

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 43.

APRIL, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambray.*

H. PRETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C.,
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, } *Churchwardens*

Lay Delegates.

HOK. J. DOBSON, WM. GRACE, C. D. BARR,
Silversmen.

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TINS,
T. J. MURTAGH,	JAS. CORLEY,	M. SISSON.
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	J. JEWELL.

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 8 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.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

ELLSWORTH.—Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of George and Ollie Ellsworth, born 1st Feb., 1895, baptized 10th March, 1895.

THORNE.—Margaret Selina, daughter of John W. and

Margaret Thorne, born 23rd Dec., 1894, baptized in St. Paul's Church 10th March, 1895.

SPENCER.—Albert Edward, son of Joseph and Alfaretta Spencer, born 27th June, 1893, baptized in St. Paul's Church 18th March, 1895.

HEPBURN.—Samuel John, son of William and Elizabeth Hepburn, born March 4th, 1884, baptized March 3rd, 1895.

Marriages.

BURGESS—MITCHELL.—At Lindsay, on March 19th, 1895, by Rev. Carl S. Smith, Alexander Burgess to Annie Mitchell, both of the township of Verulam.

Funerals.

ELLIOTT.—At Riverside Cemetery, on fifth March, 1895, Elizabeth Elliott, widow of James Elliott, in her 92nd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Rev. G. A. Rix, of Cannington, held a mission in Havelock for the incumbent, the Rev. Leo Williams.

We hope the secretaries of the different church societies will have their reports ready for the annual vestry meeting.

On Sunday, Feb. 24th, the Rev. C. S. Smith, who was visiting friends, preached in St. Paul's Church, Detroit, and in All Saint's Church, Windsor.

Mr. Wm Major, who took duty during July last year, spent a few days in town this month, and preached on Sunday at Cameron, Cambray, and in St. Paul's.

The Rev. W. E. Cooper, of Shanty Bay, who was formerly in charge of Cameron and Cambray, was in town last week. Many of his old parishioners will be glad to know that he is well.

It is very likely that Dr. Reazin, son of Inspector Reazin, of Cambray, will go to the diocese of McKenzie River to assist the Rev. T. J. Marsh in his work among the Indians. We hope to have him visit all our churches before he leaves for his new work.

We have received 24 new subscribers to our Parish paper since the first of December.

All members and adherents of St. Paul's are urged to be present at the annual vestry meeting on Easter Monday.

"If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' ye do well."—Jas. 2 : 8.

A young barrister in a country town expresses his appreciation of Parish and Home, and says "I always read it ; the articles by Mr. Armitage are good."

At the March meeting of the Gleaners' Union it was decided to give \$50 this year towards sending out a man to work with Mr. Marsh in McKenzie River diocese.

The rector received \$5 from "A friend near Reaboro" for Missionary work. He is sending it to help on the Master's cause in McKenzie River diocese. May gift and giver be blessed.

The Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, in the Evangelical Churchman, acknowledges the receipt of \$100 from a "Lindsay Gleaner" towards the sending out of a foreign missionary by the Canadian Church Missionary Association.

The C. E. T. S. is giving a concert in the school room on Thursday, the 18th, to help pay for the piano which is such a comfort in all our entertainments, and while they only charge ten cents a ticket so that all may come, they won't find fault with those who give a little more.

At the March C. E. T. S. meeting a pleasant program by the Misses Staunton, L. Ingles, M. Hoadley and Mr. Lockwood, was given. The Rev. R. Johnston gave an interesting address, illustrating the fight against intemperance by the fight between St. George and the dragon, and making the story very effective. A hearty vote of thanks was given the speaker for past and present help to the society, and rich blessings wished him in his new field of labor at London. Six new members were added to the roll, and a substantial collection taken up.

St. Paul's Church Collections March, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total.
3	\$26 35	\$ 7 81	\$34 16
10	15 95	8 79	24 74
17	18 90	8 14	27 04
24	22 25	8 93	31 18
31	40 05	14 70	54 75
	\$123 50	\$48 37	\$171 87

Missions, Etc.

P. M. A., Feby.,	\$1 60
" March,	2 75
January Diocesan,	4 55
Superannuation Fund,	2 45
Cambray—Jan. Collections,	1 07
" Epiphany,	70
" Superannuation Fund	52
Cameron—Superannuation Fund,	21

\$13 85

We regret to learn that we are losing at least three families from St. Paul's Church this month. Mrs. Lang, who for many years was teacher of the Young Ladies' Bible Class and a most active and faithful visitor, moves with her daughters to Golden, B. C. Mr. J. Jewell, for several years a sidesman, moves to Stouffville, while Mrs. McClure, who for some time has sung in the choir, with Mr. McClure and family, go to Hamilton. We shall miss them very much, but pray that God will bless them with both temporal and spiritual blessings in their new homes.

Holy communion will (D. V.) be administered on Easter Sunday both morning and evening at St. Paul's church, and also at the service at Cambray, Cameron and Reaboro. We trust that large numbers will be present and obey their Saviour's command and so receive a rich blessing.

Mr. Nosworthy, who for some little time has been a worshipper in St. Paul's, is going to Huntsville with Mr. Leigh to start a newspaper in that flourishing village. We wish them every success, and knowing the influence of the press, trust that their paper may be a power for good in that locality.

A little girl, who has gone to live near Kinmount was visiting in Lindsay with her mother and gave the rector 30c. which she had saved up for Missionary work. She had become interested through reading one of our Missionary papers, and wants to do all she can to help. May it be true of some in this work that "A little child shall lead them."

Dr. Talmage says that "in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were eight hundred and eighty-three divorces ; in the city of Francisco three hundred and thirty-three divorces, and in twenty years in New England, twenty thousand." What a sad outlook for the nation that allows such breaking up of homes and disregard of God's law.

Mrs. Stewart, who, with her husband, Rev. R. W. Stewart, (as many of our readers will remember) visited Lindsay in Sept., 1893, writing from China says, referring to her husband : "One of his first duties after arriving here was to preside at a meeting of the 'Native Church Council,' who met here to discuss the affairs of their own church. They met every day for a week, and Mr. Stewart was much pleased with the earnest spirit shown in all their consultations. The last evening was, perhaps, the most solemn of all, when eighty-seven men and women came forward to confess Christ in baptism. It was truly a beautiful sight in a heathen land."..... "Then I must say a word about the day schools. God has been blessing this work very much, and there are now over one hundred schools scattered through the province. This year twenty more were asked for in this district alone than ever before, so now we have over forty (40) schools to be responsible for in this district alone." Each school costs them only £4 per annum, the rest being made up by the natives themselves. This is in the Fuh Kien province.

To show the way the people of China are beginning to feel towards Christianity, we quote the following from Arch-deacon Wolfe, who lives in the south of that great land. He says : "During all my years in China (now thirty-three) I have never known anything like the deep interest which has been recently awakened all over this county of Hok Chiang in the Christian religion, and which exists at this moment. I am almost afraid to write about it lest I should exaggerate. The real fact, however, is that a very wonderful movement towards Christianity is going on all over the county simultaneously, and in the most remote corners in the county. We cannot really take advantage of all the opportunities offered to us, village after village opening their doors to us, and asking me for teachers to teach them. Nearly all our old places of worship are thronged Sunday after Sunday. The people seem as if suddenly they had discovered the folly of their idolatry, and that all their past has been a blank." This is one corner of the land—how many Missionaries are needed to carry God's message even to all China, and yet how many who read this do next to nothing. Friends, awake !

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 53.

Calendar for April.

LESSONS.

- 7 **6th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exod. 9 :
Matt. 26. *Evening*—Exod. 10 or 11 ; Luke
19, v. 28 or 20, v. 9 to v. 21.
- 8 **Monday before Easter.** *Morning*—Lam.
1 to v. 15 ; John 14 to v. 15. *Lam.* 2, v. 13 ;
John 14, v. 15.
- 9 **Tuesday before Easter.** *Morning*—Lam
3 to v. 34 ; John 15 to v. 14. *Evening*—
Lam. 3, v. 34 ; John 14, v. 15.
- 10 **Wednesday before Easter.** *Morning*—
Lam. 4 to v. 21 ; John 16 to v. 16. *Daniel*
9, v. 20 ; John 16, v. 16.
- 11 **Thursday before Easter.** *Morning*—
Hos. 13 to v. 15 ; John 17. *Evening*—Hos.
14 ; John 13 to v. 36.
- 12 **Good Friday.** Proper Pss. *Morning*—29,
49, 54. *Evening*—69, 88. *Morning*—Gen.
22 to v. 20 ; John 18. *Evening*—Isaiah 52,
v. 13 and 53 ; 1 Peter 2.
- 13 **Easter Even. Vig.** *Morning*—Zech. 9 :
Luke 23, v. 50. *Evening*—Hos. 5, v. 8 to 6, v.
4 ; Rom. 6 to v. 14.
- 14 **Easter Day.** Proper Pss. *Morning*—2, 57,
111. *Evening*—113, 114, 118. *Ath. Creed.*
Morning—Exod. 12 to v. 20. *Rev.* 1, v. 10
to v. 19. *Evening*—Exod. 12, v. 29 or 14 ;
John 20, v. 11 to v. 19 or Rev. 5.
- 15 **Monday in Easter week.** *Morning*—
Exod. 15 to v. 22 ; Luke 24. *Evening*—
Cant. 2, v. 10. *Matt.* 28 to v. 10.
- 16 **Tuesday in Easter Week.** *Morning*—
2 Kings 13, v. 14 to v. 22 ; John 21 to v. 15.
Evening—Ezek. 37 to v. 15 ; John 21, v. 15.
- 21 **1st Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num-
bers 16 to v. 36 ; 1 Cor. 15 to v. 29. *Even-*
ing—Num. 16, v. 36 or 17 to v. 12 ; John 20,
v. 24 to v. 30.
- 25 **St. Mark's E. and M.** *Morning*—Isaiah
62, v. 6 ; Luke 18, v. 31 to v. 11. *Even-*
ing—Ezek. 1 to v. 15 ; Phil. 2.
- 28 **2nd Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—
Num. 20 to v. 14 ; Luke 20 to v. 27. *Even-*
ing—Num. 20, v. 14 to 21, v. 10 ; or 21 ; Col.
1 to v. 21.

