



Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God" - Col. 1:1

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 20.

APRIL, 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., } *Churchwardens.*
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, }

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

R. HANNAH,
DR. SIMPSON,
C. D. BARR,

A. TIMS,
T. J. MURTAGH,
JAS. CORLEY.

M. SISSON,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,
L. ARCHAMBAULT.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton.

A. HOADLEY.

Sunday Services.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m.

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

WILSON. —Margaret Ethel, daughter of George and Mary Jane Wilson, born 15th March, 1892, baptized 6th March, 1893

MILLER.—Mary Isabella, daughter of Isaac and Ellen Miller, born 15th December, 1892, baptized 7th March, 1893.

DINGLE.—Caroline Muriel, daughter of Bartholomew and Elizabeth Dingle, borne 5th June, 1892; baptized 18th March, 1893.

CHURCH NOTES.

A lady near Cambray sent in \$2 for Good Friday offering for work among the Jews.

The Easter offertory at St. John's, Peterboro, was over \$800, and was for the church debt.

From Easter, 1892, to Easter, 1893, the rector made 865 pastoral visits, and had 221 services at addresses.

We regret to hear that Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Matcsett are likely to leave town, but wish them success in their new home.

Dr. Cornwall, for many years churchwarden at Omeme, has for some time been ill, but we are glad to hear is much better now.

By a mistake the offertory for February was not published last month. The sum given for home support was \$135.49; for missions, \$9.72.

A number of our readers will regret to hear that the Hon. Winnifrede Sugden, who visited Lindsay on March 28th, is ill at the hospital, Toronto.

Mr. N. I. Perry assisted at St. Paul's on Easter day, preaching an excellent sermon in the morning. He took the service at Reaboro in the evening.

Rev. J. E. Cooper, formerly of Cambray and lately of Hastings, has been appointed to and entered upon the duties of incumbent of Shanty Bay, near Barrie.

Easter Sunday was beautiful; congregations large; the church tastefully adorned with flowers; the singing good, the anthem showing much care in preparation; the extra offertory \$145; the worship, we trust real; the number of communicants large, and we hope the

resurrection message a blessing to many. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

Miss Sugden received \$40 at Port Hope and \$20 at Cobourg for her hospital work in India, in addition to the collections for the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

Our advertisers help to make our parish paper a success, so when you cannot get what you want at your regular dealers, be sure and call next on them, and if you have no regular place where you deal, why call and try our patrons.

The congregations of St. James and St. John, Emily, lately presented Rev. Wilson McCann with a horse, and now the congregation at Omeme is giving him a buggy and set of harness. Surely the lines have fallen to our friend in pleasant places.

The people of Coldwater have just paid the debt on their church, which amounted to \$1,436. Of this the incumbent, Rev. J. H. Sheppard, raised \$500 outside the mission. They are arranging to build a parsonage this summer. We say, "Well done."

Mr. George Walters, for some time president of St. Paul's Young Men's Association, and now at Forest, was at home for a few days last month. We are glad to know that he now has a good dental practice, and is also an active worker in the church at Forest.

The Sunday school service on the last Sunday in March was well attended and heartily entered into by the young people. The offertory, which was toward the church debt, was \$6 35. "Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord."

Mr. Farncomb of Newcastle, father of Rev. Wm. Farncomb of Fenelon Falls, died on April 4th. He was for many years one of the most active workers in Newcastle, and will be much missed. Of the family he leaves behind him three are clergymen of this diocese.

St. John's church, Dunsford, loses a great deal by the removal of Mr. Jabez Thurston and so many of his family to the West. Mr. Thurston, we believe, was churchwarden when the old church was built, Rev. J. Vicars being clergyman, and has been so for many years since.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the bishop of the diocese will (D. V.) visit Lindsay, and the apostolic rite of confirmation will be administered. The prayers of God's people are requested for a rich outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those who become members of our church at that time.

The rector in his sermon on Easter spoke of one who had just been called away (Mrs. Orde) as having been a worshipper with and friend of his in the first mission he was appointed to, (Otonabee), and of her kindly words of encouragement so often given, and how pleased he was to find her in Lindsay, where also she had often helped him in works for God and man.

And then to all bereaved and sorrowing ones was the glad message of the day, the resurrection pressed home. She is "Not dead but sleepeth," for we "Believe in the resurrection of the dead."

On the day before Easter a little five year old boy brought a box with a slit in the top of it over to the rectory. It was found to contain twenty five-cent pieces and thirty-two coppers; in all \$1.32, which he said was for the church debt. Well done, Harold! It is good to begin work for God young.

The March meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at the home of the president, Mr. M. H. Sisson, and after the work of the evening was over a very pleasant time was spent, Mr. and Mrs. Sisson entertaining their visitors right royally. We congratulate our friends on so soon beginning to use their home in helping forward God's work.

Offertory for ^{March} ~~January~~:-

	Jan.	Envelopes	Loose	Total
	5	\$19 35	\$9 88	\$29 23
	12	19 10	10 12	29 22
	19	35 90	8 39	44 29
	26	43 85	10 27	54 12
				\$156 86

Easter Sunday collection, special, \$145.00. Good Friday collection London Society for Jews, \$23.67.

There was a fair congregation at service on Good Friday, (about 200,) when the subject of the death of the Son of Man was considered, and also our debt to the Jews. The offertory, which was for promoting Christianity among the Jews, amounted to \$23.67. The history of the work among the Jews in Palestine, Russia and Abyssinia especially is most interesting; while at the Society's chapel alone, at Palestine Place, London, there have been some sixteen hundred Jewish baptisms. We should all rejoice to know that so many of God's ancient people now acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah, and also pray that the work be extended.

The annual vestry meeting was held on Easter Monday at St. Paul's school house. After opening with prayer and reading of God's Word, the rector welcomed those present, urged thanksgiving to God for measure of blessing during the year; expressed his appreciation of the kindness of officers and congregation in the past. Said services had been held regularly on Sundays and Wednesdays during the year as well as on special days. Holy communion had been administered fourteen times, with an average attendance of 54, there being 112 on Easter day. Twenty-nine children had been baptized; eleven couples married, while there had been twenty called away by death. He spoke of the removal of Mr. McCann to Omeme, and hoped soon to have a successor. Referred to the work of the Sunday school, the choir, the interest taken in Missionary work, the C. E. T. S., and other societies as doing good work, and hoped with the

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1893.

No. 29.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

LESSONS.

- 2—**Easter Day.** *Morning*—Exod. 12, to v. 29; Rev. 1, v. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Ex. 12, v. 29, or 14; John 20, v. 11 to 19, or Rev. 5.
- 3—**Monday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—Exod. 15, to v. 22; Luke 24, to v. 13. *Evening*—Cant. 2, v. 10; Matt. 28, to v. 10.
- 4—**Tuesday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—2 Kings 13, 14 to 22; John 21, to v. 15. *Evening*—Ezek. 37, to v. 15; John 21, v. 15.
- 9—**1st Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 16, to v. 30; 1 Cor. 15, to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. 16, v. 36, or 17, to v. 12; John 20, v. 24 to 30.
- 16—**2nd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 20, to v. 14; Luke 13, to v. 18. *Evening*—Num. 21, v. 14 to 21, v. 10, or 21, v. 10; Gal. 6.
- 23—**3rd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. 22; Luke 17, v. 20. *Evening*—Num. 23 or 24; Eph. 6, v. 10.
- 25—**St. Mark E. & M.** *Morning*—Isaiah 63, v. 6; Luke 18, v. 31 to 19, v. 11. *Evening*—Ezek. 1, to v. 15; Philip. 2.
- 30—**4th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. 4, to v. 23; Luke 21, v. 5. *Evening*—Deut. 4, v. 23 to v. 41, or 5; Col. 2, v. 8.

