

3932
Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, PARISH AND HOME.

No. 40.

JANUARY, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

H. PETER, *Lay Assistant.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
T. J. MURTAGH,	JAS. CORLEY,	M. SISSON.
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	J. JEWELL.

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.

COOPER.—Francis Charlotta, daughter of Joseph and Francis Emily Cooper, adult, baptized in St. Paul's Church 28th December, 1894.

MILBURN—Wilfrid Carl, son of John H. and Margaret Milburn, born 5th September, 1894, baptized in St. Paul's Church 23rd December, 1894.

DEACON.—Raby Gertrude, daughter of Daniel Charles and Mary Deacon, born 2nd October, 1894, baptized in St. Paul's Church 23rd December, 1894.

Marriages.

HARDY—HIGGS.—At Lindsay, on 25th December, 1894, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Frederick John Hardy, of the township of Ops, to Louisa Ellen Higgs, of Lindsay.

HEPBURN—CHAPMAN.—In Fenelon, on 25th December, 1894, by Rev. C. S. Smith, Edgar Allan Hepburn, of the township of Ops, to Marietta Leona Chapman, of the township of Fenelon.

Burials.

ONEY.—At Eden Cemetery, Mariposa, on December 29th, 1894, Robert Oxy, of the township of Fenelon, in his 59th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

May 1895 be a happy and prosperous year to all our readers.

It is better to make your family proud of you than to be foolishly proud of your family.

A Christmas tea and entertainment for the S. S. children was held at Bobcaygeon on the 14th December, which was largely attended and much appreciated. The scholars were admitted free and yet over \$31 was received from their friends who were present.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Basil R. Rowe, who many years ago settled near Orillia. He was a zealous and self-denying churchman, noted for his uprightness and integrity. Perhaps he was best known away from home, by his consistent and persistent advocacy, through his writings and by word of mouth in synod and out, of the scriptural plan of Christian people, laying by as God blesses them, and at least a tenth of that which they receive. If all church people gave as Mr. Rowe did there would be little, if any, lack of funds for the extension of Christ's kingdom. We extend our sympathy to his sorrowing relatives and can assure them that "He being dead yet speaketh."

Twice as many copies of the parish paper are published now as at the beginning of 1894.

We congratulate the Presbyterians in the Dominion on raising \$112,673.89 for Foreign Missions last year.

The Letter Leaflet of the W.A. made a profit of \$110 last year, which was devoted to the work of missions.

We regret that two of our church people, Mr. McGaffey and Mr. Garrett, have been heavy losers by fire lately.

A few weeks ago the Ladies of All Saints' Church, Cannington, sent a bale of clothing, etc., containing about 65 articles, to the Rev. Chas. Weaver, who is working among the Indians at Wabiskow, Athabasca diocese.

The driest place in the world is that of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travellers when told that water can fall from the sky.--[Jewish Intelligencer.

Bishop Bompas, of Se'kirk, near Alaska, tells of 500 fresh miners arriving in his diocese last spring. The Colonial and Continental Church Society has made a grant of £100 for a missionary. It is hoped a man will go from Toronto.

Sir Mackenzie Bawell is the first Methodist to fill the Canadian Premier's chair. Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir John Abbott were members of the Church of England, while Mr. Mackenzie was, we believe, a Baptist, and Sir John Thompson a Catholic.

Roman

Miss H. E. G. Vicars, a daughter of the late Rev. Johnstone Vicars, has been engaged by the "London Society" to do Missionary work among the Jews in Toronto under the guidance of the Rev. J. J. Hill, Canadian secretary. Let us follow her with our prayers that God may bless his ancient people in Canada and lead many to know Christ as their Messiah and Saviour.

During December the Little Girls' Sewing Class, through Miss Deacon and Miss R. Dunsford, gave \$20, and the Dorcas Branch of the W. A., \$16, through Mrs. Goodwin, for the Church Debt, to which the Mite Society is adding enough to make it up to \$100 and so reduce the debt by that amount. What would the Church (as well as the world at large) do without the ladies?

A former Vice-President of our Young Men's Association, who is now teaching at Auburn, County of Huron, in renewing his subscription to the parish paper kindly sent \$5, the balance of which (\$4.60), we are to "use for any purpose in connection with the Y. M. A." The young men will appreciate this kind remembrance, and while making good use of the money, wish him every blessing in his new home.

The monthly Missionary meeting was held on Wednesday, Dec. 19th. A very good programme was rendered. Mrs. Marsh read a most interesting letter from a lady missionary in China, which gave a full account of their work among the people. It seems as though the way for greater missionary effort is being opened up in that land with its terming millions of human souls. As it is, God gives the opportunity, let us beware lest we be negligent of our share in the evangelization of these people. Mr. Petter gave a very interesting account of one of the farewell meetings to out-going missionaries in Exeter Hall, London. He also spoke upon some of the essentials for a true missionary spirit in the Church.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. Mr. Westney, formerly of Uxbridge, is again able to take duty and preach, after his long illness.

Owing to drought during the last two or three years, hundreds of families in Nebraska are said to be in a destitute condition.

The Rev. Canon O'Meara, of Winnipeg, is visiting Eastern Canada in the interests of the missionary work of the diocese of Rupert's Land (Manitoba).

About one hundred people attended the short service on New Year's morning, at which Mr. H. Petter gave a very instructive and helpful address.

Don't forget at the beginning of the year to take a look through our advertising columns, and then when out shopping sometimes drop in and see our patrons.

We regret to see the Toronto World trying so hard to publish a Sunday newspaper, and so make a number more people work on the Lord's day. It never pays in the long run to break God's commands.

The "Greater Britain Messenger" says: "During the present year (1894) upwards of 4,000 immigrants have settled in the northern part of the diocese of Calgary." We should follow them with the ministry of the word.

The Orillia Packet says: "The Rev. Canon Greene is ill of diphtheria, contracted no doubt in the performance of his pastoral duties. Many prayers for his speedy recovery will be offered." Lindsay friends will unite their petitions to the many others sent up to the throne of grace.

It is estimated that about a quarter of a million Jewish people emigrated from Russia last year. The new Czar seems disposed to treat this people more humanely. The famous saying of Frederick the Great, that no one ever touched the Jews without smarting for it, seems true.

The Christmas services were bright and joyous, befitting such a happy occasion, and were well attended, especially in the town. The offertory was as follows: St. Paul's, \$53.00; Reaboro, \$2.57; Cambay, \$1.32; Cameron \$2.50. The clergy return heartfelt thanks and pray that God may bless the people more and more.

Mr. H. Beecham, one of the senior students at St. John's College, Winnipeg, who was visiting his parents near Cambay, took duty at Cameron and Cambay and preached in St. Paul's Church, Lindsay on the last Sunday in December. He gives promise of being an earnest and able messenger in the great work to which he is called.

Last Thursday week there was a concert given in St. Paul's Church schoolroom, when a capital programme was gone through. Refreshments, supplied by the ladies of the parish, were served in the interval of the two parts. The platform was very prettily decorated by Mr. McGaffey and Mr. Robert Pilkie. Owing to the severity of the weather there were not so many present as what we should have liked, but notwithstanding the small attendance the sum of nearly \$7 was realized and the proceeds will be given towards a supply of new hymn books for the schoolroom. We hope to have another concert of a similar kind on February 8th, when Mr. Petty, with several other well known adult singers, have promised to take part. It is to be hoped that all who can will make a special effort to be present.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1895.

