

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6: 33



# St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

# PARISH AND HOME.

No. 51.

DECEMBER, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year

## St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,  
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

*Lay Delegates.*

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR.  
*Sidesmen.*

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TINS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.
	<i>Vestry Clerk.</i>	
	G. S. PATRICK,	
	<i>Sexton.</i>	
	A. HOADLEY.	

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

*Week Night Service.*—Wednesday Evening at 8 p. m.

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

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

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

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

### PARISH REGISTER.

#### Baptisms.

DAVEY.—Ann Gauvain, daughter of Richard John and Isabella Davey, born 27th October, 1895, baptized 12th November, 1895.

HOLTORF.—Agnes Amelia, daughter of William and Annie A. Holtorf, born 17th June, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 17th November, 1895.

BROWN.—Phyllis Mabel, daughter of George Alexander and Emily Minerva Brown, born 23rd August, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's church, 17th November, 1895.

CRANDELL.—George Arthur, born 23rd August, 1888, Kenneth Lloyd, born 16th April, 1893, and Olga May, born 24th May, 1895, children of George and Henrietta Crandell, baptized 23rd November, 1895.

#### Marriages.

ELLIOTT—HOPKINS.—At Lindsay, on November 20th, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William James Elliott to Elizabeth Ann Hopkins; all of Lindsay.

### CHURCH NOTES.

The Congregations on Thanksgiving day were only fairly good at Lindsay and Reaboro. We are so apt to forget how much we owe to God.

The Rev. I. O. Stringer, B.A., who for the last three years has been a missionary to the Esquimo on the Arctic coast, is now in Ontario, and is to visit Lindsay (D.V.) on December 15th and 16th. Come and hear him.

We see by the last report of Wycliffe missions, that their comparative receipts for the last few years were as follows: For the year ending September 30th, 1890, \$1,521.36; 1891, \$2,553.14; 1893, \$3,948.15; for 1895, \$6,577.60. A very encouraging growth, although in the last year about \$1,500 was raised at the meetings of the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, who told so forcibly the needs of Japan.

We wish a joyous and happy Christmastide to all our readers.

Extra copies of Parish and Home can be bought at the book-stores.

A nice Christmas present would be a copy of Parish and Home sent to a friend.

Be sure and pay your subscription this month, as we want to end the year free of debt.

On Saturday, Nov. 30th, the Rev. P. T. Rowe, a Canadian by birth, was consecrated Bishop of Alaska.

Take a look through our advertising columns, and then do some of your Christmas shopping with our patrons.

"He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, Dr. Barnardo was presented with a purse containing £3,000 (nearly \$15,000) at Exeter Hall, London, in acknowledgement of the good work he has done for destitute children. He deserves it, and will no doubt spend the money to a good purpose.

The anniversary of the opening of St. John's Church, Dunsford, was held on Sunday, Nov. 24th, when large congregations were present. The Rev. W. L. Baynes Reed, of Ottonabee, was the preacher, and was listened to with much attention. We are glad to hear that the offertory amounted to some thirty dollars, which will materially help to reduce the small debt still remaining on the building.

The Churchwardens and Financial Committee feel grateful that the response to their anniversary appeal was so generously met. The "Mite Society" deserve special thanks for their substantial contribution in the ten years that have gone since the church was built. They have in no small degree contributed to its finances, and we trust that all our societies may have a larger measure of sources and prosperity attending their efforts this winter of 1895-96.

The concert by the Young Men's Association on the evening of Thanksgiving day was a very pleasant and successful affair, and a nice little sum was realized to help on the work. . . . The C.E.T.S. also had a very fine programme at their November meeting, and the collection for the piano fund was between eleven and twelve dollars. Both societies felt thankful to those who so kindly assisted in the entertainments, especially to Miss MacDonnell, who came down from Toronto.

CHRISTMAS HYMN:—

"Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,  
The Royal Child is born:  
And angel hosts in glad array  
His Advent keep this morn.  
Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word  
Has come on earth to dwell;  
No sweeter sound than this is heard—  
Emmanuel."