EASTER DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

Now empty are the courts of Death,
And crushed thy sting, O Despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot-wheel
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

—Heber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

“Blessed are the Dead.”

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

In one of the most beautiful districts of Perthshire stands a house surrounded by spacious grounds, the ancient home of an old Scottish family. A few

years ago it came by descent into the possession of one who seemed destined to live long and to use and to enjoy it aright, and within a year of its becoming his, Robert Allen brought to it a bride like-minded with himself, and anxious to live the years that God should give upon earth in useful work for Him.

Human wisdom would have pronounced it well that these two so brave, so good, so helpful to those dependant upon them, should dwell long upon earth, happy in their love and in their work. Three children came, and soon after a dark shadow settled upon the house. The master was ill. The shadow was light at first. It was only a fever that he might shake off in a few days. The physician said there was no occasion for anxiety. But the shadow deepened, and one day the curtains of the house were drawn. Those inside moved about silently and spoke in whispers for the most austere and tyrannical of despots had entered there. Robert Allen was dead.

The refined taste of the minister who conducted the funeral service led him to use the beautiful burial service of the Church of England. Two lonely women sat unseen at the head of the staircase weeping as the noble words floated up to them. The widowed wife and her widowed mother mingled their tears in grief too deep for words, and listened to the solemn tones of the speaker.

“As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive . . . It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. . . . Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.”

Perhaps the darkest moment which human grief knows now came—the moment when the loved form is taken away forever, never more to be seen upon earth. Mary Allen’s mother led

her away to her room, and there the grief broke out in wild moanings. “Why, why does God lay upon me a burden heavier than I can bear? Why should he, the noble, the good, be taken? Why should the earth be left so dark for me, so dark, so dark that I am afraid to live? Can God see and allow these things?”

It was Easter Sunday. There was one hearer in the crowded church dressed in deepest mourning, whom those near saw start as the preacher gave out his text: “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” It seemed a strange topic for the joy of Easter, when the back is turned upon death, and its after joy only is thought of. But Mary Allen, clouded in spirit by her grief, listened with intensity of interest to every word.

“I have chosen this text,” said the preacher, “because I wish to speak to perplexed and troubled hearts. Easter is the festival of joy, but many hearts oppressed by sorrow for the dead cannot feel joy in the thought of a resurrection that is yet future. Easter does not bring them back their loved ones, and so turn their sorrow into joy.

“Let us see then our real ground for joy. Christ is risen. His death has been followed by the resurrection that restored him to His Father and to His people, and His resurrection furnishes the sure ground of hope. God never promised that men should not sorrow. He has told us that we should not sorrow as those without hope. The spirit of the world would lead us to hope to walk in a smooth path to glory with nothing to mar our perfection of enjoyment and happiness. The world would have our Easter without good Friday, the joy of resurrection without the pains of death. God is wiser and understands far better our frame and our need. Without the discipline of sorrow nobility of character cannot be developed. It is sadly, profoundly, wisely true that ‘without suffering is no one ennobled.’ The path of glory leads to the grave. This we know is

true, but we know a better truth—the Cross, the grave leads to glory.

"And now we see why the dead in the Lord are blessed. We who are living stagger under the Cross. We feel its burden, they have put it off. God has seen that for them to bear the Cross here on earth is no longer needed. They rest from their labours. Shall we grudge them their rest? Shall we distrust God because He is so firm and loving as to make our cross of grief heavy enough to do its purifying and strengthening work? Oh men and women look up bravely through your tears this morning and thank God that for some of your loved ones the Good Friday grief, the agony of the Cross, are past, and only the Easter joy remains. We who are left behind can trust and hope. There is no pain or grief without its needed discipline. God is leading us in the shortest path to glory; and as we grow older the sorrows lie more and more behind us, the joy before us grows more real and comforting. Thus is the gladness of Easter deeper with the growing years."

That afternoon Mary Allen walked in the brightness of the Easter sunlight, with the splendour of the Scotch mountains, their sides clothed in the faded heather, all about her. The message of the morning had been winged with peace for her, and now she had come out to talk alone with God. The doubt, the distrust, the bitterness, were gone. She drew from her pocket a little book, and there, standing with bowed head, she read aloud a thanksgiving which a few weeks ago her lips had refused to utter. "I give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver my loved one out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Thee that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy Kingdom, that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ST. MARK.

April 25th.

It was a common custom in our Lord's time for Jews who came much into contact with the Gentile world to

take to themselves or give to their children, in addition to their proper Jewish name, a name of Gentile origin. So it was with John Mark, as he is called in the Acts of the Apostles. Gradually, as in the case of St. Peter and also of St. Paul, the Jewish name was dropped, and in the Epistles we hear only of Mark.

Whether the young man who fled from the garden of Gethsemane on the night of the betrayal, leaving his garment behind him, was St. Mark or not, cannot be definitely known, though there is some probability that it was.

It can be more positively asserted that St. Mark, early in the history of the new-born Church, came into close fellowship with St. Peter, for when the latter, shortly after the day of Pentecost, escaped from prison, he made his way at once to St. Mark's home. Like Timothy, Chrysostom, Augustine and many other great men in the Church of Christ, St. Mark had a God-fearing and devoted mother.

About twelve years or more after this visit of St. Peter to St. Mark's home, we find St. Mark accompanying his relative Barnabas and St. Paul in their first missionary journey, in the capacity of a ministering attendant.

For some reason or other—possibly home-sickness—at Perga St. Mark abandoned the party and returned to Jerusalem. For this he afterwards received a well-merited reproof from St. Paul, which seemed to have done him good, for though he did not go with St. Paul on his second missionary journey but went with Barnabas to Cyprus instead, he is mentioned among St. Paul's assistants during that Apostle's first imprisonment at Rome, about the year A. D. 62. A little later we discover him in the East with St. Peter, who claims him as his spiritual son, and then in our parting glimpse of him we see him returning to Rome to be once more with St. Paul, in accordance with the Apostle's last wish to have so useful a minister in attendance upon him. Here the inspired record fails us, and we are left to uncertain tradition. There seems, however, no reason to doubt the ancient and well-supported tradition that shortly after the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Mark wrote the Gospel which bears his name, with the express purpose of handing down to posterity the Gospel story as told especially by St. Peter. A close study of St. Mark's

Gospel gives unmistakable evidence of the influence of St. Peter's personality. At times it almost seems as though this ardent apostle was describing as an eye witness some of the scenes—for example, the scene where our Lord was asleep in the stern of a fishing boat, with his head on the helmsman's cushion. Note the vividness of the present tenses as given in the Revised Version.

It must not, however, be imagined that St. Mark wrote at St. Peter's dictation, as a mere amanuensis; he wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, Who, however, utilized his remembrance of St. Peter's teaching. As we study the series of striking pictures which St. Mark so rapidly gives us of that mysterious Person who moves with such majestic presence, and yet with such tender, human sympathy in and out amongst the people, we may well, in the words of the Collect, thank God for having instructed His Church with the heavenly doctrine of His evangelist—St. Mark. F. H. DUVERNET.

O BLESSED MORN.

O BLESSED morn that saw the Lord arise!
O blessed sight for sad and tear-dimmed eyes,
Behold the stone which angels rolled away,
Behold the place where our Redeemer lay.