No. 50.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1—**Circumcision of our Lord.** *Morning*—
Gen. 17: 9; Rom. 2, 17. *Evening*—Deut.
10: 12; Col. 2: 8 to 18.
- 6—**Epiphany of our Lord. (Ath. Cr.)** *Morn-*
ing—Isaiah 60; Luke 3: 15 to 23. *Evening*
—Isaiah 49: 13 to 24; John 2: 12.
- 13—**1st Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—
Isaiah 51; Matt. 8: 1 to 18. *Evening*—
Isaiah 52: 13 to 53, or 54; Acts 8: 5 to 26.
- 20—**2nd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morn-*
ing—Isaiah 55; Matt. 12: 1 to 22. *Even-*
ing—Isaiah 57 or 61; Acts 12.
- 25—**Conversion of St. Paul.** *Morning*—Isaiah
49: 1 to 13; Gal. 1: 11. *Evening*—Jer. 1:
1 to 11; Acts 26: 1 to 21.
- 27—**3rd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morn-*
ing—Isaiah 62; Matt. 15: 1 to 21. *Evening*
—Isaiah 65 or 66; Acts 16: 16.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O God of truth, whose living word
Upholds what'er has breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Oh! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dawn come down
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

—Thomas Hughes.

(Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays.")

IF the Jew, with his knowledge and
privileges, gave a tenth of his income to
the Lord, what percentage should you give?
Just sit down and figure this out.

ONCE more it is the privilege of PARISH
AND HOME to wish its many readers a
Happy New Year. The tale of the year
eighteen hundred and ninety-four is com-
pleted. With its victories and its failures,
its bright days and its dark shadows, it has
dropped into the silent past, and all eyes
are on this New Year that is being ushered
in. How big it is with possibilities! What
hopes arise at its approach! All over the
world men and women are wondering
what it has in store for them. It comes
absolutely unknown. No one can pene-
trate its mysteries or hasten its march. It
will take its own measured time to reveal
its secrets. But, then, it is holding within
its bosom innumerable matters of interest
to each and all! How hearts would beat
and countenances alter could we know
them now! Many of us might hardly en-
dure the bare mention of them. It is the
deep silence of the incoming year and the
absence of all clue to its secrets that pro-
tect us and make us as interested as we are.
There are no hard facts to hem us in on every
side. And so the hope irresistibly arises
in all hearts that this year really has bless-
ings in store.

OFTEN of a winter's morning on rising
from our beds, and throwing aside the cur-
tains of the window, we find that it has
been snowing all night. The snow lies
many inches deep, covering the whole
earth with a mantle of purest white. But
there is not a cloud in the sky now. It is
one clear blue overhead, and the rays of
the rising sun strike obliquely over the sur-
face of the snow and cast a golden sheen
everywhere, flooding our room with yellow
light. It is a glorious sight, and it makes our
spirits rise. But before the day is over the
beauty of the early morning hour is gone.
The snow is robbed of its splendor and dis-
colored, the earth's mantle is rent and dis-
figured, and the blighting effect of
man's handiwork is seen everywhere. So
it is with this New Year. It is beautiful
now, and we would have it stay with us
just as it is. But, alas! before its course is
half run out, its splendor will have de-
parted, and we men and women shall have
made it take on the hard, prosaic aspect of

the years that are past. It is just our hu-
man handiwork that makes the difference.

Let us bear this in mind. For the con-
tinued glory of the coming year we are
responsible. We do not sit like beggars
by the wayside, helpless ourselves, and
waiting for the kind offices or the curses
of the passer-by. This New Year holds in
its lap things unknown as yet, but it rests
to a great extent with us what they shall
be. Under God, we shall make it or mar
it, both for ourselves and for one another.
To the traveller approaching the city of
Constantinople for the first time, especially
from the water, it is said to be a vision of
glory. The gilded domes and towers and
minarets of its many mosques all gleaming
in the sunlight dazzle the eye. But on en-
tering it the streets are found to be narrow
and dirty, and the houses squalid.
Wretchedness abounds, and everywhere the
germs of disease are lurking. The visitor
is disappointed, but it is not his fault. He
has no power to make the city bear out the
splendor of the first glimpse from a dis-
tance. He makes the best of it, and
blames the lazy, barbarous Turk. But
not so is it with this New Year. If, on
closer acquaintance with it, men meet with
bitter disappointment on every hand, on
their own shoulders rests the blame. God
would have it full of joy and blessing for
them. If they fail to find these, it will be
because they have driven them out.

Do all our readers agree that the happi-
ness or the misery of the coming year rests
with them? At first sight there seems
much to contradict it. There are many
things in our daily life upon which its
course depends that are quite beyond our
control. "What of the sicknesses," says
some one, "that confines us to our beds for
many days together, rack us with pains,
and give our friends the greatest anxieties?"
"How many of my dearest friends may die
before the year is over!" urges another.
And from a third there comes the objec-
tion that though he be never so honest and
industrious in business, and use all the
caution and discretion possible, the year
may overwhelm him with such financial
disaster as will reduce his family to the

verge of starvation. These are the things, they claim, on which the happiness or misery of the year will, in part at least, depend; and, certainly, they are almost beyond human control. With some people, no doubt, this would be a telling argument; but it rests upon a very poor conception of happiness. When we wish our readers a very happy New Year, we by no means express the hope that God may shelter them from these things. He is the best judge of that. In the past years His heavy hand has been felt by good and evil alike. It is altogether likely that there are in store for us things hard to be borne. They are necessary for us. May we have the strength to face them like true men and women! But a happy life is not a life that is free from trouble and misfortune and sorrow, though so many people think it is. No man, perhaps, was ever happier than St. Paul, and few have ever had greater hardships and sorrows. Not very long ago it was said by a poor God-fearing workman, on the death of his son: "I have never had such trouble as during the past year, but I have never been so happy." The happiness that we wish our readers is that grand peace of mind and joy that is proof against all the afflictions of life. It does not shun trouble as something terrible, but bears it patiently as a discipline coming in the good providence of God. Jesus said to His disciples, "In this world ye shall have tribulation"; but He also said, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." It is this joy that we wish our readers. If it is not theirs, surely the fault is with themselves.

WHAT a very convenient thing our human forgetfulness is! The year 1894 is gone, and there is very little of it that we shall remember long. A few striking events, a few happy hours, and a few familiar faces. All the rest will sink into oblivion. The present and the future will absorb us. But of what does that past consist that we so conveniently forget? Is it not the mistakes, the failures, the mispent or wasted hours, the hasty words, the bitter thoughts, and the hardness of heart; the long, long tale of petty dishonesty, crooked dealings, and untruthfulness in business or social life; of unkindness to others, and obstacles thrown in their way; of impurity and hatred and strife and irreligion, or whatever else be our besetting sin? Every day had its quota. It took but a second, and the wrong was done. But it was done, and nothing could undo it. We cannot remember these

things, and we do not wish to. We are much happier without the recollection. And, in a sense, this is as it should be. If we carried this load daily, and were continually conscious of it, it would paralyze our activity and make most of us very gloomy and morose. Besides, what is done is done, and we are helpless to change it. Hence it is that St. Paul speaks those well-known words to the Philippians: "This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He is running a race, and the runner must look not behind, but at the course before him. There is, however, another thought that might be suggested by this forgetfulness of the past. Bear in mind that *God never forgets*. He forgives, but He cannot forget. Those past years of ours, just as they were spent, without one shortcoming removed, are engraven upon His memory. Geologists tell us that they can read the history of this earth for hundreds of thousands of years, though for all but the last few thousand years there were no human beings to write it. It has been written by God upon the face of the earth itself. And that same God has written somewhere, line for line word for word, without the omission of a single detail, the whole story of our lives. It waits for us. What shall we do when brought face to face with it? There is an awful solemnity about the mere thought, but what will the solemnity of that day be? This is a time when such thoughts ought to come home to us with power.

