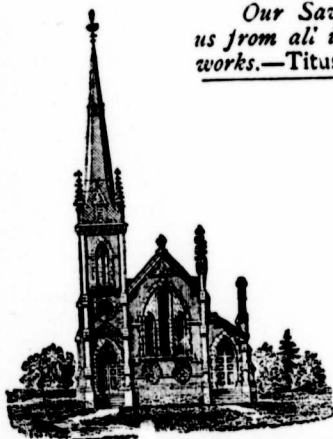


Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1: 14.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 70.

AUGUST, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

Sidesmen.

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYTLER,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

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.

In his report to the Synod, the Bishop of Toronto stated that he had confirmed 2,238 persons in the preceeding twelve months. Ten new Sunday schools had been reported in the diocese, making in all 22,257 in attendance, an increase of nearly 1,000 over the year before.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

BAILEY—Lilli Helen Madeline, daughter of Christopher Joseph and Helen Jane Bailey, born 6th June, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's church 11th July, 1897.

MAUNDER—Francis William, born 16th Jan., 1893; George Edwin, born 2nd June, 1895, sons of John Thomas and Mary Ann Maunder, baptized in St. Paul's church 11th July, 1897.

MORRISON—John Creighton, son of William and Elizabeth Morrison, born 16th Jan., 1897, baptized in St. Paul's church 11th July, 1897.

HOOPER—Agnes Daisy, daughter of Charles and Fanny Hooper, born 26th Feb., 1897, baptized 20th July, 1897.

Funerals.

BROWNE—At Riverside Cemetery, on 12th July, 1897, David Browne, in his 70th year.

HAINES—At Riverside Cemetery, on 26th July, 1897, Seth Haines, in his 91st year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Kindly hand Miss Goodwin, Kent-st., what you owe for Parish and Home at your earliest convenience.

We gladly welcome Mr. Scott and family, of Lindsay-st., to our church and Parish. Mrs. Scott was a member of the Peterboro W. A.

Mr. Rennie, who for some weeks has been in charge of Cannington and Beaverton, will assist Mr. O'Malley during the absence of the rector.

At the beginning of the year Sylvester Bros. put an advertisement in Parish and Home, and lately they have been so busy they could scarcely turn out all the machines called for. We don't claim all the credit, but are glad to chronicle the success of our home manufacturers.

About five new subscribers to our parish paper in July.

Rev. E. H. M. Baker, rector of Bath, and father of Mr. G. H. M. Baker, of this town, has been made a canon in succession of the late Canon Mulock.

We have been pleased to see so many of our young people back home for the holidays, from school, college and the various walks of life, and to welcome them to St. Paul's again.

The Rev. W. J. Armitage, of St. Catherines, has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Halifax, in succession to the Rev. Dyson Hague, who comes to Toronto as lecturer at Wycliffe College.

Archdeacon Allen has been 44 years rector of Cavan, and it is said he has 44 times preached the annual sermon to Orangemen of his parish. That he may be spared for years is the wish of many.

On September 10th, (D.V.) the Lord's Day Alliance expect to have a convention of those interested in preserving the rest of the Lord's day, to the busy workers of our land. We trust a number from our part of the country will be present at this gathering in Toronto.

How many are away for one or more Sundays in the summer, and how few leave their offertory for those Sundays, and yet the churchwardens are expected to finance for the church all the same. Before leaving home it is a good thing to give what you would probably do it remaining.

The Orangemen of Lindsay and neighborhood, with the Reaboro lodge, attended service at St. Paul's church on July 11th, while those in the neighborhood of Cameron attended St. George's church at that village. All Orangemen ought, according to the constitution of the order, to be earnest christians.

On July 19th a number gathered at the home of Mr. Walter Snelling, Fenelon, and presented Miss Snelling, who for a time had been organist of St. George's, Cameron, with an address and beautiful Lady's Companion, prior to the departure of the family to Ottawa. Many good wishes will follow them to their new home.

St. George's, Cameron, was reopened on July 25th, after the extensive repairs that had been made, and now looks very neat, pretty and comfortable. New seats have been put in, a new reading desk and pulpit, with chancel rail and communion table, carpet, matting, etc. These interior improvements, in addition to the repairs on the building itself, make the church now very comfortable and attractive. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, of Millbrook, preached morning and evening at the reopening services to crowded congregations. The morning text was Acts VIII, 4, 5, and the central thought the need of minister and people all working together if God's work is to be accomplished. The evening text was Isaiah 55: 7. The Rev. C. H. Marsh preached on Haggart at the afternoon service, which, owing to the rain, was not largely attended. The offertory, which was for the repairs, amounted to over \$17. On the following Sunday the Rev. H. R. O'Malley continued the services in the evening, and preached on "Thy Kingdom Come," showing that the work had been done, not for man's glory, but that Christ's kingdom through it might be set up in men's hearts, and his return hastened. Great credit is due the clergyman and

churchwardens and their many helpers for making God's house what it ought to be; they also thank those outside, who so kindly helped them by gifts and labor.

The Millbrook S. S. excursion passed through Lindsay en route to Bobcaygeon on July 23rd. It was well patronized, and young and old, clergy and people, seemed to enjoy the trip on our inland waters.

The C. M. S. in their general review, read in May at Exeter Hall, give as some of the interesting incidents of the year (1) "Bishop Tucker's visit to the Uganda Mission, during which he confirmed 2,000 candidates, ordained five deacons and licensed twenty-two lay readers; his baptism of the King of Toro, and his visit to that distant outpost on the slopes of Stanley's great mountain, Ruwenzori." (2) "Bishop Burdon's farewell visitation of the Fu-kien Mission, in a year marked by the largest number of adult baptisms on record—no less than 753—and his confirmation of 629 Chinese Christians." (3) "The growth of the Society's Medical Mission, forty-four qualified medical missionaries being now on the staff." The income of the society has been larger than ever before, being one-and-one-half million dollars in round figures, and the number of adult baptisms also the largest on record, 7,700, with nearly an equal number of baptisms of the children of christian converts. For all this let us thank God.

The annual Sunday-school excursion was held on July 22nd, when nearly 300 went to Peterboro and had a pleasant outing. Jackson's Park, on the western border of the town, is a beautiful place for such a gathering, but owing the fact that the train would not stop there on the return, the great majority of the excursioners went on into Peterboro. Mayor Yelland, with one of the town councillors, kindly drove out and welcomed the party at the park, and hot water and other necessities for a successful picnic had been prepared. The Rev. J. C. Davidson also drove out and was very kind in helping to make people feel at home. In the afternoon there was some excitement in the park owing to a couple of supposed burglars being followed by the police, and a number of revolver shots being fired. We regret that they were not captured. We congratulate Peterboro on their beautiful parks, and thank the mayor, rector and others for courtesy and kindness shown, and hope our Sunday school and friends may again have the pleasure of visiting Peterboro.

