

★ ★ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13: 8.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.



NO. 102.

APRIL, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. G. E. LLOYD, M. A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton.

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In addition to those whose marriage registration appears in our Parish and Home paper, we congratulate Mr. William Bell and Miss Clark on their union and wish them years of happiness together.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

ALLAN.—Charles James, son of William and Elizabeth Grant Allan, born 8th Dec., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 11th March, 1900.

Marriages.

GERTLEY—PADGET.—At Lindsay, on 28th March, 1900, by Rev. G. E. Lloyd, William J. Gertley to Margaret Padget, both of the township of Emily.

Deaths.

LEE.—At Cavan churchyard, on 3rd March, 1900, George Lee, in his 79th year.

BEAMISH.—At St. Mary's churchyard, Manvers, on 16th March, 1900, Francis Beamish, in his 87th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me."

Among the new comers we gladly welcome Miss Crates, of Cornwall, to St. Paul's.

We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Rogers back to Lindsay and St. Paul's again.

Extra copies of Parish and Home can be bought at the bookstores. It is worth ones while to keep records of baptisms, marriages, etc.

The Rev. C. Short, M.A., of Toronto, and the Rev. G. E. Ryerson, B.A., of Minden, expect shortly to be sent by the Board of the D. & F. Missions to Japan to work among a few of the 40 millions of heathen in the land of the rising sun.

Let our Easter vestry meetings be well attended. Church people should make a point of being present.

The May meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Durham and Victoria is arranged to be held in Omemee on the 17th and 18th.

We congratulate the Rev. H. C. Dixon, and also the Orange order, on the former's appointment as Grand Chaplain for Ontario West.

Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick's visit re Diocesan Missions was productive of good. Much information being given, \$73.60 being promised at St. Paul's and smaller sums at Cameron and Fenelon Falls.

The other day a lady came in and paid for three copies of Parish and Home to be sent to three friends for a year each. What a useful, continual reminder of friendship, and who can tell the influence for good in three families. Might not others do likewise?

Among the visitors and speakers at the Ecumenical Conference in New York this month we notice the names of Mr. Eugene Stock, of London, England, and Bishop Ridley, of Caledonia, well known either by report or personally to many of our readers.

The Rev. E. A. Langfeldt, of Omemee, has kindly consented to fulfil any duties where a clergyman is required during the ten days' absence of the rector in New York. Mr. Vance will take the Wednesday evening services and all duties not really requiring a clergyman.

GROWTH OF THE WORK.—The New York Churchman thus reviews the work in the diocese of Rupert's Land (exclusive no doubt of Indian Missions) : In Manitoba twenty years ago there were two clergymen. To-day fifty ministers to 27,000 people; but there are 13,000 who still have no parochial or missionary care. Some of the missions cover 4,000 square miles, and the tide of immigration is ever increasing.

Two missionary boxes were lately brought in for Diocesan Missions—one from a family named B—— containing \$1.02, another from M—— containing \$1.25. If there were one hundred boxes in the parish how much could be raised with a little self-denial. Boxes can now be obtained from the rector, one-half of the contents of which will be devoted to the church debt, the other half being given to missions and outside objects.

The two last meetings of the Young Men's Association have been well attended, one at the home of Mr. G. H. Hopkins, the other at Mr. J. H. Sootheran's, (whose kindness was much appreciated) and interest in the work is growing. The subject for discussion at the May meeting, which is arranged to be held at the home of Mr. C. A. Hooper, is "Why many men do not attend Church?" Mr. Leigh Knight and Mr. Fred Hopkins led the discussion.

Services will (D.V.) be held on Good Friday at St. Paul's, Cameron, Cambray and Reaboro, and the offertory will be for the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which has been so honored of God in its work. It is the oldest society in the field in this special work, and some time ago had, (and probably yet has) more Jewish missionaries than all other societies put together. Thousands, through its instrumentality, have been led to acknowledge Jesus as the Christ.

Let our Easter offerings be large so that the churchwardens of our churches may close the year without any deficits and we may all rejoice together at this bright happy season.

What can I do during the next month for the extension of Christ's Kingdom? "The harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few"—"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

The collection at Reaboro, when Mr. Lloyd gave his lecture, amounted to \$6.80 and was given to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund which much needs donations.

Mr. and Mrs. Whytall and family of Fenelon Falls, now living at 20 Queen st., and Mr. Anderson, of Ottawa, are among the new arrivals to Lindsay whom we welcome to St. Paul's.

We congratulate Mr. Wm. McCausland and Mr. Henry McCausland on their having secured life partners, and gladly welcome their wives to St. Paul's church; also wish them years of happiness in their respective homes.

Two former members of St. Paul's choir have lately left Lindsay—one, Mr. Herbert Beall, to the city of Quebec, and the other, Miss Cora Wallace, to Toronto. We shall miss them, but expect them to be a help and blessing in God's work where they have gone.

A great Ecumenical Missionary Conference is to be held in New York from April 21st to May 1st, some 3000 delegates are expected from many parts of the world, and we trust a great impetus will be given to the work. Five delegates expect to go from Lindsay. Prayer is asked that the gathering may be blessed.

On Easter Sunday the Holy Communion will (D.V.) be administered in St. Paul's church both after the morning and evening services, and as the Lord's Supper was instituted on the evening of the day before Good Friday, the advice of the Rubric after the Communion Office re Easter seems very appropriate. "Every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one." Let many of us therefore come "truly and earnestly repenting of our sins, not trusting in our own righteousness," but in God's manifold and great mercies and let us with joy and gladness do this in remembrance of our Saviour and so show forth his death 'till he come.'

The lecture given by the Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, "With Col. Otter in the North-west in 1885," in St. Paul's schoolhouse, was intensely interesting, and he carried the large audience with him from the time the "call to arms" came in college corridors, amid rousing farewells across perilous "gaps", over long railway stretches, by forced marches until "Cut Knife" was reached, and after the din of battle, tired and wounded yet victorious, they returned. The scenes were graphic, the interest continual and intense, and at the close, his honor Judge Dean moved, and Warden Mr. Robt. Bryans seconded, a very hearty vote of thanks, which was carried most enthusiastically. Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Fred Walters added a charm to the evening by their singing and Miss Leahy kindly played an instrumental. The Y.M.A. are to be congratulated, and received a collection of \$11.75 towards their work. Mr. Lloyd also gave the lecture at Cameron and Reaboro, where it was much appreciated.

