



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

## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

# Parish and Home.

No. 96.

OCTOBER, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

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

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. R. MCNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

*Lay Delegates.*

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

*Sidesmen.*

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	J. E. BILLINGSLEY
J. H. SOOTHERAN,	J. A. PADDON,	R. PLAYFAIR,
G. H. M. BAKER,	M. H. Sisson,	E. C. ARMSTRONG,
L. KNIGHT,	J. M. KNOWLSON,	THOS. J. MURTAGH

*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.

Sixteen were present at the September meeting of the Young Men's Association, and three new members were added. What a splendid field there is for work among young men to the devoted soldier of the cross

### PARISH REGISTER

#### Baptisms.

POGUE.—Violet Pearl, daughter of William and Charlotte Pogue, born 4th Sept., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th Sept., 1899.

KEAST.—Alonzo, son of John and Mary Keast, born 7th July, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th Sept., 1899

MAUNDER.—John David, son of John Thomas and Mary Ann Maunder, born 19th Oct., 1897, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th Sept., 1899

ELLSWORTH.—Olive May, daughter of George and Olive Ellsworth, born 7th Aug., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th Sept., 1899.

MILLER.—Laura Ellen, daughter of Isaac and Ellen Miller, born 9th June, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th Sept., 1899.

SNELLING.—Howard Arthur, son of Ernest and Miriam Grace Snelling, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 27th Aug., 1899.

BEGGS.—William Charles, son of Robert J. and Mary E. Beggs, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, Aug. 27th, 1899.

BEGGS.—Hilliard Osborne, son of Robert J. and Mary E. Beggs, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, Aug. 27th, 1899.

NAYLOR.—Lauretta May, daughter of John Thomas and Martha Naylor, born 25th Oct., 1898, baptized in St. George's church, Cameron, 27th Aug., 1899.

#### Burials.

ARMSTRONG.—At Riverside cemetery, on 18th Sept., 1899, Emily Anne, wife of J. C. Armstrong, in her 40th year; and Charlotte Ann Armstrong, in her 21st year.

## CHURCH NOTES.

Miss Petron Adam has gone to Toronto to school, and so another seat is vacant in St. Paul's.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Franks and family to Lindsay and to find them such regular worshippers at St. Paul's church.

Miss Veitch, who has been for two years at Hay River, has returned, and reports a large field for work in that far north land.

"Face the truth whatever it may be; side with the truth whatever it may involve; follow the truth wherever it may lead."

Mr. F. Paddon, of the Bank of Montreal, has been removed to Cornwall. We wish him every success and blessing in his new home.

Let every churchman ask himself, "What am I doing to help forward the cause of Christ?" for it is written "He that is not with me is against me."

Some forty-two thousand copies of Mr. Walter Walsh's "Secret History of the Oxford Movement," have been published. We would advise churchmen to read the book.

We are sorry to lose Mr. R. Humphreys, who has been for some years secretary-treasurer of the Sunday school, but hope his absence in Toronto will not be permanent.

We are sure many sympathize deeply with Mr. I. C. Armstrong in his sad loss of both wife and sister by asphyxiation in Toronto. Mrs. Armstrong was for some years a teacher in St. Paul's Sunday school.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services on Oct. 1st were largely attended, the church was beautifully trimmed; the music and singing had been very carefully prepared, and we trust a deeper spirit of thankfulness to God for his many mercies in the hearts of the worshippers will be the result.

We are pleased to learn that the Sunday school and church services at Burnt River are being carried on with most encouraging results, notwithstanding the departure of Mr. R. Maconachie to England. We congratulate the Rev. E. Soward, Mr. Rowland Maconachie and all the workers, and trust God will abundantly bless their labors.

On Sunday, Sept. 10th, the Right Rev. Dr. Bond, bishop of Montreal, celebrated his 84th birthday by preaching twice at Grenville, Que. He also ordained a Mr. Foulkes to the diaconate at the morning service, and confirmed 16 candidates in the evening. Holy communion was administered both morning and evening and about a hundred persons gathered around the table of the Lord. What a beautiful way to be permitted to spend the evening of life. We trust his lordship may be spared for some years yet.

Nov. 10th is the day appointed for the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance to meet in Toronto. His Honor Judge Dean and Sheriff McLennan are the delegates appointed from the Lindsay Branch, but any other members being in the city are authorized to attend. We hope many will join our local branch, the fee is only 50c, a year, and much help is needed to preserve our day of rest from the encroachments of avaricious corporations. Mr. Lowe, at the Victoria Loan Co's office, or Mr. Stephens, of the Collegiate Institute, will gladly receive the names of new members, either men or women.

St. Mary's church, Manvers, has lately been much improved by a new coat of paint on the outside.

The Rev. Mr. Southam, well known to many in Lindsay, is now working near Hong Kong, China.

In your prayers and planing remember anniversary Sunday, Nov. 26th, so that we may still farther reduce our church debt.

Mr. George Beall, jr., is missed from St. Paul's church and the Young Men's Association, but we wish him every success in Toronto.

Mr. Sidney Soares has gone to St. Mary's, Pennsylvania. We are sorry to lose our young men to the United States, as we have so much land of our own still to take possession of.

We are sorry to lose Miss Kate Downey and Miss Alberta King from St. Paul's church, they having gone to Detroit, but we hope they may return in the spring.

The Government census in India showed the native population to have increased in the decade nine per cent., but the Christian population between 20 and 30 per cent.

We were pleased to see Mr. John L. Dunsford back in Lindsay after eight years' absence, looking hale and well. He was at one time a member of St. Paul's choir.

Among the new comers to Lindsay we are glad to welcome Mr. C. P. Muckle, of the Collegiate Institute staff, and C. Noyce, A. Kennedy, H. Hartman and P. Lamb, of the students, to St. Paul's church.

St. Paul's church congregation is asked to give \$48.51 to the October collection for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, which is very much in need of offerings. We are told "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

There have been only three Rural Deans of Durham and Victoria since these counties were set apart as a deanery. The Rev. T. W. Allen, B.A., now archdeacon of Peterboro, who occupied the position for 26 years; the Rev. John Creighton, B.D., of Cartwright, from 1891 to 1895, and the Rev. W. C. Allen, M.A., from 1895 to 1899. Excellent work has been done by all three of these men, and the Rector of Lindsay, who has been elected by his brethren, and (as soon as appointed thereunto by the bishop) will enter upon the duties of the office, asks for the earnest prayers and hearty co-operation of both clergy and laity that he may fulfil the duties to the glory of God and the extension of his kingdom.