The July missionary meeting was intensely interesting. After the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus name," the general confession and missionary prayer, Mr. O'Malley read a passage from the prophecy of Isaiah and Mrs. Marsh sang "The Shepherd's Appeal." Mr. Maconachie, who had been many years in the civil service in India, gave an address on the Punjab. He said only a thoughtless Christian would not take part in missionary work, and in speaking on the subject we needed not to take a humble tone; as the Master's command was plain, and there were those who knew of the good work done. By aid of a map he showed the character of the country (Punjab meaning five rivers); he told of the peoples who inhabit it, how it came into possession of the British in 1849, the beginning of missionary work, and how it has increased and grown, bearing high testimony to many of the workers, and declaring what had been wrought by the grace of God, speaking also of the mission to lepers. He contrasted the portions of that great land under British rule with the regions beyond, and showed how much safer and more stable the former were, and asked why had India with its millions been given to Britain? and said he believed to carry the light of the gospel to the people and to lift them up, and if ever that were forgotten India might pass away from the Empire. We wish many had heard the instructive and stirring words of the address. The offertory, which was for missionary work, was nearly \$8.

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 81.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

- 1—7th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. xxi.; Rom. ii. to v. 17. *Evening*—1 Chron. xxii.; or xxviii., to v. 21.; Matt. xxvi., v. 24, to xxvii., v. 14.
- 8—8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. xxix., v. 9 to 29; Rom. viii., to v. 18. *Evening*—2 Chron. i., or 1 Kings iii.; Matt. xxi., to v. 23.
- 15—9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xi., to v. 25; Rom. xii. *Evening*—1 Kings xi., to v. 15, or xi., v. 26.; Matt. xiv., v. 29.
- 22—10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xii.; 1 Cor. 3. *Evening*—1 Kings xiii., or 1 Kings xvii.; Matt. xxvii., v. 27 to 57.
- 24—St. Bart., A. & M. *Morning*—Gen. xxviii., v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. iv., v. 18; and v. *Evening*—Deut. xviii., v. 15; Matt. xxviii.
- 29—11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings xviii.; 1 Cor. ix. *Evening*—1 Kings xix., or 1 Kings xxi.; Mark iii., v. 13.

HYMN.

TUNE—EVAN.

'Tis Jesus Christ I long to find,
Pray tell me where He dwells;
'Tis He alone can ease my mind,
And make my conscience well.

If you go down to yonder fold,
And search amongst the sheep,
You'll find Him there, as I've been told,
For there He loves to keep.

What signal shall I know Him by,
From any other man?
He wears salvation on His brow,
And in His arms, a lamb.

Thank you, kind friend, for your advice,
I'll find Him if I can;
And if I do, I will rejoice
In Christ the Heavenly Lamb.

If there is one thing more than another that seems to mark the average professing Christian of to-day it is apathy, lukewarmness, almost indifference to the commands and will of God

The average man seems to follow God just as far as it suits his own convenience, or pleasure or profit. The putting of God first, the desiring above all things to do his will and extend his kingdom, the enthusiastic devotion to his cause that one would expect to see in subjects of such a king, are alas, all too uncommon.—“This one thing I do,” said St. Paul, “I press toward the mark for the prize of the high

calling in Christ Jesus”—The one thing that he was most concerned about was to win the approval of Christ and extend His kingdom. David said, “My zeal hath consumed me,” the very thought that his enemies had forgotten God’s words incited in him this consuming zeal.

What a splendid thing it is to see a man with zeal and enthusiasm for God’s cause, throwing aside ease and selfish indulgence, buckling on God’s armour and doing valiant things for the master. We ought, all of us who are inclined to be lukewarm, to read Heb. xi. and ponder over the zeal and devotion of some of the heroes of faith of the olden time.

* * * * *

THE month of August is generally a hot month in Canada, when many like to get away from their business for a rest, and when our vast army of boys and girls have their holidays and rejoice so much in their freedom from study; yet to many it is a busy month as they gather in the rich grain of the harvest fields and store up treasure for the winter.

It is also a month that has gathered in other harvest. The Rev. R. W. Stewart, so well known to many of our readers, and his party of devoted missionaries laid down their lives in China in the month of August, 1895. The Victoria Nyanza, the great lake in Central Africa, was discovered in August, and its blue waters first became familiar to Europeans in that month, and now we know how after many strange vicissitudes and not a few martyr deaths, especially in Uganda on its northern shore, multitudes of heathen are being led to know Christ, and embrace and follow the teachings of the Word of God.

In August, 1893, the Rev. J. A. Newnham was consecrated Bishop of Moosonee at Winnipeg, and left for his work on the shores of the

great Hudson’s Bay, and the vast region that comprises that diocese. We see that God’s work needs to be prosecuted at all times, and even in the hot and sultry days, we should “seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,” and as we gather in rich sheaves into our barns or storing place we should also remember that there are still more precious sheaves to be gathered into the heavenly garner, and not only should we work, but also “Pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth more labourers” into the great harvest fields ready to be reaped.

* * * * *

THE 24th of this month is St. Bartholomew’s day. As we all know, Bartholomew was one of the twelve Apostles of our Lord, and it has been thought that he is identical with Nathaniel, whom Philip brought to Christ, and to whom the Master bore this testimony—“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile,” having seen him under the fig tree, as he no doubt was making his prayer to Jehovah in the quiet and shade of the garden. He is said to have preached the gospel in India; while some allot Armenia to him as his mission field, and report him to have been flayed alive there.

How many in that land of Armenia have laid down their lives for Christ!

May there be many like Nathaniel, who, when he realized that Jesus saw and knew him, said “Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel”—and like him be ready if needs be to lay down their lives for the Master.

“MY HELPERS IN CHRIST JESUS.”

Rom. xvi. 3.

This has been published before, but it is worth repeating: “Parish-

ioners may be divided into two classes. This division is neither fanciful nor arbitrary, but one which is made by the facts. In every parish the world over these two classes are present. One class is composed of the faithful people who are a help and an ornament in the Church, and whose praise is in the hearts and on the lips of all who know them. They are a precious comfort to the rector and mainstay of the parish. They are always in their places during divine service unless hindered by some necessity, ready ever with aid and sympathy and appreciativeness, and invariably to be depended upon to support every noble undertaking. In them we have the valuable parishioners.

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

But why cannot we all be valuable parishioners, "helpers in Christ Jesus"? There is work for all, and power is always furnished freely to do it. The Lord never calls a man to any work, never by His providence puts the Christian in the way of work, without at the same time giving him the power to do it. Responsibility, as a lady missionary recently explained, is the "response"

we make to the "ability." It is the response you make or the attitude you take to the ability offered by Christ. Without Him we can do nothing, but abiding in Him we can do all things. So we may all be "helpers in Christ Jesus." Office-bearers of the Church, who undertake their respective duties from love to Christ, His people, and cause, and faithfully, diligently discharge these duties, are helpers. Christian Sabbath-school teachers are helpers. All who take part in "works of faith and labors of love" for the good of souls and the advancement of Christ's kingdom are helpers. Parents who endeavor to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" are helpers. All religious professors, in so far as they live consistent Christian lives in the family, the Church, and the world, are helpers.

