



'Being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God'--Col. 1:1

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 26.

OCTOBER 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. N. I. PERRY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambray.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

R. HANNAH,	A. TIMS,	M. SISSON.
DR SIMPSON,	T. J. MURTAGH,	J. E. BILLINGSLEY.
C. D. BARR,	JAS. CORLEY.	L. ARCHAMBAULT.

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.

DAVIES.—Ann Eliza, daughter of Thomas and Grisella Davies, born 28th March, 1886; baptized 8th September, 1893, by Rev. John Vicars.

Marriages.

SHEEHY.—HODGSON.—At Lindsay, on 9th September, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William James Sheehy, to Elizabeth Louisa Hodgson, both of the township of Thorold, Victoria county.

Burials.

SHAW.—On 2nd September, 1893, at Riverside Cemetery, Anne Shaw, widow of the late James Shaw, in her 62nd year.

BONNELL.—On 6th September, 1893, at Little Britain churchyard, Amy Estes Bonnell, widow, in her 89th year.

COOK.—On 11th September, 1893, at Riverside Cemetery, Elizabeth Cook, sister of James Cook, in her 65th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

A railway engineer said the other day, speaking of PARISH AND HOME, "I tell you, actually, I would not be without that paper for three times its cost." Such words are encouraging.

The Rev. C. S. Smith will preach Sunday evening, Oct. 15th, in St. Paul's Church, the Rev. C. H. Marsh having been called away to conduct Harvest Thanksgiving services in St. John's Church, Port Hope.

The average increase of the income of the Church Missionary Society of England for five years has been £12,000, or nearly \$60,000 per annum. How much have we in Lindsay been increasing our gifts for the extension of Christ's kingdom?

A general Synod has been established for the whole of Canada, consisting of representatives from all the dioceses, Bishop Machray of Winnipeg being made Primate of Canada and Archbishop of Rupert's Land. It has been our privilege to meet him twice and we believe it would have been difficult to make a better selection, he being a man of high attainments, great abilities, and deep spirituality; and having done a wonderful work for our Church in western Canada.

called the "Great Lone Land," when he was first made Bishop. May God direct our Church and Synod.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service was held at Price's Corners, a very small village in Rev. Rural Dean Jones' parish near Orillia, the last Sunday in September. The offertory amounted to \$40. Judging by their gifts the thanks for the harvest must have been real.

We congratulate the sec.-treas. of our Young Men's Association (Mr. Billingsley) on bringing his bride to Lindsay, and wish them every happiness. Our congregation has lately received several brides from other parishes, and some are proving themselves a great help in the work of the Church here.

A meeting of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria was held Sept. 27th and 28th, at Millbrook. Eleven members of the deanery were present. Addresses were delivered in St. Thomas's church on the evening of the 27th by Revs. E. Daniel, of Port Hope; W. J. Creighton, of Bobcaygeon; and N. I. Perry, of Lindsay.

The people of St. George's Church, Cameron, have decided to build a driving shed. When the first meeting was held to consider the matter almost sufficient money was voluntarily contributed to complete the project. All the work is being done by members of the congregation. We heartily congratulate them on their enthusiasm, liberality and co-operation.

On Oct. 1st, Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in St. Paul's Church, the Ven. Archdeacon Weston Jones of Windsor, N. S., a former Incumbent of Lindsay, preaching two able sermons. The church was beautifully trimmed, the singing had been carefully prepared, and was good, the congregations were large, and we trust the worship and thanksgiving real. On Monday, 2nd, an "At Home" was tendered Mr. Jones by the officers of the Church, and many came to greet their former pastor and to shake hands and have a few words with him, after an absence of six years. Senator Dobson occupied the chair and a most interesting program was given, refreshments being served, a very pleasant re-union of friends taking place, and a happy evening spent. The next day the Archdeacon left for his far eastern home.

The Rev. R. N. and Mrs. Stewart, who have been laboring as missionaries in China for 17 years, favored us with a visit on Sept. 29th. Mrs. Stewart addressed women and children in the school room in the afternoon. Many were touched by her simple and pathetic account of life in China, where the darkness of heathenism reigns supreme. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Stewart addressed a very large gathering, basing his remarks on the text, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations.....; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo, I am with you all the days." The large map of the world, which was so hung that all might see it, emphasized the necessity for all Christians to be wide-awake to the needs of the great outside world in this most wonderful

missionary age. We hope that the visit of these two eminent missionaries to our town will be the means of stirring us up to more united action on behalf of the great heathen world.

On Sunday, November 26th, (D. V.) anniversary services of the opening of St. Paul's Church will be held. The offertory will be for the reduction of the debt, and we trust and believe many will unite to make it as large as possible. Let all of us who worship there see how much we can save up for this purpose during the next month.

The September C. E. T. S. meeting was held on the 25th with a large attendance. The Rev. W. Creighton gave a good, practical temperance address, while a very interesting program was rendered by Mrs. Dyer and Miss Williams, the Misses Wallace, Miss Holtorf, Mr. Vance and Mr. Petty. These meetings are becoming deservedly popular and we believe useful. Four new names were enrolled.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service was held at St. John's, Dunsford, on Sept. 17th, when the Rev. J. Vicars was the preacher, and on Tuesday, 19th, a Harvest Home entertainment was given. The choir sang several appropriate thanksgiving songs, and amusing and instructive addresses were given by the Revs. N. I. Perry, C. H. Marsh, J. Vicars and W. Creighton; Mr. Vicars contrasting the present with the past, he having been the clergyman when the first Church was opened. While congratulating his hearers on many advances, he pointed out the great tendency there was in these days of people living beyond their means and getting into debt. A visitor noticed: The kind hospitality of Dunsford people; the splendid suppers they gave; the late hour at which the program began; yet all seemed wide awake to the end. May thankfulness for many blessings be encouraged throughout our land.

A neat little Church was opened at Gelert on Sunday, 24th Sept., seating about 150 people. The Revs. Rural Dean Jones and George Scott, former clergymen of Minden, were expected to be present, but at the last found it impossible to come; Mr. Marsh of Lindsay preaching the opening sermons in their absence. Great credit is due to Rev. G. Scott for collecting funds, and to Mr. A. Lawrence, student in charge, assisted by several co-workers, for untiring efforts in bringing the building to completion. Much work was given gratis and so less than a hundred dollars of debt was left when the Church was opened. We congratulate our friends in the north. Miss Curry of Omemece gave a very nice communion chalice, while the children of Mrs. N. Clark of Gelert gave the paten and flagon. The choir of Minden led in the singing and worship, which was hearty and in all the day was a bright happy one.

Offertory for September:—

	Sept.	3	10	17	24	Envelopes	Loose	Total
						\$28 85	\$9 01	\$37 86
						16 25	9 55	25 80
						14 90	11 75	26 65
						17 85	10 75	28 60

\$118 91

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

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No. 35.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—13th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jer. 36; Ephes. 2. *Evening*—Ezek. 2, or 13 to v. 17; Luke 5, to v. 17.
- 8—19th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. 14; Phil. 2. *Evening*—Ezek. 18, or 24, v. 15; Luke 8, v. 26.
- 15—20th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Ezek. 34; Colos. 3, v. 18 and 4. *Evening*—Ezek. 37, or Dan. 1; Luke 12, to v. 25.
- 22—21st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Dan. 3; 2 Thess. 2. *Evening*—Daniel 4 or 5; Luke 16.
- 29—22nd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Dan. 6; 1 Tim. 6. *Evening*—Dan. 7, v. 9, or 12. Luke 20, to v. 27.

HOW WONDERFUL!

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought
With blessing more than I had asked or thought;
A blessing undisguised, and fair and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered, "Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?"
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!
O faithless heart! He said that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou
fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.
—F.R.H.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK—THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

VI.