THE first day of the New Year is the great day of resolutions. Who does not make resolutions on that day? All are full of the best intentions, and, if the year is not satisfactory at its close, it is certainly not for want of good purposes at its beginning. It is so old a story that the ludicrous side of it has long since caught popular attention. But how many are there out of every thousand whose lives are really changed in consequence of New Year's Day resolves? They are so easy to make! Twenty may be made in as many seconds; but, somehow or other, they are all broken after a little. We fully meant to keep them at the time, we acted in all sincerity; but old habits were terribly strong, and we could not resist them. What is the difficulty? Is it out of the reach of most people to throw off their vices and live better lives? Surely not. But they are not likely to succeed by

mere New Year's Day resolutions. They are utterly inadequate. Some petty foibles may, of course, be overcome, and many rather questionable ways abandoned. Such things cost us no great effort; to give them up is not much of a sacrifice. But they do very little towards the re-making of a man's life. It is those deeply-rooted vices of a more serious character, and the absorbing passions that grip us tightly and are dragging us down lower every day, that we would be rid of. And it takes something more than a mere resolve to exorcise these. The demon of drink will not often go merely because a man declares on New Year's Day that he will live henceforward in sobriety. The reason of all this is evident. When we make our resolves we are in a penitential mood. It is after a fall. Sorrow and remorse fill our hearts, and the temptation or passion that led us into evil is not present. We forget how intensely it burned when we last succumbed. Nothing is easier than a good resolution. But when some day that same passion burns within us again, as it will, or old temptations come thick upon us, will there be found power for victory in the struggle?

HERE is the weakness of mere good resolutions. We forget to provide power to keep them. Every work in the world calls for power, and, if there is none, it is folly even to think of it. It is quite beside the purpose, in a matter of moral improvement, to say, "I am a man, and what other men have done I can do." Two sea captains, so the story runs, were in command of vessels built after very similar models. They were of equal length and breadth, and about the same tonnage. One vessel had already made a great record for speed. The captain of the other, having surveyed both very carefully, even to the smallest details of their machinery, declared that his vessel could make as good time, if not better. It was agreed that the two boats should be put to the proof on their next voyages. Splendid starts were made, and both vessels cut through the seas at a tremendous rate. But when four days out from land, it was reported to the captain of the challenging boat that coal was running short, and they were already economizing. There was hardly enough to complete the voyage at half speed. The foolish captain had forgotten that high speed requires tremendous power, and that this again causes an enormous consumption of coal—out of all proportion to the increased rate. His coal was his power,

and it was quite inadequate for the undertaking.

So it is with men and women who merely make good resolutions. The purpose is good and the machinery adequate. But the power is lacking. High endeavor is like a high rate of speed. An enormous power must be developed to maintain it. Where is the power to come from? Depend upon it, God alone can supply it. He is the one Fountain of strength, and without Him our best resolutions are but vain imaginings. It is the man who not only longs to be a better man, but who in the earnestness of his soul goes down upon his knees daily and pours out his heart's desires to God, and pleads for strength in the battle, that will be the victor. We are accustomed to marvel at the power of Martin Luther. His moral force and courage, even as we know them from biography, are so great as to be almost contagious to-day. What made him strong? *Communion with God.* But for the hours spent daily in prayer, when his whole soul was poured out to God, he might have been like the very weakest in our midst. What men want to-day is the presence of Christ in their lives. Out of continual fellowship with Him will come not merely high aspirations and good resolutions, but the power to be true to them amid all the most trying circumstances of life.

It is a well-established custom to give and to adopt mottoes for the New Year, and PARISH AND HOME wishes now to conform to the rule. Our motto for the year is from those fine words of St. Paul to the Philippians, "I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME." We ask our readers to treasure up these words, and have them so engraven on their memories that they may be to them a finger-post directing their footsteps all through the year. Before us lies the New Year, and the moment is a solemn one. Behind most of us are the years marred by failure and shortcomings. Each has his own sad story. And time is hurrying on. The year that is coming is for many no small portion of the years that remains to them. It is high time to awake out of sleep. This year brings with it golden opportunities. Here on its very threshold let us lay our plans and make our resolves. Only this time let us do it as wise men, by the help of God. No more empty resolutions that die almost in their birth for want of sustaining power! At the throne of grace let us daily present the

wants of our souls and draw our strength. And when the year is near its close our motto will have changed its character very greatly. Not as a pious sentiment shall we hold it, but as a truth borne out by the facts of life and corroborated by every trial or struggle that has come to us.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OBEDIENCE.

OBEDIENCE is the first great law of life. No nation could continue to exist if its citizens were not law-abiding. The most highly civilized nations are those whose citizens yield loyal obedience to the laws, and strive to make all men obey them. Every society has its rules which the members agree to obey, and it can only exist so long as that obedience is observed voluntarily and faithfully. No army could be successful against the enemy if the soldiers did not obey their officers. Unquestioning obedience to the commands of the captain is necessary for the safety of the ship and of the lives of the passengers. Those who are employed in business must obey the instructions of their employers if the business is to succeed. The first lesson that the schoolboy is set to learn is the lesson of obedience. What happiness could there be in our homes if the children did not obey their parents?

The greatest part of life is conduct, and it can only be attained by practising obedience. The little child learns it from its mother, the boy from his father, and from his master at school. The young man must practise it at college, or at business. The older man continues to obey some one all through his life. If he wish to govern others, he must first obey himself. If he will not obey himself, he cannot rule others. There is only One who is above obedience—that is God.

At the battle of Balaklava a small brigade of cavalry was ordered to attack an immensely strong battery. The order was a mistake, as every one knew that such an attempt would mean certain death. Yet the officer commanding the cavalry did not hesitate for a moment to carry out the orders, though he well knew what the result would be. Not a single soldier among those six hundred refused to obey.

"Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die."

And so the charge was made, and out of the six hundred only one-quarter returned.

Boys sometimes think it a manly thing to question the orders given them, and even to assert their independence by refusing to obey. Brave men think it

childish to stop to reason about the commands of those in authority. The wisest men believe that disobedience is one of the strongest signs of radically bad character. Experience teaches us that disobedience will, in time, destroy the character altogether. He that will not submit to authority must become, in time, not merely a useless, but a dangerous, member of society.

Obedience, to be worth anything in building up conduct, must be given *promptly and cheerfully*. Obedience which is tardy, or yielded through fear, is not right obedience at all. If a boy's father desires him to do a piece of work which is not agreeable, or not very easy, there is often a great temptation to put it off, and do other things first. A boy is told to cut the grass when he comes home from school. He returns home, and finds the afternoon waning, and the prospect of grass-cutting uninviting, and so he first feeds his pigeons; and that reminds him that he is very anxious to make them some new nest-boxes. The afternoon has nearly gone when he at length drags himself unwillingly to the lawn-mower; and he has barely finished the work when he sees his father coming in at the gate. Perhaps the edges of the grass-plot have not been clipped, as a finish to the work, because he did not begin soon enough. That is a case of tardy obedience—not real obedience. The work was done because the boy knew he must do it, and not because he loved to obey his father. Real obedience is *prompt* obedience.

Real obedience is always cheerfully given. He who grumbles at an order, and only does it through fear, is not obedient. A boy who will not cheerfully give up a game in order to carry out a command from one in authority must always be looked upon as one who is at heart disobedient. If the officers of the cavalry, mentioned above, had chafed under the order to put their lives in peril, and had sent the messenger back to find out if they were really to make the attack, they would have lost their claim to our admiration as truly brave men. If the troopers had grumbled when the order was given to advance into the valley of death, and had made the attack in a half-hearted way, they would never have gained the undying glory that is theirs, and they would probably have sacrificed the lives of the few who did return at last in safety. Their obedience gained them immortal fame because it was prompt and cheerful.

He who would become a good citizen and a really useful member of society can only do so by practising obedience, with great patience, and with all his heart, throughout the whole of his life. To attain excellence in it, as in many other things, it must be begun very early in life. Above all, it must be willingly given. Real obedience is prompt, cheerful, and from the heart. J.O.M.

Oh! Heavenly Father, thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls or gold,
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son—
For His sake give it to me.

Oh! give it to me, for Jesus said
That a Father giveth His children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live—
For Christ's sake give it to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how,
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now—
For Christ's sake give it to me

Thou hast said it, I must believe,
It is "only ask," and I shall receive;
If Thou didst say it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do—
For Christ's sake give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed;
In the strength of Thy Word, I come and say:
"O Let Thy Word come true to-day"—
For Christ's sake give it to me.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

SUNLIGHT.

