



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 103.

MAY, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	R. PLAYFAIR,
J. H. SOOTHRAN,	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.

Miss Helen Wingrove has gone to take a course in the hospital at Parkdale. She will be much missed from St. Paul's having been a teacher and worker in the Sunday school and also organist o. the C.E.T.S.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

HARDY.—Thomas Norman, son of Frederick and Louisa Hardy, born 1st Feb., 1900, baptized 11th April, 1900.

HEWSON.—Patricia Renie, daughter of Joseph Henry and Mary A. Hewson, born 17th March, 1898, baptized in St. Paul's church, 15th April, 1900.

MCARTHUR.—Donald Joseph, son of Archibald and Mary Jane McArthur, born 7th Feb., 1896, baptized in St. Paul's church, 15th April, 1900.

BALDWIN.—Frances Louie Irene, daughter of Frederick and Jane Baldwin, born 3rd Jan., 1900, baptized in St. Paul's church, 15th April, 1900.

Burials.

LENNON.—At Riverside cemetery, on 14th April, 1900, George H. Lennon, in his 76th year.

MCNABB.—At Eden churchyard, on 26th April, 1900, Ann McNabb, in her 71st year.

CHURCH NOTES.

We are glad to welcome Mr. R. Caister, of East Zorra, to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

We are glad to welcome Mr. J. Milburn back to Lindsay, and to hear that he expects shortly to bring his family here.

The Rev John Bushell, of Norwood, formerly of Otonabee, has been appointed curate at Grace Church, Brantford.

At Reaboro Mrs. and Miss Thorne collected \$11.00 for diocesan missions, and Mrs. McMahon and Miss Hawkins \$4.25. Mrs. R. Jackson collected \$5.00 for the same purpose. We thank all both in town and country who have helped in this work.

Rev. W. J. Armitage, well known to many of our readers, has been appointed Rural Dean of Halifax

Mr. H. J. Nosworthy and Mr. Frank Nosworthy have both left town. We wish them every success in their new field of labour.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Langfeldt have been presented by the congregation of Christ Church, Omeme, with a beautiful China parlour cabinet and a Turkish drawing-room lantern.

On April 19th Miss Wilgress was set apart as a Deaconess at St. James' Cathedral, by the Bishop of Toronto, and on May 3rd started on her journey to St. Peter's Mission, McKenzie River diocese, where she is to be an honorary missionary, working with the Rev. T. J. Marsh and party. We trust continual prayer will go up for all our workers in the far north land.

Five bales were sent in April to the Hay River Mission, being filled with useful articles kindly contributed by the W.A. and other members and friends of St. Paul's church, some even being sent in by kind friends at Cambray. It will probably be the end of July or possibly September, before these reach their destination, but the kindly, loving gifts, for the work among the Indians, will be none the less appreciated for having come so far, and arriving so late.

The May meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at the home of Mr. C. A. Hooper, and although a wet evening there was a fair attendance, and a very pleasant and profitable time was spent. Mr. Leigh Knight and Mr. Fred Hopkins opened the discussion on "Why many men do not go to church," and gave a number of excuses commonly given by men who stay away from God's house. Short but minute addresses were given by most of the young men present, and the discussion proved most interesting and helpful. One new member was added to the roll, and all appreciated the thoughtful kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper.

The annual vestry meeting was held on Easter Monday with only a fair attendance. After the opening service, and asking God's blessing upon the gathering, the Rector expressed thankfulness to the Giver of all good for His loving care and kindness during the year. He referred to the removal of the Rev. R. McNamara to Gagetown, and regretted that the Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd was so soon to leave us for an important position in London, England. Mr. Billingsley was the only other church officer who had removed during the year, he having gone to Victoria Road. Services had been held regularly on Sundays and Wednesdays, and at other special times. The Holy Communion had been administered 16 times with an average attendance of 60. During the year 21 children and 4 adults were baptized. 46 persons were confirmed, eleven couples married and 19 people were buried, four being brought from without the parish, so a small death rate of 15, of these some like Mrs. Thos. Walters, Mrs. J. C. Armstrong and Mr. James Fee had been among our most regular worshippers, and will be much missed and mourned, but now we rejoice in the Easter message of the resurrection of the dead. The churchwardens' report was presented, a synopsis of which will be printed. Mr. Humphreys gave the report of the Sunday school, which contained much to encourage, but the need of more teachers was emphasized. The officers, whose names appear on the first page, were elected, and the meeting adjourned for three weeks.

Miss Shirley Beall has gone to Barrie, she will be missed from the church and Sunday school, but we trust she will be blessed and prospered in her new home.

We welcome Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Armstrong to Lindsay and St. Paul's, and hope to find them a strong acquisition to the church as well as the baseball team.

The congregations in St. Paul's on Easter Sunday were large, and we trust the worship deep and real. The church, owing to the kindly efforts of some of the ladies was beautifully adorned with flowers, and at little cost of money, as most of the plants were lent. The choir had carefully prepared the Easter music, and in most of it the people joined heartily. Some 137 gathered at the Lord's Table, morning or evening, and Mr. Lloyd gave his farewell sermon which we trust will be blessed to many. Thoughts of the risen Christ should be ever present with His followers, teaching them not only to worship Him in spirit and in truth, but also urging them on to do valiantly as co-workers together with Him.

St Paul's Church Collections, April, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Apr. 1	14.10	10.75	24.85
8	25.95	13.10	39.05
15	73.00	12.50	85.50
22	18.80	7.82	26.62
29	18.40	9.35	27.75
	\$150.25	\$ 53.52	\$203.77

Church Debt Fund - - - \$78 35

MISSIONS, ETC.

Sunday School, Hay River	-	00 87	
Superannuation Fund	-	00 80	
W. & O. Fund	-	00 35	
		-----	\$2 02
Special appeal diocesan	-	\$11 50	
(Ops) house to house diocesan	-	5 00	
		-----	\$16 50

Good Friday—London Society re Jews - - \$21 48
W. & O. Fund, additional - - - 1 00

	REABRO	CAMRON	CAMBRAY
Good Friday	\$1 10	\$1 01	\$00 80
House to House	15 25	4 19	---
Superannuation Fund	1 00	---	00 50
W. & O. Fund	6 80	00 50	---
			\$ 2 91
			19 44
			1 50
			7 30

The annual Easter Report of the Wardens presented to the Vestry showed the following:

RECEIPTS—

Ordinary	-	-	\$2581 37
Special	-	-	480 09
Missions, etc	-	-	620 67

			\$ 3682 13

EXPENDITURE—

Ordinary	-	-	\$2645 70
Special re Debt	-	-	332 76
Missions, etc	-	-	620 67

			\$ 3599 13
			\$83 00

A reduction of \$200 on the mortgage debt had been made leaving it now \$9400, and the floating debt was extinguished.

Parish and Home

VOL. X.

MAY, 1900.