There was a fair attendance at the meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria at Millbrook on Sept. 21st and 22nd. The Rev. W. C. Allen, M.A., occupied the chair. Missionary exchanges and meetings were arranged for. An instructive paper on a portion of Liddons' Bampton Lectures was given by Canon Farncomb, of Newcastle. The matter of giving religious privileges to the feeble minded in the asylum at Orillia was considered and left over for fuller information and discussion at the Archidiaconal Conference to be held at Peterboro in November. Some time was spent in the study of a portion of the Greek Testament. The Rev. C. H. Marsh was elected Rural Dean in succession to the Rev. W. C. Allen, who has held the position for the last four years. The Rev. R. Seaborn, of Bowmanville preached a helpful sermon at the evening service, while the Ven. Archdeacon Allen officiated at the Holy Communion on the 22nd.

# Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 11

## CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

- 1—18th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jeremiah xxxvi.; Ephesians ii. *Evening*—Ezek. ii., or xiii. to 17; Luke v. to 17.  
 8—19th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. xiv.; Philipians ii. *Evening*—Ezek. xviii., or xxiv. 15; Luke vi. 1 to 26.  
 15—20th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. xxiv.; Colos. iii. 18 and iv. *Evening*—Ezek. xxvii. or Dan. i.; Luke xii. to 35.  
 18—St. Luke, Evangelist. *Morning*—Isaiah lv.; 1 Thess. iii. *Evening*—Eccles. xxxviii. to 15; Luke xiii. 18.  
 22—21st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Dan. iii.; 2 Thess. ii. *Evening*—Dan. iw or v.; Luke xvi.  
 28—St. Simon and St. Jude, A. & M. *Morning*—Isaiah xxviii. 9 to 17; 1 Tim. v. *Evening*—Jer. iii. 12 to 19; Luke xix. 28.  
 29—22nd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Dan. vi. 1 Tim. vi. *Evening*—Dan. vii. 9, or xii.; Luke xx. to 27.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Last night I lay a-sleeping,  
 There came a dream so fair:  
 I stood in old Jerusalem  
 Beside the Temple there;  
 I heard the children singing,  
 And ever as they sang,  
 Methought the voice of angels  
 From Heaven in answer rang—  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
 Lift up your gates and sing  
 Hosanna in the highest.  
 Hosanna to your King.

And then methought my dream was changed.

The streets no longer rang.  
 Hushed were the loud Hosannas  
 The little children sang;  
 The sun grew dark with mystery,  
 The moon was cold and chill,  
 As the shadow of a cross arose  
 Upon a lonely hill.  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
 Hark how the angels sing,  
 Hosanna in the highest.  
 Hosanna to your King.

And once again the scene was changed,  
 New earth there seemed to be;

I saw the holy city  
 Beside the tideless sea.  
 The light of God was on its streets,  
 The gates were opened wide;  
 And all who would might enter,  
 And no one was denied.  
 No need of moon or stars by night,  
 No sun to shine by day:  
 It was the new Jerusalem,  
 That would not pass away.  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
 Sing, for the night is o'er,  
 Hosanna in the highest,  
 Hosanna evermore.

—Selected.

By the first of October all the activities of parish work should be in full swing.

We hope all our readers are preparing to take their part in helping along God's cause. So many are pressed with their own duties, or have such a round of social and other engagements that they think they have no time for anything higher. While we should do our own home work faithfully and well, as in God's sight, yet we all can find some time to help along our church's work, and in looking after the poor or needy, or helping some discouraged one, or visiting the sick or otherwise doing the Master's work, we will find we were doing it to Christ Himself.

\* \* \*

ONE often hears a mother say, "I would sooner do it myself than have the bother of making John or Mary do it." But is that fair to the child, much less to the mother? Has a mother or a father the right to save herself or himself the bother of making a child obedient, of making a child industrious, of saving a child from the misfortune of being self-willed? It is in the home often that the child learns to be a law to himself, and so in later life to disregard the advice of those older and more experienced than himself, and so become a prey to his own folly—rather, we should say, to the unkindness of his parents.

\* \* \*

HE who made the soul made the body also. If the spirit is immortal there is also to be a resurrection of the body. He who loves our souls loves our bodies also. It is necessary for us to take care of the body as it is of the soul. Recognizing this, our school authorities have established hygiene as one of the subjects of study, but how many are there who make the hygiene they learn at school practical by being guided by the conclusions of eminent specialists who have studied the subject for years? How many parents attend to the ventilation of sleeping rooms, insist on proper times for eating, and

proper, systematic exercise? Were this more attended to there would be less consumption in our country.

\* \* \*

ZEAL in promoting the spiritual does not excuse from observing natural law. He who breaks natural law in doing church or philanthropic work must suffer just as much as the one who breaks those laws to the same extent in advancing selfish interests. A man may break down from overwork in the religious sphere just as easily as from overwork in the mental or physical. In fact, the labour of the truly pious person, who has the burden of souls on his or her heart, is more wearing than any other. The young man who incessantly keeps late hours or exposes himself to all kinds of inclement weather in visiting the sick or pleading with the impenitent will have to pay for it in body just as much as the one who does not take care of himself but goes out to places of amusement and with wicked companions. In this, as in all other cases, "the end does not justify the means."

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OF course, the approval of the spirit which leads a man to overwork for a good cause is just equal to the condemnation of the self-indulgent spirit which leads others to wear out their bodies to gratify their own pleasures and desires, but the result is the same in both cases. Some people are by temperament always bound to work and need wise guidance or restraint. Such, for example, was Henry Martyn, whose body was not miraculously strengthened because of the righteousness and grandeur of the work in which he was engaged. But whether it be noble work or selfish pleasure the body will assert its right to be cared for.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Welldon, the new Bishop of Calcutta, in his parting charge before leaving for India, said:

"We must be ready and proud to serve our Lord if duty calls, abroad no less than at home. We must disdain to show that poorest of poor spirits which would treat good wishes or benedictions, or even prayers, as substitutes for personal action. We must decline to use that meanest of mean sayings, 'Here am I: send—somebody else.' For the work of a world-wide evangelization is the grandest and the noblest among men. No Church is a *living* Church unless it be a missionary Church. Error or indifference may be silent, but truth must speak. If we believe in our hearts that Jesus is the Saviour of mankind, how can we help desiring above all things that mankind should know Him as their Saviour?"

Would that the spirit breathed in these words animated the hearts of all the readers of PARISH AND HOME!

Our Church should be a living, growing, unselfish, missionary Church. Let us pray earnestly that the great Lord of the harvest will thrust forth more labourers out among the teeming millions of India, China and other lands, and let us be willing to go wherever He calls us.

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### CONSCIENCE.

"This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead."—Matt. xiv. 2.

I This is the language of an ignorant man. Herod was a ruler, the ruler of Galilee. He could gather facts, search records, draw conclusions. What shameful ignorance, what a disordered mind! "Woe to the land whose prince is a child."

II. This is the language of a guilty man. The fame of Jesus Christ disturbed him less as a king than as a man. It did not touch his crown as much as his conscience. The murdered prophet haunted him with all the power of a living presence.

