



"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. 22.

JUNE, 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 Cambay.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

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

Burials.

MANN.—On May 4th, at Riverside Cemetery, Mary Jane, wife of James T. Mann, Toronto, in her 44th year.

HEPBURN.—On May 30th, at Riverside Cemetery, Laura Jane, child of John Hepburn, aged four months.

CHURCH NOTES.

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

The synod of the diocese meets on June 13th. Please remember the work in your prayers.

Mr. A. F. D. MacGachen has gone for a few months to England. He will be much missed from the choir. We wish him a very pleasant voyage and safe return.

Christ Church, Onemee, has a fine new bell, presented by some unknown donor, though it is thought Miss Reid is the giver. May its chimes long call worshippers together.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Thompson, and family of four, have moved to North Bay. They will be much missed, as Mrs. Thompson was an active member of the W. A. and the young people helpers in the Band of Hope and Sunday school.

A young girl in the Sunday school brought in a dollar that she had earned for the reduction of the Church debt. May many follow her good example. The congregation did well last year, but we must not relax our efforts. Every dollar paid stops 6 cents interest.

The concert given by the Young Men's Association on May 5th was a great success, Miss Pauline Johnson's reading of her own poems and compositions being exceedingly fine. No one is as able to bring out the true meaning of a poem as the author, and certainly Miss Johnson made the characters of her writings intensely real. The glimpses of Indian life and character given would help us to understand the history of the former owners of this great country better than before, and we trust, lead us in all things to

do our duty by them. We hope Miss Johnson will visit Lindsay again. The others who took part in the entertainment did well; in fact we think the concerts at our school house are becoming noted for their excellence. Financial results above expenses, \$28.50.

The Young Men's Association have purchased 22 new prayer and hymn books for use of visitors at Church. When by accident anyone takes home a book, we hope he or she will return it the following Sunday, as sometimes there is a shortage, and so the sidesmen have no books to hand strangers.

Among those who wrote short essays on "Why am I a member of the Band of Hope," in diocesan competition, the prizes were taken by two young people in Toronto and two in Collingwood, but honorable mention was awarded to Josie and Ethel Perkins of St. Paul's Church Band of Hope. We congratulate our young friends.

Rev. H. J. Hamilton of Nagoya, Japan, sent a small gong for St. Paul's Sunday school all the way from Japan. We thank him for his kind remembrance, and hope the ringing of the bell may be as notes from a far land calling both teachers and scholars to earnestly help by prayers and gifts (perhaps of self) to send the gospel to the multitudes there that as yet have not heard it.

Some of the dark places of the earth are being lighted by the gospel. Bishop Tucker of Uganda, Africa, writes last December as follows: "Christmas Day dawned, and verily it is a day never to be forgotten. The thrill that went through me when two years ago I addressed a congregation of 1,000 souls in the old Church is still fresh in my memory. If I was thrilled then I was simply overwhelmed yesterday, when I stood up to speak in the name of our Master to a congregation numbering over 5,000 souls. I wonder whether in the whole Mission Field such a sight has been witnessed since apostolic days. The perfect stillness as I stood up to speak, and indeed throughout the service, was almost as awe-inspiring as the sight of this great multitude itself. Mr. Pilkington interpreted for me, and it was quite evident that he performed his task to perfection. In the afternoon a second service was held, and I suppose between 3,000 and 4,000 people must have been present. At this service about thirty women were baptized. Mr. Baskerville preached in Luganda. Later in the afternoon an English service was held. At this service a larger number of Europeans were present than have ever been gathered together

before in Uganda. Christmas Day was a trying day, but an intensely joyful day—a day worth coming to the ends of the earth to enjoy." Some 8,000 copies of portions of the word of God were sold or distributed.

No Church family in the parish can afford to be without the parish paper; it is full of excellent home and Sunday reading, and no subscriber should forget to send in forty cents annually.

Since 1st May, 1883, some 262 persons have been confirmed in St. Paul's Church. Of the class of 29 of 1883, 13 have left Lindsay; and of the class of 1884, 33 have left or been called hence. The class of this year was the largest in the ten years, being 57. Let each enlisted soldier seek God's grace, to be zealous and faithful as the years roll on.

The May meeting of the Young Men's Association was held at Mr. Thos. Walters'. Some interesting and profitable discussions took place. Two new members were added to the Roll. The Wardens were given \$20 for Church purposes and \$5 more set apart for prayer-books for the Church. The meetings at Mr. Walters' are always well attended.

Messrs. Rix, Etherington and Gould, who have taken duty in Lindsay during the past year, were ordained deacons on Sunday, June 4th. Mr. Rix is appointed to Cannington. Mr. Gould, who is preparing to go as a Missionary to Africa, will remain for some time in Toronto, while Mr. Etherington in all probability will be sent to Lloydtown. We wish them every blessing in their new sphere of labor.

On June 4th Mr. N. I. Perry, B. A., was ordained deacon at St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, and on the 11th will (D. V.) begin his duties as Missionary to Cameron and Cambray, and Curate in Lindsay. We believe God has led Mr. Perry to this work, and we earnestly bespeak the prayers of the congregations on his behalf, as well as for the rector. "Brethren, pray for us." Let us work and pray together, and God, even our own God, will give us His blessing.

Offertory for April:—

		Envelopes	Loose	Total
Apl.	2	\$28 85	\$155 29	\$184 14
	9	25 90	9 63	35 53
	16	62 75	9 04	71 79
	23	30 75	7 39	38 14
	30	20 40	7 74	28 14

The special collection on the 2nd, (Easter Sunday), was for Church Debt.

Offertory for May:—

		Envelopes	Loose	Total
May.	7	\$25 45	\$8 69	\$34 14
	14	14 70	5 73	20 43
	21	21 60	9 10	30 70
	28	19 70	8 05	27 75

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1893.

No. 31.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

LESSONS.

- 4—1st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jos. 3, v. 7 to 4, v. 15; John 15. *Evening*—Jos. 5, v. 13 to 6, v. 21, or Jos. 24; Heb. 10, v. 19.
- 11—St. Barnabas, A. & M. *Morning*—Deut. 33, to v. 12; Acts 4, v. 31. *Evening*—Nahum 1; Acts 14, v. 3.
- and Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Judges 4. *Evening*—Judge 5 or 6, v. 11.
- 18—3rd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. 2, to v. 27; Acts 2, v. 22. *Evening*—1 Sam. 3 or 4, to v. 19; 1 Pet. 3, v. 8 to 4, v. 7.
- 24—Nat. of St. John Bapt. Ath. Cr. *Morning*—Mal. 3, to v. 7; Matthew 3. *Evening*—Malachi 4; Matt. 14, to v. 13.
- 25—4th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. 12; Acts 7, to v. 35. *Evening*—1 Sam. 13, or Ruth 1; 1 John 1.
- 9.—St. Peter, A. & M. *Morning*—Ezek. 3, v. 4 to 15; John 21, v. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Zechariah 3; Acts 4, v. 8 to 23.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

ONLY a little dust—

So small that a rose might hide it;
And I trust in God—or I try to trust,
When I kneel in the dark beside it.

I kneel in the dark and say:
I only dream that I weep;
She would not leave me and go away—
She has only fallen asleep.

Fallen asleep, as oft
She climbed to my heart to rest—
Her white arms twining my neck, as soft
As down on a dove's sweet breast.

Tenderly—unawares,
Sleep came in the waning light
And kissed her there on the twilight stairs
That lead to the morning light.

And that she will wake I know,
And smile at a grief like this;
It could not be she would leave me so,
With never a good-night kiss.

So I kneel in the dark and say:
I only dream that I weep;
She would not leave me and go away—
She has only fallen asleep.