EASTER CAROL.

BREAK, O glad morning, break thou in splendor !
Night with thy sceptre and darkness, be gone !
'Tis morning, glad morning, that early should render
The homage now due to the conquering One !
Go tell his disciples the Master has risen,
He has burst from the tomb with its thrall and
its chain ;
He has freed him from death, he has broke from
its prison ;
He's risen, he's living, and ever shall reign !

They in their sorrow the news scarce believing
Haste to the sepulchre empty and lone,
And there a sweet vision of angels receiving,
They knew that the night of their weeping was
done.

Oh, great was the power, the strength, oh, how
mighty,
That broke from the grave and conquered it,
sting,
That opened death's gate so massive and weighty.
Oh, praise ye his power as our Saviour and King !

Down from high heaven an angel came flying,
And from the dark sepulchre rolled the great
stone,
And he who so lately hung bleeding and dying
Arose in his might as the conquering One.
Oh, spread the glad tidings, go tell every nation ;
Oh, spread the glad tidings, go spread them
abroad,
Our Jesus has risen in robes of salvation ;
Yes, Jesus has risen, our Saviour and God.
—Anna D. Walker.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER.—There
is a tendency always at work in the heart
of man to make religion and morality
synonymous. Though the churches preach
the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ and the
utter worthlessness of human merit, the
feeling in the hearts of thousands who hear
it is that the only thing that counts in the
long run is an honest, straightforward life.
Revealed religion would seem to be more
or less of a luxury—merely a help and an
incentive. At the bedside of the dying
how common a thing it is to hear the re-
mark, "I ought not to be afraid. My
life has been, in the main, honest. I have
tried to do my duty and to injure no man."
And yet these people have heard, year
after year, the story of human guilt and
Jesus' love, and the penalty paid for sin,
and the new righteousness that is by faith
in Jesus Christ.

But, thank God, as Good Friday and
Easter come round every year, the Chris-
tian church proclaims the truth and
heralds it forth to all the world. The
sharpest line of demarcation is drawn be-
tween morality and the religion of Jesus
Christ. A crucified and a risen Lord
mean something far beyond moral living,
however much they may involve it as a
consequence. The voice of the Lord
Jesus, through whose coming alone we
have life and hope, is heard more clearly
than ever, saying, "Without me ye can
do nothing." Good Friday and Easter
are not merely the anniversaries, as it
were, of Christ's death and resurrection.
Were that all, they would be poor, empty
days. But every year they come to us
each with a truth which the church, by
every means in its power, tries to bring
home to the hearts of men. The truth of
Good Friday is that Jesus Christ was cru-

cified for the sins of a world that had in-
curred the wrath of God, and had no
power, and no hope of power, to help
itself, and that our only hope is to cling
to Jesus by faith in His blood. The truth
of Easter is that His resurrection declared
the atonement completed, the debt of sin
paid, and further opened unto us the
gates of everlasting life and the prospect
of future blessedness, not to be enjoyed on
any conditions, however, but only on those
conditions laid down by Jesus Himself in
dying for us.

Good Friday is a solemn day, but not a
day of sadness. We assemble in church,
not to bewail a calamity that transpired
1900 years ago, but to adore God and to
pour out the gratitude of our hearts to
Him whose infinite goodness spared us
and gave us something surer than human
merit to rest upon. Easter is naturally a
day of joy. None could hear those
truths for which it stands without an
overflowing heart. But yet it has its
solemn aspects, too. Christ's resurrection
has really nothing for those who have not
died with Him. Only when we have fol-
lowed Him to the cross and cast all our
sin upon Him can we know what is the
glory of the resurrection.

A GOOD FRIDAY LIGHT ON CHRISTI-
ANITY.—An official prayer of Mohammed-
anism, which is used throughout Turkey,
and repeated daily in the Cairo "Azhar"
University by 10,000 Mohammedan stu-
dents from all lands, runs as follows :

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan,
the accursed. In the name of Allah the
Compassionate, the Merciful ! O Lord of
all Creatures ! O Allah ! Destroy the
infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the
enemies of the religion ! O Allah ! make
their children orphans, and defile their
abodes, and cause their feet to slip, and
give them, and their families, and their
households, and their women, and their
children, and their relatives by marriage,
and their brothers and their friends, and
their possessions, and their race, and their
wealth, and their lands, as booty to the
Moslems, O Lord of all Creatures."

That is the only feeling that the Mohammedan has to-day for those who reject his prophet, Mohammed. He prays to Allah for their entire destruction. In beautiful and striking contrast to this is the spirit of the Christian church toward all who reject Jesus Christ. One of the three collects for Good Friday in the Church of England is:

"O merciful God, who has made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one shepherd."

It is a most beautiful prayer to God from the church, which has caught the spirit of the Master. Standing, as it does, on that day under the shadow of the cross, it sees the Lord Jesus crucified for the sins of the whole world, and all distinctions and barriers disappear. There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, but all alike are poor sinners for whom Christ hung upon that cross. And, further, it catches those words that fell from His lips in the hour of supremest agony: "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do," and all knees are bowed in prayer to God that He will have mercy on all those who deny Him and insult Him at this day—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.

The Mohammedan prayer breathes the spirit of fierce vengeance, so congenial to the heart of the natural man. The Christian collect is filled with a spirit that is not natural, but which has to be learnt first at the foot of the cross. No better comments could be found on the religions of Turk and Christian. One is of man, and betrays the heart of man; the other is of God, and filled with His pure love.

A THOUGHT FOR THE SEASON.—To the average well-fed, well-clothed, busy, practical man of the world to-day, enjoying a comfortable home, and all the conveniences of modern life, one of the strangest and most incomprehensible beings in the world is the monk of the middle ages. Why should any man cut himself off entirely from the delights of the home and the world and live within the four walls of a gloomy building and there starve himself and chastise himself, and wear himself out with fastings and vigils and prayers,

to the greater glory of God? It strikes him simply as a monstrous extension of the Puritanical Sunday. And certainly, on the whole, monasticism is rightly called a perversion of human life—a distortion of the Christian ideal. But underneath the system there lay at least one truth that Jesus taught, and to which the monk tried to be faithful. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." The monk tried to save his soul, and was willing to go to any length to accomplish it. Looking at his life he said to himself, "In a little while it will all be over, and then begins the eternity of God. What are the few years here to endless hereafter with God! I will save my soul, though my body suffer for it. What is my body in comparison with my soul?" His Lord had said, "I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him," and he therefore lived in the continual fear of God.

ITS APPLICATION.—What we need to-day is to see life a little more as the monk saw it. It is easy to be liberal, and talk continually of enjoying life, and using the good things that God has given us. All our natural instincts run in that direction. But a much more necessary inquiry perhaps, and much more appropriate to the present occasion, is whether our present ways of living are bringing us any nearer to God. Do eternal interests weigh with us as with the monk of old? and are we ready as he was to sacrifice the body for the soul? The average man or woman has better clothing, better food, better houses, better education, more luxuries, and greater opportunities of rising in the world than ever before. But are we any better satisfied? Are not our material wants greater than ever, and our complaints ever increasing? We want to be richer yet, and rival our neighbors. The more of comfort and luxury we see, the more we want! Business is claiming more and more of a man's life, and the race for money is growing furious. The best efforts and the best days in life seem to be spent in ministering to these bodies. Temporal material wants tend to obscure all others. And yet all the while we are hastening on to that day when the only realities will be God and the soul about to

meet Him. How unutterably silly this makes current views of life! What a soundness it seems to give to the ways of the much-despised monk! In these days of Lent, when we hear much of fasting and abstinence, there might well be a thorough revision of our daily lives. We might discover a meaning in abstinence, and cast aside these allurements of food and dress, and houses and modern comforts, to throw ourselves more unreservedly into that which alone profits—the quest for the kingdom of God and His righteousness. And truly with the example of Jesus, battling for forty days with all powers of hell, forgetting food and lodging and all social comforts that He might overcome the evil one, we ought to learn where to put the emphasis in life—not on eating and drinking and the so-called good things of life, but where the monk tried to put it—on doing the will of God. "But I will forewarn you, whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, Fear him."

