

Church of The Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE



Vol. 3.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 4.

RECTOR:—REV. SEPIMUS JONES, M. A., RECTORY, 160 BLOOR STREET WEST.

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SERVICES.

Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
 Holy Communion, 11 a. m. first Sunday of each month.
 " " 7 p. m. third " "
 " " 8 a. m. every other Sunday
 Baptism, first Sunday of each month, at 11 p. m.; or, at
 the same hour on any other Sunday; or, at any of
 the services if previously notified and arranged.
 Sunday School, 3 p. m.
 Adult Bible Class, 3 p. m.
 Wednesday Service, 8 p. m., in School House.
 " " 9 p. m., Teachers' Bible Class.

CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

Monday—Girl's Friendly Society at 8 p. m. every Mon-
 day.
 Wednesday—Mothers' Meeting, 3 p. m.
 Wednesday—Young Women's Auxiliary to Missions,
 3 p. m.
 Thursday—Women's Auxiliary to Missions, 3 p. m.
 Friday—Boy's Bible Class, 7:30 p. m.
 Saturday—Busy Workers, (i. e. Br. Women's Aux.) 10 a. m.
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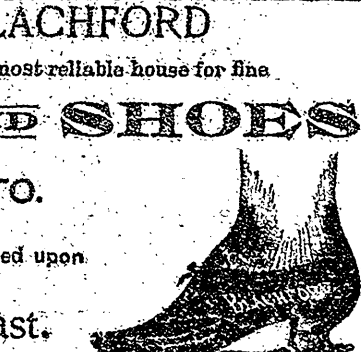
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Vol. III.

TORONTO, FEB., 1894.

No. 4.

PRESENT CHURCH WARDENS.



RECTOR'S WARDEN.
THOS. MILLMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S.



PEOPLE'S WARDEN
D. T. SYMONS, B.C.L.

THOS. MILLMAN, M.D.

Thomas Millman, M.D., was born near Woodstock, Ont., on the 14th of February, 1850, his father being Thos. Millman, of Devonshire, Eng., and his mother Maria Taylor, of Norfolk, Eng. Dr. Millman was as a boy under the pastoral care of the late Bishop of Algoma (Bishop Fauquier), which no doubt accounts for the deep interest he has since manifested in S. school and church work, as scholar, teacher and superintendent and as churchwarden in no less than three places: St. John's Church, Portsmouth, Ont., St. Philip's and Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, which latter place we hope he may continue to fill for some time.

He was educated in the Woodstock grammar school until 1869, when he entered Trinity Medical College, Toronto, where he graduated in 1873. He then received the appointment as assistant surgeon to the B.N.A. Boundary Commission of 1873-75. He then went to Europe and spent two years in London and Edinburgh, passing the examination for membership in the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. He was also appointed resident accoucheur of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and was elected a Fellow of the Obstetrical Society, London. Returning to Canada he began to practice in Woodstock, and in

1879 received the appointment of assistant physician at the Asylum for the Insane, London, Ont., and in 1885 the position of assistant medical superintendent of Asylum for the Insane, Kingston, Ont., which position he resigned in 1889, having decided to remove to Toronto.

He has devoted considerable time to botany and has a fine collection of the Canadian flora. He has been connected for many years with prominent organizations for the good of his fellowmen. At present he occupies the honorable and very responsible position of Supreme Physician of I.O.F.

Dr. Millman married in 1881 Helen D. Craig, daughter of John Craig, Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE
Parish Magazine.

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Editor and Business Manager:
REV. GUS. ADOLPH KUHRING,
Treasurer:
JAMES EDMUND JONES, B.A., 100
Bloor W.
Distribution-Manager:
W. M. CAMPBELL, 24 Earl Street.

D. T. SYMONS, Esq., B.C.L.

David Thorburn Symons, Esq., B. C.L. is a son of Mr John Symons, of this City, who for years has taken a deep interest in church matters in general, being formerly a warden of

St. Paul's Church. It is therefore not surprising to find his son taking a like interest in the welfare of the Church.

In the Young Peoples Association he was for two successive years President, to which position he was elected on account of his integrity and ability. The Society look back to this period as two very successful years.

The confidence which the young people of the church placed in Mr. Symons, having been so well chosen the congregation as a whole, affirmed their verdict and at the last Easter vestry meeting elected him as their Church Warden, a position which he has filled with much acceptance.

Mr. Symons was educated at Upper Canada College and subsequently at Trinity University. He was called to the Bar in Michaelmas Term 1884, where he has earned for himself a reputation, as acknowledged by the University appointing him an Examiner in Law. Mr. Symons is a member of the law firm of Messrs. Kingstone, Wood & Symons. In works of philanthropy he has not been found wanting, and because of the deep interest he has always manifested in St. George's Society, he has been lately elected their President.

From the review of his past life we feel sure we may predict (if God spares him) a life of usefulness, not devoid of honor, for his fellowmen.

LENTEN SERVICES.

1894.

- Feb. 7th, Ash Wednesday.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer, etc.
Rev. L. E. Skoy, B.A.
8 p.m., Evening Prayer. Rector.
- Feb. 9th.
5 p.m., Litany and Address.
Ass't.
- Feb. 11th, Sunday.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Service. Rector.
7 p.m., Evening Service.
Rev. Alex. Williams, M.A.
- Feb. 14th, Wednesday.
8 p.m., Evening Prayer. Ass't.
- Feb. 16th, Friday.
5 p.m., Litany and Address.
Rev. Prof. Du Vernet, B.D.
- Feb. 18th, Sunday.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
Rev. G. B. Morley.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer and
Missionary Address.
Rev. Canon Mockridge, D.D.
and N. W. Hoyles, Esq., Q.C.
- Feb. 21st, Wednesday.
8 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, M.A.
- Feb. 23rd, Friday.
5 p.m., Litany and Address.
Rector.
- Feb. 25th, Sunday.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer. Rector.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Rt. Rev. Bp. of Athabasca.
- Feb. 28th, Wednesday.
8 p.m., Evening Prayer. Ass't.
- March 2nd, Friday.
5 p.m., Litany and Address.
Rector.
- March 4th, Sunday.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer and
Holy Communion. Rector.
4 p.m., Baptisms.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D.

BAPTISMS.

YEARNLEY.—Jan. 7th, Mabel,
daughter of Edwin Yearnsley and
of Rosanna Digby Equinbridge, his
wife.

CUMMING.—Jan. 14th, Edith and
Nellie, daughters of William Cum-
ming and of Annie Elizabeth Mar-
shall, his wife.

ROBERTS.—Jan. 21st, Blanche
Irene Elizabeth, and Harold Fred-
erick Samuel, twin children of Wil-

liam Frederick Roberts and of
Elizabeth O'Hara, his wife.

LINDSAY.—Jan. 21st, John David
Brown, son of David Lindsay and
of Sarah Ann Brown, his wife.

DODGE.—Jan. 21st, Pearl Lillian,
daughter of John Dodge and Char-
lotte Thompson, his wife.

CRAIG.—Jan. 21st, Eva Gordon,
daughter of late James Craig and
of Minnie Casey Andrew Welsh, his
wife.

REDMOND.—Feb. 4th, Henry Gil-
bert, son of John Henry Redmond
and of Hannah Eliza Smith, his
wife.

SHEPPARD.—Feb. 4th, Lily Louisa,
daughter of Matthew Henry Shep-
pard and of Minnie Willis, his wife.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON

Preached in the Church of the
Redeemer, Toronto, on Quinquag-
esima Sunday, 1894, by the Rector,
Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., R.D.

MARK VI. 31: "And Jesus said unto the
Apostles, Come ye yourselves apart into a
desert place and rest awhile."

The season of Lent, upon which
we hope to enter on Wednesday is
intended to promote the revival of
true religion, by calling us to more
than usual diligence in devout wor-
ship, self-examination, and self-
denial. The three prominent fea-
tures of the season are: (1) Greater
retirement from the world, (2) lon-
ger and more frequent prayer, (3) a
stricter abstinence with regard to
all bodily indulgence.

Now all these things are evidently
good. It will readily be remem-
bered that our Lord and Saviour
observed special and extraordinary
seasons of retirement from the
world. And when we consider that
our adorable Saviour was a perfect
man, a perfect Christian, and, in all
things human, a faultless model,
surely we cannot doubt that His
practice was intended for our imita-
tion, if we would fain be perfect
even as He is perfect.

And it is in this light that the
matter seems always to be regarded
by the most eminent followers of
Christ.

St. Paul in 2 Cor. 6 (Ep. 1 S. Lent)
mentions, among other signs of his
discipleship, that he and his breth-
ren were in watchings and in fast-

ings often. St. Peter retired to
Joppa to the house of one Simon, a
tanner on the seashore and there
"fasted and prayed."

Now if Christ and His Apostles
found such practices profitable,
surely we cannot well afford to do
without them.

While the stated and regular use
of the means of grace, a certain
degree of seclusion from the world,
and an habitual moderation in all
bodily indulgences have always
been regarded as necessary for all
Christians at all seasons,—(and thus
might be compared to their daily
food) yet beside and beyond this,
there has been a deep sense of the
need of our being stirred up from
time to time to extraordinary ef-
forts, and of our applying to our-
selves, as by way of medicine, a
sharper and severer discipline.

The ancient and, until these latter
days, I may say the almost univer-
sal method in the Church of Christ,
has been, so to arrange and divide
the Christian's year that such profit-
able seasons of revival may come
round regularly and periodically to
us; and very great advantages arise
from having these times known and
agreed upon everywhere and by all,
so that all Christians may know
when these seasons are coming and
may unite in preparing for them,
and in celebrating them when they
come.

And all the arrangements of the
community, and of the household,
whether of festivity or of business,
may in this way be most conveni-
ently ordered, so as to fall in with
the pious design of the several
seasons, opportunities for devotion
are multiplied and hindrances to
improving them are removed. All
Christians being thus engaged in
one holy pursuit, and having their
hearts all attuned to the one note at
the one time, a deeper sympathy is
awakened, and the wave of religious
influence is augmented, to the bene-
fit of the Church, and of the world,
and to the glory of God.

