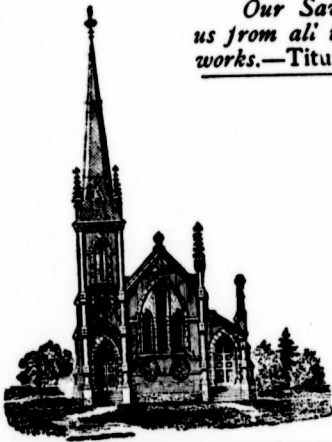


Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1 : 14.



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 69.

JULY, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

Sidesmen.

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYTLER,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month.

At the last Synod the idea of forming a new diocese out of the Counties of Ontario, Durham, Victoria, Haliburton, Peterboro and Northumberland, met with very general approval, and a committee was appointed to take steps toward raising the necessary funds.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

LYTLE—Emily Gertrude, daughter of William H. and Eliza Lytle, born 4th April, 1897, baptized in St. Paul's church June 13th, 1897.

MATCHETT—Frederick Dickson, son of Richard J. and Annie Thirza Matchett, born 21st Feb., 1897, baptized in St. Paul's church, 13th June, 1897.

BLONDIN—Florence May, daughter of Gilbert and Ida Blondin, born 20th May, 1897, baptized 14th June, 1897.

Marriages.

GROWDEN—MCCAUSLAND—At Ops, on 22nd June, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Edwin Growden, of Lindsay, to Elizabeth McCausland, of the township of Ops.

Burials.

MILLS—At Omemece Cemetery, on 1st June, 1897, Georgina, wife of John Mills, in her 34th year.

MCNABB—At Riverside Cemetery, on 3rd June, 1897, Blanche Irene, child of William McNabb, aged 2 months.

BLONDIN—At Riverside Cemetery, on 25th June, 1897, May, child of Gilbert Blondin, aged 2 months.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Orangemen are to attend church at St. Paul's on July 11th.

The W. A. handed the Churchwardens \$20 for church debt as a result of their work a few weeks ago.

Mr. O'Malley received \$7 the other day from the Misses Snelling, of Ottawa, collected for the repairs of St. George's church, Cameron.

On the first Sunday of the month service will be held at 6.30 in the evening at St. George's, Cameron, for some time. Other Sundays as usual at 10.30 a. m.

We are glad to welcome as members of our congregation Mr. Paddon and family, Mr. Morrison and family, and Miss L. Orde.

There have been five Archbishops of Canterbury since Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and seventeen Presidents of the United States.

The Packet that passed by St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, bringing out the mails, etc., early in April, consisted of six men and four sleds drawn by dogs, so says Miss Tims in her diary.

Mr. Chas. McKim, student in charge of St. John's Church, Whitby, addressed the June meeting of the C. E. T. S. and gave some very practical, useful and helpful words. He has had a good deal of experience in temperance and rescue work in Toronto and elsewhere.

On Sunday, June 13th, Rev. H. R. O'Malley was ordained a presbyter at St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, by Bishop Sullivan, as was also Rev. Arthur Gadd and others. Mr. Albert Lawrence, of Minden, was ordained deacon. We trust they may all be made able ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are pleased to hear that services have been opened at Burnt River, in the mission of Kinmount, the Rev. E. Soward taking duty once a fortnight, and Mr. Maconachie, who has been licensed by the Bishop as Lay Reader, the alternate Sundays. The attendance numbers sometimes as high as 60, and as there is also a Sunday-school we feel sure that a rich blessing will attend the work.

"It's too hot to go to Church" said a citizen of Lindsay the other Sunday, and suggested an evening out of doors. "You would go to business if it were a week day, would you not?" said a friend who was spending a short time with him. "Yes." "Then let us go to Church", and so quite a large party went to the House of God. We need, if Christians, to ever "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Do first God's will.

As an instance of parental authority in the Queen's household it is said the Princess Royal, hearing her father address Dr. Brown, of Windsor, as Brown, adopted the same brevity of speech with him. This was forbidden, and the little princess still doing so the command went forth that if she disobeyed again she would be sent to bed. When the doctor arrived next morning "Vicky" walked up to him and said "Good morning, Brown." Then glancing at her mother she continued with a curtesy, "And good night, Brown, for I am going to bed."

On Thursday evening, 18th June, the Young Men's Association met at the home of Mr. M. H. Sisson and, together with a number of the Gleaner's Union, presented Mr. Stanley Soanes with an address and a useful Watch before his departure to be a Lay Missionary in the diocese of McKenzie River. Mr. Soanes will be much missed by the Y. M. A., as he has been one of their most faithful workers, also from the S. S., where he was teacher. The Gleaner's Union, C. E. T. S., Bible Class and almost every branch of Church work will miss him. We trust that by God's grace he will be as successful in winning our dusky brethren of the north into the Kingdom of Christ as he was in getting young men to accompany him to the House of God in Lindsay.

Bishop Sullivan confirmed 19 candidates at St. John's Church, Whitby, in June, the Bishop of Toronto having gone to England to attend the Lambeth Conference.

We regret to lose Mr. Snelling and family from Cameron congregation, Miss Snelling having been for a time organist of St. George's, but we wish them every blessing in Ottawa.

In 1837 there were 237 white people in the colony of Victoria, now there are over a million, with 179 clergymen of our Church. Canada, we know, has about five times the population she had when the Queen began her reign.

Mrs. Mowat, Miss Mullett, the Misses Johns, Prof. Clarke and Mr. Knight gave a very interesting program at the June meeting of the C.E.T.S. This was Prof. Clarke's first appearance and he sang a couple of patriotic songs, which were much appreciated.

When the Queen ascended the throne we had one mission station, at Fort Garry, in our great North-west. Now we have ten dioceses, and the praises of the Redeemer are sung from Hudson Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and from the United States border to the islands of the Arctic Ocean, and in more than a dozen different languages.

The spiritual man is not merely the natural man improved, but a new creature, a new creature in Christ Jesus. Not Nicodemus made a little more moral, but Nicodemus born again and brought to life by God the Holy Ghost. Not only, says Matthew Henry, has he a new name and a new livery, but a new heart and a new nature, old things are passed away, old thoughts, old principles and old practices, and he is a new man in Jesus Christ.