IS BAD PREACHING KEEPING YOUNG MEN FROM CHURCH?—In a paper recently published in an American magazine, the writer takes the clergy to task for preaching sermons that always fail to interest young men. The great disproportion between the numbers of men and women at church he traces to this source. Out of thirty special sermons or series of sermons to young men, he says "there was only one in which he found anything to carry away." If this was really true, the church in the United States would, indeed, be in a dreadful condition. That sermon is pretty bad from which there is nothing to carry away, and the preacher almost hopeless who cannot interest a young man. But we are naturally suspicious of sweeping statements, and in this case suspicion is more than justified. It turns out that the fault is rather in those young men of whom the writer acts as the representative and spokesman. They ask what the clergy cannot consistently do. They want the church turned into a lecture hall for the regular weekly treatment of the practical matters of life, where they may be always sure of hearing something new. United prayer and praise and thanksgiving are no longer the purpose and the privilege of churchgoing. They utterly ignore these things. The whole interest is to be centred in the sermon. And this sermon is to be of a certain prescribed character. It must not refer continually to the great

well-known facts and truths of Christianity, not plead for purity and truth and common honesty. It must leave out the ten commandments. For our young man knows all these things, the writer says, and doesn't need to have them repeated. Whether he lives up to them appears to be quite irrelevant. But he must have bright, new, original, and interesting discourses on practical subjects. Above all, they must be new.

By this time we know the class of young men referred to pretty well. They may be found almost anywhere. They are apt to have no regular place of worship, but, as far as they go to church at all, they wander from place to place and try all the preachers. Sooner or later, they complain that preaching is very dry, and consists of nothing but a repetition of one narrow theme; and finally they keep from church altogether. Nor is it to be wondered at. "Do men gather grapes of stones, or figs of thistles?" These young men cannot find what they want in the preaching of the day, simply because the preaching of the Gospel could never minister to these wants. At Corinth, St. Paul preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Thousands gave Him no heed, probably finding in his words "nothing to carry away." Doubtless, St. Paul, with his education, culture, and eloquence, could have taken up many a theme at Corinth that would have held vast audiences of young men spellbound. But that was not his mission. "For Christ sent me to preach the Gospel, *not with wisdom of words*, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." For those who care not for the preaching of the cross, there ought to be very little in a sermon but that "to carry away."

—THE DANGERS OF ATTRACTIVE PREACHING.—Who does not like good preaching—eloquent, strong, graphic, scholarly, and practical? What young man about to enter the ministry has not longed for the power to draw vast multitudes and sway them with torrents of eloquence, and even hoped that such power in some measure might be his! Yet how few men of eloquence there are in the ministry or out of it! How very few of the clergy are there who exhibit anything remarkably attractive in their preaching! How hard it seems to rise above the general level! But still the church goes on. The Gospel is faithfully preached, souls are won for Christ, and the kingdom of God is ever widening its bounds. God seems to find it

quite unnecessary to raise up a generation of brilliant preachers. Ordinary talent consecrated to His work is all He asks. The eloquent St. Paul was probably an exception among the apostles, and even his power was due much more to other gifts than to his oratory. The churches that give the most unmistakable evidences of spiritual growth to-day are hardly ever those from whose pulpits masterly flights of oratory are heard each week. It is in the midst of plain, old-fashioned congregations with ways that are often called humdrum that the Holy Spirit is most frequently found to dwell. The preaching is modest and unpretentious, without any attempt at oratory. The minister, perhaps, could not be eloquent if he tried ever so hard. There is no straining after novelties and themes calculated to attract. Year after year, he simply tells his people the old, old story of the love of Jesus, and holds Him up as Redeemer, and Master, and Friend, and Helper. Like St. Paul, "his speech and his preaching is not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but *in demonstration of the spirit and power.*"

The pulpit orators have always large congregations. The multitude will always respond to the charms of attractive preaching. Eloquence is irresistible. But unless the preacher is filled with the Spirit of God, and has his eloquence entirely under control and subservient to the work of Christ, it is to little purpose. The multitudes admire and applaud, and go forth to sound the preacher's praises, but not perhaps to do the work to which He called them. The tendency is to subordinate worship to the hearing of sermons, and to go to church to be entertained, amused, and instructed, but not to draw nearer to Christ and feed upon the Word of Life. When the preacher is removed by death, or other cause, the congregation dwindles away, for it was not held together by the power of the Holy Spirit, but only by the eloquence of the preaching. And the eloquent preacher has his own temptations. It's so easy to forget the highest duty and cease to wait daily on God the Holy Ghost for all power, and to become self-reliant and pander to popular taste, and find one's pleasure not in doing Christ's work, but in having multitudes eager to hear words of merely human wisdom. The dread of the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, was that he should become a so-called popular preacher. To his pure soul it was something contemptible. And we are told that Thomas

Chalmers left the pulpit for the professor's chair for fear that his eloquence was entertaining rather than converting men.

HE GIVETH HIS LOVED ONES SLEEP.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when the eyes grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and sweet repose;
So He calls them in from their labors, ere the shadows around them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.
Fogotter are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow!
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow!
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All bread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists that oppose the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.
No call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them,
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over; weep not that their race is run:
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!
Till then we resign with gladness our treasure to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance—
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

—Selected.

MIDDLE AGE.

Beyond the surging waves that lash the shore,
Out in the calm that lulls the middle sea,
Unheard the tempests that have gone before,
Unseen the breakers that are yet to be.
Here, for a space, 'tis given me to rest,
Youth overpast, with age not yet begun,
Here in the calm serene and strifeless, blest
With great content, I wait the set of sun.
Lord, through the breakers that are yet to come,
As through the tempests that have gone before,
Guard my frail craft and guide it safely home
Into the haven on the farther shore.

—I. E. C.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

V. GENTLENESS.

It is a first principle of Christianity that the Christian is to be Christlike in his life and character. Christ came into the world not only to teach us the truth about God, but also the meaning of the life of man. And His life is the perfect pattern for His followers. The Christian life is to reflect the light which shines from the face of Jesus Christ. It is the moon and not the sun that is the symbol of the Christian church. The moon is like a great mirror. It reflects from its surface the light of the sun, for it has no light in itself. So the Christian is to be a reflector. His light is not in himself, it comes from Christ.

Jesus Christ has furnished His followers with the perfect pattern of a holy life. And St. Paul appeals to his Corinthian converts by the "gentleness of Christ." True gentleness can only be learned in Christ's school. It is a fruit of grace, and not of nature. We cannot imitate the great acts of our Saviour's life, but we can learn from Him the spirit through which they were accomplished.

Gentleness is grandly positive. It is not merely passive. It is not that weakness which yields from sheer want of force, nor that indifference which is careless about consequences if only self's will is not crossed, nor that indolence which gives way from pure laziness. Gentleness is power which acts through a heart made kind and good, the strength of a noble nature, irradiated with the spirit of unselfish love. Henry Martyn found it was the only weapon which could break down pride and prejudice in his dealings with the Brahmins. "And this also I learnt," he says, "that the power of gentleness is irresistible."

Gentleness is the spirit of self-restraint in action. It leaves no room in the heart for anger, no matter what the provocation. It is free from that abruptness and harshness which often mar characters which would otherwise be beautiful. It leaves vengeance to Him to whom it belongs. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

In his Epistle to the Philippians iv. 5, St. Paul urges the duty of Christian moderation, or, as it is in the Revised Version, forbearance. In the margin of the Revised Version it is translated "gentleness." Luther saw that the Greek conveyed the thought, not of control, but of giving way. And so he translated it in

the German Bible "yieldingness." It is that spirit of "selflessness" which lives for others' good. It was exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ.

"The best of men

That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Gentleness is the richest ornament of man or woman. The old terms of "gentleman" and "gentlewoman," and "lady," are, to an extent, losing their meaning. Gentle meant at first well born, which carried with it the thought of mildness in character and refinement in manners. Now in some quarters the terms are used sometimes in true, sometimes in false, politeness as equivalents for man and woman. The highest types of manhood and womanhood are the result of the influence of the spirit of gentleness uplifting the life. This is what makes the "gentleman" or the "gentlewoman," in the truest and best sense.