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VOL. X.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 5

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

- 1.—**6th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exod. iii.; Luke v., 17. *Evening*—Exod. v., or vi. to 14; 7 Cor. v.
8—**6th Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Exod. ix.; Mat. xxvi. *Evening*—Exod. x. or xi.; Luke xii., 28, or xx., 9 to 21.
15—**Easter Day.** *Morning*—Exod. xiii., to 29; Rev. i., 10 to 19. *Evening*—Exod. xii., 29 or 14; John xx., 11 to 19, Rev. v.
22—**1st Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xvi., to 36; 1 Cor., xv., to 29; *Evening*—Num. xvi., 35, or xvii., to 12; John xx., 24 to 30.
29—**2nd Sunday After Easter.** *Morning*—Num. xx., to 14; Luke xx., 27—xxi., 5. *Evening*—Num. xx., 14—xxi., 10, or xxii., 10; Col. i., 21—ii., 8.

THE RESURRECTION.

When Winter vanished silently
Before the touch of Spring,
In garden bed I placed a bulb,
A brown and withered thing.
No hint of sweetness it exhaled,
No grace of form it wore,
As in the earth I set it deep,
And strewed it thickly o'er.

In Summer, on the selfsame spot,
A rising plant was seen;
Ere long a pearly bud appeared
Amid its leaves of green;
And soon a lovely lily stood
In fair and perfect bloom;
With robe of snow, and heart of gold,
And breath of sweet perfume.

And so it is ordained for me;
Ere long this body plain
Must hide, within the quiet grave,
Its weakness and its pain.
But when at last my Lord shall come,
His kingdom to declare,
In perfect beauty I shall rise
To Meet Him in the air.

—B. B., in *Gleaners' Magazine*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The deep interest that is taken in the war in South Africa, in which our brave troops are engaged and doing such good service, has naturally turned the gifts of many of our people towards "The National Patriotic Fund," the Red Cross Society, and other such excellent works.

While we rejoiced that these funds have been so generously supported, and are thankful to see them growing larger, yet we should be careful not to take our gifts away from other needy objects, and so hinder other branches of God's work.

Let us by all means dip deep into

our pockets, make as large offerings as possible, for it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," but let us not rob one good work to help another. Let us see to it that our mission work and other Church and charitable funds are not hampered and straitened, but in these years of plenty let us push forward every good work.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." How joyfully we keep the glad season of Eastertide, for our Christ is not a dead Saviour, but a risen, living, powerful one, as He says Himself in the Revelation: "I am He that liveth and was dead and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen."

Let us then rise with Him to newness of life—newer, higher, holier lives.

Let us walk with Him—Enoch walked with God, and St. Paul said "To me to live is Christ," so still the disciples of the Lord may hold real, deep and sweet communion with the risen Saviour and journey along together with Him.

"Unseen yet ever near," until at last either this mortal shall put on immortality or the King return in His glory and we see Him face to face.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of England, have issued "A Call to United Prayer."

If we could close the century with a mighty wave of united supplication to Almighty God, that our beloved Church might be cleansed of her formality, selfishness and sin, and go forward with renewed zeal to win peoples and races to Christ, it would be better even than raising a large Century Fund.

Brethren, pray!

At this season, as we gather with the disciples at the crucifixion of our beloved Saviour, as we contemplate the wonderful sacrifice made

on cross-crowned Calvary, as we think of the mocking and scourging, the thorns and spear, the anguish and suffering, as we listen to His last words and know that His redemptive work is finished, two great truths might well burn themselves deep into our hearts.

(1.) "The Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me."—Making it a personal matter, through faith becoming partaker of His merits, knowing that He suffered this for each repentant and believing child.

(2.) "He died for all," (2 Cor., v., 15). And surely if He died for all, all should be told about it, and should have at least the opportunity of embracing or rejecting His infinite love.

Yet how many millions of our fellow-men have never heard of His death and sacrifice.

Well may the apostle say farther, "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again."

Happy the man that has grasped the fact that Christ died for him, and who is living not unto himself, but unto his God and Master, Christ, making known to others the all-embracing truth that "He died for all," that they should live, live, live unto Him.

Religious instruction is at all times a felt need. All parents realize or should realize its necessity for themselves and also for their children. But there are times when circumstances seem to give peculiar importance to peculiar phases or doctrines of Divine truth. And to my mind we live in an age which calls for the advocates of evangelical Christianity to be on the alert; to be, if necessary, aggressive. In the words of St. Paul, "To prove all things, and hold fast that which is good"—that which is true.

So far from growing lax in watchfulness or throwing aside the arms of our defence, the signs of our times

would seem to indicate that we are hastening, even in this country, towards a time when great battles against error will have to be fought, and when all who hold the truth as it is in Jesus, will have to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

JAPAN.

For 230 years Japan was absolutely closed to the outer world. It is only about half a century since Commodore Perry, of the United States navy, succeeded in bringing about a treaty which led to the opening of certain ports to the

There are not only in the main islands of Hondo, but also in the southern islands of Shikoku and Kiushiu and the northern island of Hokkaido.

We rejoice to know that the Canadian Church Missionary Association has its share in this great work. By the side of the great Parent, the Daughter Society is working, unitedly and harmoniously, to bring this rising kingdom to the feet of the Master. The Canadian Branch has now three chief centres : Nagoya, Gifu and Toyohashi.

In this issue we give two pictures, taken in connection with the Can-

quency, and in the disinterestedness which characterized them. Neither the Saviour nor His disciples ever wrought a miracle for their own personal benefit. Dr. Carson well says :

" Trophimus have I left at Mile-tum sick." Did you, Paul? And why did you leave him sick, when you possessed the power of working miracles? Why were you so profuse of your miracles in Melita, while you are so sparing of them among your best friends? For the very reason of showing that miracles are rather for the proof of the gospel than for the private benefit



Gifu Blind School Pupils—Staff and Committee.

commerce of the world. To the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States belongs the honour of sending the first Protestant missionaries to Japan. This was in 1859; but for several years the American missionaries could do scarcely any direct evangelistic work. It was in 1869, just after the wonderful revolution which restored power to the Mikado, that the Church Missionary Society began its work in this country. It has now a great many stations, which form so many bases for operation in the surrounding districts.

adian work. One is a group of C.C.M.A. missionaries at Nagoya, and the other shows the Blind School pupils at Gifu. We hope the views will serve to stimulate Church people to greater efforts in the great missionary work of the Master.

SCOPE OF MIRACLES.

A friend sends the enclosed selection with the remark : "Timely, now, because these faith cure cranks are troubling country folk very much."

The gospel miracles differ from all others in their nature, and fre-

even of the heirs of glory. God is sovereign in this as well as in everything else. Jesus healed the ear of the high priest's servant, while Paul did not heal his friend, Trophimus.

The apostles exercised their power, not by their discretion or caprice, but by the suggestion of the Holy Spirit. This, then, is a providential fact, the record of which, though to human wisdom trifling, is yet of great importance to the children of God. They are not to expect that they will always be free from sickness, or that their sickness will be soon dismissed.

They have reason to trust that God will always be with them, and will turn everything to good for them. But they must submit to Him as a Sovereign who gives no account of His matters.