No. 6

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

- 1.—**St. Ph & St. Jas., A. & P.** *Morning*—Isai. lxi.; John i., 43. *Evening*—Zech. iv.; Col. iii., to 18.
- 6.—**3rd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xxi.; Luke xxiii., 26 to 39. *Evening*—Num. xxiii. to xxiv.; 1 Thess. iii.
- 13.—**4th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. iv., to 23; John iii., 22. *Evening*—Deut. iv., 23 to 41 or v.; 1 Tim. i., 18, & ii.
- 20.—**5th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. vi.; John vi., 11. *Evening*—Deut. ix. or x.; 2 Tim. iii.
- 24.—**Ascension Day.** *Morning*—Dan. vii., 9 to 15; Luke xxiv. 41. *Evening*—2 Kings ii., to 16; Heb. iv.
- 27.—**Sunday after Ascension.** *Morning*—Deut. xxx.; John x., 22. *Evening*—Deut. xxxiv., or Jos. i.; Heb. ii. & iii., to 7.

THE COMPASS CRADLE SONG.

My gimbal cradle is a throne of power,
I lit my sceptre o'er the bounding sea,
Alike when seas are calm, or storm clouds
lower,
My willing subjects pay their homage free.

In silent might I guide them all day long,
O'er rolling seas to destined havens fair,
Glad hearts responsive to my cradle song,
Give thanks for secret, undivided care.

Such marvels gather round my gentle bed,
My finger's mystic hush is pointing still,
Such restful work from secret sources fed,
Call forth their wonder and their spirits fill.

The tremor of my song is fresh and free,
My primal energies no slackness know,
My kindly cradle rocks me o'er the sea,
My song will end, when breezes cease to blow.

O gentle magnet! draw us to the clime,
O Pilot Spirit, bring the port in sight,
Where tideless sleep the stormy seas of
time,
Soft by the city of the saints in light.
Beamsville, Ont. H. T. MILLER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ascension—Forty days have elapsed since the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus. He had appeared to the disciples some nine times since His resurrection, showing that He was a living, real Christ, yet His body was not subject to the limitations of the merely human, he came and went, was in the midst of them "when the doors were shut," or as unexpectedly "vanished out of their sight," showing them that, though unseen he might be often near.

At the end of the forty days we have the tenth recorded visit. The disciples were assembled and Jesus with them when he commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem but to wait for the promise of the Father, and said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Then He led them out over the old familiar way to the little village of Bethany which had seen so many manifestations of His love and power, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and as He blessed them He was taken up, up until a cloud received Him out of their sight.

The cloud still rolls between us and our ascended Lord, but we know that this same Jesus who has gone into heaven shall so come in like manner as He has gone.

Let us watch for His return, be about His business, witnessing faithfully for Him, that when He cometh we may receive Him with joy and gladness and ascend with Him to His glory.

TAKING it as a whole, the family life of Canada will probably bear comparison with that of any other country. We would not be the vigorous and thriving people we are if such were not the case. And yet, of course, like other peoples, we have our faults, and one of those faults—a very serious one—is that we are not giving to that *Divine book*, which is the very corner stone of our family life and of our national life, that honoured place which it ought to occupy. Whatever men may say, our children do not know their Bibles as many of us older ones were taught to know them. Question any class of the older children in our school

about the Word of God, and what will you find? That in most cases they are sadly ignorant of their Bibles. And whose fault is it? I answer, in most cases the fault of the home. Parents are anxious to have their children educated, anxious that they shall have the learning which fits them for business or for society; but of that learning which maketh wise unto salvation they are too often careless and neglectful. I tell you, said a speaker not long ago, that as I look out into the future I feel oppressed by this question, If our children of the present generation know so little about the Word of God, how will it be with their children? And yet the Word of God and the knowledge of it are the very foundation of our national life. One trouble is that far too much is expected in this direction from the Church and the Sunday-school, and we parents are far too ready to delegate to them the duty which God has laid upon us as guardians and instructors of the young. Nothing, however, can clear us of our responsibility, nothing can alter the fact that to us God will look, and that of us He will require an account. And then another thing that is seriously affecting our home life as a people is a laxity, amounting in many cases to an entire neglect of family worship. Those who live in well-ordered Christian homes—homes where the omission of family worship would be as great an exception as the omission of a meal, are apt to imagine that nearly all Christian homes are similarly favored. And yet a closer knowledge of the facts would materially alter such an opinion. We should probably be as much surprised by carelessness where we least expected it, as we should be by the reverse in cases where we hardly looked for it. How many cases there are where really Christian people and workers for Christ have allowed their business or their domestic arrangements to crowd out family prayers. And yet when one speaks to such persons about it

the answer is, I know we ought to have them but it seems impossible now to get our household together for family worship. Which all goes to show that, in this respect, no household should ever be allowed to scatter, but that from the first, even though the number were only two met together there should be the family altar, and the daily family incense, and the daily sacrifice of family praise and thanksgiving. It is said that some years ago when a number of men who had been led into the Christian ministry were relating the causes which had operated most powerfully in bringing them to that decision, they attributed, almost without exception, their position to the Christian homes in which they had spent their earlier years, homes where the Christian father and mother had knelt with them day after day before the throne of grace, and had so surrounded them from their childhood with the sacred influences of godliness.

How many, on the other hand, if they could give their testimony, would have to admit that the want of such privileges in childhood had been the beginning of all their wanderings from the way of truth and righteousness.

THE ORDER OF GOD.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

How is this to be done?

1. By admitting the supremacy of the claim. We are here to urge men to put in their claim, to avail themselves of this franchise. The Kingdom needs you. You need the Kingdom.

2. By regarding its superlative value. First in time, order, worth, duty.

3. By recognizing the eminence of its dignity. In this Kingdom men are kings and priests unto God. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? God must have no competitors. Christ must have the throne of the heart, or He will go away.

4. By the proper enjoyment of the earthly overflow. Here only is the true adjustment. They only can truly enjoy this life who are well prepared to enter upon the

other. Earthly good is "added." It is only the selva of the garment, the small change on the counter, the balance of a greater bargain, the remnant, the leavings, the remainder. Think of the greater; take no thought for the less.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

THE TWO WAYS: A PARABLE.

The pure and happy town of Innocency is never marked upon the map. Few grown-up people in these days are able even to come near its streets. Adam and Eve at first found joy and peace within it, but only very little children live there now. No matter how sweet their play may be, they leave it very soon, following the mysterious road of life, trodden by the feet of countless millions, that leads all from it. Just as the little travellers leave the town, the road divides. The straight road is narrow and rough, over great rocks, on which dark clouds are always hovering. The other road looks smooth and green, without a stone, leading gently downward. Here many go astray, for each must choose for himself. Yet no wrong choice is necessary, for at the parting of the ways, though many try to push the traveller on the downward road, a safe guide is always standing. None can mistake this guide. On His head are many crowns. His face is full of power and full of love. His hands and feet have been torn with nails, and there is a spear wound in His side.

