



☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8.

# St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

## Parish and Home.

No. 110.

DECEMBER, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

### St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

THOS. WALTERS, } *Churchwardens.*  
ROBT. BRYANS, }

*Lay Delegates.*

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

*Salesmen.*

A. TIMS, H. J. NOSWORTHY, R. PLAYFAIR,  
J. H. SOOTHBRAN, J. A. PADDON, E. C. ARMSTRONG,  
G. H. M. BAKER, M. H. SISSON, THOS. J. MURTAGH  
L. KNIGHT, J. M. KNOWLSON, F. HOPKINS.

*Vestry Clerk.*

G. S. PATRICK.

*Sexton,*

A. HOADLEY.

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

*Week Night Service.*—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p.m.

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

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

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

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

*W.A.* meets the third Thursday in each month at 4 p.m.

*Gleaner's Union* meets the first Wednesday in each month.

A lady in Fenelon Falls, sending her subscription for Parish and Home to Miss Goodwin, wrote :—"I like the paper; its a welcome little messenger, full of useful instruction, interest and love."

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Baptisms.

MARSH.—Arthur Edward, son of Charles Henry and Emily C. Marsh, born 12th Nov., 1900, baptized 16th Nov., 1900.

DOUGLAS.—William Leslie, son of Robert Adam and Ellen Douglas, adult, baptized 24th Nov., 1900.

KNOWLSON.—Augustus Sessions, son of Frederick and Annie Cecilia Knowlson, born 2nd Oct., 1900, baptized 25th Nov., 1900.

(From Orillia Register.)

LANGFELDT.—Dorothy Helen, daughter of Ernest and Kathleen Langfeldt, born Sept. 28th, 1900, baptized in St. James church, Orillia, 14th Nov., 1900.

#### Marriages.

PERRIN—HOLMES.—At Lindsay, on 2nd Nov., 1900, by Rev. Rural Dean Marsh, Joseph Henry Perrin, of Lindsay, to Mabel Theresa Holmes, of Quebec.

YOUNG—STOCKDALE.—At Lindsay, on 26th Nov., 1900, by Rev. Rural Dean Marsh, Robert Young to Emily Stockdale, both of Lindsay.

#### Funerals.

MARSH.—At Riverside cemetery, on 17th Nov., 1900, Arthur Edward, son of C. H. Marsh, aged 4 days.

### CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Wm. Farncomb took the duty at Cameron and Cambray and Lindsay in evening on Nov. 18th and preached a very helpful sermon on "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." Mr. Vance took the duty at Fenelon Falls and St. Peter's, Verulam.

We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Breathwaite to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Math. 24 : 44.

The Rev. W. H. H. Sparks has been appointed by the bishop, incumbent of Sunderland and West Brock.

We trust there will be large congregations and earnest worship in all our churches on Christmas, as we keep the birthday of our Saviour and remember God's great gift to man.

We wish a very happy Christmastide to all our readers. Most of us can do much towards making happy the lives of some others; and in giving joy to them we taste one of the highest kinds of happiness ourselves.

Mr. A. Tims was lately appointed superintendent of the Sunday school in succession to Mr. Sisson. Mr. Tims has been a faithful teacher for years and comes of a family of S.S. workers, his father having been superintendent of a school in Manvers. We bespeak earnest prayer and hearty co-operation on his behalf.

We have lost several families to Omemeé parish lately, and now are glad to welcome in return, Mr. Beamish and family and Mr. John Hall, all from that fair village, to Lindsay and St. Paul's. Mr. Beamish has taken the house at 23 Colborne St., and Mr. Hall's address is 35 Queen St. We are sure some of our members will call and welcome them.

The anniversary services on Nov. 25th were helpful and inspiring, the Rev. H. C. Dixon preaching able and instructive sermons. The morning subject was Abraham's call from Ur, and the evening dealing with the work of St. Paul. Miss Colles and Mr. Bailey sang solos very acceptably, while the extra offertory was \$263.00, which has since been increased by \$25.00. We thank all who gave and all who helped, and pray that God may be glorified and the congregation blessed.

The other day the rector received five dollars from "a friend near Reaboro," with the request that it be used for missions "wherever you believe it will do most good." He has sent it on to the Canadian Church Missionary Association and so it will help the work in Japan, China, Persia, Palestine, South America, and in our own Northwest. May the donor find that "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters," and may many other of our friends on farms be encouraged to go and do likewise.

A missionary exhibit is being arranged for by the C.C.M.A. in Toronto, to be held Feb. 4th to 9th, 1901 (D.V.). There will be courts representing Japan, Africa, Palestine and Mohammedan lands, South America, Indian and Esquimaux work, India, Ceylon and Persia, China, Educational, Industrial and Medical Missions. Any one having curios illustrative of the life of the people of any of these lands, that they could give or loan the committee in charge, would be helping a good work. Articles in this district given to Mrs. Goldie, or the rector of St. Paul's, will be carefully forwarded, and after the exhibit returned. Prayer is asked that all may be overruled to the extension of God's work, and those who can are invited to be present at the exhibit.

Mrs. Allison and family have gone to the province of Quebec to live. Miss Allison has been one of our S.S. teachers.

The end of the year, the end of the century, the end of life. If in Christ all these will be but the beginning of better things, the higher, fuller life with Him.

The Rev. E. A. Langfeldt held a short mission at Trinity church, Cavan, part of the last week in November. The rector has very pleasant memories of a mission held there, with the Rev. W. C. Allen, in March, 1888.

A lady whose home was long near Cambay lately handed in a C.C.M.A. mission box containing \$2.50. A little boy of about 6 years who was ill and unable to walk handed her, one day she called to see him, 11 cents, saying "It is for your missionary box." Others heard what he had done and also wanted to help. So it is—"A little child shall lead them."

Several young clergymen well known in Lindsay and vicinity have lately been married—Mr. Rix of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, and Miss Gillespie of Cannington. Mr. Gibson, who spent a summer in Lindsay, was married to a Miss Kincaid of Toronto; and Rev. T. B. Smith of St. Peter's, Toronto, married a daughter of Mr. Stapleton Caldecott. Many, we know, will wish them all many years of happy usefulness in the Master's vineyard.

On Thursday, Dec. 6th, the Rev. H. C. Dixon begins a ten day mission at Reaboro. He is so well known in Lindsay that we need not emphasize the privileges in store for those who attend, but we ask earnest prayer for God's blessing upon his work, and hearty co-operation from all who can be present at the services. Surely at this advent season, we might do some self-denying work, to prepare and make ready the way for the return of our King, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The National Advocate" of New York says: "Seventy-five per cent. of the convicts in our prisons are young men." It also says that in the United States there are more young men in the penitentiary than in the churches, that the majority of young men do not attend church, and asks: "If young men are the hope of the nation, what hope is there for the nation?" It becomes our young men in Canada to see how it is with them. Parents and churches may well ask what about our boys?

The seventh annual meeting of the Archdeaconry of Peterboro was held at Cobourg on Nov. 13th and 14th, with a fairly good attendance. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen presided and Rev. H. Symonds was secretary. The subjects considered were: "The Post-reformation Period of the Church of England," "The Evangelical Revival," "The Oxford Movement," "The Outlook for the Twentieth Century," "Family Prayer," "Modern Imperialism and its Relation to Christianity" and "Social Progress and Spiritual Life." Those taking part from outside the Archdeaconry were Rev. Provost Macklem of Trinity University, Rev. Dyson Hague of Wycliffe College, Prof. Mavor of Toronto University, Rev. J. H. Talbot of Oshawa, while Rev. F. H. Du Vernet took the opening devotional meeting. We are sorry no one from Lindsay was able to be present.

