

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 89

MARCH, 1899

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

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

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, WM GRACE, M. H. SISSON.

Salesmen

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month

The Annual Easter Vestry Meetings are usually held on Easter Monday, (April 3rd this year.) All churchmen should make their plans to be present.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

HEWIE—Lela May, daughter of Peter and Annie Hewie born 14th July, 1898, baptized in St. Paul's church 24th Feb., 1899

Marriages.

HEPBURN—COOK.—At St. George's church, Cameron, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, on 1st Feb., 1899, Charles James Hepburn, of Lindsay, to Caroline Maria Cook, of the Township of Fenelon.

COOK—PERRIN.—At St. George's church, Cameron on 15th Feb., 1899, by Rev. R. McNamara, Thomas James Cook, to Mary Etta Perrin, both of the township of Fenelon.

ROBINSON—STILES.—At Lindsay, on 15th Feb., by Rev. R. McNamara, Charles Taylor Robinson, of the township of Smith, to Martha Stiles, of the township of Eanismore.

Burials.

HIGGS.—At Riverside Cemetery on 5th Feb., 1899, William Higgs, in his 22nd year.

ENDICOTT.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 6th Feb., 1899, Samuel Endicott, in his 85th year.

PEACOCK.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 7th Feb., 1899, Emma Peacock, in her 43rd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"China" was the subject on which Rev. C. H. Marsh gave an address at St. Luke's church, Ashburnham, on March 1st. Vast are the needs, urgent the calls and many the opportunities to go in and evangelize that great land. What a glorious privilege to help win it for Christ.

"Ye have not because ye ask not."

There are now 56 Protestant pastors, 35 Evangelists, and 116 schools in Spain.

Mr. Hamilton, the new superintendent of the telephone office here, is heartily welcomed to St. Paul's and Lindsay.

A Bible Class has been started at St. John's church, Cambray, at 2.30 p.m., on Sunday's, with good promises of being a blessing.

According to the Bishop's annual report the amount given by St. Paul's church to the St. Alban's Cathedral Interest Fund in 1898, was \$3.75 — Not a very large sum.

We were pleased to learn that an increased number of members partook of the Holy Communion, at Camerton and Cambray on Feb. 26th.

The Rev. R. McNamara brought the needs of Diocesan Missionary work before the church people of Perrytown in February. We regret to learn that the Rev. R. Rooney of that parish still continues so ill.

Might not our young, strong, healthy people say on stormy Sundays, when delicate people are afraid to go out, this is the day above all others when I need to be in my place in the house of God, to honor the King, and to encourage other worshippers.

We rejoice that our people are making such continuous efforts for the reduction of the church indebtedness. Over \$1000.00 has already been paid in and nearly every Sunday there is something on the offertory plate for that purpose. Let us thank God.

A helpful meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at the home of Mr. W. H. Vance on March 7th. There is a great field for work among young men. Sin, selfishness and Satan are claiming the allegiance of many; and yet no young man will find true scope for his energies, true growth and happiness until he finds it in Christ.

At Clarksburg, in the diocese of Huron they have \$1200 in the bank, which they have accumulated towards the building of a new church. They hope to begin in a year or so, and erect a building costing about three or four thousand dollars. It is wise (like David with the Temple) to make preparation before hand, rather than like so many congregations today, to be burdened with a debt for years.

Mr. J. H. Knight, Vice-Pres. of the C. E. T. S., occupied the chair at the February meeting on the 27th, and gave an instrumental after the opening service. Miss Champion gave a reading while Mr. Robson sang and then gave an encore. Of the newly elected officers, Mr. McNamara, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Knight and the rector said a few words of encouragement while Mr. Walker, of the Y.M.C.A., gave a strong Temperance address.

The Rector received \$2.50 from Mr. Macorachie of Burnt River for the gratuitous distribution of Parish and Home, one half of which will be used for distributing our localized edition, and the other sent to Toronto. This will enable ten copies to be sent for one year. Only the day before the writer had made arrangements for five copies to be sent to a hospital in Toronto, and God through the kind donor paid for these and enables the publishers to send five copies to others. May He use them to his glory.

"According to your faith, be it unto you."

The members of the Curling Club are expected at St. Paul's church Sunday evening, March 19th.

We are glad to welcome Miss Brown, a trained nurse, to St. Paul's and Lindsay.

It is estimated that the annual gain of Christians throughout the world is about one hundred thousand, as against sixty thousand ten years ago.

"He is not rich who lays up much, but he who lays out much." Such was the motto of Amos Lawrence, whose benefactions aggregated \$700,000.

On April 2nd, Easter Sunday, the Holy Communion will (D. V.) be administered both after the morning and evening services, at St. Paul's church. We are sure there will be a large attendance.

There will be a short service on Friday afternoons from 4.15 to 5 o'clock during Lent, in St. Paul's School House. Many might find these times helpful if they would come apart for a little while.

The Bishop of the diocese is arranging to hold confirmation in Lindsay and Cambray during the month of June. The clergy hope many will attend the preparatory classes for Bible study and prayer.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking at a great meeting of the S. P. G. on foreign missions, said: This church of ours is called as by the call of a trumpet to go forth on the great task which she, above all other churches, has received from God Himself the means of fulfilling."

The rector exchanged duties with Mr. E. A. Langfeldt, of Omence, on Feb. 26th, administering Holy Communion in the three churches of that Parish. He was pleased to find such a hopeful feeling in Omence and vicinity, with regard to church matters. Mr. Langfeldt's sermons in Lindsay were much appreciated.

April 12th, 1899, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Church Missionary Society of England. (A society within the church for the sending of the Gospel to the heathen.) Great preparations are being made to keep it, and to make it the means of a forward movement. It is estimated from evidence already to hand that no less than 5000 centenary meetings will be held in the United Kingdom, besides many in Canada and other parts of the Empire, and in foreign lands. In Canada, on Sunday, April 9th or 16th, it is being arranged for Missionary sermons to be preached in hundreds of churches, and offerings for a distinct advance are being solicited. It is suggested that some may be able to give one hundred cents, while others a hundred five cents or ten cents or quarters or dollars. God has wonderfully honored the C.M.S., so that today it has the largest income of any foreign missionary society in the world, and is carrying the light to many lands. There are also 60 Missionaries who go at their own cost, and give their time and talents "without money and without price." A meeting will (D.V.) be held in St. Paul's School House on Wednesday, April 12th, when Mr. R. Macorachie, of Burnt River, who has spent so many years in India, and others, will give addresses. In view of Christ's love and plain command, and the awful needs of heathen lands, it is asked that continuous and earnest prayers go up that God may thrust forth more laborers into the harvest fields.