The Jubilee Services on June 20th at St. Paul's Church were largely attended. The Church had been beautifully decorated with flags and flowers by a number of willing workers. In the morning the Masons, to the number of about 100, with many of their friends, were present, and the Rev. Wm. Farncomb, himself one of the craft, preached an appropriate and able sermon on the building of Solomon's temple. In the afternoon the Sons of England had their annual service, and had invited members of the town council, school board and others to accompany them, so even after seats had been placed up the aisles, and almost everywhere that room could be found, a number were unable to get in. The Sons of England had had the service printed (making an interesting souvenir) so that those present could all join in, and as the chants and hymns being ones that were generally familiar, the service seemed most hearty and inspiring. The Choir sang an anthem appropriate to the occasion and at 4.15 all joined in singing, we believe with heart and voice, "God Save the Queen." The rector preached on 1 Tim. 2: 1, 2, showing that it was the will of God that prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks should be made for Kings and all in authority, and how our Sovereign had been a Queen of many prayers. Also he recounted some of the many things that we as Canadians and Britons had to give God thanks for in connection with our Queen's reign.... There was a good congregation in the evening, when Mr. O'Malley preached an excellent and appropriate sermon, and we trust the influences of the day, making for loyalty to the Queen and Empire, and above all loyalty to the King of Kings, may long be felt.

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1897.

No. 80.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

PROPER LESSONS.

- 4—3rd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—I. Sam. ii. 10 to v. 27; Acts xi. *Evening*—I. Sam. iii. or iv. to v. 17; III. Joha.
- 11—4th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—I. Sam. xii; Acts xvi. v. 16. *Evening*—I. Sam. xiii. or Ruth i.; Matt. v. v. 13 to 33.
- 18—5th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—I. Sam. xv. to v. 24; Acts xx. v. 17. *Evening*—I. Sam. xvi. or I. Sam. xvii.; Matt. ix. 1 to v. 13.
- 25—St. James, A. & M. (Ath. Creed). *Morning*—II. King. i. to v. 16; Luke ix. v. 51 to 57. *Evening*—Jer. xxvi. v. 8 to 16.
- 25—6th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—II. Sam. i. *Evening*—II. Sam. xii. to v. 24, or xviii.; Matt. xiii. to v. 24.

HIS COMING.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not so sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment
The Lord of life may come
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of His garments,
As He softly draweth near.

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of our Master,
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps He will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer sunlight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping
'Neath the moonbeams' silvery light;

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

—Dr. Bonar.

In July many of our readers in town and city go off to quiet coun-

try places for rest and holiday, and sometimes there is a danger of them forgetting to honor God at all times during their vacation.

* * * *

THE cares and business duties of life are laid aside for a time, and we are apt also to lay aside the restraints which a loving Father has thrown around us for our good.

* * * *

WE receive the best gifts from God, and certainly a holiday is a good gift, so our hearts should be drawn out in deeper thankfulness and love to the gracious Giver.

* * * *

How the older ones might impress on the young who are with them, the glory and power of God as manifested in His handwork around and about them, how lead up their hearts and minds to their Heavenly Father, who hath made mountain and hill, valley and stream, flower and forest tree.

* * * *

YEA, and on the Lord's day, though far from their own stately churches, how tourists might cheer the hearts of the workers for God's cause in those quiet places by coming regularly to worship in the little country church and helping together in work and worship, and so showing that they are followers of the same Saviour and children of the same King.

* * * *

MANY a summer visitor might leave a pleasant memory behind, where he has spent part of his holiday, by scattering some good reading, or perhaps giving, as a token of appreciation for some kindness shown, a copy of a paper like PARISH AND HOME for a year.

* * * *

THE writer had a visit some time ago from a clergyman in England,

whose father had once been stationed as an army officer in Canada. During his stay here he had occasion to take a trip with one of our bishops, who was on a confirmation tour through part of Ontario in the earlier days. He took the opportunity of taking a lot of wholesome Christian literature and distributing it broadcast in the newer settlements. Who can tell how many a seed of truth was in this way sown, and how many lives influenced for all eternity.

* * * *

MIGHT not some of us do likewise during our summer outings?

* * * *

How many of us neglect to *shine* each day for our Lord and Master!

* * * *

To His disciples Christ says: "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine." May our lives be so bright and happy and unselfish that people may take knowledge of us, and see not only that we have been with Christ, but that we are like Christ.

* * * *

MR. W. H. FROST, of the China Inland Mission, tells of several cases where missionaries had gone to that great dark land of China, and before they had had time to learn the language of the people, had been used of God to lead others out of heathenism. Their actions and conduct and lives were such, so bright and happy and cheerful, that some who were much with and watched them, said, these people "have something, some power that we have not," and, so speaking to others who were able to instruct them in their own tongue, they were led to know that the power came from Christ Jesus, who is "the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person."

BREAD-WINNING.

By REV. F. B. MEYER, in *Golden Rule*.

Almost the first question in everyone's life is to settle the question that Satan put to our Lord in his first temptation. Where does bread and bread-getting come in? Is it to be the first consideration or last? According to Satan's way of looking at life, the bread question is paramount; according to Christ, secondary. Have you ever sat down and considered which policy is yours, and what you would do if you had to choose in any supreme crisis?

It is very remarkable that this was the first temptation, because it so constantly occurs in every life; and sooner or later, whether on a lone mountain side or in the crowded thoroughfares of life, the devil comes to us with the suggestion that we must live, and in the last push we must make or get our bread, leaving considerations of truth, honor, God, and eternity to come in second best.

The man that keeps his shop open on Sunday, because on that day he makes more than in all the rest of the week, says in effect, "Bread is my first consideration; my family and I must live." The young man that accepts a partnership in some lucrative business, against which his conscience raises urgent protests, says, "Bread is first." The girl that accepts a wealthy suitor with whom she can have no real sympathy, also says, "Bread is first." Some day you will have to choose between your situation and your conscience, between making a large income and following principle, between mammon and God. It may be God's will to give you success in life, but it is equally certain that He will require you to choose, altogether apart from other considerations, whether at all hazards you will manufacture bread, or whether you will live on every word that proceedeth out of His mouth.

Our Lord chose the latter. Had He willed, He could have supplied His hunger by the exercise of His power; but to have done so would have made it impossible for Him to become the bread of life, or to mul-

tiple the five barley loaves to feed thousands.

The martyrs elected to follow the high ideals of Christ, though they rotted in noisome dungeons, and starved. The reformers chose to prosecute their conceptions of a Christian State and Church, though they had to sacrifice everything that earth counts precious. The holiest souls are they that have been so taken up with the words that proceed from the mouth of God that they have been largely indifferent to the claims of their physical life.