ONE afternoon I was talking to the children about the stars, and, among other questions, I asked: "Are the stars shining now?" "No, Miss M——!" came in chorus from nearly the whole class. But one little fellow, proud of superior knowledge, broke in eagerly: "Please, Miss M——, they are shining now, for once I was down in a deep well and saw them far above me." The class looked surprised. No one could explain the phenomenon; so, with the remark that some day I would show them why we could not see the stars during the day, we dropped the subject.

Though often reminded of my promise, I put them off from day to day on one pretext or another, until they were on the tip-toe of expectation. One day, however, having provided myself with a tiny wax taper and a match, which I concealed in my hand, I told them that I would now fulfil my promise, and show them why we can't see the stars in the daytime. I

divided the class into two parts, and asked one part to watch me, while the rest looked steadily out of the window. The children did as requested, and I exposed the taper, which I lighted, much to the amusement of those who were in the secret. Having let it burn for a second, I extinguished and again concealed the taper. I then asked for attention from the class. The little people who had been gazing out of the window looked rather disappointed. They hadn't seen anything, they said. I showed the burnt match and the taper, and asked one of the others to explain what I had done. Then they very readily comprehended why they had not seen the little light, which would have seemed so bright in a dark room. They all understood, too, how the brilliant sunlight obscures the light of twinkling stars, which are so important in its absence.

While we talked, the thought flashed through my mind, What a bearing on human life this has! Many a man is stealing his heart, and rejecting the repeated call of the Holy Spirit to come and serve the Master by saying to himself: "I should like to accept the Lord Jesus, but if I do I must give up the pleasures and amusements which make life worth living."

Dear one, whoever you are, your soul is in darkness, and the starlight of this world's pleasures seems very necessary to you. It is the only light in your life. But draw aside the rusty bolts, throw wide open the windows of your soul, and let in the glorious sunlight of Christ's abiding presence. Then these other petty lights will grow dimmer and dimmer until they fade quite away. In the glorious midday brightness of the Sun of Righteousness all human light is darkness. "The way of the wicked is as darkness: But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. iv. 19, 18.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

EPIPHANY.

ON the 6th of January our church celebrates the festival of the Epiphany. It does not always fall upon a Sunday as this year. It is rather a pity that it does not, for the festival is a glorious one. The thoughts that it calls up are among the brightest and most stirring of the whole Christian year. It is in the Epiphany season that we read those matchless later prophecies of Isaiah, the very glory of the Old Testament. He is the prophet of the Epiphany. And who can listen unmoved

to the majestic music of his verse, and follow, without exultation, the train of his thought as it soars through time and space to the days when "the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea"; "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising?"

Epiphany means "manifestation," or "showing forth." We commemorate the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. We are brought back to that scene in sacred history where the wise men who have travelled from the East for many months, guided only by the star, stand at length before the infant Jesus, and contemplate Him for whom has been all their quest. They were the first among the Gentiles to welcome Jesus and do Him homage. And their action was full of significance. It meant that whatever the former exclusiveness and isolation of the Jew, He who was born in Bethlehem of David's line would be the hope of Gentile and Jew alike, and put them on a common footing. The Jew of old was privileged beyond other men. He was a child of Abraham, and heir of the promises of God. He felt his position. The Gentile was beyond the pale of his hopes. With pride the Jewish psalmist sang, "In Jewry is God known, His name is great in Israel." But the coming of Christ was to bring a change, and this visit of the wise men declared it. Jew and Gentile now met together to share a common hope and acknowledge a common Lord. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ."

The journey of those wise men has its own wonderful lesson. It tells us that, in spite of its many religions, the Gentile world was restless. Only the Jew had the secret which could satisfy it. The wise men came from the East, to this day the home of religion. Not only were they deeply learned in all the wisdom of the East, but their minds were imbued with its religious teaching. All that it had to tell of God and the human soul, sin and death, and the hereafter, they knew. But it was so meagre it failed to satisfy. Their longings and yearnings remained. The questions they asked were still unanswered. There was to be no rest for them until they should come, guided by God, to the home at Bethlehem, and gaze upon the infant features of Him who was to be their light—"the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." That hour had come at length, and the voice of the prophet cried, "Arise! shine! for thy light is come."

EFFECT OF UNBELIEF ON THE FEMININE CHARACTER.

MANY years ago I joined a so-called Free Church, which had no creed but morality. Agnostics, atheists, pantheists, theists, spiritualists, and transcendentalists, together with one or two Christians styling themselves "liberal," made up the camp.

One evening I took a highly intelligent and warm-natured Christian friend to a meeting of the members. When we came out, he remarked to me that unbelief had a very damaging effect on womanly character. He had observed, that evening, a young girl, who, only a short time before, had been gentle and modest, now joining in discussion with irreverent raillery and mannish self-confidence. I felt the keen edge of my friend's remarks, but did not like to admit it. Twelve more years of life and observation have only too sadly confirmed all that he said. I have seen the finest of women almost unsexed by a fierce career of antichristian thought, degenerating at last into mere ignorant hatred of a religion whose claims, nature, and history, they have never seriously investigated. Once thrown off the track of faith by the influence of masculine friends, they have abandoned themselves to self-will, and their unbelief has ceased to be a matter of thought at all; it is a reversal and rebellion of their affections. They never read the New Testament, but will talk loftily of writers like George Eliot and Olive Schreiner as furnishing much superior food to the soul.

Several years ago a university professor told me of a girl student who boasted that she had read the Koran, but not the New Testament. This means no mere rebellion against some coarse type of Christianity, no mere disgust with professing Christians, but a profound and radical hatred of Christ Himself. A woman or man of culture, and some amount of literary taste, who prefers "The Story of an African Farm" to the Gospel of John is simply suffering from mental disease. Even as literary classics, the books of the New Testament are to be ranked with Plato and Plutarch as against ephemeral novelists, essayists, and magazinists. But the shallow semi-culture of the age has made it possible for the half-educated to overturn all the ideals of the race by sheer caprice and lust of novelty.

It is high time that the New Testament and the great epic narratives and prophecies of the Old were made a subject of literary study in our college courses. As

long as they are confined to the theological seminary, so long will this cultured ignorance and prejudice last. It is the nature of woman to act from what she loves; and no intelligent woman, brought up to reverence and enjoy the sacred writings, can fail to be influenced by them. Something of their majesty and dignity would steal into her soul; something of their noble restraint would temper her spirit; the serenity and self-control of the old-fashioned Christian maiden would be restored to us, and the world be redeemed from that ugliest of nightmares, that walking contradiction in terms, an infidel woman. —*Albert J. Edmunds, in S.S. Times.*

SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES.

SOME men are never awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Dear me, is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares an hour after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn as soon as the fine weather is ended; they cry, "Hold hard!" after the shot has left the gun, and lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. They are like a cow's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are no more worth than an old almanac; their time has gone for being of use; but unfortunately you cannot throw them away as you would the almanac, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take-it-easy and Livelong are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying "they are only a little behind"; but a little late is much too late, and a miss is as good as a mile. My neighbor Sykes covered up his well after his child was drowned in it; and was very busy down at the Old Farm bringing up buckets of water after every stick of the house had been burned. One of these days he'll be for making his will when he can't hold a pen, and he'll be trying to repent of his sins when his senses are going.