THE title of the communion office, "The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion," is thoroughly scriptural. The name "Lord's Supper" is taken from I. Corinthians xi. 20, and the name "Holy Communion" from I. Corinthians x. 16. The Lord's Supper is familiarly called *the* sacrament, and in one of the exhortations our church speaks of it as "the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." The word "sacrament" is derived from the Latin. In its earlier significance, it meant the military oath of allegiance to the emperor; but it is now used to cover any solemn pledge or oath. Our church is not content to leave

the meaning she places upon the word in the region of uncertainty. In the church catechism it is defined as "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof." In this use of the word there are only two sacraments—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

The name "Breaking of Bread" was the first title given to our Lord's institution in Scripture. It is found in Acts ii. 42. Some scholars, however, consider that the "Breaking of Bread" referred to the feasts of loving fellowship, called "love feasts," "feasts of charity," *agape*, which preceded the Holy Communion. The term "Eucharist" is also applied to the Lord's Supper. It is from a Greek word which means to rejoice, to offer thanksgiving.

The word "mass" was deliberately rejected at the Reformation. It is derived from the Latin *He; missa est*—"Go; ye are dismissed," pronounced at the end of a portion of the service before the communion proper. Bishop Jewel says: "Of this departure away and proclamation, the action itself, which was the Holy Communion, was called '*Missa*.'" The term "mass," innocent enough in its original meaning, had become associated with the erroneous opinion of a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead in the Lord's Supper; and so the Reformers, lest a confusion of names should lead to a confusion of things, would have nothing to do with it. As Ridley said, the "thing which they call their mass . . . is a very masking and mockery of the true Supper of the Lord."

The first rubrics refer to the discipline by which the Lord's table is to be guarded from unworthy communicants, and to the proper position of the priest and of the holy table, with its covering, according to Puritan custom, of a fair white linen cloth. The word "altar" does not occur in the service. It was removed of set purpose from the Prayer Book at the revision of 1552, and has never been restored. It has become the fashion now in some quarters to use the word "altar" instead of the Lord's table; so that, as Archdeacon Farrar points out, "it

looks like pedantry to avoid it." But it is better, even at the risk of being peculiar, to follow the usage of Scripture and the Prayer Book.

The communion service opens with the Lord's prayer. It is worthy of note that, contrary to modern usage, by which we generally end our prayers by repeating, as a summary of our needs, the Lord's prayer, it was the custom in other days to begin with the Lord's prayer as a pattern upon which to frame the rest. It is peculiarly appropriate here, as we remember the Saviour's dying love and the spirit in which we are to come to His table: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

The prayer is now, from custom, pronounced by the clergyman alone. It is plain, however, from the rubric on the first occurrence of Lord's prayer that it should be repeated by the whole congregation. The direction is, "Whosoever else it is used in divine service."

The collect for purity which follows is one of the most beautiful in our litany. It has been in use at least from the ninth century. It is an acknowledgment of the omniscience of God, unto whom "all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." The heart's desire is for cleansing by the inbreathing of the Holy Spirit. The one aspiration is "that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name." How necessary is the frame of mind which this prayer voices! It is a confession of our need; an acknowledgment that God alone can satisfy that need; a prayer for the cleansing and renewing power of His Holy Spirit; a desire that our hearts may be filled with His love, and our will brought into harmony with the divine will.

The Ten Commandments were first inserted in 1552. At that time they were practically unknown to the people. When Bishop Hooper was appointed to the diocese of Gloucester in 1551, he found that out of 311 clergy in his diocese 168 were unable to repeat the Ten Commandments;

31 out of the 168 could not tell the book of the Bible in which they are written; 40 could not tell the part of Scripture where the Lord's prayer is found; and 31 of the 40 did not know the name of its author. The Ten Commandments form a synopsis of the law of God, which is fulfilled in one word—Love. The response is a prayer asking God to write His law in our hearts.

The collects for the ruling monarch were composed by our Reformers. They are in keeping with the spirit of loyalty which has always characterized the English Church, and in accordance with the apostolic injunction to pray for kings and all in authority.

The Nicene Creed, the greater part of which was drawn up at the Council of Nicea in 325, is a statement of belief in the great doctrines of our faith. The creed was first repeated in the communion service in 471. It soon spread to Spain and Gaul, and the churches of the west. It was specially directed against the followers of Arius and Macedonius, who taught that the Lord Jesus Christ was not the only begotten Son of God, and therefore not God, and that the Holy Ghost was only a creature. It is a plain declaration of the divinity of Christ, of His co-eternity with the Father, and of the Godhead of the Holy Ghost. It is only in the creeds that the church recognizes the individual worshipper. In our prayers, it is "Our Father," "Give us," "We have erred," etc. In the creed, it is "I believe." It throws the responsibility of the confession of faith upon the individual. And this is as it should be, for faith is a personal matter. Every soul must answer as the individual before God, and the great transaction (if we may so speak) is completed by itself. We live in families, we worship as a congregation; but faith and salvation rest between the individual and God.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ONLY ONE STANDARD FOR ALL.

THE tendency to set up a high standard of morality or of Christian living for others, and to be satisfied with a lower one for ourselves, is very general. We are usually quick to condemn questionable practices or neglect of duty in our neighbors, while guilty of the same faults ourselves. Examples of this failing are often met with in the criticism which a clergyman and his conduct undergo at the hands of his people. A Canadian bishop relates that in a certain parish a clergyman became so unpopular that the members of the vestry

petitioned for his removal. The bishop appointed a commission to ascertain, if possible, the real causes of complaint. Among the witnesses examined was one of the churchwardens. Among other grievances, he complained that the clergyman had never in any of his parochial visits conducted family worship at his house.

"Did you ever hand him a Bible and invite him to do so?" enquired one of the commissioners.

"No; I always waited for the clergyman to propose it."

"Is it your custom to conduct family worship regularly in your own home?"

"No; we do not observe it unless a minister is present to take the lead."

"Well, why do you find fault with a visitor for not taking upon himself a duty which you, the head of the household, neglect to perform?"

"Oh, sir, we always expect a clergyman to be a better living man than other people."

This incident expresses the opinion of many besides the person quoted, but it is altogether at variance with the teaching of the book which we all profess to take as our guide. The rules for holy living left on record by the inspired writers were intended not for one set of Christians alone, but apply equally to us all. While great responsibility rests upon the clergy in setting a godly example in all things, it is the duty of all who acknowledge Christ as their Master to satisfy themselves with nothing short of the very highest possible degree of holiness. Only when this truth is clearly understood and universally acted upon will the church at large be a witness to the world of her divine authority, and become the irresistible power for good, which, unhappily, she now fails to be owing to the low level of spirituality at which so many of her members habitually live.

F. J. L.

THE CRY OF THE PEAR TREE.

ONCE heard C. H. Spurgeon represent the Gospel as a laden pear tree, calling for baskets. "Baskets, bring baskets!" was the cry. "Who has any?" The preacher represented some one saying, "I have one, but it is empty." "Bring it along," said he, "that is just the sort needed." "I must find a full one," said another. "You may keep your full one," replied the pear tree; "I only fill empty ones. Baskets, bring baskets—empty baskets!" The preacher represented them coming, and being filled, and still the cry was, "Baskets, bring baskets—baskets that are

empty!" for the fruit multiplied as it was gathered. "Blessed are the empty, for they shall be filled," if not an exact text, is very nearly so.—*Selected.*

KIND actions are like stars

That skim on a wintry night
Here and there 'mid the clouds and darkness,
All pure with a holy light.

Kind words, like heavenly music,
In softest cadence low,
Soothes the heart that might be breaking,
Bound down with its weight of woe.

A look sometimes of kindness,
When the heart's too full to speak,
May help and cheer many a one
Who is sad, and low, and weak.

Oh! never withhold a kindness,
And joy to yourself it will bring!
The good it will do you ne'er may know;
For though small, 'tis a priceless thing.