Sunday, Nov. 24th, was the tenth anniversary of the opening of St. Paul's Church. The Rev. Septimus Jones, of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, was the preacher morning and evening. There were large congregations. In the morning, taking for his text Mark 13: 34, he pressed home the need of God's people working and watching. "To every man his work" and "Watch." We wish that every one who heard him would go and find out his or her work, and then seek to do it. In the afternoon Mr. Petter preached at the Sunday-school service, at which about 250 were present, and we hope his parting advice to the young people will be remembered. In the evening Mr. Jones preached an impressive and yet essentially practical sermon from Rom. 10: 10. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." The prayers, praises and worship seemed hearty and real, and God seemed to be speaking to the people by His Holy Spirit as well as through his messengers. The special offertory for the Church debt was about as follows: Morning, \$255; afternoon, \$10; evening \$150; total, \$415. On the following Sunday \$16 extra was placed on the plates for this purpose. For all this we thank, first God, the gracious giver, and then those who were co-workers with Him.

The Rector received in November five dollars from "A Friend" near Reboro for work in the McKenzie River Diocese. As we send it forward, we wish there were many more "Friends" like this one.

We need over sixty dollars to square up all the cost of our parish paper before the close of the year, so please see that your subscription is paid either to Miss Goodwin or the rector. Some are several years in arrears.

St. Paul's Church Collections, November, 1895.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
3	\$27 60	\$ 9 19	\$36 79
10	14 35	7 07	21 42
17	16 05	9 96	26 01
24	15 30	364 45	379 75
	\$73 30	\$390 67	\$463 97

The large collection on the 24th ult. was a special one for the reduction of the church debt. Since then an additional amount has been received, which will be shown in the returns for December.

On November 10th and 11th the Bishop of the Diocese administered confirmation in the Mission of Minden and Stanhope, which for some time has been in charge of Mr. A. Lawrence. There were 31 candidates, which, for that northern country, is a large number; and, as it fell to the lot of the Rector of St. Paul's, Lindsay, to present them to the Bishop, he can bear testimony to their careful preparation. To show that there is growth in our own Diocesan Missions, it may be stated that when the Bishop visited that mission in 1890 there was no service at Gelert: now a nice little church has been built. (It is free of debt, we believe.) The average congregation is 70. Fourteen persons, 8 men and 6 women, received the apostolic rite of confirmation, and between 20 and 30 gathered at the Lord's table. At Minden there was a large congregation, and 13 were confirmed. The drive to the northern church at Maple Lake was one of about 17 miles, and one wondered as he drove between woods and water where the congregation would come from; but there, on a week day, were 50 people (about the average Sunday congregation), and 20 joined in the Holy Communion. For such tokens of growth one must thank God, and we should do what we can to cheer and help the men who, through all kinds of weather and roads, take these long drives to minister to the spiritual needs of our fellow Churchmen in the new parts of our diocese.

A very interesting Archdeaconal Conference was held at Peterboro on November 27th and 28th, Ven. Archdeacon Allen presiding. Some twenty-five of the clergy were present. The Rev. J. C. Roper gave some very helpful and encouraging, as well as heart-searching words to the clergy at the devotional services. "The state of the Church in the Parishes and Missions of our Archdeaconry," from financial and numerical standpoints, was ably dealt with in a paper by the Rev. Rural Dean W. C. Allen, followed by carefully prepared addresses by Canon Harding and Rev. C. H. Webb. The spiritual side of the question was discussed in a paper by Rev. G. Warren, and followed by addresses. We wish we had space for an extended summary of the proceedings, but can only say that the subjects selected "Christian Education in the Public Schools" (and the unanimous feeling was that there should be more in our schools in Ontario) "Sunday School Education," and "Order and Liberty in the Services and Work of the Church," were discussed in a most helpful and profitable manner, and we are sure that lasting good will result from the conference. The Rev. Canon Sprague, of Coloung, was the preacher at the evening service. . . . The ladies of St. John's Church on the first day, and St. Luke's, Ashburnham, on the second, kindly provided lunch, and the speeches at the lunch were not the least interesting of the gathering; that of Mr. John Burnham, M. P., in referring to how much the church in this archdeaconry owed to the Ven. Archdeacon Allen, was most apt and appropriate. Few clergymen have been as willing to give their time and energies, not only for their own parish, but for the weaker parishes and missions, than the Rector of Cavan during the last forty years, and few parishes have sent out more zealous and faithful Churchmen to open up the new parts of this country, than Millbrook and Cavan.

# Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 61.

## CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

### LESSONS.

- 1—**1st Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. 1 ; 1 Peter 3, v. 8 to 4, v. 7. *Evening*—Isa. 2, or 4, v. 2.  
8—**2nd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. 5 ; 1 John 2, to v. 15. *Evening*—Isa. 11, to v. 11 ; or 24 ; John 16, v. 16.  
15—**3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. 25 ; 3 John. *Evening*—Isa. 26 or 28, v. 5, to v. 19.  
21—**St. Thomas (A. & M.).** *Morning*—Job 42 to v. 7 ; John 20, v. 19 to v. 24. *Evening*—Isa. 35 ; John 14, to v. 8.  
22—**4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. 30, to v. 27 ; Rev. 8. *Evening*—Isa. 32 ; or 33, v. 2 to v. 23 ; Rev. 10.  
25—**Christmas Day (Ath. Cr.).** *Morning*—Isa. 9, to v. 8 ; Luke 2, to v. 15. *Evening*—Isa. 7, v. 10 to v. 17 ; Titus 3, v. 4 to v. 9.  
26—**St. Stephen (M.).** *Morning*—Gen. 4, to v. 11 ; Acts 6. *Evening*—2 Chron. 24, v. 15 to v. 23 ; Act. 8, to v. 9.  
27—**St. John (A. & E.).** *Morning*—Exod. 33, v. 6 ; John 13, v. 23 to v. 36. *Evening*—Isa. 6 ; Rev. 1.  
28—**Innocents' Day.** *Morning*—Jer. 31, to v. 18 ; Rev. 16. *Evening*—Baruch 4, v. 21 to v. 31 ; Rev. 18.  
29—**1st Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—Isa. 35 ; Rev. 19, to v. 11. *Evening*—Isa. 38, or 40 ; Rev. 19, v. 11.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

"It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good."

"How strange it is the victims Death selects!  
Such happy lives, untouched by want or pain.  
What fatal magic is it that protects

Those who would count His coming purest gain?"

Perchance for those for whom the present holds  
Nought but the lack of all they count most dear,  
He knoweth that futurity unfolds

The boon they crave, and so He leaves them here.

If it be life swept bare of all but pain,  
Weakness and need will bring us to His feet.  
And, lying there, we shall the knowledge gain,  
The price was small to pay for joy so sweet.

If it be life with hands full-filled with flowers,  
Of joy—a glimpse of heav'n as through a rift—  
Oh, let us serve Him with the happy hours!  
Be sure it is His purpose in the gift.

If it be death—well, that is heaven's gate,  
Not joy's untimely end or grief's surcease:

Earth's sweetest hours but faintly antedate  
The wordless gladness of that land of peace.

Ay, He knows best, be sure, whate'er He send.  
Our wayward feet unguided could but roam  
By smoother ways, perhaps. His paths all end—  
Or long, or short, all end alike—at Home.

—ALICE M. ARDAGH.

THE ADVENT SEASON.—Advent and Christmas make a rich festival season for December. It is useful to think how many such seasons the church has celebrated. If we take the life of man at seventy years, little more than twenty-five lives would bring us back to the days of our Lord. How short the intervening time since He was here really is, and yet how much has been done in these few centuries! Nation after nation has bowed the knee to Him. The truth that He taught has permeated the laws of all the great states of the earth. Order, justice, security, peace, have appeared in a sense in which they were never known before. Millions of men and women have died in peace and hope because they believed in Him. And all this has taken place within the brief span of twenty-five human lives. Truly, at this Advent we can thank God and take courage.

The thought comes that our lives may span, perhaps, the whole of one of these twenty-five periods. In one sense life is so short that we seem scarcely to have had time to learn anything before our hour to be called away comes. In another sense, however, a life is a long span, full of possibilities so great that we can scarcely picture them. Even if we do no more than former generations, the work belonging to us is not small. But we ought to do more. The truth, bound in past times, is now free. The steamship and the railway carry Christian messengers rapidly to the remotest ends of the earth. All the machinery for doing God's work is better than it has ever been before. With faithful labor, even the next Advent ought to see a rapid advance. Let us be of good courage. God has done great things, and will do greater.