And it is very instructive to ob-
serve that those same religious
bodies who formerly looked with
disfavor upon the special concerted
seasons of religious diligence which

had been observed from time immemorial in the Church, are now yearning after their restoration, and combining together of their own motion to send out invitations to their fellow Christians to unite upon certain days and weeks for prayer or for devotion, the several topics being specified and arranged beforehand. Let us be thankful that the very thing which they are laboring to attain, we in our branch of the Catholic Church, are already privileged to enjoy.

But having this privilege, let us not be negligent in turning it to good account. God forbid that we should give cause to those who differ from us to speak reproachfully, by our allowing the observance of these seasons to sink down, as alas! has in some instances been the case, into a round of lifeless, superstitious ceremonies, and bodily exercises which profit us little.

If, on the contrary, we use them as not abusing them, and strive to spend these seasons in an earnest and evangelical spirit, our experience will be the same with that of countless generations of Christians who have gone before us—viz., that they are not only beneficial to our own souls and profitable to those around us, but also fruitful towards God in an increase of love and zeal.

Let me then submit a few practical suggestions as to how the season of Lent ought to be employed.

As to retirement from the world, this will mean a different thing to each different person. That we are all too fond of this present world, I suppose we shall readily admit; and also that the more we allow our minds to dwell upon our worldly plans and hopes, our failure and success, the more do such subjects seem to swallow up our thoughts and indispose us to think of those things which are unseen and eternal. And as Mary and Joseph lest the child Jesus while they were traveling with the multitude, and yet scarcely knew that they had lost Him, until they came quietly to dwell apart in their own tent in the silence of the evening, so is it with our enjoyment of the presence of Christ. Amid the bustle and tur-

moil of active life, we are too ready to forget our God and Saviour; and it is well for us when the Sabbath and other holy seasons come round to hush the noise and stop or moderate our hurried march. Thus in the silent hour of love and prayer, we miss the sacred presence of Christ and are led to seek Him sorrowing.

Let us make an effort, in God's strength, to struggle out of this mire of worldliness in which we are ready to sink up to our very lips. Let us snatch a few moments in the day to read and pray and fix our thoughts on God and Heaven. Let us endeavor to make better use of our Sundays, and so to fill them up with public and private worship and active religious employments, that this sinful world may not have standing-room in our hearts. Let us put ourselves out of our way, if needs be, to attend the week-day services, and swell the tide of prayer and praise which is at such a time rising up like a cloud of incense toward Heaven. Let us endeavor to cut off any superfluity of merely idle and ceremonious visits and thus gain more time and disposition to wait upon God.

As Christ withdrew into the wilderness and Noah entered into the ark, and Moses went up into the mount, so let us enter into our closet and shut the door.

Isaac's closet for meditation at eventide was in the open field, David's closet was his bedroom, our Lord's secret chamber was a house-top, Nathaniel's was a fig tree, Hezekiah's closet lay in the turning of his face toward the wall and praying unto God.

Fasting from food and abstinence from lawful indulgence become to a certain extent needful, and they in a measure grow easy to us, when we are in earnest about any absorbing pursuit. Children will sometimes leave their food in their eagerness to join their playmates. Why should it be thought strange that a Christian should, even by curtailing the time spent at the table, redeem a few moments for a profitable interview with his God? or that the child of God, when he

hears the bell calling his fellow Christians to prayer upon the week-day, should turn from the gay assembly, in the midst of whose laughter there is often heaviness, that he may go along with good Christian people to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that keep holyday?

But I would add that in this duty as in all others, we must keep our eye on the Lord Jesus Christ. We can do no good without Him; and no work will be well done that is not done for Him. All our doings without charity—true love to God and man—are nothing worth.

Penitence is but formality or mere remorse unless 'tis mixed in prayer and wrought in love.

If we fast or in any way deny ourselves without uniting our hearts to Christ and imitating Him and praying that He would put all our imperfect doings into the purifying censor of His merits and to communicate to them the unspeakable virtue of His own sacrifice, that so we may dwell in Him and He in us, then will all our fasting, penitence and prayer be worthless. We shall but beat the air, and plough the sand, and run and labor in vain.

Let me, then, entreat you as Christian people who have renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, to make good use of all opportunities for improvement in holiness, and especially of the season of Lent upon which we are about to enter. Be careful so to order your engagements and your invitations that they may not interfere with the religious duties of the season. Who among us does not need to be more weaned from the world? to spend more time in devotion? and to put a stricter curb upon the appetites and passions of these sinful bodies?

Let us be thankful that at Lenten-tide an obstruction is for a little while thrown across that stream of worldliness which is ever carrying us away, and that additional opportunities for instruction and devotion are afforded, and let us use them for our own profit, the good of our neighbor and the glory of God.

Parish and Home.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 39.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

LESSONS.

- 4—Quinquagesima. *Morning*—Gen. 9, to v. 20; Matt. 19, v. 27, to 20, v. 17. *Evening*—Gen. 12 or 13; Acts 21, to v. 17.
- 7—Ash Wednesday. *Morning*—Isa. 58, to v. 13; Mark 2, 13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah 3; Heb. 12, v. 3 to v. 18.
- 11—1st Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 19, v. 12 to 30; Matt. 23, v. 13. *Evening*—Gen. 22, to v. 20 or 23; Acts 26.
- 18—2nd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 27, to v. 41; Matt. 26, v. 37. *Evening*—Gen. 28, or 32; Rom. 2, v. 17.
- 25—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 37; Mark 2, to v. 23. *Evening*—Gen. 39, or 40; Rom. 8, v. 18.

WHAT WILT THOU?

(Mark x. 51.)

MORE gifts I implore, blessed Jesus, oh, grant them,
More strength for those duties which have to be done;
More faith to rely on the help Thou hast promised,
More hope to look forward to victory won.

More love for the souls of the people around me,
More patience to bear any cold-hearted frown,
More wisdom to say the right word in its season—
More power to look upward, if made to lie down—

More peace amid the turmoil of earth's many voices,
More eager desire for Thy advent, O Lord;
More light to discover the signs of Thy coming,
More pleasure in reading the truths of Thy Word—

More smiles for the children enjoying life's sunshine.
More sympathy, too, with my friends in its shade.
More thought for them all, whether aged or youthful,
More likeness to Thee in the world Thou hast made.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

JAMES FRASER: SECOND BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

SECOND PART.

JAMES FRASER began his parochial career as Rector of Cholderton in 1847. This living was the poorest in the gift of Oriel, and was a tiny hamlet nestling in a dip of the great downs which form the northern boundary of Salisbury Plain. It was one of the most secluded little nooks in England. While here, he devoted much time to the study of educational questions, and

it was as a writer on these topics that he first became widely known.

From Cholderton he removed to the parish of Ufton Nervet, in Berkshire, and only five miles from Reading. He at once set to work to get things into ship-shape at Ufton, and spent £4,200 on the rectory, outbuildings, school, and a cottage, *suo sumptu*, without any help, save £300 from his old college. That he was now reaching the maturity of his powers is evident from the way in which he grappled with all sorts of questions, of municipal and national concern.

He opened a new church, day school, night school, and reading room, and had everything in the most splendid order, for which he had a perfect passion. Ufton soon became what Cholderton had been, a model parish in every way, and that in a district where such things were so noticeable that Mr. Emerson remarked of it that it seemed "as if it had all been brushed and combed every morning on getting up."

Such a man could not long remain unknown. He was besieged with applications for sermons, at Reading and elsewhere. Each new appearance increased his reputation, and, as a consequence, he was offered and accepted, in 1865, the post of commissioner to report on the state of education in America. He arrived on this side of the Atlantic just as the great war was ended, and learned of the assassination of Lincoln from the pilot who met the *Scotta* near New York. Notwithstanding the strained relations between England and the United States, Fraser won his way steadily, and reported that "everybody is willing to assist me, and full of information." He formed many pleasant acquaintances, notably with George Ticknor, Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner, Bishop Eastburn, and Charles Eliot Norton. He relates an amusing fact, "interesting as illustrating the range of reading of American domestics." Goldwin Smith, who, Fraser says, "left very pleasant memories behind him," had been staying with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. One day the housemaid asked Mr. Norton "who this Mr. Smith was." When told that it was Mr. Goldwin Smith, she said, "What? he who

wrote the 'Letter to the Whig Member'? I wish I had known it when I opened the door, that I might have paid proper respect to him." It seems needless to add that Mr. Norton lived in Boston!

Fraser went about with his eyes and ears open, and in many instances his criticisms were singularly apt, and as singularly fair and genial, though he was most outspoken in his opinions. Upon the subject of congregational worship he spoke thus in a sermon in the Tremont Temple at Boston: "I have gone about, as Paul went about Athens, 'beholding your devotions,' and they have seemed to me—suffer me to speak my mind frankly—somewhat lifeless and cold. They are different from what I have been accustomed to, not only in our great cathedrals, but in our little country parishes at home. I want hearty responses, not decorous silence; I want congregational psalmody, not merely ears open to catch the cadences of a well-trained choir. 'The prayers addressed to the congregation,' as some one among you wittily called them, don't meet my notions of Christian worship; and quartette choirs, with fine voices indeed, but who keep the singing all to themselves, and, as I have seen in this very city, take up their parasols and leave as soon as their part of the performance is over, and the sermon about to begin, do not satisfy my idea of Christian psalmody." It is satisfactory to know, as one of the papers reported at the time, that the congregation, at the close of the service, joined in singing the hymn in a manner which showed that they had profited by the words they had heard.