At every turning point in the story of the inner life, these two methods are suggested. Christ says, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by the words of God."

Do you want strength to stand against the wiles of the tempter? There is nothing for it but to live on the words of God. For forty days our Lord had been meditating upon them, and so when the tempter came, though the hunger of His body was making itself felt, His spirit was nourished and equipped. Go thou and do likewise. Feed on the living bread which has come down from heaven. Fill yourself with God's purposes and ideals. Let the thoughts of God be the very bread of the inner man, and when the hour of temptation comes, it will not take you a moment to choose between snatching a morsel to satisfy the cravings of passion and waiting on God.

We are all liable to attacks of hunger in various parts of our nature, and Satan is perpetually insisting on our getting satisfaction somehow. The body hungers for food as we have seen; and Satan bids us snatch it. The heart hungers for love, and we are tempted to gratify it apart from God. The mind hungers for knowledge, and we are apt to seek it in quarters which are not illumined by the light of eternal truth. The imagination and fancy long for objects to stimulate and satisfy, and we are too prone to go to the world to find them.

There is no harm in any one of these masterful desires, when God's will and way and word are put where Christ placed them first. The harm comes in when we insist

on gratifying them at all hazards and fail to wait for the angels ministering as they did to Christ.

God, who gave these strong appetites and desires, knows that they need feeding. The body is more than meat; and if he gave the one, he is involved in the responsibility of meeting the other. He knew that Jesus must have food, and so as soon as the temptation was ended the angels came. Do you for a moment suppose they would have come had the Master not stood fast? God's angels will come to you, my friend, with what is needed to supply your hunger in whatever part of your nature it makes itself felt. The blessed angels of his help are even now on their way to you. They have been commissioned to bring with them supplies for every department of your life. Do not be impatient. Do nothing at the dictate of passion. In no way take your life out of God's hand. Throw the responsibility on him. They cannot be ashamed that wait for God. Remember that angel that prepared the meal on the desert sand for Elijah, and the provision for the tired fishermen on the shores of the lake. If you help yourself now in this supreme crisis, you will miss the divine help; but, if you dare to wait, even though there be but a step between you and death, my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Jesus Christ.

Feed your lower nature as your first concern, and you will starve your real and better self. This is what the men of the world are doing, whose belly is their god, who glory in their shame, and who mind earthly things. Feed your highest nature at any cost to the lower, and ultimately the whole will become satisfied. Seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto thee. "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land; and verily thou shalt be fed."

Thus, also, in a degree, less indeed than in the case of Christ, those that have learned to wait upon God become the bread of other men, nourishing the spiritual life of the world, and obtain the power of feeding thousands. The self-indul-

gent man loses the power of helping other men. The servant of God out of his penury makes many rich, and out of his grievous hunger drives away hunger from multitudes. Live, then, on every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God; learn to say with the prophet, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of mine heart."

GOSSIPING IN THE PRESENCE OF CHILDREN.

A habit of indulging in gossip is pernicious in its influences and results over us all. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that we oftentimes give a willing ear to the stories circulating about our friends and acquaintances, and more is the pity that we are tempted too readily and yield to the temptation to tell these detrimental reports over again to other willing ears.

It is astonishing how thoughtless parents often are of their manner of speech before children. Children are very attentive listeners. They may seem to be interested in their play or their books, but, nevertheless, nothing said by their elders escapes their ears. Children like to hear what their elders are talking about, especially if the talk is carried on with a show of mystery.

Friends may speak depreciatingly of some other friend, without a thought of the consequences, and perhaps without even a remembrance of the words spoken, a few days afterward, but the child who hears them makes a memorandum of the sins of commission, or of omission, which are talked over, and thus an unjust prejudice is acquired, which the parent is astonished to hear expressed perhaps weeks afterward. "What mother says must be so," is the argument a child uses to reason out the wrong and right of things. Mother is the ideal of all that is true and just and good.

Think of this, mothers! What wonderful trust your little child places in you and your judgment and actions. Is it not a very serious matter to be a child's ideal of what is best and truest in motherhood? "Mrs. So-and-so must be a dreadful

woman," reasons the child, who has heard that neighbour spoken of in a deprecatory manner. And if that neighbour has a child, what a sort of superior goodness the child of the gossiping mother carries about with her hereafter when she mingles with Mrs. "So-and-so's" child! How pitifully she regards her in the light of her mother's depreciating estimate—it is such a dreadful thing to have a mother who does things which Mother thinks are so bad! Two-thirds of the gossip circulated about persons is libellous, because it is untrue, and if legally followed up, would prove a crime. The sad results of scandalous stories are often pitiful in the extreme.

We try to have our children acquire habits of truth and justice that will help them on in right living, but are we particular to teach them not to speak untruthfully or unjustly of their little playmates? When they come to us with a story which depreciates the good qualities of some little friend, do we counsel them not to tell over anything which will hurt the reputation of that child? Do we help them to acquire the habit of that charity which thinketh no evil of one's neighbour?—*The Evangelist.*

RAINY WEATHER.

In our section of the country there has been, this year, an unusual amount of rain, so that seeding has been much interfered with. It is interesting, though most sadly interesting, to hear the different remarks made about it. Some complain of it when it is easily seen that the reason they do so is that it interferes with their pleasures, outings, excursions, or makes it disagreeable for them going to or from their work. Others complain, and the voice is that of the fatalist: "We do not want it thus, and we think it might easily be otherwise, but we have to submit." Others complain because it has so retarded the work which ought to be attended to at a certain time and could not be.

Would that we could learn that it is just possible that He who controls the rain knows better than we do what is best for all parties and

all interests concerned. Would that we could know that such complaining is not complaining against the weather, but against Him who controls it, and arranges it. Would that we could free ourselves of our short-sightedness and pride, humbly and in faith taking what He sends as best because He sends it. Would that we could rest on His promise: "Seed time and harvest shall not fail," and be satisfied. Would that we could rest in His love, being persuaded that "He doeth all things well." How much brighter our faces would shine; how much happier our lives would be; how many frowns would give place to smiles; how many complainings to thankful rejoicings.

Lindsay. H.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

"Would ye like to hear about it?"