Parish and Home

Vol. IX.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 4

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

- 5—**Third Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—G. xxxvii.; Mark vi. 30. *Evening*—Gen. xxxix. or xl.; Rom. xiv. 1; xv. 8.
- 12—**Fourth Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xlii.; Mark x. 32. *Evening*—Gen. xliiii., or xlv.; 1 Cor. iv. 18, and v.
- 19—**Fifth Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exod. iii.; Mark xiv. 27-53. *Evening*—Exod. v. or vi. 1-14; 1 Cor. xi. 2-17.
- 25—**Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.** *Morning*—Gen. iii. 1-16; Luke i. 46. *Evening*—Isa. lii. 7-13; 1 Cor. xv. 1-35.
- 26—**Sixth Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exod. ix.; Matt. xxvi. *Evening*—Exod. x., or xi.; Luke xix. 28, or xx. 9-21.
- 31—**Good Friday.** *Morning*—Gen. xxii. 1-20; John 18. *Evening*—Isa. lii. 13 and 53; 1 Peter ii.

BISHOP SULLIVAN.

The Church of England in Canada, and especially the city of Toronto, have suffered a great loss in the death of the late Bishop Sullivan. In 1882 Dr. Sullivan was elected Bishop of Algoma. For fourteen years he administered his diocese with much success, but in 1893 was attacked with a sudden and prostrating illness, which necessitated his giving up work for a time and living abroad for the winter. After a rest, he returned, but was again forced to stop work, and,

pliable and equally to be applied in the smaller matters. What is termed carelessness would often be remedied by applying this golden rule to small matters; what is often done through thoughtlessness would not take place were the same rule applied. How many in correspondence seek to make their penmanship plain and legible, being constrained by this rule? How many seek to be quiet when coming into the house late at night because of it? How many apply it when dealing with their children, or with their servants, as well as when dealing with those of equal age or equal social position? How many when breakfast or dinner bell rings at once come, feeling compelled by this law? Other small cases will suggest themselves and the law is as binding in these as in the greater. The importance of little things has often been spoken of but how very small the things may be and yet be of supreme importance one scarcely stops to think. They are important for what they indicate, if not important in themselves. Not only do great issues depend on small things as their causes, *e.g.*, a lifetime of profanity, a lost time and a lost eternity depend on the utterance of a first oath, but on the other hand a very small thing may indicate a wonderful cause back of it, *e.g.*, a particle of dust may indicate the existence and direction of a hurricane, or a white spot may indicate a system filled with leprosy. One is therefore wise in watching the little things of his life and learning what they indicate and looking forward to what they may cause.

"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

Father, the way is rough, I walk alone;
No hand is stretched to help; no kindly voice
Bids me "God speed"; no human sympathy
Smooths my rough path, and bids me still
have hope.
Through the deep gloom beneath the lowering sky
Hopeless I wander on, Oh save me, or I die!
"Be still and know that I am God."

Where are Thy people Lord? Thy saints on earth;
Who, following in the path their Master trod,
Bind up those broken hearts, and heal the sick,
And cheer those bending 'neath their load
of woe.
Seeking their selfish ends the throng goes by,
Headless of suffering souls, Oh save me, or I die!
"Be still, and know that I am God."

Father, I thank Thee for Thy precious word,
Calm Thou my anxious fears; teach me to feel
Thy gracious presence; open Thou mine eyes
To see, in all events, Thy tender care.
Still Thou my selfish fears; and faith restore,
To know that Thou art God, and trust
Thee evermore.
Ontario. —H. W.



THE LATE BISHOP SULLIVAN.

in 1896, he resigned the diocese bishopric of Algoma and accepted the less arduous post of Rector of St. James', Toronto, which he held with very great acceptance and profit to the members of the church to the time of his death. He passed away at Epiphanytide, mourned and lamented by a large circle of friends.

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." How often we apply this or feel it is to be applied in the great matters of life and forget that it is equally ap-

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PUNISHMENT and chastisement. How great the difference! How great whether viewed from the side of the one who administers or from that of the one who receives it. The same thing may be both, but can scarcely be both at the same

time or, at least, in every dealing with a transgressor, either the punishment or the chastisement is most emphatic and the other only secondary. Thus the State punishes the criminal. Here the welfare of the State is sought. It seeks to defend itself from its enemy and to prevent that enemy from being able to injure it. The welfare of the criminal is only a secondary consideration. On the other hand, a father chastises his child. Here not the father's safety, but the child's welfare, is the main thing sought. Thus it is in God's dealings with men. The same act is sometimes called punishment, sometimes chastisement. God punishes the wicked, defending His kingdom of righteousness from their attacks, having, of course, the secondary object of thus leading His enemies to see the folly of their behaviour and change. On the other hand, He chastises His children. Their profit and improvement is the main thing sought, so that He may more greatly rejoice over them. If God's dealings with us are in punishment we may well fear, but if in chastisement, we may be grateful even in the midst of tears. If out of Christ, "God is a consuming fire," if in Him, He is Father, and "what son is He whom the Father chasteneth not?"

* * * *

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," said the great apostle of the Gentiles, as, moved and taught by the Spirit of God, he wrote to the Galatian Christians of old.

He gloried not in any material cross. St. Paul would have been the last man to take a relic, even of the accursed tree on Calvary, and hold it up for men to adore; still less can we think of him as taking a piece of brass or wood and making it into the shape of a cross or crucifix and prostrating himself before it.

No; he glories in the doctrine of the cross. He magnified the wondrous redemption of Him who bore "our sins in his own body on the tree." He adored the Blessed One "who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

What a glorious theme then we

have impressed upon us, when Good Friday reminds us of our Redeemer's death. We may sorrow that our sins and the sins of others made such a sacrifice necessary; but, oh, how we should boast of, glory in, and lift up such a Saviour! For "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and "God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Tell it out then, brethren; glory in it; make it known everywhere, that Christ *died* for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish. Tell men that "through death he destroyed him who had the power of death and brought life and immortality to light," and now he says "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive again for evermore;" "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." Tell them that the crucified, the Ransomer, is King for evermore.

A VISIT TO A MEMBER OF THE "CRUTCH AND KINDNESS LEAGUE" AT OLD FORD IN THE EAST END OF LONDON.



WHEN I last wrote to Willie Cooper, the little cripple in whom I am interested, I told him I was coming shortly to London and would surely go and see him.

On my arrival in the great metropolis I asked my brother if he would go with me to the East End where Willie lived.

He was busy getting ready for a longer journey and could not take me, and my only resource was to go alone.

But first of all I went to the head office of the League, 37 Norfolk street, Strand, and such a pleasant-faced girl, evidently one of the secretaries, told me that Old Ford was quite a safe locality, it was a

busylittle market town, and she added, "I hope you will find the case satisfactory."

With a lighter heart I looked up Old Ford on the map and found that the North London railway ran directly to it.

Ten o'clock the next morning found me on top of the 'bus en route for the station. It was a day something like one reads about in story books with the fog very thick and the street lamps all lighted, and I began to feel a little anxious. But my fears soon subsided, for I prayed that God would take me safely to my journey's end and bring me safe home again. Everybody along the way was kind.

The 'bus-driver showed me the station and reassured me still more about my destination.

It was not long before I was knocking at Willie's door. None of the family were at home, but a woman living in the same house invited me to come in and wait. From her I learned more about my little friend. She told me his father had been thirty-three years in the same situation, and the cripple boy was now working for his living.

When Miss Cooper came in she asked me at once to go with her to see Willie. On the way she told me more about the child.