Fraser visited Canada, but it was just when the vacation was beginning, and so did not see the school system in active operation. Before he set sail he wrote to a friend: "I have received an immense deal of kindness, first and last, in America. I must constitute myself, in return, a sort of general host of all Americans visiting England. I wish the two countries understood one another better, and were more inclined to be friends." His opinions on the future of education, which his visit to America matured, are no less interesting: "The result of this enquiry would make

me less hostile to purely secular education (which I am far from thinking the American public school education is) than it would have been years ago. Our religious teaching has not produced religious intelligence or stability in our people. . . . I have reduced the so-called religious instruction in my school to a minimum. . . . Speaking for myself, I should not shrink from taking what I conceive to be my proper place as a clergyman in relation to the school, even under a system of secular education. I should neither despair of Christianity nor morality. The Sunday school would start out of its present lethargy. At any rate, religious truth in the alone sense in which every one prizes it—*i. e.*, in his own sense—would not have to be compromised, adjusted, trimmed, pared down. . . . I share the regret of the Superintendents of Education in Pennsylvania (Dr. J. P. Wickersham) and Upper Canada (Dr. Egerton Ryerson) that the clergy as a body stand aloof from the schools."

In 1866 he refused an offer from Lord Cranborne of the Bishopric of Calcutta, and on the 3rd of January, 1870, Mr. Gladstone disturbed the peace of mind of the Rector of Upton by offering him the Bishopric of Manchester. He said: "It is your interest in and mastery of the question of public education which have led me to believe you might perform at Manchester, with reference to that question, a most important work for the church and for the country. Manchester is the centre of the modern life of the country. I cannot exaggerate the importance of the see, or the weight and force of the demands it will make on the energies of a bishop, and on his spirit of self-sacrifice. You will, I hope, not recoil from them, and I trust that strength to meet them all will be given you in abundance." After earnest consideration with himself, and fortified by the unanimous and earnest approval of his most valued friends, Fraser accepted the trust. In reply to Mr. Gladstone, he thus outlined his proposed policy as an ecclesiastical ruler and leader: "It will be my desire, if called upon to administer this great diocese, to do so in a firm and independent, but, at the same time, generous and sympathizing spirit. I never was, and never would be, a partisan. Even when seeing my way most clearly, I am always inclined to give credit to others whose views may be different from my own for equal clearness of vision; certainly for equal honesty of purpose. As little of a dogmatist as it is possible to be, I yet see

the use, and indeed the necessity, of dogma; but I have always wished to narrow, rather than to extend, its field, because the less peremptory articles of faith are imposed or defined, the more hope there is of eliciting agreements, rather than differences. Especially have I been anxious to see the church adapt herself more generally and trustfully to the intellectual aspirations of the age; not standing aloof in a timorous or hostile attitude from the spirit of scientific enquiry, but rather endeavoring (as is her function) to temper its ardor with the spirit of reverence and godly fear; and, finally, my great desire will be, without disguising my own opinions, or wishing one set of minds to understand me in one sense, and another in the opposite, to throw myself on the heart of the whole diocese, of the laity as well as of the clergy; of those who differ from the church, as well as those who conform to her."

He at once settled down to work. An incident happened in Manchester which made him popular with the public. Walking to his office one morning, a runaway occurred, which threatened serious results in the crowded thoroughfare. The bishop, realizing the danger, by a quick movement, made the horse swerve, ran by his side for a few paces, caught the rein and brought horse and cart to a standstill. The news of this exploit was soon common property, and the bishop's first appearance thereafter, at an educational meeting, was the signal for tremendous cheering. The battle was now raging over Mr. Foster's Education Act (1870), and, after a protest against all excitement on this great question, the bishop said: "I want to speak plainly, and if you really disagree I would sooner hear you say 'no, no,' than 'hear, hear.' I heard you applaud the paragraph of the Report recommending compulsory attendance. This I know, that, if the majority of the English people really want compulsion, the government will be only too happy to give it. If it is mere clap-trap sentiment, it is worse than useless. I want you workmen to lay this question seriously to heart, and see whether you are so alive to the real interests of your children as to submit to a stringent law of compulsion which will secure them the inestimable blessing of a good, sound education."

The bishop was outspoken, and even radical, as witness some of the following sentiments, culled from various public speeches: "The interests of the nation are paramount, above the interest of any sect or religious community in the nation."

Again: "In teaching religion, some formula must of necessity be used; and if a better or simpler one than the church Catechism can be found, I am prepared to accept it." On the revision of the Catechism for public instruction, he had this to say: "I should not be sorry to get rid of that time-honored, but obsolete institution of godfathers and godmothers, and therefore I think that the first part of the Catechism might be got rid of with little loss. And I do not desire that young children in elementary schools should be perplexed by the appendix to the Catechism which touches on the mysterious doctrine of the Sacraments. But, putting that aside for a later age, I don't believe that either Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, any more than church people, would object to have their children taught what was the vow by which they were bound at their baptism; or the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed; or being taught that admirable exposition of the prayer of our Blessed Lord."

To the secularists, who challenged him to debate publicly about the Christian religion, he replied: "I cannot conceive a subject more unfitted for public debate before a miscellaneous, and, on such subjects, untrained, audience. I have looked into the matter as profoundly as my faculties have allowed me, for myself. I do not say that all my difficulties are cleared away. The revelation in which I believe doesn't lead me to expect that they would be." What may, indeed, be called "sanctified common sense" certainly dictated the following opinions: "Why is it possible to caricature Christianity? Because our Christianity is so far below the point to which it ought to rise; because there is so much unreality, hypocrisy, cant, in it. I think I may defy any one to caricature the life, or work, or character of our Lord; or to caricature St. Paul; or to read St. John's Epistle, and try to caricature that." And again: "The feeling deepens in me every day that the principles of Christ's Gospel are few, simple, broad. Christians have been wrangling over their petty shibboleths, and have let the devil get an advantage over them, while they piled arms to discuss petty questions of theology; and instead of presenting a serried front, turned their arms against each other."

The following indicate the breadth of view of the bishop: "What we want is to enable our clergy to go forth with the Bible and Prayer Book in their hands, and

use them as they find best for the edification of those they are seeking to serve." Again: "The great function of Christianity is to elevate man in his social condition. Therefore I think my business as a bishop is to do all I can to diffuse its great principles for the guidance of human conduct, by example and precept, taking my chance whether my own communion gains or loses thereby." At the laying of the foundation stone of Queen's College, September 24th, 1870, replying for "The Clergy of all Denominations," he reminded his hearers that though the founder of the college had made it a condition of his gift that no religious instruction should be given within its walls, yet he did not feel uncomfortable at being called on to respond to such a toast in such company. Amongst other things he said: "I love my fellow-men, and, further, I take a large and broad view of what is understood by 'truth.' I believe that every man who is earnestly trying to spread the truth which he knows is laboring in the cause of Him who is, first of all, a God of holiness, but, secondly [if it can be called second], a God of truth. I never have believed that true science can be contrary to true religion, or that true religion ought to be afraid of any of the legitimate conclusions of science. . . I would ask them [the men of science] whether these material or intellectual theories can solve the moral and spiritual phenomena by which they are surrounded, and whether there is not a place for poor parsons as well as philosophers? If they would only believe that parsons are not skeptics in disguise, trying to palm off on the world something that has failed; that they are trying calmly, and step by step, to tread the path of truth, I can hope that the disputed boundaries between religion and science may be settled, so that we may both alike minister in and help to build up the great temple of truth." Later in the evening Professor Huxley said: "I shall not soon forget the spirit-stirring speech of the noble prelate—a speech I welcome, and shall remember as long as I live, as imbued with a spirit which, if it had always been exhibited, might have prevented the difficulties and misunderstandings which I myself deprecate."

No amount or variety of work seemed to come amiss to or frighten him. His theory of the future of the church in Lancashire was that it must be brought to the factory operatives and skilled mechanics, and the mass of unskilled labor and destitution below. And so he attended large manufacturing establishments at the dinner

hour, and gave short addresses, prefaced by two or three collects and the Lord's Prayer. In the same way, and for like purposes, he gathered the boatmen on the canals, the scavengers and the night-soil men, in any suitable room which could be borrowed or hired in the neighborhood of their work. By his tact, cheerfulness, and sincere interest in their welfare, he soon took the working-people by storm, and won a place in their hearts which he never lost. These stories are characteristic: "A sturdy dissenting operative waited for him at the bottom of the stairs after one of his earliest meetings, and seized him by the hand, with the remark, 'Ah, bishop, thou'd make a fine Methody preacher.' Another, waiting for him outside the church after a charity sermon, forced a sovereign into his hand with, 'Bishop, here's a pound for thee.' Bishop: 'Thanks, my friend, for the charity.' Operative: 'Nay, nay, for thyself!'"

The simple, natural character of the man asserted itself in many ways. Writing to an intimate friend, he said: "Do, for old friendship's sake, drop the 'Lord' out of your mode of addressing me, and simply call me 'Dear Bishop.' I wish to think and to be reminded of the lordly part of my title as little as possible." He often longed for his former quietude. Writing to the same friend, he said: "I would give half I possess to be back again in my quiet country parsonage! I can't think how I let my friends persuade me that I was fit to be a bishop. I don't say that I am unhappy, but I am dissatisfied with myself; the work is above my power, and I feel myself not half good or holy enough for such an office as I have to fill."

In Convocation and in the House of Lords, he always commanded respect and attention. He spoke in favor of the relegation of the Athanasian Creed to a place alongside of the Thirty-nine Articles, and spoke of it as "a creed of uncertain date, doubtful authorship, precarious interpretation, not publicly used as we use it in any other church in Christendom, which has never received the sanction of an Ecumenical Council." Also, he spoke in favor of the abolition of tests for admission to the universities: "We are living in an age when it is not wise to tie the tongue of any teacher on any subject. I believe the truth of Christianity will stand examination. I have no fear for Christianity, but the greatest fear for the interests of religion, if subjected to these objectionable tests."