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail the ever blessed day,
When Jesus crowned the "new and living way,"
Let earth and heav'n His victories proclaim,
And every tongue exalt His precious name.

O blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!
Let songs of joy resound through earth and
skies,
Behold the rough and empty rock-hewn bed,
Behold the door whence death was captive led.

CHORUS.

O Blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!
O blessed day the Church with transport cries,
When Jesus rose triumphant o'er the grave,
And worlds proclaim'd His mighty pow'r to
save.

CHORUS.

O blessed morn that saw the Lord arise!
The prophet's hope, the world's supreme surprise
He spoiled the grave He broke its gloomy
thrall.

He conquered death and triumphed over all.

CHORUS. —Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

GAMBLING.

A SINGULAR instance of the passion of mankind for gambling has recently been before the English law courts. A Mr. Pearson, the publisher of "Pearson's Weekly," has for some time been mak-

ing "Missing Word Competitions," a feature of his paper. The method was to select a descriptive passage and omit one word, and the readers of the paper who chose to pay one shilling for the privilege, had the opportunity of guessing what this word was. If they guessed the right word they won a prize of about \$85; if they failed they lost only their shilling.

The missing word craze which this scheme developed is almost incredible. In December last the passage selected for the competition described the effect of placing bits of camphor on the surface of pure water, and ended by observing that they would twirl about in a manner that was truly ———. Nearly five hundred thousand answers were sent in with the necessary shilling. Of these one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight persons guessed the missing word correctly, it being in this case "unaccountable." A total sum of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand dollars was received by Mr. Pearson for this one month's competition alone, but it does not seem that the enterprise was very profitable to him, as the prizes paid reached nearly this amount.

When the gambling had thus developed, happily the law intervened, and after a long contest in the courts missing word competitions have been pronounced illegal as violating the law against lotteries. But the craze is instructive. The competition was planned skilfully so as to entrap a large number. The cost of competing was small, the prize was relatively large and the chances were enticing. It seemed so easy to make a little money without earning it!

It is to be feared that among the vast majority of young people especially, very loose views of the dangers of gambling prevail. If the simple rule be laid down and followed, that no game shall be played for gain, many stones of stumbling in this respect will be avoided. If the further principle be followed that it is mean and unmanly to try to win money without earning it, all danger would disappear. One of our wise men has said that the darkest hour in a young man's life is that in which he plans to get money without working for it.

It is vulgar and sordid to introduce money-getting into our sports and amusements. Is not a competition in speed between two noble horses of suffi-

cient intrinsic interest without betting upon the result? Is not a game of whist enticing enough without the element of money for the winner being added? If not, then the righteous man will avoid both classes of amusement. The high-minded gentleman ought to do the same, for it should seem that a nice sense of honour would scorn to use money, wrung from a friend without giving any value for it. And what of the lottery? Surely the experiences of mankind ought to point the finger of warning to every one tempted to try chances in so hazardous a field. The best governments have declared them illegal. The wisest men have tried to crush them as snares to mankind. Anyone who takes any part in them is deliberately encouraging one of the greatest curses and frauds of modern times.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

BAR ROOMS.

ONE does not look for high rules of moral conduct in a bar-room, nor expect the bar-keepers to turn preachers. Some have done so, and their familiarity with sin in its grosser forms makes them appreciate more keenly its remedy. But when they become moral reformers they cease usually to be bar-keepers. It is, however, interesting to see that there are bar-rooms and bar-rooms, and that an honest effort may be made by the bar-keepers themselves to purge their places of their worst impurities. The late Mr. Montagu Williams, one of the most upright and kindly of London magistrates, used sometimes to don threadbare attire and thus disguised to go about East London as a sort of modern Haroun-al-Raschid, who might be called upon the next day to pass judgment upon the people with whom he had mingled on the previous night.

England is still so far behind in the things that make for moral progress, that the bars are open for certain hours on Sundays, and one of the saddest sights of London is the crowd of men and women to be seen of a Sunday morning standing before the doors of the bars waiting for them to open. Walking in East London on a Sunday morning, Mr. Williams was struck by the number of persons passing in and out of a certain public-house. "I wondered," he says, "wherein lay the peculiar attraction of the place, and in order to solve the mystery, entered. The

bar proved a very remarkable one. It was crowded, but no one was smoking, no one ordered a second glass, and no one was using improper language. All was as quiet and orderly as a Sunday school. I confess I was thunderstruck.

"As I stood staring about me I caught sight of a card headed 'Rules,' printed in bold type, which hung upon the wall. I read as follows:

1. No smoking on the premises is permitted.
2. No loud talking or obscene language is tolerated.
3. No customer is supplied with more than one drink, until he or she has been off the premises for half an hour, at the end of which period only one more drink is supplied.
4. No refreshment is served to anyone who appears to be under the influence of drink, and if one of a company of friends is in this state, none of them will be served."

No smoking, no swearing, no drinking to excess, these were the rules of the bar-room! If our own keepers would try to carry out at least these reforms they would be doing good, and would weaken the reproaches that with too much justice may be urged against them as a class.

IMPROVING COMPANY.

IT is of great practical importance that young men have friends who will encourage and direct them. Union is strength. In the battle of life the want of a sympathizing companion may be the very point on which an otherwise brave combatant may at last give way. In this fight, as well as others, "shoulder to shoulder" is the most potent principle, both for the defence and the onset. Here and there in history you may read of some hero who, single-handed, has foiled an army; but, taking the common standard of humanity, even a brave man is easily over-powered by numbers when he stands alone. There are some points of analogy between that warfare and ours. To most men the sympathy of tried friends is a substantial support in the conflict with moral evil. Right-principled, true-hearted companions are often "the shields of the earth," which the all-ruling God has at His disposal, and throws around a youth to protect him from the fiery darts of the wicked one. — *Arnot, in the Parish Visitor.*

"SEALED ORDERS."

OUT she swung from her moorings,
 And over the harbour bar,
 As the moon was slowly rising
 She faded from sight afar—
 And we traced her gleaming canvas
 By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
 Nor whither her cruise would be;
 Her future course was shrouded
 In silence and mystery;
 She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
 To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
 Go drifting into the night,
 Darkness before and around them,
 With scarce a glimmer of light;
 They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
 And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
 Through ev' and good report,
 They shall ride the storms out safely,
 Be the voyage long or short;
 For the ship that carries God's orders
 Shall anchor at last in port!
 —Helen Chauncey, in *Sailor's Magazine*.

THE INVULNERABLE BOOK.

"The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Psalms xii. 6).

REMEMBER, if ever there was a book which has been proved true from beginning to end, by every kind of evidence, that book is the Bible. It has defied the attacks of all enemies and fault-finders. The Word of God is indeed "tried" (Psalms xviii. 30). It has been tried in every way; and the more it has been tried the more evidently has it been shown to be the very handiwork of God Himself.

What will you believe if you do not believe the Bible? There is no choice but to believe something ridiculous and absurd. Depend upon it no man is so grossly incredulous as the man who denies the Bible to be the Word of God; and if it be the Word of God, take heed that you despise it not. Men may tell you there are difficulties in the Bible—things hard to be understood. It would not be God's book if there were not. And what if there are? You do not despise medicines because you cannot explain all that your doctor does by them. But whatever men may say, the things needful to salvation are as clear as daylight. Be very sure of this—people never reject the Bible because they cannot understand it. They understand it only too well; they understand that it condemns their own behaviour; they understand that it witnesses against their own sins and summons

them to judgment. They try to believe that it is false and useless, because they do not like to allow it is true. "A bad life," said the celebrated Lord Rochester, laying his hand on the Bible, "a bad life is the only grand objection to this Book."—*The Bishop of Liverpool, in The Gospel Trumpet*.

