm away an idle hour." Such was my first thought. I opened the pages at random, and read:

"Have you not a word for Jesus?
 Some perchance, while you are dumb,
 Wait and weary for your message,
 Hoping you will bid them come."

The little book was more than a pretty gift; it was a message full of serious import. And after the darkness fell, and I could no longer see to read, the refrain of its title, "Under the Surface," sent me into a twilight reverie, not gloomy, but profitable.

I think that one of the reasons we so often form superficial judgments, and give way to unreasonable prejudices, is just because we take life, or, rather, we live our lives on the surface instead of *under* the surface.

One morning, last week, I went by chance into the private office of a large firm. I was greeted by a gloomy-browed young woman, with downcast eyes and a most ungracious manner. She answered

my questions grudgingly, almost curtly; "an intensely disagreeable, rude, young person!" I immediately decided; as I reached the door, I caught the sound of a stifled sob. I turned hastily and discovered that the "intensely disagreeable, rude, young person" was bent over her desk, her whole frame shaken by a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief. A few questions brought to light a pitiful tale. A young widow, just returned from the grave of her only child, an aged mother, stricken unto death by the blow, and the grim necessity of the bread-winner to struggle, day after day, to supply the wants of a cheerless existence. *Under* the surface, girls, was hidden the pathetic tragedy of this broken life.

Another picture rises before me; this time it is a scene of festivity; a young woman, beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy, is the cynosure of all eyes. What thought has she beyond this butterfly existence? We pass our judgment upon her; thoughtless, heartless, and frivolous! A day later, the same figure can be seen passing with gentle tread through the crowded wards of a hospital. Under the glittering surface beat a tender, womanly heart.

And now, dear girls, forgive me, if I am too personal; but even, as we meet one another at our little weekly reunions, and take one another's hands in meeting and parting, how seldom do we make an effort to get under the surface! Do we ever imagine that the girl at our side, whom we call stupid and cross, is perhaps bearing the burden of a secret sorrow, or that some other, whose ready laugh irritates us, and whom we pronounce flippant and selfish, is hungering for a word of spiritual help? I remember my professor of botany once announcing as a scientific fact, that every thorn was a bruised blossom, and, if this be true, it contains a beautiful and suggestive lesson. Surely, the command to love our neighbor as ourselves must mean the love of the inner as well as of the outer. We all know that a thorn can never become a flower, no matter how skilled the gardener; but a soul, even if to us it seem useless, and only fit to sting and hurt, can be transformed by God, through us, perhaps, by a timely word, a sympathetic glance, an earnest prayer, into one of the most rare and fragrant of consecrated lives, a flower fit to bloom forever in God's presence. Dear girls, I feel very earnest over this thought, over this responsibility laid upon us all, because I am sure we are oftentimes careless and indifferent.—*Our Church.*

PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HELP.

JOHN SUMMERS had collected a number of his boy friends to help him build a dam on the pretty brook which ran through his father's farm. The object was to make a pond, in which the boys might bathe, and which might also be used for sheep washing and for other farm purposes. The work went on harmoniously, if noisily, and amid a great deal of good-natured merriment, till a difference of opinion arose about a matter of construction.

"This is the place for the gate!" said Harry Fielder. "Put it here, John!"

"I don't think so," answered John. "The gate should be in the middle. Father said so."

"Of course it should," said two or three of the boys, and one of them added: "Anyhow, Harry, it is John's dam, and it is for him to say."

"Oh, very well!" said Harry. "If you all know so much about it, you can do the work yourselves." And throwing down his hoe he walked away, hoping perhaps to be called back, but no such thing happened.

The boys finished their work, and Mr. Summers, being called to inspect it, pronounced it well done.

"But where is Harry Fielder?" he asked. "I thought he was here."

"He was," answered John; "but he got mad because we would not do everything his way, and so he went off."

"Harry is always that way!" remarked Lewis Ford. "He never can help. He must boss the job, or he won't do anything."

"That is a bad fault, certainly!" said Mr. Summers. "Well, boys, you have done a good job, and John and I are much obliged to you. Wash yourselves now, and come and have some supper."

The supper table was set in the shady side yard, and covered with good things, and Harry passed while the boys were eating. He went home feeling mortified and unhappy, but it never occurred to him to think the fault was his own.

I fear there are a good many boys and girls, yes, and men and women as well, who have Harry's fault. These people cannot help. They can do nothing except in their own way. Maria is making a dress for Jane, who mildly suggests that she would like the trimming put on another way. Down goes the dress on the instant. "Oh, well, if you know so much better than I, you had better make it yourself." Mrs. Brown suggests a

different hour for the meeting of the Ladies' Society; Mrs. White points out to her that such an hour would be inconvenient for many of the members, whereupon Mrs. Brown is offended, and will have no more to do with the matter. Miss Green agrees with Mrs. Brown, but finding that the others are opposed to the change she gives up the point good-naturedly, and goes on working as before.

There is no talent more valuable than the talent for helpfulness. John Summers is in request in all the boys' plans for work and play, because, as Lewis says, he can help, even when the project is not his own. His father can set him about a piece of work, and be sure that his directions will be followed exactly. If Harry is told to do a thing in a certain way, he is very apt to try some plan of his own, and consequently he often does more harm than good.

Try, then, boys and girls, to cultivate a helpful, teachable spirit. Be not wise in your own conceits. Remember that other people have a right to their own opinions. If you feel obliged to differ from others, do so modestly, and not angrily. Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—*New York Parish Visitor.*

BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learnt it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble—O heaps of trouble—and no end of hard work and a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old taskmaster—conscience. You don't have to stop to remember how you told it yesterday; you don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you told it the other time, and cannot remember just how you told it then; you won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it; and you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old

one. After Ananias told a lie his wife had to tell one just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel in gangs with their co-equals.

And, then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation; the leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. "Yes," you say, "God knows it." That's right; but He is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what Gods knows—if he did, he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man or boy who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers" know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it, talk about it to each other and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could hear them, it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wish I knew who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort; we know he is all right, and that when he gets home we will know all about it and have it all straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once, and that is enough. We don't have to say, "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time; but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a

good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring you—the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

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