# Parish and Home

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 1

## CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 2—**1st Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah i.; 1 Peter iv., 7. *Evening*—Isaiah ii. or iv., 2; John xii., 20.
- 9—**2nd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah xiv.; 1 John ii., 15. *Evening*—Isaiah xi., to 11, or xxiv.; John xvii.
- 16—**3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah xlv.; Jude. *Evening*—Isaiah xvi. or xxxviii., 5 to 19; John xxi.
- 21—**St. Thomas, A. & T.** *Morning*—Job xlii., 1-7; Job, xx., 19 o 24. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxv.; John xiv., to 8.
- 23—**4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah l.; Luke ii., to 15. *Evening*—Isaiah xxxii. or xxxii., 2 to 23; Rev. xii.
- 25—**Christmas Day.** *Morning*—1 a'ah ix., to 8; Luke ii., to 15. *Evening*—Isaiah vii., 10 to 17; Titus iii., 4 to 9.
- 26—**St. Stephen, the First Martyr.** *Morning*—Gen. iv., to 11; Acts vi., *Evening*—2 Chron xxiv., 15 to 23; Acts viii., to 9.
- 27—**St. John, A. & E.** *Morning*—Exod. xxxiii., 9; John xiii., 23 to 36. *Evening*—Isaiah vi., Rev. 1.
- 28—**Innocents' Day.** *Morning*—1 r. xxxi., to 18; Rev. xvi., *Evening*—Baruch iv., 21 to 31; Rev. xviii.
- 30—**1st Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—Isaiah xxxv.; Rev. xx., *Evening*—Isaiah xxxviii. or xl.; Rev. xxi., to 15

## THE ADVENT.

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices  
Shout to the saints, and to the deaf and  
dumb;

Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,  
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I  
come.

This hath He done, and shall we not adore  
Him?

This shall He do, and can we still  
despair?

Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before  
Him,  
Cast at His feet the burden of our care.

Flash from our eyes the glow of our  
thanksgiving,

Glad and regretful, confident and calm,  
Then thro' all life and what is after living,  
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

—F. W. H. Myers.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

"BEHOLD thy King cometh, go ye out to meet him." How such an announcement would send a thrill of hope or fear, expectation or alarm, through the minds of many to-day, if it were to ring out loud and clear! Yet that is one thought brought before us this Advent season. The Lord Jesus came once, born as a babe at Bethlehem, in humility, weakness and poverty. He is coming

again, and every day brings the time nearer, and His disciples are to be about His business, preparing and making ready the way, hastening His coming, watching and waiting as those who look for His return. "Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh he shall find so doing."

May our readers be watching, waiting, looking, working for and hastening the coming back, the second advent of our gracious king and Saviour.

WE wish a merry and a happy Christmastide to all our readers! Christmas is the time of receiving and giving of gifts.

How much we can do to make glad and happy the lives of the children this joyous season, not only the children of our own families, but the little neglected ones, who would otherwise receive but few gifts.

The highest happiness comes through making others happy and doing the will of Him whose great gift we commemorate at Christmas. May many of the readers of PARISH AND HOME know somewhat of the joy of the Master, through ministering to the poor and needy, the sick and lonely, the widow and orphan, and so realize the truth that even at Christmastide, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"STEPHEN a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost." How short and yet how brilliant was the life of Stephen as a disciple of the Lord Jesus! Chosen to be a deacon because of his character, and appointed with six others to rectify the complaints in the early church of Jerusalem, made by the Hellenistic against the Hebrew Christians.

Then we read of 'the Word of God' increasing, disciples multiplying greatly in Jerusalem, numbers of the priests becoming obedient to the faith, wonders

and miracles wrought, adversaries not able to gainsay or resist the wisdom by which he spake.

We almost wonder that God permitted him to be arrested, tried, stoned, put to death and so become the first Christian martyr, the first of the sons of men who gave up his life for the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and God has used Stephen's short life and heroic death to be the means of cheering, comforting, strengthening many a severely tested and sorely-tried disciple of the Lord Jesus.

We need to day in all branches of the church's work and warfare, yea for the upholding of our country, as well as for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, "Men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." May God raise up many from among us "full of grace and power," and like Stephen, as shown by his address, mighty in the Scriptures.

WE have reached the closing month not only of another year but also of another century.

As we bid farewell to the nineteenth century and glance back at the little part that we have played in it, most of us will confess that "we have done many things that we ought not and have left undone many things that we ought to have done"—but vain regrets are of little value.

Far better by the grace of God to lay aside every weight and the sins which so easily beset us, and looking unto Jesus, run with patience the race set before us. We are invited to make the closing weeks of the century a time of earnest prayer and drawing nigh unto God. Well may we mingle thanksgiving and confession with our prayer thanksgiving for the man

blessings we have received at the hand of our God and confession of our many sins and shortcomings, our selfishness, indolence, half heartedness in doing His work and extending His kingdom.

Brethren pray, pray as the century fades and passes away, and many of our opportunities pass with it, that our God will thrust forth more labourers into His harvest fields at home and abroad, that He will make His soldiers more valiant for Him. Yea, that He will cause His kingdom to come and His will to be done on earth, even as now it is done in heaven.

#### A WELCOME.

The winds of dark December roar,  
The hail beat on the window pane ;  
Pile up the fire, throw wide the door  
To welcome Christmas back again—  
A light on life's dark wintry tide  
To brighten every fireside.

It comes with many a glad surprise,  
And loving tokens rare and sweet—  
Perchance good angels in disguise,  
With friends we long had sighed to  
meet :  
And hands and hearts unite again,  
After the parting and the pain.

While children of the merry heart,  
Are sporting round the Christmas tree,  
Amid our smiles a tear may start  
For friends afar or o'er the sea ;  
Or those beyond Time's restless tide,  
Who wait us on the other side.

While loving gifts we gladly greet,  
'Tis still more blessed to impart  
A Christmas boon with kindness, meet,  
To some forsaken, lonely heart  
At Christmas—Christmas ushered in,  
To still the storm of human sin.

—*The Christian.*

#### THE BEST PRAYER.

Father glorify thy name.—John xii. 28.