She said he had been four months during the past summer in the Bournemouth Convalescent Home for Children, and had come back very much better in health, so much so that with the aid of a high boot he was able to get about easily, and was now behind the counter in a linen-draper's shop. He had begun to work two weeks previous to my visit to him. His mother died when he was a child, and she had brought up the boy. He had some little schooling in the intervals of freedom from pain in his leg, and had taken my letters and the little canoe I sent him to show them to his master and companions.

We found Willie standing outside the shop, evidently in charge of the goods displayed there. He looked very pleased indeed to see me, but evidently a little shy of a "stranger." I wish now that I had kissed him. I felt strongly inclined to do so, and it would have broken the ice.

The sister pointed out the poor, lame leg, and she looked with such pride upon the boy it made my heart glad. As I had only a short time to stay, Miss Cooper kindly walked to the station with me, and I was soon on my way back to Russell Square, thanking God for having seen the boy, and for guiding me on my way.

I hope to take Willie (D.V.) to Westminster Abbey to church, and also to an afternoon entertainment on a week day, so that he can have a good laugh. The west end of London is an unknown locality to him.

The following is a copy of one of his letters :

51 Ellesmere Road,
Roman Road,
Old Ford.

DEAR LADY,—I have received your kind letter, and think it a great pleasure in answering it, and thank you for thinking so much of them. Dear Lady, strange to say, when you wrote to me last our lessons at school were on Canada, now they are on Newfoundland, and hearing from you, and having lessons on it at school, I am very interested in knowing a little more about it, and shall long for next month to come to have another letter from you. Dear Lady, I dare say you will be pleased to hear that I have had a New Year's gift sent me, which was a nice cake, and a Christmas pudding, a meat pie, some sweets, and a packet of tea, a book and some cards. And it was such a surprise to me, as it is the first that I have ever had the eleven years I have been a cripple. I think it must be very nice to travel from place to place and see all these different things we read about. I should be very pleased to see you when you reach England, so thank you very much for your interesting letter.

My leg is very painful, and is beginning to swell very much again. I conclude my letter with much love from your affectionate little friend,

WILLIE COOPER.

Jan. 18th, 1898.

NOTE—The history of this movement is as interesting as it is brief. In the holiday season of 1895 the Rev. J. Reid Howatt in a paper to

which he was then contributing, suggested to his young readers to collect and mount sea shells, flowers, weeds, etc., for the benefit of the poor cripples in London who could have no holiday, not because of their poverty only, but also because the slightest movement often gave them the keenest pain. The response to this was very meagre, but what was sent Mr. Howatt distributed amongst the saddest cases in the care of the Ragged School Union, and gave an account of the delight with which the mementoes had been received by the lonely and suffering ones. This roused interest; more contributions of the kind came pouring in, till Mr. Howatt was led to suggest that this kindness, which had so wondrously relieved the monotony of the weak and patient little sufferers, should not be confined to the holiday season, but be continued all the year round. The heartiest response was given to this from all quarters, more than a thousand members joining the League the first year. The membership has now reached over two thousand in all parts of the world, whilst branches have been started in Canada, Australia, Natal and Scotland. As there are over 5,000 of these poor crippled waifs in the care of the Ragged School Union, Mr. Howatt's darling dream is that three thousand more members will soon join the League, so that every deformed and suffering child in London will feel there is some kind soul, out in the active world of health and activity, thinking kindly of him or her in the midst of all the rush that is so marvellous to these little restricted ones, the prisoners of God.

The request for the name, address, and other particulars of any little cripple to be put in one's care for the purpose of sending him or her a monthly letter should be made to Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the League, Ragged School Union, 37 Norfolk street, Strand, W.C. Miss Mary Knight, Portland street, St. John, N.B., will also kindly give any enquirer further particulars.

LOUIE M. JACK.

In the end we will be thought to have done as well as we have.

ARABIA.

"I went into Arabia."—Paul.

Welcome the silence of the sandy plain,
Thrice welcome calm environment of God,
Here let me rest beside the desert stream.
Too short my sounding line to reach the depths
Of knowledge, power, and mercy infinite,
Too deep, yet I may drink and be refreshed.

And with a vision purified descry
Fresh beauties in the future's glowing dawn,

O anchorage divine! O love untold!
Hold thou me evermore, O Light of Life.
And life of light, arm me for holy strife,
And ceaseless labour of a life-long love!

—H. T. Miller.

THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

By the REV. DYSON HAGUR.

So many people are asking the question continually: What are the distinctive characteristics of the Church of England? that I am going to outline very briefly some of the features that are most prominent and distinctive:

I. The Church of England is an ancient Church. That is, it did not begin its existence as a Church last century, as the Methodist Church; or a century or so before that, as the Baptist; or a generation or two before that, as the Congregational Church or the Independent did; nor did it originate in the sixteenth century, at the time of the Reformation. It has existed from the time of the primitive age. It was founded probably in the days of the apostles or very soon after.

Though no one knows exactly by whom the Church in England was founded, it is certain that there was in England an organized branch of the Christian Church at least three centuries before Augustine came. The worship of this ancient Church was simple, its form was liturgical, and its government Episcopal. It had bishops, liturgy, and clergy. Though it passed through many vicissitudes, and though before and after the days of Augustine it almost seemed as if the light in the church lamp was going out, it revived again; and under Aidar and Coleman and Theodore the Church continued, and its incorporated life gained ever in strength. After the days of Theodore it was in very deed the Church of England, inseparable from the national life.

From the Conquest onwards great cathedrals, minsters and churches were built in Norman, Old English and Gothic styles, the glory of England and of England's Church. The people who gather to worship God in the words of our dear old Liturgy in Westminster Abbey or Canterbury Cathedral are worshipping in buildings that have been consecrated by the prayers of thirty generations of Englishmen in the past.

The Church of England is an ancient Church.

II. The Church of England is a *converted* Church.

The sad truth must be told. The Church of Christ, which was formed in its purity by His apostles and their successors, began soon to degenerate. Slowly but surely false doctrines and superstitious practices crept in. Even in the apostles' days the faint beginnings of false doctrine and formal religion began to develop, and before two centuries had passed before the rudimentary developments of sacerdotalism, or what we would now call the Romish religion, were plainly visible. But the conversion of the Emperor Constantine is the real date of the invasion of the Church by the world. Pagan rites were adopted. Heathen superstitions were borrowed. Heathenish ceremonies were practised in the Church. Titles and ranks were assumed. And so the love of the world, and the desire of the eyes, and the pomp of life, seduced the Church from the simplicity of its first love in doctrine and worship. The whole Catholic Church, of which the Church of England was part, wandered from Christ. It sank deeper and deeper in ignorance, superstition, and the darkness of idolatry. And as the Church became more worldly it became dead and cold. It was like the chaos before the creation, "without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And then the Spirit of God seemed to move. You remember the noise and the shaking when the dry bones came together in the midst of the valley which the prophet saw, Ezek. xxxvii. It was just like that in the Church of Eng-

land when all was so dead and dry and dark.