It brought on that compulsion to think which we call conscience.

Look at Cain, Belshazzar, and Felix!

III. This is the language of an inconsistent man. Herod did not believe in angel or spirit or immortality; yet one blast from this sup-

pressed compulsion blows a false creed to fliters.

IV. This is the language of a coward.

"He feared John," Mark vi. 20.

"He feared the multitude," Matt. xiv. 5.

Why? Because he did the wrong. John did not fear him, because he did the right.

John is the master. Herod is the slave.

"Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just."

Lessons:

(1) Man has a conscience, given by God, for God, for time and eternity.

(2) An awakened conscience is the greatest terror. False creeds melt away like snow before the sun.

(3) Conviction of conscience is not conversion of soul.

(4) A sanctified conscience is the richest joy.

H. T. MILLER.

### HOLDING UP THE PASTOR'S HANDS.

The Israel of to-day is very like the Israel of olden time, and though Amalek and his hosts are not visible to the natural eye, they are none the less to be feared or taken into account in our preparations for the warfare of life. May God then impress upon our hearts as never before the necessity of holding up the hands of those who are appointed the leaders of God's people, that so victory over Satan and sin may indeed be ours.

What can we do to help our pastor?

I think a threefold answer is our best reply to this question:

We can encourage him.

Work with him.

Pray for him.

First let us encourage him by showing our loving appreciation and sympathy, and it is not unadvisedly that I say first, I believe that it is here that we fail so often. Satan laughs when he can discourage a Christian worker. Are we not sometimes unwittingly doing Satan's work? I know an eminent housewife whose success she attributes entirely to her husband's appreciation of her first efforts. Are we not much too prone to criticise and

find fault with our pastor. Let us tell him when his words have been a help to us, and thus give fresh heart for his work. If his sermons are sometimes dry and uninteresting, and delivered in a cold, lifeless manner, you and I are probably much more to blame in the matter than we have any idea of.

II. We can give him our practical help in his work.

Either as teachers in the Sunday school or as attentive members of the same. In the Young People's Society, in the choir, even in our behaviour at church, or in our home life, as active, consistent Christians, we can do much to assist him in the work dear to his heart. Let us not be content till we are giving him our help in every possible way.

III. Thirdly, we can pray for him. Many of us feel our inability for different forms of Church work, but none of us are too weak or feeble for prayer. Whether your pastor is a man after God's own heart or otherwise, in no other way can you better help him.

We can pray for him and we must pray for him if he is to do his best work. Let us have a definite time each week, and each day if possible, for prayer that God will uphold and guide and strengthen him with the Holy Spirit.

Thus can we best help our pastor in the fight with Satan and sin, and in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

M.E.M.

### THE BREEZE.

How delightful is the breeze. All our senses are regaled at once by the breeze; hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, are at the same time gratified. How it whis-pers among the sedge and rushes; how it rustles among the dry leaves; how it swells on the ear from the tall trees, now loud, now low. How it bends the high grass and waves the ripe corn. How it sends the salt spray to your cheek as you lean over the rock; how it fills the sail of the fisher boat coming in from the night of toil; how it flutters the signal on the hill to tell of loved ones coming home. How pure is the breeze, coming fresh from the ocean or land. How welcome to the mariner far from home, with



the spicy breezes blowing soft from Ceylon's Isle. How gently it fans the face, how soft the touch, how cooling to the fevered brow. The breeze is a viewless dispenser of pleasure, an invisible physician. "He bringeth the wind out of his treasures."

"I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden—that the spices may flow out."

H. T. MILLER.

### ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.

Summer tourists passing through Kingston on their St. Lawrence trip are attracted, during the short stay of the boat at this port, to the corner of King and Johnston streets. It has been through the summer and still is a very busy corner. Here a small army of work-

men are engaged in rebuilding the cathedral that suffered such great damage by fire in the beginning of the year.

New Year's morning in Kingston was ushered in by an alarm at five o'clock which warned the citizens that the historic and beautiful St. George's Cathedral was being destroyed by fire. At ten minutes to four Sexton Bowen had looked after the furnaces, leaving the edifice at 4.20. Before five he was awakened and informed that the cathedral was being consumed. An explosion of gas in one side of the furnace was regarded as the cause of the conflagration. With the thermometer registering twelve degrees below zero, firemen, policemen, soldiers and citizens battled with the flames, but all to no purpose, the wind being cutting and carrying the blaze to all parts of the edifice. The fire burned itself out, and nothing remained of the cathedral but the

walls and pillars. Nothing was saved but the church records and some vestments, which were secured by Ven. Dean and Mrs. Smith. The building and furnishing, including the organ, were insured for \$25,900, distributed in four companies, being reduced from \$30,000 a few years ago. The loss on the cathedral and contents was estimated at \$50,000, and the finance committee carry a bonded debt amounting to \$31,000. In the cathedral were many memorable tablets, crests, crosses, windows, etc., erected by imperial officers and others, which cannot be replaced. The cathedral was the mother church of this city. It was first built in 1792 on the site where the *British Whig* printing office now stands. In 1825 the main portion of the present structure was built at the corner of King and Johnston streets, a block west of the old site, and £14,000 was spent in its construction. A grant was made by the Imperial Government, through the appeal by Sir Peregrine Maitland, the governor of the province. In 1840 the edifice was remodelled, and again in 1893. In a vault under the main aisle lie the remains of Lord Sydenham and other officers stationed here years ago. The colours of the old 100th Regiment were among the articles destroyed. In our present issue we give a picture of the building before the fire. In the reconstruction it is intended to greatly improve the cathedral, making it grander, if possible, and better in every way than it was before.

### THE WISDOM OF THE WISE DESTROYED.

Many of the sneers and criticisms of which professing Christians are the object, only too frequently have more than a slight foundation. Yet to the critics and scoffers the question may well be asked, "Who art thou that judgest another?" For if these are turned against the Church of Christ by the inconsistencies of her members, "woe to that man by whom the offence cometh," but likewise, "woe to the world because of offences." That those who bear



St. George's Cathedral, Kingston.

the name of Christ are stumbling blocks and bring condemnation upon themselves therefor, is no excuse to him who stumbles. For did he honestly look into the record which God gave of His Son, he would find that these very stumbling-blocks would be transformed into testimonies to the truth of God's revelation. If he only knew it, God has destroyed already all his wise deductions from the failings and weakness, in outward appearance, of the Church. Should this wise man of the world read but a few verses from God's Word and the recorded sayings of the Son of God, he would see, in the very things he criticizes, the fulfilment of that Word, and, therefore, his adverse conclusion would utterly fail of any weight.