It has been well said, that this is one of two prayers which comprehend all other prayers, the second being, "Thy will be done." In this petition the Christian has a refuge for his soul, a harbour of peace and quietness in every stormy wind that blows, so that to learn to pray it continually is to have continual access to the very peace of God Himself. In truth this was the secret, was it not, as revealed by the gospels, of that marvellous repose which so wonderfully marked the character of our Saviour. Though

His outward life was tempest-tost, His inward life was always calm, because He had learnt the lesson of praying this prayer from His heart and of accepting everything that came to Him as God's answer to it. What after all is the real cause of the friction and unrest which mar the lives of many of God's people but this: their refusal to believe or their failure to see, that God's glory and their own highest welfare and happiness are linked together in the dealings of His providence? If in earthly matters, for instance, one could imagine the welfare of a son, so bound up in the success and prosperity of a parent that the child in order to secure his own good would need to seek but one thing, namely, that that parent's plans should be carried out and his honor promoted, it would obviously simplify that son's life. Instead of having a host of cares and anxieties he would then have but one aim in living, and then nothing would come amiss to him, so long as he was sure that his father's cause was prospering. Nor is it other wise with God and His children. So long as a child of God through unbelief or ignorance is possessed of the idea that God's glory and his own welfare are not inseparably bound up together, and that the entire devotion of himself to God may possibly involve him in loss and unhappiness, his life, in other words, will be little better than a constant controversy with his circumstances, whereas the restful life is that of him who has learnt to sink his own aims and purposes in the one aim of glorifying God. Again, not only will such a simplifying of aim and motive make a wonderful difference in one's own happiness, it must clearly make a mighty difference in our usefulness. The closer we get to this truth, that our supreme end is to glorify God, the closer we keep to it, the purer, the freer and the more effective will be our work for Him. No one needs to be discouraged, certainly no one would be justified in giving up working because he finds that even into his best and most earnest efforts

self-seeking and self-will are apt to intrude, but we can and will discover this if we follow on to know the Lord, till the more we make this prayer, "Father glorify thy name," the motto and the watchword of our Christian service, the more we make it our aim to please Him and to glorify Him alone in what we do, the more we shall be used and the more will our efforts be crowned with success. If any one would prove this, let him begin each day with the petition, "Father glorify thyself in me and through me this day," or let him begin each work with "Father glorify thyself to the utmost extent in this work," and then leave the results with God, trusting Him, in His own way, to answer the prayer. E. D., Port Hope.

#### BEGIN TO-DAY.

Is there nothing that Christ as your friend, your Lord, your Saviour, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant, with His high and deep love for your soul, that He wants you to pray? And do you pray? Do you doubt one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all the men about you who are His brethren? And are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty? Do you doubt one instant that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought? And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him, and declare that you are His servant before all the world? And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear. No, not in quiet lanes, nor in the bright temple courts, as once He spoke, and not from blazing heavens as men sometimes seem to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet He speaks. I know what He—there in all His glory—He, here in my heart—wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is His voice that tells me.—*Phillips Brooks.*

## THE LITTLE ONES.

Speak gently to your little ones ;  
You know not in what hour,  
The Lord may take them to Himself  
By His Almighty power.

Speak kindly to your little ones,  
For each ungentle word  
In some sad day of memory  
May wound you like a sword.

Check the harsh words of anger,  
And speak in tones of love,  
For so our Lord and Saviour  
Calls to us from above.

Speak to them in kindness,  
For life is but a span ;  
Remember the Redeemer  
Spoke lovingly to man.  
Toronto. (late) WM. WILSON.

## GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGER.

An old woman sat at the window of a tiny attic high up in one of the worst slums of New York. Her room was comfortable and untidy, and in her rags and unkempt hair she looked the picture of discontent and misery. Her face wore a perpetual scowl, and even as she sat alone now and then she would mutter an oath.

In the court below could be seen the very lowest, saddest side of human life. There you may see the drunken husband cursing his frightened, worn-out wife because she cannot find in her empty purse a few cents to give him for drink, while around her children, half-grown from want of food and care, are gathered crying vainly for bread.

On almost every doorstep you may see the faces of women, not womanly as God intended they should be, but marred by sin and misery. All about the court little ones are playing, those of whom Christ said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yet their faces are drawn and pinched and scarcely childish, and, sadder still, their pale, thin lips, that God intended should be full and rosy, as they play drop, though they scarcely knew the meaning, words of filthiness and mockery of God.

Even in the midst of so much sadness the woman we have spoken of seemed more miserable than the rest. People in the court called her "Swearing Sal."

No one knew her early history, but many were the stories told of how she had discomfited and routed clergymen and district visitors who, from time to time, had visited her. Now all but two seemed to have given up the hope of helping her. One was a clergyman whose occasional calls were met by torrents of abuse ; the other was Miss Grant, a deaconess, whose work lay in the neighbourhood of the court.

Though Miss Grant still continued her visits, there was nothing she dreaded more than going to see this poor old woman, for it seemed to her that her visits must only make "Swearing Sal" more furiously wicked than usual. One afternoon, setting out to make this dreadful call again, she felt specially impressed with the hopelessness of ever softening this hard heart. She climbed the rickety stairs leading to the garret feeling greatly discouraged, and when she reached the door, brave though she was, she found herself trembling. To knock meant to open again that torrent of vile language with which "Swearing Sal" always received visitors. She stood a moment and then knocked gently. There was no answer. She quietly opened the door and entered. "Swearing Sal" was kneeling by the ragged bed ; in her hand she held a faded letter. Her face was hidden, but Miss Grant could see that as she knelt her whole body was shaken by violent feeling. After a little she seemed to become calmer, and to realize that she was no longer alone in the room. Her face as she raised it had a new, strange look of gentleness upon it.

Her friend knelt down by her, and prayed with her whole soul to Him who cast the devils out of those tormented by the sea of Galilee, that He would save this woman from herself. From the lonely attic the silent prayers of these two women went up to Him who stills all storms, and He gave to the storm tossed wanderer, as she prayed, His peace that passeth all understanding.

\* \* \*

Before Miss Grant left, Sarah

Brown, for that was her real name, explained in a few words the cause of the change that had come over her.

"I was sitting at the window this afternoon," she said, "full of bitterness and misery, hating myself and God and everyone, when that butterfly flew in at the open window," and she pointed to the little, yellow insect resting on the ceiling. "I had never seen a butterfly for years, so it brought back to me memories of my happy girlhood days in the country, when I was innocent and pure and full of love. Now I saw myself a little rosy-cheeked, fair-haired girl bending over my books in the old brick school-house, and now I was again in the playground full of life and joy. Then with the quickly changing thoughts other scenes would come. This time I am sitting, as the same little, fair-haired girl, in front of the old farm-house just as the sun is setting, nestling my head against my mother's knee. It is Sunday evening in the early summer. The lily bed is dotted with pure white blossoms, and the lilac flowers are drooping with their own weight. The air is heavy with rich perfume. From the distant village comes the sound of gently tolling bells calling to church, and from all the flowers comes the happy buzz of insects. But I can only hear my mother's sweet, low voice telling the loveliest of all stories—how Jesus lived and died. I remember, as my mother dwelt on that boundless love, how my eyes would fill with tears, and how my little heart would seem to swell with love and wonder, and how I would think, 'There is no one like Jesus ; I will follow Him till death.'

"Then I seemed to hear her prayers again as I said good-bye to her, starting for the great city. I had only been a few weeks at the store where I was employed, when I was accused, though innocent, of taking money. I was dismissed in disgrace. My heart became as hard as iron ; and falling in with evil companions I began to drift down to the lowest

depths. Even the thought of my mother seemed like torture to me. She was a widow and I was her only child, and I think her heart must have been broken, when she found that I wished to be lost to her for ever in the great city. Just before she died she wrote me a letter begging me to come home. I put the letter away scarcely glancing at it and a little afterwards I saw in the newspapers a notice of her sudden death. That is forty years ago. Year by year my misery seemed to make me harder, and as I grew to be an old woman people wondered at my wickedness.