These slow coaches think that to-morrow's better than to-day, and take for their

rule an old proverb turned topsy-turvy—"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." They are for waiting until their ship comes home, and always dreaming about things looking up by and by, while grass grows in their furrows and the cows get through the gaps in their hedges. If the birds would but wait to have salt put on their tails, what a breakfast they would take home to their families; but while things move as fast as they do, the youngsters at home will have to fill their mouths with empty spoons. "Never mind," say they, "there are better times coming, wait a little longer." Their birds are all in the bush, and rare fat ones they are, according to their account; and so they had need to be, for they have had none in hand yet, and wife and children are half starved. Something will turn up, they say. Why don't the stupids go and turn it up themselves? Time and tide wait for no man, and yet these fellows loiter about as if they had a freehold of time, a lease of their lives, and a rabbit warden of opportunities. They will find out their mistake when want finds them out, and that will not be long with some in our village, for they are already a long way on the road to Needham. They who would not plough must not expect to eat; they who waste the spring will have a lean autumn. They would not strike when the iron was hot, and they will find the cold iron very hard.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

Time is not tied to a post like a horse to a manger; it passes like the wind, and he who would grind his corn by it must set the mill-sails. He that gapes till he be fed will gape till he be dead. Nothing is to be got without pains except poverty and dirt. In the old days they said, "Jack gets on by his stupidity." Jack would find it very different nowadays, I think; but never in old times or any other times would Jack get on by foolishly letting present chances slip by him; for hares never run into the mouths of sleeping dogs. He that hath time, and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time. There's no good in lying down and crying, "God help us!" God helps those who help themselves. When I see a man who declares that the times are bad and that he is always unlucky, I generally say to myself, "That old goose did not sit on the eggs till they were all addled, and now Providence is to be blamed because they won't hatch." I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck

will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon in his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it away it goes.—*C. H. Spurgeon, in the Church man's Magazine.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to Thee, melt Thou my heart of stone;
I search to find one perfect thought of love to God alone;
So unto Thee for help I cry, to whom all thoughts are known.

Ah! well Thou knowest, Jesu, Lord, how vile and full of sin
Is my sad soul! Yet do I pray my God to enter in,
Nor may I rest unless that Thee for my dear quest I win.

For Thy sweet presence, O my Lord, doth make all pure and clean,
In deserts where Thy feet have trod white lily-flowers are seen,
The wilderness doth blossom fair, and barren wastes are green.

Let me but see Thee as Thou art, Jesus, my Lord, my life!
Thy blood to wash my erring soul, Thy strength to arm for strife,
Thy life laid down to be for me my everlasting life.

Show Thou Thyself, that I may know, falterer from truth and right,
The beauty of eternal truth, as walking in God's sight,
The glory of a perfect man dawned on this dark world's night.

Show Thou Thyself, that I may know, whose feet fail in the strife,
How, conqueror over every foe, Thou treadest through this life.

MINNIE RITCHIE MUIR.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

III. PEACE.

THERE are many things ministering to our happiness which increase it, though they are not necessary to it. But one thing is absolutely essential, and that is peace. It is the one desire of thousands of hearts, at the sight of human sin and need, the misdirected struggles of earth, and the sad perplexities of this mortal life. For it they are all continually praying and struggling.

What is true peace?

It is not necessarily freedom from outward cares. God does not promise His

people entire immunity from care. But He does teach us the way to rise above it, and to possess peace in the midst of the anxieties of life. The surface of Lake Superior is often swept by storms, but the tempest's rage affects only its surface. In its great depths—it is 900 feet deep—calm reigns. The same contrast is seen in a Christian life ruled by trust. It has its outward trials, but it has also its inward peace. It has depths unaffected by the troublesome waves of this troublesome world.

Peace is not always freedom from inward anxiety. The Christian is not taught that his life is to be without struggle, sorrow, and pain. Rather is his life a conflict, and it is through much tribulation that he enters the kingdom of heaven. The peace promised is Christ's own peace, "My peace," and His life was not free from sorrow and pain.

It is not the false "peace" of self-righteousness. The Pharisee in the temple court was satisfied with himself. But his peace was the peace of death.

Nor is it the peace of thoughtless apathy or callous indifference. An ice-bound river is at peace. No breath of earth ruffles its surface. But the sleep of winter is the nearest approach to the sleep of death.

It is not the "peace" of a conscience unenlightened and uninformed. There are many whose spiritual hopes are like a dream which has no foundation in reality. They appear contented in heart and mind, but it is the contentment which lasts only as long as they are able to lull conscience to sleep, or to shut their ears to its voice. They are not, perhaps, altogether unhappy, for conscience has lost its power to alarm them, but of true peace they know nothing. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

The peace of God is rest. It is the effect of the indwelling of God's own Spirit in the heart, the life of man brought into harmony with the life of God. It is the heart set free from guilty fear, the conscience unburdened of the heavy load, the mind full of a heavenly calm. Such peace is only known by being possessed. It passes man's understanding. The deaf man knows nothing, in his experience, of the concord of sweet sounds. The blind man knows nothing of the rich and glorious colors of earth and sky and sea. So the earthly mind fails to comprehend the meaning of God's precious gift of peace. The mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was once the Christian church of the Divine Wisdom. Over its western

door may still be read, in Greek characters, Christ's invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." For hundreds of years the followers of the false prophet have brought all their anxieties and their cares, their griefs and their sorrows, into that house of prayer, while the most precious words of Christ have remained unknown to them. There, in that inscription, they possess the secret of rest, but its power to bless remains outside of their experience. They go as they came, with the burden of their guilt upon them, and their sorrows are unconsolated. So the world hears of God's "peace," but, to understand it, it must be possessed.

The peace of a quiet conscience, as the great dramatist has told us, is far above all earthly dignities. For the honors of earth may be thick upon a man, and yet he may never know one hour's happiness. But with the conscience at rest, its voice by God's grace obeyed, and its light shining like a very candle of the Lord, his life is well balanced. He knows no fear of God save filial and holy fear, no fear of man, no fear of the future, and no fear of hell. The peace of God shuts out all fear where it dwells.

The blessed secret of peace is completely revealed in Jesus Christ. The fruit of His Spirit is peace. It is the gift of Jesus to His believing people. "My peace I give unto you." This peace is Himself. "He is our peace." He speaks peace to the heart. "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye may have peace." It is a result of the trust of our hearts in the Saviour. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is perfect in its nature and never-failing in its results.

"Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way."

There is an old promise upon which God's people have leaned in every age and found it steadfast and sure: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

"Stayed upon Jehovah
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

Parish and Home.

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O THOU not made with hands,
Nor throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! Thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down,
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! Thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

FOR PARISH AND HOME

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

"HELLO! Who are you fellows, and where are you going?"

"Boys' Brigade, sir. We parade to-night at half-past seven," said one of a group of boys whose swinging military stride and neat uniform of blue with white facings attracted my attention as I walked down the street.

"Where do you drill, and may I come and see you?"

"Yes, sir. We're the 3rd York, and we drill at St. George's schoolhouse. The captain will be glad to see you." And giving me a military salute the boys passed on.

I had some time to myself just then, and I must confess that the boys had aroused my curiosity. What is this Boys' Brigade? What is it for? I determined to go up to St. George's. So, turning in that direction, I kept the boys in sight till we got to the schoolhouse. Entering the schoolroom, a very animated scene greeted me. The hall was well lighted, all the chairs had been removed to a distant alcove, and scattered about the cleared space were thirty or forty boys, all in the smart blue and white uniform I had noticed on my young friends on the street. Here in one corner were several engaged in tightening up the drums; over there a tall, well-built fellow was going through the bayonet exercise in an impromptu manner before an admiring knot of five or six; while in another place an animated discussion was going on regarding the respective merits of several lacrosse players. Presently a gentleman emerged from a little group of boys and came toward me.

"Good-night to you. Glad to see you."

"Thank you. I met several of your boys on the street, and they extended me an invitation to their parade. I shall not be in the way?"

"Not at all. Delighted to have you with us. Take your stand over there till we get through inspection, and I will join you again."

Presently a bugle sounds, and one of the sergeants takes up his position smartly. Another bugle, and the boys fall in. The company is "dressed," and the orderly sergeant calls the roll. Ranks are then opened, and the captain proceeds to make his inspection. Certainly, the boys present a smart, soldierly appearance. The neat blue forage-cap with white braid and silver No. 3 in front, the white haversack with its broad shoulder strap, the leather waist belt and the rifle, all are set off to good advantage.

Inspection over, hymn books and Bibles are produced from the haversacks. The captain stands facing the company, the band, consisting of two bugles and two snare drums, being drawn up in the rear.

"Hymn No. 15 Company! Quick mark time!" calls out the captain. The step is regulated by the beat of the drums, and at the end of the second roll the singing begins:

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss!"

The hymn finished, the command is given: "Company! Halt! St. Mark's Gospel, 3rd chapter, first eleven verses." The captain reads the first verse, the boys take up the second, and the passage is read responsively.