When the Christian possesses gentleness he fulfils Solomon's image of the "lily among thorns." He stings not, although his life is surrounded by those whose lives are full of all things that may hurt. The thorn is armed to the teeth, as if its motto were both defence and defiance. It is like an army of spearmen. Sometimes its darts are sharp as they are poisonous. Or it is like the Scotch thistle and the Scotch motto, "No one shall touch me with impunity." But the lily rears its head and lives but to sweeten life. It sheds its gracious perfume abroad, and brightens earth's desert with its smile. So the Christian should bring to life's trials the spirit of Christ, and should be gentle and tender to all.

Gentleness is a most necessary part in character building. No life is really noble without it. Nothing compensates for its absence. It may seem a small thing, and yet it is essential. And the world often notices in us the absence of graces which, with all its unbelief, it expects in the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. A very remarkable testimony was once borne to the fact that a consistent Christian is the best argument for the truth of Christianity. The Rev. Henry Townley was in his early days of a sceptical turn of mind. This youthful tendency led him to watch with care the currents of infidel opinion. In his old age he held a public discussion with the well-known Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. Mr. Holyoake confessed at the close of the discussion that Mr. Townley's temper and Christian courtesy had

affected him more powerfully than all the arguments in favor of Christianity he had ever listened to. It was said of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow that his whole life was bathed in that sympathy, that love that suffers long and envies not, which forgives unto seventy times seven, and as many more if need be. This gentleness of character left its mark upon his most expressive face. Charles Kingsley said it was the most beautiful human face he had ever seen. He was gentle to those who injured him, and most forgiving. Edgar Allan Poe, whose great genius could not lighten the dark places of his morbid nature, accused Longfellow of plagiarism and utter want of originality. Longfellow's reply to his tirade of abuse was to lecture to his class at Harvard upon the rich poetic genius of Poe and the marvellous music of his poems. It was the only reply his heart could give. Like our own great Cranmer, to injure him was the surest way to secure his good will.

Christian gentleness is a fruit of the Spirit. It is the gift of God to His children. It is one of the results of the blessed work of the indwelling Christ. Longfellow was a Unitarian. He held what we believe to be an imperfect view of religious truth. He was shut out by his system from the truths we hold most precious, and know to be most fruitful in their uplifting power. Yet his character was richly endowed and his life was sweetened by the Christian graces. And so it is, some lives are richer and better than the creed they profess. The good which we are able to trace in him was God's gift. He lived up to his light. And it was with him, as it is with us, for

"Every virtue we possess,

And every victory won,

And every thought of holiness,

Are His alone."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

PEOPLE talk about *special* providences. We should believe in the providences, but not in the speciality. God does not let the thread of our affairs go for one day, and on the next take it up for a moment. The so-called providences are no exception to the rule—they are common to men at all moments. But it is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it than others to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity; upon such instances men seize and call them providences. It is well that they can, but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence. —Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A SEQUEL TO SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

THE December number of PARISH AND HOME contained a brief notice of the life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, under the head of "Some Great Churchmen." This he certainly was, but he was much more. At a period when spiritual life was at a low ebb, he was a light set on a hill, that irradiated not only his college sphere, but many parishes throughout England. Wherever he went, his intense earnestness and a clear, simple Gospel, preached from a loving heart, carried a special blessing, and left a lasting memory. The allusion made to his preaching in Presbyterian churches in Scotland, and joining in their communion, recalled an instance mentioned in the life of the Rev. Dr. Duff, which will be read with interest: "In 1796 Mr. Simeon made his first tour through Scotland. He was detained, unexpectedly, at Dunkeld. At Moulin he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, clergyman of the parish, and accepted his invitation to preach in his church. Their intercourse resulted in a great and blessed change in the preaching of Mr. Stewart, who, until this time, had no clear views of the Gospel in its fullness and sufficiency, but from this time forward became a living power much used by God in bringing many to the knowledge of truth as it is in Christ. Years after, Simeon looked back on that visit to Scotland, and thanked God for the indisposition that detained him at Dunkeld and sent him to Moulin."

And yet Mr. Simeon little knew the far-reaching influence of this Sabbath service, and it is with peculiar pleasure that a Scotch Christian mind dwells upon the spiritual link that connects the eminent Cambridge divine with the first missionary sent to India by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1829—one whose remarkable work created a new era in missions. "In that visit was the seed of Alexander Duff's higher life." His parents, a young couple at the time when the refreshing from on high descended on the parish of Moulin, were among many who received a special blessing, and when, in 1806, a son was born to them, their one aim was to train him for the service of God. During his childhood his cottage home was hallowed by frequent meetings for prayer and scriptural exposition, and, in this Christian atmosphere, and amid scenery of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur,

the boy grew up with a keen perception of the power and glory of God in His creative works. From the influences around him, and much prayer for him, an early realization of his sinfulness sent him to seek pardon and the renewed heart from the Saviour of sinners. The subject of missions to the heathen was brought before him by his father. While quite a child, it took strong hold of his mind, filling him with horror towards idolatry and with compassion towards the poor, blinded idolaters, who knew nothing of the love of Jesus. He once had a very narrow escape from drowning, and, soon after, a remarkable dream, in which he heard the words, "Come up hither; I have work for thee to do." From both incidents, he felt God was calling him to work in His vineyard.

The young mountaineer early displayed talents of no common order. He made rapid progress in every branch of elementary scholarship, and at the age of 17 we find him at St. Andrew's University, where he hailed with great delight the appointment of Dr. Chalmers to the chair of moral philosophy. At this time Alexander Duff had carried off the highest honors in Greek, Latin, Logic, and Natural Philosophy. Even at this early period there were indications of that intellectual power and rare gift of eloquence that was in after years to be used so remarkably in his Master's service before councils and assemblies of men in high places. His spiritual life was quickened by the influence and instructions of Dr. Chalmers, and his desire for missionary work aroused by contact with Dr. Morrison, the first missionary to China. In 1829 he was licensed to preach the Gospel of Christ. At the age of 23 he was ready for a work which had been long waiting for him. In this year a proposal to go to India was made to him, and after prayer and consultation his reply was: "Here am I, send me." He was accordingly appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, May, 1829, their first missionary to India. Young Duff wrote to his father, who had watched with a grateful pride the consecration of the son, so early devoted to God, "Pray with redoubled earnestness that I may be strengthened with all grace, and all divine knowledge, sensible of my own unworthiness; I may cling more closely to my Saviour." Before leaving Scotland, Duff followed the advice given him, and was accompanied by his wife, one like-minded, who proved a constant blessing and help to him. The young couple sailed in the

East India Company's ship, *The Lady Holland*, October 14th, 1829. These were not the days of swift steamers. After a week's delay at Madeira, *The Lady Holland*, sailing to the south of Table Bay, found herself stranded on a sandbank forty or fifty miles from Cape Coast. On February 13th the vessel righted, but shortly grounded on a reef of rocks, over which the waves and billows dashed furiously; from the first the vessel was hopelessly doomed. The passengers, twenty-two in number, were at once roused to a sense of their danger. Mr. Duff, who had held service on board, and daily Bible readings in his cabin, proposed that all should join in prayer for deliverance, if it were God's will; if not, that they might be prepared to meet Him. Meantime every effort was made to find a possible landing, and after a time a small sandy bay was discovered where a landing might be practicable, and this was effected with the greatest difficulty and danger. The shipwrecked party found themselves on an island of which the only tenants were penguins. A copy of Bagster's Bible and psalm book were washed ashore, and proved to be Mr. Duff's. It was gladly welcomed as a message of strength and comfort from God in the hour of desolation. A Dutchman's skiff, who was on the island collecting eggs, was found available; and after a detention of several days a brig of war rescued them, and landed them at Cape Town, where they met with much kindness. The loss of personal property, books, and journals was a great trial to the young missionary, but instead of being disheartened he rises with new energy, and greater trust in his Heavenly Father as the giver of every needed gift. Embarking on the *Moira* from Cape Town, it was the end of May when the travellers entered the Hooghly River, one of the estuaries of the Ganges. Here the ship was overtaken by a monsoon, a wind of great fury, which lifted the vessel from its moorings, leaving it stranded on a bank in a position of great danger. Passengers and crew were landed up to the waist in water near a village, where caste forbade the natives to give them shelter. Ere long they were again rescued by small boats coming up the river. Thus the scene of his future labors was reached by Alexander Duff, May, 1830, more than eight months after leaving Edinburgh. We can fully endorse with a Christian rendering the remark of the natives, "Surely this man is a favorite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India."

THE HEADLAND.

SHEER, bold, defiant, massive rock, it stands,
Foot in the tide and forehead to the sky.
Like ravening beasts that leapt to clutch its throat,
White-maned, white-toothed, the angry surges
drive,

But fall back, snarling, in the sea. Above,
The storm-wind whirls and shrieks about its head,
And thrusts fierce fingers in the creviced stones,
And strains to fling them down. But all unmoved
The dark-browed giant stands, with folded arms.
Behind him sleep the peaceful farms and towns,
Like trusting children; and the nodding woods
Scarce feel the winds his mighty bosom breaks.