—*Fletcher.*

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF PRAISE.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul." Blessed be God, He makes room for me. Come, my soul, He bids thee join His choir. He would hear thy voice, and that not only in the choruses, but for a solo. Our characters differ much, and yet more do our circumstances. Now, nobody has ever yet been led along the way in all its windings by which I have come. To me has been given some token of His love that none else ever proved. So then I, even I, can bring some note of music without which the great chorus of God's praise is incomplete. If I am dumb, there lies forever "forgotten in unthankfulness" some revelation of His goodness, some deed of His love. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Do not envy any man. Do not try to be anybody else. Be thou filled with His praise; and if it be like no other, so much the better. Yet do not want others to be as thou art; rather, soul, be thankful that so few are like thee. But be thyself. God, "who maketh us to differ," wants the strains of my voice, the song of my soul. Shall the bass of the organ refuse to lend its music because the treble leads? Or shall the treble be dumb because the thundering bass makes more ado? Are not all needful to the fulness of the praise? My soul, take thy part. Rouse thee to this blessed work. Whoever else is silent, be thou filled with praise. Thy God, who hath filled thee with good things, listens for thy voice; if it be wanting, He is grieved, and thou art condemned. It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal with a vast army of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty

chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said within himself: "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still, and then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo?" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part. O my soul, do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayest be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the music of His great universe is made richer and sweeter because I give Him thanks. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

1 Peter 5: 7.

WHAT does it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the days are long, the nights are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
That sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When lights die down on the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
And love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness.
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayer,
Then my heart cries out for a God to care.

Oh! wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He strengthens me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The burden that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let those who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain,
Our Father stoops from His home above
To soothe and comfort us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?
Oh! rest in peace! for the Lord *does* care.

—Selected.

THE LATE BISHOP OF MOOSONEE, AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

In January last, the authorities of the Church Missionary Society were startled by the news of the death of Bishop Horden, bishop of Moosonee, the cold stretch of country around Hudson's Bay. There is something so solemn and yet so touching, writes the Rev. E. J. Peck, in connection with that lonely grave amidst the ice and

snow of Hudson's Bay. But we could not, neither would we wish to, alter the will of Him who does everything in love, and who will, we feel sure, comfort the hearts of those who now mourn their loss at home.

The writer of these few lines had the joy of knowing the late bishop for the last sixteen years. I can never forget all I owe, under God, to him. It was he who, with unflinching patience and kindness, prepared me for the sacred office of the ministry, and his joy, I know, was unbounded when he could send me forth to labor among the Eskimos—a people he loved so much. His friendship and fatherly counsel my wife and I enjoyed to the end, and it is my sorrowful, though hallowed, privilege to say a few words in memory of him who now rests from his labors.

In speaking of what seemed to me the striking features of the bishop's character, I would desire not to magnify the creature, but to exalt the Saviour. "Not I, but Christ." "By the grace of God I am what I am," said the apostle to the Gentiles, and this all-abounding, all-constraining grace worked mightily in him who has left us, and made his life a means of unspeakable blessing to many.

But what were those characteristics which, through divine grace, made Bishop Horden's life so real? Undoubtedly great energy and fixity of purpose, great devotion in his Master's work, and unflinching kindness of heart.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which found an echo in the bishop's heart. Nothing seemed to daunt him in carrying out a project which he believed was for the glory of God or the good of the people whose welfare he had so much at heart. When we think of him in "travels oft," going about from place to place visiting his scattered flock in the wilderness; or when we think of his patient, persevering ministrations by which many a soul was lit up with light and peace from on high; or of his wonderful linguistic work, through which the life-giving Word of God was brought within the reach of almost every Indian in his diocese; or when we remember him (as many of my readers will) pleading so earnestly and successfully during his brief furloughs in England for the needs of his poor people—in all these things we see, through God's grace, a life filled with divine energy, a life used for a purpose, a life spent for the glory of God.

I need not dwell at any length on the peculiar devotion and self-sacrifice which stamped, as it were, our bishop's life. His

death speaks louder on this point than any words of mine. He has died in harness. He has fallen at his post, and yet, humanly speaking, it might not have been so. He might, after so many years of labor, have come home ere this to enjoy a well-earned rest; but to strengthen the hands of his fellow-laborers in the field, to see the work settled on a firm basis, and, above all, to finish his translation of the Cree Bible into the dialect of the Indians living at Moose—these were the objects which constrained him to remain even when, perhaps, his physical and mental powers were failing. His was a life quite surrendered, quite given up, to the work; and doubtless the loving Saviour who gave to His servant this spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice will crown him with honor in that day when He makes up His "jewels."

I cannot close this brief paper without noticing another point in the bishop's character which, I am sure, will be acknowledged by all—his unflinching good nature and kindness of heart. We missionaries of the Moosonee diocese have reason especially to know how deep was the kindness which we often experienced at his hands. One and all will, I know, heartily agree with me in saying that he was one of the kindest of men, and this kindness, as we well know, extended not only to ourselves, but to our dear partners in the work, and to our children, and indeed to all.

Mrs. Peck can testify to his care and kindness during hours of weakness. The poor Indians at Moose and elsewhere knew they had in him an unflinching friend. The servants connected with the Hudson's Bay Company will remember, I am sure, his kindness and sympathy; and the gentlemen in charge of the various trading posts knew that they had in him a genial, warm-hearted companion.

And do not our hearts and sympathies now turn to the bereaved ones at home? We must all feel so much for Mrs. Horden and her family, who hoped in a few months to welcome the absent loved one in their midst. They have had, and they shall have, our prayers and our sympathy, and God, even our own God, shall "bind up" the broken hearts, and give them to know the consolation and peace which He alone can bestow.

And now, my reader, that life so freely surrendered, so nobly used, seems to speak to you, and to speak to me. It calls upon us to dedicate all our powers to the glory of God. It shows us how blessed is a life given up, fully consecrated to the

service of our beloved Lord and Master. May we, like the beloved bishop, "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The diocese of Moosonee is 1,200 miles long by 800 miles wide, comprising the whole coast-line of Hudson's Bay, and is inhabited by a scattered population of some 10,000, speaking five different languages. The southernmost point touched is within a short distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, while more than 700 miles to the north lie the Little Whale River and Churchill stations.

With Bishop Horden's young successor, the Rev. J. A. Newnham, many Canadians, and especially many Montrealers, are familiar. He is one of the younger sons of the Rev. Geo. Newnham, M.A., of Corsham, Wiltshire, England, is an alumnus of the Diocesan Theological College in this city, and a graduate of McGill University. Having passed through the Diocesan Theological College, he was ordained by the late Bishop Oxenden, and appointed to the mission on the Ottawa River named the Quio, where he served with great acceptance until he was called by the present bishop of Huron to the position of assistant in the cathedral of this diocese. That position he held until he was appointed rector of St. Matthias', Cote St. Antoine, which he vacated at the call of the Church Missionary Society, London, England, to serve under Bishop Horden.

Mr. Newnham was born in 1854, and was educated in England. He came to Montreal in 1883, entered McGill College in 1874, completed his theological and university courses in 1878, and after ordination entered on the active work of the ministry in the same year.—*Selected.*

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

"If any one thinketh himself to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain," says H. James. Probably few, however, have learned to make their measure of control of the tongue the test of the spiritual life. Words slip off our tongues so easily! It is so pleasant to talk, and to talk freely, that we almost doubt if God can look with very serious displeasure upon "a slip of the tongue." Yet no one can read the Bible carefully without being startled by the gravity of the warnings against these offences. The writers of the Psalms and the Proverbs undoubtedly

looked upon this sin as perhaps the most serious because the most subtle of all human weaknesses; and we need only turn to the terrible warning of our Lord against idle words to be convinced that the New and the Old Testaments estimate alike the danger from the tongue.