KEY TO PAROCHIAL SUCCESS.

Two words declare it—church attendance. No question about it. No doubt. Given faithfully, persistently, enthusiastically attended services—the people there in force, there as a standing duty, there to see things proper and there to make things proper—and the thrift of any parish is established! Everything else will follow; warm devotion, hearty devotion, hearty worship, quick activity, ample collections. Even the dullest of ministries can be overcome by this means; being either quickened into sympathetic life or else compelled to "give place" to one more in accord with such an environment.

The beauty of it is, too, that this key is within such easy reach of any parish. The people need not be rich, nor experienced, nor learned. Any honest, earnest soul can come often to church, to join in the services, add to its energies and partake of its life. Oft at church means strength of soul to the people! Oft a church means glory, triumph, Heaven's blessing for the parish!

Those who only come to church occasionally or only on Sunday mornings lend a very partial and an almost insignificant strength to their church as compared with the magnificent service they could render—being happily so minded as to lend often the helpfulness of their presence. "Ease in Zion" in this respect is the ruin of many a parish. It is disastrous and contagious as concerns the people. It suggests to the clergy the easy letting of things down to the lowest level, except on a Sunday morning.

No question about it. Empty pews invite disaster, and insure defeat; while full pews of people who realize their duty, are a prophecy of success!—*Exchange*.

OUR DEBT TO MISSIONS.

Why should you feel a special interest in foreign missions? Because of your special indebtedness to them. This is one of the many replies which

may be given to that question. Perhaps it is a reply which many have never considered. You may thank God for the long line of Christian ancestry from which you have sprung. You may go back to the very times of the Reformation, and count, among the heroes of those days, some whose blood is still coursing in your veins.

But go farther than that. Imagine fifty of your ancestors in a continuous line, gathered in your own home. Let them stand side by side around the walls of one of your rooms; first your father, then your grandfather, and so on, to the most remote. Now what group have you before you? While the nearer part of the line embraces the Christian ancestors of whom you boast, at the farther end they are a line of savages, ignorant, degraded worshippers of Thor and Woden and the other gods of the Holland marshes, the German forests, the Scandinavian mountains, or the British Isles. Never were there more absolute heathen beneath the sun. And what has transformed that line into the beauties and graces of Christianity which you enjoy? It was the arduous, perilous, self-denying labours of missionaries from the shores of the Mediterranean, traversing the entire breadth of Europe on foot, clambering over its mountains, toiling through its weary forests, sacrificing comfort and often life, that they might proclaim to those wretched savages the love of God in Jesus Christ. Never were there more devoted missionaries. Some of them have left their names on the scanty annals of the Church, but the most of them left no record on earth, but a shining one on high.

You shall meet them there, and may learn from their own lips the debt of gratitude you owe the foreign mission work they wrought, whose influences have reached even down to your salvation. How can you repay that debt better than by doing what you can to bring other heathen to the same sweet hope in Christ which you enjoy? "Freely ye have received, freely give."
 —J. R. Berry, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

THE MANLY TASK.

No task is ill where hand, and brain,
 And skill, and strength have equal gain,
 And each shall each in honour hold,
 And simple manhood outweigh gold.
 —From *At Sundown*, J. G. Whittier.

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

III.—THE BIRD'S NEST.

CAROL herself knew nothing whatever of motherly tears and fatherly anxieties, she lived on peacefully in the room where she was born.

But you never would have known that room: for Mr. Bird had a great deal of money, and though he felt sometimes as if he wanted to throw it all in the ocean, since it could not buy a strong body for his little girl, yet he was glad to make the place she lived in just as beautiful as it could be made.

The room had been extended by the building of a large addition that hung out over the garden below, and was so filled with windows that it might have been a conservatory. The ones on the side were thus still nearer the little Church of our Saviour than they used to be; those in front looked out on the beautiful harbour, and those in the back commanded a view of nothing in particular but a little alley—nevertheless, they were pleasantest of all to Carol, for the Ruggles family lived in the alley, and the nine little, middle-sized and big Ruggles children were the source of inexhaustible interest.

The shutters could all be opened and Carol could take a real sun-bath in this lovely glass-house, or they could all be closed when the dear head ached or the dear eyes were tired. The carpet was of soft grey, with clusters of green bay and holly leaves. The furniture was of white wood, on which an artist had painted snow scenes and Christmas trees, and groups of merry children ringing bells and singing carols.

Donald had made a pretty, polished shelf and screwed it on to the outside of the foot board, and the boys always kept this full of blooming plants, which they changed from time to time; the head-board, too, had a bracket on either side, where there were pots of maiden-hair ferns.

Love-birds and canaries hung in their golden houses in the windows, and they, poor caged things, could hop as far from their wooden perches as Carol could venture from her little white bed.

On one side of the room was a book-case filled with hundreds—yes, I mean it—with hundreds and hundreds of books; books with gay-colored pictures, books without; books with black and white outline-sketches, books with none

at all; books with verses, books with stories; books that made children laugh, and some that made them cry; books with words of one syllable for tiny boys and girls, and books with words of fearful length to puzzle wise ones.

This was Carol's "Circulating Library." Every Saturday she chose ten books, jotting their names down in a little diary; into these she slipped cards that said: "Please keep this book two weeks and read it. With love, Carol Bird."

Then Mrs. Bird stepped into her carriage, and took the ten books to the Childrens' Hospital, and brought home ten others that she had left there the fortnight before.

This was a source of great happiness; for some of the Hospital children that were old enough to print or write, and were strong enough to do it, wrote Carol cunning little letters about the books, and she answered them, and they grew to be friends. (It is very funny, but you do not always have to see people to love them. Just think about it, and see if it isn't so.)

There was a high wainscoting of wood about the room, and on top of this, in a narrow gilt framework, ran a row of illuminated pictures, illustrating fairy tales, all in dull blue and gold and scarlet and silver and other lovely colors. From the door to the closet there was the story of "The Fair One with Golden Locks;" from the closet to bookcase, ran "Puss in Boots;" from bookcase to fireplace, was "Jack the Giant Killer;" and on the other side of the room were "Hop o' my Thumb," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Cinderella."

Then there was a great closet full of beautiful things to wear—but they were all dressing-gowns and slippers and shawls; and there were drawers full of toys and games; but they were such as you could play with on your lap. There were no ninepins, nor balls, nor bows and arrows, nor bean bags, nor tennis rackets; but, after all, other children needed these more than Carol Bird, for she was always happy and contented whatever she had or whatever she lacked; and after the room had been made so lovely for her, on her eighth Christmas, she always called herself, in fun, a "Bird of Paradise."

On these particular December days she was happier than usual, for Uncle

Jack was coming from Europe to spend the holidays. Dear, funny, jolly, loving, wise Uncle Jack, who came every two or three years, and brought so much joy with him that the world looked as black as a thunder-cloud for a week after he went away again.