Our wise man of this world, for example, may be heard to say:

"Look at these Christians," referring to some particular individuals or body of people, "they are as bad or worse than numbers who profess no religion. They are always doing things that even respectable people would not do. They are untruthful and dishonest. With all their profession of being so pious, they take no more interest in advancing morality in their own families or in the world at large than the infidel and the heathen. That settles me as to being a Christian." Very logical that sounds, yet what did the Founder of Christianity say to His first little band of disciples, and in regard to His own followers, by profession at least, in later times: "Iniquity shall abound," yes, among members of the Church, and "Because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold." (Matt. xxiv. 12.) At the very foundation of Christianity its great head knew and declared that the above criticism would be only too true in regard to "many," so that it proves nothing except the truth of the words of Him who said at the same time:

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved," and also at the same time: "Take heed that no man deceive you."

Again our wise man says: "Your preachers can't agree among themselves, and if any take up a new fad, however absurd, he can always

draw a following. What is the use of joining a body, some of whose leaders are disputing obstinately of what should be its fundamental teaching, and numbers of others cannot be depended upon to resist the first plausible exponent of some new theory who may come along?" Having said which, self-satisfaction again beams on his countenance. My dear worldly-wise man, you are, indeed, a preacher. You declare to us again the literal fulfilment of the word of the Lord. He said to His disciples, still speaking of His own followers:

"Many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many," (Matt. 24: 11.)

He knew, at the outset, that there would not be simply "differences of opinion," but actually false teachers, professing to be the ambassadors of God. He also knew that, not only would "fads" draw people aside, but that actual false teaching would "deceive many."

Again, "Take heed that no man deceive you. . . . He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

"Yes, but worse even than that," says the wise man, "look at the history of the Christian Church. See how Christians have persecuted each other. Romanist has burnt Protestant at the stake, and Protestant has burnt Romanist. Is it the religion of persecution you would have me accept? The tales of these doings in the name of Christianity fill me with horror."

And think you such tales do not have the same effect on your Christian acquaintances to-day? Listen once more to the word our Master spoke.

"Then shall many be offended and shall betray one another and shall hate one another," (Matt. 24: 10.) "The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service," (Jno. 16: 2.)

Literally true this became. Ah! there is a wisdom, a divine depth to the great scheme to the world's redemption that you have not begun to realize. The Great Redeemer foresaw all the conditions you have been observing. He looked with far, far greater disapproval at them than you or any other man can experience. Yet

He knew that a multitude whom no man could number would stand around His throne at the last. He does not excuse those who do not continue faithful. He says, "he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

He does not say the deceiver or deceived are in the way of life and safety. He says, "Take heed that no man deceive you." He knew what was in man and He knew the necessity of warning even a Peter, who concerned himself too much as to the affairs of a fellow apostle, "what is that to thee, follow thou me." You, O wise man, are a stumbling block to others, likewise. Do not forget that. And "woe to that man," which may be yourself, "by whom the offence cometh."

What need of the Blessed One's warning to the wisest of His true followers: "Take heed that no man deceive you."

What a word of encouragement to the weakest of His servants—yes, encouragement strengthened even by the fulfilment of the sad prophecies just dealt with—"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

R. A. ROBINSON.

#### OBEDIENCE—NOT HYPOCRISY.

By HARRIET ELLIOT in *Parish Visitor*.

"I don't pretend to be any better than I am. I suppose if I were good like Mary, I should love to read the Bible; but I don't love it, and I won't be a hypocrite."

The speaker was an impetuous girl of sixteen, whom nobody would accuse of being a hypocrite, but like many conscientious people she believed that reading the Bible or performing outward acts of devotion without the spirit must be hypocrisy.

Now this is a great mistake, for God does not anywhere tell us that we are not to read His word until we have attained a certain degree of spirituality, but He has ordained the use of means by which we may expect to grow in grace, and foremost among them are daily Bible reading and prayer, which we must not omit, even though they seem but an empty form or an irksome task. The promise is sure: "My word shall not return unto Me void" (Isa. lv. 11).

The Scriptures are given "For instruction in righteousness" (II. Tim. iii. 16). "They testify of Jesus" (John v. 39). "They make wise unto Salvation." (II. Tim. iii. 15).

The Bereans were commended, because they searched the Scriptures "To see whether those things were so" (Acts xvii. 11). They were in doubt as to the truth, but, through reading, their doubts were dispelled.

The only way in which anyone can learn to love the Bible is by reading it, and thousands of God's children can bear testimony to the wonderful fascination which this unique volume possesses for those who read it in a spirit of humility.

If we were more anxious to please God we should think less about the opinions of others. The fear of being charged with hypocrisy has driven many a one from the path of duty.

#### "WILLING TO BEAR THE BLAME."

A man lay upon his dying bed. He was unsaved, and anxious about his future. A servant of the Lord who came to talk with him, endeavored—not without difficulty, as he was nearly deaf—to make him understand the glad message of the Saviour's love, quoting to him the passage, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." He sought to show him that Christ hath borne our sins in His own body on the tree, and that by His stripes we are healed.

The sick man listened with attention, and at last caught the idea that Christ had died for our sins. "He was willing to bear the blame," said the sick man; and so he embraced the glad tidings of great joy, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
While hanging on th' accused tree;  
And knows her guilt was there."

What comfort there is in these

words to the souls who, burdened beneath a load of sin, know not how to lift up their eyes to a holy God!

#### HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE FOR PERSONAL, SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

(1) Break up the subject to be studied into convenient or suitable daily subdivisions. In this way there will be some definite thing to take up each day, and valuable time will not be lost casting about to find out where to begin. If we are to really search the Scriptures, we must have things in mind for which we will search.

(2) Be alone, if possible, while engaged in such devotional study. This will often be difficult, but it is well worth the effort. We need to be where we can speak aloud to God. It is said that David Brainerd, in order to be alone for meditation upon the Word, was in the habit of committing to memory passages of Scripture, and then walking alone in the streets of New Haven, or in the neighbouring fields, revolving these passages in his mind, applying them to his life, and conversing with God.

(3) Keep in mind constantly the object of this kind of Bible study. It is to meet my spiritual need, not that of another. It is to enrich my life. It is to lift my ideals. It is to enable me to meet God and to hear His voice, to me, personally. We do well to remind ourselves of this object many times during our study.

(4) Let there be resolute detachment of mind. Let us keep our thoughts from the thing which we have just been doing and from the thing which we mean to do next, and shut ourselves in alone with God and His Word. This is all the more important if our time be limited. If we have but half an hour to devote to such study each morning, we do not wish to spend half of it getting the mind fixed upon the subject.

(5) Do not be diverted from the main purpose of the study. This

is the peril of most students. We come to something which, as Peter says, is hard to be understood, and are apt to think that that difficulty must be removed before we can go further in our devotional study. Not so. Let us keep a paper on which we can note any difficulty that we come to, and at some subsequent time, as true scholars, let us seek to understand it. But let us not be cheated out of our daily spiritual food by mere intellectual curiosity, important as that is in its proper place.