Do you ask how we can render help?

(1) By the believing acceptance of Christ for our own personal salvation. Faith is the primary grace of the Christian life; no mere belief in the existence and perfections and providence of God, and in the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible, but "like precious faith," as Peter expresses it, "in the righteousness of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." This is the fundamental grace, because it builds on the Foundation (I. Cor. iii. 11). This is the Leader of the Christian choir. Help from any other than believers is like that of Noah's carpenters. It is taking part in putting up the scaffolding of salvation while not ourselves entering the ark. Unbelieving, unsaved persons may hinder, but cannot help, true spiritual work.

(2) By our open confession of Christ in all appointed ways. "Add to your faith virtue," *i. e.*, manly courage, in confessing Christ (II. Pet. ii. 5). "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10).

(3) By regular and as far as possible full attendance upon public worship, and by the earnestness with which we engage in all religious exercises. "I like to come to church," said a now deceased

Christian, "for I have spent many a happy hour there, and it is one way of honoring God." Alike under the Old and New Testament dispensations, "holy convocations" were appointed as a necessary part of our religion (Lev. xxiii. 3; Num. xxviii. 25; Heb. x. 24, 25). They were attended by our great Exemplar, and He who knows our frame has instituted them as a necessary means of our spiritual well-being, and has promised to meet with and bless all who believingly attend them (Exod. xxix. 43; Ps. lxxxvii. 2-5; Matt. xviii. 20). If, then, we would honor God by recognizing His authority and bearing testimony for Him in the midst of indifferentists and errorists; if we would follow the example of our Lord, and seek our own personal edification and set a good example to all around us, we must give constant, earnest, and, as far as possible, complete attendance upon public worship.

(4) By the general consistency of our Christian conduct. To the primary grace of faith we are enjoined to add not only virtue or courage, but also knowledge—knowledge especially of the divine mind and will—temperance or self-mastery, and indeed the whole choir of Christian graces. By such a life we sing a song of perpetual praise to our Redeemer, we preach a sermon all through the week which is being ever and anon blessed to the salvation of souls (Acts ix. 31). When the native converts of Madagascar presented themselves for baptism, they were asked, "What first led you to think of becoming Christians; was it some sermon or address, or the reading of God's word?" The answer usually given was: "It was the changed lives of those who had become Christians." This is as it should be. The best commendation of a tree is the quality of the fruit which it bears; and the best testimony to the power and purity of the Gospel is the true and noble character which it produces. This will do more to convince of the reality of Christianity than either books or speech. What kind of testimony do you bear for Jesus? Is your life a living epistle in which men read of the possibility of being washed, justified, and sanctified?

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

(5) By our Christian liberality. Willingness in spirit and proportionateness to our ability are laws of Scriptural liberality (II. Cor. viii. 12; Acts xi. 29; I. Cor. xvi. 2). Christian giving, therefore, never can be burdensome.

In the *Zenana Mission Quarterly* for July, 1895, we read of a Christian servant who gave two pounds per annum for missions, and exercised proportionate liberality for other Christian objects. The Macedonian churches are held up by Paul (II. Cor. viii. 1-3) as an eminent example of the grace of God in the exercise of liberality.

(6) By our personal invitations and efforts. There are church members who complain of inadequate attendance upon the house of God, and yet are very irregular in their own personal attendance, while some of them do nothing "to draw outsiders to the house of God by a cordial invitation to come." I have read of two young men who, in a very few months, were the means of inducing twenty whom they invited on their way to church to accompany them, and these twenty became regular church-goers, and one-half of them soon came under the power of the Gospel, and were led to make a profession of personal faith in Christ.

The "first effort" of Moody in Chicago "was to hire four pews in Plymouth Church, and keep them full of young men every Sunday." With other young men he "used to visit the hotels, saloons, etc., on Sunday mornings, distributing tracts and inviting people to attend divine service." And if we are thus earnest in compelling people to come in to God's house (Luke xiv. 23), we shall not be altogether wanting in efforts for their salvation. Like Andrew, we shall find some brother to "bring to Jesus" (John i. 41, 42). Like the woman of Samaria, we shall tell others of what we have learnt from Christ, and encourage them to betake themselves to the same loving and holy One.

(7) By our prayers. This is what is, above all, needed. The Pente-

costal effusion of the Spirit was preceded by a ten days' prayer meeting, and were Christians abounding in prayer—secret and social prayer, private and public prayer—believing, earnest, importunate prayer—we should again witness wonders of grace.

"Pray, brethren, pray."

THE BETTER WAY.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear, cool air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And O how sweet was the fresh-turned
mould!
And O how fair were budding trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
Were full of the happy honey bees.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said;

"And I wonder where sing the last year's birds?"

Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing words;

He tore the nest from the swaying tree,
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said, "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing face—

"Why may not the pretty home abide?"

"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place

In which the worm and the slug will hide.

Last year 'twas fair enough in its way;
It was full of love and merry with song;

But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,
Nor dead joys do the living joy wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face;
Her first sweet hope had fled far away;
And she thought, "Is my heart become a place

For anger, grief, and hate to stay?

Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
Fling far thy selfish and idle pain;

The love that is yours is always the best."

And she went with a smile to her work again. —Selected.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

BEZER—CHRIST OUR FORTRESS.

BY THE REV. W. J. ARMITAGE—ST. CATHARINES.

The message of the Gospel and its comforting truths were wonderfully foreshadowed in the Cities of Refuge. They show forth Christ in His great work for the souls of

men. They were types of Christ, and their names express some particular attitude of the Divine Redeemer. In Kedesh we find in Him as the holy one a sanctuary, in Shechem the shoulder the "secret of spiritual strength," in Hebron our friend, "who sticketh closer than a brother," and whogives us fellowship with God and man.

Our next study is Bezer. The place itself stood in the wilderness in the plain country or table land, but cannot be identified in the present day. It was a Reubenite city allotted to the family of Meran on the smooth downs of Moab east of the Jordan.

The meaning of the name is variously given. The generally accepted interpretation is Strong, a fortification and therefore a stronghold, a fortress. But one great authority says that it is from "Bezer," gold earth, fair ore or gold ore. If we take the meaning of *stronghold* it conveys the thought of a fastness, a place of security from enemies. If we take *fortress* it suggests a strongly fortified place of some considerable extent. Its leading thought is a place of safety from foes who may wish to injure or to destroy us, a place of security in the hour of trouble. Its meaning would come with power to a people who had been engaged in a long warfare, or who were beset with foes on every side. A fortress was to them a necessity without which there could be no feeling of security, no hope of safety. It was specially necessary where the weak were called upon to resist the strong.