"To-day when the little butterfly brought up again the thought of home and of mother, I thought I would read again that faded letter written 40 years ago.

"As I read I saw my mother in every line, and I could scarcely see the pale writing for tears. The last part of the letter I never remembered having read before: 'And now, Sarah,' she said, 'I want to say good-bye to you. I have asked God to bring you back to me, but you have not come. I am too weak to write much. Perhaps your heart feels hard even to me just now, but I think I love you more even than when all loved you. When I'm gone perhaps sometimes you'll read this letter again, then I ask you to remember that God's love is even stronger than mine, that He has said a mother may forget her child yet God will never forget you, and that neither heights nor depths nor things present nor things to come nor life nor death can separate us from His love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Whenever you may read these words, the Good Shepherd is looking for His poor lost lamb. He still says, "Seek, and ye shall find, Knock, and it shall be opened to you."'

"Others had said like words to me before, and I had laughed in their faces and answered them with curses, but now they seemed different for they came as a message from my dead mother and through them I have found like that other poor woman that was

a sinner that love which comes from knowing we have been forgiven much."

\* \* \*  
Few knew besides Miss Grant about the butterfly's message to Sarah Brown. Strange stories got about the court that her angel-mother had come to her and taught her to live a good life. But though the cause of the change in "Swearing Sal" was not well understood all the court saw that it was a reality. Her room became the brightest and cleanest in the tenement. Children no longer dreaded her approach, and whenever sickness or death entered a house, the afflicted looked for her and seemed to find hope and comfort in her presence. She was so full of sympathy and love some said she had by a miracle been allowed to catch a glimpse of heaven in her little attic. And they spoke truly though not knowing. For heaven is open here on earth from childhood to all men if they only seek for it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sarah Brown is very old and childish now. She has left the dingy attic and lives in a little vine-covered cottage. In her second childhood, she can catch again the perfume of the lily and the lilac and hear dimly the hum of insects. And still when a butterfly settles on the flowers about her, her face will brighten, and she will thank God for the little messenger He sent to her dreary attic that led her from storm and darkness into peace and light.—*P. L. Weaver, Winona.*

#### THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

Let us not talk of the fruits of the Spirit; it is the fruit of the Spirit—nine grapes in one bunch. Here are nine beautiful grapes, and they all relate to character, rather than conduct. Perhaps you are longing for splendid conduct, wanting to go and do some great works. God wants you to begin with character. The Holy Ghost works character; then He can fill you for service; and assuredly God desires all to be thus blessedly filled.—*H. W. Webb Peplow.*

#### CHRISTMAS.

Thou cam'st from heaven to earth, that we  
Might go from earth to heaven with Thee:  
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,  
Thou did'st provide us mansions there.

A stable was Thy court, and when  
Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men:  
They were Thy courtiers, others none;  
And their poor manger was Thy throne.

No swaddling silks Thy limbs did fold,  
Though Thou could'st turn Thy rags to gold;  
No rockers waited on Thy birth,  
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth,  
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,  
Which lodged Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay! what light is that doth stream  
And drop here in a gilded beam?  
It is Thy star runs page and brings  
Thy tributary Eastern kings.

Lord, grant some light to us; that we  
May find with them the way to Thee.  
Behold what mists eclipse the day!  
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,  
To guide us out of this dark night,  
And say once more "Let there be Light!"  
—*Henry Vaughan.*

#### OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

*From Home Words.*

*The Communion Service.*—In 1559 one happy improvement was made; it was to unite the two forms of delivery of the Bread and Wine (1549, 1552) into one—exactly as we have it now. The first half prays that the once-sacrificed Body and Blood, the once-offered Lamb of God, may be our means of salvation. The second bids us "take and eat," and "drink," "this" (Bread and Wine), in holy remembrance that salvation is ours, with thank ul hearts.—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

*The Value of a Liturgy.*—Let any man go to all those places of worship where our Liturgy is not used, and note down every prayer which is offered in them, and then compare them with our own, and he will see the value and excellence of ours.—*Charles Simeon.*

*John Wesley.*—We do not think John Wesley said too much when he declared: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England."

*Leading Truths* — "The leading truths which are proclaimed and enforced in the Scriptures are incorporated in our national Liturgy. There are two very important respects, among others, in which the public services of our Church accord with the Scriptures, and which show that the former are a pure stream issuing from the fountain of the latter. The first of these is the use which is made of Christ in our Liturgy. He is 'All in all' throughout; 'the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last' in all its confessions of faith, its supplications and thanksgivings. The second point of resemblance is the end for which Christ is introduced. He is introduced for practical purposes. In both these volumes an intimate connection is constantly maintained between doctrine and experience, faith and holiness, justification and sanctification."—*The Rev. T. T. Biddulph.*

*Christ in the Prayer Book.*—"Our Lord Jesus Christ is presented as the grand centre of all Christian worship, the Alpha and Omega of all Christian doctrine, in the arrangement of the Prayer-Book. Advent, which marks the beginning of the Church's year, points us back to the first coming of Christ in humiliation, and bids us prepare for His second coming in glory. Christmas tells us that Christ took upon Him our nature and dwelt among men. The Epiphany teaches us that Christ's work was not for the Jews only, but that He was also a Light to lighten the Gentiles. In the solemn season of lent we are bidden to contemplate our Lord amid the darkness of sorrow, as He is about to be betrayed, and given into the hands of wicked men. On Good Friday we survey 'the wondrous cross,' and glory in the truth that there, by His one oblation of Himself once offered, He made a 'full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' At Easter, we rejoice in the glad fact—the keystone of Christianity—that 'Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep.' On Ascen-

siontide, as we gaze by faith upon Christ 'exalted with great triumph unto His kingdom in heaven,' we pray that we 'may also in heart and mind thither ascend and with him continually dwell.'"

—*The Rev. W. Odum.*

#### A GRAVE, SWEET MUSING,

*While the Christmas fire burns.*

EVE OF BIRTH.

*There was no room for them in the inn.*

EVE OF DEATH.

*"I go to prepare a place for you."*

No room for Thee, the Holy Child,  
So lowly, needing little room.  
No place on earth prepared for Thee  
Save manger-crib and tomb.

In fondest joy the mother made  
Thy first bed soft as it could be,  
And fain had fondest sorrow kept  
Thy last bed sweet for Thee.

But hard beneath Thy pilgrim feet  
The bitter way Thou hadst to go:  
The Saviour born to bear our sins,  
Our sorest need must know.

On that appointed path of Thine,  
That led through dolorous years to  
doom,  
For Thee, a lone, wayfaring man,  
The inn had still no room.

No place for Thee to lay Thy head!  
Thou, resting in Thy love, did'st see  
Room in Thy Father's house for all:  
And that was joy to Thee.

Be ours Thy joy—our feast to-day,  
A feast we share with Thee and Thine;  
Make warm and wide our hearts with love,  
And come Thou in, and dine.

—*A. C. Alexander.*

#### GIVE PLACE.

Matt. 9: 24.