O noble type of what a man should be!
Great-souled and tender toward the weak and small,
But like the deep-based rock when wrong assaults,
Or violence would bruise the breast of love.
How grand is manhood mixt with gentleness,
The strength that in the stress of life can stoop
To take or give love's blessing! Meet it is
That strength like this should bulwark Home and
State.

True manhood—what is nobler under heaven?
Warm heart, pure soul, strong hand—oh, give us
these

For our home-building, God! And this shall be
A nation standing rock-like for the Good,
A headland that shall buttress-up the world!

—By James Buckham.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AN INCIDENT IN PARISH WORK.

THE uncertainty of life and the danger of delay in making peace with God is a very old theme with preacher and teacher, so old that it may be called a commonplace. But yet in the course of his daily life a man meets with such startling and painful illustrations of the truth that, in a sense, it is ever new.

Not long ago, as I was making the customary afternoon visits in the parish, I had occasion to look up a family that had recently moved to town. There were but two of them, man and wife—both middle-aged. The woman I had conversed with once or twice before, but I had never been able to find the man. This afternoon I went with no expectation of any better fortune in seeing him. But I had scarcely been seated ten minutes when, to my surprise, a man entered the room whom I surmised to be the husband. He had not expected to see me, and instantly beat a retreat. His wife, however, called him back, and there was therefore nothing for him to do but face me. He was a man utterly careless about religion, and had not been in church for twenty years. Many clergymen had tried to bring him out to church, but all had failed. Strong, hearty, and fairly prosperous for a mechanic, the church and the religion of the churches were to him both uninteresting and superfluous.

I was glad of the opportunity of having a conversation with him, and after the exchange of a few formalities I came to the point by saying:

"I never see you at church, Mr. S—."

"No," he replied, with a rough smile.

"Why is that?"

"Oh, I never go to church."

"But why don't you go?"

"I don't want to."

"But surely you need the church as well as your wife?"

There was a pause; at length he replied: "I think a man can be just as good a Christian without going to church."

There was no confidence in the tone of his remark. He was not seeking an argument. It was evident he hardly knew what the word Christian meant. It was simply a rough-and-ready excuse.

"Do you think that men who never go to church are good Christians?"

A perplexed smile was the only reply.

Just then his wife asked a question, and seizing the opportunity he bolted.

There was a man, I felt, who was practically without God in the world. He didn't know, and didn't even want, a personal Saviour. The petty needs and affairs of daily life bound the circle of his thoughts. His level was so low as to make him impervious to soul troubles. Shortly after I left, rather sad and pensive, thinking to myself how many millions just like him there were in this Christendom, when the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached weekly, and even daily, from countless pulpits.

About two months after I was hastily summoned one evening to the bedside of a dying man. It was the same man who, but two months before, in the vigor of life, had laughed at the very idea of church. He was suffering from lead poisoning, to which his trade of painter had exposed him. It was useless to summon me. He was quite unconscious, and there was no opportunity of making peace with God. Even the simple words of St. Paul that brought life to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," were impossible now. He was in the hands of God. On the following day he died, never having recovered consciousness for even five minutes.

I learned from his wife that just before becoming unconscious he had said to her that the illness he knew would be fatal. But his life, he thought, was not a bad one. He had always been honest in business, and had never stolen. The only thing he had neglected was church, and he was sorry for that.

So pass to their final account millions and millions of human souls—without God, without a Saviour, without hope. Opportunities without number were given to them to turn to Christ and receive the forgiveness of sins through faith in His precious blood, and they wilfully put them all aside. At the last moment they are found resting their case on that hopeless plea, that they didn't steal or lie, or slander, to the extent that others do. That blessed Gospel of Jesus is swept aside, and in its place is set up this new man-made gospel, that, apart altogether from Jesus Christ, the man who keeps a fair reputation for honesty and truth shall, of clear right, inherit the kingdom of heaven.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LOSS AND GAIN.

For thee, O loved! for thee, the light of lights:
For me the shadow dark of absence falls!
On thee sweet Sabbath rest has fully risen;
Thy brow hath lost its coronet of care,
Thy fair, frail form its languor and its pain.
Sweet rest is thine, dear weary, weary one.
Glad joy is thine, O patient sufferer—
Joy measured to thy deep capacity.
O happy satisfaction! through the glow
Of that high temple following the Lamb
Whitherso'er He goeth! This, to thee,
Is heaven, is heaven of heavens.
But unto me life turns a sadder face!
The glow and smile have faded, since thy voice
And presence have departed. I shall live,
And work, and joy, and sorrow! But the glow
Has faded.
Yet sweet persuasion of a holier voice
Steals o'er the darkness like a star of dawn.
If this transplanting of my heart's dear treasure
Lift mine eyes upward, and the hungry void
Be filled with Jesus, surely "It is well."
He doeth all things well! Him would I trust
That, somehow, loss shall ripen into gain.

EMILY BLATCHLEY.

THE mistake of the best men through generation after generation has been that great one of thinking to help the poor through almsgiving and by preaching of patience and hope, and by every other means, emollient and consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them—Justice. But this Justice with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears; so that when the choice was one day fairly put before them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just and desired a murderer, sedition raiser and robber, to be granted to them; the murderer instead of the Lord of Life; the sedition raiser instead of the Prince of Peace; and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.—John Ruskin.

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THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

Who would not haste to do some mighty thing,
If safe occasion gave it to his hand,
Knowing that, at its close, his name would ring,
Coupled with praises, through a grateful land?
Who would not hear with joy some great command,
Bidding him dare to earn a glorious name?
The task is easy that secures us fame.
But, ah! how seldom comes the trumpet call
That stirs the pulse and fills the veins with flame,
When victory asks fierce effort, once for all,
And smiling fortune points a way to fame
Along some path of honor, free from blame.
To one, the call to do great deeds speaks loud;
To one, amid a vast unhonored crowd,
Far otherwise the common lot of man,
Our hourly toil but seeks the means to live;
Our dull, monotonous labor knows no plan,
Save that which stern necessity doth give.
Our earnings fill an ever-leaking sieve!
Our task fulfilled, another still succeeds,
And brief neglect brings overgrowth of weeds.
What wonder, then, if suffering men repine,
And hopelessness gives way to mad despair?
Some murmur at, yea, curse the scheme divine
That placed them where the saws of fretting care
Across their brows a deepening channel wear.
For them, no springtide speaks of hope renewed,
But changeless, wintry skies above them brood.
Oh, fools and blind! This world is not the goal,
But shapes us for a larger world unknown;
The vilest slave that keeps a patient soul
Shall yet rank higher than the sensual drone
Who seeks to please his worthless self alone.
If humblest toil be hardest, yet be sure,
He most shall merit who can most endure.

—Walter W. Skeat, in the Academy.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

The Shadow and the Substance.

It was an evening in November. Five or six friends had just returned from the regular week-night service, and were sitting and chatting by the drawing-room fire. The service, perhaps, had not made a very deep impression upon some of them, for the topic of conversation was the past and expected social events of the winter.

"Lent is very late this year," said Mrs. Richards. "Ash Wednesday does not come till the last of February."

Mrs. Richards was a bright, energetic little woman of perhaps forty years. Society was her passion. As long as the weeks brought plenty of gaiety she was happy, but a quiet, uneventful life in the bosom of her family she could not bear even to think of. For want of anything better she would spend her evenings with various friends, or go to church. Not that she was a bad mother or wife; she loved her husband dearly, and got the name among friends of being his guardian angel, and was very devoted to her children. But she was a shallow woman with no power of self-entertainment, and seemed to have too much energy ever to be still. Besides, she loved admiration, and was conscious of good, though limited, conversational powers, which she loved to use—one of those women who need to be held in check by very quiet, domestic husbands. But, unfortunately, Mr. Richards was very little at home himself. He spent his days in his office, and his nights at business or society meetings, and often at the house of a business friend.

"What has an early or late Lent to do with the social prospects of the winter?" replied Mrs. Allen, in whose drawing-room the group was seated. There was a little mischief in the reply, for Mrs. Allen knew very well that parties, and balls, and entertainments of various kinds usually come to an end at the beginning of Lent. But she wanted to draw her friend out on the question of the observance of Lent.

The two women stood in remarkable contrast. Mrs. Allen was the senior by ten years or more. She, too, was bright and energetic, but time and the experience of life had brought her a serenity and a quiet contemplativeness, and her vivacity and energy were held back as a reserve force, which was drawn on with great discretion. She had no love for society, and was never missed of an evening from her own fireside. Her family was everything to her. But there was something about her that won all kinds of people, and her house was a place to which young and old alike loved to go to spend a happy evening. It was the most natural thing in the world for the little group to drop in at her house after church.

The conversation was now successfully turned and Lent was the new topic.

"One never thinks of going to parties during Lent," said Mrs. Richards. "Church people, at least, always keep Lent."

"Why?" was the only reply of Mrs. Allen.