WHY CHURCHMEN LOVE THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Dyson Hague.

There is no Church on earth like the Church of England.

To the eyes of her admiring sons and daughters who know full well her glories, she stands in splendid isolation. She has had her falls and she has now her faults, God knoweth;

that of a candlestick removed out of its place, like the Church or Churches of Africa, or is that of a quasi-national Church with a finally submerged identity; the case of the Gallican Church. Or it is that of an Apostolic and Catholic communion becoming more and more corrupt in doctrine and ritual, teaching blasphemous fables as truths, and deceitful superstitions as Divine ordinances, which is the history of the Roman and Eastern Churches. (Articles XXII., XXXI.)

The Church of England stands alone.

It is a Church that is at once ancient

and did not attain its growth in a century. The growth of the Church of England is like the growth of a mighty nation, with its artless infancy and wilful childhood, its erring youth and amended age. Its history is the story of faults and struggles; of errors and aspirations; of decline and falls; of despair and victory. It is like the history of a man who has worked out through the shocks of battle and the mistakes of the past, the character he has finally attained. It is the old, old story of the prodigal son, who sank and sinned, but afterwards arose and came to his father a re-



C.C.M.A. Missionaries of Nagoya.

but in spite of all she stands unique. And the reason is not far to seek. No other Church we know of has preserved, throughout a long and checkered career, an existence so distinctly national. No other Church can claim, for so long a space of time, the right to be considered an independent Church. No other Church in Christendom has passed through such crises, or maintained in such happy combination the order of antiquity and the truth of the Reformation.

The history of the other ancient Churches is so different. It is either

and modern, national and independent, Protestant and Catholic. Its antiquity is as indisputable as that of Rome, and yet no Church is more in touch with the present-day life. It was Protestant before the word Protestant was heard of; it is now, in the true sense, more Catholic than Rome. It is a national Church, like that of Russia; and though, like the Russian Church, it is independent of Rome, it is not, like the Russian Church, corrupt and unreformed.

It stands to reason therefore that a Church so unique and so ancient

formed and ennobled man.

We Churchmen, therefore, love the Church of England because it is a converted Church.

A converted man is the same man as he was before his conversion; but his views are changed, his character is altered. "A garden, before it is weeded and after it is weeded, is the same garden. A vine, before it is pruned and after it is pruned is the same vine." The Church of England is the same church as it was before the Reformation; but its teaching, its doctrine, its method of worship, have

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undergone a marvellous alteration. We Churchmen know how much it has been altered, and why it has been altered. We know full well what the Church of our forefathers was in its early, and mediæval, and pre reformation days. For the Church of England in the course of its evolution has passed through three great phases.

The first, was the period of formation ; the second, the period of *de* formation ; the third, the period of *re*-formation. The Church of England to-day is the same in name as it was centuries before the Reformation. It is the *same body corporate* that it was in the days of Cardinal Wolsey, of Cardinal Bourchier, and of Archbishops Langton and Theodore. But the Church of England in worship and ritual and doctrine and order and ecclesiastical communion now occupies a totally different position, thank God.

It once was in corporate communion with the Church of Rome. In oneness and visibility it was in the union and communion of the Holy Roman Church. (Fox v. 329.) Its rulers were mostly Cardinals of the *Church of Rome*. Its clergy were priests in orders of the holy Church of Rome. Its doctrine was the doctrine of the Church of Rome. Before the Reformation there was no such thing as a *doctrine of the Church of England*; that is, of a doctrine of the Church of England as distinct from a doctrine of the Church of Rome. The pre-reformation martyrs were burnt, not because they differed from the teaching of the Church of England, or taught contrary to the Church of England, but because they were against the sound faith of the Holy Church of Rome. (Fox v. 252, 254, 255.)

Its ritual and worship was the ritual of the Roman mass, and the worship of the Church of Rome, with slightly local and utterly trifling and non-essential differences in certain English dioceses.

We know the deep and fundamental difference now.

Now, the Church of England is *out of communion* with the Church of Rome. As the great Church authority, Bishop Jewel, said, we have departed from that Church, and have returned to the primitive

Church. (Jewel's Works, 1, 46.)

Its clergy are not now made sacrificing priests by the Roman ordinal. They are ordained as priests (presbyters) to minister the Sacraments and preach the Word according to the ordination service of the Church of England, which in intention and effect is absolutely different from that of the Church of Rome.

Its chief act of worship is not now the offering of the mass sacrifice nor its ritual the ritual of the Church of Rome.

Its doctrine, too, is different.

It teaches now as truth what it once branded as heresy, and brands as error what it once taught as truth.

Of the Church of England it can be asserted as truly as it was asserted of the great apostle : " he which persecuteth us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."

The Church which once persecuted and imprisoned men for refusing the Romish doctrine of purgatory and pardon, and the adoration of images, and the worship of saints, now sets forth as its doctrine, that these very doctrines are foolish superstitions, grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God. The Church which burned one of its clergy for not believing in transubstantiation, now teaches as its faith that transubstantiation is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. In one word, the Church which once preached the mass, transubstantiation, purgatory, image worship, saint worship, communion in one kind, and clerical celibacy, has now destroyed them ; and the Church which once destroyed the doctrine of the sufficiency and supremacy of the Scriptures, justification by faith, the two sacraments, the reception of the body of Christ in the Lord's supper only after a heavenly and spiritual manner by means of faith only, (Articles XXVIII., XXIX.), the one oblation of Christ once offered on the Cross, and the worship of the people in their own tongue, now preaches them as the teaching of

the Church. (Galatians i, 23.) And so, though the nominal, the corporal, the external, remain in a measure unchanged, the very principles and character of the Church by God's grace working in the hearts of the Reformers, and God's truth enlightening their eyes, have been absolutely changed.

That is the reason why we love the Church of England. She stands a monument of God's converting grace, a glorious witness to His mighty power.

We lament her decadence in the early ages. We trace with sadness the weary history of her decline and fall. We mourn over her acceptance for so many centuries of Rome's false teachings, and her subjection to Rome's false head for so many generations. But when we see the wonderful series of events by which she was reformed, and see how the principles of the reformation which were bought by the blood of her martyred bishops have since been maintained in the Church; when we understand how all that was truly ancient and primitive has been retained in happy combination with all that is edifying and true, and how at the time of the Reformation the Church in revolting against the falsities of mediæval Romanism, reverted to the doctrine and worship and order of Scripture and the Apostolic Church, and took its stand as a reformed and Protestant church, on the principles of the Reformation.

We acknowledge with adoring gratitude the greatness of the hand that effected the transformation, and resolve that we will love with a more earnest and practical love our beloved Church of England, and endeavor to prove ourselves more worthy of the magnificent traditions and priceless privileges of which we are the happy heirs.

A PALM EMBLEM.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." —Psalms xcii, xii.