(6) Be thorough. We have far too much surface study of the Bible. Gold dust is often found on the surface, but as a rule we have to dig for the nuggets. We need to sink a shaft in the Scriptures in order to get at the deep things of God.

(7) Meditate. Jeremiah best defines this process: "Thy words were found and I did eat them,"—that is, I take these words into my mind, I store them in my memory, I revolve them over and over again, I let them touch the springs of conscience, I let them find me, I let the will act upon them and apply them, I give them right of way in my life, I make them part of myself, I realize in actual experience that the words of Christ "are spirit and are life."

(8) Record results. If you put down one point each day, you will gain over three hundred points within the year. Most of us keep a financial record. All of us are in the habit of taking notes on what we hear men say. Is it not worth while to keep a careful record of God's dealings with us? It is my practice to carry slips of paper in my Bible constantly, on which to note such points. I would rather part with the notes taken when listening to the most distinguished lecturers I have ever heard, than with these little papers which contain the record of my own soul struggles, and of God's personal dealings with me.—(From an Address by Mr. John R. Mott, Travelling Secretary of the University of Christian Associations.)



## DIFFICULT TEXT SERIES.

## THE SLEEP OF GOD'S BELOVED.

By the Rev. W. J. ARMITAGE, St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N.S.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

This is one of the most beautiful texts in the Bible. It attracts the mind through the sentiment which it enshrines. It falls like sweet music on our ears and soothes us by the very rhythm of the words. It is a thought of comfort which might well be whispered in dying ears as the storm of life sinks into peaceful calm. "For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

The poets have often taken this subject as a theme and have wound around it some of the sweetest gems of poetry. So Elizabeth Barrett Browning sings:

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

But, familiar as the text is, its true meaning is often misunderstood. Few texts have been interpreted in so many different ways.

It has been taken to mean Natural Sleep.

And this, indeed, is one of God's best gifts. It is one of the strongest and most imperious of the appetites of our physical being. It is periodic and follows a term of waking activity, passing from agreeable repose into unconsciousness. Sleep is absolutely necessary to health and strength. Its demands may be resisted and fought against, but it will have its own revenge. The case is recorded of the captain of a warship engaged in the attack upon Rangoon who kept awake for hours by sheer force of will, but who in the height of the action fell asleep beside one of the largest guns of his ship although the gun was in constant use. So Napoleon slept during the fierce roar of cannon at the battle of Leipsig. But too often resistance leads to sleeplessness, and Nature's sweet restorer forsakes the tired eyelids.

Insomnia becomes one of the most distressing conditions of ill-health. It was with reason the

French financier cried, as he looked over the quotations of the market, "Alas! Why is there no sleep to be sold?" It is a frequent cause of physical wreck, and often leads to insanity. The fathers of the hideous Inquisition saw that to keep a man awake was the refinement of torture, and used it on their victims with awful effect.

But natural sleep is a gift of God to all alike. It comes to the just and to the unjust. It is not peculiar to God's beloved.

Some men can sleep at will, as did Napoleon in battle, as did Alexander the Great, who had to be awakened to begin the battle with Darius; as did Cato before his act of self-destruction. This is not the gift of which the psalmist sings.

The text is interpreted to mean the sleep of a quiet conscience, a possession which stands on high authority as being above all earthly dignities. It is that state of heart and mind which is voiced in the prayer:

"That with the world, myself and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

The apostle Peter slept peacefully in prison between two soldiers bound with two chains.

But this is not the sleep of God's beloved, for the greatest criminals who had not God in all their thoughts have slept like innocent children on the very eve of execution.

The text is taken to mean a peaceful death, as when it is said of Duncan, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." This meaning seems natural enough, and, while not the teaching of the passage, is true. We all at some time look upon death as a sleep where "beyond these voices there is peace." So Jesus said to His disciples "our friend Lazarus sleepeth," and Christians have applied to the last resting place of their dead the expressive term "cemetery," or sleeping place. It gives death a new meaning when it is robbed of all its terrors, and made the natural rest after the duties of life. For sleep is necessary and natural and refreshing, a type of the calm repose of souls in Christ their Lord.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep."

The true meaning of the text is brought out in Luther's German Bible and in the marginal reading of the Revised Version. "For so He giveth unto His beloved in sleep." This is clear from the context, which declares that it is vain to rise up early and late, take rest and eat the bread of toil, for the gifts of God are made while we are sleeping.

The lessons of the text are then easily read. We are taught the truth of God's providential care which finds its best illustration in the "manna" graciously provided in the wilderness journey. They found God's merciful provision of daily bread every morning around the whole camp. While they slept, God's loving care was seen in the gift of food in abundance and suited to their needs. And behind this lies another lesson, for the manna is a type of Christ's gospel which is free to all, the gift of grace, provided by God Himself in the wilderness of life and needed by all alike for the life of the soul.

The Christian who is "accepted in the Beloved" stands in a peculiar relation to God. He is "in Christ," and in Him partakes of the riches of a Father's love. In the gift of Christ all else is included, for "how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things?"

The text also bears upon its face the lesson that there is One Who Exercises Divine Forethought. His care over us never ceases. His provision for our needs is constant and complete. There is One Who is our Divine Guardian "An eye that never sleeps beneath the wing of night," but watches above us, and in watching gives to His beloved in sleep.

When asked why he favored the spread of Christianity, a Japanese statesman replied: "The Christian subjects of Japan are conspicuous for orderly conduct and faithful discharge of obligation.

Sixty years ago the Government of India forbade its officials to employ native Christians in the public service. Brahmins and Moslems were preferred. This year a Bengal Christian, a pupil of Dr. Duff, was appointed chief justice at Raepore, in Central India.



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**TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.**

For our dear ones safe on the other side,  
We give Thee praise, O Lord!  
Though our hearts are sore for prayers denied,

And our songs have a broken chord,  
Never the stain of shame or sin,  
Never the blight of pain,  
Shall come to the blest who have entered in  
Where only love doth reign.

Entered in to the hall of the feast,  
Through the gates of jasper clear,  
Where the dear Lord's hand shall lead the least,

And Himself shall to all be near,  
Entered in, where the deathless life  
Into every soul is poured,  
Entered, where never toil or strife  
Is seen in the light of the Lord.

Some, whom we lost in the long ago,  
Are waiting to greet us there;  
Forgotten the burden of mortal woe,  
Untasted the earth's despair.  
Oh, well, when we kneel at the Master's feet,

May we thank his tender love,  
That saved the bitter and gave the sweet  
In the cup they quaff above.

But thanks and praise for the dear ones gone

To dwell in the peace of God,  
No longer weary, or spent or lone,  
No longer under the rod;  
Learning and growing day by day  
Where they count not life by days,  
Treading forever the upward way—  
For these let us offer praise.