—Frank L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

GOOD MANNERS.

OVER the iron gate of the noble gardens of New College, Oxford, stands

the quaint motto of the founder, William of Wykeham, — "Manners makyth man." It seems a trite commonplace to us who have perhaps been long familiar with the idea. Yet it is strangely forgotten in our common intercourse. "I pride myself upon saying what I mean as plainly as possible," says some ardent champion of sincerity. By all means say what you mean, O, Apostle of Reality and Hater of Shams, but say it gently. The manner of your speaking is as important as what you say. Men and women are sensitive and timid. They doubt whether others understand or care for them, and if you attack them with your rude sledgehammer logic, unsoftened by forbearance and love, the wounds you inflict may prove more dangerous than the malady you seek to cure.

Good manners in speaking to others stand, perhaps, first in importance for our social intercourse. Nothing reveals the presence or the absence of refinement of feeling more quickly than the tone of our voices, the pronunciation of our words. In a hospital recently the writer saw a neat-looking girl come in to visit one who was evidently her father. It was easy and pleasant to draw a picture of her gentle ministrations in her home, and of the tender sympathy that so agreeable a face seemed to promise. But the vision soon departed. The tones of her voice floated across the room, and one closed one's ears as to the rasping of a saw. It is not true that we cannot help the tones of our own voices. A gentle spirit finds gentle tones to speak in; a refined mind is reflected in the pronunciation and choice of the words that are used.

In other directions, too, good manners are easily within our reach. Let any one visit the seat of one of our universities and observe the deportment of the young men, and he will be struck by the vast possibilities of improvement that are too evident. Young men untidily dressed—it does not cost anything to be tidy—of slouchy gait and boorish

manners, invade the sacred campus, unconscious that manners are a branch of learning more important than even Greek or Latin. One sometimes feels that the severe military training of the French and German youths would be a wholesome thing for our own young men, for it would at least teach them to walk erect and to give a proper salute to those they meet.

But one must admit it is not easy to cultivate court manners upon the farm. Our word urbanity, which indicates, perhaps, the excess of courtesy of manner, means in its derivation just city manners, while its opposite, rusticity, carries our thoughts to the cruder life of the country. No doubt to mingle much with men, to meet new faces, to move in good society give an ease of manner that can be acquired in no other way. Yet in the home much may be done to soften and refine the manners. If the son of the house would make it a rule to offer a chair to his mother and sisters before he is himself seated, if the daughters would practise their winning ways at home as well as abroad, if courtesy and not bluntness were the rule always we should perhaps be surprised to find how much more pleasantly our lives ran. Good manners have their root in right feeling. They are developed by practise, and cannot be put on or off like our best coat, but must become a part of our being. A bad man cannot be a gentleman, for he cannot have those right instincts that prompt the real gentleman's actions and words. To be considerate and thoughtful, lofty and chaste in word and feeling are the duties of the Christian, and he will find the noblest inspiration to cultivate good manners in the teaching and practise of the Founder of his religion.

THERE are no birds in next year's nest,
In next year's cream there are no flies;
No vain regrets disturb my breast
For aught that in the future lies.
And last year's flies and last year's birds—
Have passed the reach of tears and words.

—Burdette in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

For PARISH AND HOME.
WOMEN'S WORK.

A WOMAN'S view of life is necessarily quite different from that of a man. From childhood the vast majority of men understand that they must become bread-winners. The more fortunate can hope to live for only a few years at the expense of others while qualifying themselves for earning a livelihood. Then they, in common with those who have begun the struggle earlier, face a life of toil, knowing that their future depends upon their own efforts. Each man usually becomes in time the master of a home, whether lowly or rich, for which he is the fountain of supply.

Woman's outlook is vastly different. An increasing number do in our days, it is true, face the problem of earning a livelihood for themselves, but this is not with woman as it is with man the inevitable, and indeed the best that can be looked for. The truest mission of woman is to be mistress of a home, the mother of a family. The best women look forward to this, and only in default of this highest sphere of life does woman think of and prepare for some other future. No woman, however, is more contemptible than the one who seeks a husband, instead of waiting herself to be won. Those who are most truly womanly believe that their best future will come to them as they are discharging the duties of the hour.

It is, however, the very indefiniteness of her sphere that causes many a woman to lead a useless life. It is difficult to prepare for what is itself uncertain. It is easy to idle and drift, and so to waste the precious days and years. The number of women who are simply wasting their lives is truly appalling. In all our cities and towns there are dozens and even hundreds of young women whose only thought is about dressing and amusing themselves, and who do scarcely one useful, unselfish thing from one week's end to another. They are so situated that they need not work for a living. Their home duties are almost nothing. They have abundant leisure, and could do much good. As a matter of fact, they do no good and much harm by ensnaring both themselves and others in idle gossip and frivolous amusements. In rural districts the evil is not so great. The farmer's daughter has her own domestic duties, which are not light, while the spoiled children of the cities have often

nothing to keep them busy in their homes.

What are they to do? To tell what one has done may perhaps suggest the answer. Some years ago a missionary visited one of our cities. The daughter of a wealthy man was greatly influenced by what she heard, and resolved to lead a useful Christian life. The family were about to visit Europe for a prolonged stay, and she went with them, but instead of spending all her time in travel and perhaps idleness, she went into a hospital at Dresden, in Germany, and studied nursing for six months. When the family returned from the European trip it was her desire to give up her life wholly to the work of a nurse. But her mother objected, and claimed the daughter for the home life. A compromise was adopted, and now every morning, even before business men are going to their offices, this noble girl is on her way to the poorest districts of the city carrying her basket, stored with medicines or dainties for the poor whom she is going to nurse and help. The morning and often the afternoon, if the occasion demands it, are spent among those who are in sad need of such ministrations. The rest of the day she gives to her family, and no sweeter, brighter life, no more refined spirit is to be found than that of this Christian girl who spends half her time in the poorest hovels of the city.

There is much need for others to do as she is doing. Yet, while this is true, hundreds of young ladies are spending their mornings upon the sofa reading the latest and most trashy novels, and their afternoons and evenings in frivolous social engagements. They are not happy. Their lives are full of ennui. Their nobler instincts impel them to something better. But they lack the decision to make a new start and break from the traditions of a wasted past. "I never could see why girls should be idle any more than boys, and so as soon as I was old enough I began hospital visiting and other Christian work," said a happy, bright worker lately. This is the Christian view and the Christian pathway. In it is to be found a joy that a worldly life cannot give. Those who are living only for themselves little realize how much they are to be pitied.

When you are slandered, keep still and let the mud settle to the bottom, and there'll be but clear water left.

NOT FAR.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going,
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gateway,
Where voices whisper and wait,
Fearing to enter in boldly,
So lingering still at the gate:

Catching the strains of the music
Floating so sweetly along,
Knowing the songs they are singing
Yet joining not in the song:

Seeing the warmth and the beauty,
The infinite love and the light,
Yet weary and lonely, and waiting,
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,
Out in the night and the cold,
Though He is longing to lead them
Tenderly in the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But it may be the last, and forever,
Out of the resting place.

—Selected.

ST. PETER'S DAY.
(JUNE 20TH.)