"Because it's our duty. Don't you believe in fasting and abstinence during Lent?"

"No; it never makes any difference in our way of living. We are not society people, and our fare is never luxurious."

"Oh! But surely we ought to fast in Lent, or give up some articles of food, such as cake, or tea, or sugar. I must confess I don't always do it myself, but I ought to, and children should be taught to do the same."

"Does it make you a better Christian?"

"Now, don't poke fun at me. Fasting is self-denial, and surely self-denial is a good thing."

There was in the group a young lawyer who had recently begun to practise in the town. He was a university man, and had the reputation of being a good student and well read. Religious matters interested him greatly, for he was particularly well read in theology. Wider reading and increased knowledge, instead of making him sceptical and careless, had but strengthened his hold on religious truth and deepened his faith. He held that the manliest thing in the world was the religion of Jesus Christ, and that for a man of education to discard Christianity was to do violence to his reason, or to shut his eyes to some of the profoundest moral truths and phenomena in life.

He had listened to the conversation without saying a word, but all the while intensely amused. Now, however, he saw they were getting into deep water, and his amusement changed to interest, as he remarked: "Is it really true that self-denial is always a meritorious thing?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Richards. "What a question to ask!"

"What is self-denial, may I ask?"

"Self-denial—oh—self-denial is—doing without anything we like."

"Well, I like sleep very much. Suppose I didn't go to bed for a week. Would that be self-denial?"

"I suppose it would," said Mrs. Richards, feeling that she might possibly be cornered.

"Would it be pleasing in God's eyes, do you think? Would He rather have me do without sleep each night, and go to work tired and fit for nothing?"

"Oh, well, who ever heard of anybody's doing that?"

"But you say it is self-denial, and it must be good."

"Nobody would think of doing it. Now, do be sensible."

"Well, you speak of fasting. The Italian that ate nothing for sixty days must have been a very good man at the end of that time."

"He did it as an experiment; not from religious motives."

"Then if he had done it during a whole Lenten season in the same spirit in which you give up tea, it would have been something most praiseworthy? Your little fasting would be almost without merit in comparison?"

"Oh, I don't believe in extremes."

"But if fasting is self-denial, and self-denial is merit, then to fast much must be a greater merit than to fast a little. Come, now, isn't that so? Wouldn't it be better still to eat only what is necessary to keep body and soul together, and do without fire, and see no friends, and pay no calls, and enjoy no society for forty days? These you like, and to do without them would be self-denial in an extreme degree."

"I don't know anything about it," said Mrs. Richards, getting excited. "I only know it is right for church people to fast during Lent. I can't argue with a man."

"Well, now, you just said, a moment ago, that fasting must be from religious motives. Then you admit that the motive is an important thing?"

"Oh, of course."

"That's what I was coming to. I hold that self-denial is good only when the motives are good. To eat less, or drink less, has no religious significance unless it be for a religious purpose. What I want to know is what you fast for? You don't think God loves us better simply because we are hungry or in want?"

"Didn't Christ fast?" broke in Mrs. Richards, with an air of triumph. She had just thought of that.

"Ah, yes! and why? Was it not because He wanted unbroken communion with God, and didn't wish to be distracted even by eating and drinking or anything else? All His energies He wanted to give to higher things. If fasting strengthens and deepens one's communion with God, I say, by all means fast." "Do you so use fasting, as a means to an end, and make that end a more unbroken communion with God?"

"No, I can't say I do. I fast simply because I think it's right."

"Well, in that case, it would be wrong for you not to fast; but still the fact remains that it isn't wrong in itself.

There is nothing obligatory in fasting. It's at most a help to godliness."

Here Mrs. Allen, who had been following the conversation closely, wishing to prevent Mr. Willis from getting too deep for them, said:

"It seems to me that there is a nobler purpose in Lent, no matter whether it's good or not to fast and to keep out of society. Lent has always been the season that reminded me of sin, and of the necessity of drawing closer to Jesus to conquer it. There are so many serious things that fill my mind then. I may be wrong, but the abstinence that seems to me most necessary is abstinence from sin. I have only to look within, and I see meanness everywhere, evil thoughts, bad temper, uncharitableness, and selfishness. It's so easy to degenerate, and live a worldly life. What I try to do in Lent is to abstain from my most besetting sins and fast from self-indulgence of every kind, whether in food, or clothing, or amusement, or anything else. Self-indulgence is by no means only in food. Almost all sin seems to me a form of self-indulgence, and I try during Lent to be more serious, and live more with Christ and conquer sin; though it seems to me we ought to do it all the year round."

"Good!" said Mrs. Willis. "Mrs. Allen has hit the nail on the head. I agree with her thoroughly. That's what the collect for Ash Wednesday teaches: 'Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ.' And to give one's self wholly to such serious thoughts it's necessary to withdraw from the world of society; otherwise the best efforts would often be disturbed and thwarted."

Mrs. Richards was not a woman of very serious thoughts or any deep piety. Her religious emotions were not strong. She went regularly to church, and was a communicant, but with that she was apt to consider her religious duties at an end. She had never thought much about Lent at all. What she did then was a matter of custom that she had learnt to follow, but didn't fully understand. Ordinarily she was very self-satisfied, but somehow the quiet words of Mrs. Allen had troubled and disconcerted her. Whether it was the tone in which they were delivered or something else, they made an impression. Very shortly after she left for home, and Mr. Lewis, who escorted her,

noticed that she was unusually quiet.

For some days the conversation of that night lingered in her mind, and made her seem just a little absent-minded at times. But soon household matters and social duties occupied her with totally different thoughts, and the discussion as to Lent was forgotten. But ideas once lodged in the mind often cannot be altogether forgotten.

Unnoticed, they exercise their quiet influence. So it was in this case. She did not know it, but below the region of consciousness the leaven was at work. It was as a seed lodged in unfavorable soil striving to go through the normal processes of growth, but needing more favorable conditions to bring it above the surface of the ground.

And these more favorable conditions appeared in due time. At the end of February, after several months of gaiety, the solemn Lenten season came. Ash Wednesday found Mrs. Richards in church as was her custom. Heretofore, the service for that day had seemed to her to differ very little from any other service. She took it as a matter of course, without its making much impression. But this year everything appeared changed. She had never, she thought, been at so solemn a service. As they went through those Psalms for the day, every confession, every complaint, every petition was as if specially for her. Then came the collect—the collect she recalled so well as being read to her that night at Mrs. Allen's. The words *new and contrite hearts* rang out as a stinging rebuke to her for her light thoughts of Lent in the past. Finally, when the communion service was completed, there were thoughts in Mrs. Richards's mind that had never been there before, but which it is always a blessing to entertain. Little did the congregation who knew the bright and fashionable Mrs. Richards know what was going on in her heart.

Then the usual Ash Wednesday sermon followed. One had always been like another to her. She had taken them as appropriate to the occasion, but never had heard in them any special message to herself. But this year, for some reason, she followed the sermon as if it were for her alone. Among other things the rector spoke of self-denial, and pointed out that true self-denial did not consist in afflicting and torturing oneself for its own sake, but in sacrifice for the good of another, or in furtherance of some good. He instanced a mother whose devotion to her children was so pure, and her eagerness for their wel-

fare so great, that she deprived herself of many a comfort and many a luxury her heart longed for, that they might reap the benefit. And then a father, who, though he could spend his evenings very agreeably and profitably out of his own home, and had a natural inclination to do so, yet for the happiness of his wife and from the desire to make his children love their home and grow up contented with home life, and quiet ways, became a domestic man, and passed his evenings in the bosom of his family. And then he spoke of the self-denial of Jesus, how it was all for us. "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." That fasting in the wilderness, and battling with the devil, too, was all in connection with the work of our redemption.

The work was done. In the heart of Mrs. Richards there was an agony of suffering and sorrow. Her heart was too full to speak. She went home without a word to any one. The children were in bed, and her husband had not yet returned from town. In her room she threw herself down and wept as she had never wept since she was a child. It all rushed over her now—the emptiness, the foolishness of her past life—how the children, whom she loved, had been neglected because of her own frivolous life, and her husband left without any encouragement from her to make their house a truer home. How serious this life really was, and full of responsibilities, and how criminally thoughtless she had been! But there in that same room, by the help of God, to whom she poured out her sorrow, that energetic little woman resolved to live the life of a Christian wife and mother. In the weeks that followed many people noticed a wonderful change in Mrs. Richards, and were utterly at a loss to account for it. She seemed subdued, but yet so much more lovable, and her household duties interested her more than they ever had done. But Mrs. Richards knew the secret of it. She had passed from the shadow to the substance of Lent, from a shallow unreasoning formalism to a true realization of her condition. Abstinence and self-denial had a meaning now, and, by the help of God, she was trying to abstain from those sins that had well-nigh ruined her life and blighted her home, and in the interests of that home she was daily learning the Christ-taught lesson of self-denial.

THE church is never in a more perilous state than when she has quiet and peace.—*Luther.*

BY AND BY.