Two little children, many years ago, with the bright light of the city they had come from still on their faces, stood where the two paths separate forever, thinking which way to take. As they stood there wondering at the difference in the roads, the Royal Guide met them. His looks spoke to them of power and mighty love. Yet even He could only show the right, not force them to it. They did not need to ask Him anything, for He read their thoughts. He pointed straight on, then slowly climbed the cliffs before them, saying as He did so, "Follow me." Something in the children's hearts told them to follow, and on the road was written so

that they could not be mistaken, in bright, shining letters, "To the Kingdom of God." But it was such a road! Up a great rock that made one dizzy looking at it. On it only briars and thistles seemed to grow. Under foot the stones were sharp, and the great sun beat upon the pathway, drying up all water. At the very top dark clouds rested, hiding all beyond.

The other road, winding round to the left, and missing the hill, looked very, very lovely. It sloped very gently downwards, and every stone had been removed. The scenery on the way was constantly changing, and the path sparkled through a green meadow and now glided into the cool, peaceful woods. All along, bright flowers bloomed and birds sang, and little brooklets tinkled everywhere. Everywhere, too, upon the broad road, throngs of people could be seen hastening to a golden palace far in the distance. And their peals of laughter were borne to the children as they stood not quite decided.

One said, at last, "I must follow the man with the wounded hands and feet, whatever comes, because I love Him."

The other laughed. "That rock is too dry and steep for me. I will take the pretty and easy road, through the flowers and woods."

And so they parted, to meet again in the Valley of Death.

Long after, the two travellers met, no longer children, but feeble, old men, round whom the shadows of death's valley are closing fast. Each wishes to hear the other's story. The one who chose the pleasant road speaks first.

"After I left you, I sometimes felt sorry for my choice, and sometimes tried to scramble up the rocks to the straight road, but I always slipped back, and, as the flowery road is easy, I was half content. I hastened to the palace, because I had been told that in it all the joys that earth can give are stored. In it King Mammon lives. Through him I tasted every kind of earthly pleasure. I was dressed in golden clothes and decked in jewels, till even Solomon in all his glory would have seemed poor beside me. Like him, I tasted all the joy that human love can give. Fame is what men

seek for most. This, too, was given to me. I was placed on a lofty throne in fame's temple. Men bowed before me and shouted my name in wonder. Yet all the time something would whisper in my ear, 'You have chosen wrong.' In the distance, the mountains you were on looked lovely beyond words, and when I sought, amid the many joys of the palace, for peace, I found none in all that great household had ever heard of it. Then, while the shouts were yet in my ears, I saw my jewels and golden garments gradually dim and drop into dust. My throne in the temple of fame melted away; the great palace itself slowly vanished, and I, who thought myself so great, now am standing, a poor old man, deprived of everything, in the deepening shadows of the Valley of Death. I thought that human love was stronger than death, but it has fled with all else I thought so precious. I have scorned the crucified One who offered to guide me and now I am sinking into the dark valley, alone."

The traveller who had come over the rocks then spoke. "As I left you the mountain-side seemed steeper and the clouds above blacker. On the hill-side lay a great black cross and a voice whispered to me, 'If you would follow Me take up thy cross.' I thought it looked very heavy and feared to raise it, but the man with the face of love that spoke to us at the parting of the ways was by my side. He helped me and often kept me from stumbling as I climbed and always carried more than half the cross for me. The stones that cut my feet cut His too. Many travellers could not see Him. Sometimes I could not, but He never left my side. I often stumbled, yet He was always waiting to help me rise again.

"The broad road with its music, flowers and shade ran right along the mountain side and the people sitting in the shade laughed at the torn clothes, and hands and feet of those who climbed.

"Everywhere there were tempting paths leading easily down the rocks to the broad road, and everywhere men and women stood coaxing the climbers to come down. The golden palace, too, tempted

many from the heights. Often I stumbled down the rocks, and but for the strong hand always stretched out must have fallen never to rise again.

"I often felt weary and longed to rest, yet as I got higher I felt my sight was changing. I began to see things as they are. I saw the palace with its gold and beauty to be only changing mist. I saw all things in the broad, fair road to be only shadows.

"As I still followed my guide I saw that all true good lay on the rocky, narrow road. It was no longer bare and dead. I found that though fame lasts only as a bubble, each unselfish action is recorded in God's book as a blessing to the world for ever and ever, and that while death makes cold the fiercest human love, it only fans and strengthens the love for all, that comes from loving God. I learnt that while human life has often been given for a few grains of gold, gold is really only brighter clay, but God counts the value of a human soul in blood drops of His Son. Growing on these high mountains I found the sweet flower of peace which no one on the broad road has ever found. Standing on those peaks, that look so hard to reach, I could see into the valley of death so that it now has no terrors for me and could see beyond on the hills of eternal light, God's glorious city."

As the two went down into the dark valley something they could not see separated them.

To the one every step meant fear. The darkness grew deeper. Horrible forms seemed to mock him. Behind was a life of mist and dust; before were unknown terrors.

The other went down singing. He had seen all through the valley when on the mountain top. Where the one shuddered in alarm at sounds he seemed to hear, the other's ears were strained to catch the sweet distant songs of angels.

In places where the blackest shadows lay and caused terror to the one, the other traveller felt more joy, because the stars shine brightest on the darkest night, the heavy shadows only made more clear the distant gleaming of the lights from the eternal city.

R. L. WEAVER.

THE HEMPEN CABLE.

It was early in the thirties that a heavy gale came to our roadstead at Great Yarmouth and found between twenty and thirty vessels riding at anchor. The gale increased and one ship after another parted from its moorings and came ashore. For two miles of a stretch the beach was like a fair. Strange to say no ship struck the other in stranding and no lives were lost. But there was one lonely brig, only one, that weathered the storm; her name was the *Donor*, Capt. Kettle, who lived next door to my parents. At this time chain cables were coming in and hempen cables were going out. I well remember brigs fitted with both kinds, and to our old sailor the hempen cable was the favorite for holding, though not the favorite for handling.

The brig *Donor* weathered the gale with a single anchor and hempen cable. The underwriters applauded the heroic master in partly dismantling his vessel during the gale, and a gold medal was presented to him for his courage and success.

How often we have thought of the lonely brig rolling in the waves and holding out. Nearly half the town came to see if she would break adrift. What was the secret of her holding on? It was the fact that a hempen cable is elastic, it gives and takes; when the wind lulls it slackens up, when the gusts come very fierce it slowly tightens, it yields to pressure, but holds on. How often we have cares and trials made a severe strain upon our powers of patience and endurance! A young man may be tortured by the sneers and gibes of his fellow-workers, but a lesson of the hempen cable may give fresh nerve and the power to overcome, and he may weather the storm.

This world is a place to be tried in. Are we going to break away in fits of temper, and then be sorry when it is too late to mend matters, or are we going to endure in the strength of grace?

"Pass the watch-word down the line,
Pass the countersign, 'Endure.'
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure."

Ontario.