Wycliffe's Bible was really the beginning of the Reformation. The entrance of God's Word brought light, and then came the spread of the truth, and then the conversion of Bilney, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Cranmer. And then (it was like the dead man Lazarus coming out of the tomb—the removal of the papal supremacy was the rolling away of the stone) the Church was converted. The Church of England, by God's Spirit, has become once more a living Church. A converted man is the same man as he was before his conversion, but his heart is changed. He lives in newness of life.

The history of the Church of England is like the history of a man who has worked out through the struggles of repentance and the endeavours of faith the character he has finally attained. It is the old, old story of the prodigal son who sank and sinned, but afterwards arose and came to his father a reformed and ennobled man.

The Church of England is a converted Church.

III. The Church of England is a *Bible-honouring* Church.

The Word of God was used by God's spirit to awaken the Church of England to newness of life. The reformation of the Church of England was brought about through God's Word, printed, published, preached, and read. Therefore the Church of England exalts Scripture. It gives supreme honour to the Bible. The Church is only a candlestick to hold forth the light of God's Word. The foremost doctrine of the Church of England is that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith."—Art. VI. That "it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another."—Art. XX. That "things ordained by them" (general councils of the Church) "as necessary

to salvation have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture."—Art. XXI.

Not only so. The Prayer Book of the Church of England is saturated with the Word of God. By far the greater part of all the prayers, petitions, and responses are in the words of Scripture. The canticles are all, with one or two exceptions, portions of Holy Writ. More than two-thirds of the Prayer Book, the Psalms, and the Epistles and Gospels, are literal transcripts of God's Word. It begins with Scripture. It ends with Scripture.

The service of the Church of England is a rich banquet of heavenly food of God's Word each Sunday and weekday. In most of the Protestant Churches not more than four portions of the Scripture are read each Lord's Day. In the Church of England six portions of God's Word is the very lowest possible number, eleven is the average, while sometimes as many as eighteen passages of God's inspired Word are read, not including those four portions of the Bible which are sung in the morning and evening services. If those are reckoned also, fifteen portions of God's Holy Word is the ordinary provision of the Church of England for her people. In other words, every person who attends the Sunday or daily services of the Church of England hears or reads fifteen passages out of the Bible.

Another part is worthy of remembrance.

The first act of the Bishop in the ordination of each minister of the Church of England, after the laying on of hands, is to put a Bible into his hands and say: "Take thou authority to preach the Word." That is the first duty of Church ministers.

The Church of England is a Bible-honouring Church.

IV. The Church of England is a *people's* Church.

It is in the true sense the Church of the people, and the Church for the people. The distinctive feature of the worship of the Church of England is that *all* the services are drawn up with the intention of enabling the people to join in them.

There is not a service in the

Prayer Book that has not in it some arrangement enabling the people to take part.

It was not so in the Church of England before the Reformation; when the Church of England was just what the Church of Rome is now. Then the only part taken by the people was that of looking on. They were, on the whole, mere spectators of a religious performance. Far away in the chancel, and before the altar, the priest bowed and turned and prostrated himself, muttering mysterious things in an unknown tongue. The choir did the singing, and the people stood and stared. As Erasmus said nearly four hundred years ago: "Church music is so constructed that the congregation cannot hear one distinct word."

This is not the idea of the Church of England now. People and minister are to join together. The worship of God is not a priestly performance far away in the choir, but a glorious communion of young and old, people and minister, in prayer and praise to God.

In the other Protestant Churches it is true, that the people's right is theoretically recognized. But as a matter of fact the people do not join in. The minister practically does all the praying and the people listen. The Church of England not only recognizes the right of the people to participate in the public worship of God, but she alone practically has made this participation an accomplished fact. The Church of England expects the co-operation of the people in all the services.

The Church of England not only provides for all to have a part, but to have a great part. Read the first, second, fourth and fifth rubrics in the morning or evening service. The Church of England seems to write in large letters at the beginning of the service:

Give the Lord's people their rightful part and due place in the Lord's service.

Bring everything within reach of the people.

Bring God's people very near to Him.

Oh that the people of the Church of England would enter into and enjoy their privilege as God's priest-

hood, and say the prayers, and say the *Amens* (1 Cor. i. 4-16). And would that the bishops and clergy of the Church of England would see to it that all the people—young and old—are taught to join with heart and *voice* in all the services, and that no ritual, no choir, no music-loving section, take from the people of the Church of England their birthright.

The Church of England is the people's Church.

(To be continued.)

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

JOHN III. 16.

By JAMES H. FLINT, in *Parish Visitor*.

Go read it slowly, ponder o'er
The message in that "Third of John,"
On bended knees learn more and more
Of how God loved, and gave His Son.

Receive the Word and let it sink
Deep down into thine inmost soul!
Then living water thou shalt drink,
And surely thou shalt be made whole.

O do not let thy soul be lost
For lack of knowledge, when 'tis nigh!
Learn *now* what thy salvation cost,
And do not wait thy time to die.

Open thy Bible, read and read
This single verse, if nothing more;
'Twill fit thy soul's most urgent need,
Christ is the Way—Christ is the Door!

Yes! God so loved the race of man
That He a full salvation brought;
His love evolved the wondrous Plan:
To save the sinner was His thought.

His thought is reaching out to thee,
For *so* He loves each single one;
If thou would'st His salvation see
Believe on His beloved Son!

THE GREAT GIVER.

By the REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., Author
of "The Way Home."

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."—
Gal. ii. 20.

Can we possibly think too lovingly of God? Can we begin better than by a fresh act of faith in "the love which he has to us"?

I want every reader of this paper to think of God as the Great Giver. If we were told of a great king who made it known to his subjects that on one day in the year, at one hour, and at one place, he would grant every request made to him, what a gathering there would be! Think then of the

King of kings, the Author and Giver of all good gifts, who is sending abroad, in His Wonderful Book, the gracious word to every sinner and every sorrower, "Ask"—ask every day, at every hour, at every place—"and ye shall receive!"

Has it ever occurred to you that the felt-sense of our *need* of God's gifts is intended to help us to understand what a Great Giver He is? We certainly could not understand it otherwise. How should we ever read aright His Father-heart of bounty if we did not look to Him for our "daily bread"? Even in this lesser gift how little we comprehend the measure of His open Hand, and our great debt! Reckon up the money value of food for a single year, freely given by the Great Husbandman in the harvest-fields of the wide world. Why, the figures would be overwhelming; the amount would empty every bank. We need for our own population alone of forty millions, at a very low average for each, a granary of food equal in value to about £730,000,000. Each town, with fifty thousand people in it, requires nearly £1,000,000 to pay the food-bill for the year. And God is the Giver of it all! Not a grain of wheat could man produce, or the harvest of that single grain. God alone gives grain and harvest. He "opens" His Wonderful Hand, and "filleteth all things living with plenteousness." If we could but rightly feel our *need* of "daily bread" for a single day, how we should thank Him for it! Would there be one home in which no "grace" of gratitude was heard?