The mail had brought this letter—
"London, Nov. 28th, 188—"

"Wish you merry Christmas, you dearest birdlings in America! Preen your feathers, and stretch the Bird's nest a little, if you please, and let Uncle Jack in for the holidays. I am coming with such a trunk full of treasures that you'll have to borrow the stockings of Barnum's Giant and Giantess; I am coming to squeeze a certain little lady-bird until she cries for mercy; I am coming to see if I can find a boy to take care of a little black pony I bought lately. It's the strangest thing I ever knew: I've hunted all over Europe, and can't find a boy to suit me! I'll tell you why. I've set my heart on finding one with a dimple in his chin, because this pony particularly likes dimples! ('Hurrah!' cried Hugh: 'bless my dear dimple; I'll never be ashamed of it again!') Please drop a note to the clerk of the weather, and have a good, rousing snow-storm—say on the twenty-second. None of your meek, gentle, nonsensical, shilly-shallying snow storms; not the sort where the flakes float lazily down from the sky as if they didn't care whether they ever got here or not, and then melt away as soon as they touch the earth, but a regular business-like whizzing, whirring, blurring, cutting snow-storm, warranted to freeze and stay on!

"I should like rather a large Christmas tree, if it's convenient—not one of those 'sprigs,' five or six feet high, that you used to have three or four years ago, when the birdlings were not fairly feathered out, but a tree of some size. Set it up in the garret, if necessary, and then we can cut a hole in the roof if the tree chances to be too high for the room.

"Tell Bridget to begin to fatten a turkey. Tell her by the twentieth of December that turkey must not be able to stand on its legs for fat, and then on the next three days she must allow it to recline easily on its side, and stuff it to bursting. (One ounce of stuffing beforehand is worth a pound afterwards.)

"The pudding must be unusually huge, and darkly, deeply, lugubriously black

in colour. It must be stuck so full of plums that the pudding itself will ooze out into the pan and not be brought on to the table at all. I expect to be there about the twentieth, to manage these little things—remembering it is the early Bird that catches the worm—but give you the instructions in case I should be delayed.

"And Carol must decide on the size of the tree—she knows best, she was a Christmas child; and she must plead for the snow-storm—the 'clerk of the weather' may pay some attention to her; and she must look up the boy with the dimple for me—she's likelier to find him than I am, this minute. She must advise about the turkey, and Bridget must bring the pudding to her bedside and let her drop every separate plum into it and stir it once for luck, or I'll not eat a single slice—for Carol is the dearest part of Christmas to Uncle Jack, and he'll have none of it without her. She is better than all the turkeys and puddings and apples and spare-ribs and wreaths and garlands and mistletoe and stockings and chimneys and sleigh-bells in Christendom. She is the very sweetest Christmas Carol that was ever written, said, sung or chanted, and I am coming, as fast as ships and railway trains can carry me, to tell her so."

Carol's joy knew no bounds. Mr. and Mrs. Bird laughed like children and kissed each other for sheer delight, and when the boys heard it they simply whooped like wild Indians, until the Ruggles family, whose back yard joined their garden, gathered at the door and wondered what was "up" in the big house.

IV.—"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."

Uncle Jack did really come on the twentieth. He was not detained by business, nor did he get left behind nor snowed up, as frequently happens in stories, and in real life too, I am afraid. The snow-storm came also; and the turkey nearly died a natural and premature death from over-eating. Donald came, too; Donald, with a line of down upon his upper lip, and Greek and Latin on his tongue, and stores of knowledge in his handsome head, and stories—bless me, you couldn't turn over a chip without reminding Donald of something that happened "at College." One or the other was always at Carol's bedside, for they fancied her

paler than she used to be, and they could not bear her out of sight. It was Uncle Jack, though, who sat beside her in the winter twilights. The room was quiet, and almost dark, save for the snow-light outside, and the flickering flame of the fire, that danced over the "Sleeping Beauty's" face, and touched the Fair One's golden locks with ruddier glory. Carol's hand (all too thin and white these latter days) lay close clasped in Uncle Jack's, and they talked together quietly of many, many things. "I want to tell you all about my plans for Christmas this year, Uncle Jack," said Carol, on the first evening of his visit, "because it will be the loveliest one I ever had. The boys laugh at me for caring so much about it; but it isn't altogether because it is Christmas nor because it is my birthday; but long, long ago, when I first began to be ill, I used to think, the first thing when I waked on Christmas morning, 'To-day is Christ's birthday — and mine!' I did not put the words close together, because that made it seem too bold; but I first thought, 'Christ's birthday,' and then, in a minute, softly to myself — 'and mine!' 'Christ's birthday — and mine!' And so I do not quite feel about Christmas as other girls do. Mamma says she supposes that ever so many other children have been born on that day. I often wonder where they are, Uncle Jack, and whether it is a dear thought to them, too, or whether I am so much in bed, and so often alone, that it means more to me. Oh, I do hope that none of them are poor, or cold, or hungry, and I wish, I wish they were all as happy as I, because they are my little brothers and sisters. Now, Uncle Jack, dear, I am going to try and make somebody happy every single Christmas that I live, and this year it is to be the 'Ruggleses in the rear.'"

"That large and interesting brood of children in the little house at the end of the back garden?"

"Yes; isn't it nice to see so many together? We ought to call them the Ruggles children, of course; but Donald began talking of them as the 'Ruggleses in the rear,' and Papa and Mamma took it up, and now we cannot seem to help it. The house was built for Mr. Carter's coachman, but Mr. Carter lives in Europe, and the gentleman who rents his place doesn't

care what happens to it, and so this poor Irish family came to live there. When they first moved in, I used to sit in my window and watch them play in their back yard; they are so strong and jolly, and good-natured; and then, one day, I had a terrible headache, and Donald asked them if they would please not scream quite so loud, and they explained that they were having a game of circus, but that they would change and play 'Deaf and Dumb School' all the afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Jack, "what an obliging family, to be sure."

"Yes, we all thought it very funny, and I smiled at them from the window when I was well enough to be up again. Now, Sarah Maud comes to her door when the children come home from school, and if Mamma nods her head, 'Yes,' that means 'Carol is very well,' and then 'you ought to hear the little Ruggleses yell—I believe they tried to see how much noise they can make; but if Mamma shakes her head, 'No,' they always play at quite games. Then, one day, 'Cary,' my pet canary, flew out of her cage, and Peter Ruggles caught her and brought her back, and I had him up here in my room to thank him."

"Is Peter the oldest?"

"No; Sarah Maud is the oldest—she helps do the washing; and Peter is the next. He is a dressmaker's boy."

"And which is the pretty little red-haired girl?"

"That's Kitty."

"And the fat youngster?"

"Baby Larry."

"And that freckled one?"

"Now, don't laugh—that's Peoria!"

"Carol, you are joking."

"No, really, Uncle dear. She was born in Peoria; that's all."

"And is the next boy Oshkosh?"

"No," laughed Carol, "the others are Susan and Clement, and Eily and Cornelius."

"How did you ever learn all their names?"

(To be continued.)

SECRET reservoirs, far up in the mountains, supply the water-springs; and eternal deeps of boundless love in the everlasting hills, supply the love-springs of the believer's soul. Is it not written, "All my fresh springs are in Thee?"—*Spurgeon*.

Parish and Home.