Swiftly and surely the hour will come  
When, dropping the load of care,  
We, too, shall wing to the better home,  
And be found of the loved ones there.  
For the family life and the family love  
Are safe in the Father's thought;  
And one and all, to the house above,  
Shall His ransomed at last be brought.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Advocate and Gleaner*.

**"A LIVING EPISTLE."**

(By Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.)

Some years ago I took part in the Dublin mission, and was entrusted with Christ Church, Leeson Park. The Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken was missionary at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

One morning I received a letter thanking me for a sermon I had preached on the day preceding. The writer said she had heard Mr. Aitken, who led her to believe more firmly in the historic reality of the Incarnation; but "You have led me a step further. You preached on the text: No man can call Jesus the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. I now believe, not only in the historic fact of the Incarnation, but I believe in Jesus as my personal Saviour."

After morning service who should come into the vestry at Christ Church but Mr. Aitken. He said: "Pigou, I have come to tell you something you will rejoice to hear."

"Let me tell you first," I said, "how you have been helping a soul to a belief in Christ, which was a step toward a full acceptance of Him."

Mr. Aitken then told me that he had an interview with a lady of rank and wealth, who had long professed agnosticism, the affected excuse for a worldly life. He was led to ask her when she first began to think seriously. Could she recall the time or occasion when any saving impression was made upon her?

Her story was this: She was one of a large "house party" that had met for some local races. Something satiated with two days' racing, it was proposed that instead of going to the races on the third day they should take a walk into the neighbouring town.

As they approached it they saw placards announcing a "Ten days' mission." They heard a bell ringing. Accosting a boy, they asked him why the bell was ringing.

The lad explained, as best he could, that a mission was being held, and directed them to the church where it was taking place.

"Let us go in," they said, "for a lark."

Mr. Aitken had no recollection of the subject of his sermon; but, under God, it so arrested the attention of one of the party that, on his return home, instead of quenching the Spirit, he at once acted on the "godly motions." He said to himself, and, with new-born courage, said to his friend:

"It has come home to me to-day that the life I am living is not worthy of the Redeemer. It is worthless as it is. It is made for, and capable of, better things."

He then and there "renounced the world," and shortly after offered himself for the "work of an evangelist" in India.

Now it was the reality of her friend's convictions, and the practical form which they immediately took, which so deeply and abidingly impressed her. She was not the least impressed by anything she heard. She was not even interested in the sermon which was being blessed to her companion, but the evident decision for Christ, the consecration of the life to His service, powerfully impressed her.

This impression she did not put away, nor endeavour to get rid of. It clave to her memory. In God's good time, by and under Mr. Aitken's ministry, it prepared her, as a ploughshare running through furrow, for yet fuller and more personal conviction. It inclined her to a more favourable attitude of mind towards the reception of that message which, under God, was blessed to her own conversion.—*Sunday Companion*.

**SUNDAY REST.**

Some years ago a merchant at a public meeting in London, when speaking on the question of Sunday rest, made the following interesting statement:

I knew a man once who honoured the Sabbath day. He was the manager of large works for a Government contractor, and had to pay some hundreds of men on a Saturday night. I think it was at a time when some temporary works were required in haste—I was but a child then—his employer told him he must work on the Sunday and have his men in the yard.

"Sir," replied he, "I will work

for you till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, but I cannot work on the Sabbath. I have a higher Master to serve."

"George," said the employer, "my back is not so broad as yours, but I will bear the blame."

His foreman told him, "There is a day coming when each must give an account for himself"; and firmly but respectfully he declined to work on the Lord's day.

Yet that man had a wife and six children; had he lost his situation he had nothing but his character and his skill as a workman to sustain him. You would say, "Oh yes, he had far more; he had the blessing of the God of the Sabbath."

The Sabbath morning came. The men assembled and went to work under other orders than those they were accustomed to receive. This good man assembled his family; the Scriptures were read; prayer was offered; the frugal meal was despatched; and then father and mother and the six children left the yard (for they lived in the premises) in the sight of the assembled workmen, and walked quietly to the house of God.

I thank God that that working-man was my father.

The situation was not lost; the God-fearing workman was all the more honoured and trusted because of his religious consistency. He lived to close the eyes of his employer when the friends of more prosperous times had nearly all forsaken him.

My friends, whatever of prosperity has been vouchsafed to my brothers and myself I unhesitatingly attribute, under God, to that honoured father's instruction and example, who would not break the commandment to "Keep holy the Sabbath day."—*Selected.*

#### OUT IN GOD'S FRESH AIR.

A distinguished physician once said: "However bad the air may be out of doors, it is always worse in the house." Fresh air is a wonderful remedy for bad temper. At least, such was the opinion of the little girl in the following incident: "Where have you been, Fanny?"

asked Mrs. Gessler of her daughter, as the latter entered the house with rosy cheeks and sweet, smiling eyes.

"I've been to lose my temper," was the laughing reply.

"Lose your temper? How? Why, I do not understand," Mrs. Gessler said, slightly mystified.

"That is," corrected Fanny, "I've been to lose my bad temper and find my good one. You see, mamma, I stayed in the house all day, and grew fretty and cross with Tommy. I wouldn't take my walk with nurse and Tommy this morning, as you like me to do, because I wanted to finish my story. Then this afternoon I was cross and fretful. So nurse told me to take a few runs around the garden in the fresh air and lose my bad temper, and I have."

"It's a very good cure," said Mrs. Gessler, with a laugh. "It's one that older folks could make use of. I think I shall have to call it Fanny's remedy, and use it myself, when I grow cross."

"Ah, but you never do grow cross, mamma," Fanny said, lovingly.

"I never mean to, it is true; but I, too, shall find it good to get out into God's air, to breathe in a free, fresh supply of strength and patience and love and hope."—*Selected.*

#### THE CHANGE.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour

Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,

What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower

We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.

We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong.

Or others, that we are not *always* strong,  
That we are *ever* overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled—when with us is prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

—*Trench.*

#### ENGLAND'S SUNDAY.

FRANK BUCKLAND, THE DISTINGUISHED NATURALIST.

"I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening—fourteen hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill wheel ceases to pater the water, the mill head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current, which leads to things above."

ADAM SMITH.

"The Sabbath as a political institution is of inestimable value, independently of its claims to Divine authority."

FRENCH OPINION OF THE ENGLISH SABBATH.

"England owes much of her energy and character to the religious keeping of Sunday. Why cannot France follow her, as the Sabbath was made for all men, and we need its blessing?"—*La Presse.*

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

"Of all Divine institutions, the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the cornerstone of civilization. It (the Sunday opening of museums, etc.) is a great change, and those who suppose for a moment that it could be limited to museums will find they are mistaken."