WHAT will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it,
By and by?

What will it matter, by and by?
Nothing but this, that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven, home, all in all—
By and by.

—Selected.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

MAY not this holy season of Lent so draw us near to the Saviour that we may feel ourselves to be in His very presence? May we not, by faith, lay upon His bosom, and speak to Him of the inmost secrets of our hearts, every thought, every impulse and desire? He says: "Come unto Me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." May we not, then, speak with Him thus?

The Voice of the Disciple: O my Lord and Master, I hail Thee with joy. For I have had great longings after Thee. My heart is sore troubled, and none but Thee can give me peace. But oh! is it possible that I may speak with Thee? Wilt Thou permit one so sinful and so weak and so ignorant to make known to Thee his wants?

The Voice of the Master: My son, tell Me all that is in thine heart. Am I not ever ready to listen to My children's troubles? Fear not, but speak to Me as thou wilt.

Disciple: Lord, I want to be guided and taught the way in which I should go. How shall I ever reach my Father's Home above? There are so many paths and tracks that I am in great perplexity. And many, who would guide me, point to different ways. It is hard, Lord, to find the narrow way that leadeth unto life. I would come to God and to Heaven, if only I knew the way. "Show Thou me the way that I should walk in."

Master: "I am the Way." "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." O my son, if thou wouldst come to the Father—if thou wouldst be saved—thou must come by Me. Seest thou the path in which I walked upon the earth? Walk in that. Mark My Footsteps, and, where I have trodden, there tread thou. Dost thou ask for the narrow way? Is not My way narrow? Thou knowest the marks and tokens by the wayside. It is

the way of holiness; it is the way of self-denial; it is the way of sacrifice; it is the way of the Cross. Thou sayest thou art perplexed by the multitude of paths, and the diverse counsels of men. But hast thou tried *this* way—*My* way? "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up my cross, and follow Me."

Disciple: O my Master, if I would walk in this way, I cannot. I am too weak. A very little trial of it wearies me; and I am afraid of the cross. "What shall I do to be saved?"

Master: My son, I know it well. Thou art very weak, and the way is rough and hard. Thou wilt not get very far in that way. But again, behold, "I am the Way." If the way of My Pattern is difficult, there is the way of My Atonement. Have I not died to open the way from earth to heaven? Is not My Cross stretched over the gulf like a mighty plank by which thou mayest pass over and be saved? When thou walkest in the way of My Pattern, and findest it too hard for thy poor strength, then try the way of My Atonement. The way to the Father and to Heaven lies through Calvary. "I am the Way."

Disciple: I thank Thee, O my Master, and will strive to walk in Thy way. Yet I long for another thing also. Oh! let not the Lord be "angry, and I will speak." I feel in my soul a craving after knowledge. I think it is not wrong. I think my Father has put this longing desire within me. But how shall I satisfy this desire? I would believe aright, as well as do aright. I would crave some portion of the Spirit of Truth as well as of the Spirit of Holiness. Oh! that that Divine Comforter might "enable with perpetual light the dullness of my blinded sight!" Yet, Lord, I see not the truth clearly. There are mists and shadows which hide it from me. And, again, one saith, "This is truth," and another saith, "That is truth," and I am drawn hither and thither, yet cannot satisfy my longings after truth.

Master: "I am the Truth." "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." O my son, when thou art vexed with doubts and perplexities about many things, come unto Me, and thou shalt know the Truth, and the Truth shall make thee free. I am not come to unfold to thee all mysteries. Thou must still be tried with many things hard to understand. But in Me and in My words shalt thou find what thou cravest after. Grace and Truth are com-

by Me. These shall be thine Yet not perfectly now. A little while and thou shalt dwell in the light of cloudless Truth forever. "I am the Truth."

Disciple: "Oh, let not the Lord be 'angry, and I will speak yet but this once.'" My heart is so dead within me that, even if the way were plain and the truth clear to me, I should yet lack the zeal and courage to walk in the way, and believe in the truth. O my Master, how shall I be roused to life? I am "dead in trespasses and sins." I have no strength, no courage, no life.

Master: "I am the Life." Yea, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Art thou dead? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the Voice of the Son of Man; and they that hear shall live." It is not they that are in the grave alone—the dead in body—who shall hear My voice and live. That hour is not yet. But dead souls may even now awake and rise from the dead. Dost thou not hear My Voice? Wilt thou not come to Me that thou mayest have Life? O come to Me, my poor, weak, helpless child. Come to Me in Prayer. Come to Me in the faith and devotion of thy heart. Dost thou ask for life? "Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Because I live, ye shall live also." Then again I bid thee come to Me. Thou wouldst learn the way: thou wouldst know the truth: thou wouldst possess the life. Behold, O My son, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."—*Church Bells.*

THE DEVIL'S FOUR SERVANTS.

THE devil has a great many servants, and they are all busy and active ones. They ride in the railway trains; they sail on the steamboats; they swarm along the highways of the country and the thoroughfares of the city; they do business in the busy marts; they are everywhere and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable and agreeable that they almost deceive at times the clearest sighted. Among the latter class are to be found the devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

"There's-no-danger,"
"Only-this-once,"
"Everybody-does-it,"
"By-and-by."

When tempted a little out of the right path, and "There's-no-danger" urges you on, say: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

When tempted to give Sunday up to your own pleasure, or to do a little labor in the workshop or office, and "Only-this-once" or "Everybody-does-it" whispers at your elbow, do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel.

All four are cheats. They mean to deceive and cheat you out of heaven. "Behold," says God, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Chase "By-and-by," with his tempting suggestions of "No hurry! Don't put yourself out!" Send him back to his master, the devil, and choose a better master for yourself—no less a one than the great God, who made you, who loves you, and who desires to have you with Him when the toils and troubles of this world are past. In choosing God for your Master, you will have made the wisest choice you can ever make; for He will help you to avoid all of Satan's servants.—*Selected.*

THE THREE PILGRIMS.

"WHAT good thing has life giv'n each,
Now at our journey's end?
To me, the goal of fame to reach,
And one to call me friend."

"To me, the knowledge of the past
Has giv'n of precious store,
And I have come to know, at last,
The great who are no more."

"But I have heard, when bowed my head
By bitter pain and loss,
The words of comfort He has said,
Who died upon the cross."

—*Herbert Muller Hopkins.*

"THE truth about modern polite society is that it exerts no moral force whatever, and, indeed, seems to have no conscience, and it acknowledges no serious obligations to the world. It exists solely for pleasure and display. It exerts no good influence, it inspires no one to lofty aims. It is not wholesome. Here in New York, where we are still very young, and where polite society is still as distinctively moral as it is dull—in spite of the sporadic outbursts of a few scions of ancient families whose cubbishness is not excelled by the gilded youth of Britain, but who are greatly restrained by their environment—the respect for good conduct, the gentleness and simplicity that distinguished the smaller and plainer 'society' of half a century ago, have vanished,

and left nothing to boast of in their places. New York society as a body—if a thing so vaguely defined and so hard exactly to classify can be termed a body—does not deliberately encourage that which ought not to be, but complacently tolerates anything, in the public and private life around it, that does not disagreeably affect its own precious comfort."—*New York Times.*

"HOLD FAST THE CONFIDENCE AND THE REJOICING OF THE HOPE FIRM UNTO THE END."—Hebrews 3: 6.

"I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread
The brighter the rich design.

"For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet."

—*Selected.*

THE PROOF OF THE RESURREC- TION COMPLETE.

I HAVE been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and to weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the mind of a fair enquirer, than that Christ died, and rose again from the dead.—*Dr. Arnold.* (1) The Apostles had the most absolute faith in the fact; so that they based their hopes and their preaching upon it, and were ready to announce it everywhere. (2) This faith came in direct opposition to their previous beliefs and worldly interests. (3) They had every opportunity for thoroughly satisfying themselves on the point. (4) By their declaration of the fact they induced thousands of the very enemies of Christ to believe in it, and that close to the time and near the very spot on which it occurred.—*From Thomas' "Genius of the Gospel."*

ON being asked recently what he regarded as the brightest hope for the future, Mr. Gladstone replied: "I should say a maintenance of faith in the Invisible. This is the great hope of the future, the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with a 'stream of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality and the nearness and personality of God."—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

READINESS FOR GOD'S WILL.

"SOME years ago, I made the acquaintance of an old peasant in a little German village, where for some time I resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, "The love of God." The old man was well worthy of it, for if ever heart was filled with love to God and to all God's creatures it was his. Once when walking I came upon him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. "Don't you weary, Gottlieb," I asked, "stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the roadside?" "No, no, miss," he answered, smiling, and offering me a handful of ripe pears, "I don't weary; I'm just waiting—waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom; turn well round to the Sun of Righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service."—*Selected.*

DANGER OF FIRST SINS.