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THE thought of Easter is joy. Deeper even than the joy of Christmas is our joy, now that Christ is risen. When He came a child into the world, His life work, His sorrow for men lay before Him. Now the cross has been endured. His sorrow, His humiliation, His agony—all are finished. He is risen, and a deep and holy joy should reign in the hearts of those who trust Him

WE applaud ourselves for our progress—justly in some respects. But there are many things greater than flies in our pot of ointment. In Europe in this year of grace 1893, twelve and a half million men stand armed with the most destructive weapons, and ready to fall upon each other. In the present year 1,000,000,000 dollars will be spent on military equipment! Truly this is a spectacle for the lover of peace which should add a little fervour to our prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

"GIVE heed," says St. Paul, in writing to Timothy, "to reading." Books were few in St. Paul's time and good books were scarce indeed. But Timothy was expected to find both time and opportunity to read a little. The taste for good reading grows by use as every other good habit does. We remember once hearing a great statesman say, "I cannot afford to read many novels, because they dissipate my mental energies and I find it difficult to turn to something more solid." If a man with an acute and cultivated mind found this true how much greater is the danger for

lesser minds? There are few men and women so situated that they could not find a few minutes for good reading every day.

WALTER SAVAGE LAUDER once gave a noble answer that is worthy of imitation. He was asked to give evidence against Queen Caroline in those bad old days when the name of a Queen of England was unjustly associated with scandal. "Her Royal Highness is my enemy," said Lauder, "she has deeply injured me, therefore I can say nothing against her and I never will." That was the fine spirit of the true gentleman who would say nothing against one who had injured him, lest he should be suspected of personal motives.

FROM the North-West come these words of appreciation for PARISH AND HOME: "PARISH AND HOME is the best read paper that comes into my home. I read it through and never miss a word of it; my wife and children do the same." Another says: "I believe that PARISH AND HOME has done more good in my family than any other paper I have seen." Another says: "I don't know whether I will ever be able to pay you for it, but if you continue sending it to me, I will make a great effort." Words such as these show that this little magazine is a minister for good wherever it goes, and we are anxious to place it in the hands both of those who cannot and of those who can pay for it. Through the help of the Distribution Fund which some of our friends have made up, the paper is now supplied at a greatly reduced rate to three missions in the Diocese of Algoma and to one in Rupert's Land. Perhaps the generosity of some or our subscribers will enable us to scatter it more freely still. Contributions may be sent to Mr. DuVernet, 619 Church St., Toronto.

SIMPLICITY IN WORSHIP.

"THE very simplicity of Christian worship is a mark of its superiority. You may be inclined to recall, with regret for its loss, the magnificence of Judaism—the splendid vestments; the golden lamps; the ever-burning altar; the pealing music; the awe-struck prostrations; the mysterious shrine; the whole of that elaborate symbolism which has passed away; and indeed to a Jewish mind a religion without priest,

without altar, without sacrifice, without temple—whose places of assembly were the rude upper chamber, the bleak mountainside, the barren seashore, whose solemn rites involved no acts more imposing than the sprinkling of water or the breaking of bread—must have appeared poor and uninviting, bald and tame. But the material splendor of the old religion was but an indication of imperfection, and the ceremonial plainness of the new is its true dignity and glory—and for this reason; the Jew needed all the elaborate formality of type and ceremony, of symbolic persons and objects, to help out his idea of the Messiah, of His mighty work and mission—for to him Christ was a being of whose person and character and office he had but the most shadowy and undefined conceptions. But the Christian Christ is no vague and visionary personage of the future—no shadowy dream. He has been 'made flesh.' He stands before us with all the distinctness of One with whom we are acquainted; and His words and deeds and actions are as familiar to us as those of any dear, well-known earthly friend. Therefore, to bring Him to our remembrance, nothing is needed but what is very simple, the rudest outline—a few drops of water, a bit of broken bread, a cup of wine."—C. D. Bell, in *Parish Visitor*.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

I SHALL be satisfied when Thou shalt bid
Me wake from death's long sleep, for I shall see
Thee as Thou art, and be myself like Thee.
E'en as the fretful child, sinking unchild
To rest, feeds on the blessing that lies hid
For him in night's dark hours, then wakes
that he
May greet the morn from yesterday set free,
And wander on, with happy steps, amid
The scenes of a new day, so shall I wake,
Refreshed, to be a-weary never more;
Set free from earth's hard yesterday that wore
My soul, restored Thy likeness to partake;
Through the dear merits of Thy Son who died
And lives for me, I shall be satisfied.
William Zachary Gladwin, in Parish Visitor.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

"ONE WITH GOD IS A MAJORITY."

I WONDER how many of us realize that this is true? Of all I heard, and it was much and good, at the Conference for Believers at Niagara two years ago, this one little sentence has stood most

persistently by me, a watchword which has been to me a spring of strength and courage. So it must be indeed to all Christians who realize its truth—most especially to all labourers in His vineyard. "Not by might" (or more correctly "by an army" or "numbers"), "nor by power," can anything be done, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." "If God be for us who can be against us?" Certainly not (with any chance of success), the creatures whom He has made, whose very breath He gives and takes at will. If God be against us then the whole world upon our side were not enough to accomplish our desire. Those who are not God's children or with whom God's Spirit is not working to the end that they may become His children, may indeed find life an unbroken path of successes. They serve another master and he will be very sure to see to it that they have just what will keep them most securely on the broad road they are treading whether it be success or failure.

But God, *our* God, with whom our souls and their eternal well-being are the one thing to be considered—will not set His seal of approval upon an action or desire contrary to His wise and loving will for us, by crowning it with success. There is one thing necessary in all questions of our life, namely, to ascertain His will; having done this there is no other thing to be considered. The obstacles, if there be any, obstacles which to us appear mountains, are in His hand, and to Him are as *nothing*. The thing is done as surely as if its accomplishment lay behind us. What a tower of strength this knowledge is to workers in His service.

There are some things which we *know* are according to His will. His word is full of general instruction to this effect; and in personal, individual cases He is always willing, if we wait upon Him, to reveal to us his wish. When, then, we know that God is with us how *can* we doubt the issue, however dark the outlook may appear to us? To do so is to doubt His power. What reasonable being, knowing Him as the Creator can doubt that? The world against us and its Maker with us—the chances of the world are small. The world with us and its Maker against us—let him who will, set out on such a hopeless path as that, but let him be very sure that ere he has taken his first step the end is sure—failure.

Truly, "One with God is a majority!" And all the world banded together against Him is an abject minority. His love is *all* upon our side, only restrained by His infinite wisdom. And, since His power is infinite also to fulfil the promptings of His love, when He does deny us anything, it must be indeed because it would be bad for us, perhaps temporally as well as spiritually. All that He *can* give us He *will* give "liberally." Surely success in any manner of service for Him is among the "cans," and therefore, as a natural sequence, among the "wills." A sure rock of hope indeed for every worker, for every sower of His seed! In due season "they shall reap if they faint not."

A. M. A.

YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

Precious thought! my Father knoweth,
In His love I rest;
For what'er my Father doeth
Must be always best.
Well I know the heart that planneth
Nought but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven—
Love in all I see.

Precious thought! my Father knoweth,
Careth for His child;
Bids me nestle closer to Him,
When the storm beats wild.
Though my earthly hopes are shattered,
And the tear drops fall,
Yet He is Himself my solace, yea my
"All in all."

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,
Roll on Him the care,
Cast upon Himself the burden
That I cannot bear;
Then, without a care oppressing,
Simply to lie still.
Giving thanks to Him for all things,
Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully!
Just to simply move,
In the conscious, calm enjoyment
Of the Father's love!
Knowing that life's chequered pathway
Leadeth to His rest;
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best.

—Selected.

APART TO PRAY.

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray."

THERE is profit as well as pleasure in contemplating our Saviour at prayer. It shows us how perfect His dependence was upon His Father. His praying, next to His suffering, shows us how entire this dependence was. There is in prayer such an acknowledgment of need, so much of trust in a divine Sav-

iour, contemplating such a mission as His, we should rather have expected Him to appropriate from His fulness to supply His own physical or spiritual want.