COUNT MONTALEMBERT.

"There can be no religion without public worship, and there can be no public worship without a Sabbath."

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"If you open your galleries and museums on Sundays, you will greatly multiply the number of cab-drivers, omnibus men, tram-car men, railway officials, who will have to work on that day of rest. Are these classes not entitled to be thought of as well as the people of

leisure who wish to indulge their taste for science and art?"

"THE TIMES," (9TH DEC., 1865).

"How much we all owe to the observance of Sunday, it would be difficult to estimate. It is probably the only institution which prevents work from becoming continuous. Such are the increasing demands of labour, that, to men without this enforced break, life would become one perpetual whirl of occupation."

—*Home Words.*

#### NOW.

Sing a song of hope, dear,  
Sing it all the way,  
In the early morning,  
At the close of day,  
Thou art but a child, dear,  
And thou can'st not see;  
But the loving Father  
Knows and pities thee.

Pray a prayer of faith, dear,  
Pray with morning light,  
In the weary noontide,  
In the silent night.  
Kneeling by God's altar  
There will come one day  
Grace to bear thy sorrow—  
Hope to light thy way.

Speak a loving word, dear,  
Speak it, do not wait;  
There will come a time, dear,  
When it is too late.  
Life has much to bear, dear,  
But, the bitterest pain  
Comes when loving thoughts, dear,  
Spoken, are in vain.

—*M. E. Howard, in Parish Visitor.*

### AN ADVENTURE ON THE FAST FREIGHT.

#### A TRUE INCIDENT.

One day, in my professional residence at Sedalia, Missouri, I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, labouring under the burden of a heavy bag of tools.

It happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat,

oily refuse, used, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere being very warm, this oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease, splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few old sacks that were lying in one corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train came in. The carpenter stammered out some apologies; but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in an instant at the sight of that monstrous grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station the carpenter signified his intention of getting off. He appeared to be very weak, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the fierce onslaught of that brutal conductor, I was not then in a position to know. At any rate, prompted by a disinterested and generous motive, I went up to that gentleman as the train was slowing up, and, in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services, and helped the poor fellow from the car. The train pulled out, and I thought no more of my friend the carpenter.

Six years after I was walking one evening along the streets of Sedalia, when I observed some one coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me he tipped

his hat very respectfully, and inquired:

"Sir, are you Dr. Y—?" calling me by name. I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said. I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter, whom I had assisted from the platform of a fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. I, of course, recollected the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him.

"Oh, sir!" he went on in a most earnest manner, "but you did a most wonderful service for me that day by your kind offer of assistance. It was only a little act; but, sir, that little act saved me from being a murderer."

I was naturally much surprised at such an announcement, and became greatly interested in the story, but he continued:

"I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, my mind had been fully made up to bury that heavy hammer I had with me in his head. But your kind words, breaking so unexpectedly on my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my unworthy purpose. I was ashamed; but I determined to show myself a man, and keep back the mad impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and am a free man today; God bless you! I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unrestrainable tears sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly grasped hands and parted. And as I walked home that evening, more slowly than usual, I thought how sweet life would be, if, without such ostentatious philanthropy, for which we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that, as the humdrum minutes of daily life go ticking fast away, we might have been filled up by just such little offerings of love and kindness. — *Alexander H. Robbins in Sunday School Times.*



## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
Oct. 1.—Ps. 122.	2 Cor. 8: 1-16.
" 8.—Eather 3: 1-11.	Ezra 1: 1-9, and 2: 64 to end.
" 15.—Eather 8: 3-8, and 15-17.	Ezra 3: 1 to end.
" 22.—Ezra 4: 21-32.	1 Cor. 11: 17-27.
" 29.—Ps. 85 and 126.	Neh. 2: 1-12.

Store the mind with Scripture truth.

## THE CITY BOY.

God help the boy who never sees  
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,  
Nor hears the music of the breeze  
When zephyrs soft are blowing;  
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie  
Where clover-blooms are thick and high  
And hear the gentle murmur nigh  
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know  
Where all the woodland berries grow,  
Who never sees the forest glow,  
When leaves are red and yellow,  
Whose childish feet can never stray  
Where Nature doth her charms display—  
For such a hapless boy I say  
God help the little fellow.

—Chicago Journal.

## EDNA'S STORY.

I'm going to tell you a story about my gran'ma.

You'd think gran'mas would always be good, but they aint. I mean they are when you know them, but you don't know them till they're grown-up ladies with gray hair and red cheeks and spectacles. It's when they're not gran'mas yet—when they're little like me, I mean—and then I guess they're better'n I am.

I'd like to know a real gran'ma when she was little.

Gran'ma's name was Orissa—only now we cal'ed her Gran'ma Foster—and she had to spin tow. She had to spin twenty rolls every day, ten rolls in the morning and ten in the afternoon.

She used to do it up over the kitchen in the kitchen chamber, and her mother—that's my great gran'ma Hooper—used to bring the rolls up to her and leave her there all alone to spin her "stint." And Orissa didn't like to spin very well.

Well—and there was a fireplace in the kitchen-chamber, and no one ever build a fire there, and there was a fire-board that covered the

fireplace all up so you couldn't see it. And Gran'ma—Orissa—found that there was a hole in the fire-board just big enough so she could put her hand in.

And one day—it's s'prising what gran'mas will do when they're little—one day Orissa just hated spinning, 'n' she'd spun six rolls, 'n' she looked at the other four 'n' she took one of them 'n' began to chew it.

It was so big that her mouth was full at first, but she chewed and chewed 'til at last it was only a wad, and then she took and put it right through that hole in the fire-board and dropped it in the dark behind, where she knew that no one would ever find it. So she didn't have to spin that roll.

Well, 'n' then she took another roll, 'n' she chewed that up 'n' dropped it through the hole. And then she didn't dare chew any more, so she spun the other two rolls, but when she came to the other ten that she had to spin in the afternoon, she chewed one of them and dropped it through the hole.

And that was the way Orissa kept doing every day. She didn't dare put as many through the hole as she wanted to, only one or two at a time.

Her mother kept wondering why what Orissa spun didn't come to more, but Orissa never told her why. She didn't dare.

But her mother thought Orissa was a good girl. Mothers 'most always do think you are good just as long as they can, you know; and Orissa's mother would say what a good girl she was to spin, and Orissa would feel just as mean when she thought about the chewed-up rolls back of the fire board.

Well, after a while, Orissa's mother said she'd s'prise her with a new dress. It was only calico, but caligo was real precious then.

Why, Gran'ma Foster—Orissa—never had had a bought dress in all her life. They made all the cloth at home, and a calico that was bought was *real* precious.

So one day her mother said, "Orissa, you've been such a good girl spinning, I've bought you a dress," and then she showed her it. Gran'ma Foster's got a piece of it now in an old quilt, and it was two blues—dark blue and light blue—and yellow and white.