The art of fortification goes back to the earliest history of our race. It grew out of the necessity of the case, the need of mutual help and protection drew men together into one place, and it became necessary to study self-defence for their families and for their property against sudden attacks from their enemies. In early days a single wall was sufficient, and walls were, as a rule, made of brick. The walls of cities were soon, however, made very strong and permanent. The walls of Babylon were sixty miles, forming a quadrangle, of which each side was fifteen. Herodotus, who

personally visited Babylon, declares that the walls were eighty-seven feet in breadth and 350 feet in height. The defences of Jerusalem, though different in character from Babylon, were none the less effective. It is related that in the great siege by Vespasian, all the Roman battering rams and other engines of destruction only succeeded in one night in disengaging four stones from the masonry in the tower of Antonia.

The main object of a fortress is to provide a defence for the weak against the strong. The aim is to render a place secure against the attacks of an enemy. It is man's work, though man may make use of the natural advantages of a position. The words fortify, fortress, fort, are all derived from *fortis*, strong, and the idea is that additional strength is given in warfare to one party over another. The Duke of Wellington was a master of the science of fortification, and made free and full use of the art of the engineer. He saw that an army entrenched or fortified in the field possesses almost the same advantages as a fortress. The lines of Torres Vedras, covering fifty miles and containing fifty forts, which held in check a powerful French army under Massena, and which saved Portugal, were planned by Wellington, and were, perhaps, the most remarkable line of defence ever constructed.

Jesus Christ is our spiritual fortress. In Him we are safe from every enemy. In Him alone there is safety for time and for eternity. In the world of sense there may and there may not be safety in material things, from an enemy in a fortress, from the rifle shot behind the earth work; but in the spiritual world safety is *only* to be found in a person who is Jesus Christ. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." In Him alone there is security against sin, its fatal power, its evil influence, its terrible inroads, its awful punishment. His name is Saviour, and He is mighty to save. In Him alone there is safety from the attacks of Satan, from the darts of temptation which he flings against the soul, from every evil purpose of the evil one. He protects all who trust in Him. "The Lord himself

is thy keeper." "O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock." In Him alone there is help in the day of trouble, for He is the great burden-bearer who offers rest and peace to all who put their trust in Him.

As Luther so grandly and so beautifully says in his noble hymn, the great German war song :

"A fortress sure is God our King,
A shield that ne'er shall fail us ;
His sword alone shall succor bring
When evil doth assail us."

And even he speaks of Satan's craft and cruel hate as armed with deadly power. He seeks whom He may devour, and passing from the figure of a fortress he sees a champion sent of God, the sinner to deliver :

"And dost thou ask His Name ?
'Tis Jesus Christ—the same
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
The everlasting Word,
'Tis He must win the battle."

Jesus Christ is our *Stronghold*. The stronghold differs from the fortress in that it is a fortress framed by nature without the aid of man's art. Jesus Christ is our Rock of Defence, our sure refuge against every form of evil. He is the Rock of Ages, "cleft to be a refuge" for the sinner against the enemies of his soul, smitten to furnish the river of the water of life, a protecting shade against the fierce blast of sin, a hiding-place from the wind of temptation, a covert from every tempest of evil that may beat against the soul of man. He is our "Tower of Salvation," so high as to be out of the reach of all dangers which fill us with dread and nameless terror.

In that "Tower" there is safety for the sons of men. The salvation which Christ has provided is a wall about his people which no ladder can scale, which cannot be battered down by the engines of war, which cannot be undermined or destroyed. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." "The Lord is my rock and my fortress."

If we take "Bezer" to mean "gold ore," as Dr. Fairbairn sug-

gests, it is not without deep spiritual significance. For gold in Scripture is figurative of the *child of God*. "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold," it is an emblem of *purity*. "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold," of the *Christian's works*. "If any man build upon this foundation," "gold," of the *trial of the Christian's faith*. "The proof of your faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth," and of the *great value of the grace of Christ*, which alone is true spiritual wealth. "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

And we may well say that as gold is above all other metals, so Christ is above all, is "All in All." He is the Pearl of priceless worth, the Christian's wealth which is in possessing. He possesses all the riches of God, for it is written as one of God's greatest promises. "How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" In Christ we have all the wealth of God, in Him all fulness dwells, and as St. Paul declares, "Ye are complete in Him," or as Bishop Lightfoot translates it, "And ye are in Him being fulfilled." For true life consists in union with Him, and of His fulness all His people receive, drawing from Him all the riches of His grace to meet their spiritual need, for in Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden. John Newton, in one of his finest hymns, one of the most beautiful in the English language, combines the thoughts which cluster around Bezer :

"Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace."

"TO LET."

How often we see these words printed on a card in windows of vacant houses signifying the want of a desirable tenant. Now this time of year is the moving time, and many good folk are busy house-hunting, and they can tell you it is a tiresome task to get the kind of house you desire, with all the requisites and conveniences for the

rent you are able or willing to give. There is always something wanting. The rooms are small and not enough, the plumbing bad (good plumbing is essential in the Christian life. It requires constant attention and testing for small leaks and flaws). You would imagine that the majority of house hunters all come from Grumble street and are looking for a house on Sunshine street for the same rent, but we all know it costs more to live on a good street. Locality is everything when you are house-hunting. You can always tell people from Grumble street, for if the house does not suit them they must find some fault. They want so many fixings for nothing—papering, painting, new doors—and the landlord finds it hard to satisfy them; it is hard to suit Grumble street people. Did it ever occur to you, my dear reader, that some people think by your life and conversation at times as it were that you correspond with Grumble street tenants? Certainly no one would think that you came from Sunshine street. Let us try a little more to show others that we live on a good street, and our neighbors as well as ourselves live in the bright, healthy God-given sunshine.

Sunshine in our walk,
Sunshine in our talk,
Sunshine in our face,
Sunshine in our soul.

It seems to me that Jesus is looking for a desirable house in which to dwell, and is one of the house-hunters we have been speaking about. Have we ever thought that He has asked for the key to look over the house before taking possession? Ah, alas! He may have come and gone away, given back the key, and in His report we find "A desirable dwelling, but too much self; no room for Me." You see Jesus is not wanting rooms. He must have the whole house from cellar to attic, sure rent, paid in advance. I. Cor. xix. 20. "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the living God, and ye are bought with a price." How glad Jesus would be to come into each of our hearts, as He spoke to Zaccheus, "Come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Jesus is the Royal Householder of the Royal Palace

of our God. He offers us to be partakers of His Royalty and His Princely love; to be part of the Household of God, the King of kings and Lord of lords. Oh come! let us say, as the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, "Lord, abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent."
S. P. MILLER.

O KING OF KINGS.

Hymn sung in the churches in England on Jubilee Sunday, June 20th, 1847. Composed by the Bishop of Wakefield.