"I eagerly assent," says a writer in the *Sailor's Magazine*, and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin', so that altogether, you may think the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he was an easy goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Bless if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives the chaps as hide theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did you find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed

away among the casks for'ard, and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and began barkin'. Such a nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good-plucked un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a skyrocket, and there I did see a sight; and no mistake. Every man-jack of the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the fust mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin', black bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young un warn't a bit afear'd—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. Folk did say afterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed, and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o'thinkin' myself, for I never yet see'd a common street Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heered a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought you here?'

"It was my stepfather as done it," says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages, and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and giv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to

Aunt Jane, at Halifax, and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff'; and then he says to 'im, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you doan't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him, and then he faced round to the men, looking blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead, 'smart now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," said the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakenin' out of a nap.

"Silence, there!" shouts the

mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit, but there was some among the sailors (big, strong chaps, as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him, and at the very thought on't, I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold of a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

"I don't know," says I, through my teeth, 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen, an' the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"Eight minutes," says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll of a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for your time is nearly up.'

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded, and down goes the poor little chap on his knees, and puts up his little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in such a whirl that'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to

the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've see'd the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-crying like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great, hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth, and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable, and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be, and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be going below, so I just wish yer good-night.—*Selected.*

WAITING PATIENTLY.

I sometimes pause, and wonder why,
And feel perplexed, and give a sigh,
Yet clinging to Thy Word—
I ask, how long shall wrong prevail,
And on my heart distress entail?
I humbly ask Thee, Lord.

Thy cause is very dear to me,
Thy truth must have the victory,
Hence, for Thy Church I pray;
The Church, bought by Christ's precious
blood,
Which boldly Satan hath withstood—
Standing in fierce array.

I know that if I calmly wait
The crooked things Thou canst make
straight,
The hidden things reveal;
Thou canst give grace to conquer sin,
Thou canst renew my heart within—
The broken spirit heal.

My heart shall not indulge a doubt,
That Thou wilt compass me about—
Help me to pray, and stand;
Wait patiently, with faith's bright shield,
Be firm—nor waver—never yield—
Upheld by Thy strong hand.

—*Rev. Charles Collins, D.D.*

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

Confession must come before pardon, and pardon before power. Dr. Chapman, the famous evangelist, gives a bit of experience to prove this.

In a western city, a gentleman approached the evangelist laboring in the city with this question: "Can you tell me why it is that I have no power in my Christian life? I have a class of men in the Sunday-school, and have had for three years, and have never been able to lead one of them to Christ."

The evangelist replied: "It may be because your heart is not right with God, and that you are hiding some sin."

The man's face became pale, and then in the secrecy of the minister's room he made his confession: "Twelve years ago I was a clerk in a mercantile establishment in the city of P—. One night in balancing my books, I had two hundred dollars for which I could not account; my books were balanced, but the money was there. The books balanced the next day, and the next week, and the money was still not accounted for. Then the devil came to me to say, 'Use it; no one will ever know it, and you can put it back.' God pity me! I took it, and all these years I have had it. Here it is," he said, handing it to the evangelist.

"I cannot take it," he said, "you will have to make restitution."

The man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I can never do it. I have a position now worth twenty thousand dollars a year to me, and I should lose it if I were ever suspected of being dishonest in the past."

"It is either restitution or no power," said the evangelist.

The man was still for a moment; then, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, "I will do it if I die."

He made his way to the city where the wrong had been committed, into the private office of the man against whom he had sinned, and made confession.

The Christian merchant listened to his words; then, rising, he closed the door of the office, and said, "Let us pray about it."

They fell on their knees, and, when the prayer was offered, the merchant said to him: "Go back to your work, and God's blessing go with you. I forgive you just as freely as He does."

The man came back to his home with his face shining. The next Sunday he sat down before his class to tell them of Christ. He said to them: "I never knew till this week why it was that I could not get you for Christ. I have now found out. It was because I was not right myself." Then, turning to his class, he made such a plea as he had never made before, and with the result that every member of his class accepted Christ as Saviour, and a few Sundays after joined the church of which he was a member.

It is very easy to understand why. He had simply gotten right with God, and then the Spirit, who had been abiding in him all the time, used him; and that is always the Spirit's way.—*Golden Rule.*

GETTING RICH.

It is a good thing to be rich, my boy; but money is not the best thing in the world. I doubt sometimes whether it is even one of the best things. I know that men do the wickedest things in the world for the sake of it. Get rich if you can, honestly and fairly and unselfishly; but do not be in a hurry about it. It is a curse of the age into which you have been born—the greedy haste to be rich; this branding every thought and every plan and every hope and aspiration with the dollar-mark, until the man's soul must look to the angels who can see it, like a show-window at a reduction sale, with everything in it tagged with a price. And the price is frequently a lie in the window and the soul. Men want to be rich; there is no great wickedness in that; but they want to be rich right away; and there is an evil in that.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

SHALL I SPEAK, OR SHALL I NOT?

A Christian worker felt that he ought to speak to a young man who was living in utter neglect of spirit-

ual things. At first he hesitated. Satan suggested that it was no use that in fact it would be casting pearls before swine. He knew that the Gospel ought to be preached to every creature, and thought that may be Christ had chosen him to preach it to this young man. He spoke to him kindly and earnestly of his danger and of God's offer of free salvation. (Rom. vi. 23.) To his utter surprise his words were neither received with ridicule nor with indifference. He found that the spirit of God had already been working in that heart, though no one knew of it.

That conversation led that young man to Christ, and for more than twenty-five years he has been seeking to lead others to Him.

Reader, do you always know when the spirit of God has been striving with a man?

When He calls you to speak to some acquaintance, neighbor, fellow-traveller, is it not probable that He has been preparing the soul for the message, and that if you are faithful you will be honored in leading that soul to Him?—*Rev. J. D. Kilburn.*

WELL AIMED.

Among Bishop Clark's "Reminiscences" is one of Dr. Bedell, who in his day was one of the most famous of American preachers. He had what Bishop Clark calls "a singular faculty in searching the hearts of men."

On a certain Monday morning, after Dr. Bedell had preached one of his most faithful sermons, he received a call from a parishioner, who expressed his surprise and indignation that his pastor should have singled him out as a sinner to be reproved.

The doctor made haste to reply that he had done nothing of the sort; the sermon was an old one, and no personal reference had been intended. But the parishioner on his way home met a friend, who, it turned out, was on his way to Dr. Bedell's house to remonstrate with him for the same personalities.