I HAVE observed one very undesirable fact in my own experience and in my observations of others; that everything depends on the manner in which first sins and first slips from the right path are treated. If a first false step is promptly met by a thorough repentance (as in the case of Peter's lie in Pilate's hall), there the mischief ends. The soul soon recovers its healthy tone, and is sometimes the wiser and stronger for its sad experience. But if the first sin is followed by a second and a third and fourth, without any contrition before God, then conscience soon becomes benumbed and powerless. In time it is "seared as with a hot iron." This is the case with those professed Christians who lapse into sensual vices, or who are detected in dishonest defalcations or breaches of trust. All these men could easily have been saved right after the first transgression; but when that has passed without compunction, the rapids soon whirled them over the cataract. It is astonishing to observe how fast sin will soothe even a Christian conscience.—*Cuyler.*

WHEN I am pressed with thoughts about worldly and home cares, I take a psalm or a saying of Paul and go to sleep on it. The holy cross, temptation, and persecution, teach the golden art; but flesh and blood can never like them, would fain have peace and ease.—*Luther.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. *Institute.*
 April 7th.. Mark iii. 1-11 Isa. liii. 1 to end.
 " 14th.. I. Cor. xv. 3-14 Matt. xxviii. 1-11.
 " 21st.. Matt. xxiv. 42-51 Phil. ii. 5-14.
 " 28th.. Mark xiv. 12-26 Luke iv. 16-31.

"FOR MY SAKE."

THREE little words, but full of tenderest meaning; Three little words the heart can scarcely hold; Three little words, but on their import dwelling What wealth of love their syllables unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy; On earth this was my work: I give it thee. If thou would follow in thy Master's footsteps, Take up my cross and come and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered! That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue; "For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press with steadfast patience onward.

Although the race be hard, the battle long, Within my Father's house are many mansions; There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee, If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss, Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee; They only wear His crown who share His cross.

—*The Churchman.*

WORTH TRYING.

"WAIT a minute, Will."

"What for?"

"I want to get that bunch of blue-bells."

Ned laid down his fishing-tackle and sprang over a fence, presently to return with a handful of the flowers, with their dainty colorings thrown out by a background of two or three ferns.

"You're a great fellow for flowers."

"Oh, they're not for myself; but mother's always crazy over wild flowers." And all through the walk home, notwithstanding that he was already well laden with rod and fishing-basket, Ned gave heed to his flowers, once stopping to wet his handkerchief to wrap about the stems, that they might not suffer from the warmth of his hands.

"There she is!" While still at a distance, Ned spied his mother, and made a dash toward her across the large yard. Will, following more slowly, saw him drop his rod and take off his hat as he offered his flowers with a bow and a smile. A little stir of pain was in Will's heart as he saw them received with a kiss and some words, evidently loving ones, which he could not hear.

"Come round to the barn with your traps, and then you stay to supper; mother says so," said Ned, rejoicing his friend.

"You're different from most boys," said Will; and Ned colored a little, for he was inwardly a trifle afraid of his mother's display of fondness provoking ridicule from the boys.

"How?" he asked, although knowing well what was meant.

"Oh—that," said Will, with an indefinite backward nod over his shoulder. "But I like that—I really do."

"I like it," said Ned, his deepening color due now to feeling. "Don't know how I'd get along if my mother wasn't just that way. And, as she is just that way, how can I help being just that way, too? Of course, it comes natural that it should be."

Ned's mother, if she had heard this, might have smiled in remembrance of the many lessons it had taken to inculcate the grace of politeness, which was now, indeed, if not natural, rapidly becoming second nature to the boy.

"If I had a mother, I'd like to be so," said Will.

"Well, it isn't only just mothers, you know. That is, of course, nobody else can be like your mother; but I mean you can be it to other folks—in a way; to anybody in your home. They all like it."

Will burst into a laugh.

"All, hey? I wish you knew my Aunt Susan. But you will; for, now we're getting settled, you must come over. You'll laugh at the idea of such doings for her. Why, if I should bring her a flower or take off my hat to her, she wouldn't know what to make of it. She'd think I was crazy."

"I don't believe it," said Ned. "That is, if she's a good woman. And of course," he added, in quick politeness, "your aunt must be."

"Good! I guess she is! She's so good herself she thinks there's no good in such a thing as a boy. I believe she thinks boys were only made to be a torment to such as her."

"Some boys are, I suppose."

Will colored a little as he inwardly realized that Aunt Susan might be somewhat justified in holding such an opinion.

"Well," continued Ned. "I thought all ladies liked flowers, and liked to be nicely treated, too. And," he added stoutly, "I think so still."

"I don't think Aunt Susan would take the trouble to notice either flowers or nice behavior," replied Will.

"Have you ever tried?"

Boys are not much in the habit of reading moral lectures to one another, so it is not likely Ned would have enlarged on the subject, even if they had not just then been ready to carry in their string of fish, to be duly admired by Ned's mother.

But Ned's lightly spoken and quickly, by him, forgotten question returned to Will's mind as, later, he walked alone in the direction of his own home—"Have you ever tried?"

"Well, I haven't—that's a fact. But," he gave a little laugh, "the idea of bringing flowers to Aunt Susan! Fancy her stare! She would not know what to make of it."

But the remembrance of Ned's grateful thought of his mother, and the sweetness of the caressing tenderness between mother and son, had touched the conscience as well as the heart of the motherless boy.

"If it wasn't flowers, I suppose it might be something else. She's as stiff and proper as a poker, and I suppose a boy might smile, and bow, and be polite all his life, and she'd never know but what he was cutting up some new kind of pranks. But, then, perhaps it's no wonder. She doesn't know much about any boys but me. I guess she thinks all they're good for is to carry mud in on their shoes, and slam doors, and leave the fly-screens open, and be late at meals. But, I say!—I've a great mind to try Ned's way; that is, partly—just for the fun of seeing how she'll take it."

With which determination Will walked around the house, to find his aunt approaching the side door with a huge parcel in her arms. At any other time he would not have troubled himself about this, but now he stepped up and opened the door for her. She took little notice of him except to ask:

"Do you know where Hiram is?"

"No, I don't."

"I've been looking for him. I want to send this bundle down to Mrs. Brown's."

She passed on through the hall as if speaking more to herself than to any one else. Will was rushing up to his room, two steps at a time, when he suddenly paused.

"I'll take it to her, Aunt Susan."

She stopped and looked at him unsmilingly, concluding at once, in her own mind, that he had business of his own that way, yet still surprised that he should be willing to include in it a service for herself.

"Well, if it won't bother you," she said.

More intercourse with Ned awakened in Will a more honest resolution to make the best of himself in the matter of grace of manner and behavior. It is a pity that every boy should not reflect how largely his conduct influences those among whom he is thrown. Will increased his efforts to avoid small annoyances to his aunt, and began showing her small attentions, which sometimes won for him an approving smile.

He began to feel touched and conscience smitten at perceiving that what he had begun in an unworthy spirit of fun should be making the impression on Aunt Susan which should belong only to honest effort. It was pleasant to the boy, whose home life was so lonely, to find himself looking for Aunt Susan's smile and for the softened voice in which she answered his good-morning. And one day he ran up to his room, and laughed by himself until he was out of breath.

"I took off my hat to her as I met her on the corner, and she actually turned red with astonishment."

"More shame for me that it should take her off her feet so," came with sober reflection.

"If I've done it in fun before, I'll do it in earnest now. I think it pays for a boy to be decent in his ways, whether anybody notices it or not. It pays just in the feeling he has himself."

Which was as wise a conclusion as a boy often arrives at.

Months later Will went away from home on a visit. On his return Aunt Susan stood on the steps with a face which, in its welcoming expression, might almost have belonged to Ned's mother.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she exclaimed. "I have needed you so much. No one to hunt for my glasses. No one to bring me the paper. No one to have flowers on the table before I come down. No one to care whether I am waited on or not. I could not have believed I should miss you so."

Will went upstairs with the warmth of her kiss upon his cheek, trying to remember when anybody had kissed him before. The tears came very near his eyes as he saw about his room more than one evidence of Aunt Susan's very tender thought of him. "It was well worth trying," he said to himself.—*The Interior.*

OH, my God, punish far rather with pestilence, with all the terrible sickness on earth, with war, with anything, rather than that Thou be silent to us.—*Luther.*

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"SIR," said a lad, coming down to some of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—*Selected.*

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Easter thought—"If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

Services will be held on Good Friday, as usual. It is a most appropriate thing to devote the offertory on that day to the evangelization of the Jews, for He

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who was offered up was the "King of the Jews," and now we are thankful to say that thousands of God's ancient people are acknowledging Him as the "Messiah of whom Moses, in the law and the prophets, did write."

Owing to our increasing the number of copies of our Parish paper last year from 260 to 500, some of which were used for gratuitous distribution, we did not meet our expenses by some \$15; still, if all had paid up we would have done so. As we are continually increasing the number of our subscribers, we expect to have a little to the good this year, but, friend, don't forget to hand your subscription to Miss Goodwin, two doors east of the post office.

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