I. Look at the palm tree's position in the desert, amid barren sands, weary travellers panting for water. What a contrast and a signal ! So the Christian is a sign of God's presence and power in a barren moral wilderness ; he

stands a tree of God's right hand planting. A signal of health, strength and comfort.

II. Look at the source of its fertility; always water at the root. Hidden, constant, sufficient. So the Christian. "Whoso diinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. It shall be in him." To refresh, renew, revive, sustain. It grows slowly but steadily for hundreds of years, and with wonderful regularity. Rain of winter does not make it overjoyful, parching summer does not make it droop; storms do not break it, heavy weights piled on its head make it more fruitful.

III. Look at its shadow. Long feathery leaves radiate from its crown.

So the Christian is a protection. "The Lord blessed the households of Egyptians, for Joseph's sake"

The widow of Seraphia kept in comfort for eleven months, and to Paul was given all that sailed with him! Dignified and mighty influence. The salt of the earth, the light of the world; truly the light is sweet.

IV. Look at its fruit.

What constant and unfailing supply. Not like the heath, or the grass, or the ground, or barren fig tree, but more fruit as time advances, "increasing in every good word and work." This is the way to grow old pleasantly, beautifully, influentia ly. "Mark the perfec men."

V. Look at its productive power.

Cut the palm tree down and shoots will spring up. "There's hope of a tree."—Job, xiv, vii.

How true is this in times

1. Of persecution. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

2. Times of personal declension. "I will look again."

3. The times of resurrection. Raised in beauty, purity and power.

—H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville.

HOME PIETY.

By Rev. J. E. Hand, Llyodtown.

Home, then, is that abode of man on earth where each member of that home is at peace with God and

at peace with one another. The first element then in a truly pious home is that God is dwelling by faith in the hearts of all. We may try to beautify our homes by enhancing them, by introducing the arts of painting, music and literature, but if Christ is not a constant companion of all, then that home is lacking in the first and fundamental principle of true piety, and if there are any here to day who feel that their homes are not as happy as they should be, if you really are in earnest and want a remedy, you will find it when you really faithfully ask the Lord to bless your home. Like the newly-married couple who soon after their union found out that they were not at all suited to each other, and in consequence they quarreled. They went in their plight to a celebrated minister (and you would all know his name if I mentioned it) to ask his advice. In conversation with them the minister enquired if they had asked the Lord to bless their married life. They replied "No." He advised them to go to their home and earnestly pray to God about it, and that even yet the Lord might bless and make them happy. I reiterate his words to you to day. If you feel that your homes are not what you would like them to be, there is the sure and never failing remedy, namely: Access to the Heavenly Father who is ever willing to preside over every earthly home of ours, solacing our sorrows and intensifying our joys.

The influence of a man's home life upon his character will never be fully measured in this world. Eternity alone will reveal what must have been his experiences under the roof where he was born. And the high estimate that our Lord placed upon the home life of men is seen in His attitude towards the convert when He said "Go home to thy friends and tell them." Home has the first claim upon us. "Go home to thy friends and tell them." Home is the place above all others where we should be ever ready to bear witness, and yet it is the most difficult place on earth to do so; for as soon as we begin to show that we are anxious to live a pious life

in the home, some less thoughtful but more aggressive member of the family will be ready to point the finger of scorn. But we must go on. We must not be discouraged by difficulties. For a Christian's duty first of all is, to show his religion at home. It is a comparatively easy thing for one to come out to church Sunday after Sunday, and at least assume a kind of piety. But a piety that goes no further than the church door, a piety that leaves not its impression upon our lives and conduct, will count for nothing, for a truly pious man learns first to show piety at home.

A Christian home should be above all other homes an attractive home; and this attractiveness should be seen in every member of the home in intercourse with each other, and this is where so many of us fail. "We keep the smile for the oft-time guest, and the frown for our own, though we love our own the best." How restful and lovely to visit a home, a peaceful home where all the members of the family realize their responsibility to that home! A home where the father and mother receive their due respect, where the sisters in their real unselfishness study the wants of their brothers, and where the brothers are continually ministering to the pleasure of their sisters. This is the home that is in the truest sense an attractive home.

But not only must we strive to be attractive in our attitudes each to the other, but this attractiveness must be carried into the arrangement of our homes. What little furniture and pictures we may chance to have, let us arrange them in the most attractive manner; and for pity's sake have all the rooms open to the children. Don't keep one room locked up for the occasional visitors, and then when it is opened you are greeted with a cold, musty air that chills one to the very core. Open all the doors to the children. Live in the best rooms. The best is none too good for the children, for their success or failure in life depends largely upon how we treat them in the home.

Another element in a truly pious home is its instructiveness, a home where all are instructed and equip-

ped with the necessary qualifications for fighting the great battle of life. A great many men make failures in after life because they were not properly instructed before leaving their father's home. I do wish we could realize our responsibility here. We have no idea how the home instruction follows a boy or girl through life. We meet with them, and by the way they say, "Good morning," and by their method of expression, we can tell how they have been instructed in the home. You, parents, a great responsibility rests upon you here, for how the world looks upon your children it looks upon you, for your children are for the most part a counterpart of yourselves. On your honor then, set before them the true example of Christian piety.

And then with regard to their reading. Here, also, much is required of us. In these days of cheap literature, and where so much of it is just as questionable as it is cheap, we require, to say the least, good judgment in selecting what shall and what shall not be read. Buy none but the best books, and then cultivate in yourselves and your children a love for reading them. Stories of travels, adventures, historians, lives of great men. Apart from the Bible there is no reading so wholesome for the boys as the lives of statesmen, orators, warriors and historians. This brings the boys and girls into closer companionship with the greatest men that have ever lived, and thus when they grow up and depart from the old home fireside, they are instructed and fitted to meet with and talk with great men such as they have read about in the days of their youth.

Further, a truly pious home will prove itself a preparation for the home that is to come. A truly pious home should be a training place for us, to help us to appreciate and value the home in Heaven; and here again great responsibility rests upon the parents. Parents! it rests with you whether your home is a preparation for Heaven or a preparation for Hell. Then let us awake to a sense of duty. Let us break away from our lethargy, and let us make our homes a very house

of God. Neglect not his appointed Means of Grace, namely: The reading of His Word and faithful continuance in prayer. You, who lay claim to the dignified name of father, you who claim to be the head of the house, gather all the members of the family, children and servants, round you, and read for them daily a portion of God's revealed will, and having done this, let all humbly bow in prayer to God for blessing upon the day's work; and if you continue in this because of your love for Him, and because of the consolation you receive, then you will see your children grow up around you truly pious, and meet for the home that's yet to come; and when all the ties that bind us together in this earthly home are broken, then we will be ready for the reunion in that heavenly Home which He has prepared for those that love Him.