Just so it is with the higher gifts of Grace—all that is meant by and included in the "One Unspeakable Gift"—"the Bread of Life." No one can possibly calculate the infinite value of that Gift. But, before we can form any estimate of its worth, we must know something of our *need*. Whilst we are living, as the poor prodigal did, in the far-off land of self-seeking and indulgence in sin, we can have no desire at all for the Heavenly food. Even when "famine" comes and we "begin to be in want," we vainly try, as he did, to feed on "husks": until the thought of "Home," and "bread enough and to spare" there,

rouses the sense of *need*, and prompts the resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father."

If then, we would indeed know the preciousness of God's spiritual gifts, we must first discover somewhat of our *need*. And this is just what the Gospel tells us God is *waiting* to show us all in the light of His wonderful love. Even the father of the prodigal sent many longing, loving thoughts after his wandering son. "How much more" are God's "thoughts"—thoughts of love and peace and blessing—like winged messengers of grace, ever hovering over us! By His providence, by His mercies ("new every morning"), by our home treasures, by our home trials and bereavements ("angels in disguise"), above all by His Spirit (revealing the mystery of Calvary's Redeeming Love), He "pleads" with us—seeks to awaken us to what we have lost and are losing apart from Him, and prompts us to come from the dreary desert of sin and death into the bright sunshine of the Homeland. Only hearken to the gentle, constraining whispers of love and grace ever falling on the believing ear: only ask the Divine Teacher, "Show me *myself*, and show me *Thyself*"; and there will soon be hunger for "the Bread of Life"—the bliss of His forgiveness who "loves us better than He knows"—relief from the burden and guilt of sin—the true life, and the true joy, and the true holiness, which are the earnest of perfect life and joy and holiness in the sinless and tearless world above! And thus, in the abundant answer of grace, you will at least *begin* to learn "how much you owe."

But I must cease from what is indeed a vain attempt to describe the Great Giver and His Wonderful Grace. To one and all the message comes—the message of "love Divine, all love excelling." We cannot know all this love means, but we may know something. Those who know the most feel most that it "passeth knowledge."

Only be sure, poor sinner, it is love to *thee*! "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." Make it your New Year's joy to read and mark and inwardly digest, day by day,

every "precious promise" in His Word which speaks of this boundless love. "The angels desire to look into these things!" Oh! how happy we should be if we all did the same! How we should—the best of us and the worst—"grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God!" Aye, and how we should love *man* too! What "growing" Christians we should be if we received more from the Great Giver! What words of cheer we should give to the heavy laden; what helping hands to those who are weary; what tears of sympathy to those who weep; what smiles to the little ones whom Jesus loves; what gentle words to win the erring; what humble words to win great sinners; what kind words to the aged—and to all!

Feed, then, on God's promises. Hide them in your heart. Count up the mercies of God, or try to count them up. Treasure up every Almanac text this year as true to you! The motto text for every month is "I AM"—"I am all you *really need*." Fill up each cheque—for each promise is a cheque—every morning with the hand of faith, and not one cheque shall fail to bring you "exceeding abundantly above all you can ask or think." The Great Giver possesses "unsearchable riches." Faith may ask much and take much, but even faith can never take all. Faith, remember, has only one mission, to *receive*—to receive empty-handed all that God can give or man can need. Be ever *receiving*, and then be ever giving. Try to live, by the grace of God, in the spirit of the prayer of the Sweet Singer, Frances Ridley Havergal, whom all of us remember still:

"Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

"Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."
—Home Words.

Our only business in any perplexity is to find out how God would have us act.

"SOME OTHER TIME."

By the REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Author of "Songs in Sunshine."

If ever it should come about
That you and Tom seem falling out;
You feel your temper's got the slip,
And cutting words are on your lip;—
Or if you linger, half-enticed,
To tell some story highly spiced,
About the doings, wrong and rash,
Of Mr. Blank and Mrs. Dash;—
Why, here's a bit of homely rhyme
With counsel sage and true;—
*Some other time, some other time,
Some other time will do.*

If Green, or Gray, who scorns to shirk,
Is down a bit and out of work,
And round his door, with hungry growl,
The gaunt old wolf begins to prowl;
And—though (with eggs at twopence each)
The ends don't greatly overreach—
You think, "I'll give a hand to Gray—
I really will—some other day";—
Why here's a bit of homely rhyme
With counsel sage and true;—
*Oh, now's the time, the only time,
No other time will do.*

One wrote of old, a sage and king,
*A time there is for everything;
For every work beneath the sun,
A season when 'tis meetly done.*
For selfish folly, idle play,
The season is—Some other day;
For loving aid and service true,
Oh, Now's the time to me and you.
One word to close my homely rhyme—
An earnest word and true;—
*There's little time, there's little time,
And lots of work to do.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard, situated by a dirty, foul smelling river.

The lady said: "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell the foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—
Miss Mulock.

Parish and Home.

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HOW SHALL I KEEP MY LENT?

How shall I keep my Lent ?

Shall I look sternly straight into my soul,
Ask it hard questions that it may not face
By reason of its insufficiency of grace,
Or by some mighty effort seek to roll
The burden of my sin away that presses
sore

And burns and eats into my inmost core ?
Or shall I, by my penitential tears,
Strive hard and long to wash the stains
away,

The stains of worse than weary, wasted
years
Fixed on the memory through many a bit-
ter day

Of sad reflection on my evil way
And many failings? Ah, my bitterest
tears

Do not suffice to banish all my fears ;
Such efforts cost me too much waste of
power,
And I am bankrupt in a single hour
Of steady gazing.

Some better plan than this
Must guide me through the forty lonely
days

Of steady disentangling of the ways
That keep me from my Father's welcome
kiss

Which I *must* have in spite of all the sin
And deep rebellion that I find within.
I see the way !

Sure some good spirit sent
This ray of sunshine on the night of Lent.
I'll lay my warlike weapons all aside
And make surrender of myself and all ;
In deep contrition I will downward fall,
Disband them all, and with them all my
pride,

And seek the pardon common rebels
crave,
The word that lifts them from the open
grave ;

And of that weary road I'll meditate
The Man of Sorrows trod for my own
sake,

The awful blood-stained road my Brother
trod

To lead me home and back again to God.
So thinking thus, of meat I soon would
tire,

And other thoughts shall bear me high
and higher.

These forty days shall be no awful gloom
Tiaged with the solemn darkness of the
tomb,

But something that shall renovate and set
my soul on fire ;

And when I fast it shall be for the sake
Of the great Pattern I shall ever take,
In whose sweet service still I feel con-
tent ;

'Tis thus I'll keep my Lent.

--Selected.

REV. G. C. WALLIS.

In addition to the picture of the late Bishop Sullivan appearing in this issue, we give also one of Rev. G. C. Wallis, who came to Toronto at the request of the Rector to take the senior curacy at St. James' Cathedral. We append a brief sketch of his life.

Mr. Wallis graduated from Islington Theological College in 1886



REV. G. C. WALLIS.