These *obiter dicta* might be multiplied to

a much larger extent, but space forbids. They serve to show what manner of man Bishop Fraser was, and what his views of the church were, and how he brought her influence to bear so powerfully upon the life of England in her most conspicuous centre—Manchester. On the painful episodes of his episcopal administration, chiefly connected with ritual cases, we do not dwell. Suffice it to say that throughout them all he showed himself kind, wise, compassionate, tolerant to the last degree, but firm and conscientious in the performance of duty. For all such controversies he had the greatest repugnance, and their occurrence in his diocese was a constant source of grief to him.

The bishop did not marry until 1880. Circumstances, alike honorable to himself and the lady of his choice, Miss Duncan, prevented it; but on the 15th of January in that year he was married by Dean Stanley at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. His life was greatly brightened and cheered by the companionship of his good wife, and he continued to occupy a unique place on the Bench of Bishops in England, exercising a wise influence on men and affairs. On the 22nd of October, 1885, he passed away, at the age of 67, "one of the brightest, as well as one of the bravest, lives of our England in this century." Mr. Hughes aptly gives the secret of Bishop Fraser's happiness. He "kept his child's heart to the end." He was buried at Upton on the 27th of October, 1885, in the presence of a remarkable gathering of friends from all parts of England. The highest testimony to his influence was that given by Mr. Holdsworth, M.P. for North-west Manchester: "I am quite sure he has knit together the various bodies of Christians in Lancashire in a way which will never be entirely lost."

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

Ottawa.

THE DAY IS ENDED.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thee;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet,
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake,
All's well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

— Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

REPENTANCE.

It happened some years ago, in a Canadian city, that a man, previously respected and honored, did a great wrong. He was engaged in extensive business enterprises, all of which had been prosperous. But a time of stringency came. One by one his investments brought loss, and at length ruin stared him in the face. It was then that he fell. His sanguine hopefulness led him to believe that if he could tide over a few months he should save himself from final disaster. But a considerable sum of money was needed at once. He went to a friend who, he knew, would trust him. He did not tell how he really stood, but made his affairs appear much more prosperous than they really were. His friend believed him, and advanced the large sum required. But the help proved to be in vain. A few months later the crash came, and the man who had deceived and almost ruined a trusting friend had to bear not only the loss of all he possessed, but the terrible stigma of dishonesty and treachery. He was not at heart either a bad man or a hypocrite. He was only a weak man, who had fallen in a moment of insidious and terrible temptation. But the stern moral code of the world pronounced him a liar and a thief. He left the place of his dishonor, and, half-maddened by grief and shame, moved restlessly from place to place. For months he entered no church; but one Sunday in a strange place he went to a morning service as a refuge from the lodging-house's dreariness. The service had begun, and as he slipped quietly into a seat at the back he heard the murmur of the general confession: "We have erred and strayed from Thy way like lost sheep: . . . We have done those things that we ought not to have done, and we have not done those things that we ought to have done, and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults."

As never before, he entered now into the meaning of words long familiar, but unheard for many months. God surely had led him to the church on that Sunday morning, for the sermon, too, was on repentance. "Many a man," said the preacher, "knows that he has committed a great wrong. He is haunted by his sin. He admits it. He suffers bitterly for it, and perhaps goes to his grave without having had a moment's peace from the time that it became known. Usually, those who thus suffer have committed some wrong

that is strongly reprobated by their fellow-men. The swindler, the coward, or the adulterer may be no worse in the sight of God than the petty tyrant who is selfish, and even brutal, in his home. But the one, when his sin is known, becomes a moral outcast; the other does not cease to be respectable. Christians, you are Christians because your sins have been forgiven you. No others may claim that name, so full of meaning. Society may curse you, you may curse yourself; but, in God's sight, you have the claim of every fallen man. I reprove you, not so much for your sin; God has perhaps done that already; your own conscience has done it. I reprove you for your *despair*. There may be souls here who have lost hope; and this, too, when Christ died for sinners! Look up! Believe that God also hath put away your sin. To-day you have joined in the Creed, 'I believe . . . in the forgiveness of sins,' and surely that belief is the abolition of despair." The words of the preacher were winged with peace for at least one hearer. One haggard man turned away with a lighter heart, and to-day, sobered, chastened, humbled by a bitter experience, he is living a steadfast Christian life, and has already, with God's blessing, restored a part of the loss his sin brought to a trusting friend.

This true story may be taken as a study in the meaning of repentance. In the seventeenth century this was one of the favorite topics of the great French preachers at the corrupt court of Louis XIV. Such brave men as Bourdaloue stood up before the courtiers who sinned so gaily, and called them to repentance. But of late one hears less of repentance from the Christian pulpit. It is true that to-day our sins are probably less frivolous and less cruel. The rich do not crush the poor with the heartlessness that they then crushed them. Much of our vice is less cultured and less cheerful, and thus more easily branded as such. But sin is still the barrier between us and God, and the first step of improvement must be taken in the path of repentance. Three things it certainly involves:

The first is the *humble acceptance of pardon*. "Wickedness burneth as the fire, it devoureth the briars and thorns, yea it killeth in the thickets of the forest and they roll upward in thick clouds of smoke." We may kindle the fire—that is easy enough, but we cannot always control and check it. It flames up and frightens us by a devastation vaster than we dreamed. It is easy for a child to mar the work of a great

painter but only a skilful hand can restore the picture. Sin is disease and disorder. It is the enemy of man, and it is the enemy of God. It mars His plan and His work, and only He can forgive and undo it. Many a man is trying hard to learn to forgive himself. He struggles to regain his own self-respect by acts of restitution, by painful self-discipline, by a proud and stern resolution. But sinners can never thus find place. God must forgive, for God is the injured party. It is His holy work that has been degraded, and He alone can restore it. We are pardoned through Him who is God, and who yet died for sinners.

But when pardoned, and because we are pardoned, the next step is to *try, so far as it is in our power, to undo our sinful work*. Much we cannot undo. Much God alone can undo in a long eternity. We cannot recall the coldness that may have sent some loving heart down heavily to the grave. We cannot restore the wasted, and worse than wasted, years. But we can undo some things. We can ask forgiveness of those whom we have injured, and thus soften hearts embittered by our wrong doing. We can acknowledge generously that we have been cruel, or irritable, or selfish, or mean. We can make an effort to restore the loss that our unjust gains may have brought to others. It will be hard indeed to try to undo our evil work, harder still to acknowledge that it needs undoing. But this experience must be learned if we would walk in the path of repentance.

A third mark of repentance is an *effort to change the habits of life that have led to sin*. If vicious and worldly companions have led us astray, the remedy is to change our companions. If a hasty tongue has caused us to fail, the remedy is to learn to be silent. To be calm, when torrents of passion are raging within, is indeed a triumph of Christian courage. To speak gentle words at such a time, is a marvel of self-control. But we must try to learn the lesson. Many people have formed bad habits of idleness that can only be thrown off by a studied and persistent activity. Work is more stimulating, more healthful in every way, than mere pleasure-seeking. A busy morning in household, or other duties, is better for the spirits, for the mind and for the body, than lazy idling on the sofa over a novel. To form the new habit of work will need effort and determination. But repentance means that we are ready to make a great and sustained effort, and it will bring its own blessed reward. God can give to a willing heart power to throw off even an old and confirmed habit.

The Good That Came of It.

LITTLE Dorothy Rae was the sunshine of her home. Her mother said it was wonderful what a helpful little thing she was for her nine years; her father's first glance fell on her when he came in of an evening, tired and worn, from his office; and as for Grannie and Ned, why, they didn't know whatever they would do without Dorothy. She saved her mother many and many a step during the day, fetching and carrying, and there were lots of little things in the house she did very neatly already; she threaded all Grannie's needles, kept her work-basket in order, and hunted up her spectacles, when they had disappeared, as they often did. She made the long days seem shorter and brighter to poor, sick, ten-year-old Ned, who could never move about and romp like other boys, but had to lie back in a chair all day, and let himself be wheeled about wherever he wanted to go. No one could cheer him and console him as well as Dorothy, when one of his fits of peevish grief was on him; no one knew as well the way to talk to him. For he felt his affliction very keenly at times, when, from his window, he could see the boys at the school opposite, sporting about so gaily in their playground, knowing nothing of aches and pains, tired limbs and throbbing head. But Dorothy knew just the right way to win him back to smiles and cheerfulness, and in return Ned loved his little sister with all the strength of his heart. He could hardly bear her out of his sight, and was even jealous when she devoted herself more than he liked to the few little girl friends she possessed.

I am not going to say Dorothy had not her faults. The best of children cannot be perfect, and this little girl, in spite of her sweet disposition, was far from being so. She was inclined to be careless and untidy in her ways, in spite of her mother's frequent reproaches on that score, and although naturally of a quiet, even temper, she could be a little cross and sulky at times; more than all, she was very idle at her lessons, although so quick and good at helping her mother about the house. Mrs. Rae was a well-educated, refined, woman, and taught Ned and Dorothy herself in the afternoons, trying to make their lessons easy and pleasant to them. But she was often vexed to notice how little Dorothy applied herself, and how slowly she got on, compared with what she ought to have done. When she ought to have been learning a lesson or doing a

sum, the little girl's eyes would be roaming out at the window, watching the passers-by in the street, or else her attention would be taken up with some picture book, or a new toy that she had no business with at the time. All this worried Mrs. Rae a good deal, for it seemed to her such a pity that her little daughter, who was so good and lovable in most things, and made their home so happy and full of sunshine, should be spoiled by such faults as these. She was afraid, too, that Dorothy would grow up knowing nothing, if something were not done, and it was this that made her ask her husband one day if he did not think it would be better to send Dorothy to school.

"To school!" said Mr. Rae, "what makes you think of that, Jane?"

Mrs. Rae explained her reasons, saying that she thought Dolly would work better among a lot of other children, and with a stranger to teach her, and then told her husband she had thought of a good school to send Dorothy to—one kept by a Miss Blake, just a few miles out of the town where they lived.

"Miss Blake's! Why, Dolly couldn't go there and back every day, Jane. Why not send her to Mrs. Smith's?"