O King of kings, whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,
Before whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting;
While all the shining courts on high
With angel songs are ringing,
Oh, let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing—
'Tis Thou hast dowered our queently
throne
With sixty years of blessing.

Oh, Royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning;
Oh, happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurl'd,
All tyrant wrongs repelling;
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling!

Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh, teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

A PLACE OF REST.

How many spend their lives in fruitless struggles and vain endeavors to find something in this world that can satisfy them. As well might they try to quench thirst with sand or satisfy hunger with gravel. God has made man for Himself, and only in God's love can the human soul find rest. Said Mary Clemmer Hudson, shortly before her death:

"Though I am not old, I have sounded the deeps and shallows of all that is called 'society,' till I feel through my heart of hearts that all that is of real value is the lowly,

contrite spirit, the clear mind, the loving, consecrated heart—all else is emptiness, vanity, vexation of soul.

"I am very happy solely because I have reached that upper ether of spiritual calm which envy, jealousy, and malice cannot reach.

"I do common work, plenty of it, but in a spirit of consecration which ennobles it—at least to me.

"There is no joy but a calm to me. There is no noble life save that which is lived above the uncharitableness, the discontent, which fills human intercourse every day. I would say, of such an atmosphere beware! At the last there can be no beauty for you or me but the beauty of holiness."—*Selected.*

WHAT IS A FINANCIER?

It is commonly understood that a financier is a man who is at the head of some great banking institution, or other enterprise in which money is handled by carload lots. This definition is not as comprehensive as it should be.

A financier is a person who knows that the amount paid for board must be subtracted from the gross income received, and that the further expenditure of money for clothes, etc., must also come out of the gross earnings, and from nowhere else.

A man is a financier when he is able to figure out the fact that every dollar he spends for rum takes a dollar from the support of his wife and family.

A man is a financier when he discovers that his employer gives the preference to clean, honest, healthy, sober men.

A man is a financier when he discovers that he can succeed better by attending strictly to the business he is hired to do than by trying to bulldoze his employer into doing that which may be impossible.

A man is a financier when he learns to do well what he is fitted to do, and stops trying to do things that are beyond him.

A man is a financier when he learns to spend less money than he earns, and at the same time to increase his earning capacity by increasing his usefulness.

A financier is a man who knows that the surest way to succeed is to deserve success.

A capitalist is any man who has saved enough of his earnings so that he could live for a time and still be independent in the event of any stoppage of his income. When a capitalist also happens to be a financier, he sometimes becomes rich.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us the banner so white,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

Dying with Jesus, His death reckoned mine,

Living with Jesus a new life divine,
Looking to Jesus, till glory doth shine;
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine!

Never a trial that He is not near,
Never a burden that He does not bear,
Never a sorrow that He does not share,
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

Never a heartache, never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan,
Never a danger but there is a throne,
Moment by moment He thinks of His own!

Never a weakness that He does not feel,
Never a sickness that He does not heal,
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

—*Selected.*

"DIED POOR."

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for many years. Edmondson died poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success, and yet he died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another. "And precious examples," said a third. "Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another. "And high truths, manly courage, and heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphal procession. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brain, may gather money, and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can conquer bravely, in the battle of life, as Edmondson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciation. There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. He dies rich who can take this treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide for ever, and he who has to leave all behind on which he placed his affections, dies poor indeed."

SELF-DENIAL.

At a missionary meeting in Paris, a poor blind woman put twenty-seven francs into the plate.

"You cannot afford so much," said one.

"Yes, sir, I can," she answered.

On being pressed to explain, she said:

"I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers: 'How much money do you spend in the year for oil for your lamps when it is too-dark-to-work nights?' They replied: 'Twenty-seven francs.' 'So,' said the poor woman, 'I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind, and do not need a lamp; and I gave it to send light to the dark heathen lands.'—*Selected.*

ANGER AND WEAKNESS.

The man who gives way to anger in his own behalf is pretty sure to be a weak character. He who is thrown into an ungovernable passion when things do not turn out as he hoped they would, thereby shows that he is not equal to the situation. His exhibition of anger is an unconscious confession of his personal weakness. The strong, brave man looks the disappointment in the face, and is calm. He expects to surmount the obstacles before him, and to recover himself out of his misfortune. But the man who storms and raves thereby makes it evident that he lacks confidence in himself, and that he can only vainly talk against the circumstances which he feels unable to master.

A man in an angry passion rarely accomplishes anything, except such things as he is afterwards sorry for. Almost everywhere displayed anger is a hindrance to success. It throws the mind into confusion; it overheats the whole nature, and prevents the best work which the faculties might do. An easy and habitual yielding to the passion of anger is fatal to that coolness of judgment and calmness of temper which are indispensable qualities of strong characters and truly successful lives. Select out of any community the hot-headed men who are frequently heard raving at events and berating their fellowmen, and you select the essentially weak men, who neither win great respect nor carry great weight in the community. "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Eccl. vii. 9.—*Selected.*

Parish and Home.

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THE SONG OF THE LIGHTSHIP.

I swing at my anchors all day long,
And at night I sing my signal song,
Songs in the night are given to me
To hail the men coming home from the sea.

How welcome the gleam of my guiding light!

To the ships that pass in the night.
Ships come and go
With ebb and flow,

But I must stay at my moorings strong,
And nightly sing my signal song.

Ontario. H. T. MILLER.

PURPOSES OF AFFLICTION.

BY REV. BERNARD BRYAN.

There are three ways in which God speaks to us. First, he speaks to us through nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." All creation speaks to us of the Creator, proclaiming His wisdom and His power. We may go through nature up to nature's God. The world is full of voices making known the attributes and character of God.

"The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright;
And whereso'er thy feet are turned
A smile will meet thy sight.
The city, with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth, and power;
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower;
The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free:
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to thee."

Secondly, God speaks to us through His Word. "God, who at

sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." The Word of God makes known to us the way of life through Christ. It is the revelation of God's mind and heart in the matter of redemption. The Bible is God's voice. He calls, He invites, He promises, He encourages, He warns, He threatens through that. I include in this, God's voice through the Holy Spirit, for it is through the Word, the inspired Word, that the Spirit speaks. He takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto us. All else is mysticism. Thirdly, God speaks to us in providence. History is but the development of God's will in the world. All the forces of the world obey His voice and therefore whatsoever He does He says. As all creation is the utterance of His hands, and the Bible the utterance of His lips, so providence is the utterance of His mind in the affairs of the world. In these three ways then, by creation, through revelation, and in providence, God speaks to us.

Another truth we may learn from this: There is perfect harmony in all these voices. If we know the purpose of the first, we have the purpose of the second and the third. If we discover the purpose of the second we know the purpose of the other two. What is that purpose? Surely it is man's good, man's highest welfare, man's everlasting salvation, and in that, God's glory. In a word, God's glory through the salvation of man. Yes, all three—creation, revelation, and providence—unite in this: in giving God's call to man to come back, to come home, to be joined to Him now in everlasting love, and hereafter in everlasting glory.