"Then you noticed it also?" said the first man.

"Of course I did. Nobody could help noticing it," was the answer.

"Well, then, this confirms my first impression. But I have just called upon Dr. Bedell, and he assured me that he did not have me in mind at all."

"Oh, I never supposed he was talking about you. I was on my way to call him to account for having selected me as his target."

In Bishop Clark's words, "Dr. Bedell had brought down two sinners at one shot."

THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

20th June, 1837-1897.

Let the note of joy ring out;
Heart and voice in concert shout—
God save the Queen!
Who has borne for sixty years
Cares of state, and hopes, and fears,
Facing duty e'en 'mid tears;
God save the Queen!

Peace with honor she has sought,
Yet for right has fearless fought,
Whole-hearted been:
Truth has been her much-loved guide,
Justice, linked with mercy wide,
Cherished ever by her side;
God save the Queen!

With the brave on land and sea
She has had full sympathy—
A witness keen:
Art has found a friend sincere:
Learning, too, a kindly ear;
Worth, a welcome frank, and cheer;
God save the Queen!

Nor have lowly needs of life
Been forgotten 'mid the strife,
Or careless seen:
Sorrow she has learned to share:
Hope to suffering loved to bear:
Kindness shown to soften care;
God save the Queen!

Queen revered she lives and reigns;
Duty still her life constrains;
God save the Queen!
Round her throne a people's love
Gathers strength, as time doth prove,
Lifts the loyal shout above—
God save the Queen!

—A.L., in *Light in the Home.*

HOME. SWEET HOME.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if

everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, every-day rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy?—*Exchange.*

HE GOT THE BLESSING.

Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who, hearing the Gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting to speak with the minister, and, in his untutored way, said, "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' without it." And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless body of the man who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in reply to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine!" Then the name of this poor man went in the sad list of the "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."—*Selected.*

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WHAT MIGHT BE.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around,
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned;
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor and its wealth that wastes away.
This world is full of beauty as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

—Gerald Massey.

"GWINE BACK HOME."

As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "I've lost my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's the matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter yere?"

queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze bin robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, then, Mars White, somebody has c' me robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when the wah dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good old mi-sus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fust tobacco-house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wiramen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze ole an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'ze been a believer in You all my days, an' now I dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.—*Selected.*

FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

"The recent discoveries of M. de Morgan, at Dashour, Egypt, have been the most important of modern times. In these tombs of pyramids belonging to the twelfth dynasty—perhaps 2500 B.C.—were found such perfect specimens of workmanship in gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, etc., so exquisite in all their details, as to justify the remark of a connoisseur that by the side of them, 'the famous jewelry of Ah-hotep looks poor and degenerate.' It is estimated that the commercial value of these treasures cannot be much less than half a million dollars. How effectually does such a find as this silence those great and learned men—persons of recognized scholarship and standing in the first ranks of Biblical critics—who, within a few decades, boldly asserted that the workmanship described in the construction of the tabernacle in the wilderness was of such a nature as to exclude forever the idea of the possibility of fashioning so elaborate a tent with its elegant furniture in the time of Moses. What strange feelings must come over such theologians when they gaze upon these recovered treasures lately deposited in the Gizeh museum!"—*The Friend.*

Set the heart-house in order.

MAKING A SNOWBALL.

Almost all of us have, if not in our maturer years, certainly in our youth or childhood, made snowballs, and what happy recollections does the thought bring back; gay, ringing voices of merry, light-hearted, warmly-clad children, storming the snow forts of the enemy, or under the leadership of our Wellington driving Napoleon and his soldiers headlong from our Waterloo. But this is aside from the subject. I was speaking of making a snowball. First, we pick up a quantity of snow big enough for three or four handfuls; then it is placed in the left hand and pressed and struck with the right made concave or hollow, so as to make it round and hard. Sometimes we would keep on pressing it till it would be scarcely one-quarter its original size. Now it is cold and small and hard, and will hurt severely the one it strikes.

How exactly like the making of a snowball is our treatment of our own hearts. How often the heart which in childhood was generous and liberal, in middle life or old age has become miserly and selfish. The man, large-hearted to start with, yet even then somewhat cold, had a chance to do a generous act, he refused; his heart became smaller. Another opportunity presented itself; again he refused; the heart became smaller still. Another and another and another were treated similarly by him, and each time his heart grew smaller and smaller, harder and harder, colder and colder, till now he who was noble and generous has become grasping and selfish, and hard and small, ready to take advantage of and injure all with whom he comes in contact. Let us beware how we treat the nobler impulses of our hearts.

Lindsay.

H.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The young people in the church are the glory of it. Their fervor, which has not yet been cooled down by considerations of mere expediency, is a force of immense value. Even if once in awhile they show an excess of zeal, they are not to

be too sharply criticised. Such an excess is an admirable offset to the dull and stupid indifference of too many of their parents and other elders. The church whose courts are not thronged with young people is in a fair way to extinction. Let us bring them in betimes, and dedicate them with all the solemn sanctions of religion to the service of God and their fellowmen. Let us keep our hearts warm to them, sympathizing with whatever is generous in their hopes and aims, and helping them in all their efforts to bring worthy ends to pass. Let us avoid harshness and unkindness in dealing with them. We need them more than we suppose, and we shall be guilty of a great piece of folly if we treat them with indifference and neglect.

As a matter of course, the young people are not as competent to form judicious plans for work and service as are those that have had a larger experience. There is a certain practical wisdom that comes only with advancing years. If young men are best for action, it is still true that old men are best for counsel. We trust that our young friends everywhere will bear this fact in mind, and be influenced by it. Modesty is a becoming virtue, and especially so in those that have not yet made trial of the world.—*Selected.*

Robert Annan, of Dundee, was a remarkable instance of the power of redeeming grace. He was suffering from a keen sense of sin, utterly broken down by the power of God's Spirit, when the Rev. John Macpherson, who had learned of his distress, visited him. "Robert, are you looking for a sign from heaven? Ought you not to rest on the Word of God, which says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' and 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.?' " The result of this fitly-spoken word was that Robert Annan was brought into the light, and led straightway to the peace that comes from believing. His after life was a beautiful illustration of the power of the Gospel to raise the fallen, and enable them to walk worthy of God, in all well-pleasing, abounding in every good work.