This utterance is within the precincts of the family. God claims a place in the family, it is His right, for it is His institution. He is here not as a Master or a Magistrate, but as a comforter and saviour. In every house there is sorrow, or soon will be. Christ came to console the wretched, to commune with weakness and sorrow, by methods all His own. Sorrow was in His eyes, the most sacred thing He found on earth, and the attention with which He honoured it, and the sympathetic terms in which He addressed it have made it hallowed. The cup of sorrow is passed from hand to hand, and every individual has surely to

drink a portion. Men speak frequently and feelingly of sorrow, but somehow not a few do not hear the voice of One so near, saying: Give place! Here is life in contact with death. Here is a living power mastering the grave, and it is the power of voice. He fights with the word of His mouth.

Three times in His earthly life Jesus invades death: 1. The only son of a widow. 2. The only daughter of sorrowing parents. 3. The only brother of two sisters. In the bewilderment of bereavement think of One who is always near. He sheds light on the shadow of death, pours balm on the wounded heart, weeping over the young, the tender and the precious.

Life is ever fighting death. Death takes away, but Jesus brings back, and these three illustrations are symbols of His power. He is ever giving back, but not here. He gives us our loved ones in a higher, holier, sweeter, endless life, for He is the resurrection!

Give place! Death is temporary. Give place! Light is stronger than darkness. Give place! Christ is our only friend; near, willing, and mighty.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

#### MRS. "BUT."

Mrs. "But" is our next-door neighbour. Her real name is Green, but Jonas, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, "My dear, here comes Mrs. 'But.'" He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbour's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighbourhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had

been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is, indeed," said Mrs. "But," heartily; "she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. But," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was, in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. "But" dropped in, she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of 15, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

"Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted, "but I suppose you know that she is a poor-house waif."

"No," I said. "I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. "But" was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Mr. Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbour who had joined us, as we came out of the lecture room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed, the moment we were by ourselves, "with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The angels would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'buts,' and the whitest robe in all the 'white robed throng,' would be in danger of being smutted."

"And yet," I said, Mrs. "But" evidently is a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians."—*Intelligencer*.

#### CHRIST.

In Christ I feel the heart of God  
Throbbing from heaven through earth;  
Life stirs again within the clod,  
Renewed in beauteous birth.  
The soul springs up a flower of prayer.  
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God;  
From His pure height reached down,  
By blessed ways before untrod,  
To lift us to our crown;  
Victory that only perfect is  
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet  
May walk the air, the seas;  
On life and death His smile falls sweet—  
Lights up all mysteries;  
Stranger nor exile can I be  
In new worlds where He leadeth me.  
—*Lucy Larcom*.

#### EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

Self-sacrifice and devotion will perform wonders. He who carries to his work the determination to know no failure, in nine cases out of ten will succeed in accomplishing the desired object, whether that work be ruling a nation or conducting a farm, bearing a part in a military campaign or discharging some duty in everyday life.

When Napoleon retreated from blazing Moscow he entrusted a wounded officer to one of the imperial regiments. In the battle or on the march the first and highest duty of this band was to be guardians of that sacred trust. Whatever the vicissitudes of the campaign, he held them responsible to the

last man in the ranks for the safety of their charge. The terrible retreat began amid the horrors of a Russian winter, with countless Cossacks swarming on the front, flank, and rear. The first stage of the journey saw half of the regiment swept away, but their charge was kept. They crossed the icy waters of the Vistula, reduced to a single company, but that one company formed around the wounded general it carried. They entered the boundaries of France and ten men had only survived the march, but those ten men were still guardians of a trust which nothing could lead them to betray.

But it is not alone in the stern reality of warfare that heroism is displayed. In the by-ways and quiet walks of life there are as striking deeds of devotion as are any performed at the cannon's mouth, and those who perform them are as truly heroic as the hero of the battle-field.

#### LET US STOP TO THINK.

Let us stop to think of the good-by kiss. Better miss a car than leave a heartache.

Let us stop to think of the children. We, too, were children once, and loved to be remembered.

Let us stop to think of the aged. For us, too, the evening shadows will close at length, and we shall, perchance, be left at desolate hearthstones. We shall need to be remembered then.

Let us think of the stranger. We, too, have been alone, and have needed the touch of a kindly hand upon our lives, and many a life has gone out in the blackness of darkness for the lack of such a touch as any one of us might have given.

Let us stop to think of God and the future. At best the time is short, and the end is near. And when it shall come, blessed will he be to whom the entrance upon another life will be but the realization of dear and familiar dreams, the consummation of a lifetime of longings. Let us stop to think. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let us stop to think upon these things.—*The Lookout*.

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**A CHRISTMAS CAROL.**

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"  
The magi mused, "more bright than  
morn?"

And voices chanted, clear and sweet,  
To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds  
said,  
"That brightens through the rocky  
glen?"

And angels answering overhead  
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to  
men."

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for Him like those of yore;  
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold  
No time or sorrow ere shall dim  
That little children might be bold  
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw,  
If we our loving will incline  
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing "Peace on earth, good will to  
men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angels' song.  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

**JOHN'S THANKSGIVING.**

By MYRA G. PLANTZ.

"You must think I am a fool,  
Carrie!" No answer. "Or else  
you think money grows on trees  
in the back lot." This last was  
too ridiculous to pass unnoticed.  
"No, John, I don't; but I do  
think we could afford to send

Widow Harrison a sack of pota-  
toes for Thanksgiving, and the  
preacher a couple of chickens,  
and have a Thanksgiving dinner  
like other folks ourselves," replied  
his wife with some spirit.

"You women think we men  
are made of money. For my part  
I never could see any sense in  
making a fuss over Thanksgiv-  
ing, or Christmas, and the  
like. Turkey's as good to me one  
day as another. Wish we raised  
them. Besides, I have nothing  
particular to be thankful for.  
Dear knows I have worked hard  
enough for all I have got," and  
with this John buried himself in  
his paper, which meant, "Bother  
me at your peril."

Mrs. Roberts sighed as she  
took up John's mending. She  
was thinking of the winter before  
their marriage. John never re-  
fused her anything then, nor  
after, till in the hard race to be a  
successful man he had learned to  
prize his hard-earned dollars  
more than his wife's comfort or  
the needs of those around him.  
"I'm saving it all for Carrie and  
the children," was his excuse, and  
she excused him in her own  
heart by thinking, "He's a good,  
true man. I suppose every man  
has a queer streak that's hard to  
get along with; I'll keep praying  
over it." So, as most wives are  
compelled to do, she loved, but  
did not admire, her husband, as  
she might have done.

While she was thinking this  
over something roused John from  
the political editorial in which  
he had plunged. He looked  
around. Carrie had gone, and  
the baby in its cradle by her side.  
He found himself in a village  
street where everything had a  
most unnatural appearance. An  
old woman, evidently dying, lay  
on the pavement. A forsaken  
baby was crying near. Fumes of  
liquor, mingled with horrid oaths,  
came from an open door near.  
He noticed a feeble looking man  
pass by; another leaped from a  
dark corner and plunged a dag-  
ger into him, snatched his vic-  
tim's money, then left him dying  
in the street.

"What kind of a place is

this?" John cried. "Have I  
struck the infernal regions? In  
God's name, help this dying  
man!"

"Sir," said a hard-faced fellow  
near, "that name must not be  
mentioned except in a curse.  
This is a country that does not  
admit God, or His laws. We can  
be as wicked as we please."

"How thankful I would be to  
be in my own country again  
where we are protected by God's  
laws," cried John.