UNION JACK.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone
"Pray for me!"

Back from the place of worshiping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the path she sped:
"Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless
weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah! who shall pray, since he who plead
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

"OLD BROOKE" IS DEAD.

Those who have read that marvellously interesting book for young people, "Tom Brown at Rugby," will be specially interested in the following bit of history clipped from *Harper's Weekly* under the above heading.

"Old Brooke" is dead—the "Brooke" of "Tom Brown's School-Days." He was the Rev. J. P. Gell, rector of Buxted, in Sussex, England. The *Saturday Review* speaks of him as probably the last survivor of Arnold's famous "Sixth." He began his career as an official of the Colonial Office, was sent to Tasmania, and there married a daughter of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer. Afterward he took orders, became a preacher of note, and worked himself out in what was a country parish when he took it, but which London swept over and inundated with bricks. For twenty years he lived at Buxted, where he was sent on the failure of his health by Archbishop Tait. The *Saturday Review* calls him "almost an ideal country parson, the friend and fellow worker of the non-Conformists, a true father of the poor, and a counselor of all."

"SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN."

They had been speaking of a married couple who were notoriously unhappy.

"Well," said Cousin Octavia, in her positive way, "I have visited around a great deal in my life, and I have come to the conclusion that 'incompatibility' is only a polite name for selfishness."

Humphrey Copeland and his wife, Clarissa, gave each other a glance that said, "If that is so, you are the selfish one in our case." It was not a pleasant glance to see, but Cousin Octavia was too intent on her subject to notice it, even if she had not been very near-sighted.

"Yes," she continued, energetically, "and ninety nine times in a hundred the selfishness is not confined to one side of the house, for then the unselfish one always yields to the other, and there is no friction. It is when both husband and wife are selfish that there is trouble and incompatibility, depend upon it."

Humphrey and Clarissa did not glance at each other this time, but the expression of their faces showed that they dissented entirely from this last assertion.

Cousin Octavia had not the slightest suspicion that what she

had said would have a personal application, for she cherished the belief that no two people could be more perfectly satisfied with each other than Humphrey and Clarissa.

They themselves were wiser. In public they still kept up a semblance of mutual regard, for pride's sake, but in their secret hearts they bitterly regretted their marriage; and when no one was by, they had for each other only cold looks and unkind speeches.

Octavia's words set them thinking, and lingered in their minds after she had ended her call. They brooded over them, indeed, until long after they had retired for the night.

Clarissa at first insisted to herself that she was not in the least selfish, but, on further reflection, was forced to admit a few exceptions to this rule. She determined that in the future there should be no exceptions. Not that she thought that it would make any perceptible difference, but because it was annoying to feel that she was ever so little in fault. She would treat Humphrey very nicely besides, so that he would have absolutely nothing to complain of. Then he would see that he was the only one to blame.

Humphrey convinced himself that he was, in the main, one of the most unselfish of men; but that Clarissa cared for nobody in the world but herself. Nevertheless, he decided to watch himself very carefully for awhile, and prove to his own satisfaction, if to no one else's, that his cousin was wholly mistaken in her conclusions.

Having thus settled their doubts and questionings, their minds were at rest, and they fell asleep.

Humphrey was awakened in the morning by Clarissa calling him to breakfast. Usually, he disregarded this summons until there was barely time for him to dress, snatch a few mouthfuls of food and get his car. This morning he recalled his new resolution, and sprang out of bed at once, remembering that Clarissa liked to have him come when her carefully prepared breakfast was at its best, and was exceedingly annoyed when he didn't.

"Perhaps there is more to this

than I supposed," he meditated. "In order to make thorough work of it, I have got to put myself entirely aside, and make it my business to please her in everything—to please the unpleasable," he added, sarcastically.

When he went downstairs, he found that Clarissa was going to have buckwheat cakes, and as soon as he appeared she began to cook them. Humphrey was very fond of buckwheats; but Clarissa hated to make them. She would scold about the smoke, and he would object to her opening the windows, because it let in so much cold air.

This time it was different.

"Shan't I open the window and let out the smoke?" Humphrey asked, politely.

"If you will not feel the cold," she answered with equal politeness.

Then he opened two windows.

"Hadn't you better begin now?" said Clarissa, sweetly. "This cake will never be quite so good again."

"I will wait for you, if you don't mind," replied Humphrey; "it will be pleasanter eating together."

After they had breakfasted, Clarissa remembered that she wanted Humphrey to order a piece of meat. "I suppose you'd make a point of forgetting, if I should ask you to do an errand," would very likely have been her resentful way of speaking twenty-four hours previously. "Would it be too much trouble for you to stop at the market as you go along?" she said now.

It rose to Humphrey's lips to answer, shortly, "Yes, it would," but he checked himself just in time. "No bother at all," he said, cheerfully. "What shall I order?" and, when she had told him, "Is there nothing else?" Then he took particular pains to remember.

Humphrey always ate dinner at a restaurant, so Clarissa had the whole day to herself. "Now, what can I do to please him?" she asked, with a sigh, when the work was done, and she had made herself and the house immaculately nice. Immediately there came to mind a family record that Humphrey wanted copied. He had asked her to do it because her handwriting was so plain. She had put off doing it perversely, for nearly a year, and he had upbraided her more than once for the delay.

She went and got the record. She knew that but for her resolve of the night before she would have put off the copying still longer, and done it carelessly at last. Neither her pens nor her ink seemed quite good enough now, and she went to a nearby druggist's to get new. Then she did the work in her very best style.

Meantime, at his place of business, Humphrey was thinking of a concert there was to be that evening. He blushed to find that he was really gloating over the pleasure he would have in refusing to take Clarissa, who was intensely fond of music, for he was sure she would say something about it, and say it spitefully. Clarissa had been thinking of the concert, also, and feeling injured beforehand because she knew he would not take her.

Almost the first thing he said on entering the house, was: "Don't you want to go to the concert, Clarissa?"

To tell the truth, she was a bit disappointed at the loss of her grievance, and was on the point of answering sourly, "Of course, I do, but I know well enough you won't take me."

"I've been wishing I could go all the afternoon," she said pleasantly.

"Well, I have the tickets, so you will have your wish."

So they went, and Humphrey did not grumble when Clarissa was two minutes behind him in getting ready, and Clarissa assured him there was no harm done when he stepped on the skirt of her dress in coming out of the concert hall.

When they got home, Clarissa brought out her copy of the family record.

"Why, that is beautifully done," he exclaimed, looking at it admiringly. "I am very much obliged."

So the day passed, and, in a similar way, the next, and the next, till a week had gone by, and in all that time there had been no cross words or unkind acts. Still, all this politeness was on the outside merely; Humphrey and Clarissa continued to wish that fate had never brought them together. If the truth was told, they were really disappointed that everything had gone so smoothly. They decided all the more to

go on with the experiment, each with the unacknowledged hope that the other would relapse into the old way, and thus prove Cousin Octavia in the wrong.