"Because Mrs. Smith gives the children a lot of lessons, but doesn't care how they behave. Now Miss Blake is particular in everything, and Dolly could be there as a weekly boarder, and come home from Saturday morning till Monday."

"Well, so she could," agreed Mr. Rae; "but it seems such a thing to send away our little sunshine, just when we have all got to need her so much. But I know you always do what is best, and if it is for the child's good, why, let her go, by all means."

So it was decided that Dorothy was to go to Codrington, to Miss Blake's, as weekly boarder. The little girl herself was full of pleasant excitement at first at the thought of this first great change in her life, but this feeling quickly changed to regret when she noticed how silent and sad Ned had turned since he had been told.

She stole up to him one evening in the twilight, and put her arm round his neck.

"Oh, Ned, I shall be so sorry to go away from you," she whispered.

"No, you won't," said Ned crossly, pushing away the little caressing arms, "you're glad to be going somewhere fresh to be among a lot of new girls, who can talk about dolls and dresses, and can jump about, and aren't stupid cripples, who have to sit in a chair all day!"

"Oh, Ned, don't!" cried poor Dorothy, the ready tears beginning to flow, "you know that isn't a bit true. You know I don't like being with anyone so much as I do with you. But somehow it did seem nice to be going somewhere I'd never been before, and I'm coming home every Saturday, and I mean to write you a long letter every Wednesday, though I hate writing, and, oh, dear, oh, dear,—" and Dorothy sobbed as if her heart would break.

It was Ned's turn to be sorry now.

"I didn't mean to make you cry, Dolly," he said, trying with his feeble fingers to draw her hands away from her face, "I didn't really. But I'm always cross somehow, and things always seem to go wrong; and I don't see why you couldn't stop at home and do lessons here with me, same as before. I don't see what good it is, your going."

Dorothy was silent for a little.

"I suppose it's some good," she said at last, "or mother wouldn't send me, and I know father wouldn't let me go. "And besides," added the little comforter, "Grannie says God means everything for our good, and perhaps something good will happen by my going to school. Anyway, you won't have time to miss me so very, very much, Ned, because, you see, I'll be back each week, and I'll have plenty to think about till I come again."

Ned sighed, but said nothing. He was not selfish enough to spoil Dorothy's last days at home by letting her see too much how sad it made him feel to let her go; but he could not see what good was to come to him through such a change in the home, however much better it might be for Dorothy to go away and learn with other children; it only seemed a hard thing to him to have to part with the sister who made life so much brighter to him. He had been so much humored and petted because of his illness that he had never had to give up anything, and he did not know that God was showing him the way to make a quiet little sacrifice in return for all the great ones that had been made for him. So that, though he was quiet enough outwardly, in his heart he was all impatience and anger.

Dorothy went; and, oh! how long those first few days seemed to poor Ned! But on the Wednesday evening, sure enough, there came a big letter from Dorothy, addressed to Master Edward Rae, in a very distinct, but not very beautiful, handwriting, and it was so full of news and

descriptions of the school, the pupils, and the governesses, that it gave Ned such a lot to think about and imagine that Saturday morning came round before he had time to feel dull. And then the delight of welcoming her back! Ned said to himself it was worth while to let her go for the pleasure of having her back again; and Dorothy said that though school was nice, home was the best place after all. Then there was such a lot of questions to be asked and answered that the quiet dinner table seemed quite merry, and Grannie kept looking over and nodding at her pet in the most lighted manner.

"And, oh, father!" burst out Dorothy, suddenly, "there's a girl at Miss Blake's who was once just like Ned, and had to lie in a chair all day and be wheeled about, and her father took her to see lots of doctors, and they never made her a bit better; and then some body told him to take her to a doctor in London, and he did, and the doctor cured her; he did, really. And I told her about Ned, and she said she was sure he could make him as well as anybody, because he's so clever he can do anything."

The little girl brought it all out in great excitement, and Ned listened breathlessly, looking anxiously from his father to his mother from time to time. But they only shook their heads. They had tried so much that they didn't think any one could help poor Ned now.

"I'm afraid your little friend's case was a different one from Ned, Dorothy, my dear," said Mr. Rae. "I fear this doctor would do him no more good than the others." Then, noting the look of disappointment on her face, he added: "But I can see the little girl when I take you back on Monday morning, and find out about this doctor. That won't do any harm, will it?" and Dorothy's face brightened up at his words.

Mr. Rae kept his word. He saw the little girl Dorothy had spoken of, and found, on asking Miss Blake, that his little daughter's story was quite right. He then wrote to Annie Gill's father, and obtained the address of the doctor, who had done her so much good. Mr. Gill's letter was so full of praise of Dr. March that Mr. Rae began to think there might be some hope for Ned, after all. He ended by taking him up to London, where the poor boy had to undergo a painful operation, and was for some months confined to his bed in the small hospital kept up by Dr. March for pa-

tients from the country. But he was completely cured, and that was a great enough reward for any suffering.

Ned thought so, at any rate. And when he got home, with his health and the use of his limbs restored to him, although it would, of course, be some time before he was quite as strong as other boys, he took Dorothy aside one evening, and said: "You were right, Dolly, in what you said when you were going away and I said I didn't see what good it would do. It has done lots, I know. First of all, it has made you get on with your lessons, because I heard mother and father saying how you had improved; and then it has taught me to be more patient, and I'm sure I needed it, for I was a selfish, impatient thing; and most of all, if you hadn't gone away, you'd have never seen Annie Gill or heard of Dr. March, and I should have been a cripple still. I'll always be thankful you went, and I mean always to think, like Grannie, that God means everything for our good, even if it seems unpleasant just at first."—*J. P. May.*

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By each toiling servant's side,
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
Grief or pain or any sorrow
Rend thy heart to Him alone,
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.
Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown,
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

—Selected.

CONFIRMATION.

CONFIRMATION is not an end in itself. It contemplates immediate approach to the Holy Communion, and a steady growth in grace by diligent use of the means of grace. To rest in it as a final step is to cheat one's self into the belief that all has now been done that is necessary to become a devout and earnest Christian. It is, in fact, only an essential step in the right direction; only the beginning of a holy course that is to be pursued heartily through all hindrances, temptations, and drawbacks. In a free, voluntary, self-conscious act, the full surrender of one's self to the service of Almighty God, itself signalized by appropriate and solemn episcopal benediction, it means, in devout attention to the privileges of the church and private Christian duties, "faithfulness unto death," that at last the "crown of life may be won."—*London Parish Visitor.*

CHRIST TEMPTED.

"And Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."—Matt. iv. 1; Luke iv. 1.

SURELY there is a thought of power here for all those who, in the observance of Lent, desire closely to imitate their blessed Lord. Why, when thus filled with the Holy Ghost, was He led by that same Holy Ghost to meet the evil one? Was it not to show us, as if by a marvellous object-lesson, that no less a power than the Spirit of God Himself is needed to confront the great adversary? The devil was coming in great power to meet Him; he must be opposed by the greater power of the Spirit of God. That Spirit came upon Christ at this time, not for services, not for ministry, but for warfare. The enemy was coming in like a flood: it was for the Spirit of the Lord to lift up a standard against him.

Let us learn, this Lenten season, the lesson so wonderfully acted on before us—to meet the tempter by falling back on the Spirit of God within us. Our own puny efforts will not avail against so terrible an enemy. Carnal weapons are useless against a spiritual foe. The Word of God—the sword of the Spirit—is at our disposal, indeed, and is "quick and powerful," but even this is effective only when wielded by the Spirit. In the temptation of Christ, it was used by the Spirit, and availed to "quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." Surely this was to show us that the same Spirit, armed with the same glorious weapon, is for us? Let us call upon Him, when, in the words of the Litany, we say, "From the crafts and assaults of the devil, good Lord, deliver us!"—*London Parish Visitor.*

APART WITH JESUS.

Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee,
Into the desert would we flee:
Awhile upon the barren sweep
Our fast with Thee in spirit keep.

Awhile from Thy temptation learn
The daily snares of sin to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
Man liveth not by bread alone.

And while at Thy command we pray,
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou Living Bread.

Incarnate Lord, we come to Thee
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward Life.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

—Selected.

Parish and Home.

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PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

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LAW is the root and stalk of life. Beauty is the flower of life, and joy its odor; but life itself is love. The flower and its odor are given unto men; the root and stalk they may search into if they will; the Giver of Life they must know, or they cannot live with His life; they cannot share in the life eternal.—George Macdonald.

It was said at the Roman Catholic Congress at Chicago that that church was deficient in lay organization; that religious concerns were left to the priesthood, and that the people lacked all initiative. This was recognized to be a defect, and of late endeavor has been made to correct this deficiency. We of the Church of England have much to be thankful for in this respect. Earnest laymen have long taken an active part in church work as lay readers, Sunday-school superintendents, and Sunday-school teachers; but much still remains to be done. The few laymen who take an active interest in church work are, however, an infinitesimal fraction of those who might, if they would, come forward to do their part in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

It is a pity that persons who read and speak in public do not pay a little more attention to the cultivation of their voices and the pronunciation of their words. Mr. Gladstone, when about to make a speech, always takes great pains to see that his voice is in good condition. Care, of course, cannot do everything; but it can do much to make the voice more pleasant, and, therefore, the message more telling. Most public speakers make the mistake of straining the voice too much. To speak easily

and without jerkiness is a great triumph of art, though it may appear very simple. It is to be feared, too, that in Canada we are acquiring careless methods of pronunciation. Vowels are slurred over and words clipped. All this mars effective speaking. It would be hard to listen to an angel's message if his voice were harsh and uncultivated, and he clipped his words.

As we learn more of men, probably most of us learn that some are a great deal better than we had fancied them. The man whom we have thought lost to all noble impulses turns out on close acquaintance to be, not a dishonest, but only a mistaken fellow. He means well. He thinks his is the right course, and because he thinks so he fights strenuously for his side. James Russell Lowell said that as he grew older his respect for the honesty of purpose of mankind increased. The image of our divine origin is marred, not defaced. Men need loving teaching even more than they need reproof. Love kindles what is best in them; reproof, honestly accepted, ought to make them conscious of their worst. Both are necessary; but the more we appeal to the highest impulses, the more shall we be surprised at the promptitude of the response.