In a moment Carrie's patient  
face and the rosy little sleeper  
beside her were in view. In  
another instant they had van-  
ished. The room became long  
and narrow, with rows of lit-  
tle beds on each side. The  
strangest thing of all was,  
John found himself a pris-  
oner in one of them. The air was  
heavy with chloroform, and John  
noticed a sense of exquisite pain  
through the body. Near by  
stood a group of grave-looking  
men, talking to a kind-faced  
woman, and this woman, though  
she bathed his face with water,  
with a gentle, experienced touch,  
was not his own dear Carrie.

"Where am I?" he moaned  
"Be quiet," answered the  
eldest man. "You have met  
with an accident, so to save your  
life we have taken off one of your  
limbs. If you are patient and  
mind this good woman you will  
some day go home to your wife  
and little ones as good as new,  
except the crutches."

Go back to Carrie and the  
children as a miserable cripple!  
He felt hot tears scalding his  
face as he groaned, "How thank-  
ful I would be if I only had my  
legs again!"

The narrow walls faded, the  
room took on the form and  
colouring of his own cosy sitting-  
room. He felt the warmth of his  
own glowing grate. He stretched  
out his limbs with a delicious  
sense of their perfect strength.  
Yet before he could speak to  
make sure this was the reality  
and the other a dream the walls  
contracted to those of a rude  
cabin on his farm. The children  
were crying, his wife looked thin  
and pale.

"There is nothing to eat," she said to the children "You remember there were no crops raised this year. We have only what the people in the East send us."

"But why are we not in our own house, Carrie?" asked John.

"You forget, dear, we were burned to the ground that night I caught this terrible cold."

"What!" cried John; "no home, no clothes, nothing to eat! How thankful I would be if we were back in the old home with every thing stored in for the winter!"

As he spoke, the rude walls of the cabin widened, and the empty fire-place took on a ruddy glow. He must have been dreaming again, for there sat Carrie in her low rocker, her foot upon the cradle, but it was the same pretty home they had toiled so hard to get. The same room, but what was the matter? Carrie's chair was empty, no one was singing the baby to sleep. Before him, in a rosewood casket, very peaceful and beautiful, Carrie lay asleep. He called her name. The waxen lids hid her dark eyes, so responsive to his slightest word of love, forever from his sight. He clasped her hands; they looked like frozen lilies, and they gave no answering touch. All she had been to him—her patience, her industry, her devotion to their children, passed through his mind. He saw his little daughters sobbing at his side; he heard the baby's pitiful cry, and realizing how little life would be worth without Carrie he cried in his anguish:

"Oh, God, take everything; but leave my precious wife, and I will be thankful!"

He sprang to his feet; cold sweat was on his forehead, and tears were in his eyes. There sat Carrie, the baby in her arms, looking like a rose bud clinging close to a rose.

"Why, John, how you startled me! How long you slept! The clock has just struck ten."

John did not answer, but took the little woman in his arms, and held her tight and held her so long, the roses of early girlhood bloomed a moment on her face,

while she listened to words that made music in her heart many a day afterward, for since John had felt the pressure of the heavy cares of life, "he hadn't time," he said, "to talk foolishness."

John was not the man to apologize for his harsh words, but he had learned his lesson. More than one family had reason to bless his name that Thanksgiving, and a crisp five-dollar bill went with some fat chickens to glad den the parsonage. The strangest of all was, John took some of the potatoes he had been saving for a "rise," and when he came home from town at noon he threw a fat turkey on the kitchen table, saying:

"Come, my dear, let's have a Thanksgiving spread like other people. I've got raisins and stuff for mince pies, and cranberries and celery, and some oranges for the children. I stopped and told the old folks to come to dinner, and I engaged Sally Smith to come over and help you for a couple of days. I don't care if she stays all winter. She's a light eater, and her wages won't run up very much."

"John, don't you feel well?" gasped Carrie, almost choking him with a hug.

"No, little goosie, when I think how little you have had to make you happy, since I've been paying for this farm. As Uncle Tom says, I'm going to 'tink of my mercies, chile,' in the future, and as long as we have each other, if no other blessing, we'll celebrate Thanksgiving Day." — *Western Advocate*

#### THE TEMPTATION OF OLD PEOPLE.

We want to say a word to the old people. You have one great temptation: it is to think that your days of usefulness are over. You are only in the way, so you feel, and you'd better be taken right out of the world.

It is a great mistake. If the Lord thought that old people were useless He would have devised some way to suddenly get rid of them.

What makes a person useful? Not ability to work. A baby can-

not earn a penny, cannot do a stroke of work, yet is often the most important factor in the household. Baby's coming often makes father "straighten up"; often reunites the estranged hearts of husband and wife; often brings sobriety and industry into the home-life.

An old man sitting in an arm-chair, feeble and helpless, may be the most useful member of the household. Let us say three things to you:

1. Old people are a blessing, because of their accumulated wisdom. You have made the journey of life. You have rich experience—more valuable than Klondike. That boy is a bright boy who forms the acquaintance of some aged person.

2. Old persons supply a necessary conservative force. You make society more stable. You bring reverence to us. The age that is wise rises before the hoary head.

3. Old people link us to heaven. You remind us of the future life. "My old mother knows how to pray," said a merchant recently. You bind us by the chains of prayer to the throne of God.

The earth would be positively poor without you. We are not sure but that you are the most useful members of society.—*Friendly Visitor.*

#### QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE LORD'S DAY.

Queen Victoria began her illustrious reign with a strict observance of Sunday, says the *Watchword*, and has never failed to insist upon its being honored. The effect upon the nation has been marked. On one occasion one of her ministers of state arrived at Windsor Castle late on Saturday night.

"I have brought for your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some documents of great importance; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attendance to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow is Sunday, my Lord."

"True, your Majesty; but the

business of the state will not admit of delay."

The next morning the Queen and the court went to church and listened to a sermon on "The Christian Sabbath: Its Duties and Obligations," the Queen having sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. Not a word was said about the state papers during the day, but in the evening Victoria said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," replied the minister; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."  
—*Selected.*

#### A GRACIOUS WOMAN.

"Her head is crowned with many a care,  
That turns to gray her shining hair;  
Her hands know well what labor is,  
Versed in all gentle mysteries.  
Good works have hung their jewels there,  
Such as the holy angels wear.  
Her heart hath known both joy and grief,  
Sunshine and shadow, pain, relief;  
And ever at its inner gate  
Two guardian angels smile and wait.  
Sweet Love and meek-eyed Patience aye,  
The gentle mother's heart obey!"  
—*Selected.*

#### YOUR EXAMPLE COUNTS.

A railroad conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning, this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him:

"Of course, you are going with us on the excursion?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday."

Another questioner received the same reply.

Soon comment on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by 150 men whom his quiet example had turned from a Sunday excursion to the place of worship.  
—*Parish Visitor.*

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Dec. 2.—St. Mark xix. 16-26.  
Dec. 9.—St. Mark x. 46-52.  
Dec. 16.—St. Luke xix. 1-10.  
Dec. 23.—St. Matt. ii. 1-11.  
Dec. 30.—St. Luke xix. 11-27.