The same year he was ordained deacon by the then Bishop of London, Dr. Temple, and priest by the Bishop of Selkirk in 1888. Five years were then spent in the mission field in the Diocese of Selkirk under the C.M.S. Owing to family circumstances he was obliged to give up the work to which he was so much attached. After his return to England he held important curacies in London : at St. Augustine, under the late Prebendary Calthrop; then at St. Mary Magdalene, Islington; and latterly as senior curate at Christ Church, Hampstead. At the invitation of the Bishop of Nova Scotia he came to Canada in 1896 and engaged in work for a little while in Prince Edward Island.

"A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A THAT."

It was an unsavoury-looking trio that sprawled in the shadow of the great church on which repairs were being made. They partook of sausages and thick slices of buttered bread and great draughts of cold tea in a way which suggested sublime indifference to table manners. To be sure, "table manners" were not to be expected where there was no table.

They had been carrying bricks and mortar all the forenoon, which is neither skilled nor clean labour; neither does it require a great amount of brains, and evidently the group I was idly watching from the office window had not an over-supply. As I sat there, myself unseen, and listened to their talk about the dull details of their labour and their not over-nice jests, my feeling toward them was, if I remember correctly, a sort of contemptuous pity.

Their repast had only begun when something flashed past my window, and fell on the coarse coats and vests. There was a moment of surprised silence, and then the big fellow they called Mike spoke :

"An, shure it's a shquab ! The little crathur ! Fill from its nist on the copin'. There's the owld pidgin now."

The Swede they called Pete leaned forward and tenderly took the homely, helpless little lump in his great, dingy hand. I could not understand a word he said, but there was no misinterpreting the expression upon his streaked and sunburned face. I began to feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. Meanwhile, the father and mother of the family had arrived, and the pair were flying back and forth, and making tentative swoops down close to the men's heads. Their distress was pitiful.

"How'll we git the wee beastie back oop?" queried brawny, red-haired Sandy. "Weel that the coats were theer, or it ud 'a gone hard weeth it."

The Swede laid the squirming, pathetically unattractive little creature down again, and disappeared around the corner of the church.

In a minute he came back with a long ladder—but not quite long enough.

"There's a longer down at the place where the rist av the gang be warrkin'. Moind the shquab, Pete, an' Sandy an' me'll be afther gittin' it."

The two men walked briskly away, and I sat and waited impatiently, and tried to understand the Swedish "baby-talk" which Pete lavished upon the little stranger. In about half an hour back they came with the longest ladder I ever saw. And, as soon as it was firmly placed, Pete mounted, having first placed the little involuntary visitor safely in the front of his coarse woollen shirt. The rest watched him anxiously, and I heard two great sighs of relief as the "shquab" was safely deposited in the bosom of its agitated family.

Just then Sandy gave a whoop that almost brought Pete to the ground without the formality of using the ladder. I threw discretion to the winds, and poked my head out of the window. There was a lank, "variegated" dog disappearing with Mike's sausages. They all gave vigorous chase, but the chief was long and lithe of limb, and the pursuers returned breathless and sausageless.

"The ploonderin' veelain!" gasped Sandy. "Here, tak' some o' mine, mon!"

Pete offered a big lump of something which I could not classify, but which was evidently a welcome addition to Mike's depleted provisions. Then the repast proceeded hilariously.

"We all be a trifle short," quoth Mike; "but what odds? It's but foive minutes av wan; an' thin it's too ingaged we'll all be warrkin' to mejitate on aitin'."

"Reet ye air, mon," responded Sandy, heartily.

And Pete said something which would have been beyond my comprehension had it not been literally interpreted by his honest, glowing face.

The one o'clock whistles blew, and the men went to their work, each casting a glance of solicitous proprietorship up toward the nest, the ragged edge of which was just

visible over the edge of the coping.

And I turned away from the window, feeling that I had been vouchsafed a vision somewhat like that of Peter upon a housetop—in kind, if not in degree.—*Minnie L. Up'on, in Epworth Herald.*

A HEART'S ANTIPHON.

All the day from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.

In the meadow, in the street,
Feud and faction ever meet;
Who can say when time shall bring,
Peace to let creation sing?

All the day from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.

Is it but the dawn of day?
Is the twilight far away?
Is the noon hour past and done?
Are we nearing set of sun?

All the day from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.

Now the morning seems to gleam
On the mountains as we dream;
Now the shadows on the land
Tell again of night at hand.

All the day from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.

Sin and sorrow, love and hate
Surge around like tides of fate,
And between the seas we say—
Whether is it night or day?

All the day from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.
Morning, noon and shrouded night
All have kinship to the light;
In the meadow, in the street
Whither feud or faction meet;
Doubting, stumbling, greatest, least,
All are stepping to the East,
While we sing from east to west
God is near; He knoweth best.

—James Mabon.

RESOLUTIONS FOR LENT.

1st. If hitherto I have been neglectful of religion, I will think about it now.

2nd. If I have never had faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, I will now believe that He "loved me and gave Himself for me."

3rd. If I have never been baptized, "what doth hinder me" now? I will be baptized into Him who died for me.

4th. If I have not been confirmed, I cannot delay it longer; my heart is "ready and desirous to be

confirmed" into that faith I now know to be so precious.

5th. If I have never "drawn near in faith" to the holy table, I approach it now for my soul longs for its spiritual food and refreshing grace.

6th. If I have been indifferent about attending services, I dare not be so any longer; the God I serve is present to bless me; can I be absent?

7th. If I have never worked for Him in His Church and its organizations, O Lord, hear now my prayer, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

8th. If I have kept back from the Lord what has been His, not mine, I offer all to Him now, freely, cheerfully, not grudgingly, but with a willing heart. I dedicate myself and all I have to Him who has given all to me.—*Selected.*

A CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.

Often, when I have been asked what are the causes, or what is the particular cause, that sends most men to prison, I have of late years invariably answered, "The want of family discipline."

The indulgence of the father and mother, who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character, leads almost inevitably to evil ways and consequently to prison.

The child, even of tender years, who is indulged in its natural waywardness, and who is allowed to say to its father or its mother, "I will," or "I won't," is in a fair way to become an inmate of our penal institutions.

Parents are also responsible for the waywardness of their children, which leads them into crime, from a practice of deceiving them.

The intelligent child, when deceived by its parents in small things, is likely to form evil habits, which in its future life will not be easily eradicated.

This cannot be better illustrated than by the growth of fruit and other trees. If they are allowed in the first year of their growth to become crooked, distorted and out of shape, it is found nearly or quite impossible, in later years, to bring

them into symmetry and to make perfect trees of them.

So with the child. Its early training lasts for a lifetime, and, unless there are elements in its character, and will power, to correct its evil bringing up, it naturally grows worse and worse as it grows older.—*Exchange.*

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

FR. M. "HOME WORDS."