Now let us consider a little part of God's providence. It is only a little part. The matter of affliction. If we can show that this little part brings good we can rest perfectly assured that every other part will bring good also. What is the purpose of affliction? It is at least threefold.

1. *It is to impart salvation.* We believe that God's purpose in all

His voices is to bring man back to Himself. He speaks in nature for that end; He speaks in His Word with that object in view. And these voices come, too, with increasing earnestness from God, as if He would in some way compel man to accept of that which has been provided for him in Christ. Like the invitations given from the lord of the great supper who desired that the feast provided should be partaken of, we can discover a growing earnestness and importunity in these voices of God, beginning with the gentle reminder to those that were bidden, becoming louder when given to those who are in the streets and lanes of the city, and reaching the most urgent form when addressed to those who are farthest away, the outcasts of the highways and the hedges of the country parts. Yes, a growing earnestness in the calls of God. Now, it frequently happens that what the Lord's call in nature does not accomplish, and what the Lord's call in the Word has so far failed to bring about, the Lord's call in providence at last secures. Some real affliction falls upon the individual; it arrests him; it causes him to think; brings home to him the thought of sin and guilt, and is at last the means in God's hands of winning him savingly to Christ. The call from nature he did not hear; the call from the Word did not arouse him; but this call in providence he could not resist. It contained in it the loving, gentle, but importunate compulsion of God.

Not when Bethesda's pool a tranquil mirror lay,
Kissed into radiance by an Orient sun,
Then when the angel stirred its crystal depths,
The wondrous power of healing was begun.
Calm and unruffled by a troublous thought,
Like fair Bethesda's pool, a soul may lie
Bathed in the placid sunlight of content,
While seasons of rich grace are passing by;
But when the Spirit stirs the sluggish depths
Until its calm gives way to wild unrest,
Then comes sweet healing, and the sick heart,
Dropping its burden there, finds peace and rest.

How many like David will have to thank the Lord for such mercy. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn

thy statutes." The Philippian gaoler will no doubt thank the Lord throughout eternity for the midnight earthquake and prison confusion that brought terror to his heart. It was God's effectual call to a higher life. Blind Bartimæus will, no doubt, praise the Lord in eternity for the blindness that he suffered in time. It brought him Jesus and salvation. God speaks to us in these trials for that end. Let us thank and praise Him if they have accomplished this purpose in us.

2. *It is to advance holiness.* I have ever been thankful for the happy Scripture selection made by the Church for the Prayer Book service for the visitation of the sick. It is taken from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. It is most appropriate and most helpful. It is indeed the voice of the Lord to the sick and suffering. We are all familiar with the passages. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." And then the purpose of the whole is set forth in this: "Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, *that we might be partakers of his holiness.*" Yes, holiness. That is the end and purpose for which we are called. It is God's full intention to make us some day somehow like unto His Divine Son. In His infinite mercy He has predestinated us to be conformed to the image of Jesus. And in all things, all calls, all events, all experiences, He is working for that end. Let Him work. Let us thank Him for working. There is something worse than suffering. It is sin, falling short of His glory. "Our pride," said old Samuel Rutherford, "must have winter

weather to rot it. So narrow is the entry to heaven that our knots, our hunches and lumps of pride, and self-love, and idol love, and world love, must be hammered off us, that we may squeeze in, stooping low, and creeping through that narrow and thorny entry." But says good Bishop Hall: "Fear not; these stripes are the tokens of His love. He is no son that is not beaten; yea, till he smart and cry; if not, till he bleed. No parent corrects another's child; and he is no good parent that corrects not his own. O rod, worthy to be kissed, that assures us of His love and of our adoption."

3. *It is to strengthen faith.* Faith is the element in which the Christian lives: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "The just shall live by faith." It is faith that makes God's love real to the soul, that makes Christ's work satisfying to the heart, that makes the Holy Spirit's power a reality in life. Now, one of the Lord's ways for the development of faith is by trial. St. Peter gives it to us in a word: "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." The 11th chapter of Hebrews contains a long list of Old Testament worthies, a perfect galaxy of God's saints. Abel and Enoch and Noah, Abraham and Joseph and Moses, and many others. They are given as examples of faith. Their names are connected with their great deeds. But what were these deeds? Trials of faith. Think of Abraham, leaving his father's house, his home and kindred, giving up everything, and going forth to an unknown land upon the simple command of God. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." There was trial in that. Think of Noah, building the ark, hundreds of miles from the sea, laughed at, jeered at, called everything under the sun, and yet working away, working away, because he believed God. "By faith Noah, being warned of

God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." There was trial in that. Think of Joseph, living in Egypt, the greatest of the Egyptians, and yet a Hebrew of the Hebrews, to all outward appearance the most loyal in Pharaoh's court, and yet in heart living and dying a faithful Israelite. "By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones." There was trial in that. Think of Moses, surrounded with all the pomp and wealth and influence of that land to make him an Egyptian, and yet resisting it all, refusing it all, because God's promises pointed in another direction, to the deliverance of the poor, downtrodden Hebrews and their settlement in another land. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." There was trial in that. Yes, it is when we suffer for our faith that it is developed. It is strengthened. It is made strong.

O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;
That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

THE LOST DEED.

A writer in *Thy Healer* relates an instance of providential guidance as related by the late W. C. Boardman. He said while he was in California, travelling and visiting on behalf of a Sunday-school mission, he became acquainted with some friends who, through the death of a relative, had become heirs to a very large property, but through the absence of some important deed or document, there appeared the probability of the whole going to another party, who were in no wise worthy, and who had no rightful claim. They had sought for this document, or whatever it was, most diligently, but without success. The friends pressed him to undertake the matter and

make search for them. He complied with their request, and leaving California went at once to New Orleans, where the missing deed was supposed to be. He said:

"For a fortnight I made inquiries and search in every direction, but without the least satisfactory result. As I was retiring to rest one night, with this heavy care upon my mind, I thought: 'Why, how foolish I have been! had it been any other matter I should have taken it to the Lord and given it over to Him.' I knelt down at once and committed the whole matter into the Lord's hands; and that night, whether by a vision or a dream I know not, but I was told to go to a certain house on a certain street. I rose up early in the morning and proceeded to the place, and upon inquiry I learned that the person I was seeking had *lived and died there*, and had *left behind a box of papers*, which they were quite ready to hand over to me. Upon searching through the papers I found the deed which established the right of the friends in whose interest I was laboring, and thus again was my faith confirmed in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. The friends recovered the property, about which at one time there seemed so much difficulty and doubt."

SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for ever more have set,

The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us, out life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue,

And we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,

Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving baby-hood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And, if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.

And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
It not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,

And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;

Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold.