So the next week was one of thoughtful courtesy also. But now there was a difference; Humphrey and Clarissa began to feel more kindly toward each other, and each was surprised, near the end of the week, to find that the reunion after the day's work was done was looked forward to with pleasure.

In the third week Humphrey and Clarissa made a rather remarkable discovery—that the love with which they had begun their married life was not dead, as they had supposed. Each longed to know if the other had discovered the same thing, yet shrank from speaking of it; their dissensions were still too recent.

The third week passed, and then came a catastrophe. It was Sunday, and they were preparing for church. Humphrey was ready first, and waited downstairs for Clarissa. At last she entered the room where he was. He glanced at her approvingly until his eyes rested on her head; then he forgot himself.

"Is that the new bonnet you have said so much about?" he demanded in a tone of scornful wonder.

"Yes, it is!" she answered, snappishly, forgetting herself in her irritation at his tone.

"Humph!" he said. It was only a word, but it expressed paragraphs.

"I suppose that means you don't like it!" she returned, spitefully, "but I don't care for that. I shall continue to wear it just the same."

Humphrey remembered himself, and was silent.

Then suddenly Clarissa snatched the bonnet from her head, flung it on a chair, and hurried out of the room.

Humphrey stood still for an instant, then followed her. He found her just the other side of the door, crying into her handkerchief.

"Don't!" he pleaded, putting his arm around her. "I take it all back about the bonnet."

"It isn't the old bonnet," she said. "It is because I am so hateful and so selfish."

"Well, I am abominably selfish."

"But I try so hard not to be, and it seems to do no good at all."

"I try, too. That is all we can do—keep on trying. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"But I'm afraid you'll get to hating me again. I was the one to blame —"

"No," he interrupted her; "I was the one."

Clarissa laughed.

"I don't see but what we shall have to compromise, and let it go that we are both to blame —"

"And that Cousin Octavia was right," said Humphrey, finishing the sentence.

The church bell began to ring, and Clarissa dried her eyes. Then Humphrey brought her bonnet from the chair, and helped her to put it on; after which they went to church, happier than they had been for many months.—*New York Observer.*

"FOR USE."

Hon. Edward Blake made a very telling and practical address to the assembled students at the Y.M.C.A. reception a few years ago. He recalled Tennyson's beautiful representation of the knight who had inscribed on his banner the words "For fame," and whose fair lady substituted therefor the nobler words, "For use." With this as a text, he urged the young men to make usefulness for others the great aim of their lives. The most fully developed life is that which best fulfils the purpose God had in view for that life, and that purpose is usefulness. These words are worthy of being inscribed on the banners of all Christian soldiers. They are not to confine all their efforts to personal spiritual culture, "For use" they were intended, and by using their God-given talents for others they achieve the highest spiritual attainments.

WHAT WILL YOU SAY THEN?

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said:

"I am a poor heathen boy. It

is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely: Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Now, sir, I think I can say, 'Yes.' What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too; and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.—*Ex.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TONGUE.

"This is a land of free speech," says some one. So it is. But does this mean that it is a land where one has a right to use his tongue at the dictates of his own ungovernable will? It would be as sensible to say that it is a land of free fists; and then argue that a man has a right to knock down his neighbor whenever he feels the need of a little brisk exercise.

We have no more right to use our tongues to the harm and grieving of others than we have to use our muscles in the same way. To every sensitive person an unkind word brings an inward agony that is keener than any merely physical pain could possibly be. The harm done can never be undone. The wound will still rankle, even after he who gave it has forgotten its occasion.

THE CHURCH'S NEED.

We very much need a deep and widespread revival in these latter days. We have more organization than ever we had, but we lack the power. Sermons are shorter and the services brighter, but the results are disappointing. In our churches we do not often hear of deep conviction of sin following the preach-

ing, and cases of conversion are seldom reported. It is high time we were awaking to our spiritual condition, for our Lord is not honoured by a slumbering Church, and men are not saved if Christians sit at ease.

Grace is as free to us as it was to the men of faith who have gone before us, and the Holy Spirit is as powerful to shake the land now as in the days of Whitfield, Wesley, or M'Cheyne. If we are to see a return of the old spiritual life and vigour we must get to our knees and learn the simple yet effective art of importunate prayer. A few praying men and women who would give themselves to plead definitely for revival would open the windows of heaven, and we would soon see a quickening of the spiritual life of the people.

Many are crying out for a new gospel. No new gospel is needed, but a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit to make the old one effective. We attach too much importance to intellectual or brilliant preaching, and too little to the immediate power of the Spirit acting on the speaker. The Spirit alone convices of sin, and shows its hatefulness and guilt, and He reveals Christ to the troubled, burdened soul. Without His aid, learning, culture, eloquence go for nothing in the preacher, and when He is not honoured and depended on we find no conversions, no spiritual life, and little or no belief in the supernatural. But when the preacher comes out from the presence of his Lord with the anointing upon him, all is changed. There is a fervour and pungency as well as a healing and comforting power in his words which instantly touch and arouse his hearers. The gospel becomes a living message from a living God. Men feel its searching and strengthening power. Faces which before were dull and lifeless become lit up with expectancy. Faith takes the place of doubt, and the Lord begins again to do His mighty works.—*The British Messenger.*

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—*Ruskin.*

Parish and Home.

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YOUR CALL.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say "He died for all."

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed My lambs," said Christ our
Shepherd,
Place the food within their reach.

And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"
—D. March, in Northern Messenger.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

A sermon by the Rev. W. J. Armitage, rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, N.S., and hon. chaplain of 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, from the text II. Tim. ii. 3, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

He said: The parting church service of our contingent of patriotic Canadians as they leave our shores to fight the battles of the Empire, is one of peculiar solemnity. We are gathered here in the public worship of God, to seek the blessing of the Almighty upon an expedition sent out to further the cause of truth and freedom and higher civilization. Here Canada bids farewell to her sons and wishes them Godspeed, a successful issue and a victorious home-coming.

Press on! the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws.

Press on! and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right!

It is my desire at this time to gather some helpful spiritual lessons from a study of the Christian soldier, which may prove useful in life's great campaign.

Military life in its various forms was very familiar to St. Paul. The Imperial troops were to be found almost everywhere throughout the Roman Empire. The apostle had often watched during the sad days of his imprisonment, when he was bound with a chain to the soldier, the troops on parade, under drill, on the march, on guard; and he had often noted the attention paid to discipline, the care given to the weapons of war, and the provision made in the way of armour and means of defence.

St. Paul's mind, under the inspiration of God, saw at once how wonderfully the life of a soldier illustrates the Christian experience. It is a universal law that all that is worth gaining and keeping must be striven for, from the highest to the lowest endeavors; whether it be the gain of a kingdom or acquisition of any kind, there is demanded effort and conflict.