"O ALMIGHTY God, who by Thy Son Jesus Christ didst give to Thy Apostle Saint Peter many excellent gifts, and commandedst him earnestly to feed Thy flock; Make, we beseech Thee, all Bishops and Pastors diligently to preach Thy holy Word, and the people obediently to follow the same; that they may receive the crown of everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen"

In the earlier Service books, Peter and Paul were linked together for one Commemoration and in one Collect. Nor was this without some ground of fitness. For they were the two greatest Apostles, to one of whom was committed the Gospel for the Jew, and to the other that for the Gentile. To this might be added the fact that both of them in a very special way were monuments of Divine grace. Peter was restored to his Apostleship after his terrible fall, denying with oaths and cursing the Lord whom he loved. Paul was changed from a persecutor of the faith to become its noblest and most successful champion, never forgetting to the very end that he was "the chief of sinners," and thus he became "a pattern of grace and mercy to all who should hereafter believe."

Yet our Reformers did well in giving a separate day and a separate Collect to each of the two, thus enabling us the

better to think of the lessons which each may afford us.

In this Collect, prepared by Cranmer, we are taught that Peter had conferred upon him "many excellent gifts." But what were those gifts?

Perhaps the greatest is that referred to in St. Matthew xvi. When Peter had made the noble confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," the Lord had said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simeon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." He had a distinct revelation of the glory of Christ; and upon this Christ spoke of the truth he had confessed as a rock on which He would build His Church.

But Peter had other gifts likewise. What unshaken courage, what marvellous boldness was imparted to him by the Spirit! What heavenly wisdom did he display in casting in the Gospel net and hauling in so vast a multitude of souls! What unfeigned love did he bear to the Master! What deep humility is seen in his words to Cornelius, and in his two Epistles!

And especially how faithfully did he fulfil the thrice-given commission as set before us in St. John xxi. We are told in the Collect he was commanded "earnestly to feed the flock." No doubt we are here reminded of our Saviour's words to him: "Feed my lambs." "Tend My sheep." "Feed My Sheep" (Revised Version). And the first two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles give manifold proofs that he did this. In spite of opposition, imprisonment, and perils, he ceased not "to teach and preach Jesus Christ."

And for the flock of Christ in all countries and in all ages, what a green pasture-field did he provide in his two Epistles! What an answer do they afford to the peculiar tenets of a Church which professes to rest her whole policy and teaching on St. Peter! Not one word about the Virgin. Not a syllable about a sacerdotal priesthood in Christ's ministers. Even he himself claims but the position of an elder and a witness of Christ's sufferings. Not a word of any one of those functions which the priests of Rome claim as their right.

St. Peter himself declares that Christ is the sure foundation and cornerstone of the Church, on which all true believers, as living stones, are resting.

How the great Evangelical doctrines of Christ's Gospel are everywhere prominent in his writings!

It is well to notice also the two-fold petition which the Collect gives to us. It teaches us the view of our Church as to the great work which appertains to the Christian ministry. What is that work? In the eyes of our Reformers it is this: "Make, we beseech thee, all Bishops and Pastors *diligently to preach Thy holy Word*, and the people obediently to follow the same."

—*Rev. George Everard, M.A.*

CHRIST OFFERING PARDON.

Lo, the loving Jesus standeth
Closely now by thee,
In His pierced hands a pardon;
He can set thee free!

Sue for mercy quickly, sinner,
Ere He passeth by;
When He once is out of hearing,
Thou must surely die.

Listen to His words of kindness,
They must win thy love,—
"For thy sins I brought a pardon
From the throne above.

"All the agony I suffered
Thou canst never know,
That I might afford the rescue
From eternal woe.

"Though by law thou art most justly
Doomed to suffer death,
Yet for thee I ask a pardon,
With my dying breath.

"If thou only wouldst accept it,
Oh what joy were thine!
Joy on earth and bliss in heaven,
Will be thine—and Mine!"

MAY THE LORD HELP YOU TO SAY,—

"I accept it, blessed Jesus,
From Thy pierced hand;
'Tis Thy precious death redeems us
From the law's demand."
—*Rev. E. P. Hammond, in Good News.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

ITS CHIEF EXCELLENCES.

In a former paper I dealt with the use of a form of prayer in public worship. If form must be used it is well to have the best, and there is no other form in the world equal to our Liturgy. It is far from my purpose to suggest that the use of a form of prayer is absolutely necessary in the worship of God's people. Thousands of Christians have been blessed in the simple devotions of services of prayer without a written form. Still there must be always a certain amount of form, for public extempore prayer is a form to all but the one from whose heart it rises

and from whose lips it comes. And it "order is heaven's first law" and it is impossible to escape form, let us as wise men be anxious to give God the most acceptable service.

Macaulay declared of our Prayer Book that "the style of that volume is such that it cannot be improved." Its chief excellence is that it is thoroughly scriptural. Next to his Bible the Churchman esteems it as the best of books. And one reason is that it contains so much of the Bible, appeals to the Bible and places upon our lips in petition and praise the very language, or when it departs from it the very spirit of Scripture. The Prayer Book grew out of the Bible. If you trace its roots you will find that they rise from that holy ground. It is not merely that words, phrases, sentences, passages can be traced to the Bible, it is that it has absorbed and is saturated throughout with the spirit of the Book of God. The truths that have been found precious, the promises that have been tested, the light that drove away the darkness, the hope that triumphed, in a word, the rich experiences of God's saints have been enshrined in our Book of Common Prayer.

Then the Prayer Book is a growth. It contains the public prayers of God's saints in the ages that have gone. It is like a stream, at first a little rill, but, as it flows, growing, and gathering in its mighty bosom the waters of a thousand hills. It refreshed our forefathers in their earthly pilgrimage and will do the same for our children. Its prayers have been upon the lips of the holiest of Christ's followers; its praises have been the language of the greatest saints. They have gone up from cathedral aisles and from dungeon cells. They have been heard beneath the minster's massive roof, in the college chapel, under the village spire, in the missionary's tent, and where the settler has reared the humble church on the forest's edge. The cry "Lord have mercy upon us," has risen from lips that found that "the prayers of those that suffer have the strength of love and death." The glad Alleluias of adoring praise have gone up from rejoicing and believing hearts all through the Christian ages.

The prayers can be understood by all. They are suited to every class in the community and fulfil the condition that we should "pray with the spirit

and with the understanding also." Especially is this true of the less educated. The words and thoughts become familiar as household words, enrich the mind with devout thoughts and widen at once the whole field of desire and expression.

The prayers are in natural language. They enable us to make our wants and wishes known in a natural manner. There is nothing strained or affected about them. They contain definite petitions for definite needs. They teach a spirit of true reverence and yet combined with it, show the nearness of God to us and keep before us the great truth that He is both a hearer and answerer of prayer.

"Speak to Him : for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

The Prayer Book provides for all our varied wants. There are confessions of sin, petitions for forgiveness. There is a cry for pardon and peace. There are prayers for the tempted, the prosperous, those in trouble, the absent, the sick, suffering and afflicted, for widows and fatherless children, for travellers by land or water, for rulers and all in authority, in short, for all sorts and conditions of men, in every stage, in every condition of life.

In the services of the Church the great truths of Christianity are kept constantly before us both in prayer and praise. The fundamental doctrines of sin, man's need, the work of the Saviour, the Holy Trinity, the office and work of the Holy Spirit, the need of a holy life, judgment to come; and all those great principles which go to make up the circle of Christian truth are presented in no uncertain way.

The Prayer Book is sealed with martyr's blood. And yet as Dean Burgoon says it is "calm as Paradise; no trace is to be found of days of strife and excitement, except such trace as the palm of victory affords of a martyr's conflict." It is a precious possession. It has been the comfort of God's people through many generations. It has voiced the heart's desire of our holiest and our best.

May it long remain in England's Church a book of Common Prayer in our sweet mother tongue for the English race, wherever that race may carry its banner of freedom.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A BUDDHIST STORY

BUDDHISTS have sermons and pretty stories as well as Christians. The following is a Buddhist story from a Buddhist sermon. I think the readers of PARISH AND HOME will be interested in it.