A RESURRECTION HYMN.

EASTER.—"THE LORD IS RISEN."

And then there shall be yet an end,
An end how full to bless!
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness.

Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our hope complete;
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes, they shall meet, and face to face;
By heart to heart be known;
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of Life,
And perfect in their own.

For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine then, Thou Resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine!
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were thine.

Now in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.
—Miss A. L. Wearing in *Hearts-Ease*.

DAILY TASKS.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work out my task with a resolute
will
Over and over again."—*Anon.*

RAYER.

The soul of man is like a kindled brand—so long as the air breathes on it, it will retain to the last its genial warmth and crimson glow. But let the air stagnate around it, and, flake on flake, the white ashes will gather over it, and the fire will die away within it, and under those ashes it will be left black and charred, a cold and useless log. What the breath of wind is on the glowing brand, that prayer is to the soul. Let a man or a woman live a prayerless life, and all the light and fire and glow, all the wisdom and generosity and love, will die away, because these are the results of spiritual grace alone, and, covered with the dead, white embers of its own selfishness and pride, the soul will soon become cold and dead.—*Canon Farrar*.

1. In prayer the principal thing is faith. The whole of the new life is by faith, therefore also by prayer. There is all too much prayer that brings nothing, because there is little faith in it. Before I pray, and while I pray, and after I have prayed, I must ask: Do I pray in faith? I must say: I believe with my whole heart.

2. To arrive at this faith we must take time in prayer; time to set ourselves silently and trustfully before the Lord, and to become awake to his presence; time to have our soul sanctified in fellowship with God; time for the Holy Spirit to teach us to hold fast and use trustfully the word of promise. Let us not think to learn how to pray, how to enjoy the power and the blessedness of prayer, if we do not take time with God.

3. And then there must be not only time every day, but perseverance from day to day. Time is required to grow in the certitude that we are acceptable to the Father, and that our prayer has power. We must not suppose that we know well enough how to pray, and can but ask and then it is over. No; prayer is converse and fellowship with God, in which God has time and opportunity to work in us, in which our souls die to their own will and power, and become bound up and united with God.

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THE DAYS BEFORE EASTER.

Across the rush and heat of life,
With sudden chill,

On the vain hope and selfish aim,
Rebellious will.

The shadow of Gethsemane
Falls sharp and still.

And stays awhile the haste for gain
And foolish greed;
With sharpened vision thou dost see
Earth's fragile reed;
And all the empty things on which
The soul doth feed.

Calvary's cross stands bare upon
The darkened sky,
Against that cruel crown of thorn
Thy heart doth dry.
It meaneth, O my well-beloved,
That self must die.

For even as the sower's hand
The seed doth sow,
Believing winter's wind and soil
Kind purpose know;
With truer faith thou too must let
Thy fond hopes go.

For though the hidden seed be lost
To human eyes,
The sower waits the distant warmth
Of harvest skies.
So even shall earth's buried Hope
Immortal rise.

Beyond this Cross of Calvary
And Crown of thorn,
As eager eyes expectant watch
The rising dawn,
Thy Church in solemn triumph waits
Her Easter morn.

—The American Church S. S. Magazine.

THE MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

"I know there's a heaven, sir ! No one could shake my belief in that." As the speaker turned his honest, weather-beaten face upward to the brass lamp, which, swinging

from the smoky beam, lit dimly the tiny cabin of the fishing schooner, something like a tear glistened in either eye.

I waited curiously; for by the way he spoke I was confident that his words were inspired by some deep experience.

"How do you know?" I ventured to ask, at length.

He replaced his pipe within his teeth, folded his arms, dropped his chin on his breast, and puffed vigorously and silently, a dark shadow falling over his face, cast by the swaying of the lamp.

The water gurgled and thumped under the stern, the rudder swayed and creaked on its fastenings, and the wind whistled and tapped in the rigging.

"I don't mind telling you, sir ?" he said, finally. " You will understand me better than some folks. I was born and raised in that little stone cottage on the p'nt jest a little inland from the light. You remember it, sir ?"

"Oh, yes ! " I replied. " I have been in it many a time."

"Well ! come to think, of course you have. Now, as I was saying, I was born and raised in that cottage. My father was lost at sea before I was born. A good man, sir, as ever trod shoe leather, a sailor every inch, and a Christian. When I was a little chap between ten and twelve, my mother died. It was just thirty years ago to day ! It was in the bed room that opens out of the kitchen she died.

"A better mother no man ever had," he added, meditatively, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the toe of his sea-boot. "She was a quiet woman; but she had a way with her; kind of a look in her eyes different from the rest of the women. I remember how she used to put her hand on my forehead, and stroke my hair back, looking at me with kind of a proud, loving look, and say : 'George, I pray God that you may grow up to be like your father. He was a good man, and true'; then she would cover her face with her hands, and sob till I could see the tears trickle out between her fingers; and I would cry, too, not knowing why.

"Sometimes she would sit very

quiet by the window, looking out over the sea, with a far-off expression in her great, dark eyes, as if she saw something, or was watching something away off over the water.

"She was never a strong woman, but, after my father's death, she had to work very hard for us to keep the wolf from the door, and bread in the locker. Frequently she went out for a day's work among the neighbours, or to nurse the sick.

"The struggle was too hard for her, and the work too heavy; her eyes seemed to grow larger and brighter, and her cheeks paler every day, and she had a bad cough. At last there came a time when she was no longer able to leave her bed, but would lie there in her south bedroom bolstered up with pillows all day long. She had a bright red spot on each cheek, and her eyes grew more and more beautiful, as she looked out over the water, far, far out to sea. 'George,' she would say to me as I stood by the bed—'George, I pray God that you may grow up to be like your father. He was a good man and true.'

"Well, as I was telling you, it was just thirty years ago this afternoon she died. I remember it as plainly as if it were only yesterday. She had been very low for quite a spell back—a little out of her head, in fact. Three or four of the women in the neighbourhood were helping to take care on her. It had been a dreary September day, the wind in th' nor'east, and th' rain driving in fierce gusts 'gainst th' windows.

"'Bout four o'clock it cleared a bit, and th' sun, breaking through a thick bank of clouds which hung low-like on the horizon, shone into th' room where mother lay quite unconscious and breathing with difficulty. 'She can't last long at this rate,' I heard one of the women whisper to another. 'She'll go when the tide ebbs; now you mark my words !' whispered the other.