WE are responsible for the use of every opportunity that God gives us. It is useless to say that we did not choose, and will not accept, the responsibility. God does not consult us as to what we ought to do. He places our duty before us, and we must bear the consequences of our action in regard to it. The selfish often deceive themselves by thinking that because they have undertaken nothing they are, therefore, responsible for nothing. It is none of their business, they say, that the poor family in the next street are in great distress. They did not undertake to look after them. But, perhaps, God chooses to think it our duty to look after them, and what then? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? We may wrap ourselves in our mantles and pass by on the other side, but all the time the wounds of the helpless are crying out to God against us; and, however bravely we may bolt the door of our hearts on the inside, some day we shall learn that He heard the cry, and noted that our ears were deaf to it.

ONE of our first duties is to preserve a cheerful helpfulness. Nothing unnerves us more than a want of hope: nothing

gives such buoyant power as hope. If there is not a spirit of hope in the home, it will not be a happy home. A fretful and plaintive mother, a dark and gloomy father, will do more to harm the future of their children than will the reverses that bring poverty. Cheerful, happy intercourse in the home circle has a tremendous drawing power that will overcome the glittering attractions of vicious places; and it is in this brightness that too many Christians are wanting. The gloomy view that joy is sinful, has lingering traces among us still. Sometimes our highest duty for the moment is to amuse or be amused. Our duty always is to be bright. There will come at intervals times of exhaustion and reaction in our physical life. Our spiritual life ought never to sink so low that it ceases to be cheerful, and we ought never to encourage the false devotion that unfits us for simple and pure enjoyment. The persons who enjoy themselves most keenly are the children, and "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

FOR PARISH AND HOME. ROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY DAYS.

SOME years ago many of our young people were interested in an exciting book of adventures by a brilliant French writer, entitled "Round the World in Eighty Days." This book is now well-nigh out of date. It has been left behind in the onward march of science.

There is a most interesting trip, "full of thrilling incidents, which some of us are now taking every month. We are anxious to recommend this trip to the young people who read this paper. We call it "Round the World in Thirty Days."

Our guide-book is a leaflet issued by the Church Missionary Society, bearing the name, "Cycle of Prayer for Missions Arranged for a Month." This, together with a good atlas and the little Manual of the Gleaners' Union, is all that is required.

It is such a delightful way of studying geography. On the first day of the month we start. Opening our map, we take a rapid glance at all the countries we are about to visit, then kneeling down we pray that the church of Christ may be filled with a missionary spirit, and that the world may be prepared for the Lord's return.

The next day we visit the Dark Continent of Africa, where we shall spend five days. Not very long, but long enough to become deeply interested in the native church of Sierra Leone, which now supports its own

pastors, churches, and schools. We have often heard of Sierra Leone as "the white man's grave," but we feel now that the costly sacrifice of life was not in vain. It is an echo of the story of the cross. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.

Further south along the coast, we come to Lagos, and here learn something about the Yoruba country, with its many mission stations. The two colored bishops, recently consecrated, are hard at work. We pray that God may bless them as we shed a tear for good old Bishop Crowther, the once slave lad, who died at Lagos.

At Bonny, in the delta of the Niger, we search for the famous idol temple decorated with human skulls, but hear that it has been destroyed by the native Christians. We find a church.

A trip up the Niger brings us Lokoja, but we must go no further into the vast Soudan until we have breathed a prayer that the sacrifice of such noble lives as those of the Rev. J. A. Robinson, and of Mr. Graham Wilfrid Brooke, the devoted leader of the Soudan mission, may not be in vain.

Following Stanley's route up the Congo and across the Dark Continent, we find ourselves in Uganda, surrounded by native Christians eager to learn more about the King of Love. Sailing up Lake Victoria, Nyanza, we cannot resist stopping a moment at Usambiro, where died Mackay, whom Stanley called "the best missionary since Livingstone."

Turning eastward, we find, to our astonishment, mission work going on among the Busoga people. It was said of Bishop Hannington, when he first passed through this district, that he might as safely have walked into a den of lions as have ventured in Usoga.

Arriving at the coast, we mingle with freed slaves, now Christianized, and pray that "the Truth" may indeed make them free—free, not only from the tyranny of their brother man, but free also from the tyranny of deeply rooted evil habits. We recognize at once the importance of the moral training of the rising generation, nominally Christian.

Embarking at Zanzibar with some missionaries returning to England to plead for more volunteers for the work, we accompany them as far as the Suez Canal, where we leave the steamer to visit Cairo. Here we find a station of the Church Missionary Society, and a dozen missionaries laboring among the Mohammedans. It is evidently uphill work, but in due time they shall reap if they faint not.

While coming up the Red Sea, we passed close by Abyssinia. Far to the west of us are the provinces of Tripoli, Algeria, and Morocco. Could we get hold of some of the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible Society, they would give us a most interesting account of their work in these regions—among a mingled race of Europeans, Arabs, Moors, and negroes; among Mohammedans and Jews. We sigh as we ask the question: Where is the church of North Africa, so vigorous in the days of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine?

But our journey now lies eastward, so we bid farewell for a season to the continent of Africa.

F. H. DU VERNET.
(To be Continued.)

HE CARES FOR ME.

If I could only surely know
That all the little things that tire me so
Were noticed by the Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all my little human cares—
This mighty King of kings!
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!
Illent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain!
Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt
That Thou dost compass me about with sympathy divine.

Thy love for me, once crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide each smallest care of mine.

—Selected.

DEACONESS WORK.

MANY of our readers, we trust, are interested in the Deaconess Home lately established in Toronto in connection with our church. We give the following sketch of a truly noble life, in the hope that some of our Canadian young women may feel the call to devote their whole life to the work of a deaconess. The sketch is from the pen of Miss Battersby in the "Home Friend."

Have you ever heard of Agnes Jones and her work? I am afraid very few of my readers can answer "yes," for this beautiful life made little stir in the world, though Florence Nightingale wrote of Miss Jones that she realized in our busy nineteenth century the sweet pure legends of early saints.

Born at Cambridge in 1832, she was yet an Irish woman by virtue of her par-

ents' nationality, and was full of the fun and vivacity of her race, the delight of all who knew her, both at home and in Mauritius, where her father was stationed with his regiment for six years.

Some of the persecuted Christians from Madagascar took refuge in the island, and the child's earnest mind was filled with the thrilling stories of their suffering, and with a burning desire to preach the Gospel of the meek and merciful Christ to heathens and sinners. The wish was granted, but in God's way, not hers.

Colonel Jones returned from abroad in 1843, and the next years were passed at Fahan House, a lovely spot near Lough Swilly, where Agnes became deeply interested in the poor Roman Catholics around, but school interrupted this train of thought until she was summoned home on the death of her father in 1850. Different arrangements, and months of travel followed, far from that dear Irish dwelling, but the golden thread of purpose continued unbroken, and six years later Agnes Jones settled down to definite mission work at Fahan.

God had blessed her with overflowing health and spirits, so that no weather, no weariness, daunted her. Wrapped in her warm cloak, the young girl set out daily after breakfast, and spent the long hours in visiting, teaching, and nursing among the poor ignorant cottagers scattered over the black hillsides.

No difference was made in giving help whether the recipients were Romanists or Protestants, but one rule was firmly adhered to—Agnes never paid a visit without reading some verses from her Bible, and the holy words entered into the darkest hearts with their own peculiar power.

The knowledge of the good she was enabled to do was a cordial which carried her on, though roads might be slippery with snow, and the keen wind often made her head ache sorely. But the deeper sufferings of her poor patients put all thoughts of self aside, and many a terrible wound and scald was brought to her to be dressed. One little child was "burned from the waist upwards—a shocking sight," but Agnes never shrank from any pain she could alleviate, and her healing powers were looked upon as a special gift by the poor. Can we venture to say "No" to their simple faith?

Miss Nightingale writes that she was absolutely without selfishness, and in her humility she desired to be looked on as a mere Scripture reader, and even drew

back from joining our dear Y. W. C. A. for some time, lest her work should be brought too prominently forward. But very soon she wrote to the secretary that she was more than willing to join "such a blessed association," and the union with other earnest Christians proved most helpful through her after life.

Her work lay chiefly among thirty poor families, and she made it her object to set Christ first in every visit; while succoring the body, all knew that her aim was to heal the far more precious soul; but a need for more complete training in nursing led Agnes to decide on spending some time in the Deaconess' Home at Kaiserswerth, hoping the change would at the same time revive her health and strength, worn down by incessant work.

Of her life in Germany I have not space to tell very much. The daily routine was full of labor and full of interest, and Agnes profited so well by the teaching that before six months were over she was put in charge of the boys' hospital, a position of much difficulty and responsibility. Work began at 5 a.m. and continued with little intermission to 9.30 p.m., and this in cold so bitter that, when writing, the ink had to be held in the hand to keep it thawed.

She had no time for fretting, and as she watched by dying beds, and assisted in painful operations, the memory of green fields and pleasant luxuries at Fahan were only cause for thankfulness to one who could say from her heart, "Thou, oh, Christ, art all I want." Even scrubbing floors and cleaning grates were sanctified labor, done in His spirit who said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

1861 found her in London, eager to complete her hospital training, and devote herself to the nursing work which Miss Nightingale urged upon her; but Mrs. Jones did not agree to this decided step until September, 1862, when Agnes left her lovely home for the busy wards of St. Thomas' Hospital.

"I trust and believe that I am a Bible woman as well as a nurse," she wrote to a young friend, "and I can sometimes see fruit which shows me God is blessing me here. My heart is ever in Ireland, where I hope ultimately to work; but I think thorough training for a special sphere of work more than doubles one's future powers."