It is now generally recognized, as some of the best spiritual biographies show, that soldiers, when true men, devoted to the service of Christ, make a very high type of Christians. This is partly due to thoroughness in character. But there are other reasons. Military service demands the exercise of the highest qualities of head and heart, such as discipline, self-control, patient endurance, obedience, self-sacrifice, co-operation with others, loyalty and vigilance. It leads to constant warfare against a foe, or requires constant readiness and careful preparation against attack.

The Christian life cultivates, nourishes, and sustains just such qualities, for it is a constant conflict against evil, in a battle with unnumbered foes, in a campaign which ends only with our mortal life and the last victory over death.

The apostle's metaphor is the good soldier in active service. Every Christian is called to the soldier's life. In the times of Elizabeth every Englishman felt that every man must fight, or England would fall a prey to the Spaniard. So in the Franco German war, the whole German nation stood in arms, while the call resounded through France summoning young and old to fight for native land. The Christian is enlisted under the banner of the King. All who name the name of Christ, young and old, are called to fight the good fight and wage the good warfare.

The very term, sacrament, which is connected with our highest religious privileges in baptism and the Supper of the Lord, speaks of Christian duties. The word was originally used of the soldier's military oath, and just as Hannibal who learned first to obey, then to command, was taken by his father to swear before the altar of sacrifice eternal enmity to Rome, a vow which he kept, as the Romans confessed, by the destruction of 300,000 men, so we should be the sworn enemies of sin, the consecrated warriors of Christ.

Every soldier should strive to be a good soldier. The development of a high type of man depends on the man himself and upon his leader. Loyalty to his commander has much to do in producing brave and

efficient soldiers. And this for the simple reason that an army must have one controlling mind and be under the sway of one will which moves towards a well-defined end. The very presence of Lord Roberts at the Cape has inspired our men and, indeed, the whole Empire, with new confidence and courage. And it has ever been so, the words of the private in the ranks when he heard that Wellington himself was directing the fight in the hour of supreme danger are full of meaning, "God bless him, he is worth a regiment." The presence of Wellington was an inspiration. It is said that at the battle of Salamanca one of his generals, when ordered to lead his troops to a dangerous position, asked but one favour: "First," said he, "give me a grip of that conquering right hand of yours." And we have in the Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ, the supreme conqueror of every foe. The earthly leader in the stern fight may watch the battle at a distance, but Christ is ever near to give courage to the heart, strength to the life, and victory over every enemy. Did Wellington's veteran find in the Iron Duke's hand a strength which nerved him for the fierce conflict? We have in Christ a source of power far beyond all human aid. The hand of faith stretched out to Him brings us in contact with One who has all power in heaven and earth. Nay, more, He dwells within the breast of every true believer. A little deeper, said the French soldier as the surgeon probed for the bullet, and you will find the emperor. In a far truer sense Christ's name is not only on the Christian's heart, but there He dwells in an abiding presence.

The good soldier must endure hardships which only the inspiration of a great cause could make endurable. It was so during the Crimean war, when our brave troops met the most awful perils and faced unspeakable sufferings. The soldier expects hardship, and he bears it without grumbling. He stands firm under attack and meets as at Inkermann fearful odds. And just so Christ's soldiers must fight. They live only for that purpose. They are called, not to a life of ease and self-pleasing, but to most strenuous

and long-continued endeavour. The campaign is life-long, but the victory is certain and the peace lasting in the rest which follows conflict—when life's great battle is over and rest is won.

The campaign is, indeed, life-long. It is not a seven years' or a thirty years' war, but a constant struggle while life lasts. Its object is just and right. It is to resist the power of the great usurper, or to spread the Kingdom of Christ in the world.

SICKNESS.

Saviour! in sickness I can feel
Thy tender love to me,
Who for my sake didst deign to bear
An untold agony.

Thoughts of the anguish of Thy cross
Can calm my sufferings now;
The memory of Thy crown of thorns
Can soothe my throbbing brow.

When every limb is aching
In weariness of pain,
I think upon the Lamb of God
For sinful mortals slain.

How "all Thy bones were out of joint;"
Then how shall I repine?
The sorest anguish I can bear,
What is it, Lord, to Thine?

But as one ripple on the wave,
One drop within the sea,
One tear among the many wept
In life's long misery.

—Selected.

STRAY PAGES.

From "Our Paper."

I was not in at all a fitting frame of mind, I know, for a regular church-goer who has duly attended an eminently "well conducted" Sunday morning service in company with a large and decorous congregation. Instead of the peace and calm which should have possessed my spirit, I was fretted with a sense of impatient weariness and unreality against which I strove in vain. And in this mood it was that I chanced upon these few stray pages, small, tattered and yellow with age; torn perhaps by careless childish fingers from some long-forgotten book or pamphlet, and treasured, whether by accident or design I have no idea, amid a bundle of old letters and such-like relics of the past. Fragments, they seemed to be, of some tale or parable of the

simplest kind with regard both to style and thought, yet from the faded pages some unknown voice out of the past seemed speaking to me as I read. The beginning was torn away, but the writer, it appeared, imagined himself to be standing in a large and full church, with a recording angel by his side.

"Observe," said the angel, 'that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone will ascend on high, will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness—when the thoughts wander the sounds will grow faint and even cease altogether.'

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why presently after, when the service began, though the lips of many moved and appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard. How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven. Even in the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* the voices sometimes sank into total silence."

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel, 'I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; He is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the *thoughts* of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to Him with their lips, when their hearts are far from Him.'

"As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamour which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here in God's holy house was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer Book, saw her neighbour and a train of daughters bustle

into the next pew; 'What an example to set to her family, thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin!' 'New bonnets again already!' exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighbourly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion; 'how they can afford it, heaven only knows, and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts!'

"Ah! there's Tom S.!" nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery; 'he is growing quite religious and respectable, I declare! He has been at church two Sundays running; how much longer will the devout fit last?'

"To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful.

"Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. 'Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, act such a part again? O! could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few, faint, wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him, in Whose presence man stands boldly up with such a mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day.'

There the torn fragments abruptly ended, the unknown voice from the past ceased to speak. My thoughts went back again to the morning service, no longer with impatience, but with an overpowering sense of shame as there rose before me memories of inattentive or irreverent listeners, of singers bent more on their own glory than on God's praise, of kneeling figures honouring Him in posture alone.

But, thank God, there rose other memories as well; echoes of voices raised with heart and soul to heaven; visions of humble suplicants bowed like the publican of old with the sense of their own unworthiness; of faces—some young and eager, some old and

worn with care—lit with one glow of reverence and love. And with them the words came to my mind: "For such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers."

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an un fading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that can not fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—Charles Dickens.

PRAYERS FOR BRITAIN.

A British "ex-chaplain" writes to the New York *Sun* as follows: "I have just received a private letter from Lord Roberts, dated 'Headquarters, Cape Town, South Africa, Jan. 30th, 1900,' in which he acknowledges his full appreciation of prayers offered in America in his behalf, and adds: 'The enclosed will, I venture to think, interest you, and I trust that the "Short Prayer for the Use of Soldiers in the Field," composed by my friend, the Archbishop of Armagh, may, under God's blessing, be a comfort

and help to all serving in South Africa.'