PRAYER AS A HABIT.—Dean Burgon explained the striking verse in the 109th Psalm, "But I give myself unto prayer," as, literally, "But I . . . prayer," and added that its meaning is, "But as for me, *I will be all prayer.*" Each of us has many calls upon our time during any one day. There are a dozen things that we should like to do, or that we feel that we ought to do. We cannot do them all, and how are we to choose? Unless there is some steady guide, our lives are in danger of beating themselves out in vain and fruitless effort. We must be held to a steady course to save ourselves from wasting our few and precious years.

It is by forming the habit of prayer that we shall secure this guide. I wish to read a dozen books and have time for only one. How shall I learn to choose wisely? I have duties at home and duties outside—sick and needy to visit, a sorrowing or lonely friend to cheer. How shall I decide which to do to-day? By taking God into my confidence. Perhaps the saddest words a man ever spoke were those of Grotius on his dying bed, "I have wasted my life in busily doing nothing." How the fruitless days that are gone rise up to reproach us! Plans formed, begun, and then abandoned in despair of success; hopes disappointed because we had not the courage to work steadily towards their fulfilment, but turned aside to things to which God did not call us; a busy hurry in work, rushing from house to house, from meeting to meeting, and in our hurry leaving our real work undone. This is the failure of many well-meaning servants of God. What is needed is to wait until the pressure of God's hand in leading is felt, and then to walk on holding it.

It was said of an Oxford fellow, remarkable for his saintly character, that as he put his hat on to go for a walk he paused for a moment to ask, silently, that God would guide his feet; that he prayed as he took up a book that God would open his mind; as he entered a railway carriage, that God would protect him on his journey.

This is the habit of prayer, and when it is formed we can at any moment feel that we are doing what God has called us to do. The most paralyzing thing in all Christian work is the uncertainty whether we are working on God's lines that must haunt those who have not taken Him into their confidence at every step.

**BE ENCOURAGING.**—Of course some men are conceited, and undue praise will make them more so. But just praise will scarcely ever do harm. It is undeserved praise—flattery, blarney, puffing, that does harm. It surely ought not to injure a man's character to tell him if he has done what he has tried to do. Many a clergyman never hears, from month to month, what people think of the teaching he is giving them. The poor fellow is like a marksman aiming at a target, and never knowing whether he has hit it. That is scarcely the way to improve his aim. Of course, no good man is working merely for success. But every good man is aiming at something, and likes to know whither some of his bullets go. It humbles a true man to know that he has succeeded. He reads his own heart, and he sees upon what a slender thread success hangs, and when blessing comes the thought of God's goodness is more likely to fill his mind than that of his own powers. The shaft was carried by God rather than by himself. But he will be all the better man for knowing that God has so honored him. Speak words of encouragement. It will help to lighten the parson's burden.

**LIBERTY.**—Spiritual freedom does not lie in the abolition of laws, any more than agricultural prosperity lies in the removal of fences. It lies rather in the due adjustment of men's hearts and characters to the best and holiest rules of living. Who ever heard of an honest man complaining that his liberty was abridged by the laws against stealing; or of one who respected the rights of others, regarding himself to be in bondage because he could not do as he liked at all times and in all circumstances? What sort of liberty should we have if every one asserted his right to do that which was lawful in his own eyes? We should have the worst kind of tyranny; the ascendancy of selfishness and lust. And so in spiritual affairs. True liberty does not lie, as some Balaams would teach us, in the abolition of God's moral law, but in having the law graven in our hearts and infused into our lives by

God the Holy Ghost, and where the Spirit of the Lord dwells and rules there is liberty.

#### LITERATURE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LADY was asked recently to what benevolence she would devote \$50,000, if it was at her disposal. Her reply was: "I would use it in an effort to develop a taste for the better class of literature among our boys and girls."

We believe her answer struck at one of the main roots of the immorality of the day. The minds of boys and girls are being poisoned beyond belief. They become so familiar, through reading, with every form of folly and vice, and so feed their imaginations upon what is low and vile, that their moral sensibilities become blunted, and they are no longer shocked when they come in contact with the reality.