They say regarding what we call Shoj-o-hi (red cloth) that the genuine is dyed with the blood of Shoj found in the China sea. Now these Shoj, among other things, talk well like men. They are exceeding clever beings, and so they know beforehand all about their being caught; and hide away down at the bottom of the sea. It is next to impossible to get ahead of them, so they say. However the intelligence of men is something exceptional. They understand perfectly that the Shoj are very fond of sake (rice-beer), and therefore if they let them have a smell of it they will be certain to come up out of the sea. So they put some sake in jars and with dippers alongside arrange a lot of them in the meadows on the shore. Then they take the grass growing around and without cutting it off tie it together; make a lot of it into the shape of shoes and leave them there. The men on guard retire to a distance and watch. Thereupon, so it seems, the odor of the sake penetrates to the very bottom of the sea and the Shoj sniff it up.

"I say, Sansuke Shoj! isn't there some kind of pleasant odor? This is that sake; but still let us go up out of the sea," says one. Upon this Sansuke Shoj replies "No! No! we must not go up recklessly. It is a terrible trap to get us to drink it, make us drunk, and then beat us to death." Thereupon one of them answers, "Oh, pshaw! there is no danger in going up provided we don't drink it; it is better to go there and get the smell of the sake than it is to be here and have the sea-weedy smell of the sea." When he says this all the Shoj exclaim, "Of course, that is so. There can be no harm in merely smelling it. Come along all hands, come!"

So saying they leave the water on tip toe, come up to the sake jars, and that is a very different thing from smelling it at the bottom of the sea, and so they all exclaim, "Oh! this is fragrance! I can't hold out against this!" And sniffing it up they keep loitering around the jars. Thereupon another of the

Shoj says "This is only smelling it, really I cannot resist the temptation, I say! suppose we take one dipperful apiece." Upon this another says, "Oh, no! it will never do actually to touch it in that reckless way. Those Shoj that have been caught heretofore, all of them snatched up the dippers and guzzled down the sake, and so at last got drunk and were beaten to death." Thereupon they all exclaim, "You are quite right, it would not do to drink it with the dippers, but it would be quite safe for each of us merely to wet his finger just a little and lick it off. Suppose we do it" said they all. Then everyone wets his finger in the sake, licks a little off, and that is a very different thing from smelling it. So they walk round and round licking it off and smacking their lips. While they are doing this another of the Shoj says, "Well, really, I feel as if it were not quite up to the mark if we are only to lick it off in this way, and even if we do drink with the dippers, provided we don't drink a whole stomachful, we need have no fear of getting drunk. I move that each one takes a little—not enough to get drunk on." "That's so, that's so," say they all, and each one takes a dipper in his hand, and they drink a little all around when another of them says, "The fact is unless one drinks a stomachful and gets out and out drunk, sake is of no use. Besides, it is hardly fair to say that the Shoj that have been killed up to this time and had their blood wrung out were killed simply because they got drunk. There! look down at your feet. There are ever so many shoes made without cutting off the grass. They put on the shoes and danced a needless dance and then tumbled over and were killed. Thereby getting drunk has nothing dangerous about it." Thereupon the rest of the Shoj exclaim, "Oh! that's so, that's so! even if we do get drunk we needn't be afraid of being beaten to death if we don't put on the shoes. And if that is so take enough to make you drunk."

When they have guzzled down ever so many dipperfuls, and are very drunk, strange to say, in spite of themselves, they cannot help wanting to put on the shoes—so it seems. Thereupon again all of them say, "I say! suppose we just put on the shoes. Even if we put them on, provided we don't dance, we need have no fear of tumbling over, so we'll just sing a song." Then they

all just put on the shoes and sing, beating time with their hands, and while they sing—so it seems—they get to feeling that they must beat time with their feet too. Thereupon another says, "What do you say? Suppose we beat time with our feet once, taking care not to tumble?" Upon which all exclaim together, "Just so! That's the idea! We'll do it once taking care not to tumble." And when they lift up their feet they just roll over, and then they are beaten to death and their blood is drawn off. So the story goes.

Still this is a story from away over in China, and whether in old times it ever happened or not—that I do not know; however, one does come across a good many of this kind of Shoyo nowadays and here in Japan. The moral of the story is not a difficult one to understand, and one would not make a very great mistake in adding "and here in Canada also." II.

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH."

"FATHER, forgive us," is our daily prayer,

When the worn spirit feels its helpless dearth;

Yet, in our lowly greatness, do we dare

To seek from Heaven what we refuse on earth.

Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,

Bear shafts of vengeance on its rugged path;

Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

We ask for mercy from the Throne above,

In morning worship and in vesper song.

And let us kindly shed the balm of love,

To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.

If ye would crush the bitter thorns of strife,

And strew the bloom of peace around your path—

If ye would drink the sweetest streams of life,

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Were this remembered, many a human lot

Would find more blessings in his home below;

The chequered world would lose its darkest blot,

And mortal record tell much less of woe.

The sacred counsels of the Wise impart

No holier words in all that language hath;

For light divine is kindled, where the heart

Lets not the sun go down upon its wrath.

—*Eliza Cook.*

"ACTIONS speak louder than words,"

—and so does inaction. The man who does a mean act in spite of his verbal professions is likely to find his condemnation in that act. But the Christian who professes service to his Master, and yet does no specific work for him,—does not his inaction speak his condemnation in spite of his words?—*S. S. Times.*

The Birds' Christmas Carol.

Continued.

SARAH MAUD couldn't have scrubbed with any more decision and force if she had been doing floors, and the little Ruggleses bore it bravely, not from natural heroism, but for the joy that was set before them. Not being satisfied, however, with the "tone" of their complexions, she wound up operations by applying a little Bristol brick from the knife-board, which served as the proverbial "last straw," from under which the little Ruggleses issued rather red and raw and out of temper. When the clock struck three they were all clothed, and most of them in their right minds, ready for those last touches that always take the most time. Kitty's red hair was curled in thirty-four ringlets, Sarah Maud's was braided in one pig-tail, and Susan's and Eily's in two braids apiece, while Peoria's resisted all advances in the shape of hair oils and stuck out straight on all sides, like that of the Circassian girl of the circus—so Clem said; and he was sent into the bedroom for it too, from whence he was dragged out forgivingly by Peoria herself, five minutes later. Then—exciting moment—came linen collars for some and neckties and bows for others, and Eureka! the Ruggleses were dressed. A row of seats was formed directly through the middle of the kitchen. There were not quite chairs enough for ten, since the family had rarely all wanted to sit down at once, somebody always being out, or in bed, but the wood-box and the coal-hod finished out the line nicely. The children took their places according to age, Sarah Maud at the head and Larry on the coal-hod, and Mrs. Ruggles seated herself in front, surveying them proudly as she wiped the sweat of honest toil from her brow.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if I do say so as shouldn't, I never see a cleaner, more stylish mess o' children in my life! I do wish Ruggles could look at ye for a minute! Now, I've o'fen told ye what kind of a family the McGrills was. I've got some reason to be proud; your uncle is on the po-lice force o' New York city; you can take up the newspaper most any day an' see his name printed right out—James McGrill, and I can't have my children fetched up common, like some folks. When they go out they've got to have close, and learn ter act decent! Now, I want ter

see how yer goin' ter behave when yer git there to-night. Lets start in at the beginnin' in act out the whole business. Pile into the bed-room there, every last one of ye, an' show me how yer goin' ter go in't the parlor. This'll be the parlor 'n I'll be Mis' Bird." The youngsters hustled into the next room in high glee, and Mrs. Ruggles drew herself up in her chair with an infinitely haughty and purse-proud expression that much better suited a descendant of the McGrills than modest Mrs. Bird. The bed room was small, and there presently ensued such a clatter that you would have thought a herd of wild cattle had broken loose; the door opened, and they straggled in, all the little ones giggling, with Sarah Maud at the head, looking as if she had been caught in the act of stealing sheep; while Larry, being last in line, seemed to think the door a sort of gate of heaven which would be shut in his face if he didn't get there in time; accordingly he struggled ahead of his elders and disgraced himself by tumbling in head foremost.