She was permitted to visit her beloved country once more, when a few quiet months were passed in gaining strength for her last and greatest work—the reforma-

tion of the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary, where she was invited to go as lady superintendent in 1864. There had been much mismanagement, and the trouble of constant watchfulness over every department was very great, but so also was the scope for service for her Master, and she wrote with hope and faith to Mrs. Pennefather, asking only for the help of prayer offered on her behalf by all her friends. Her own quiet meetings for reading and prayer were attended by patients of various religious beliefs, and all found comfort and peace in those blessed words. The young nurses were specially aided by a Sunday Bible-class. Old and young loved her, and the year's labor was ended in gratitude and hope. In the beginning of 1868 an unhealthy season brought an outbreak of illness to Liverpool. 1487 persons—patients, nurses, and servants—were more or less under Miss Jones' supervision, and strength began to fail. Fever increased alarmingly in the hospital, and the crowding was so great that Agnes gave up her own room to a young nurse who showed symptoms of typhus, content to sleep on the floor of her sitting-room.

She had prayed for a death met in the performance of duty, and the wish was fully granted. Only thirty-five years had passed over the brave woman, but her work was done, and the "Master called for her." On the 6th of February the doctors decided that she was in typhus fever, and she laid down the reins of government, with calm submission to the divine command. A few more days, a few whispered words of peace, and the end came. They carried the dear body back to Ireland, and laid it in the quiet graveyard at the foot of the Enniskillen hills, waiting until that day when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible."

THE WILLING WORKER.

RICHLY the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord!
Hang in their clusters of purple delight.
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light;
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the sea;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;
Master! no labor, no pains I have spared—
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine.
Many the stars that in heaven I see;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Deep wave Thy harvests in acres untold;
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold;
Slowly the reapers are moving away;
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Dim grow mine eyes 'mid the fast fading light,
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;
Scant on my forehead my locks have grown white—
Lord! 'tis the body grows weary and faint!
Finished the task Thou hast given to me;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

—Arthur John Lockhart.

A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

YEARS ago while pastor of a church, preaching Sunday morning and evening, I carefully prepared a discourse, for the second service on the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Sunday afternoon the heavens were covered with clouds, the chilly east wind crept through the streets of the city, and as the day began to darken a cold, drizzling rain came pattering down. An hour before service, I began, according to my custom, to go mentally through my sermon, that I might be sure that every thought was fully within my intellectual grasp; but to my dismay I found it impossible to recall in any logical order what with great labor I had wrought out during the preceding week. Every attempt which I made ended in mental confusion and darkness. With consternation I looked forward to the moment, near at hand, when the church-bell should strike and summon the evening worshippers. "What shall I do, what can I do?" cried I in the solitude of my study. On the eve of service and no sermon! I fell on my knees and prayed in agony of spirit. My fear and agitation fled. Calm trust and ineffable peace pervaded my soul. Into my mind flashed this text, "For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law." The subjects, the proposition, the divisions of the discourse in a twinkling were before my mental gaze. The church bell pealed out its last musical call to service, and, conscious that I had a message from God, I entered the pulpit with firm, undaunted step.

Was this the manifest providence of God? Let us see. Full two miles from the church, on that cloudy, rainy, cheerless, Sunday afternoon, there sat a business man, alone in his house. The political paper, which he had been mechanically holding before his face, had no interest for him, and at last it fell from his hand upon the floor. He looked out of his window on the dreary, deserted street. The scene seemed to be consonant with the gloom and hopelessness of his soul. The evening was near. He stepped into the hall, put on his overcoat, took his umbrella, and walked out into the storm and the thickening darkness. The wind seemed to cool

and soothe his agitated nerves. He went on without any purpose. There was no place to which he was intentionally going; it was only agreeable to saunter along one street after another in the drizzling rain. Just as the church-bell, which I had at first so much dreaded, rang out its last note, he was near by, and the thought came to him, he knew not why or how, that he would go into the church and hear what the preacher had to say. He did so.

The next day a messenger-boy delivered to me a note. It was from a merchant whose place of business was a mile away. He wished to see me as soon as it was convenient. Without delay I called upon him. He told me how, without any clear purpose, he had found his way the night before into my church. He said my sermon must have been made especially for him. Every word just fitted his case. By it he had been deeply convicted of sin. He wished me to guide him in this supreme crisis of his soul. An earnest struggle with the forces of evil, lasting several days, ensued, and then there was victory, light and peace. He had received from Christ that divine life which the law could not give. He has proved to be a faithful follower of Him who found him in bondage and gave him liberty. This was one of the fruits of the God-given sermon.

But there was still another, no less remarkable. On that same stormy Sunday night, there sat in the congregation a gray-haired, well-dressed gentleman. He was a familiar figure. He was almost invariably present at the evening service. He had listened to thousands of sermons with apparent interest, but was still unsaved. On this occasion, however, when the congregation had left, he sent me word that he wished to see me at his home, which was near the church. When I entered his room, he said I must have made the sermon just for him. He was in distress on account of his spiritual condition, but he now gave himself to Christ at the eleventh hour. That very week he was taken sick. He was soon dangerously ill. On the following Sunday night he sent for me again. I found him greatly troubled in spirit. I asked him if he did not have the assurance that God had forgiven his sins. He said that he had, but, covering his face with his handkerchief, he cried aloud: "I am so sick that I can never make a public profession of my faith." But the merciful Lord who had forgiven this aged sinner, calmed his agitated spirit, and filled his soul with peace. A few days afterward, sitting in his armchair, he died

in faith and hope. How strange that he should have heard so many sermons, and had been saved by the last one to which he ever listened!

When these things had transpired, then it was made plain why on that stormy night, to that small audience, the Lord did not permit me to preach the sermon which I had so carefully prepared, on Ananias and Sapphira. The Lord doubtless leads every prayerful, trusting minister in selecting his subjects and texts for sermons, but at times His guidance is unusually manifest. — *Rev. Dr. Anderson.*

SUNNY FACES.

FACES bright and beaming,
Shining for the King,
Lighted by His sunshine,
Honor to Him bring!
Gloomy looks, and cloudy,
Spring from darkened heart;
Unshine with the darkness
Never can have part.

Though your lot be lonely,
Christ is ever near;
Speak to Him and tell Him,
He your heart will cheer:
Telling Him you are needing
Sympathy and love
And a flood of tenderness
Shall reach you from above.

Suffering ones— He suffered,
Tell Him all your pain;
Tell Him from the weary sigh
You can scarce refrain:
He will give you patience
He will give you rest;
And in bearing all for Him
You, indeed, are blest.

—*Cecelia Havergal.*

THE TESTIMONY OF THE CATACOMBS.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, when a controversy was raging in the Romish Church on the subject of relics, much interest was stirred up in reference to the hiding places of the early Christians, and some of the Catacombs were opened, explored, cleared of rubbish, and lighted up. So fascinating was the work of exploration, that one man, an Italian, spent more than thirty years exploring the galleries, collecting antiquities, and copying inscriptions, paintings, etc. Later on, several others spent many years of their lives in the same way; indeed, a certain Frenchman, who went to Rome to spend six months in the study, remained fifty years, and died at the work.

"It is difficult," says a recent writer, "now to realize the impressions which must have been made upon the first ex-

plorers of this subterranean city, this vast metropolis, rich in the bones of saints and martyrs; a stupendous testimony to the truth of Christian history, and consequently to that of Christianity itself: a faithful record of the trials of the persecuted church."

Almost everything portable has now been removed from the Catacombs. The monuments, inscriptions, and antiquities have been transferred, chiefly to the Vatican Museum at Rome. The most valuable collection of inscriptions is that of the Lapidarian Gallery, or Gallery of Stones, a long corridor in that Museum, the sides of which are completely lined with slabs plastered to the walls, one side being devoted to Pagan and the other to Christian inscriptions. Of the latter there are more than three thousand, and the contrast is most striking and soul-stirring.

"I have spent," says Raoul Rochette, "many entire days in this sanctuary of antiquity where the sacred and profane stand facing each other in the written monuments preserved to us as in the days when Paganism and Christianity striving with all their powers were engaged in mortal conflict, and were it only for the treasure of impressions which we receive from this immense collection of Christian epitaphs taken from the graves of the Catacombs, and now affixed to the walls of the Vatican, this alone would be an inexhaustible fund of recollections and enjoyment for a whole life."

Besides the three thousand inscriptions contained in this gallery, there are nearly seventy thousand in existence, many of which have been but recently discovered. — *Selected.*

THE MARTYRDOM OF VICE.

THE martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and numbers. So blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to ensure perdition than salvation.

Religion does not forbid the rational enjoyments of life as avarice forbids them. She does not require such sacrifices of ease as ambition, or such renunciation of quiet as pride. She does not murder sleep, like dissipation; or health, like indulgence; or scatter wealth, like extravagance or gambling. She does not embitter life like discord; or shorten it, like duelling; or harrow it like revenge. She does not impose more vigilance than suspicion; more anxiety than selfishness; or half as many mortifications as vanity. — *Hannah More.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Feb. 4.	Gen. 11 : 1-9	1 Cor. 13.
" 11.	Gen. 17 : 1-9	S. Matt. 4 : 1-12.
" 18.	Gen. 18 : 22-23	Gen. 28, 10 to end.
" 25.	Gen. 22 : 1-13	Gen. 37 : 12-29.

FIVE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Story of an old soldier called Father Bonaventure.

"CHILDREN," said the old man, "I am very old; see, I have scarcely a hair on my head. Well! during my long career, I have remarked five things; try to remember them and you will be happy." (1) Working on Sunday never made any one the richer. (2) Stolen or ill-gotten goods have never profited any one. (3) Giving alms has never made any one poorer. (4) Morning and evening prayer have never delayed work. (5) A disobedient and unruly child has never prospered.—*Sel.*

THAT LIGHT!

HO, keeper of the lighthouse!

The night is coming and the breakers are roaring. Is your lamp, in the tower above, trimmed and burning? Some sailors on the lonely sea will be looking for your light. Let it shine brightly!