And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where weary feet, with sandals loose, may rest,

Then shall we know, and clearly understand—
I think that we shall say "God knew the best!"

—Bishop Huntington.

A WORD TO SOWERS.

By J. E. GWEN WELLS, in *Christian Progress*.

"So shall my word be . . . It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—*Isaiah lv. 11.*

Many times, in seasons of dependency or apparent failure, have we just hung upon this wondrous promise of the ever-faithful Father. When we have been striving so hard, and seem to have spent all our labor in vain, often has it rested us, and cheered us, and nerved us to further effort.

Perhaps we have been specially yearning over some particular friend or relative, longing, oh! so much, to see that heart yielded to Jesus. But all our yearnings and longings and prayers seem of no avail. Oh!

how we cling to this message from the Father!

"It shall accomplish . . . it shall prosper." It seems too wonderful to be really true. And yet it must be so, for *He* says it. "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" (Num. xxiii. 19.)

"My word," that is, God's word. Ah! do we not sometimes speak *our own* words instead of His word? Are we always as careful as we should be to give an "It is written" to those to whom we desire to be of use, and for whom we long that they should find the joy and peace which we ourselves have in Jesus? Yet the promise is for "*My* word." "Oh! that henceforth we may only speak His word. Let us learn to hold ourselves in a listening attitude; always ready to hear our Master's voice, and always ready to pass on to others what He has taught us of Himself, His goodness, and His love.

Another point which we are apt to overlook is, that His word is to accomplish that which *He* pleases. Sometimes we sow the seed, which is "the word of God," faithfully: we watch over it tenderly and prayerfully, hoping for some especial result. We watch and wait, and wait and watch again; but what we hoped for seems as far off as ever. May not this be because we have resolved in our own mind what is to be the result, instead of trusting Him to accomplish that which *He* pleases?

Is it for us, His instruments, to choose for what purpose we shall be used? Nay, rather let us go forward loyally and bravely, steadfastly scattering the precious seed, which *must* yield fruit, leaving the increase in His care who has said, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

There is no factor so potent as the habit of speaking words of praise, or, if need be, writing them. There is hardly a human being who

is not more or less influenced by kind words. Even to the most careless, praise that is never flattering is oftentimes most helpful, and if there be no other good done, it at least leaves a pleasant impression on the mind of the one to whom they are addressed.

There are those who live in the sunshine of praise, and to whom such words seem absolutely essential, who do not reflect the rays of the sunshine of praise upon others.

"A myriad of gracious intentions
Is less than a merciful act,
A head crowded full of pretensions
Is not worth one good, solid fact."

A church or a Sunday-school quite frequently becomes just as a family where every one seems to know every one else so well that the familiarity produces indifference. Many a religious institution is slowly dying because of the lukewarmness which seems to characterize the people.

Let us all speak words of praise. The pastor to his people, the people to the pastor, the superintendent to his teachers, the teachers to the officers and other teachers, as well as to the scholars. Endeavor not to be critical, and try to see the best side of everything. Speak kindly to the sexton and see how pleased and how eager he will be to help you according to his ability. Speak to the scholars of your class, and see how gladly they will welcome you each Sunday with a nod and a smile.

Christianity suffers from the indifference of Christians to those little things which cost us nothing, but which if done are productive of much good. People like to be missed, and if the superintendent, or any one else, makes known to any one that he or she has been missed it at once enkindles a feeling of gratification for the attention in the heart of the one who has been absent, and creates a fixed purpose to be more earnest and more eager to be present.—*Selected.*

"FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH WAS LEAST."

Some twenty years ago or more a Punjab missionary was travelling from one station to another by the

public stage carriage. While the horses were being changed at the end of a stage, a little beggar-boy came up and asked for "two pice." "What do you want two pice for?" asked the missionary. "To fill my stomach; I am hungry." Three pice (about 1½ cents) were given to the little fellow, and he disappeared. Just before the horses were ready to start he came back, holding out his hand to the missionary with one pice in it. "Take it," he said. "Why?" said the donor. "I filled my stomach on two pice," he said, simply. Such remarkable conscientiousness interested the missionary. He looked again at the child, and the more he looked the more he liked the look of him. There was something good in the little heathen face. "Who is he?" asked the missionary of the bystanders. "Oh, only an orphan; he has no relations." "Well, then, little man, will you come with me?" The little brown face looked up earnestly for a moment into the kind white one. The boy said "Yes" with a nod of his head, and was taken off then and there in the conveyance with the missionary. I wish I could add that he was rescued once and for all from heathendom, but truth is the best teacher, though sometimes it is saddest. The boy was, not long after, kidnapped from the Christian settlement where he had been placed, and has never been heard of again. I have often thought of him since I first heard the story from my friend the missionary. Surely it was the Holy Spirit "leaving Himself not without witness" in that ignorant little heart who enabled the child to be "faithful in that which was least." Perhaps hereafter, among the hosts of heaven, gathered from the four quarters of the earth, this little spirit may be found, led to light and salvation by some wonderful way of God's merciful making. But the story shows how strong the kingdom of Satan is—for a time. Are we doing all we can against it?

R. MACONACHIE.

Burnt River, Ont.

We lie unto God in prayer if we do not rely upon Him after prayer.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Aug. 1. Acts xviii. 1-11. Eccles. xii.
" 8. 1 Thess. iv. 9. 1 Sam. ix. 1-10, 25, 27,
to v. ii. x. 1.
" 15. 1 Cor. viii. 1-3. 1 Sam. xiii 1-14.
" 22. 1 Cor. xiii. 1-13. 1 Sam. xv. 1-29.
" 29. Acts xix. 21-34. Ruth i. 1-9, 14-19.

AN ANSWER.

What would I be if I could?

Let me consider a minute—
Something, so that the sad world should
Be better for my being in it.

What would I be if I could?

Oh, a laugh, a lily, a linnet—
Anything, so that the sad world should
Be cheered by my being in it.

What would I be if I could?

This, as I hope to win it,
A whole-souled Christian woman,
Loving and helpful and human
And happy, so that the dear world would
Be glad because I was in it.
—Charlotte Whitcomb.

A CHILD'S WISH.

A beautiful little story was told not long ago by a young missionary who is just leaving this country, as to how he was influenced to become a missionary.

When a child he used constantly to walk through a certain churchyard; and one of the gravestones which he passed close by, erected to the memory of a little boy eight years of age, bore the following strange inscription:

"Mother, when I grow to be a man I should like to be a missionary. But if I should die when I am still a little boy, will you put it on my tomb so that some one passing by may read it, and go instead of me?"

Through reading this inscription so often there grew up in his mind this thought: "I must go in place of that little boy." And so he has been trained for the work, and will soon commence it. It was only a little boy's wish that influenced him and led him to become a missionary. Now if a wish can do so much, what may not a word and deed do? Was not this a good way to bring the Gospel to the poor heathen?—*Selected.*

ONLY A KISS.