Mrs. Ruggles looked severe. "There, I knew yer'd do it in some sech fool-way,—try it agin' n if Larry can't come in on two legs he can stay ter home!"

The matter began to assume a graver aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and backed into the bedroom, issuing presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression on every countenance.

"No, no, no!" cried Mrs. Ruggles, in despair. "Yer look for all the world like a gang o' pris'ners; there aint no style ter that; spread out more, can't yer, an' act kind o' careless like—nobody's goin' ter kill ye!" The third time brought deserved success, and the pupils took their seats in the row. "Now, yer know," said Mrs. Ruggles, "there aint enough decent hats to go round, an' if there was I don't know's I'd let yer wear 'em, for the boys would never think to take 'em off when they got inside—but, anyhow, there aint enough good ones. Now, look me in the eye. You needn't wear no hats, none of yer, an' when yer get int' the parlor 'n they ask yer ter lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up an' say it was sech a pleasant evenin' an' sech a short walk that you left yer hats to home to save trouble. Now, can you remember?"

All the little Ruggleses shouted, "Yes, marm," in chorus.

"What have you got ter do with it," demanded their mother: "did I tell you to say it? Wasn't I talkin' ter Sarah Maud?" The little Ruggleses hung their diminished heads. "Yes, marm," they piped, more feebly. "Now git up, all of ye, an' try it. Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we'd—we'd better leave our short walk to home," recited Sarah Maud, in an agony of mental effort.

This was too much for the boys.

"Oh, whatever shall I do with ye?" moaned the unhappy mother; "I suppose I've got to learn it to yer!" which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"Now, Cornelius, what are you goin' ter say ter make yerself good comp'ny?" "Dunno!" said Cornelius turning pale.

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird's havin' a busy season, or somethin' like that. Now we'll make b'lieve we've got ter the dinner—that won't be so hard, 'cause yer'll have somethin' to do—its awful bothersome ter stan' round an' act stylish. If they have napkins, Sarah Maud down to Peory may put 'em in yer laps 'n the rest of ye can tuck 'em in yer necks, Don't eat with yer fingers—don't grab no vittles off one 'nother's plates; don't reach out for nothin', but wait till yer asked, 'n if yer never *git* asked don't git up and grab it—don't spill nothin' on the table cloth, or like's not Mis' Bird 'll send yer away from the table. Now we'll try a few things ter see how they'll go! Mr. Clement, do you eat cramb'y sarse?"

"Bet yer life! cried Clem, who, not having taken in the idea exactly, had mistaken this for an ordinary family question.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

No one description of heaven, even though it be an inspired description, could satisfy all minds alike, or be to all an equally delightful anticipation. To speak of it as an enclosed city, with streets of gold and gates of pearl, does

not meet all the wants of a mind that has been shut up for long years in a busy city, where gold and pearls have failed of giving comfort or cheer. Even though music be made a chief attraction in heaven's joys, many a soul would confess to achings that no sweet sounds could lull. The best description of heaven is only a suggestion, and different natures and different needs call for different suggestions, Robert Hall, who suffered or years with acute bodily pain, said to William Wilberforce: "My chief conception of heaven is *rest*." "Mine," responded Wilberforce, "is *love*,—love to God, and love to every bright and holy inhabitant of that glorious place." Wilberforce enjoyed life, and realized what love meant; but even his conception of heaven would not suffice for every soul; for there are those whose experiences forbid their appreciation of abstract love; their longings are yet in the lower material realm, and are but negative at the best. A poor German woman lay dying in a garret, after a long struggle with poverty and suffering, through the intemperance of her husband. As the hope of heaven was held before her, her face lighted up, and she whispered feebly, "No want of bread there. No drink there." To her mind, heaven was simply a place where there was no rum, and where none need go hungry. "Don't nobody knock anybody about there? Aren't the children ever whipped in heaven?" asked a little boy in a mission-school; and when he was told that he was justified in his brightest anticipations, he added: "Oh! isn't it nice? I do hope I shall go there." The one thought of heaven for every soul is, "I shall be satisfied." And heaven is begun in every heart, when Jesus Christ is realized as the love and the life of that heart.—S. S. Times.

JESUS, LEAD ME!

Thou, the pure and flowing Fountain,
Jesus, wash my stains away;
Thou, the high and holy Mountain,
Jesus, be my rock and stay.

Into pastures fresh and vernal,
Lead Thy weary, fainting one;
Give me drink from spring eternal,
Jesus, be my light and sun.

Gentle Shepherd, ever lead me
By Thy strong protecting hand,
With the heavenly manna feed me
Till I reach the promised land.

—J. P. B. in the *Family Churchman*.

CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING.

CHRIST never asks of us such heavy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet:
The waiting attitude of expectation,
He oft-times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,

That He some sweetest secret may impart;
Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us

Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call *work* can find an entrance:

There's only room to suffer—and endure.

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,

Doing the *little things*, or *resting* quite
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission
Be just as useful in the Father's sight

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see.
Our Saviour cares for *cheerful acquiescence*,
As much as for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful hand that clothes itself in *deed*;
But work that's done beneath the *scourge* of duty,

Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to *please Him*, whatsoever He bids thee,

Whether to *do*, to *suffer*, or *lie still*;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us;
If in it all we sought to do His WILL.
—Selected.

RELIGION IN THE PEW.

THE spirit of Christ in the pew would insure much better preaching in the pulpit. Perhaps the Master may have realized how important is the service of good hearing when he repeated so often the words, "Take heed how ye hear." The grace of receiving is the complement of the grace of giving the word. What stirs to activity the mind and heart of a preacher and so kindles the fires of eloquence as the hungry look in the faces of a congregation.

On the other hand, the most careful preparation and the most fervent desire for utterance of a truth which has possessed the preacher's soul count for little when he looks into the face of men like Brother Nodoff and his weary relatives; when he turns toward Sister Listless, who is carelessly turning the leaves of her hymnal. Is the preacher dull? Has he brought little beaten oil to the sanctuary? Even so, the good hearer will discover an amount of truth which would surprise the preacher himself.—*Christian Advocate*.

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THOSE who love most sorrow most. We sorrow because we love, for sorrow is our grief at the loss of what we cherished. The cold and heartless are without sorrow, and no one would choose to be like them. It is better a thousand times to have the heart wrung with the bitterest grief than to be wrapped in a mantle of indifference and so to feel no pain. It is through these sad losses and stormy griefs of ours that God is moulding something far more beautiful than we otherwise should be. The grief is the shadow thrown by our growing loftiness of soul. "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness."

It is said that a favourite utterance with the party whip in Parliament is, "Give me the man who will vote for his party when he knows it to be in the wrong. Anybody can vote for it when it is in the right." Because men are bound by party and not by conscience political wrong-doing becomes easy, for office-holders know that their friends will stand by them whether they do right or wrong. The state is safe only in the hands of men who are for the right first.