It was pretty, and Orissa laughed and Orissa hopped up and down, she was so glad. And then—all of a sudden—she remembered about the chewed up rolls. There were a good many of them by that time behind the fire-board. Orissa stopped hopping. But she didn't tell her mother.

And her mother made the dress with gathers 'round the neck, and it had shoulder-straps and a full waist. I think gran'ma must have looked funny.

And she used to wear the calico to church, Sundays, because it was so precious. Gran'ma says she always used to go two miles to church, and she used to carry her shoes in her hand and go bare-foot till she was pretty near, and then she'd walk through a brook and put her shoes on. That's the way lots of the children did then to save their shoes, because shoes were precious as well as calico.

And all the other little girls thought Orissa's bought calico was so fine, and they looked at it and wished they had one, 'stead of dresses out of cloth their mothers had made at home. But Orissa just *hated* that calico dress.

She hated it worse 'n' worse every time she wore it. I know why. Don't you?

She thought the minister looked at her every Sunday when she sat in church with that calico dress on, and it just seemed as if he must know all about those chewed-up rolls, someway.

And Orissa felt worse 'n' worse 'n' worse every time she heard her mother say she gave her the dress because she was such a good girl spinning, 'n' one Sunday, when she was getting ready, Orissa just couldn't stand it any longer, and she cried 'n' cried 'n' cried, 'n' told her mother all about the chewed-up rolls 'n' everything.

And her mother looked at her, 'n' said, "Why, Orissa!"

And that day Orissa had to go to Church in her old dress, for her mother didn't let her wear her calico again for a whole month, to punish her; and all the little girls looked at Orissa and said, "Why! What you got on your old dress for?" But Orissa didn't care. So was so glad that her mother knew, and



she cared look at the minister now. And Orissa never, never chewed any more rolls.

This 's the story I was going to tell you about my gran'ma. She told it to me when she showed me the piece of calico in her quilt. And she told me to'member that, no matter if other folks do praise you up, and think you're real good, if you're not good, it just makes you feel bad. And she says it's a *great deal* better to be good all through. And my gran'ma knows.—*Mary E. Bemford, in Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

Oh, we would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please him  
At home, or school, or play.

And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these the gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.  
—*Child's Gem.*

"BRIDGET DEAR."

And why not?

All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day, dear, old, faithful Bridget had travelled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes horse, from the clothes horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands.

First the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner; soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and barefooted Biddy had for a minute secured coolness and comfort.

Only for one moment. The door bell rang sharply over her head, and up from the basement sharply she must toil. So hurriedly shuffling on her foot gear, she had started up the back stairs when down into her very soul there floated the sweetest and most heavenly thing: "Bridget, dear, it's all right, I've been to the door." The visitor sitting in

the cool parlor heard the message wafted down. What a revelation it was of tender and precious womanhood!

At the bottom of the stair, with one foot raised, stood the flushed and tired servant; at the head of the stairs stood—an angel! Such to Bridget seemed her mistress that day as the sweet tones went from her lips to the servant's heart.

Forgotten were her hot face and smarting feet, and the kitchen seemed a bit of heaven as she carried back to it a heart gladdened by "a word fitly spoken."

\* \* \* \* \*

How much spontaneous kindness and goodwill are barred out of lives and homes by a theory. It would never do to speak a loving word to our servant, she might presume upon it and take liberties with us.

When she some day tells us that she is going to leave us, we wonder at the ingratitude, the lack of love for us, which finds her packing up her belongings with light step and snatches of song. Have we tried to win her loving service by giving her what money cannot buy?

In a home where papa, mamma and the children were always good-night deared, a child asked: "Why don't we say Hilda, dear?" referring to the cook.

The mother replied: "It will be all right to say it if it is in your heart."

From the top of the stairs a little white-robed creature cheerily cried out:

"Good night, Hilda, dear!"

A quick patter of feet and the beaming face of the little Swedish maid appeared at the foot of the stairs with a "dear" tacked to the end of her good-night. The English was far from perfect, but the "dear" was an exact echo of a loving heart far from the fatherland.

Did we but take pattern from the natural ways of children we should be surprised at the beautiful paths into which a little child would lead us.—*Mr. C. A. Beckwith, in Advance.*

AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had no place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places. Bend yourselves to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer at whatever cost of your own personal ease, and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work, you may be set to teach others, and so when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course.—*Christian at Work.*

A BOY'S MANNER.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful, way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The

sentence above was the out come of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He possibly can't be easy at the table until his neighbours are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks any one else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittiest or the most timely remark ever thought of. He may learn to do so some day—after he has earned his hundred thousand—but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Congregationalist.*

#### THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

Not long since, a man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was also present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims, so that it was not easy for the judge to decide to which the sheep belonged.

Knowing the customs of the shepherds, and the habits of the sheep, the judge ordered the sheep to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal, not knowing the "voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man, who was in an

adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away toward him at once.

This "chuck" was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep; and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

Thus we have a beautiful illustration of John x. 4, 5—"And the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."—*Young Churchman.*

The dew distils in silence. So does the speech of our God—most frequently in the silence of trust. In that stillness God's silent love can be condensed into dew like communications; not read, not heard, but made known by the direct power of the Spirit upon the soul.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

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The Rev. R. McNamara was invited to become rector of Gageton, N.B., but has declined. We trust his work in Lindsay and Cameron, etc., may be much blessed of God,

We congratulate our Presbyterian and Methodist friends on the success of their "Twentieth Century Fund." Such liberal giving if done in the right spirit will bring a rich blessing upon the givers.

The Rev. E. A. Langfeldt, of Omeme, was lately married to Miss Hatley, of Orillia, and on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, a reception and welcome was tendered them at Omeme. We wish them both many years of happy usefulness.

Twenty-four were present at the October Young Men's meeting at Mr. Sisson's. Three new members were received, one being Mr. George Irwin, who has just come to Lindsay and whom we welcome to the association and St. Paul's.

The Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., of Toronto, has kindly consented to give a lecture on Oliver Goldsmith in the school-house on Nov. 20th, under the auspices of the Young Men's Association. He will also give several violin selections. A collection will be taken up for the work of the Y.M.A.

Omeme and Emily parish has lately suffered serious loss through the death first of Mr. Grandy, one of the oldest and most useful members of Christ church, and later of Mrs. McGee, of St. John's church, and Mr. Boates, of St. James' church, Emily. We trust others will be raised up to take their places.

St Paul's Church Collections, September, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Sept. 3	13.55	6.58	20.13
10	20.65	12.90	33.55
17	12.35	8.63	20.98
24	17.00	7.97	24.97
	\$63.55	\$36.08	\$99.63

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Epiphany, Reaboro	56
January Collections, Reaboro	1 00

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