Now, we may ask why this special gravity belongs to the misuse of speech. Perhaps because speech, more than any other function, expresses what is in our hearts. A lying word betrays a false heart; a soft word reveals a gentle spirit. The fountain of our inner being flows out in speech. If the stream be corrupt, the uncleanness of the source is betrayed to all men. If the stream be pure, it strengthens and refreshes all whom it touches. Words, like water, travel far. They pierce formidable barriers, and they carry either love or hate, joy or sorrow.

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

The use, then, of speech is charged with heavy responsibilities. Its abuses are so many that only a few can be mentioned here. But first among them stands the danger of mere *talkativeness*. "There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence," says the wise man, and only careful and ever-prayerful thoughtfulness will enable us to distinguish the one time from the other. "I feel that I can unburden myself to you," said a sorrow-laden woman to a sympathizing friend; "because you do not say anything, just when I feel that I cannot bear to have anything said." Tender sympathy could alone give such wisdom, and open the door of a wounded heart, and such sympathy is rare. Too often people feel under the necessity of keeping up a ceaseless flow of talk.

"Common is the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

But the unwilling ears are forced to listen until the door of the heart is fast closed by the rush of words. "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise."

A danger that is peculiarly strong among young people is exaggeration. In speech, so many things are "awfully," "frightfully," "terribly" good, bad, or indifferent, that one would be amazed and alarmed if one did not know that the strong words mean simply nothing. A young lady was describing to the writer lately how an old woman had mistaken her for her sister, and said: "I thought I should have a fit;

I laughed so much." The woman's mistake, in fact, probably only made her smile, for it was not an unnatural one, but a vicious habit caused the exaggerated, and therefore untrue, language. If this exaggeration is comparatively harmless, other forms of it are not. Some trifling unpleasantness, a hasty, irritated word, is repeated to another in such a magnified form as to inflame the feelings of both narrator and hearer. A false meaning is read into words that are in reality almost harmless, though indeed blameworthy, and perhaps the dreary result is that an old friendship is destroyed. The tongue is a fire. It often kindles a great flame in which the ruin of many tender bonds is involved.

The Christian gentleman will watch nothing more closely than his words. He will never be a tale-bearer, or repeat what might cause mischief. He will not make a buffoon of himself by efforts to say always something funny. It is perhaps almost unnecessary to add that no profane nor unclean word will pass his lips. Fifty years ago, it was thought almost proper for a man moving in good society to adorn his sentences freely with oaths. We have happily reached a higher level now. Said the son of Sirach, many centuries ago: "Be swift to hear, and if thou hast understanding answer thy neighbor; if not, lay thine hand upon thy mouth. Honor and shame are in talk. A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city, and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated. A wise man will hold his tongue till he sees opportunity, but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. He that useth many words shall be oppressed; and he that taketh to himself authority therein shall be hated. A backbiting tongue has disquieted many; strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men. The tongue of a man is his fall; but if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding."

ONE day I was out walking with my little niece. We stopped to look in at a florist's window, and were admiring some big pink roses. The child looked very wistfully at the roses. I said, "If I were rich, I would buy you a bushel." "If I were in moderate circumstances, I'd buy you just one," was the reply. I could not resist that, so we bought "just one." So it is, I think, in our doing and giving; we wait for somebody else to pour in a bushel, while we hold back the "just one" talent or penny.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

☉ Crop of Sunshine.

It was when Kitty Baker was eight years old that an invitation came for her to go into the country; and as she had never been away from home, this was the greatest event which had occurred in her life. Kitty herself was small and thin, but she had a strong buxom cousin who acted as dairymaid at a farm; and the farmer's wife, being a kind-hearted body, told Mary that she might have Kitty down for a week or two, and see whether country living and country air would not put a little color into her pale cheeks.

There was great excitement in the Baker household when this piece of news arrived; and Kitty became quite a personage in Broom Court, where her father and mother lived in rather a muddling fashion. For although Mr. Baker was a highly respectable costermonger and doing fairly well, Mrs. Baker said that with her large family to see to, and most of them a bit short-tempered, in which particular she freely confessed that they took after her, she never expected to be very comfortable.

Her own temper became shorter than ever during the next few days, when, in addition to her other manifold duties, was added the necessity of getting Kitty's humble wardrobe ready for the coming visit; but sharp words and saucy replies were matters of too frequent occurrence for an extra one or two to put anybody out. They did not mean much; and were merely regarded as a natural and convenient relief to one's feelings.

At length the eventful day came. Kitty looked quite spruce in a clean cotton frock; and her box, containing her Sunday clothes, and two brand new pinafores, having been solemnly corded in presence of the admiring family, just then assembled at tea, she said good-bye to them all, much as if she were about to go to Kamschatka or a little farther.

It was dusk when she got to her journey's end, quite tired out with excitement. Cousin Mary straight away popped her into bed, where she slept like a top, and woke early the next morning to find herself in a new world.

And what a wonderful world! Kitty fairly held her breath in astonishment, and did not know which to admire the most—the tall trees rustling in the sunshine, the grass where their shadows lay so softly, the sweet-smelling flowers, or the meadows stretching away and away, till they seemed to join the blue sky.

Presently Mary went milking. Kitty looked on at a respectful distance—she mistrusted those cows. Mary laughed as she pressed the sweet, rich milk from their udders; and a draught of it went a long way to dispel Kitty's doubts. Still she could not quite rid herself of the notion that they were fearsome beasts, with whom it would not do to be too familiar.

The other live things about the farm were different. While Mary carried her shining pails to the dairy, Kitty struck up a friendship with the old magpie, which went hopping about at his own sweet will. Then she and Pons, the housedog, had a confidential chat; and, as for the chickens, they were endless amusement—from the fluffy little yellow things popping in and out under the old hen's wings to the stately rooster leading forth his pretty brown wives to scratch for dainties in the dust.

"That hen with the gray tail is mine!" suddenly announced a voice which seemed to come from the clouds. Kitty looked up, and saw a child about her own age standing at the top of the dairy steps.

"I'm Fanny Benson," continued the mistress of the hen with the gray tail. "I know who you are—mother told me that you were going to stay with Mary. Come along! I'll show you the orchard, and the pigs, and——"

"I've seen the cows!" put in Kitty, hurriedly.

"Oh! well, you haven't seen the ducks, and the new kittens, and my wax baby doll, and the frogs, and the donkey," said Fanny, anxious to do the honors properly.

So together they made the round of these varied attractions; and then spent a merry hour playing hide and seek in the garden.

The arbor was "home," and the lavender bushes and quaintly cut box-trees made capital nooks for hiding—a great deal pleasanter than those Kitty was used to in Broom Court. She raced between the clove-scented pinks and the fuschias, hanging from their stems like fairy bells, and thought that she had never enjoyed anything so much. The paths were rather puzzling when it came to be her turn to hide. Her new friend's voice sounded now on this side, now on that. At last she darted down a narrow path as yet untried, and stayed there so long that Fanny left her hiding place and became again the seeker. She found Kitty gazing intently on the border, where appeared Fanny's name traced in full on the dark mould—Fanny Benson—it looked very pretty; but Kitty raised an awestruck face. "How

could it come up so? your very name, and just like real writing!"

This was too much for country-bred Fanny, who laughed longer and louder than was quite polite in a hostess.

"Why, you goose——," she began.

"I'm not a goose!" cried the town maiden, angrily. "You've no business to call me a goose, and I won't play—so there!"

"She's a regular little spitfire," said Fanny to her mother that evening. "But I don't believe she means the cross things she says, for she's good-tempered the minute after. And isn't it funny, she doesn't seem to think half so much of my new doll as of the little bit of garden father gave me for my own—just fancy, when Flora can open and shut her eyes, and has such lovely hair!"

It was quite true. Flora's attractions were lost upon Kitty; while upon that "little bit of garden" she looked with longing and eager eyes.