"I went into the kitchen, and, sitting down on a little pile of wood by the stove, cried as if my heart would break. I do not remember how long I sat there. Perhaps I fell asleep; but suddenly I heard mother calling 'George, George ! is it you ? O Heaven ! O glorious !' My father's name was George, but

at that moment I thought she was calling me. I ran into the room. It was still as death. Those standing there seemed awed and frightened-like. Mother was sitting up in bed, her eyes fixed on something where we could see nothing, and her hands were extended. She was smiling for joy, and her face was like we read of Stephen's in 'Scriptur', as the face of an angel. For a moment she remained gazing, smiling as in the face of a long-absent friend. Suddenly she started, and grasped the arm of the woman near her, and cried out: 'Do you hear it? Do you hear?' 'Hear what?' asked the woman in a startled tone. 'That music, that heavenly music! O my God, they come, they come! How glorious! How blessed!'

"Oh, sir, believe me or not! At that moment there was a light shone in that room with a radiance above the brightness of the sun. There was the sense of some high and holy presence. We were as if stunned and overwhelmed; and when the light faded mother was gone.

"Jest what I told you; she went with the ebb tide, jest as I said," whispered an old woman near me. But, sir, she was not, for God took her; the angels bore her away. I know there's a heaven, sir, and my mother is there. The angels came and took her away."

It was just a twelvemonth from the evening that I sat in that little cabin; a furious gale was raging. A man called at the parsonage to say that much anxiety was felt for several boats which had not been seen since the gale began. I drove down to the beach in a blinding rain. As I approached, the continuous roar of the sea became bewildering, oppressive, and the ear was relieved by louder reports which came at intervals like the explosion of cannon, and the rushing of fierce blasts through the pines.

I tied my horse in a sheltered spot among the trees, and stepped out upon the beach. At first I could not see because of the driving sand and flying spray. From time to time I would get a little glimpse seaward, and the great foam-crested waves seemed like mad old men with long gray hair, rushing

madly about. Further down the beach I dimly discerned a group of men standing, gathered thickly about some object. Then six came out from the rest, moving slowly, as if staggering under a heavy burden. An old fisherman of my acquaintance came running up behind me, and as he passed, shouted: "They've found him."

"Found whom?" I shouted after him; but the gale snatched the words out of my mouth and hurled them among the pines. I ran after him, seized him by the arm and shouted in his ear, "Is someone drowned?"

"Yes," he cried, grasping his sou'easter hard with both hands and pulling it down violently in his excitement; "Leavitt's boat missed stays a-trying to get in this mornin', and went ashore on Turnip Island ledge. It's him they's a carrying home. Oh, sir, he was a good man and true, like his father!"—Charles Edward Stowe, in *The Independent*.

IS IT JUST?

On Sunday, February 11th, our Bishops called us to prayer for our troops and the cause in which they are engaged in South Africa. In God's house we all joined most earnestly in supplication before the Throne for victory and a righteous peace.

Had this call come six months before many Churchmen would have obeyed in a very half-hearted way, feeling that gold-fields and stock-jobbers had more to do with the outbreak of war than Christian men cared to admit even to themselves. Since that time the situation has been revealed in its true colours, and we now know that these things are mere bubbles on the present surface, the real causes of war being far deeper.

In 1706 the British for the second time took possession of Cape Colony, and for the first time its resident Dutch settlers enjoyed a liberty and progress unknown under Dutch rule.

In 1834, by the Emancipation Act, England declared all slaves in her South African possessions free, making a grant of some \$6,000,000 (a very large sum in those days) to pay the Dutch farmers for the loss

of their native slaves. Partly owing to their ignorance in selling their scrip for small sums, as well as their determination to continue the system of slavery, a large number of Dutch farmers (Boers) trekked into the Orange district and Natal.

Finding that England was determined to prevent slavery in either of these provinces, some of the number accepted the situation quietly, and settled in the Orange Free State. All the irreconcilable Boers, however, trekked beyond the Vaal River in 1840, and established themselves in the Trans-Vaal, which was recognized by the British Government as an independent republic in 1852.

From that time the Transvaal has been the refuge of all the discontented Dutch, fugitives from justice and semi-civilized roving nomads from all over South Africa.

Their barbarous treatment of the native races within their borders, and their bloody slave-raids across the borders gradually provoked the surrounding black nations into a prolonged war of retaliation. This became so formidable that in 1877 nothing but utter annihilation loomed up before the 8000 male Boers at the hands of the outraged natives. With a bankrupt treasury, owing to the aversion of every Boer to paying any kind of taxation, nothing was left them but to appeal for annexation to the British Crown, in order to save themselves from the blacks.

It is also worthy of note that while Great Britain is always being accused of "land hunger," by her enemies, this appeal was rejected by the Imperial Government until urged upon the ground of humanity to Boers and natives.

In 1877 the Governor of Cape Colony annexed the Transvaal, and then began a long series of campaigns against the Zulus and other native tribes under the famous Sekukuni and Cetewayo. Money and blood were lavishly poured out by England in order to protect the Transvaal Boers from the vengeance of the outraged native tribes, and finally Zululand, Kaffraria, Basutoland, etc., were conquered.

Freed from this black menace, internal law and financial order hav-

ing also been restored, the evil genius of the Dutch races, Paul Kruger, seized the opportunity in 1880, of England's continental and home embarrassments to stir up a rebellion, and after fighting three bloody hill fights in rapid succession, Mr. Gladstone granted the Transvaal a Convention of Independence before the army reinforcements arrived on the train.

With the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's "peace at any price" policy we have not now to deal. It was Mr. Gladstone's act and we are paying the cost to-day in the Sudan and in South Africa.

But the Convention provided for at least three things, amongst others, viz. (1) the Suzerainty of the Queen. (2) Equal rights for all white men to live and trade. (3) There was to be no slavery and no interference with the native tribes round about.

Had these terms been honorably kept there would be no cause for war to-day. But from that day to this Paul Kruger and General Cronje have not only ignored the terms of the Convention, but have systematically stirred up race feeling, with the avowed object of finally driving every Briton out of the whole of Cape Colony. Even Professor Bryce, in his history of South Africa, quotes abundantly to prove "that the Africanda Bund was an organization formed to overthrow the British power and expel the British flag from South Africa.

An American (with no great liking for England) says in the *Outlook* that the Transvaal was a mass of unbridled corruption—deliberate breaches of faith—and most outrageous tyranny by a small dishonest oligarchy. Another writer says "if the Boers win in this struggle they will re-establish slavery in South Africa. The natives are loyal to England, feeling that Great Britain is their friend. They have been oppressed by the Boers so long that they will hail British rule in the Transvaal with delight.

An American newspaper discussing the "right" of Great Britain in this war says "the treatment of the blacks by the Boers has always been a source of friction between the Dutch and the English and every missionary from the time of

Livingstone has condemned the conduct of the Boers towards the black races, and further, it is a significant fact that the ministers of religion of every denomination which has branches in South Africa are unanimous in support of the war on the ground that under the government of President Kruger the conditions of existence in the Transvaal are impossible for men of European races and demoralizing to the colored races.