THE OFFERTORY IN SUMMER

Our churchwardens are often at their wits' end to make current expenses in the summer season, when so many Church people are away for their holidays. If the envelope system is well worked the present deficit rights itself on the return of the people to their own church. But how few really give systematically and upon principle! The Rev. Dr. Pentecost, of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, who is such a favorite in London, has suggested to the members of his church who are leaving for their summer holidays that they should make an estimate of their free-will offerings for current expenses, and hand the amount to the church treasurer *before they go*. This plan would save much worry and trouble.

SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

So many Church people emigrate for a time during the summer months that a few suggestions to those who remain may be appropriate to the season.

In the first place, as to church going: Let us be regular in our attendance, and as far as possible at both of the Sunday services. The readiness with which some people have adapted themselves to the custom of once-a-day attendance, and of regular visits to other churches, is a discouraging circumstance to many a pastor. The member of the congregation who is really interested in the work will be found in his seat, with rare exceptions, at every service of the church. And his influence in this respect will be specially felt during the summer months.

Then as to singing and responding: Heartiness in these respects will be greatly valued while the congregations are apt to be slim. An improvement in this matter might easily be made at any time of the year, but it will be of special usefulness just now. Let us bear in mind and take to heart that portion of our service with which we are all so familiar that we perhaps forget to act upon it as much as we might:

"Oh Lord open Thou our lips,
And our mouth shall show forth Thy
praise."

We might add one word to those who go away for the summer. It is on the subject of the offertory. Those who are envelope-takers make up as a matter of course for the Sundays during which they are absent. But do not let us leave this matter of the offertory during the summer entirely to the envelope-takers and those who remain in town. If you are not an envelope-taker (though why should you not be?) pray remember the summer services while you are absent, and be prepared to make up on your return something towards the support of the church while you have been away. The expenses of the church are a certain sum per Sunday, averaged through summer and winter alike, and if you do not contribute for the Sundays during which you are absent in the summer you are really omitting to contribute your share of the expenses during the Sundays in which you are present at other seasons of the year.

B.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

After trial of many methods to secure liberal giving for missions, we are thoroughly convinced that the one indispensable, if not the only, thing to induce those who have the love of God in their hearts to give generously as God has prospered them for the conversion of the heathen, is to make them intelligent on the whole subject of modern missions. And it is the business of every pastor as much as in him lies to make them so. How is he to do it?

Let him have some plan by which he shall regularly and frequently and systematically set before his people the facts respecting missionary operations, especially those of his own denomination, though not exclusively, facts respecting the origin and history of the various missions, interesting bits of biography of missionaries, the fresh intelligence from the various fields, both home and foreign, with special reference to the methods by which the work is carried on and success

achieved. While not concealing the facts that the work requires patience under discouragements and the enduring of hardness as good soldiers, and even peril of life and health, let him, as the missionaries would have him dwell chiefly on the success which always has in due time resulted from faithful and patient seed sowing and the ever-enlarging work and the unflinching and increasing annual increase of converts. Every year's report from the broad mission field shows conclusively that the missionary enterprise is above everything else a growing success, an investment that pays according to the Scripture rule: "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."—*Assembly Herald*.

THE STORY OF "ONE-TENTH."

A young lady had formed the purpose of giving one-tenth of a small income earned during the year by herself to the cause of Christian benevolence. Faithfully, month after month, she had put down her occasional charities with her other expenditures, and when it came for the time of closing up the account and arranging the balance she discovered that the sum of five dollars was due the benevolent column.

Now this person was young in years, and especially in Christian experience and benevolence, and she had never in all her life given so large a sum at one time as five dollars for anything except for purposes of self-gratification. It happened to be a severe lesson for her to learn in the school of benevolence, and she at once entered upon a fierce struggle with her love of self, her sense of duty, and a natural desire to keep her word and promise good. "Perhaps you have made a mistake," whispered self-love. "You had better go all over that account once more, and be sure you do it very carefully this time."

At this suggestion the young girl brightens up a bit and bends again to her task, knitting her brows very severely and comparing carefully the two columns with the cash in her open pocketbook. But it is all to no purpose. Figures do not lie,

and the stern fact of figures still declares that the five dollars is wanted at the end of the same column. Self-love then gives a long sigh of disappointment, but still whispers, "Five dollars is a large sum for a girl like you. Other girls do not give as much as that, and why should you? Then think of what that money would buy. What a lot of things you want, and really ought to have, like the other girls! There are some things you ought to have this very moment for the sake of respectability," etc. But the next moment the girl's better nature and the tender uprising of real Christian love in her heart bids her be true and faithful to the vow she had made, and whispers that she will be happier in denying the enticements of self-love than in the indulgence of self-gratification. A long while our brave young heroine endures this hard conflict with self-love, but finally a five-dollar bill is enclosed in an envelope and directed to the treasurer of the benevolent societies of her church, and she arises from her little writing-desk a happier girl than when she sat down, and one much better fitted to enter upon the many other battles in life which may be before her.

* * * *

In a distant city the treasurer of a benevolent society sits poring wearily over his missionary accounts. For several years he has been bending every energy to the task of paying a long-standing debt on the permanent fund which had accumulated by too frequent borrowing to pay the annual deficiencies in the benevolent income. The year was drawing near its close, and a few hundred dollars yet remained of the old debt unprovided for. It was an anxious and prayerful hour for the good secretary. He had for many months been sending out appeals to the friends of the mission cause, and many had responded with generous gifts: but still there was a deficiency, and the secretary's heart was set on the payment of that entire indebtedness.

The secretary's deep "brown study" was interrupted at length by the postman's ring and the arrival of the noon mail. Eagerly he turned from his desk to open the

letters, and scarcely pausing to read their contents, extracted with hopeful expectancy from a few of them those little bank slips which are so welcome to men in his profession. There was one cheque for two hundred dollars, and right then and there, with the cheque in his hand, the happy man sang the doxology with a full and thankful heart. After examining the last bank slip he found that there was just five dollars lacking to make up the full amount of that troublesome old debt. With all his gratitude how could he keep back just that one little sign of disappointment as he exclaimed, "Oh, why could not that dear, good friend and brother have added just that one five-dollar bill to his contribution?"

The evening mail, however, brought the secretary one more missionary offering; and never, perhaps, was a letter more welcome. The letter was signed with a young lady's name, and read as follows:

DEAR SECRETARY.—Please find enclosed five dollars. Use it where it will do the most good.
M. S.