Fanny had told her all about it; how the three-cornered bed between the goose-berry bush and the tall cherry tree was hers; how she sowed mignonette and sweet peas; and how, if father could be coaxed to make the furrows, mustard and cross and radishes were sure to grow in some pretty form—heart-shaped, for instance, or like a star, or even spelling some chosen word. Oh! to possess a place where she, too, might sow those wonderful seeds, and watch them grow. The thought was rapture; but with it came the remembrance that not a handful of earth could be found in Broom Court, where their house boasted but the tiniest of backyards, and that bricked over in the most unpromising fashion.

Good-natured Mary suggested that her small cousin should take home some mould in a pot, and make a modest beginning in that way; but Kitty had an uncomfortable idea that her bustling mother might object to it as rubbish; and even in a hasty moment consign her landed property to the dust hole. Besides, there were no flowers ever seen in Broom Court; Kitty hardly believed they would grow there. "You see," she explained to Fanny, "it is all so different. The sky is gray instead of blue—the smoke spoils it; very often, too, there is a fog which makes us cough."

"Is there any other difference, I wonder?" said Mrs. Benson.

"Yes," replied the little girl after a pause. "It is all different—it is not such a happy place as this. Mother gets tired and cross, and we children get cross, too.

Then she slaps us, and we get crosser—Ben is right down saucy sometimes.”

“And Kitty—,” said Mrs. Benson, with a smile.

Kitty hung her head, and blushed.

Fanny, who had been frowning to show that she was thinking deeply, now remarked that she could not remember any flower likely to grow in smoke, and not mind fog.

“Then it’s no use for me to sow anything,” sighed the would-be gardener.

“I tell you what, my dear,” said Mrs. Benson, “I know something that thrives wherever it is planted, and always brightens up a place—I think, Kitty, you must take to sowing sunbeams.”

Sunbeams! did ever anybody hear the like! Fanny’s ready laughter broke forth at once. Sowing seeds was a familiar operation, but sowing sunbeams! She did not see how this was to be managed at all. Besides, supposing if a sunbeam could be sown, what would come of it?

Here Kitty unexpectedly supplied the answer.

“Why, sunshine!” said she, looking where it kissed the roses into sweetness, and shone over the meadows, and thinking how good a thing it was.

“There is another kind of sunshine,” said Mrs. Benson. “Some folks seem to take it about with them, go where they will; and it’s wonderful what happiness they make, just by being always ready to do a kindness, or say a cheerful word—these are the sunbeams to sow, children, if you want a crop of sunshine.”

This conversation made a deep impression on Kitty. The next day she went home, laden with treasures—apples for the children, a bottle of milk, some home-made sausages for father and mother—and over and above these good things, she carried away with her a determination to sow sunbeams.

But it was not quite such easy work as she expected. Bad habits have such a tiresome knack of sticking, when first you try to shake them off; they are as bad as the prickly burr one picks up in a country lane.

Kitty had grown so accustomed to give sharp answers when her mother scolded, or the young ones teased, that they slipped out before she was aware; and then, instead of sunshine, there came stormy weather. She made another grand mistake, too. When she did control her temper, or did what she could for any one, she expected to be immediately rewarded by some pleasant result—to see her mother grow less

hasty, her father more affectionate, her brothers and sisters more—yes, more admiring and grateful; for I am afraid that Kitty began her sunbeam sowing with a vague notion that she would thereby become something of a heroine in her small circle. Instead of this, the children worried as much as ever; father never seemed to notice her efforts at all; and mother actually once took her well-meant cheerfulness for impudence. “Don’t give me any of your impudence!” said she, when poor Kitty (who had yet to learn that zeal must be tempered with discretion) met her angry reproaches with a smiling answer. And Kitty retired, heart-broken; and took the first opportunity to tell her Sunday-school teacher of her perplexity. “Indeed,” she concluded, sobbing, “I have tried to sow sunbeams, but they won’t grow—it is too smoky even for them, I suppose.”

“Oh! no,” said Miss Markham, “you needn’t fear that, Kitty; the fact is you are in too great a hurry. Even a mushroom takes a night to come up, and here are you not willing to give your seeds of sunshine so long as that? To be sure, stray sunbeams do sometimes spring up very quickly,” she added, smiling down into Kitty’s already comforted face, “but, as a rule, we must be prepared to go on sowing for a great while before we see any good come of it. Your friend, Fanny, did not expect to gather her sweet peas or to eat her radishes directly she had sown the seed, I suppose?”

“No,” admitted Kitty, “she had to wait for weeks.”

“Well, Kitty, you may have to wait months—even years—before you get a full harvest; but if you keep on sowing, it will be sure to come some day. And you must remember, dear, we do not sow for our own gratification only, but because we love God, and want to do what pleases Him.”

Kitty nodded. She went home rather soberly; but with a mind made up to persevere.

And persevere she did, until by degrees it became more natural to be helpful, cheery, and sympathetic than anything else. Then she began to sow sunbeams unconsciously, and, indeed, to forget her old notion on the subject. But I think Miss Markham often remembered it when she saw the tall, bright girl in her place at the Sunday-class, or called on Mrs. Baker, and found her with time for a restful chat, because her eldest daughter was growing so handy and so industrious.

A long time went by—eight whole

years. The Baker family still lived in Broom Court, and one dull November evening there were grand doings about tea-time. The lighted lamps showed a wonderful spread—a big plum cake, a plate of periwinkles, another of shrimps; these delicacies being added to the usual fare of bread and butter in honor of Kitty’s sixteenth birthday, and her first start in life; for Kitty was going to service, Miss Markham having procured for her a place where she would be well trained. The Bakers, big and little, felt that her fortune was as good as made; but Mrs. Baker expressed the prevailing sentiment when she declared that the house would not seem the same without Kitty.

“That it won’t! There isn’t nobody like our Kit!” vociferated Ben.

Ben was now a strapping youth employed in the foundry close by; and he had long ago profited by his sister’s example, and given up being “right down saucy.”

The younger branches said nothing—conversation would do when plum cake was not about; and a practical proof of their affection was before Kitty that very moment in the smart shell work-box purchased by many weeks’ self-denial in toffee; but father took up the tale.

“She’s a good lass,” said he. “I thought to-night, comin’ in from the fog—it’s as thick as thick, and the smoke beats down dreadful—thinks I, well, if our home is not but a poor place, it’s always got somethin’ lightsome in it when Kit’s about.”

This being a long speech for Mr. Baker, who was a man of few words, he refreshed himself with a good draught of tea and set down his saucer approvingly.

How pleased Kitty felt, although tears twinkled in her eyes. Suddenly her thoughts flew back to the day when she—a little fretful child, looking wistfully at the flowers in a country garden—had wondered whether any fair thing could grow in her dingy London home. Ah! the scattered sunbeams had thriven after all; and in the dear, happy faces around Kitty beheld her crop of sunshine.

There is a verse in the Bible which Kitty was learning to understand. “The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith.” This is sunshine indeed.—*Sydney Grey, in The Sunday at Home.*

ONE brick placed upon another helps to make a building; one kind deed done after another helps to build a beautiful character for a boy or a girl.

Parish and Home.

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FOOLISH men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice but an accidental one here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed a day or two, a century or two; but it is sure as life, it is sure as death. In the centre of the whirlwind, verily now, as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is just.—*The Gleaner.*

LOVE is an atmosphere rather than an emotion, the atmosphere of God's very nature; and as we inbreathe that atmosphere we gain in spiritual vitality and spiritual vigor, and in clearness of spiritual vision. "God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." "How blue God's heavens are when we love, and know that He loves, and how pleasant all hours and weathers and seasons are when we dwell in love, and so in God!"—*S.S. Times.*

THE Archbishop of Canterbury told the following story in Croydon parish church on New Year's day:

"One of our missionary bishops, travelling through a desolate tract of country, was asked by some good people if he would go round by a certain distant station where there lived a strange man almost by himself, who kept a sort of little inn. They told the bishop this man was an atheist, and thought it would be a great blessing if he would go out of his way to talk to him. The bishop found him out, and one evening had a long conversation with him. At its close the man said, 'Bishop, I see you are laboring under a mistake; a man can't live here in the wilderness with God all day and all night and think there isn't

a God. You must go to the towns if you want to find a man who doesn't think there's a God.'"