Pope wrote of vice:

"Familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But the "endurance" and the "pity" are now too often experienced through the medium of the dime novel and sensational stories, within the very precincts of the home, and the young reader is ready to "embrace" at first meeting.

Parents must awaken to the fact that it is no less a duty to supply their children with pure and happy literature than to furnish shoes for their feet and bread for their mouths. They must learn that unless their boy finds plenty of attractive reading on the parlor table, he will be likely to exchange his dime for a thrilling story of the Jesse James type, which he reads on the sly, and then slyly exchanges with a neighbor boy for an equally pernicious tale.

The indifference of the masses in regard to this evil is truly alarming. A great cry is raised over drinking and gambling, while comparatively little is said of the influence exerted by vile literature, which, it may be no exaggeration to say, bears somewhat the same relation to the saloons and gambling dens that the preparatory school does to the college. Well-meaning parents in Christian homes, while careful to ask where their children go and what they do, quite forget to ask what they read; and we hear twenty ministers denounce from the pulpit the liquor traffic, while one raises his voice against this more subtle and, therefore, more dangerous evil.

To work a change in the homes of the higher and middle classes, through any benevolent scheme, is perhaps impossible,

but might not something be done for the lower classes in our cities? Here we find many children without the proper restraints of home life, and who eagerly snatch at anything which promises a moment's diversion. Is it not practicable to establish, in some favorable locality, a reading room which shall be designed expressly for boys and girls? A movement of this sort has already been made by the Christian workers in a few of our large cities, but it is far from general. There is need for a like effort in every large centre throughout the land.

Let such rooms be supplied with the *Youth's Companion*, and similar papers. Let there be books, too; not the "goody-goody" Sunday-school books, whose only merit so often is of a merely negative nature, but popular histories, biographies, and the better class of fiction, of which there is now such an abundance adapted to children's needs. What boy does not become interested in Dickens' "Child's History of England"? Biographies of great and good men have an unending charm for youth, and from admiration to imitation is often but a step. Easy works in science, too, hold the young mind, and open up lines of thought which are far from leading to the saloon and gambling table. Let such rooms be in charge of persons who are profoundly interested in the project, and with that ready tact which would enable them to place the right book or paper in the hand of each child, thus in a measure directing his reading. We believe that such a place might be made an attractive spot to the ragged street urchins, who would thus not only be kept from low resorts, but would unconsciously cultivate a taste for things high and pure—*Christian at Work*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### ON MAKING A CHOICE.

WHEN Charles I. was threatening the freedom of England, two men of good birth, of means, and of ability, stood side by side in defending the ancient liberties of the nation. They worked together against the evils of the time; their aims were alike, and they were fast friends. But the time came when one of them was to change. Wentworth was an ambitious man. He felt that he had great powers, and when King Charles offered him a high place in the State the brilliant prize dazzled him. His tone changed. His friend Pym saw that Wentworth was sorely tempted. One day they met at Green-

wich. Pym entreated and warned Wentworth. "You will make your choice," he said. "You will leave us, but you will be undone. I warn you solemnly that, though you leave us, I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders."

Not many years afterwards all England was watching with intense interest a great trial held in Westminster Hall. Thomas Wentworth had made his choice. He had reached a place among the greatest. In England and in Ireland he had wielded vast power. He had become Earl of Strafford, but now, in this crowded hall, he was on trial for his life for treason against the liberties of England. Who is it that, day by day, conducts the case against him? Who is it that speaks for Wentworth's condemnation with a vehemence that is scarcely held in check by the refined taste of the scholar and the gentleman? John Pym accuses Strafford before his peers. He demands the great earl's life as a penalty for his crimes. Once, it is said, Pym's and Strafford's eyes met, and Pym turned pale and became confused. The man against whom he asked for judgment had once been his friend. But Strafford had made his choice—a choice that was to end in the cruel ignominy of the scaffold. Pym's words were terribly true, "I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders." Strafford filled a felon's grave, and not long after him Pym was carried with all honor to a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

To each of us these times for making a choice come. Men walk along side by side until some day the path forks, and they stand at the parting of the ways, uncertain which to walk in. It seems easy to pass into either path. Ruth and Orpah live as sisters, are companions in widowhood, and belong to the same nation. But a time comes when they must choose between staying where they are and going out, strangers and forlorn, to share the lot of Naomi, their widowed mother-in-law. They stand at the parting of the ways, but at last Ruth goes forward and Orpah turns back. The ways lead far asunder. Ruth becomes an honored mother in Israel, the great-grandmother of David, the ancestress of our Lord. Orpah is lost in the unrecorded fate of the heathen people among whom she had chosen to stay.