When, a few weeks later, our young friend took up her religious paper and read the inspiring account of how the "back of that old mission debt had been broken at last, and that the honor of laying on the very last straw must be attributed to her own five dollars, which came at the last moment," her astonishment and joy and gratitude can be imagined. Did she not feel paid and honored a thousand times over for the slight self-sacrifice the giving of that money had occasioned? Who can trace the subtle connecting link in the spiritual cord between the secretary's prayers and the young lady's self-denial? He who notes the sparrow's fall regards as well the slightest transactions of His children, and no true and unselfish desire or act of theirs can escape His attention and Divine guidance.—*Ida H. Fullerton, in the Morning Star.*

LATE FOR CHURCH.

It would seem that for some reason pastors shun to declare to their people the full importance of

promptness in attendance on divine service. They fear giving offence, perhaps. If so, greater is the reason for a few thoughts on the subject from a layman who will be partially heard, if not heeded, by all.

If public worship is a duty, a debt due our Maker, it is a debt but poorly paid by those who begin it anywhere between the opening sentences and the second lesson. He would stand but ill on 'Change who discharged pecuniary obligations so indifferently. Hannah More's inimitable shepherd taught his children that "nothing was more indecent than to get into church after service was begun, for, as it opened with an exhortation to repentance and a confession of sin, . . . it looked as if people did not feel themselves to be sinners." Apart from what is lost, it is impossible for one who gets in late to profit duly by the service. He has not begun right and he cannot go on as if he had. And we do not go to church merely to discharge a duty to ourselves or enjoy a selfish privilege. The worship is social, and the devotions of each person depend in a sense on his neighbour. Late coming disturbs other people, and to that extent is an unpardonable violation of the laws of charity.

Mothers with young children may sometimes find it impossible to be prompt, but it is hard to see why women generally, and why men who are always in time for business on week days, should be so often behind on Sundays. As a matter of fact, it is easier generally to be punctual than not. If the practice is once conscientiously established, it will, like other good habits, gradually come to take care of itself. It is only the first step which costs.—*Southern Churchman.*

Many parents who are otherwise most conscientious in the care and support of their children consider their religious duties in that regard accomplished when they send them regularly to Sunday-school and guard them as far as may be from moral contamination. They regard it as the duty of the teacher only to see that the Sunday-school lesson is learned and mentally digested by their children. The father finds

little time or finds it very awkward to explain to the little ones the meaning of this or that passage or story. The mother, too, has other matters to occupy her mind, and sees no reason for infringing on the duties of the regular Sunday-school instructor. Consequently the children too often slight and neglect the one lesson of the week for which they are never called to account. The teacher of the week-day school has means to enforce the learning of week-day studies. Father and mother take it as a serious matter if their boy falls behind in arithmetic or spelling; but it is of little consequence if the Sunday lesson goes unnoticed. The teacher can do nothing but coax or feebly chide, and father and mother never bother about the matter. The writer speaks from experience, for he has often known bright and competent children to spend months on a few brief questions or a single short passage. Had the parents taken a little interest in the Sunday's lesson, and, if necessary, assigned a regular period for its study, much valuable time might have been saved.—*Rector's Assistant.*

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

God never would send you the darkness
If he thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand

If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowing heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;

'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go,
Your song may cheer someone behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

If thou desire to be wise, be so
wise as to hold thy tongue.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

July 4. Acts xvi. 6-15. Mark xii. 28-34.
 " 11. Acts xvii. 22-34. Judges vii. 1-22.
 " 18. Acts xviii. 1-12. Judges xvi. 23-31.
 " 25. Acts xvii. 22-34. I. Sam. iii.

IMMANUEL.

When down the hill of life I go;
 When o'er my feet death's waters flow;
 When in the deepening flood I sink;
 When friends stand weeping on the brink;
 I'll mingle with my last farewell
 Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye;
 When fairer worlds than these are nigh;
 When Heaven shall fill my ravished sight;
 When I shall bathe in sweet delight;
 One joy all joys shall far excel—
 To see Thy face, Immanuel.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

LITTLE WILL.

You would have loved little Will had you known him. Let me show him to you. He has the merriest face and the snubbiest little nose you ever saw. His head he carries high in the air as a flower raises its dewy cup to be kissed by the sunshine at dawn of day. I think he is the sweetest little fellow I have ever known. I should like you to feel that he is a real boy—not merely a boy who lives in a story. For you must know he was one of my pupils at school. Many times through the day I found my eyes turned towards him as he sat at his desk at work. He never failed to give me the sweetest smile that seemed to play hide and seek about his eyes and his dimpled cheeks, and cried "I spy," when it reached his rosy lips.

In his wee velvet suit he always made me think of a page—I mean one of those little boys we see in pictures who hold up the trains of grand ladies.

Will had only one enemy among the boys, and that was Joe, a rough chap who fought whenever he could. One day he was ill—using a tiny lad who could not take care of himself. Will took the part of the younger one, as every manly boy should do.

Joe never forgave him for it. And so poor Will's life was not an

easy one after that. He tried in every way to harm him.

"What is the matter, Will?" I said, as he came to his class with a troubled look on his sweet face. "Dear Miss, you know that text you taught us the other day, 'Love your enemies.' I am afraid Joe's my enemy, and I cannot love him." "Does Will remember how Jesus prayed for those who were putting him to death," I said. "Now to-morrow when you come to school just see if you can do something kind for Joe."

The next day Will ran all the way to school, his happy face telling of the sunshine in his heart. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'll try to be kind to Joe to-day. That is what Jesus would have done."

Just then Joe came up. In an instant he put out his foot and tripped Will, so that he fell heavily to the ground.

Then he ran off with a mocking laugh. A big lump came in his throat. How could he ever be kind to this boy who tried in every way to harm him?

The electric cars ran in front of the school. Three o'clock came. The children were on their way home. Will walked slowly along thinking sadly that he had not tried to be like Jesus in doing good for evil.

There was that dreadful Joe fighting again with Jim.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "What a bad boy he is. I can never love him." Just then Jim struck Joe a blow which threw him right in front of the car which was coming on at great speed. The motorman did not see him, so quickly had he thrown him on the track. Joe, blind with fury, saw or heard nothing. His one thought was how he could pay him back. For a moment Will stood dumb with terror, as he saw Joe with his back to the car which was almost upon him.