QUICK work is not necessarily hurried work. It is hurry, not haste, that "makes waste" in the affairs of life. To catch a ball "on the fly" requires quickness, but not hurry nor flurry. A man needs a cool head as well as a quick hand for it. A surgeon's work in taking up a severed artery is quick work, but not hurried. It is the same with the work of a counsel, or in any professional sphere. He may speak or act quickly, and with haste without hurry, giving instant advice that is timely and well considered. An accomplishment to be desired and to be striven for is the writing of what one wants to write, or the expression of thoughts that one wants to preserve, in haste, but not in a hurry. Without haste in action at a time that requires haste, thought and knowledge may be worse than useless. Slowness makes waste as often as quickness.—*S.S. Times.*

MUSIC contains suggestion of forms and powers of utterance which may not find their perfect development in this life. It is noteworthy that the glimpses men have had beyond the veil, from Isaiah's vision to John's, are so much associated with song and harp. The heavenly hosts do not speak when they can help it. Singing is their natural utterance. They stop it for a moment to suit their utterance to our duller ears, and then fall back into song again, as on the plains of Bethlehem. So our efforts to sing God's praise are our poor attempts to rise toward that angelic life in which song is more natural than speech. It is to share, as Dean Hook says, in "the unearthly work of praising God." It is our effort to bring into use those still rudimentary powers and functions of utterance which will be in ceaseless use in the life beyond death, and which are foreshadowed to us in the musical utterances of the greatest composers, such as Handel and Beethoven, who "cleave our spirits to deeps within deeps" by their strains.—*S.S. Times.*

BIBLE FIRST.

ABOUT forty years ago a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning, the day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be. The father took up the daily paper to read.

The boy at once climbed into his lap and snatched away the paper, exclaiming, "No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!"

That lesson taught by a little child was probably a turning point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon never was forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. "Bible first, papa!" was ever ringing in his ears.

It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business, wealth accumulated, business increased, friends multiplied, but uppermost in that man's heart was the precious Word of God. He read and studied it; as teacher and superintendent of the Sunday-school, he taught it; he did more than this—he practised its precepts.

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive and engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for us all?—*Selected.*

THE DAILY AIM.

"For me to live is Christ."—Phil. i. 21.

THERE is but one resting place for the heart of man—the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Let me give you two words of counsel which may help you to make this Rest your daily aim.

(1) Live on Christ. Make Him your all. Trust in His precious blood for the forgiveness of sins. Look to Him as your "Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption." Lean upon Him continually as the faithful Redeemer who will never leave you. Depend upon Him day by day to fill you out of His fulness, and to aid you by His quickening Spirit. In pain and suffering, look to Him to sustain you. In temptation, look to Him to uphold you. In sorrow and loss and trouble of every kind, look to Him to cheer you by His abiding presence. If you have turned aside from the narrow path, look to Him to restore you and keep you steadfast to the end.

(2) Seek to live for Christ. Regard Him as your King, your Lord, your Captain, your Master, whom you desire to honor and please above all. Let Him be your great end and object in life. Aim, through the grace of His Spirit, to put on the fair raiment of meekness, holiness, patience, love, and self-denial. Aim to plant your feet in the footprints He has left behind in

the world. Tread frequently the mount of prayer. Love the courts of God's house. Visit the sick and suffering. Go where Christ would go. Let His love constrain you to live not for yourself, for the world's praise, or making money, for pleasure and self-indulgence, but for Him who died for you.

"I gave Myself for thee; give thou thyself to Me."

—Rev. George Everard, M.A.

THE MINISTER'S SABBATH NIGHT.

REST him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting Arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

TEMPTATION.

THE man who deliberately goes where he knows he will be tempted, unless he has a call of God to go there, virtually makes an appointment with the devil. The Arabs have a proverb: "To think about vice is vicious." There is a great deal said in the newspapers about the fool who blows in the muzzle of a loaded gun, or attempts to light a fire with a kerosene oil can, but neither of these is to be compared in folly with the young man who makes and keeps an appointment with wild and dissolute companions, whom he knows will go to places, and deal with forms of sin, which he has always been taught to shun as he

would a reptile. He cannot even plead the excuse of the man who thought the gun was not loaded. Everybody knows that intoxicating drinks are loaded. Every sensible person knows that bad company is loaded. Yet there are hundreds of boys who have been taught from their youth up that the billiard saloon is loaded, that the knot of street-corner loafers and the village owl gang are loaded, that the novel which they read under their desk at school is loaded, and that the cigar and pipe and barrel of hard cider are loaded; yet they persist in blowing down the muzzle of the gun.—*Union Signal*.

GIVE THEM WORK.

THE estimate of the number of boys lost to Sunday-school in the United States from the ages of twelve to twenty-one varies in percentage in different Sunday-schools. There is loss in nearly all schools, and the saddest side of the thought is that many of the best boys are lost. Vigorous boys, boys of capacity, are lured by the temptations of life, and are lost to Christ, and in many cases to the country. Give them a work to do that makes them manly, and develops the body as well as the mind. The captain of forty boys will be less likely to be seen in a saloon than the boy who has no ties. Their is strength in unity. If the Boys' Brigade can lessen the percentage of loss, it is the movement we need to-day. Many pastors and superintendents say that it does lessen the percentage of loss. It is worth trying.—*Boys' Brigade Courier*.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

(1) Is it because I am afraid of ridicule?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."—Luke ix. 26.

(2) Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."—Romans xiv. 12.

(3) Am I not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mark viii. 36.

(4) Am I afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

(5) Is it for fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—I. John i. 7.

(6) Is it because I fear I shall not "hold out"?

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—Phil. i. 6.

(7) Am I thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."—James ii. 10.

(8) Is it because I am postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Prov. xxvii. 1.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

THE bishop of Cork told of a tombstone in a London cemetery which bears these words: "In memory of Frank —, aged twelve years. If I live to be a man, I should like to be a missionary; but if I die as a little boy, put this on my tombstone, that others, seeing it, may go instead of me." Will none, he added, go in answer to this little fellow's wish? And without doubt the loving thought of that childish heart has been the means of making some face seriously the great question whether God does not call them to missionary work.

But while a few are thus willing to undertake more than they can carry through, a timid fear keeps others from accepting any responsibility. We will say, for example, a young lawyer is really desirous of doing some Christian work, but his professional duties are such that he thinks he cannot accept any further responsibility. He would like to take a class in the Sunday-school; but really, he says, the responsibility is too great. He might not be able to get there regularly, and might not get time to prepare the lesson. So he must not think of it.

Frankly, what is it that he is saying? No one ever heard of his being unwilling to accept the responsibility for new clients' affairs in business, provided that they could pay for the work. He is quite sure that he can get time and opportunity to do all this. That is, he can undertake for a client who will pay in gold what he will not undertake for God, who will repay in a coin that satisfies the spirit as gold cannot satisfy it. Let every young man or woman who is doubting about embarking in Christian work now remember that the only polish that will keep the Christian bright is some effort to bring blessing into the lives of others.

And in whatever we do, he who loves much will accomplish much. The preacher

in the pulpit will reach the hearts of his people, only if he has a great burning love for them in his heart. The district visitor will be a messenger of light in the homes of the poor, only if tender pity and sympathy for their sorrows animates her. It would be well if each worker examined his heart every day to make sure that love is the mainspring there. Cold orthodoxy, keen reasoning, are in themselves useless. Only when animated by love can our thoughts reach and bless the hearts of other men.