All we Need.—"All that the Church of England needs to make her the glory of all Churches, is the spirit of her own services."—*W. Marsh, D.D.*

The Prayer Book and the Bible.—The Prayer Book has drawn so much of the Bible unto itself that it shines all over with its derived and reflected glory, and is an incomparable "Companion" to it.—*Dr. H. C. G. Moule.*

Voices from the Past.—"Our Common Prayer Book was the Prayer Book of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers. As we look into the years of the distant past, we seem to hear their voices still, as we speak in our turn to God in these dear prayers and psalms."—*Idem.*

Antiquity—Fragments of the Communion Service may be nearly as ancient as St. John's time. Many Collects are at least 1,200 years old. We may fairly speak of our English Prayer Book, as a whole, as almost exactly 300 years old.—*Idem.*

"No Prayers like them."—When George Herbert was dying and his friends were praying with him, they asked him what prayers he would wish to have offered. "The prayers of the Church of England," he replied; "there are no prayers like them."—*Herbert's Life.*

A Pitman's Testimony.—A pitman in Durham Diocese was asked why he loved the Prayer Book. He answered; "One sentence in the Litany, if there were none other, would of itself be sufficient to save the world. It is this: 'O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.' I have felt in these words the sweet drawings of a Father's love, the

cleansing power of a Saviour's blood, and the Sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit; and I have felt my soul entwined, as it were, in the Sacred Three."—*Canon A. R. Fausset, D.D.*

ALONE WITH GOD.

In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called the "age of progress," and you know we must keep pace with the times. So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas! to be found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God. . . .

This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that cannot be over-valued. Let us turn to the pages of God's Book. On scanning its precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "the school of God," as it has been well said; and His school was simply this—"in the desert alone with Himself." It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din of the haunts of men—distant alike from human eye and ear—there they met alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God; for the battle had been won already in the desert with Him.—*London Christian.*

Don't think your gift so small, your brain so narrow, that you can do nothing to help the Church to spread the Gospel and to compel men to come in. Don't forget your opportunities, but resolve by the grace of God that you and your ministers will strive together to make His name known to those who are walking in darkness.—*Bishop Potter.*

THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowing sisters, but could as well be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honoured and welcomed guest. In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of Love. The morose reformer is not likely to be bidden to feasts where his presence is only a gloomy shadow, and his countenance as a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy purity this was not the impression made by Him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about Him, or the mothers would not have thronged around Him with their little ones, the despised sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help, the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment, or their expression of innocent joy, in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? Who made the dimples, too, in the baby's face? Who lit the glad loving light in its eyes, as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?—*Selected.*

BE YE READY.

A lady had a strange dream lately. She says, "I dreamed I was sitting with my sister in a room, when suddenly a shadow crossed the window, and she sprang up, exclaiming, 'It is time! He is coming! He is coming!' I also sprang up eagerly, but as I did so I had a doubt in my mind as to whether I was as glad as she was, or as I ought to be, and though I had believed firmly in His near coming, and taught it to others

whenever I could, I began to fear it had not as much effect on my life as it should. My sister cried 'Look! there is the sign!' and in real agony I exclaimed, 'Oh, where, where? I cannot see it.' She pointed to the window, but I saw nothing like a sign, and said, 'I don't think that can be a sign.' But now everything was fading, and our hopes died. He was not coming yet. She awakened, but the memory of the dream clung to her, and she began to pray 'Lord, teach me to be ready when Thou comest.' Is there not a lesson for us all here? If He came to-night, or to-morrow, should we be ready to go out gladly to meet Him, like the wise virgins? Or might there not be a hurrying about, seeking for more oil? Read Matt. xxiv. and xxv. and Mark xiii., and see how often we are told to watch and be ready, for we know not when the coming of the Son of Man is. There is only one year more in the century, and there may be even less before He comes. May we be found ready, as faithful servants, each "doing the will of God from the heart."

Some years ago a sturdy Scotchman in an Ohio town had made a fortune in manufacturing oatmeal. But one early morning he was called out of his bed by the cry of fire, and in an hour he saw his entire fortune, about \$700,000, vanish in flame. Then he went home and quietly remarked that he would finish the night's sleep. "How can you go to sleep," exclaimed his wife, "now that we have lost everything?"

"We haven't lost everything," he replied. "We have just as much money now as we had the day we were married, and you remember how happy we were then. Now we must keep our strength to begin again."—*Parish Visitor.*

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom few can love, whom none can thank,
The Church's blot, the nation's blank."

The only way to make life easy
is to make it service to Christ.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Mar. 5—St. John viii. 12, 31-36.	Acts xviii. 12-23.
" 12—St. John ix. 1-11	Exod. xx. 1-12.
" 19—St. John x. 1-16.	Acts xviii. 23-xix. 8.
" 26—St. John xii. 20-36	Acts xix. 23-35.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. How many sons had Ishmael?
2. He is said to have died in the presence of all his brethren. What does this mean?
3. Name Isaac's two sons.
4. Give the meanings of these two words.
5. Give the year of Shem's death according to authorized version.
6. Assuming the details of the Creation were orally handed down from Adam, how many persons would be required to convey them from him to Jacob?
7. Where did God appear the second time to Isaac?
8. What other event took place there?
9. How old was Isaac when he blessed Jacob and Esau?
10. Give the reason why Jacob went to Haran.
11. On his way what event occurred at Bethel?
12. What was the name of Bethel before this?

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY.

1. Gen. xv. 2. When God appeared to him in a vision and told him the destinies of his race.
2. Gen. xxiv. 6. Not to bring Isaac back to the country whence Abram came.
3. Haran; Gen. xxvii. 43.
4. Yes.
5. Keturah.
6. Yes, in 1 Chron. i. 32.
7. Six.
8. Gen. xxv. 6.
9. One hundred and seventy-five years.
10. In the cave of Machpelah.
11. At Beer-la-hai-roi.
12. Because Hagar called Him who appeared to her there—"Thou God seest me."

DUKE'S NEW SKATES.

Religious fellows are awfully tiresome, some of them," said Oscar Ross, one day, as he sat on the kitchen table, watching his sister Harriet preparing pies.

"In what way?" asked Harriet.

"Why, they are forever at you to go to meetings of first one kind and then another. And all the time you know that their object is to do

you good, and make you religious, too."

"I have known a good many of them that were not very tiresome that way," said Harriet drily. "But who is it that you are talking about?"

"Duke Ames. He is now captain in-chief of a missionary society, to which he invites me regularly by postal every month. And, whenever he sees me between whites, he gets after me to come."

"Duke seems to be a nice boy," said Harriet.

"Why shouldn't he be? He doesn't have to skimp and turn corners continually, and try to keep it a secret, and be respectable. He has lots of good times. I wish he would share some of them with me, instead of his missionary zeal."

A day or two later the boys at school were in great spirits over a change in the weather, which fitted beautifully into a frolic which they had on hand.

"There will be floods of moonlight!" said Duke Ames; "and the ice on the river is as hard as iron and as smooth as glass! A crowd of city people are coming over from the Point. We shall have to do our little backwoods best to entertain them."

And as Duke started for home, writes Sally Campbell in an exchange, his mind was very full of certain bright-eyed maidens among the "city people," and he remembered with complacency the new pair of skates which had been given him on his birthday. He had not gone far, however, when Oscar Ross stopped him.

"I say, Duke," he began with considerable hesitation, "I heard you had some new skates."

"I have," said Duke promptly; "beauties too."

"Well, would you mind lending me the old pair for to-night? My cousin has come, and he didn't bring any with him."