"Let us pray." Every cap is off and every head bowed, while all join audibly in the Lord's Prayer.

"Return your books! Company! Stand at ease! Mr. Wright!"

The senior lieutenant steps up to the captain. Saluting one another, the parade is handed over and drill is begun.

"You have a smart company," I said, as the captain came across to where I stood.

"Yes, the boys drill very well."

Certainly the remark was warranted, for the various movements were executed with a degree of precision which would have done credit to any volunteer battalion.

"Tell me something about your work. I have heard of the Boys' Brigade, but have never before had the pleasure of seeing it for myself."

"The object," said the captain, "is the advancement of Christ's kingdom among the boys. We use military organization, drill, and discipline for the purpose of attaining that object. We find that Brigade work reaches the boy in an all-round manner, which, perhaps, could not be so successfully accomplished by any other method. In the first place, we do the boy good physically. There is no better exercise for a growing boy than military drill. We use the ordinary movements of company drill, manual and firing exercises, bayonet exercise, and physical training with and without arms, and we find that these give the boy a splendid 'sitting-up.' Why! if you could have seen some of those boys when we got hold of them—they really did not know how to walk. They shambled along, one shoulder in front of the other, head thrust forward, habits, which if not broken up, would make them old before their time.

"But a few months' drill and proper exercise, and they now carry themselves erect, chests expanded, heads up, and are able to walk gracefully. They are acquiring habits which will stick to them all their lives.

"Then we teach the boy morally. Every man who will be successful in his profession, who will be an acquisition to the State, must have learned the duty of 'obedi-

ence.' We teach that lesson here. Implicit obedience is insisted on in Brigade. The boys are taught to render obedience and respect to their officers and non-commissioned officers, while the non-coms. are shown that the only power that will command obedience is the force of a good moral character. Let me illustrate what I mean: I once appointed a boy to be a non-commissioned officer. I soon found he had no hold on the boys. Looking for the reason of this, I found that though he had muscular ability to enforce his commands he lacked moral ability; he had not the respect of the boys. Muscular ability will control a boy while you stand over him, but it takes the other to influence him when he is away from you. I need hardly say that I was glad when, shortly afterward, the boy handed in his resignation. Speaking of the effect of the discipline upon the boys, it was only the other day that a member of our congregation, the father of a large family of boys, said to me: 'I'm glad you've got hold of my boys; you're doing them good. I notice lately they are much more respectful to me and to their mother.'

"But I thought you said your object was to win the boys for Christ? Do you find drill and discipline do that?"

"I was coming to that part of it. We do reach the boys spiritually by means of the Brigade, but not in such direct manner as the physical and moral work. Brigade gives us, indirectly, many splendid opportunities. For instance, the short religious exercises that we have every drill night promote habits of reverence among the boys; and the effect of the singing and reading here in the hall is noticeable in their singing and responding in church. Then Brigade gives the boys a place peculiarly their own in the life and work of the church. It serves admirably to hold them at the age boys so frequently break off from Sunday-school. But the best opportunity of all is found in the personal acquaintance it gives us of the boys. We get in touch with the boys in a way that would be utterly impossible without Brigade. If you have done any Christian work, you will know the immense value of personal work. Brigade gives us splendid opportunities for personal contact with the boys. Why! our rector and we officers know every boy in the company; his Christian name, his character, his home surroundings, his temperament, his peculiarities and difficulties. You may be sure this knowledge opens a great door of usefulness."

"How often do you drill?"

"Once a week during eight months of the year, and whenever there's a children's service, which is usually once in three months in our church, the Brigade have a march out and church parade. Then in the summer we go into camp for a week or so. Our rector goes along, and we all spend a jolly time together. We get an issue of tents from the Militia Department at Ottawa, through the kindness of the Deputy Adjutant-General of our military district. We rig up a camp kitchen and tables; the boys take turn at all camp duties, orderlies being told off each day and a duty roster kept, so that each boy gets his turn. We hire some boats, the boys bring along their fishing tackle, and, between short drill every morning on the commons, boating, fishing, swimming, lacrosse, tennis, and the camp-fire at night, we have a grand time. Enough fun in one week to keep us telling camp yarns all the rest of the year. But, best of all, we get close to the boys in camp in a way we could never do at home. Our rector says he sees more of his boys in that one week than in all the year besides, and I believe it's a fact."

"I think I am coming to the conclusion that there are great possibilities in Brigade work."

"Possibilities? There are grand possibilities, tremendous possibilities, and wide-awake Christian men are beginning to see it. The day is not far distant when every well-organized church that wants to do an aggressive work for Christ will have its Boys' Brigade. Believe me, the Brigade has come to stay, and is bound to succeed. It will succeed simply because it has a good principle underlying it. We believe a *boy* represents *force*; direct it aright, and presently you have a mighty power for good, for the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow. But let that force shape its own course, and the result is bound to be disastrous. The first thing toward the desired result is to get the 'force' moving in the right direction. One of the means we use toward this end is to furnish our boys with a good *guide*. It's an undeniable fact that every boy must have an ideal, and in his search for one he doesn't go far. Very few boys copy a visionary ideal. They more quickly take up one near at hand, something in the concrete. It may be a daily companion, or the foreman in the shop, or the senior clerk in the office. Now, we endeavor to provide a good pattern for the boy by giving him, as the officers in his Brigade, the best available type of Christian manliness.

We want the very *best* young men we can get for officers, and when we get a good man he will soon become a controlling power in the boy's life, for every boy will naturally, though altogether unconsciously, follow and be influenced by him. When this is the case, that officer has a tremendous opportunity for bringing every one of those boys to Jesus Christ. But while there's your boundless chance for usefulness for the young man who has consecrated himself to God for Brigade work, the very greatness of the opportunity makes it necessary that he shall be an out-and-out man, full of the Holy Ghost, for you've no idea what it means to let one's life be looked at and copied or criticized by a lot of boys. I tell you, it needs careful walking. But I'm afraid I've bored you. This Brigade work is something so dear to my heart that when I get talking on it I get carried away."

"Not at all. I'm delighted to hear you. I assure you I've put in a very pleasant hour. By the way, how can I find out about the preliminary details of this work? I would like to try to organize a Brigade in our church. Have you any headquarters?"

"Yes. Write Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, 107 Hazen street, St. John, N.B. He will send you all particulars, and the literature, forms, etc., necessary, free of charge."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night to you. Come and see us again, and let me know how you get along. 7.30 p.m. sharp, Thursday nights." M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE DIOCESE OF SELKIRK.

WHEN the life of Bishop Bompas is written, it will contain a record of the most unselfish devotion to the cause of Christ for the salvation of men in the extreme northwest of this Dominion.

In 1874 he was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca. When that diocese was subdivided in 1883, he chose the remoter portion, Mackenzie River, leaving Athabasca to Bishop Young; and when Mackenzie River was subdivided in 1891, he again chose the remoter portion, Selkirk, leaving Mackenzie River district to Bishop Reeve. He has remained at his post in the far northwest for twenty years without a break, and many thousands of miles he has journeyed by canoe and on foot through this lone land.

The diocese of Selkirk ("Holy Church") reaches from the Rocky Moun-

tains to the borders of Alaska, and embraces part of the basin of the Yukon, a river 2,000 miles long. The Bishop computes that his diocese has an area of 200,000 square miles, and a population of about 5,000, including some hundreds of miners. There are three mission stations, Kampart House, Buxton, and Selkirk.