How wonderfully are man and woman made for each other, the one supplying

what is most wanted for the other's strength and happiness! Too rarely does one see in real life the ideal of what the wife might be to the husband and the husband to the wife. The man's rougher, harder life of battling for a livelihood might be softened and chastened by the gentle influence of a tender woman in the home. There at least the cruel, hard business life should be forgotten for a time, and the spirit of the man soften as the frozen earth softens under the sunshine. And woman as she approaches more nearly the ideal of her sex, feels the need of some one to cling to that the tumult of her own spirit may be quieted. Matthew Arnold read her nature truly when he said:

"And women—things that live and move,
Mined by the fever of the soul—
They seek to find in those they love
Stern strength, promise of control.

"They ask not kindness, gentle ways,
These they themselves have tried and known;
They ask a soul that never sways
With the blind gusts that shake their own."

UNSELFISHNESS is never self-conscious. The person who is always conscious that he is a martyr is one of the most selfish persons on earth.

VAGUENESS of motive brings inefficiency and failure in action. Shooting into the air has a twofold danger. The arrow is likely to miss a mark which it were well to have been aimed for, and it is likely to hit a mark which it were better should not have been hit. "I have shot mine arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother," says Shakespeare's King of Denmark. Many a remark has hurt our brother because it was meant for nobody within ear-shot; and many an admonition has helped a brother and hurt no one because it was well aimed. It is a poor business for the preacher and the teacher to shoot their arrows over the house; for he who is hit by sheer accident is pretty sure to be more hurt than helped.—*S. S. Times.*

THE VOICES OF THE WOMEN.

"THERE is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in missions, they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my

sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me and I returned to my cosey chair and glowing fire, wondering why she need have disturbed my reading to tell me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts or if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline, than seriously to consider the needs of other lands or sympathize with the degraded wretches who, after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self.

Still the disagreeable facts so gratuitously presented by my caller, partook of her persistence, and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind until finally, leaving my book and fire, I said pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance." But the thoughts pursued me as the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me, made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near, I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped shirts, while many hued scarfs gave a brilliancy like the tropics to the scene. I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed at me and said with intense scorn,—"Woman of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to Him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest of us are sold to be one of many wives; the most wretched are gambled away by our own mothers to become slaves. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant, despised at home, she too despises us and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazar-

ine! He cares for us and commands His children to bring us good tidings, but this child of His grudges a single half-hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers, because she is 'not interested' in missions."

Overwhelmed by this sudden address I glanced at my companion, but only to cower before her piercing eyes fixed so severely upon me. The procession moved on, and lo! another division stood before me. They were gaily dressed but the eyes beneath the white veils were very sad. With mournful mien and voice one of them spoke,—"Syrian women, here stands one who was welcomed at her birth, who has had many advantages; who claims the great Allah of America as her own, whose hope of heaven is bright. She says her Allah cares for all, and she is like Him, but she is not interested in us. When we were born, forty days of mourning were observed. Our Allah has no care for us, we are only women; we may never enter a mosque; our brightest hope is a heaven by ourselves, to be gained by obedience to our husbands. They must ignore us abroad, at home they beat us. We reckon ourselves as the wild beasts. We are deceitful, profane, debased, but how can we be any better if they who know a more excellent way have no interest even to listen to our story, or send us help?"

With a dreary sigh which was echoed by all, she led the way and they passed on. For very shame I hid my face, but was constrained to look up as there tottered towards me a vast company whose crippled feet proclaimed them from the Chinese Empire. The almond eyes of the leader fastened on me as she said,—"Your parents rejoiced once because God had given them a daughter; your welfare has been consulted in everything; nature was not interfered with and your feet will carry you whithersoever you will; education has been freely yours; evil has been carefully eradicated; and to-day you pride yourself on your keen sense of right and wrong. Our parents were disgraced by our birth; if they had murdered us, no one would have interfered. We were crippled from childhood; our education was confined to lessons of obedience to fathers, brethren, husbands and sons; beyond our own doors we are forbidden to be known either for good or evil. Unable to read, ranked by our most advanced thinkers with the

monkeys and parrots, what wonder if we are superstitious, depraved and vicious? O woman, who hath made us to differ, and by what right are you 'not interested' in us?"

Before I could have spoken, if I had desired, they had passed forward and their place was filled with short, robust figures, clad in mantles of tanned skin, leather petticoats, and short beaded aprons. Beads of all varieties, buttons, buckles, and rings of iron and copper decorated their stout figures in many fantastic ways. They marched entirely around the platform, closely scanning me, before anyone spoke, then the leader said,—"Free to come or go, no terror in her life, at liberty to marry or not, certain of protection from any abuse,—surely, sisters, this is a favoured woman. We of Africa are chattels. We must marry whom our fathers choose and be one of many wives, subject to every caprice of our husband. If he commands us not to stand upright before him, henceforth we must crawl in his presence, on pain of cruel punishment. If he favours one of us, disfigurement or death awaits her from her jealous companions; unless he favours us he beats or kills us as he chooses, with none to interfere; we are his body and soul. Unmarried, we form the estate of our father or brother to be divided at his death among the heirs. But this woman is 'not interested' in us; she cares not that to us no heaven is promised equal to what she now enjoys; we are too far off. Oh, God of America, are we too far off for Thee to care? Is there no help for us? Is Thy child a true representative of Thee?"

A cold terror was settling upon me and I looked for some escape from the place, but even as I looked, before me were flashing jewels, rich silks and costly apparel. With eyes as bright as her jewels, a woman cried passionately,—"Would you like to know our story? We were born in far-off India. We were all married before we were ten, some of us before we were three, years old. We were taken to our husband's home to be slaves to his mother, to cook his food and send it to him, awaiting outside our portion from what ever he might leave. In sickness, no physician must see or touch us; we are taken out and laid by the Ganges, the sight of whose holy waters is to cleanse our sins. After death the same sacred stream will receive our ashes. Forbid-

den to sew or read, our only occupation is to quarrel with our associate wives; and so we live with no purpose and die with no hope. But we are the favoured ones in fair India; ours is the enviable lot; you shall see our unhappy sisters to whose condition we may be reduced at any moment." She waved her hand and her followers fell back, leaving a space before me which was immediately filled with the most sorrowful faces that had yet appeared. Here were no jewels or silks, but scanty cotton garments, uncombed hair, and eyes heavy with woe. Their speaker stepped forward and tremblingly said,—"We are widows. When our husbands died our ornaments were stripped from us and we became slaves to all about us. We may never change our condition, but must live on, sleeping on the floor with but a mat beneath us, eating but one scant meal a day, fasting twenty-four hours once a fortnight, eating apart from others, forbidden even to see others happy. We must have no society and no one must show us a kindness. Blows and curses are our portion and death our only release." As her voice ceased she too waved her followers back, and instantly my platform was surrounded by little girls, the oldest under six. Such drawn, pitiful, wan faces I hope never to see again. They lifted pleading hands and raised beseeching eyes to mine as they begged,—"O Christian lady, pray your God for us. We are widows already and this woe is ours for life. Look at the petted children of your land; think of the curly heads and laughing eyes that you love in your homes. Look at our tired feet and bruised arms, and remember how tenderly you hold the tiny hands and guide the dainty feet of your darlings. We beg you spare one thought, utter one little prayer for us, for we number eighty thousand under six years old." Eighty thousand pairs of eyes looked wistfully into mine for a minute, but suddenly a voice said, "It is useless; her Saviour said, 'suffer little children to come unto me,' but she is 'not interested.'" The faint hope died out of their faces and they all vanished.

Noting the tears on my face, the fair one at my side asked,—"Need I do more to interest you in missions?"

"You!" I stammered; "who are you?"