But He prays!

It shows Him as fully able to sympathize with us in our infirmities. A praying Saviour has thrown Himself upon divine promise and providence, just where poor humanity finds its resting place!

A praying Saviour is bowing with us at the same mercy-seat.

Having Himself access by prayer to the Father—who so fitted as He to show us the way? He who has prayed for Himself, from sense of need, knows how to pray for others. What an example this sets to Christians as well as to the impenitent!

Immanuel needing to pray and man's lips closed!

It is not then to be passed over lightly that it is recorded of Jesus more than once, that He went apart to pray. It makes Him more lovely and infinitely dearer to Christians. It makes Him more approachable to the impenitent. —*Sophie L. Schenck, in Parish Visitor.*

"HOW TO GET THERE."

A SERMON or a Sunday-school lesson that does not point to salvation as a desirable and indispensable object to be attained can scarcely be called complete. Indeed, there is a world of wisdom in the words that a pious old Scotchman once addressed to his pastor after the latter had delivered a discourse in the village kirk. The pastor was no other than the well-known Rev. John Macnab. The occasion was a communion season, and the subject of the address was "Heaven." It was a long sermon, but the people thought it as beautiful as a series of dissolving views. It had, however, one defect—the strength of the descriptive part left no time for the "application."

Old George Brown met the preacher at a friend's house, and astonished him by the *resume* he gave of the sermon.

"It was really a grand sermon as far as it went," he said, after he had finished his report. "I never enjoyed a description of heaven better. Ye told us a thing about heaven except *hoo to get there*; and, Maister Macnab, ye'll excuse me, my young friend, for sayin' that that shouldna hae been left out, for ye'll admit yersel' if that's awantin'

a's awantin'. Ye'll mind the king's son's feast? The servants didna only tell that a' thing was ready, but they compelled them to come in."

The young preacher was too intelligent not to see the aptness of the criticism, and when George had retired he said to his friend:

"I've been criticised by learned professors and doctors of divinity, by fellow-students and relatives, but that good old man has given me more insight into what preaching should be than all the others put together. I hope as long as I live I shall never again, when delivering God's message to my fellow-men, forget to tell them 'how to get there.'"—Selected.

LOVE'S LESSON.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

—Selected.

RUSKIN ON SERMONS.

THERE are two ways of regarding a sermon—either as a human composition, or a divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergyman to finish it with the utmost care and learning for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall be necessarily led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and think that all is not well if the pulpit have not a golden fringe around it, and a goodly cushion in front of it; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three-quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of

life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious those hours ought to be to him—a small advantage on the side of God, after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing up in their hearts, and to see what wheat he had scattered there, snatched from the way-side, by this wild bird and the other; and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labour, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weakness, shame them for all their sins, warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened—thirty minutes to raise the dead in! Let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them.—*The Parish Visitor.*

HOW TO KNOW GOD.

I HAVE been asked, "How do we become acquainted with God?" How do we become acquainted with an earthly friend? I may be introduced to some one here this afternoon. We exchange a few words—the acquaintance is begun. It is continued by and by when I meet him down by the lake or on the street, and have a little talk with him. Next week I find him on a steamer going abroad, I talk with him again and again, and finally the chance acquaintance ripens into a friendship for eternity. It we are separated, we keep up the acquaintance by correspondence. In like manner we become acquainted with God. Talk to Him, begin the friendship. "Acquaint now thyself with God." Go to your room, kneel down, tell Jesus you want to become acquainted with Him. Read about

Him, find out what He says. He will talk to you. I don't know how—perhaps by His Spirit, perhaps by His Word; probably the latter. Open your Bible—it is His answer to you. The friendship will grow just like any other friendship—you can follow out the simile. "Just like any common friendship, then, religion is?" you ask. There is no such thing as a common friendship. Is not a true friendship an inconceivably beautiful thing? The friendship of man for man, of man for woman. Abraham was called the "friend of God." Enoch "walked with God." "Know thou the God of thy fathers," said David to Solomon. So this is no "common friendship"; it is the most beautiful thing on God's earth. To be Christ's friend is to be everything that heart can desire. I am asked, "Can we have it for the asking?" It! It is no "it," but "Him." It is no experience, no frame of mind. We cannot keep experiences or modes or feelings. We have "Him"—the Spirit, the Lord. We abide in Him by keeping up correspondence with Him, by word, by work, by prayer, by meditation, through the Church, and so on. Then we shall never die—we "have passed from death unto life. We are in eternal life. We live here and now an eternal life. Religion gives us *life*, not merely peace or a happy frame of mind.—*Drummond, in the Parish Visitor.*

A GIFT OF A WALK.

AT Christmas time we give gifts to our friends. But the gifts are of a thousand kinds all over the world, and perhaps the two African boys whom the *Missionary Herald* tells us about made their long hundred-mile walk as truly a gift of love as any Christmas gift.

Chisamba is thirty-six miles from Kamondongo where Dr. Clowe lives, runs the story, and it was necessary to summon him at once. Two boys, or young men as we should call them, Ngulu and Muenekanye, volunteered to start immediately. With their guns and bag of meal, they started late in the afternoon, walking all night through dense woods, and bogs, and plains, to find on reaching Kamondongo that Dr. Clowe had started on the previous day for Bailundu.

Without delaying they hastened to overtake him, reaching his camp that

evening. After a few hours of rest they started out with the doctor for Chisamba, arriving there late the same day. Ngulu gave out two hours before reaching Chisamba, but Muenkanye came in with the doctor, a poor, tired, footsore boy.

Those noble boys had walked over one hundred miles in a fraction over two days, with scarcely any rest, having with them only enough provisions for one meal. A generous present was made them, which pleased them much, but they simply said, "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the *endona* and she was ill!"

The boys and girls in America who are keeping a record of specially noble deeds will do well to make a note of how Ngulu and Muenkanye went for the doctor.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE.

PERFECTION is being, not doing; it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. If the aim of life were to do something, then, as in an earthly business, except in doing this one thing, the business would be at a stand still. The student is not doing the one thing of student-life when he has ceased to think or read. The labourer leaves his work undone when the spade is not in his hand, and he sits beneath the hedge to rest. But in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing—of becoming Christ-like. Every day is full of a most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and the rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. Nay, the very vicissitudes of the seasons, day and night, heat and cold, affecting us variably, and producing exhilaration or depression, are so contrived as to conduce towards the being which we become, and decide whether we shall be masters of ourselves, or whether we shall be swept at the mercy of accident and circumstances, miserably susceptible of merely outward influences. Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to Christian character; and he who has not found out how, directly or indirectly, to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as

yet missed the meaning of this life.—*Robertson, in the Parish Visitor.*

MY FUTURE HIS.

"My times are in Thy hand."—(Psalm 31, 15).

I WANT my future to be Thine!

The future Thou hast planned for me;

The house that Thou hast marked as mine,

Where Thou hast ordered I should be.

I know it will be furnished well.

And hung with tokens of Thy love:

I know the home where thus I dwell

Will be just like Thy home above.

I want my future to be Thine!

My garden all laid out by Thee:

And not one flower must blossom there

But what Thy hand has reared for me.

The roses may have many thorns,

Just like the roses others have:

But roses will be doubly sweet

If they are roses Jesus gave.

I want my future to be Thine!

My nest built in Thy chosen tree:

The twigs, the moss, the wool, Thy gift,

Though hidden where no others see.