Sunday-school lessons should be studied as diligently as any other lessons, and yea of all studies that of the Word of God is most important, for it is given us "To be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

### SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile:  
It is not much to give;  
And the little gifts of life  
Make sweet the days we live.  
The world has weary hearts  
That we can bless and cheer,  
And a smile for every day  
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a deed  
Of kindness and of good,  
To link in closer bonds  
All human brotherhood.  
Oh, thus the heavenly will  
We may all do while here;  
For a good deed every day  
Makes blessed all the year.—*Ex*

### FOUR PENNIES—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By ALICE EDDY CURTIS.

It was Christmas eve, clear and cold, with snow lying every where on the ground. The children were asleep, and the Christmas angels had gathered up all their evening prayers and the hymns that they had sung before they went to bed. And on this beautiful, holy, starry night two angels stopped at a little vine-covered church and entered. The moon was just rising among the stars, a long silvery ray went in with the shining ones, and lighted up the place, falling full on the communion table, where something lay sparkling like jewels among the shadows.

"What are these?" asked the younger angel.

"Those are four coins, which dropped from the collection box," said the older angel. "To-morrow they will be found, and added to the rest, and those who find them will see only four bits of copper just alike. It is only the eyes of our Lord that see things as they are. He leaves it to His people to carry His love to

the poor, and He takes every gift as something done for Himself."

"But one of these coins is of lead!" said the younger angel, his happy face growing startled and pained. "Could any earthly child bring lead as an offering to the Lord of Glory?"

The other sighed as he touched the dull metal.

"Poor child!" he murmured. "It was a boy who grudged his money, and only gave it because he was bidden. He would rather have spent it for sweets, or saved it towards some toy. Such a gift could bring only sadness to the dear Lord's eyes—and at this holy time, too! May our Lord lead him higher before another Christmas day!"

A tear fell from the eye of the younger spirit. "I thought that all who came here must surely love our Lord," he said sorrowfully. "How could any child lay a leaden offering at the feet of Him who blessed the little children long ago! And there is one of copper. What is this?"

"That was dropped carelessly into the box by a laughing little girl," said the other. "Some one had put it into her hand to give, and she gave it, with no thought of where it was going or what it might do. Her thoughts were all of the coming festival and of the Christmas tree to-morrow, and she had no ears for the story of those other children who need her help. She will learn to love the Christ-child more some day, I think; but now her offering lies here, just a copper cent and nothing more, though the dear Lord smiles upon her still, and leaves His blessing on her happy play. But it might have been a happier day still for her, if she had not missed the joy of giving."

"But surely these others, at least, are of more worth," said the younger, his downcast face lighting up as he looked at the shining coins which lay beside the dull ones. "Look, this is the purest silver, and the other is of sparkling gold! It would have been very sad if only lead and copper had lain on the Lord's table this Christmas eve!"

The elder angel smiled once

more, his eyes growing sweeter as he looked upon the children's gifts. "They shine so only since our Lord has looked upon them," he said gently. "To-day they were simple copper cents like this other. But this that gleams like silver in the moonlight was given by another little girl, as happy and light-hearted as the first. Her eyes were dancing while she sang, and her thoughts more than once went straying to the Christmas stockings and the gifts she had made for father and mother, and the delight that was to wake with to-morrow's sunlight. She had her money held tightly in one little hand, and whispered, 'I'm glad I've one little bit of help for them!' And, just as the coin dropped, tinkling upon the others, I caught a little prayer unfolding like a little rosebud in her happy heart. It was no wonder that the copper changed to silver when the Lord looked down and saw it."

The sadness was gone from the listening angel's face. "And the other?" he said.

"The other?" A look of tender awe came into the eyes of the first spirit. "The other—ah, they laughed when that was added to the rest. But I saw more than the earthly eyes could see, and I wept for joy that our Lord should have so fair a Christmas gift. It was a boy, thin and pale and careworn, who gave that golden penny. He lives with his mother and three other children. They are very poor, and this year the mother had worked early and late to earn a few extra pennies, so as to make a little happiness for her boys and girls at the holiday time, but the very best she could do was only a little, and this boy knew all that. He is his mother's helper, and they had talked it over, and decided that the little gifts should all go to the younger ones. It was only last night that he earned the five-cent piece which was in his pocket to-day. He kept turning it over while he listened to the speakers, and, like other children, his thoughts wandered now and then. He thought how he would slip out Christmas morning and spend the

money as soon as the first store was open, and of how surprised his mother would be to find that he had done his part in making a Christmas for the little ones. And then came the stories of those children of our Lord's love who do not know of their heavenly Friend, and of the good men who live in poverty and hardship for the sake of teaching them, and I saw the boy's eyes grow large and thoughtful as he listened. There were tears in his eyes as the pastor told of all that our Lord gave up for the people of earth, and of how, for their sakes, He became poor. The boy drew out his piece of money and looked at it with troubled eyes, without noticing the curious looks of those around him. "After all, I'm a pretty big boy to be caring about cake," I heard him murmur. "What if I was a preacher out on a prairie, in the snow, without my money being paid! I'll just tell them at home that I got something else for myself instead of cake! One penny isn't much to give up!"

"He looked up into the face of the man who was taking the collection, with a little anxious smile. 'Could you change five cents, sir?' he said, and he counted over the five pennies which were given him very carefully, before dropping one into the box. The boys around him laughed and nudged each other.

"If I couldn't spare five cents, I wouldn't give any!" whispered one, and, when my boy heard it, he flushed and looked troubled. But he has forgotten that now, and is happy with the other pennies under his pillow."

The other angel bent over the piece of money, and breathed a blessing on the heart of the giver.

"Hark! it is midnight!" said his brother. The bells from a dozen churches were ringing in the festival day as the two spirits passed out into the snowy night.

"The Holy Day has begun!" they said, solemnly. And, lifting their happy voices, they sang once more the song once heard from angel lips over the plains of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."—*Kind Words.*

### A CHILD'S KINDNESS.

A child in Canada was seen one winter every day struggling through the snow, battling with the winds, that she might spend an hour with an old sick woman to whom her visits were like those of an angel. She was a bright, golden haired girl, brought up in a well-to do family, but her little heart went out in pity to the poor, lone, sick woman who was waiting at the edge of the dark river for the angels to bear her home. So some one embodied her kind-hearted action in this little poem:—

"Somebody" came to see "Nobody" once,—  
 "Nobody's" poor, you know;  
 And "Nobody's" old and "Nobody's" sad,  
 So "Somebody" came through the snow,  
 "Nobody's" days are a little dark,  
 Like Autumn days with rain;  
 When "Somebody" came it was sunshine showers,  
 Which glistened and gleamed again.  
 If "Nobody" dies before "Somebody" dies,  
 And goes to the Land of Light,  
 The story of all that "Somebody" did  
 Will be told in that region bright;  
 And then, when it's "Somebody's" turn to go,  
 What music sweet there will be,  
 Of "Welcome, welcome!" sounding from far,  
 Like church-bells over the sea.  
 And oh! the gladness, and oh! the joy,  
 When "Some-one" and "No-one" meet,  
 Where the pleasant paths of Paradise  
 Are, instead of the wintry street.  
 For the kindly deeds that are done on earth  
 Are remembered there, as we know;  
 And just such a story as angels love  
 Is "Somebody's" walk through the snow.

—*The Dayspring.*

### "A GENTLEMAN."

"A Gentleman—a man in any station of life possessed of good breeding and refined manners, of strict honor, kindness of heart, and such like qualities."