Then with one leap forward he sprang behind Joe and gave him a sudden push, which landed him a yard or two from the track. But alas! in trying to save Joe his own foot slipped on the rail and he fell. On, on came the car like a flash of lightning. In an instant brave little Will lay bleeding and almost lifeless.

Dear little one! You have indeed tried to follow your Master to-day in laying down your life for your enemy!

He was tenderly lifted and carried home. They laid him on his little bed. "He would never walk again," the kind old doctor said as the tears dimmed his eyes.

"Mother dearest," said Will one day, as he moved about in his wheel-chair, "I think it was better for me to be hurt than Joe. You see he would not be taken care of by such a dear little mother as mine, and he would not have this nice wheel-chair, which is next best to being able to move about one's self."

One day Joe came to the door, dragging along a shaggy dog by a string. Poor boy! He was a sorry looking sight.

His dog Tatters was the only friend he had in the world.

Joe's mother was dead, and his father was never sober.

"I want to see Will-him that was hurt," he said to the maid who opened the door. When he saw Will so pale and helpless, moving about in his chair on wheels, he burst out crying. "O Will! I'm awful sorry you was hurt. I wish you had not tried to save me. It was all my fault. I want you to have Tatters. He's the best dog in the world. He's the only one that loves me," he said with a sob, "but he'll soon love you too. I have taught him to fetch, and sit up and beg. He's a very clever dog, Will; don't you think so?" Then the two boys watched him sit up with a lump of sugar on his nose while they counted three; at the last word he would toss it up and catch it in his mouth.

A year has passed. Joe is now no more the rough-looking lad we first knew. He is neatly dressed, and his face has a gentler look, for his heart is kinder. He, too, has learned to love Will's Saviour. Joe's father died and he was left homeless. Will begged so hard that his mother could not refuse, and so Will's home became his also. His love for the patient little sufferer was so touching to see. He never was happier than when he was doing something for him.

He could not bear to leave his side.

One dreadful night a fire broke out. Joe's first thought was for Will. He dashed into his room. It was in flames. Wrapping him in a rug he caught him up in his strong arms and tried to reach the door. The cruel flames beat him back. Joe's clothes had taken fire; the smoke blinded him. Just then a flame lit up the window. He sprang forward, with a prayer on his lips, threw up the sash and dropped to the ground below.

Brave Joe! Your prayer is heard in heaven. Will is saved.

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY.
Ottawa.

JAMIE'S POST.

"Oh! he's tip-top at starting things, but you can't tell how long he will hold out," said Ralph, doubtfully.

"He seems interested enough now," answered Rob.

"Yes; but by the time he gets the rest of us into it he may have lost his interest and forgotten all his fine promises. He means all right, I suppose, but he doesn't do to tie to."

Both boys laughed, and little Jamie, sitting on the gate, looked soberly from one to the other. He waited until Ralph walked away, and then slowly questioned his brother.

"Wobert, what does a to-tie to mean?"

"A — what?" asked Rob, suddenly becoming aware of the small presence.

"That boy," declared Jamie, pointing one plump finger at the retreating Ralph, "said another boy didn't be a to-tie to."

"Oh, Jimsy, what a wretched 'little pitcher' you are!" groaned Rob. "No; he said the other boy wouldn't do to tie to—to tie to, you understand? It isn't all one word."

"What kind of a boy does it mean, Wobby?"

"Mean? Why, when you say a fellow won't do to tie to, you mean that you can't exactly trust him. He isn't"—Rob hesitated, realizing that some common phrases that

seem to convey to one a very clear meaning are, after all, not easy to explain. "It's this way, Jimsy. If you were going to tie a horse somewhere, would you find a good, strong post that would hold him where you wanted him to stand, or would you tie him to any loose piece of brush lying on the ground?"

"No; I wouldn't tie him to some brush," said Jamie, scornfully. "He'd wun and dwag it off."

"That's it," answered Rob, delighted with his own clearness of exposition. "And if you were going into the water and wanted a rope to pull yourself in by, and hold you so you couldn't be swept away, you would fasten the end of it to something strong and solid that wouldn't pull loose and let you sink. Well, the folks that do to tie to are the ones that stand fast to what they say—the ones that you can always trust to do the right thing, no matter how much pulling there may be in other directions."

"Yes. I tie to you, Wobert," said Jamie, admiringly. "You're that kind of a boy to tie to, ain't you?"

Was he? Rob wondered a trifle uneasily as he walked away. He had never thought of asking himself such a question before, but his attempt to explain the subject to Jamie had made it stand out very clearly. He knew the two kinds of boys he had been describing, and he could count the few who always stood where they ought, for everything good and right, and who could be depended upon to hold others fast, instead of being moved themselves. But the many "who went with the crowd," and yielded to every influence that touched them—he could not be sure that he was wholly unlike them. He knew that he was carrying the definition farther than Ralph had thought of doing when he used the words, but the thought would not be put away, though he impatiently tried to do it. He found himself watching his companions and noting contrasts, watching himself and making deductions not altogether comfortable; but after all, the strange study taught him more than many of the professor's wise lectures had done.

At dinner Jamie looked up suddenly from his plate, and remarked:

"Papa, Wob is going to be a hitching post."

"Indeed! Well, that's a new profession for a young man, but if he is really going into it I hope he will make as good a one as those I had put in front of the house last week—sound through and through, good tough fiber, rooted deep enough to be firm, standing upright, strong, reliable, and useful."

Into Bob's face came a look of earnest purpose.

"That's the kind of man I want to be," he thought. "It's the kind I will be, God helping me."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

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13	16 90	11 37	28 27
20	11 70	21 93	33 63
27	25 70	9 93	35 63
	\$67 50	\$55 95	\$123 45
June 20, S. O. E. Collection,			\$14 84
Women's Auxiliary, re Church Debt			23 00
MISSIONS:			
Confirmation Service, Diocesan,			\$9 15
Ascensiontide, Domestic,			4 01

Mission Box, Diocesan,	83
Synod Assessment,	30 30

Miss Tims' diary up until April 11th, arrived the end of June. She had been very busy owing to Miss Marsh being ill for a time, but the latter was some better when the Packet left. The school had gone on very satisfactorily, as well as the Sunday School and Bible Classes on Sunday. We are sure many of our readers will remember the two women workers there, especially during Mr. Marsh's absence, as they have had, notwithstanding the kindness of the Indians, a good deal to try their patience and test their faith.

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