"Not the least bit in the world! Of course not. I am coming back to the village on an errand after dinner, and I will bring them along."

Oscar thanked him, in evident relief at his heartiness.

"What a proud person he is!" said Duke to himself. "Anybody

else would just have taken those skates for granted. But Oscar was as shame-faced as if he was asking for a house and lot. I suppose it comes of being so poor, and having to stretch so awfully to make things look right. I wonder who the cousin is. They have very swell cousins, I have heard."

When he got home, he brought out his old skates, and took a look at them. In the light of the new ones, they certainly seemed rather shabby.

"If the cousin is one of the fashionables, I am afraid he will sniff at these. But I can't help that. Unless—"

He stopped, and turned the skates over and over in his hands, apparently examining them in all their details, and at the same time whispering softly to himself.

"I'll do it!" he said at last; "just for fun."

When he went back to the village, he stopped at the Rosses' door.

"I brought you the new skates, Oscar," he said. "I thought maybe your cousin would look down on the old pair, and I would not have their feelings hurt for anything. I have had too many good times with them." He bundled the skates into Oscar's hands, and was off before anything could be said.

The next day the cousin left, and, to everybody's surprise, took Oscar away with him, to a position in the city. Some weeks after they went, Duke met Harriet Ross on the street.

"Wait a minute," she said; "I have a message for you from Oscar." She took a letter out of her pocket, and read him the last page of it. "Tell Duke Ames," it said, "that the first Sunday morning after I got here, as none of the other fellows in the house seemed to have anything on their minds in the way of church-going, I thought I wouldn't introduce the subject. So I was settling down at home, when I had a vision of Duke's new skates. And, after that, it seemed as if there was nothing for me to do but go. Tell him that I have been as regular as the parson ever since, and that, if I ever get to be a parson myself, it will be owing a good deal to his 'providing things honour-

able' that last night on the river."
—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled;
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy
child;
Birds greeted her from many a tree,
But Selfish said "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad, the folk were cross.
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was
o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."
—*Home Words.*

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

Minnie and Jack Aster lived in Manitoba. Their way to school each day was three miles over the unbroken prairie. Jack was only a little fellow, seven years old, and his sister, being several years older, looked after him like a little mother.

One dreary afternoon in November the school children had not gone out to play as usual at recess, but had stayed round the stove, and had begun discussing, in childish fashion, the subject of hymn-singing. This was something they were all much interested in, as their teacher had lately introduced the practice of singing a hymn every evening before school was dismissed.

Tom Williams was the only fifth class boy in the school. He was the leader to all games, too, so his opinion was much valued by the children. Strangely enough, he seemed to hold views about the use of church music rather like what appears to be the opinions of a few members of churches and choirs in more settled parts of Canada; but of course he expressed them more bluntly.

"I think," he said "hymns are our part of the service and are intended to liven up the long prayers and long sermons, so that it doesn't matter very much what the words are. The tune is the main thing to look at."

Minnie had always looked on Tom as very wise, yet she was sure he was wrong in this, but the bell

rang just then so that nothing more was said.

When school was dismissed the teacher advised the children to hurry home as it had begun to snow and the wind was rising.

Minnie and Jack trudged through the blinding snow hand in hand. At first they felt inclined to laugh at the blustering wind.

The little girl could not forget Tom's words. He must be wrong. The world would be so much more sad if it were really true that God did not listen to the words of the hymns that his children sang.

Soon she could think of nothing but the storm for it grew more and more fierce every moment. The snow and wind seemed to strike the children like an icy sheet numbing and blinding them. Jack, although generally a brave little boy, was soon quite tired out and seemed to become heavier every second as his sister tried to drag him along. Minnie knew, too, that she had lost the trail and every step might be taking them further from the settlement.

Just when the little girl thought she could not struggle any further she almost fell against a sod wall which proved to be part of the ruins of a kind of house, called in Manitoba a dug-out with walls and roof of sods.

The children crept into the shelter of this strange dwelling and huddled together for warmth in the driest spot they could find. It was getting dark. They were wet and cold, and the snow was pouring in through the broken roof. Minnie wondered as she rubbed Jack's cold, little hands if God was still watching them, and whether He would keep them from dying of cold if no one came. Then her mind wandered back again to Tom's slighting remarks about hymns. She was sure God listened to them. Why should she not sing now? So she began singing that simple little hymn that she learnt almost as soon as she could talk:

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

As she sang she was sure God was listening. The words were very comforting to the little lost

children. Almost as soon as the hymn was finished she and Jack had forgotten cold and hunger through the kind sleep their tender Shepherd had sent to them.

Although the children had no idea of this, the old ruin where they had taken shelter was quite near to Tom's father's house.

Tom had been out after getting home from school, gathering the sheep together and bringing them back to shelter. Although his father and mother thought him careless about religion it seemed quite natural in seeing that all the helpless sheep were safely housed to think of the Good Shepherd that came to seek and to save the lost. When he got to the door of the house he suddenly stopped, for he heard a sweet childish voice, sometimes drowned by the wild shrieking of the storm, singing almost the words he had been thinking.

A great many thoughts flashed through his mind, but, being a practical boy, he turned back, facing the wind, to go in the direction of the singing, and before the hymn was ended he was sure that the mysterious singer was in the old sod house. There he found the two children fast asleep. Mrs. Williams received them almost as if they were lost children of her own that had been found again. After just being awake long enough to get thoroughly warm, and to be dosed with every remedy against cold that Mr. Williams could think of, the children went to sleep again, this time in warm, comfortable beds.

That night the anxious father and mother were told that the children were safe, and in a few days they were none the worse for their adventure.

Though they suffered from cold and hunger and loneliness, our little heroine says that she will always feel glad she was lost on the prairie, because she thinks that through their being lost God showed, by sending Tom to save them from being frozen to death, that He does listen to what is sung to Him.

Tom does not contradict her in this belief, for he is getting to see more and more that every good gift is given us for God's glory, and

that there is no nobler foretaste of heaven than the human voice tuned in harmony with a humble, earnest heart.

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NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

"I know a little saying
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
This saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray, so deep and bright,
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

"No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum
Entice your feet to stay;
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight."

—Little Pilgrim.

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The Rev. E. L. King, of Virden, Manitoba, visited Lindsay on the first Sunday in March, putting before the congregation the needs of that Western Land. His morning subject was "Give ye them to eat," Mark 6: 37, and in the evening, "Love to God and love to man." The West is being settled over such a vast area, and as yet so sparsely in many places, that much help will be needed from the outside to meet the wants of the Church there. The early disciples in giving to others, multiplied their own store, so it often is today, yet sel-

fishness and lack of faith often leads us to hold back. We find that the amount given by St. Paul's church directly to Rupert's Land for the year ending 31st March, 1898, was \$23.30

St. Paul's Church Collections, February, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Feb. 5	19 75	11 50	31 31
12	29 35	6 62	35 97
19	27 45	9 30	36 75
26	27 15	7 12	34 27
	\$103.70	\$34 60	\$138 30
Church Debt Fund, Feb.,			\$36 50

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