My hopes, my joys—those fragile birds

That Thou shalt cover with Thy wings—

That they may sweetly sing to me

In coming days of heavenly things.

I want my future to be Thine!

My future in this little while:

Then, be it long, or be it short,

No evil will its bliss defile.

I want my future to be Thine!

The endless and eternal day,

Where the unclouded glories shine,

And flowers and birds for ever stay.

—*William Luff, in The Gospel Trumpet.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
April 2.	Matt. 28, 1-10.	Gen. 22, 11-19.
" 9.	Job 2, 1-10.	" 24, 1-27.
" 16.	Job 23, 1-10.	" 25, 29-34.
" 23.	Job 42, 1-10.	" 27, 41, 46; 28, 1-22.
" 30.	Prov. 1, 20-33.	" 29, 1-14; 30, 25-30.

A HERO.

A FEW years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village; in a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed.

The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbours, even. True, his home and cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the

ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire, I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said, "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—*Exchange.*

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

A FEW weeks since I saw a touching and beautiful sight. Driving through a rugged part of the country my attention was directed to an elderly lady trying to pick her way over a rough hillside. She came very slowly and carefully. The hill was quite steep, and I was pitying her and thinking if it would not be well to offer my service, when I heard a whistling boy coming up behind the carriage. He bounded past, and running up the hill put his arms around the lady and steadied her steps, saying pleasant words, I know, for the face encased in the warm hood looked beaming and bright with happiness. As we passed I heard her say these words: "It is nice to have a boy to come and help a mother down the hill." I knew they were mother and son. There was a sermon in those few words, I thought. I wish every boy could have heard them.

You boys are all of you here to help mother down the hill of life. You don't all do it, though; more's the pity. Some of you make it harder for her. You do things that trouble her; she is anxious about you, and then she has to pick her way over places a thousand times rougher than a steep hill. Perhaps you are getting into bad habits, and will not obey her counsel. Her poor heart is bruised and torn by your conduct. She knows what the results of evil doings are; and if a boy begins habits that he only considers as light

cowbebs in his youth, by and by they may become iron chains about him, and when he is a man he will be a slave to them.

Now, boys, if you would help her down the hill of life and make the path smooth for her, do the things she wishes you to do. And if you are all right as regards bad habits, perhaps you are not as thoughtful of the "little things" that make up life as you might be. Be as polite in waiting upon your mother as you are in waiting upon other boys' mothers. Don't speak in rough tones to her. Be always gentle when you speak to her, and careful to remember what she wishes you to do at different times and in different places.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

THE BLIND BOY.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

O SAY what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
When'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy,
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

—C. Cibber.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

DR. CHAS. B. MORRELL, editor of the Boys' Brigade *Courier*, Cincinnati, Ohio, H. C. Hall, Esq., of Detroit, and T. Frank Fernald, Esq., of Boston, Eastern Secretary of the Boys' Brigade in the United States, visited Sarnia December 30th to discuss with T. W. Nisbet for himself, and as representing the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., St. John, N.B., provincial president of the Boys' Brigade in Canada, the better organization of the Brigade in both countries and the publication of the *Courier* as the organ of the Brigade in the United States and Canada. It was decided to issue a circular to all Canadian companies, advising them that a meeting would be called as soon as

possible to elect Brigade officers for Canada and asking them to recognize Mr. Fotheringham as provincial president under his appointment from Scotland, and such Dominion or Provincial secretaries as he may appoint to look after the work in the meantime. Also asking them to recognize the *Courier* as the organ for Canada. There will be a Canadian page in all future issues of the paper, and T. W. Nisbet has been appointed Canadian editor. All who are interested in the Brigade in Canada are requested to communicate with him and send in any items of interest in connection with the work. For information about the Boys' Brigade refer to Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., St. John, N.B., or to T. W. Nisbet, Sarnia, Ont.—*The Sarnia Canadian*.

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.

AN editor of a great city daily was speaking a few days ago about the services of his office boy.

"I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy," said he. "Arthur is always on time, always ready, and quiet and thoroughly reliable."

Someone who stood by took the occasion to ask a question.

"Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing is always noticed?"

"Oh, yes," said the editor. "Noticed almost at once, and all over the office."

"But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted."

The editor answered with decision:

"The chances are almost certain. I should say they were certain. A boy who is reliable, and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless, and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of a boy doesn't count. But now Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything, always pleasant, and prompt, and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same

sort of boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practiced on it till he became thoroughly skilful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer.

"The two boys before him are clerks in the counting-room. Still others are at work in the building in good places.

"It is entirely true that a boy who means to make the most of himself can do it. We're looking for just those boys.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*.

TWO NEWSBOYS.

A SMALL newsboy, with his arms full of papers, stopped short in the midst of a rush for a customer to say, "Xcuse me," for some bit of clumsiness. There may be as much manliness in that boy as there was in the one of whom an exchange tells this story.

During the wretched wet weather prevailing a few days ago, while pedestrians with their coats well buttoned up were scurrying past the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Broadway, some little newsboys were engaged in eager competition selling the evening newspapers.

On the corner, out of the crowd and piping his wares in a weak voice, was a little cripple on crutches, forced out of the turbulent throng.

An active little fellow, who had secured a customer and stood with a quarter in his mouth fumbling in his pockets for change, espied his shivering, crippled companion suddenly, and turning to his patron, said:—

"Oh, see, mister! Buy the paper from him. Look at them weak little legs!"

"Mister" bought from the cripple and did not seek to recover his change, and refused to take back the quarter from the first newsboy.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*.

BLESS HIS DEAR HEART!

IN a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children—one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course!"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No I'll not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I met them."

The worldly auntie brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly:

"Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said:

"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"

And we too said, "Bless his dear heart!"—*Peoria Call*.

"IT IS MY BOY."

THROUGH Rochester, N. Y., runs the Genessee River, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. A gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the street with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted.

They replied, "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, and struggled with him to the shore, and, as he wiped the water from

his dripping face, and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "O, God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else, and saved his own.—*Selected*.

"BY HEART."

FRED said he knew his Sunday lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred!" said Cousin Mary, quietly, "you surprise me!"

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller, as he replied with a show of humility:

"It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that! Only ten verses."

"Oh, it was not the *length* of the lesson but the *breadth* of it that I was thinking of, my dear boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few moments ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was Cousin Mary right? Do we ever really *know* a thing until we *do* it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive," by just forgiving Ralph, in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that the words of Jesus were meant to be *done* and not *said* merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart," "to *put it into practice!*" We don't always do that, when we learn a lesson *by head*.

Jesus *must* have meant something very practical when he said:—

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not do the things which I say?"—*Selected*.

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blessing of God and earnest efforts of pastor and people, the coming year would be abundantly successful. Mr. Flood, the S. S. superintendent, sent a short but satisfactory report of the Sunday school. The Mite society gave a good record of work done. Mr. Barron gave a very encouraging churchwarden's report, of which we hope to publish an abstract next month. Messrs. MacGachen and Dingle were appointed auditors. A vote of thanks was given the churchwardens for their self-denying work, and the officers for ensu- ing year elected (see front page). An adjournment

made to Monday, 17th inst. The benediction close a very harmonious and satisfactory vestry meeting.

The 15 visitors in connection with St. James church, Orillia, paid 2,818 visits and distributed 2,013 papers between Easter, 1892, and Easter, 1893. The debt on their church is about \$10,000. The average attendance at the Sunday school was 202 last year. They have a "Flower Mission," which distributed an average of 46 bunches of flowers a week among the sick of the town.

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