"Whatever opinion the American people may have regarding the respective rights of the Boers and the British, I think this communication will show that Great Britain's grand old Irish general is as much animated with a desire to serve God as President Kruger himself. I forward to you the enclosures."

Army Headquarters,
Cape Town, Jan. 23, 1900.

Dear Sir,—I am desired by Lord Roberts to ask you to be so kind as to distribute to all ranks under your command the "Short Prayer for the Use of Soldiers in the Field," by the Primate of Ireland, copies of which I now forward.

His Lordship earnestly hopes it may be helpful to all of her Majesty's soldiers who are now serving in South Africa. Yours faithfully,
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Colonel,
Private Secretary.

To the Officer Commanding.

(Note.—A copy of the prayer is being sent to every British soldier in South Africa.)

SHORT PRAYER.

For the Use of Soldiers in the Field
By the Archbishop of Armagh,
Primate of Ireland.

Almighty Father, I have often sinned against Thee, O wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace.

Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and great cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as we'll as brave, true to our Queen, our country and our colors.

If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory for England; but, above all, grant us the better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.**

May 6—St. Matt. xi. 20 to 30.
 " 13—St. Luke vii. 36 to 50.
 " 20—St. Matt. xiii. 1 to 9; 18 to 23.
 " 27—St. Matt. xiii. 24 to 33.

ANSWERS TO APRIL BIBLE QUESTIONS, 1900.

1. After them two tribes of Israel were named.
2. The tribes of Levi and Joseph.
3. Jacob when blessing them put Ephraim first.
4. No, it extended to other lands.
5. He had stored up the corn of the years of plenty.
6. Yes.
7. Ten.
8. Benjamin.
9. "Lest peradventure mischief befall him."
10. Twenty-two years.
11. Of being spies coming to see the nakedness of the land.
12. Because he spake to them through an interpreter.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S PLACE.

She was a dear, white-haired old lady, the very ideal of a grandmother, and she sat by the fireside rocking slowly, but with a sad look on her gentle face.

"No, dearie, I'm not sick, but I do feel lonely sometimes." But why should she be lonely? She was in a family of well-bred young people—son and daughter, and grandchildren of various ages. To be sure, many of her dear ones had gone across the river to the Father's house; but she was not of a melancholy temperament, so she did not brood over that.

She loved the young people. She would have liked to join in their merriment; she would have gone with them to some of the concerts and other places, if she had been asked. But they in their thoughtlessness never imagined that grandmother cared for such things, and so they sat talking over their plans, telling merry tales and jokes, but leaving grandmother out of the conversation altogether.

They were never unkind to her. She had the best room in the house.

Her bodily comfort was attended to first, her wishes were immediately carried out. But she would have gladly given up all this to have had one of those bright-faced boys or girls for a companion. If they would have only sat down and told her some of their stories and plans, how glad she would have been; and she had pleasant stories to tell, too, if there were some one to listen and care.

But she sat by the fire with a shadow on her lovely old face, and said, "I am so lonely sometimes." I wish they could all have heard it, and understood the pathos of it. It will not be long till grandmother's chair will be vacant. She has spent her life in ministry for others. Common gratitude would demand that her last days should not be lonely and companionless. Love the grandmother; give her a place in your heart as well as your home, and make her closing hours her happiest.—*Selected.*

"HIS FOOTSTEPS."

1 Pet. ii. 21.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
 He said, "Nay, walk in the town."
 I said, "There are no flowers there."
 He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black—
 There is nothing but noise and din."
 But He wept as He sent me back:
 "There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
 And fogs are veiling the sun."
 He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
 And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
 And friends will miss me, they say."
 He answered, "Choose to-night,
 If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
 He said, "Is it hard to decide?
 It will not seem hard in heaven
 To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
 Then set my face to the town.
 He said, "My child, do you yield?
 Will you leave the flowers for a crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
 And into my heart came He;
 And I walked in a light Divine,
 In the path I had feared to see.

—*Sabbath Hours.*

WILLARD'S SWEETHEART.

They had gone apart from the rest of the company, the two boys who had been parted for two years, for a confidential talk. They did not converse so low, however, but that the quick ear of their hostess overheard:

"Yes, she's my sweetheart, and I am proud to own it. Say, Willard, have you got one?"

"Oh, yes," was the frank reply, "and I wouldn't swap her for any girl in the city. She's a daisy, I tell you."

"Who is she? Now it's mean to shake your head and not tell a fellow, when I told you who mine is."

"Well, Bob, you wait, and I'll point her out. She's not far off, I'm happy to say."

I heard no more, but when my guests were about to take my parting hand I heard Willard's mother say to one who thought her unescorted:

"I never lack for an escort. To be sure, Willard is but fourteen, yet he makes an ideal companion to his old mother. He seems as proud to accompany me everywhere as I am happy to have him."

Just then the one referred to stepped forward, and, with pride lighting up his handsome face, linked an arm within that of his mother, and, turning aside to the friend who had quizzed him, said:

"Now you know who my sweetheart is!"

As my gaze followed the widowed mother and the young son, who, with evident pride in her companionship, drew close to her as they passed from sight, my thoughts, with a feeling akin to pity, turned to one who, with a look of disdain, I heard mutter:

"Only your mother!"

Yes, pity! For I know that he could never taste the genuine happiness of the boy who proudly claimed his mother as "sweetheart."
 —*Helena H. Thomas, in Young Churchman.*

NED'S STEREOPTICON LESSON.

Ned was cross. "Just the cross-kind of cross," Aunt Maggie said, for she was spending the day at Ned's home, and she knew all about it.

"Well, it rains, and I can't go out," growled this ten-year-old lad who had plenty of things in the house to keep him amused for several hours. "It's a holiday, too, and it's so mean to have it stormy."

"Why don't you read?" asked his mother.

"Tom Williams borrowed my nicest book, and was to bring it back to-day, and I haven't finished it myself yet."

"Well, he can't bring it in this pouring rain, you know."

"Of course not, but I wish he hadn't borrowed it. I didn't expect to be kept in the house like this with nothing to do when he asked for it."

And so Ned went on grumbling until his mother told him he must stop. He kept quiet after that, but there was a scowl on his face for the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon the rain stopped coming down, the clouds gradually disappeared, and the sun showed itself in the clear sky. Ned's face brightened.

"Now, I can go out," he cried.

"I say, Ned," said Aunt Maggie, "that just reminds me that your Uncle Steve and I are going to a stereopticon entertainment this evening. Would you like to go with us?"

"Of course I would," the boy answered readily.

So at the appointed hour Uncle Steve, Aunt Maggie, and Ned were seated in the hall where the stereopticon entertainment was to be given.

There were a great many pictures shown that evening, and all were very good, I understand, but there was a set of eight that made quite an impression on Ned.