"I am Conscience," she replied, "and

I stand here to tell you that your vision of to-night is no disordered dream. I have brought truth to your door; shall it knock in vain? I gave you an elevated position, for you are above the sisters whom you have seen, but the platform that raises you is the Rock, Christ Jesus. Will you be content to stand there alone, or have you at last interest to spare for the nations low in the dust at the feet of Allah and Brahma? Will you help them up, or will you choose to hear your Redeemer say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me'?"

For answer I fell on my knees and Conscience left me, satisfied to have brought me to my God, knowing that she could trust my waking with Him. To a pitiful Saviour I confessed all my pride and indifference and he forgave me; then I slept sweetly and refreshingly. The next morning I hastened to the house of my friend the collector, took back my heartless words of the night before, and gave her double what she had asked. That morning was the beginning of a new life to me, for I promised my Saviour that henceforth His cause should be mine, and that I would give to the women of other lands as freely as I had received from Him; and I pray God to keep me from ever being again so fast asleep as I was on that night when asked to contribute to Foreign Missions.

Emma J. Cummings, M.D.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

ONE of the best temperance addresses we have seen recently comes from Mr. Chauncey Depew, the great railroad president, and is a portion of his remarks at a meeting of railroad employees: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill. And it has been a study with me to mark the boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a wreck and wrecked his family, did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were

steady, industrious and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest on which, with the house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum or drink, he doesn't care, all his finer feelings are crowded out."—*Apostolic Guide.*

SICKNESS

SAVIOUR! in sickness I can feel
Thy tender love to me,

Who for my sake didst deign to bear
An untold agony.

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

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

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

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

THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ARE GONE.

WHY do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of Heaven! Why must they open tenderest fountains of our nature only to leave them so soon choked with the bitter tears of loss?

It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of Heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in Heaven, as upon earth, it is still *our own*, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us.

Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and the mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in Heaven

A DANGER.

THE danger of false tenderness in the training of children was finely illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in entomology, secured, at great pains, a fine specimen of an emperor moth in the larva state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which is very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings, and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On reaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask, the pity of the person watching it was so awakened to see the struggle necessary to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colors for which this species of moth is noted.

The severe pressure was the very thing needed to cause the flow of fluids which create the marvellous hues. Its wings were small, dull in colors, and the whole development was imperfect. How often we see the result in character when parents, thinking to help a child over some hard place, rob him of strength of purpose and other qualities essential to the highest attainments in mental and spiritual life.—*The Parish Visitor.*

WANTED ENTHUSIASM.

HOPE, courage and earnest purpose are essential to the success of any great enterprise. The thing to be done must be worthy to command not only intelligent assent, but ardent love and enthusiastic devotion.

The work of missions rightly claims first place in thoughts, prayers, gifts and labours of Christians. The disciples of the risen Christ owe it to Him as their Lord and Master to throw themselves heart and soul into the work which He has given them to do. That is their one great work. The Easter triumph sends forth afresh the grand commission and lays it as a

charge upon the rejoicing Church. But enthusiasm is an individual thing. It takes hold of the heart of one and communicates to another, and so spreads from one to another until the depth and glow of feeling has inspired the body with a great motive.

On the tablet to the memory of Gen. Gordon are these words: "Maj.-Gen. George Charles Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God." It is by such personal consecration, and by the example of such devotion and self-sacrifice that the contagion of enthusiasm will pass from one to another and great works be accomplished for God and man.—*Spirit of Missions*.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS.

SINCE we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranius has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of everything with which the generality of mind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance; and against these, too, he will tell his intimate friends, he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranius is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home where he shall be better provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being, and the short article of death, he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary sleep. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.—*Richard Steele, 1711*.

A FRIEND is never lost. An ocean may separate friends, but they are none the less truly friends for being on opposite sides of an ocean. Nor is death more of a divider than an ocean. Friends separated by death are friends as truly as they were when they sat side

by side, or face to face, here in the flesh. Friends united in Christ are friends eternally.—*S. S. Times*.

"STAND FOR THE RIGHT."

"Stand for the right! Humanity
Implores with groans and tears
Thine aid to break the fettering link
That binds her toiling years.

"Stand for the right!

Though falsehood reigns,
And proud lips coldly sneer:
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear."

Read that again, young man, and rightly conclude that it was meant for you. Resolve that *you* will stand for the right. Pray for strength to act. Think for yourself, know that your purposes are high, noble and firmly fixed, then either fall fighting or stand a conqueror. "Dare all that may become a man; who dares do more is none." Depend upon yourself, keep steadily in the ranks, swerve not an inch, move upward as well as onward. Look well to the ways of your footsteps. Touch not, taste not that which will harm you. Don't go to your grave one-third whiskey, one-third tobacco and the remaining third corruption. Be true to yourself. Be honest and fair with your fellow-man. Remember that the first cigar and the first drink are dangerous things. When it is said of a man that he drinks and it is proven, what business man wants him for bookkeeper? Who can trust him? What dying man would appoint him as his executor? He may be years building his reputation. Crash! down it goes! There are many young men who have a reputation, and their good names are their only capital. Your father may have started you out in city life. He could only give you an education, but he started you under Christian influence. You have come to the city. You are now striving to achieve your fortune under God by your own right arm. Now see to it, brother, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create suspicions by any odor of your breath, by any peculiar glare of your eyes, or any unnatural flush of the cheek, but press forward and upward. "Go forward" trusting in Him who "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."—*Selected*.

'God nothing does nor suffers to be done'
But thou would'st do thyself, if thou could'st
see
The end of all things here as well as He.
—*Selected*.

SYMPATHY.

OH! Lord I pray Thee henceforth let the shadow of self fall behind not before—and it will if the soul abides in the quietness the Lord giveth. Yes the quietness and confidence wherein strength is God's gift, hence the preciousness of it, for the giver makes the value of the gift. Let us try to discover why by quietness of soul strength is obtained, and note that growth in strength is a sure outcome of silence in regard to our own sorrows, cares and perplexities. But before we can take the first step, we must "put Him between oneself and one's grief," and even it will take a long time to learn, because one is slow to take in the stilling of self acting that God may act in us.

Darkness—and waiting—yes, they both have their own lesson, for spite the souls sureness of the Everlasting Arms that support with an upholding clasp that only the sorrow-touched know. God sends the affliction, and He means sorrow to be sorrow and to do its work, else where were the chastening of His love? And if there were no darkness how could we learn the obedience of faith? the patient waiting for the day to break when the shadows flee away?

Sometimes we feel the lack of sympathy, but there is a precious side even to this craving, because in it our Lord meets us very closely, for when on earth He too felt it. The hours of great loneliness, and when you feel you are not fully understood, it will help you to follow this thought, for even if it lead "into the cloud" you will know He entered the cloud before you. He knows all about the trial of loneliness—all about it.

And I do think we grow stronger when we accept our trials silently, knowing the infinite hand behind the clouds gives only the sorrows we can bear, and remembering if He multiplies them they who suffer much are like those who know many languages, they are learning to understand and be understood by all.

But never fail to remember whatever the weight of Christ's anguish His heart was always open to the needs of others; and if we follow Him, we too, must keep open eyes and open hearts for the burdens those about us may be called to carry, and that perhaps our sympathy can make less heavy. The sweetest of

all solaces is quiet sympathy. Surely it is the flower of self-forgetfulness, that blossoms out of still communion with Him Who alone can give wisdom for the blessed ministry of consolation.

ROSA PORTER.

OLD AGE.

ROWLAND HILL, himself a very old man, says that he heard of one who was asked what age he was. He answered ;

"The right side of eighty."

"I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer.

"Yes, I am beyond it," he replied ; "and this is the right side, for I am nearer my eternal rest."