"What hard words!" So Bertie Carwell thought, as, leaning on the window sill, he gazed earnestly at the open dictionary before him and pondered:

"Good breeding,"—what did that mean? Clean hands, he supposed, and your hair always

parted straight and smooth—smooth! Bertie gave his own rough mop an impatient tug. "Refined manners"—oh, shutting doors quietly, wiping your boots, and always saying "thank you"; and here, I am sorry to say, Bertie added, "rot." "Strict honor"—well, that was not to use cribs, or tell untruths, even little white ones. He pushed the book impatiently from him.

It was a deal too hard to expect from a boy of eleven. "A gentleman"! Why, the other fellows would say he was a muff; and what could he do then? Fight them? It did not say a word about *not* fighting, that was one comfort; though he wasn't quite sure if it might not be included in refined manners.

It was a showery day; little spurts of rain had been dashing at intervals against the window, and then the sun had come out and smiled in, as if to apologize for their rudeness. It was shining now gloriously, so gloriously, that Bertie, snatching up his cap, flew down stairs on the way to the common where his school fellows were playing. Half way down the stairs he heard his mother's voice calling him to take some message or other. He hesitated. Should he pretend he hadn't heard, make a great clatter to drown another call, and run out quickly? Just as he planned this the words "good breeding" flashed into his mind. He turned slowly—after all, a fellow's mother;—it was with quite a bright, cheerful face he received his instructions and trotted off.

His way lay past the common—rather a pretty common, too, with green hillocks, great flaring bushes of yellow gorse, and every now and then a dip into a level stretch of green that made an ideal playground for a cricket pitch or marbles.

The common was alive with children, playing, rushing, shouting—all except one end, where stood a little group of boys. As Bertie passed this group a cry of distress from it smote his ear.

He ran quickly up. A big boy of twelve or thereabouts was holding a girl by the arm and

shaking her roughly; a torn kite lying at her feet indicated the nature of the strife.

"Horrid little sneak!" said the boy, with a rough shake, "you did it on purpose!"

Bertie knew the boy well—one Tom Tagg by name, no end for his bad temper; many a thrashing had poor Bertie had from him.

"What's the matter?" he inquired bravely, though there was a little shake in his voice. "Has she torn your kite?"

"I couldn't help it," sobbed the girl. "I never saw it lying there, and I fell."

The boy gave her another shake. "Just like a beastly girl," he said.

Bertie looked round; the other boys were smaller and looked afraid of Tom. He felt very sorry for the girl. Her hat was off, and she had a lot of fluffy, yellow hair, that came tumbling into the blue eyes that were looking so appealingly into the angry face above her.

Chivalrous—didn't that some how go with the meaning of gentleman?—helping the weak? Bertie spoke hurriedly:

"Let her go, Tagg! She's sorry, and the mischief's done!"

Tagg turned round fiercely. "You shut up!" he said rudely. "unless you want your head punched. I'm going to teach her not to spoil my things. I'm going to shove her into that gorse-bush!" and he began hauling her towards it.

Chivalrous—but did it mean against odds?

Bertie's heart beat, but he resolutely crushed down a momentary fear. "Leave her alone," he said more decidedly; "she's littler and weaker than you, and she's a girl!"

The boy laughed contemptuously; he was very near the gorse bush now, already the cruel prickles had caught her dress and were tearing at her jacket. She gave a piteous scream. Now or never! Bertie's right fist swung suddenly out—straight as it could go—right on the big boy's nose!

There was a howl, a rush; Bertie saw the big boy's hand

drop from the girl's arm, saw his eyes flaring with passion close to his, stood ready to receive the blow—when—bang!—crash! Tom had tripped over a stone and fallen headlong into the gorse-bush! There was a silence; then, as he struggled out with scratched hands and torn face, a scampering away of the other boys—only Bertie and the girl standing there silently.

The big boy stood half blubbing and picking the thorns from his hands and clothes. Bertie felt a sudden pity mixed with a little contempt for him.

"Can I help?" he said gently. The big boy did not answer; he let him help to brush away the thorns and leaves; then, when all was finished, turned sullenly away.

The little girl stood looking shyly at Bertie. Then suddenly a red blush came over her face and she shook her fluffy hair over her eyes. "Thank you," she said sweetly; "you're a gentleman!"

And Bertie went on his way well satisfied.—*A. Collyer.*

#### TAKE CARE.

They are going to the post-office together, taking the path through the woods, a slim, young girl and her grandfather. There is an impatient look only half-concealed on her face. She had meant to slip off quietly, but "of course he had to follow!" It is "very tiresome," she thinks, for him to stop and investigate all the empty birds' nests and the ant hills, and she listens half heartedly to the bits of information, remembered from his earlier days, that he is so pathetically anxious to impart. She never stops to remember that he has seen more than eighty summers, and that perhaps the very next one she will be free to come and go with no tremulously expectant face to elude, no halting step following her. Ah! but if she is at all the kind of girl we think, the very flowers will look up at her then with reproachful eyes! All the old walks will be full of haunting memories, and she would give up the joy of the whole summer if only she could

undo the careless neglect and thoughtless slights she showed him last year.

"There are so many things I wish I had thought to do for him," a girl said of an old uncle who had slipped into the other Country. "I might have made him happy in so many ways, but I can't be thankful enough for just one little thing I did do. He liked wild strawberries better than any other fruit, and last summer I used to go out into the woods to find them for him. It's a very small thing to remember, but he did enjoy them so, and it's more comforting to me than you can think, now that he's gone away from me!"

How is it with our young people who have some dear old face beside them? They are making to day the memories that will sweeten or embitter the coming years. Which kind are they making? — *Young People's Weekly.*

#### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Children, I have a story to tell you," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But some thing stopped me—one of God's good angel's, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself; but somehow, I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the

road which turned off to the town. As he left, he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town, and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door.

"One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I am an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"—*Parish Visitor.*

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## E. E. W. McGAFFEY.

A very pleasant congregational re-union was held in the school house on the evening of Nov. 26th. After opening prayer and thanksgiving to God for His blessing on the anniversary services, Senator Dobson took the chair and gave a few words of welcome, and introduced the various contributors to the program. An orchestra under the direction of Mr. Musselman gave a selection, and when we say there were songs by the Misses Leary, Wallace, Whytall and Colles, also by Mr. Petty and a duett by Miss Silver and Mr. Petty, with instrumentals by Mrs. Palen and Messrs. Musselman and Hawthorne, one can well understand what a pleasant program there was. Mr. R. Bryans, churchwarden, in a few appropriate remarks, thanked the congregation for the liberal offering of the previous Sunday, while the rector also said a few words of appreciation. The ladies of the congregation, under the direction of "The Parish Workers," gave refreshments, and the feeling of a family gathering seemed to pervade the assembly.

### St. Paul's Church Collections, November, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Nov. 4	23.30	10.59	33.89
11	22.10	11.08	33.18
18	10.75	5.47	16.22
25	52.95	10.05	63.00
	\$109.10	\$37.19	\$146.29

Special Anniversary Collection			\$263.45
Missions, Ascensiontide, Domestic			3.50
General Fund			1.00
Thanksgiving Diocesan			6.63
July Collection—General Purpose Fund			2.50
Superannuation Fund			1.04
Widows and Orphans Fund			17.07

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