The first was that of a boy about twelve years of age. He was a fine-looking boy, and he was well dressed. Altogether, he would have made a pleasant appearance if it hadn't been for the fact that he wore a disagreeable frown on his face.

"Now, children," said the man who was showing the pictures, "we're going to follow this boy through life and see what he becomes."

In the next picture the boy had grown to be a young man, and the disagreeable frown was there yet, only there seemed to be more of it,

Again the same person appeared, this time a man of forty, and, oh, such an ugly countenance as he had! You would hardly take him to be that fine-looking boy grown up, and yet there was sufficient resemblance to show that he was the same. The frown had gone with him, and had kept on getting worse, until it had made him the kind of person that nobody could love. At last he was shown as a man of sixty, and I am sure that none of the people who were present felt that they would at all care to have anything to do with such an exceedingly disagreeable man as was pictured on that sheet.

"Ugh!" one child was heard to say, "I should not want to meet him when I was alone."

"Well, children," the lecturer went on, "you have seen how the habit of frowning and being unpleasant will go with a boy through life, and change him into a hideous man. Now we shall find out what the boy would have become if the frown had given place to a bright, pleasant smile, such as all strong, healthy children ought to wear."

Then the boy appeared again, the very same boy, and this time there was no frown on his face. Instead, there was a pleasant, cheery look that went right to the hearts of the people who saw the picture. Then he appeared at twenty years of age, and the smile had gone with him, and his frank, genial countenance was beautiful to gaze upon. At forty he was shown to be so kind and pleasant that a very young child in the audience, who was known to have the noblest of fathers, cried out in delight: "That's my papa!" At sixty he was just the brightest, jolliest old man that anybody ever looked upon. It seemed as if he loved the whole world, and wanted the whole world to love him. He appeared like one who took a cheerful view of things whenever he possibly could, and knew that it wasn't worth while to grumble or scold. "Aunt Maggie," Ned asked on the way home, "did you know about the boy pictures beforehand?"

"No, dear," she answered, as she laid her hand lovingly on Ned's arm, "but I am glad that you saw them."

"I am, too," he returned heartily, "for I wouldn't get like that ugly old man for all the disappointments that could ever come to me."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
Hadn't been her's a week.
One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
Rosy and fair was my cheek.
Now my head lies in a corner far;
My body lies here in another;
And if this is what human children are,
I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
For fifteen minutes together;
Now I am standing here on my head,
While she's gone to look at the weather;
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;
There's jam on my opening page;
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay,
Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
Last night, at her birthday feast;
I am the frock that Nancy tore
In seventeen places, at least.
My buttons are scattering far and near,
My trimmings is torn to rags;
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear,
I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said,
When these things were brought to her view;
All of us ought to be painted red,
And some of us are not true.
We splutter and mutter, and snarl and snap,
We smolder and smoke and blaze;
And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

—*St. Nicholas.*

"LET ME TAKE THE TIRED OFF SOMEBODY"!

Shall I tell you how a little girl, only seven years old, became a missionary? Yes, she entered dark Africa, and then spelled out her sweet message of Christ's light and love. She went to China, and brought the glad tidings of deliverance to the poor, foot-bound, suffering women and children. Even the South Sea Islands welcomed her little feet, beautiful with the gospel of a Saviour's dying love.

Little Minnie Greene was consecrated to foreign missionary work from the hour of her birth. Her mother willingly laid upon the altar her only baby girl. The little one as she grew older became the very

joy and light of the household. At five years old she insisted upon wearing nothing but white. Even her pet chickens and rabbits must be white. Beautiful expression was it of the pure soul within. When asked her reason, she replied in her sweet, childish accents, "because the blood of Jesus washes whiter than snow." She had, too, such a tender, sympathetic, little heart! Her daily request was, "Mother, let me take the tired off somebody!"

When Minnie was seven years old, the tender Shepherd called her to His heavenly fold. The loving mother, looking up into the Face of the Shepherd, smiled and said, "It is well with the child," and willingly laid her on the gentle bosom of the Good Shepherd. It was then that little Minnie became a missionary to all lands.

At Old Orchard Beach to-day there stands a beautiful home, from the broad piazza of which you can feel the spray of the waves as they dash in upon the shore.

This is known as *Minnie's Seaside Rest*. Here this little child, though dead, yet speaketh. Under a life-size portrait of the little maiden are the touching words, "Let me take the tired off somebody!"

In this beautiful home, missionaries worn and spent in the service of Christ in foreign lands, come and "take the tired off," both mind and body. Then, refreshed and invigorated by the life-giving sea-breezes, they once more go out into the world and preach the sweet gospel of Christ and His love to millions who might have gone down into Christless graves, carrying in their hearts the tender benediction, "Let me take the tired off somebody!"

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY,
Deaconess House, Toronto.

Little as we may like to have our consciences aroused or to feel the discomforts of awakening to our unworthiness and sins, it is after all the way to cleansing and salvation. It was when the visions of God brought Isaiah to cry out under a sense of his vileness that his purification came from the altar of sacrifice. Humiliation of self before the majesty and holiness of the Lord is the true herald and preparation

for spiritual healing and exaltation. Only when we realize the depths of our uncleanness and depravity do the messengers of heaven apply the virtues of the great propitiation and say to us, "Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin is healed."—*Dr. Seiss*.

FOREVER FREE.

Holy Spirit, truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Samuel Longfellow.

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The Wednesday evening service on April 18th was turned into a sort of farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd ere their departure for England. After a short service, with prayers that God's richest blessing would rest upon those leaving us, the rector made some remarks showing the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were held, the great appreciation of Mr. Lloyd's work during the time he was here, and the regret at their departure, mingled with congratulation at the important position to which he was going. Mr. Lloyd in reply gave an outline of the work to which he was going as one of the secretaries of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, expressed his thanks for many kindnesses received, saying he did not think it would have been so hard to leave after being in Lindsay but a short time. The churchwardens, Messrs. T. Walters and R. Bryans, presented Mr. Lloyd with a small sum of money on behalf of the congregation, expressing their appreciation of the excellent work done by him while here. Mrs. G. H. Hopkins and Mrs. F. A. Walters brightened the evening with a couple of songs,

while Miss Leary gave an instrumental solo, and refreshments being served gave an opportunity for a short social time together. Many will follow our friends with prayer.

The total free-will offerings in the parish of Omeme and Emily for the year ending Easter, 1900, was \$1,860.00, and we are glad to learn there is a cash balance on hand at each church.

Letters have been received from McKenzie River dated as late as Feb. 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were rejoicing in a little daughter, born January 25th, and hoping that more workers would come into that far north land this summer. Mr. Stanley Soanes writes from Fort Simpson, where he was very happy, and able to treat a couple of miners who were there for a time to some ginger-snaps, biscuits, honey, candies and other luxuries, which were much appreciated. He sent his photograph with dog team drawing wood, with scrub in the background, which gives one a good idea of some of the ways of the country. He tells of getting the parish paper all right and of news found in it.

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