Again, after publicly advertising for capitalists and immigrants to settle in the Transvaal under the protection of the Convention of 1884 Paul Kruger has systematically subverted their rights and converted the enormous revenues derived from their skill and labor to his own personal enrichment and the advancement of his cherished scheme of a Dutch nation all over South Africa, obtained and maintained by the power of the tremendous modern armaments which he has accumulated by this extortion.

The testimony that slavery and Dutch supremacy are the two real questions at issue have been coming in from statesmen, missionaries, travellers and traders in overwhelming numbers. The ultimatum and deliberate invasion of British territory totally destroyed what little remaining doubt there might have been in the minds of those, who, looking upon the mere surface of things, thought England might be trying unjustly to seize the gold fields.

Whatever may be the sin of the Empire in other directions, in religion, luxury or pride, so far as Paul Kruger is concerned she is guiltless of all save timidity in striking down a vindictive menace to her white and colored subjects in South Africa.

Yes, the war is just and must be fought out to a permanent peace. It did not begin a day too soon.

All war is bad, very bad, but a spot where, as the *Chicago Times Herald* says "hatred of Republican England, envy of commercial England, jealousy of Colonial England, and the anglophobia of Europe," can concentrate to retard civilization, by threatening the Empire which is largely responsible for that civilization, this is even a greater

evil than the war by which it will be wiped out.

GEORGE E. LLOYD, Lindsay.

HEAVEN OPENED.

By the Rev. N. I. Perry, M. A., St. Catharines.

John, 1, 51. Heaven cannot be won by indolence. It cannot be entered by looking backward. Jacob lying in the darkness and in silence thinking, we may believe, on his deceptive and hopeless past, has his eyes opened to a greater world. The meanness and smallness of his surroundings have vanished, and he looks upward from his remorse and shame until heaven has come into his vision, and thus the man is changed. He will not turn away from that higher hope that has opened up before him. He may desire yet to sleep on his pillow of stone, but another revelation is given him—that of the angelic throng, with intense activity ascending and descending upon the ladder. If he is a true man he will not wish to remain inactive and dream of heaven. He will learn that heaven is an active place, and those who would reach it must not merely sleep and dream. Up and down on that wonderful ladder, without confusion, without worry, the messengers of heaven were passing. A great activity there was, and Jacob, formerly narrowed into the little compass of his own frightened life, is awakened from the idle dream of the deceptive worldling, when he sees heaven is a place of joyful life.

Then he began to know himself and think aright. He was conscious that God's business was very urgent. Nothing was to be done as a heavy task, but everything was to be carried on with serious, happy necessity. The way between this world and the higher is not to be closed until the moment of death. Now, in the days of our strength and manhood an active communication is to be carried on. Men may spend their strength bartering in the marts of this world, and often after years of strife and bitter anguish fail to realize the meanest object of their ambition. But God would teach us that this life is to be spent in order that we might rise each day to higher things.

If such energy were displayed

over poor Jacob, then a soul must be of great value in the sight of God, and the relationship between the two sacred and Divine. It may have been that God had spoken before to Jacob, but the son of worldly and crafty Rebekah was too much interested in his trickery, and in his endeavor to outwit his brother, to even notice that God was near—but now, at life's great crisis when home is far away, when the conscience is smitten with a knowledge of an unholy past, when he is deprived of the presence and sympathy of his brother men, and when his former hope of material greatness has dwindled into poverty, the earth for his bed, a stone for his pillow, bereft of all the glittering trappings of earth—he has learned how solemn a thing it is to live, and how imperative are the demands of his God.

Men are often blind to that which is most important in life until the less important proves hopeless.

God may be forgotten when men strive hard to surpass their brother-men, but when the supreme moment comes and other things have left the soul in despair, then God waits at the lonely place to prove His reality and His love, and to turn the activity of man into the way which reaches to the Father's throne.

Blind, indeed we often are to that which is most important. They make light of the Great Unseen and worship only the visible, while on every side there are the ascending and descending angels.

Be reverent men. We are living in a world where the Invisible dwells. Heaven is open and God's angels are hurrying on their message of love to sinning men, showing the way which reaches to that land where deception and fearfulness and loneliness are not known.

Heaven is life. Man must rest from his sin and his sleep and his dream to serve, in joyful activity, Him by whom he is redeemed.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.

In Memoriam.

"GETHSEMANE."

The night was dark ; behold, the shade
was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary
sleeper :
" Couldst thou not watch one hour alone
with Me ? "

O thou ! so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
It is so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a painful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulations,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath
gone :

Watch thou in patience, through the dark
hour only—

This one dark hour—before the eternal
dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the
galley,

The soldier sleep beneath his plumed
crest,
And Peace may fold her wings o'er hill
and valley ;
But thou, O Christian ! must not take
thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid
thee,

With Him who trod the wine-press all
alone ;

Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid
thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine
own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no
more—

Faint-hearted mariner ! still art thou long-
ing

For the dim line of the receding shore ?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly
trod ?

Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God ?

Poor wandering soul ! I know that thou
art seeking

Some easier way, as all have sought be-
fore,

To silence the reproachful inward speak-
ing—

Some landward path unto an island
shore

In meek obedience to the heavenly
Teacher,

Thy weary soul can find its only peace ;

Seeking no aid from any human creature—
Looking to God alone for His release.

And He will come in His own time and
power

To set His earnest-hearted children free :
Watch only through this dark and painful
hour,

And the bright morning yet will break
for thee ! —*From The Call.*

Bops' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

April	1st—St. Matt. iv. 25 : 5 to 12.
"	8th— " xvii. 27 to 57.
"	15th— " xxviii. 1 to 16.
"	22nd—St. Luke vii. 1 to 11.
"	29th— " vii. 18 to 29.

We regret that owing to a mistake the Bible questions for a few months have been omitted.

ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Pharaoh. Gen. xii. ver. 38.
2. Yes, twice. Chap. i. ver. 2 ; chap. vi. ver. 3.
3. Isaac's death. Chap. xxxv. ver. 29. See reference Bible.
4. Seven years of plenty, and seven years of famine.
5. He was made governor of Egypt.
6. "Zaph-nath-paaneah."
7. The man to whom secrets are revealed.
8. Thirteen years.
9. Asenath, daughter of the priest of On.
10. "The earth brought forth by handfuls."
11. Within five years.
12. Manasseh and Ephraim.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL, 1900.

BY REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON.

1. How were Ephraim and Manasseh afterwards made eminent ?
2. Of what two tribes did these take the places ?
3. Why has Ephraim always the precedence ?
4. Was the famine confined to Egypt ?
5. How had Joseph during the years of the plenty made provision for the famine years ?
6. Was the Holy Land affected by it ?
7. How many of his sons did Jacob send to Egypt for corn ?
8. Which did he retain with himself ?
9. Why ?
10. How old now was Benjamin ?
11. On their arrival of what did Joseph accuse them ?
12. Why did they not know Joseph ?