The Bishop has only two or three clergymen to help him at present. Unwilling to leave his work, he has appealed by letter for more laborers for this out-of-the-way corner of the mission field. In this connection, it might be interesting to read the following condensation of the report of a Government inspector who has recently visited that part of Canada, so little known to us. The *Montreal Witness* says:

"Inspector Constantine has furnished the Hon. Mr. Ives with a very complete report of his recent journey to the Yukon district. Speaking of the resources of the country, he says that the timber along the Yukon River is of small value, but he was informed that on the Stewart River the timber was longer and of better quality. The principal fish of the region is salmon. The seasons on the Yukon are extreme. As low as 77° below zero has been reached in winter, while in summer as high as 120° has been known. The amount of land fit for cultivation is very limited. Wood is the only fuel used. As to the mining industry in that locality, Inspector Constantine says it is only in its infancy. The liquor traffic in the country is assuming large proportions, and will have to be dealt with by a strong hand, and a sufficient force will be necessary to enforce the provisions of the law. The country at present is ruled by a whiskey ring. There are five saloons running, and more will be opened as the miners come in for the winter. The liquor sold is of good quality, and retails at fifty cents a drink. Three thousand gallons have been taken in during the year just passed. The Indians make up an alcoholic compound called 'hooch-inoo,' which is very strong, like pure alcohol in appearance and taste. Talks with the miners elicited the information that they would like to see a high license rate imposed, and a stop put to the sale of liquor to the Indians. With the exception of the schools of the Church of England mission, there are no schools in the district. These district schools are three in number, and have an attendance on an average of sixty per day. These schools are kept up by the generosity of friends,

and are purely voluntary. Furs are fairly plentiful in the region. The exports for the year would amount to between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

"The inspector has gone to Ottawa to talk over with the Hon. Mr. Ives the question of a special force on the Yukon. He has done good service for the country, and despite the hazardous position in which he was placed went through the ordeal creditably. It speaks well for the respect with which the law is regarded when two men can go into a rough district among a lot of men who had never seen a police officer there before, and collect such a large sum of money."

F. H. DUVERNET.

A SCOTCHMAN ON MIRACLES.

"WELL, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then go to violate His own laws. What would be the use of making them if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said uncle, very reverently, "what God may do, or what He winna do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation o' the laws o' nature, or rather laws o' God, that I ken o', save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what, then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, "to be merely such an interference wi' the established course o' things as infallibly shows us the presence and the action o' the supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half-past twelve, exactly—Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said uncle, pulling a huge old timepiece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock with me; I generally keep my watch a bittle forrit (a little forward). But I may hae a special reason the noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands o't around. Noo, wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' a watch?"

"True, I have done what watchdom wi' a' its laws could nae have done for itself, but I have done violence to nane o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I hae suspended nae law. Well, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God acting worthily o' Himself, and we hae a' that I contend for in a miracle; that is the unquestionable presence of the Al-

mighty hand working the divine will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and who daur say He'll not get leave to do it again?"—*Sunday Afternoon.*

A PATHETIC PRAYER.

THE fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is small, and the ocean wide."

How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening of our daily life? "Keep me, my God; for my boat is small, and the ocean wide!" Keep me, my God—keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of Thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except Thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "the ocean is so wide"—the journey is so long, and the days and years are many. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in thy righteousness."—*Selected.*

"THEY WOULD SING IF THEY ONLY KNEW HIM."

THE Southern Presbyterian Church has recently established a mission on the Congo. Their first missionary was a Rev. Mr. Lapsley, of Alabama. He was permitted to work only a little while, when he was stricken down with fever, and his resting place is at the gateway of the Upper Congo. Shortly before his death he wrote home a very interesting sketch of his work, with the following pathetic story of a Congo woman. He said: "I asked her about her knowledge of God. She answered me right along and said, 'The Bakete know God made and preserves us and everything, and gives us all things.' 'Yet,' I said, 'you do not clap your hands softly three times—so—and say *Wolah*, as you do if I give you only a little salt.' 'The Bakete would sing to Him if they only knew how,' said she. Then I explained to several of them who Jesus was, and they listened very earnestly, but the complaint was: "We haven't heard this. You white people know about it, but we do not."

From the centre of the Dark Continent comes this sad refrain from the heart of a woman on hearing for the first time the story of redeeming love, "We would sing if we only knew Him."—*The Silver Cross.*

TWO THOUGHTS.

I. EXALTED character is the supreme attainment possible to man. It matters little where one is, what he has, or even what he does. But it matters everything what he is, at the centre of his being. The man is always more than his station, whatever that may be. Even the teacher reproduces his own character far more certainly than he does the truth he would fain teach. Exalted character is, therefore, the first requisite for any kind of true success in life. But such character is to be obtained only by dwelling constantly in the presence of one's own ideals of perfection. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

II. Human happiness invariably comes unsought. It is manifestly right to be happy, and a happier world would be a better world. But no one ever yet obtained true happiness by purposely pursuing it. He who begins the day with the determination to seek his own happiness will close it with a consciousness of his own misery. But he who sincerely strives to make another happy, whether he succeed or fail, will, at all events, be happy himself. Happiness, like a coy maiden, is not to be won by constant wooing. Unselfishly give her up to another, and she becomes all the more securely your own.—*The Silver Cross.*

SAVED.

Two years ago, coming from California to Liverpool, the mate fell overboard. The vessel was running eleven knots an hour, so that she went some distance before a lifeboat could be lowered. Two life buoys were at once thrown out, and the drowning man got one. Our sailor and five more manned the lifeboat, and rowed back to the poor fellow, who was holding on. "Saved"—yes, in a sense. Too many are just spiritually "holding on." I want something more than a "holding on" sort of religion. It is too uncertain and risky.

When the lifeboat came along, the mate no longer held on to the life buoy: the rescuing party took him into the boat, when, not his "holding on" upheld him, but the boat. Religion is only a life

buoy: Christ is the Lifeboat. "In Him" is better than "holding on." Christ saves out of the sea, not in it. "All he could say was, 'Thank you,'" added the teller.

Shall not we say, "Thanks, Lord," for our greater deliverance at the cost of our Deliverer's own life?

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

CONSIDER the fretfulness of restiveness under the discipline of life. Unbroken colts that champ the bits, and toss their heads, and pull against the reins—you have seen them, how they are hot, and breathless, and lathered with foam. And the strong hand holds on with steady pressure, till they are worn out with resistance, and succumb. That is the discipline of life. God's hand would hold us still, till we can feel and get our part in the magnetism of His calm and patient purpose; and grow patient, and calm, and strong, in harmony with Him. Fret not thyself. The old Greek word for patience means lying under the pressure and the presence of God's hand, till we learn to suffer and be still. It is St. Peter's thought to "humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt in due time."

We use the word "broken" of a horse, not meaning mean-spirited and cowed, but trained and lifted up to the dignity of conscious self-control. So I would have you not break your hearts, as birds against the bars, or colts against the bits, with the fret of vain resistance to the wise, strong Will; but only let yourself be "broken" in this better sense of training, that shall develop in yourself mastery, and the dignity of discipline.—*Selected.*

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and color, which is the most attractive form of beauty; there is the beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features and redeems them from the charge of plainness; and, lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God, and is the reflection of His glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when it is said that all that sat in the council looking steadfastly at Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire it if they choose, and this is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay.

We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest and the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young, whose natural beauty it heightens and adorns; and whenever we see it we may be sure that he or she who possesses it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God—a child of prayer, for it is prayer and meditation on holy things which makes the face, as it were, "the face of an angel."—*Selected.*

LIBERTY BELL.

AMONG many other wonderful things seen at the World's Fair, in Chicago, was a remarkable bell, called *Liberty Bell*. It was made in the city of Troy, State of New York, and is composed, it is said, of "200,000 historic relics, melted down and molten into one." The conception of this bell was suggested by a poem, written by Mrs. Wagner, who had the honor of first causing the bell to sound. It was to have been ready for its place in the exhibition on the fourth of July, to proclaim the anniversary of America's independence as a nation; but was delayed, and had to be rung for the first time in the city of its birth.

In this extraordinary bell, we are told, there are "filings from chains worn by prisoners in the mines of Kara, the flint lock from the gun of Thomas Jefferson, bits of cannon from the field of Waterloo, twenty things dear to the memory of George Washington, particles from the Vendome Column, a link from the chain which bound Bolivar, metal mementoes in memory of Lincoln, a cow-bell from the home of William Tell, and medals worn by heroes who served under Garibaldi." All these together tell the tale of tyranny and cruelty, from which so many have suffered in the generations past, and remind us of the happy change that has come over the spirit of the present age. And what has largely helped to bring about this better condition of things is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For did not He come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound?—*Selected.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Jan. 6. Mark vi. 17-29. Matt. ii. 1-13.
 " 13. Mark vi. 30-44. Luke ii. 40 to end.
 " 20. John vi. 25-35. Matt. iii. 1-13.
 " 27. Matt. xvi. 13-23. John i. 19-35.