"A kiss saved me," an old man said, as he stood one evening before a large audience. "I know nothing," he continued, "of my parents or of my birth. Nothing in all the bitter past clings so close to memory as the certainty that I belong to nobody and nobody belongs to me. Poverty isn't so hard if we've some one to love us; but no one cared for me and all the days were alike, and the night seemed an eternity of time. There is a bitterness of sorrow in the lives of the homeless of which God only can know.

"The snow had fallen and the cold March winds were blowing, leaving us, the little waifs for whom no one cared, no choice, except the sunniest side of the dismal street in which we found shelter. I, with others, had sought the sunny side, when a lady paused beside us, smoothed back my tangled locks and kissed me. That was the first caress I had ever known, and it saved me. It was years before I grew out of that life to a better one; but whether I had where to lay my head, or not, I felt the presence of a light footfall, the soft touch of a hand. Out of the pure depths of her pitying womanhood she kissed me. It was a trifling thing indeed, to kiss a homeless, friendless child; but because of that kiss, and with the Father's help, I stand to day upon the firm basis of an honorable manhood."

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the way,
Rays of light that brighten
Many a shadow'd day.

Little acts of kindness
Soothe the tired heart,
Bringing joy and gladness,
Bidding care depart.

Little acts of kindness
Charm the darkest hours,
Make a desert pathway
Bloom with lovely flowers.

Little acts of kindness
Angels work below,
None can tell their power,
Or their sweetness know.

—Louie Pennington, in *Parish Magazine*.

GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MOTHER.

Mrs. Custer, in her "Boots and Saddles," tells this beautiful trait of her husband's character:

"The hardest trial of my husband's life was parting with his mother. Such partings were the only occasions when I ever saw him lose entire control of himself, and I always looked forward to the hour of their separation with dread.

"For hours before we started, I have seen him follow his mother about, whispering some comforting word to her, or opening the closed door of her room, where, womanlike, she fought out her grief alone, sit beside her as long as he could endure it. She had been an invalid for so many years that each parting seemed to be the final one. Her groans and sobs were heart-rending.

"She clung to him every step when he started to go, and, exhausted at last, was led back half fainting to the lounge. The general would rush out of the house, sobbing like a child, and then throw himself into the carriage beside me, completely unnerved.

"I could only give silent comfort. My heart bled for him, and in the long silence that followed as we journeyed on, I knew that his thoughts were with his mother. At our first stop he was out of the cars in an instant buying fruit to send back to her. Before we were even unpacked in the hotel where we made our first stay of any length, he had dashed off a letter.

"I have since seen those missives. No matter how hurriedly he wrote, they were proofs of the tenderest, most filial love, and full of the prophecies he never failed to make of the reunion he felt would soon come."

May God bless and help every boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and "staff" to his mother.—*Our Sunday Afternoon*.

CARE IN TRIFLES.

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately, "If I am prompt and careful in my business I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I

was an errand boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but, being hungry, stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, someone pays in suffering. The law is more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next minute; but long afterwards the woman whom she had maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad accustomed to take wine persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers." He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a helpless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed the truth in a way of their own:

For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost,
For the lack of the rider the message was lost,

For the lack of the message the battle was lost;

And all for the lack of a horse shoe nail.

—*Youth's Companion*.

DON'T BORROW.

I wonder if all the young people who read this paper know what a dangerous habit it is to be constantly borrowing money. I am afraid for the future of the young man who every few days goes to some friend with this request:

"Will you lend me a dollar or two for a few days? I am just out

of my money, but shall have some shortly and will pay you."

It often seems like an act of unkindness to refuse such a request; still if we know that this friend is developing the habit of borrowing, it really is kind gently but firmly to refuse.

Why? Because just in this way many a young man has laid the foundation for a life of failure. I once knew a clerk in one of the great departments at Washington who had this habit. Few who would lend to him in that office but had entrusted small sums to him. There was always some good reason why he needed "just a few dollars," until pay day.

Not all knew, however, that this young man every month spent all of his salary, and that, worst of all, he was not only borrowing all he could from his fellow clerks, but was anticipating his next month's pay by getting in debt with the brokers of the city, who charged him roundly for this advance. And all this was contrary to the rules of the department. Things went on from bad to worse, until one day this young man was stunned by the announcement that he had been discharged. His habit of borrowing and the attendant expensive ways of living had lost him his position. How many he owed when he went out, none could tell.

It is but a very short step from borrowing to more serious offences, and before long crimes follow which ruin forever. Many of the defaulters of our country could tell bitter tales of the beginning of their troubles, and far too often it would be found that the habit of borrowing lay at the bottom. Nine times out of ten it began with borrowing a little from members of the family. Then the circle became wider, as the request grew easier to make, until there seemed no hesitancy about asking even the most casual acquaintance for a loan.

Out in a piece of wood I once saw a tree which had been killed by a vine, which grew up from the ground at its roots. Steadily day by day the vine climbed up and around the tree, thrusting its tendrils down through the bark and sucking the sap until at last it smothered

and drew the very life out of its helpless victim.

The habit of borrowing will do just that very thing if left to go on uncontrolled. Closer and closer the habit will fix itself upon the young man who indulges it, until in the end it will prove his ruin.

It is better to know what it is to go without some coveted thing than to allow this habit of borrowing to get a hold upon one's self. We can spare many things better than we can our reputation for upright dealing with men. Borrowing leads to carelessness about paying and soon to positive deception. Shun the habit at all times. If it has fastened itself upon you, cast it off now, and forever keep it far from you.—*Weekly Magnet.*

TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION.

A friend of Michael Angelo called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue. Some days afterwards he called again; the sculptor was at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, said:

"Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Angelo. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression

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to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

So it is with the shaping of character: each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work, good or ill. By and by appears the full and final result, and this is particularly noticeable in our Christian growth. It is attention to the "trifles" that makes us Christ-like.—*Exchange.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

We are sorry to hear that the Rev. G. A. Rix has resigned Cannington, but wish him every success in his new charge.

The Church of England Temperance Society will have an excursion so Sturgeon Point on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 19th, (D.V.) and would like to have as many of their friends accompany them as possible. The fare is only ten and twenty cents.

Sixteen members of St. Paul's Sunday school passed the Entrance Examinations to the Collegiate Institute last month. This out of a total of between 60 and 70, is a very good showing. We congratulate our young people, and trust that their lives may be very useful ones.

Mr. David Browne, whose death we this month mourn was for some time churchwarden of St. Paul's and took a most active part in the building of both church and Sunday school. So many of our older members are being called away.

St. Paul's Church Collections, 1897.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
June 4	\$12 50	\$ 6 57	\$19 07
11	7 65	9 22	16 87
18	20 35	9 37	29 72
25	17 50	8 28	25 78
	\$58 00	\$33 44	\$91 44
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