The summer is gone, and we all stand face to face with another winter's work. Whatever we do let us do thoroughly. A thousand times rather do one thing well than spread ourselves over half a dozen and bring none to completeness. Let us beware of good-naturedly undertaking too many things, and thus wearing themselves out in trying to do what no one person ought to attempt.

BREATH.

THE breath of our new life is found only in communion with the Father, away in the inner chamber, behind the veil, in the holy of holies of His immediate presence. And this is more than a first condition of living. If we do not get breath, it matters very little what else we get. Food, warmth, sleep are of no avail if we cannot breathe. This entering into the presence of God and communing with Him is the renewal of our spiritual atmosphere. Set before your mind the case of a diver who has to go down to work in the depths of the sea. The water is the breath of the fish; it is death to men. The condition of his life is that the air of this upper world be pumped down to him. Then he goes down without fear, careful beforehand to see that all is right with the atmosphere above him, and careful, however deep he goes, or however busy he is, to keep the communication open with that upper world to which he belongs. He is not always thinking about his breathing, but he cannot do without it for a moment, and he knows better than to suffer any trifling with the apparatus which secures that.

So are we in this world; the atmosphere is too dense for our new life. And yet our duty lies down here. Well, fear not to go down; only, first of all, be sure about the communication with that higher life to which we belong. If that be broken off or neglected, we die.

This hiding of ourselves with God in prayer is the adjusting of the apparatus

with that source whence comes the breath of life to us. Nothing can take the place of this quiet waiting upon God. . . . Prayer is more than a kneeling and asking something from God—much more. It is more than expecting and claiming that which we ask. What we need is to get into the presence of God; we want the hallowing touch of God's own hand, and the light of His countenance. Tarrying in His presence, we must have the breath of God breathed into us again, renewing the life which He created at the first.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

TO WHOMSOEVER.

O FRIEND, or foe, or lover,

Be true!

Though none thy faith discover,

Be true!

Though men should mock thee for thy pains,

And wreck thy work and wrest thy gains,

Be true, be true!

'Mid Youth's seducing pleasures

Be true!

'Mid Manhood's golden treasures

Be true!

When Age is dulling every sense,

And tempting to indifference,

Be true, be true!

When all is fair around thee,

Be true!

When health and hope have crowned thee,

Be true!

When quick the pulse and full the life,

And strength rejoices in the strife,

Be true, be true!

When doubt and dread o'er take thee,

Be true!

Though all the world forsake thee,

Be true!

Should sickness smite thee in thy bed,

Or speed thy dearest to the dead,

Be true, be true!

When night is blackest o'er thee,

Be true!

When yawns the grave before thee,

Be true!

When God gleams downward from the height,

And opens out the infinite,

Be true, be true!

—*John Hall Ingham.*

A SOLDIER boy became a Christian, but could find no place to be alone for Bible reading and prayer. He knew that if he did not have the grace and help of the Holy Spirit his light would go out. So he ran the risk every day for six weeks of being punished by going outside the lines to a quiet place to pray. His light shone so clearly and steadily that long afterward he learned that his captain had become a Christian through his example.

ABOUT SERVICE.

(1) Its creed. Every member of God's church ought to be in some way a working member; not one is to be excused. If you cannot teach a Sunday-school class regularly, you can now and then volunteer to fill a vacancy, one or two of which usually happen every Sunday. You can, perhaps, attend the adult Bible class. I shall never forget the help given me in my first attempt to conduct such a class by an honorable and venerable lady—a true "mother of Israel"—who came into the room and quietly seated herself near me. I felt her very presence to be a tower of strength. If you send your children to Sunday-school, you can see that they go regularly, and with their lessons prepared. An hour during the week spent with your child over her Bible lesson will be worth a hundred times more to her and to you than six times as many hours spent over worse than needless finery.

(2) Its opportunity. There is always some one to smile at, somebody to give your chair to, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or even an old paper, would be a boon. These small attentions will open the way to confidence; will make it possible that in need these friends will give you opportunities to help them, which unless you had shown thoughtfulness and regard for them they could never have done. A quiet, sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs help which you can give.

(3) Its source of power. I remember hearing once of a castle to which siege had been laid. Month after month the enemy lay in camp about it, and still it held out. "How can it be," they said, "that the people in the castle can live on in this way and seem so bright and cheerful? Where do they get their supply?" The explanation was simple enough, as they afterward found. The castle stood on a cliff over the sea. They simply fished from that side, and so lived. There are people to-day drawing sustenance from the Eternal sea, and you cannot kill those people.

I knew a woman in the long ago who loved her husband more than any woman I ever knew. He had a magnificent intellect and loved her truly, but he had one terrible fault—he was a drunkard. I was intimate with her, but I did not dare to say the thing I wanted to say, till one day I spoke out: "Can you tell me how you can carry such a face as you do all the time?" There was a joy and light in her face that was wonderful, knowing, as I did,

her sorrows. The tears did come to her eyes, but a light shone through them as she said, "Oh, did you never read the Bible, 'He is the health of my countenance?' Adding, "It is necessary I should have it, too, for I want him to see my face continue young." "He is the health of my countenance." Oh, friends, it is Christ; it is only Christ; it must be Christ!

ITS CALL.

WHEN the Lord of the vineyard is calling
For your help when there's work to be done,
Are you ready to go at His bidding,
And toil till the set of the sun?

Are you willing to go without knowing
What reward there will be for the pain,
Leaving all in the hands of your Master,
Till He comes to His vineyard again?

There's no place for the idle; the harvest
In the heat of the day must be won,
For the Lord of the vineyard will only
To the faithful ones whisper "Well done."

—Selected.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.

A STORY is told of a philosopher who, whilst crossing a river in a ferryboat, asked the boatman if he understood astronomy. "Astronomy! No, sir, I never heard of it before." The learned man replied, "I am sorry, for one-quarter of your life has been wasted." A few minutes after he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?" The man smiled and answered "No." "Well, then," said the sage, "another quarter of your life has been wasted." Then he asked a third question, "Do you understand arithmetic?" "Oh, no; I never went to school," said the ferryman. "Well, my friend, a third part of your life has been wasted." Just then the boat struck on a rock. The ferryman, as he pulled off his coat to swim to the shore, asked the philosopher, "Sir, can you swim?" "No," said the learned man. "Well, then, replied the boatman, your whole life is wasted, for the boat is going to the bottom."

The story may or may not be true, but there is a moral in it. Men may know much about astronomy, mathematics, geology, and other sciences; but if they do not know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, they will be lost. Of what use was the philosopher's learning to him when the boat went down if he could not swim? Of what use will this world's wealth, learning, fame, or glory be to a man who is about to pass into eternity if he has not Christ? To know the Lord Jesus Christ

and what His death has accomplished for you will give you life eternal. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—*Good Seed.*

TOO OLD TO SAY PRAYERS.

"OH, mother," says she, as she and I were going one night upstairs,
"Amn't I old enough," she says, "to give up saying my prayers?"

For I've been seven such a long time now, I think
I'll be eight very soon;
And it's long since I've had a knife and a fork, and
given over using a spoon."

"Why, what dost thou mean by such talk?" I
said; and she turns on me her eyes,
And gives me a look quite innocent, and yet as
wise as wise:

"Why, mother," she says, "there's a lot of
things, like saying 'I will' and 'I won't,'
That children are always bid to mind, and that
bigger people don't."

"And brothers, when they were as young as me,
wore their little frocks instead
Of coats and trousers, and little ones are sent off
soon to bed,

And set to learn our AB, ab, and I thought that
saying one's prayers
Was just like these, *for I never see any grown-up
folks say theirs.*"

"Oh, bairn," I said, "have done with thy talk!"
for each word was like a knife;
"Of lessons thou's given thy mother one that'll
last her all her life."