A blessed or a terrible fate hangs upon our making of a choice. We may thank God that we cannot forecast the future. With us rests the simpler duty of choosing

to-day whom we will serve. Strafford turned from Pym because he shut his ears to the warning voice. Ruth follows Naomi because in her grief she had found strength and peace in their common worship of the God of comfort. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Our path, when we are perplexed, is, after all, plain enough, if we make our choice in the spirit in which Ruth made hers—God and His truth first, last, and always. Then the crooked way becomes straight and the puzzled mind finds rest. Not a day passes but we are repeating the choice, and each renewed decision takes us a step further on—towards God, or towards that other goal which is without God. The felon's tomb or Westminster Abbey; a home with the darkened and savage Moabites, or peace with the people of God; the wailing and gnashing of teeth, or the calm joy of God's eternal rest;—these are the things that we are choosing every day.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### SOME GREAT CHURCHMEN.

##### VII.

THOMAS SCOTT.

THOMAS SCOTT was one whose name is entitled to every mark of respect, and whose memory should be kept fresh and green. Sir James Stephen, writing of that great body of the Church of England which takes the name "Evangelical," designates as "her four evangelists John Newton, Thomas Scott, Joseph Milner, and Henry Venn." Newton, he says, was the great living example of the regenerating efficacy of evangelical principles, Scott was their interpreter of Scripture, Milner their ecclesiastical historian, and Venn their systematic teacher of the whole Christian institutes.

William Carey, the celebrated Baptist missionary and oriental scholar, who edited no less than twenty-four different translations of the Scriptures in the various dialects of India, confessed, "If I know anything of the work of God in my soul, I owe it to the preaching of Mr. Scott."

Yet Thomas Scott lived in comparative obscurity, was neglected by the ruling powers in Church and State; was never made a bishop, a dean, an archdeacon, or offered any high position; was left to struggle on in poverty, appreciated only by the few, left practically alone to do his work for God, his writings being his only monument, and his spiritual children his richest reward.

It is a truism to say that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Thomas Scott's name does not appear in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that wonderful universal library. His distinguished grandson, Sir Gilbert Scott, the celebrated architect, is mentioned in the *Encyclopædia*, and had the honor of being interred in Westminster Abbey, the Chapter House of which he restored; but for his great ancestor the stately pile opened not its doors, and no epitaph was written to commemorate his services to the English Church and people. The Christian public, however, have recognized his worth by spending no less a sum than two millions and a half of dollars in the purchase of his expositions upon the Word of God.

Thomas Scott was born in the year 1747, in a small Lancashire farmhouse. His father was a farmer, who raised and dealt in cattle. His early education was acquired at a grammar school at Scorton. He gained there a fair knowledge of Latin, but his school life brought with it a knowledge of evil ways. For five years he never visited his parents, thus losing all the gracious influences of home life, and at the end of the time he left the school with little credit to himself. He was then apprenticed to a surgeon, but his conduct was so scandalous that he was summarily dismissed. This disgrace was a great blow to his parents. At the age of sixteen he began life anew on his father's farm, having the hardest work, and the dirtiest, assigned to him. It was, nevertheless, a rich experience. But the exposure consequent upon such a life led to more than one serious illness, and his life was at times despaired of. Such seasons caused serious thoughts concerning his spiritual condition. But returning health brought back old companions and old habits. In the midst of his drudgery his mind was enslaved with the prospect of inheriting the farm upon which he had spent so much labor, but the discovery that his father had given it to his brother dissipated all his hopes in that direction. New ideas, however, gained possession of his mind; he took up again his long-neglected studies of Latin and Greek. He devoted time also to the study of theology. He began to think of entering the ministry. He sought ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln, was at first refused, but a year later, on having passed a creditable examination, he was accepted.