A man once said to Dr. Rees, "You are whitening fast." The doctor answered him in a sermon which he preached immediately after : "There is a wee white flower which comes up through the snow and frost ; but we are glad to see the snow-drop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother, it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over ; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of the earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."

To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world."

"Fear it, sir!" he replied, "I know I am ; but blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

The Apostle Paul was an old man, but, happily for him, he was no agnostic, and so he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and that he will keep that which I have committed to him until that day ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

But for old age to be happy it must be a time of acceptance. Old age fought against is miserable ; old age accepted is calm and peaceful. Enamelled wrinkles dare not smile ; the honest wrinkles may even laugh. To be living in a mistake is to be living in a false position, and in all false positions there is weakness and discomfort and misery. The way to be happy in your old age is to consider that you are not in a false position, but in a right one—in the one which God has ordained for you, and therefore in the one which contains blessings—its blessings, its

own peculiar blessings. Where you meet with disappointment it is in expecting from it what does not belong to it, and what would not be blessing if it did.—*The Quiver.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
June 4.	Eccles. 5. 1-12	Gen. 41. 37-45
" 11.	Eccles. 12. 1-7, 13, 14.	" 41. 46-47
" 18.	Mal. 3. 1-12	" 42. 3-20
" 25.	Prov. 31. 10-31	" 45. 1-15

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

I know a funny little boy—

The happiest ever born ;

His face is like a beam of joy,

Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,

And waited for a groan—

But how he laughed ! Do you suppose

He struck his funny-bone ?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks ;

His laugh is something grand ;

Its ripples overrun his cheeks

Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes.

And till the day is done ;

The schoolroom for a joke he takes—

His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,

You cannot make him cry ;

He's worth a dozen boys I know,

Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

—*Wide Awake.*

THE BEST SHE CAN.

"THIS," said a proud father, addressing a gentlemen visitor, and directing his glance towards his ten-year-old son, just entering the room, "is the boy whose pictures you admire so much. The little fellow really has a wonderful talent for drawing."

"And what has this little lady a talent for?" asked the gentleman, turning kindly towards a modest-looking little girl, who had entered the room in the rear of her brother, and now stood quietly by her mother's side.

The father hesitated as his eyes rested upon his least-gifted child ; but the mother, drawing her fondly towards her, replied, "This little girl has a talent for doing the best that she can."

Dear children, are there any of you who also possess this talent for doing the best that you can—not in great things only, but also in small ones ? The most slenderly endowed among us may do this much : the most gifted

cannot do more. Our blessed Lord is not a hard master, "reaping where He has not sown, and gathering where He has not strewn," but he does require that the service which we render shall be in proportion to the capacity with which he has endowed us ; the servant in the parable who received five talents, gained beside them five talents more. Higher praise was never given to man or angel than that which our Saviour bestowed upon the woman who anointed His head with ointment.—"She hath done what she could."—*Grace Willoughby, in Southern Churchman.*

SAMBO AND HIS BIBLE.

SAMBO, a freed slave in Jamaica, had possessed a part of a New Testament, which by constant use was worn out. Learning that in Kingston, fifty miles from his home, there lived a missionary who kept a store of Bibles to sell to any one who wished to purchase them, though now an old man, he determined to go all that way on foot to buy a Bible ; and he actually did so. He went to the missionary's house, and when he saw the nice looking Bibles, contrasting them in his mind with the "book" he had thought so much of, he was delighted and surprised, and eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, massa, how large ! how fine ! how great ! how good !"

"Yes, my friend," answered the missionary, "that is very true ; they are large and fine and great and good."

Sambo then expressed his wish to purchase one, and inquired the price.

"A dollar and a half," replied the missionary. The negro's countenance fell instantly.

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked the missionary, observing the sudden change.

"Oh, massa," said poor Sambo, "dis all me hab," showing a dollar.

The missionary then told him that, even at the price at which the book was offered, it was under the expense the Bible Society had incurred in publishing it ; but the poor negro could only say, "Massa, me berry sorry ; me hab no more dan dis."

The missionary then inquired of Sambo what his name was and whence he came ; and greatly astonished this good man was when he found how far his dark-featured brother had travelled on foot in that hot climate in his eagerness to obtain the Book of God ; and knowing the negro's master, after a

little consideration, he said, "Well, Sambo, you have come a long way, and I do not like to send you home empty; will you promise, if I let you have a Bible, to pay me the half dollar as soon as you can get it?"

"Oh, Massa," replied the delighted African, "me will! indeed me will!" and, having received the precious volume, he set off on his way homeward.

I do not know how long Sambo was in travelling the fifty miles, but it was in the evening that he came in sight of home, just as his companions were leaving their work, who, as soon as they saw him, shouted out, "Sambo! Sambo!"

Sambo held up his book, while he shouted back, "Joy! joy!"

They soon gathered round him, and, "Read, Sambo! read!" was the general cry. The old negro, weary as he was, sat down and read a chapter; he then closed the book.

"Go on! go on!" they said.

"No," answered Sambo, "me no go on; it no paid for.—How much you, Jack?—How much you, Tom?—How much will you give, Betty?" and thus he went on until he had obtained from them enough in subscriptions to complete the payment of his Bible. After the lapse of only one day Sambo again set out for Kingston; so that by the time he returned home the poor old negro had journeyed on foot two hundred miles to obtain and pay for a Bible to read to his companions. Was not God's Word precious to him?—*Parish Visitor.*

THE BRIDLE.

"DON'T go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favourite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David. And who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow," he would say, "he's let

off his bridle." The appetite needs a reining. Let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorder. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite; do not let it be master. And don't neglect to have one on your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight, don't let it slip; hold it steady. Never go without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behavior what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practise it with steady and resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.—*Evan-gelist.*

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"SEE, father," said the lad who was walking with his father, "They are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

God only takes away our earthly props that we rest firmly upon Him.—*Kind Words.*

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*

We owe allegiance to the state, but deeper, truer, more,

To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core—

Our country claims our fealty: we grant it so, but then

Before man made us citizens, great nature made us men.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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E. E. W. McGAFFEY.

Some time ago we were at a little Church in the country; sixty two persons were present and the offering was five five-cent pieces and thirty cents in coppers, in all fifty-five cents. When will people learn to give to God as He blesses them?

The last letter received from Mr. T. J. Marsh was dated early in September, 1892. He had reached Fort Liard, his Mission station, about 200 miles from Fort Simpson, on the McKenzie River, where Bishop Rees lives, and was kindly received by the Hudson Bay Co's. factor, Mr. McLeod and family. His first work was to patch up a log house, make himself a bedstead, table and bookcase, and make preparations for the coming winter. Unfortunately most of the provisions and things which he was taking with him were left behind, and for the first winter he would have to "make a shif." as doing without sugar, yeast, baking powder, etc., besides having a short allowance of flour. He

spoke of young Mr. McLeod having just brought in a fish which he had caught, and said "It will make a pleasant change, as I have been eating nothing but dried meat boiled, and berries, since I came, excepting potatoes and flour pancakes. "When I want anything in the shape of bread I just go to the bag of flour and mix a little flour with water until it is a nice batter, and then boil this in grease." He had not heard from the outside since the 1st of June, but hoped in a month or so to get a batch of letters. He likes the country and says it abounds in moose and deer. The Indians seem just to live from hand to mouth, at times having abundance, while at other times living in absolute want, and he was told that every winter a few die from starvation. He speaks of their ignorance, misery, and sin, and adds "When you see them living in this way, without one single hope for time or eternity, it makes one sad at heart, and yet I can speak but a few words to them." We are sure many of our readers will remember both Missionary and Indians in their prayers and earnestly ask that the word of God may have free course and be glorified in this far northern land.

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