TEDDY'S LESSON.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "it's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"O mother, wait a little while," he said.

A little later Hester came to the door.

"Teddy, you ought to get the cows," she said,

"Bother the cows!" replied

Teddy, crossly, and his sister went away.

Soon a man's face appeared at the window.

"Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when his father spoke like that Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily he laid down his book, and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper, and his father was piling up the kindling wood for the morning's fire.

"I hate cows," Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway; just in the way. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn for the night, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back, in the fresh, bracing air.

A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows, Teddy."

Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without saying a word.

"I won't give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we get our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the other children, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of creamy cheese, but it was passed to everyone but him. But, worst of all, when the custards were brought in, sweet and brown in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course, you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread, without any butter, and potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.—*Ella Randall Pearce, in Youth's Companion.*

TWO TRUE STORIES.

By ALIX in *Parish Visitor.*

A sweet young girl came quickly into an apothecary's store, where I was waiting, some time ago, looking much distressed.

"Some cruel boys have broken the back of a poor little kitten, and thrown it over the wall into our garden," she said; "and its cries of agony have grieved me so that I have come to see, as it *must* die, if there is not some easy way of putting it out of misery."

I told her that her best plan would be to use chloroform, and whilst it was stupefied to have it drowned. She thanked me, and ran hastily towards her home, pausing only to speak a few earnest, reproachful words to the boys who had followed her to the store—words that were received with laughter and jeers by the hardened young reprobates.

In contrast to this story, I will tell you another of a boy, whom we will call Frank, as I know he would not wish his name to appear in print. Some time ago, finding two boys stoning a very small kitten, he rescued it, whether by force or moral suasion I do not know, and brought it home in triumph.

A saucer of milk was brought for its refreshment, but, to his dismay, he found that it was too young to eat. By his mother's advice, he took it back to the alley where he had discovered it, hoping that its cries of distress might attract the old cat to whom it belonged; but after waiting nearly an hour in vain he shouldered his small burden again and took it to his home.

What to do with his foundling he did not know, as every effort to feed it proved unavailing, when suddenly a bright idea occurred to him, and, running to the nearest apothecary's store, he procured a small tube, such as is often used for young babies, and, filling a bottle with milk, offered it to the starving kitten, who in a few moments seemed to comprehend the situa-

tion, and received it rapturously, and was soon in a state of blissful content, warmed and fed and comforted.

A little bed was made for it in the cellar and it was disposed of for the night.

"But I will have to be up early," said Frank, "as it will be very hungry again in the morning."

His mother smiled, for Frank was fond of his morning nap. By six o'clock, however, he was down to give his kitten its breakfast, and through the day he never once forgot it.

In a short time it learned to know him, and would scramble from its basket and run to meet him, and climb over him from his feet to his head, with every manifestation of joy and affection. When he showed it the bottle, it would throw itself backward in bottle position, and in a little while learned to take it between its paws and tilt it to just the right angle. It certainly was a very funny sight to see that kitten fed.

One afternoon Frank filled the bottle with milk, and put it into a basket with Pinckney, as he called his pet, and carried it to his grandmother's house to show to her.

When the basket was opened, Pinckney was there and so was the bottle, but the milk had disappeared. He had quietly secured it whilst making the little journey.

When the family went to the seashore, the kitten was sent out to another grandmother, who had a country seat, and by the time the summer was over no one would have recognized, in the handsome, well-kept cat, the poor, bruised, little creature that Frank had rescued from its tormentors.

Now, children, you have heard the two stories; which boy really got the most gratification out of his sport—the one who cruelly tortured to death a poor, little animal, helpless in his hands, or he who saved life and brought comfort and happiness to the one he befriended? I do not think it will take you long to answer the question.

To a strong, brave nature the fact that something weaker than itself is in its power only brings the impulse to protect it. Tyrants are always cowards.

"A merciful man," the Bible

says, "is merciful to his beast"; and nothing can more offend our loving Father than the needless sufferings of the poor, dumb creatures who share with us His gift of life. He has put us in trust with them, that our higher intelligence may be used for and not against them. And if not a sparrow falls without His notice, we may well dread His righteous indignation, if we are unfaithful to that trust.

SAMUEL SLOAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH YOUNG MEN.

Samuel Sloan, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, is one of the foremost figures in the commercial life of New York. Far advanced in years, he is still as active as any young man in his employ, and is to be found at his working desk every day in the year. Mr. Sloan has been an observer of the rise of many young men from obscure places to places of honour in the railroad world, and a mournful spectator of many failures. His views as to the root of failure have an added value, coming as they do from one whose career is coeval with the advancement of the business of transportation. Says Mr. Sloan :

"Failure springs from the indifference of young men to the details of their work and their desire to grasp success before they have earned the right to its possession. Success may be explained in a few words; failure is so complex and has so many causes that its definition is difficult.

"Dishonesty spells failure for any young man. Intemperance means disgrace and ultimate poverty for the most promising youth. Lack of industry leads to every kind of non-success, and is twin-brother to most evils known in the spheres of commerce. No one wants a lazy horse or an uncertain engine; how much less should any employer want a lazy man? Men who do their work indifferently are a drug in the market, and always will be.

"The youth who weaves for himself a garland in wh'ch are entwined the cardinal business virtues—integrity, sobriety, cheerfulness, and industry—will find himself wearing

a crown of gold in mature manhood. The prizes of life are for the real participants in the great arena of business. The onlookers must be content with very small rewards, if any. Nature has wisely decreed that none but the fittest shall survive in the physical world and in the world of work.

"I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea. It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the wisdom of the Bible and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truths and he cannot go far wrong in his everyday life.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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E. E. W. McGAFFEY.

The Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd has received an appointment in connection with the Colonial and Continental Church Society of England, and will leave Lindsay (D.V.) a few days after Easter. His work will probably be chiefly in London and vicinity, and he will be able to do much to increase the interest in Canada among Englishmen. When one considers the thousands who are coming out each year from Britain and settling in the North-west and British Columbia, one sees how necessary it is to follow them with missionaries and the means of grace if they are not to be lost to our church, and sometimes even to our common Christianity. In 1898 over 22,000 settlers went into Manitoba and the North-west from outside Canada, and even more in 1899, and scattered as these are so widely they need many missionaries. Our church in Eastern Canada is not doing half she should to meet the need. Still as many come from Great Britain it is but right the church there should help look after the new comers for some years. We congratulate Mr. Lloyd on his appointment, and wish him great success and

blessing in his work, and can assure him he will be much missed from this part of the Master's vineyard, for in the short time he has been here he and his good wife have endeared themselves to the hearts of many.

St. Paul's Church Collections, March, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Mar. 4	100.65	11.14	111.79
11	17.60	11.27	28.87
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