Ho, children!

Are you children of the light—children of the Saviour? Then, with your prayers, your kind words, and your pure lives, you are God's lighthouse. Let the lamp be trimmed and then let it shine—shine all the time, sending out the light of true, pure example. Some poor fellow may be guided by you into a harbor of safety. Be encouraged by the thought that, though we may not see immediate fruit as the result of our seed-sowing, He that giveth the increase will honor our labors.—*Selected.*

For PARISH AND HOME.

MISSIONARY LOTTO.

It is not often that amusement is so successfully combined with profitable instruction as in this game of Missionary Lotto. It is an excellent thing for a winter's evening. We have seen both young and old deeply interested in it, while a knowledge of missionary facts has been pleasantly conveyed.

It is true that there are a few very difficult names which seem to conquer the tongue, but the timid can always call out numbers, or take refuge behind the fact that there is not yet a hard and fast standard of pronunciation for African or Asiatic names.

The game consists of twenty-four large cards, and ninety-six tickets, the tickets containing the questions, and, the large cards the answers.

The game may be played by four, six, eight, or twelve players, who have the large cards equally distributed among them.

The leader of the game calls out the question upon the ticket drawn by him at random from the box.

The player giving the right answer claims the ticket. He who secures the largest number of tickets by his successful answers wins the game.

Here is ticket number 24. "A member of the first mission party to Uganda who never returned, but died after fourteen years' work?"

Everyone knows the answer to this; but the player must restrain himself before he shouts, "Mackay!" until he is sure that he has this name on one of the large cards before him, otherwise he will forfeit a ticket already secured, which is then returned to the box.

Ticket 86 has the question, "The first native Red Indian clergyman?"

Strange to say, though this comes nearer home, the answer is not so well known.

Venture a guess as you run your eye over the list of "reverend" names before you. Never mind if you have revealed your ignorance; it is thus that knowledge is gained. You can quickly answer the next ticket drawn: "An African bishop who was once a slave?"

By all means ask your bookseller for "Missionary Lotto." If he does not keep it, you may get it from the Upper Canada Tract Depository of Toronto.

F. H. D.

A SMALL OY.

"COME on and go fishing, Pete." "Where?" asked Pete. "Over to Beach Creek. It's rose like everything these last rains, and the fish'll bite like sixty. And it's just the kind of day." "Tip-top. I'll go. I'll get my tackle." Pete brought it out to the back porch—a wonderful tangle of linen, hooks, sinkers, and bobbers. "I'll help you unsmarl it," said Jim, and the two sat down to it. At the same moment Pete's father came through the house to the back door. "Pete," he said, "I'm looking for a boy to pile that wood." Pete's face fell as he took a look at the big heap of sawed and split wood. "It's an awful lot," he said, "and I was going fishin'." "You can do as you please," said his father. "I'm not going

to make you take your Saturday. I'm going to give a dime for the job." "Me and you wants to give some money to get the wheel chair for Ben," said Pete to Jim. "I'll give a dime to some other boy for raking up the yard," said Pete's father, with a smile. "Say," said Pete, eagerly, "'s'pose we do it. That'd be twenty cents. Won't you stay? It would be almost as good as play if we did it together."

Jim took a look around and shook his head. The back yard had a high fence about it, and was not, he thought, a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday. "It's a lot nicer out in the woods," he said, discontentedly. "And say, Pete, we can sell our fish and get some money that way." "But what if we shouldn't get any?" said Pete, cautiously. "Pshaw! Course we'll get some. Come on." Pete looked longingly at the now straightened-out fishing tackle. "I'd like to go—awfully. But I'd like to be sure of the dime for Ben." "But you'll get it," insisted Jim. "Like enough we'll catch enough fish to get a quarter apiece." "What would you do, mother?" asked Pete, sorely puzzled how to make up his mind, as she came to the door. "It is always wise to take the sure thing," she said. "Come on," urged Jim, as she went away. But Pete began winding up his fishlines. "I've usually noticed," he said, stoutly, "that what mother says generally comes out right."

The older Pete grows he will be sure the more and more to find that this is "generally" the case with "what mother says," and that it is a wise boy who begins to notice it while he is small. Still it was with quite a weight at his heart that he watched Jim go around the corner of the house, and then turned to the huge pile of wood in the corner. "P'raps I'll get done by dinner time," he called after him, and then set himself to work. It was not hard work, but the stooping soon began to tire him. The sun, too, instead of keeping to his promise of a good, cloudy day for fishing, smiled away in a manner which made quick work of the morning mists, and then beamed down with a warmth which Pete found very trying. He thought of the coolness of the woods, remembering the freshness of the summer wind as it stirred the leaves and fanned hot faces. There would be wild flowers, too, and he always liked to bring mother a bunch. The spring ones would be about gone, but the violets and blue-bells of early summer would, in shady places, be in full bloom.

"Yes, he must get into the woods as soon as possible. He piled so fast as to forget the cross pieces which his father had shown him how to lay to keep the pile even. It leaned forward and at length fell with a crash. "If I wasn't a boy I'd cry." Tears were, indeed, very near Pete's eyes as he gazed at the fallen wood. For a moment he felt like giving the whole thing up and letting the ten cents go. But as he sat for a little rest on the sawbuck a thought often came to him. Poor little Ben, his school-mate, who had suffered so long! He could almost see, this moment, the patient face, white and thin, which he always turned upon his friends when they went to see him. He had been in a dreadful accident, and for long weeks no one thought he would live, but was now better, and the doctor had said that if he could get out of doors there would be a chance of his getting stronger. He needed a wheel chair, but his parents were poor, and his school-mates were trying to make up enough money to buy one.

No, Pete would not be sorry he had given up fishing. But it was a very discouraged face which he turned to his mother as she came to the back door. She held out a piece of ginger bread to him. "If I had the seeing to things," he said, fretfully, "I wouldn't let boys' piles fall down." "Such things would seem hard," she said, with a pat on his head, "if we didn't know so well that in some way they are for the best." "How can such things be best? There are lots of hard things. It's hard for Ben. How can it be best for him?" "It takes hard things to make good things. A brave boy is a good thing. If hard things don't come, how could any boy learn to be brave?" Pete gave a little nod. In his very heart he wished to be a brave boy. "And about Ben," went on his mother, "it must be that there is some wonderful good waiting for him. Perhaps the Lord is going to make a brave, great, good man of him through all this." Pete went back to his work with a great glow in his heart. Perhaps he was helping the Lord a little in helping Ben. "I wonder," he said to himself, "how boys that haven't got mothers learn to be brave."

And then in a vague and misty way it came into his small head that the same dear Lord who was so good as to give such mothers to some boys must manage to help the other boys in some way, according to their need. At twelve o'clock Pete stood and gazed in triumph at his neatly piled wood. At one he set out with his

fishing tackle to join Jim, his heart bounding with the delight given by pleasant words from father and mother. Reaching the cross-roads just before turning into the woods Pete saw an old woman seated at the roadside on a large basket, while another one stood near her. "Oh, it's little Pete, isn't it?" she said. "Pete, my boy, have you seen farmer Mills go by from market yet?" "Yes'm," said Pete, "I saw him go past our house while we were at dinner." "Dear, dear," exclaimed the old woman. "The stage put me off here, and I made sure I'd catch farmer Mills to give me a lift home with my baskets. What'll I do now?" Pete didn't know. All he thought of was to get to Beech Creek as soon as he could. In his great satisfaction at receiving his well-earned shining bit of silver had mingled an ambitious hope. Why mightn't he catch some fish and sell them, like Jim? Think of having two dimes instead of one!

But as he rushed on a tug at his heart seemed to take the lightness from his feet. Slower and slower they moved, came to a halt, and then "reversed." He was very anxious to help little Ben. But here was an old woman who needed help this very minute, and no one but Pete to give it. "Can't you get home if I help you?" he asked. "The Lord's blessing on you for a brave boy. I guess I could if you'd take hold of the heaviest basket on one side." It was a long walk, and hard. Many a time they had to stop and rest. The sun sank low before they reached Mrs. Brown's cottage, and then Pete was so tired as to be glad to rest, and eat some ginger snaps from the big basket. It was far too late to go fishing when Mrs. Brown showed him a short cut home over the fields. As he ran down a slope he stopped with a sudden exclamation.

Oh, what wild flowers! All the carressing of the afternoon suns must have gone into those lovely colorings. It was out of the track of the village children, and had not been picked over. Pete gave a shout of delight. "I'll take the biggest bunch to mother. It'll be 'most as good as the money." Half an hour later he struck into the turnpike road near home. A carriage came along behind him, but stopped as it drew near. Two or three children in it were shouting their admiration of the flowers, a bunch which a peck measure would scarcely cover. "Would you be willing to let them have it?" asked the gentleman who drove. "Course I would!" said Pete, inwardly resolving

that he would very soon get another bunch for mother. He placed them in the hand reached for them; then touched his hat as he drew back. "Thank you. Here—" the gentleman held out his hand just as the horses started. "There—it fell. Pick it up, my boy."

Could Pete believe it? A flash in the sunshine, then a gleam in the dust. "A quarter!" he cried, beside himself with joy. "What for?" asked Jim, who at this moment came along the road. "Just for wild flowers," said Pete. "Hurrah! I've got a quarter and ten cents for Ben. Sold your fish, Jim?" noticing that he had none with him. "How much did you get?" "Not a red cent." Jim, wet and muddy, walked on with a gloomy scowl as he talked. "Fish didn't bite worth anything. But I did catch one big fellow—guess I would 'a' got fifteen cents for him. But Bob Hill was there, and when I caught it he said 'twas his fish 'cause I put my hook into his hole. And he grabbed for it, and we both got into the water, and the fish got away. I 'most wish I'd stayed in your back yard."—*Selected.*

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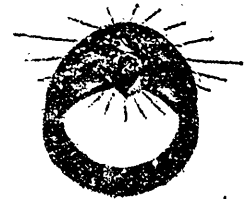
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