THE RAIN.

A CLOUD came up in the August sky—
 "Oh, do you think it will rain?
 Or do you think it will pass us by?"
 The little leaves said: "We are parched and dry—
 Will it ever be cool again!"

The cloud grew nearer and still more near—
 "Oh, will it rain, do you think?"
 The little brook cried: "If it don't, I fear
 There will scarce be moisture enough down here
 To freshen the moss by the brink."

The meadow was parched and brown and dry,
 And listless drooped each bloom,
 So wan and weak, they could hardly sigh,
 "If it doesn't rain, we all must die;
 Oh, that the rain would come!"

A little girl stood in a dreadful pout,
 And looked through the window-pane—
 "What are the ugly old clouds about?
 There, it's raining! I can't go out.
 I wish it never would rain!"

So all day long she was glum and sad;
 But the little leaves danced through the lane,
 And the brook, and the leaves, and the flowers
 were glad,
 That a wiser power than little girls had
 The sending of clouds and of rain.

—Alice Williams Brotherton.

"I'LL SPEAK NEXT TIME."

A YOUNG Christian girl tripped lightly
 into the dusty, smoke-begrimed town from
 her beautiful country home in the suburbs,
 her heart intent upon doing some little
 work for Jesus. In her hand she carried a
 bundle of Gospel tracts which she proposed
 distributing as she had opportunity.

As she passed along she saw a woman
 standing in her doorway, and determined
 she should have one of her tracts. Just
 then she became conscious of a still small
 voice within, saying, "Speak to her of
 Me—ask her if she knows Me. Tell her
 of My love for her, and of My power and
 willingness to save her even there where
 she stands. She needs Me even as you
 need Me. You cannot do without Me.
 You value My love; she cannot do with-
 out Me, and she would value My love if
 she knew it. Speak to her of Me." This
 young Christian's heart-reply to that inner
 voice was, "Oh, no, I cannot speak to
 her. I'm afraid I wouldn't know what to

say, I'd stammer and blush; I'll just give
 her a tract; the Gospel is in it, it will
 speak to her, but I—I couldn't—I'll speak
 next time."

All this happened in much less time
 than it takes you to read it, dear reader.
 She crossed the road, and, handing a tract
 to the poor woman, with a sweet smile
 and an attractive manner, which might
 have won its way to any heart if she had
 just spoken of Him, said, "Will you take
 one, please?"

"Oh, yes, miss, many thanks."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, miss."

And off she went, saying to herself,
 "I'll speak next time."

But her heart was ill at ease; she could
 hear the voice within saying, "Ah, you
 have missed a golden opportunity. You
 should have spoken to her of Me. I
 would have given you courage, and words,
 if you had only opened your lips. Bes-
 sides, I would have filled you with much
 joy—the joy that those have who obey My
 faintest whisper. Now you are miserable,
 for you have disobeyed Me. And how do
 you know but that you have lost a star for
 your crown? How do you know but that
 poor woman may be lost forever, just be-
 cause you refused to obey Me to-day?"

This young Christian, who really did
 love her Lord, confessed her faithlessness
 to Him and promised that she would in-
 deed "speak next time."

A week passed, and again she ap-
 proached the town with her bundle of
 tracts. As she drew near she heard the
 cemetery bell toll for the dead. Oh, she
 said to herself, if that should be the
 death-bell of that woman! It was. She
 had missed her chance. There was no
 next time.—William Thomson, Glasgow.

AN INCIDENT.

ON a railway train the writer noticed
 the entrance of a mother and little son who
 were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of
 the mother. The friend was only going
 from one way-station to the next, while
 the others were on a long journey. There
 happened to be but one vacant double-
 seat in the car; and into this the boy
 slipped, taking the seat next to the win-
 dow. His mother, eager to improve the
 ten minutes with her friend, asked her son
 to give up his seat and take another for
 that little time, so that she could sit with
 her friend: "No, I won't; because I
 want to sit by the window, and all the
 other seats have people already at the
 windows."

"But, darling, only ten minutes, and
 then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the
 window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleas-
 ure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten minutes, when mamma
 wants to talk with her friend, and you can
 sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis.

And in spite of humble entreaty from
 the mother, and good-natured urging from
 the friend, that home-nurtured bit of
 selfishness kept his place, the mother never
 dreaming of insisting on the right and
 courteous thing, but murmuring gently
 that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of
 the window."

When seven-year-old Bobby becomes
 Robert, the husband, his sad little wife
 will wonder, "Why is it that men have so
 little tenderness for their wives?"—*Centu-
 rary for January.*

THE STORY OF A RICH MAN.

MANY years ago a lad of sixteen years
 left home to seek his fortune. All his
 worldly possessions were tied up in a
 bundle, which he carried in his hand.
 As he trudged along he met an old neigh-
 bor, the captain of a canal boat, and the
 following conversation took place, which
 changed the whole current of the boy's
 life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father
 is too poor to keep me at home any
 longer, and says I must now make a living
 for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said
 the captain. "Be sure you start right and
 you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only
 trade he knew anything about was soap
 and candle making, at which he had
 helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me
 pray with you once more and give you a
 little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-
 path (the path along which the horses
 which drew the canal boat walked). The
 dear old man prayed earnestly for Wil-
 liam, and then gave this advice: "Some
 one will soon be the leading soap-maker
 in New York. It can be you as well as
 any one. I hope it may. Be a good
 man, give your heart to Christ, give the
 Lord all that belongs to Him of every
 dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give

a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to seek first the "kingdom of God and his righteousness." He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said: "If the Lord will take one-tenth I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partners died and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever. Then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, and then five-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause and left a name that will never die.—*Selected.*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

OFF the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone—

She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak; but she said in her heart that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost off the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighting a candle placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it and spun, but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle, and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.—*Jean Ingelow, quoted in Parish Visitor.*

THE reward of duty done is the power to fulfil another.—*George Eliot.*

THAT which is often asked of God is not so much His will and way, as His approval of our way.—*S. F. Smiley.*

I WAS walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she:

"Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting:

"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear!" she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea there were so many."—*Mark Guy Pearse, in Gospel Trumpet.*

IN daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. "A general," said Bonaparte, "always has troops enough if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them."

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The Rev. A. Roberts, of Venice, says that in Italy "The annual circulation of the Bible now exceeds that of any other book." What a change is coming in that land.

Mr. Oxby, who was so suddenly called away at the close of the year, was one of the wardens at St. John's Church, Cambridge, and will be much missed from the congregation.

Collections St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, Dec., 1894:—

	Enve'opes	Loose	Total.
2	\$22 75	\$15 90	\$38 65
9	13 70	6 57	20 27
16	33 35	12 30	45 65
23	15 05	12 63	27 68
30	17 10	9 05	26 15
	\$101 95	\$56 45	\$158 40
Church Debt Fund,	.	.	\$ 3 00

A gentleman visiting in Lindsay from the North-west kindly handed the Rector \$5 for Christmas cheer for the needy of our parish.

Twenty-one thousand persons were killed in India by snake bites, while 2,800 were killed by wild animals, within a year, while ninety-thousand head of cattle were destroyed. On the other hand fifteen thousand wild beasts were killed and 130,000 deadly snakes. Southern countries have some disadvantages and we are glad we live in Canada.

Last year alone the Church in Uganda sent over \$4,000 to England for bibles and portions of the Scripture, and the native church is now supporting one hundred native teachers and has many more in training, and that in the land where a few years ago Stanley, the explorer, found all in darkness and challenged the Christian Church to send missionaries. Some of God's miracles of the 19th century seem as great as those of the 1st.