And I knelt down beside her little bed, and all
that I could say
Was just "Our Father, who art in heaven," and
"Lord, teach me how to pray."

"And pardon," I said, "a sinner's heart that
comes to Thee on her knees,
And pardon her ways that's been blind so long
that it's only now she sees."

"And pardon," I said, "a sinner's life, and give
her grace to mend,
And be Thou to me, and be Thou to mine, a Sa-
viour and a friend."

—Sunday at Home.

THE DEVIL'S FOUR STEWARDS.

THE devil has a great many servants. They are all busy, and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns away from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating, and plausible that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Among this 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 so."

"By and by."

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to cheat you out of heaven, and they will do it if you will listen to them.—*Selected.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
Oct. 1	Rom. 1: 2-17....	Exod. 12: 37-42.
" 8	" 3: 19-26.....	" 13: 17-22.
" 15	" 5: 1-11.....	" 15: 1-21.
" 22	" 12: 1-15.....	" 15: 22-27.
" 29	1 Cor. 8: 1-13.....	" 16.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

"Little by little," an acorn said—
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed—

"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot;

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;

And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride

Far down in the depths of the dark-blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly;

Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;

Moment and moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play.

Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the tops look out on the sunny sky.

The gentle wind and the balmy air
Little by little bring verdure there,

Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,

Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.

And still this rule in my mind shall dwell:
Whatever I do, I will do it well.

Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;

And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me."

Now, do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

—Selected.

A BOY'S COVENANT.

Do you know what a covenant means? It means an agreement between two persons. Now, the agreement we are going to speak about was made by a little boy named Zinzendorf, who was born nearly two hundred years ago.

Zinzendorf was the son of rich and noble parents, who would have had many temptations, but when he was only four or five years old he began to love to talk with God.

He was only a little fellow when he made this covenant with Jesus: "Be Thou mine, dear Saviour and I will be Thine."

What a sweet agreement that is, children! Will you make such a one with Jesus now?

But Zinzendorf was not content to make the agreement only; he lived daily as a child of God should live, thinking much of his Heavenly Father, and spending time in prayer.

The window is still shown in an old castle where little Zinzendorf dropped out letters, addressed to the Lord Jesus; in those little notes he told his Saviour how much he loved Him, and he never doubted that Jesus saw him.

One day, when he was only six years old, he was praying aloud in his room. A party of soldiers, belonging to an invading army, forced their way into the castle, and entered the little count's room. When they saw how earnestly he was praying, they stood quietly aside, and watched him, and then went away without touching him. Does not this remind you of the text, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways?"

As Zinzendorf grew older, he worked more for God, and was noted at school for his earnest piety. He was not content to know that his own soul was saved, but he worked hard amongst his school-fellows to make them, too, feel their need of a Saviour.

You must not imagine that because Zinzendorf loved God he was backward in his lessons. He was a hard-working boy; at sixteen was far ahead of those of his own age in Latin and Greek. When he became a man, he was a poet, preacher, and missionary.

We cannot all be Zinzendorfs, but we can all make a covenant with Jesus. He begs you all earnestly, "My son, give me thine heart." Do not turn a deaf ear to Him, but answer quickly, "I am thine; oh, save me!"—*Christian*.

A MISSIONARY POTATO.

It wasn't a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sabbath of their lives.

On this particular Sabbath they stood together over by the square box stove, waiting for the Sabbath-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up

for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy, laying in one corner of a seat, but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steenie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said, eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth, and the dew, and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything grow like it! "Beats all," said farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of

the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to the mission. (Signed) JAMES and STEPHEN HOLT."

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you, but I can assure you of one thing—they each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—*Ed. W. J., in Parish Visitor*.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"GUESS who was the happiest little child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. Who do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a little boy, "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big; and, of course, he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, and so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court, to water them; but one old ewe, too tired to get to the trough, fell down on the hot, dusty stones.

"Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky felt hat, which

must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six, times to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Tank you, papa?' asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."—*Christian Observer.*

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness—it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses, and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly, and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents; he is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins—they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls, who are soon to be our men and women, would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.—*Ram's Horn.*

ONE LITTLE LIGHT.

THE keeper of the lighthouse at Gloucester went away cheerily one fine morning, saying, as he went, "I'll be back before nightfall."

But night came, and the keeper came not! His brave little daughter, alone with her invalid mother, watched the falling shadows with a troubled heart. It was not that she feared the darkness for herself. Her thoughts flew out to sea, and she feared for the mariners out on the wide waters, who in the darkness would look for the light, and failing to see it might be dashed upon the rocks; for heavy clouds had gathered, and the night was dark, with every prospect of a wild storm.

The child had never set the light ablaze, though she had often watched her father do it. She had never climbed the long,

steep stairs alone. When she had gone up, holding fast to her father's strong hand, she had felt no tremor of fear. But now her little heart beat fast with dread as she thought of the dizzy flight, and she eagerly watched for her father's return.

But she did not come, and duty proved stronger than fear, and the little form stole tremblingly up the dark stairs, and all the little strength was put forth in lighting one solitary lamp! It was all the child could do, and she sighed, as she went down the long stairs, "It is such a little light, and only one!"

But in the dark night a great vessel, carrying three hundred and sixty human souls, steering straight toward the rocks, saw the little flickering light, and, turning her course, was saved. And this because one little light was burning.

Little ones may be early taught that each one is committed the keeping of one light, and that upon the shining of this one light may depend the salvation of many souls.—*Selected.*

OLD, YET NEW.

A NEW truth is not new in itself, but it is only new to its new discoverer, or to its new recipient. A man who lives near a parting of the travelled ways may be asked by a hundred different travellers as to the right direction to the nearest county town. The correct answer to that question is an old truth to him, so old and so familiar that it seems hardly worth telling over again. Yet to every one of those travellers it may convey an entirely new truth, on which depends the correctness of the asker's course. Saying over an old truth that is timely is, in many a case, better than saying that which seems to the sayer quite new and fresh. This is a suggestion to parents, and teachers, and pastors, and editors. Their best work is likely to be in the saying over and over again that which is old to them, but new and needful to those who look to them for counsel.—*S.S. Times.*

GLUM CHRISTIANS.

A POOR little girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy, as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the

usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good times along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse; "I know. Sh—sh—sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? Thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."—*Faithful Witness.*

KEEP watchful for the quick words that sting like bees. I have known a great many people to be sorry for rash words spoken, and harsh acts done; but I have yet to see the first person who regrets that he spoke too gently or acted too kindly.

THE boy or girl who can face ridicule and stand by what he or she knows to be right, and who is not to be morally stamped by any one's laugh, scoff, or sneer, is a person of whom splendid things may be expected.

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

The Young Men's excursion to Burleigh Locks on September 12th was a very pleasant affair, about 100 going. The day was favorable, and those present seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The collection amounted to a little over the expenses, the latter not being as large as was expected when the trip was announced. The only regret seemed to be that fifty or a hundred more had not been able to enjoy the outing.

The Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, well-known to many in Lindsay as a former chaplain of the "Queen's Own," and who was badly wounded at the battle of "Cut Knife Creek", was elected president of the alumni association of Wycliffe college the other day. Mr. Lloyd is now Incumbent of Rothsay, N. B., and principal of a Church school for boys there. The Rev. Rural Dean Ardill, Rector of Owen Sound was elected vice-president.

Parish and Home is too good to destroy. When you have read it just hand or send it to another who cannot or does not subscribe. It is impossible to estimate the value of scattering good literature. Parents, guardians, teachers, all lovers of the young, should see that those they love have plenty of good, pure, ennobling reading.

For a good, everyday household angel give us the woman who laughs. Her pastry may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her cakes and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor life one long, unbending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side, of polishing up the dark one, is a very important faculty—one of the things no woman should be without.

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