Thomas Scott was now (1773) a minister of the Church of England. His first appointment was that of curate of Stoke

Goldingham, in Buckinghamshire, at the modest stipend of £50 a year. His spiritual state was such, however, that he afterwards confessed that at that period of his life he was unacquainted with "the grand outlines of the Gospel." He was, as a matter of fact, a Unitarian. The first change in his views arose from his study of Bishop Burnet's "History of My Own Times," and the statement of the Eighth Article regarding the Athanasian Creed, with its clear statement of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

But the human instrument of Scott's conversion was undoubtedly John Newton. Scott's studies took up so much time that there was the danger of neglect of his pastoral work. Indeed, such was the case in two instances. The last illness of two parishioners had not drawn from him any consolation for a dying hour, but Newton had found his way from Olney to minister to their spiritual need. Scott, without taking offence, sought the friendship of his more zealous neighbor. His love of controversy came out in an effort on his part to draw Newton into a discussion upon debatable subjects. But Newton felt that God was leading him, and he would not enter into any heated debate, seeing at a glance that Scott could be influenced through his affections, and the deep needs of his heart, rather than upon the field of argument, which so often leads to strife. He, therefore, answered Scott's argumentative letters in a most kind and conciliatory spirit. This plan succeeded admirably, and Scott soon sought Newton for instruction in the faith, listened eagerly to his sermons, and was led, under God, into the full light of the perfect liberty of the Gospel.

Scott was not led to accept the evangelical position without the closest study, accompanied by prayer and meditation. He was a clear reasoner, and a most determined seeker after truth. For three long years in practical retirement, he sought, prayerfully and earnestly, for a system of belief which would satisfy his intellect and warm his heart. Alone with God, with his Bible ever open before him, in agonizing prayer, he sought and found the truth which alone can supply the deep longing of the heart for God. He found the Word of God its own best expositor, and from its sacred pages the light beamed into his soul, which dispelled the night of error and unbelief. No shadow of doubt was left in his own mind. He felt assured that in answer to his earnest pleading, combined with sincerity of purpose and

singleness of aim, Christ had fulfilled His promise, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." His mind was so clear on this point that to insinuate any other conclusion was to hint that God had broken His promises.

Scott's opinions were gained, first of all, from the Bible. But they were strengthened by the careful study of the Homilies of the church, which the Thirty-fifth Article states contain "a godly and wholesome doctrine," especially by Hooker's sermon on Justification, which opened to his mind the Pauline view, and reconciled the teaching of the Church of England with the Scriptures. He held that he was indebted for his opinions to the Word of God alone, and claimed that the only uninspired books consulted by him were by writers of great reputation in his own church. He held with great firmness that evangelical principles are the true principles of the Church of England, and that they are in perfect accord with Scripture. And as Dr. Eadie points out, "His strict adherence to evangelical truth was not an official, but a passionate attachment with him."

Thomas Scott's ministerial life was spent at Stoke, at Ravenstone and Weston Underwood, at Olney, Newton's old parish, at the Lock Hospital, London, at St. Mildred's, Bread street, and at Aston Sandford. He was a hard-working clergyman, both as a preacher and a pastor. In one parish he had four sermons every Sunday, and walked fourteen miles to deliver them. While in London, he was special preacher at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, taking duty as a preacher, and administering the communion every alternate Sunday, at 6 a. m., walking seven miles going and returning.

It is interesting to remember that Scott was the first secretary of the Church Missionary Society, a position which he held during his residence in London. The meeting, made up of sixteen clergy and nine laymen, over which Venn presided, and which decided upon the formation of the C. M. S., was held on April 12th, 1799. The society was practically formed in 1800, and in 1801, Scott preached the first anniversary sermon. He was also a firm friend of the Bible Society, which was established in 1804.

But Scott's life work was his commentary on the Bible. It had often been his wish, as he studied his Bible, to preach upon every part of it. In a way that he little dreamt of, he was given an opportunity of addressing thousands in a weekly com-

mentary upon the text of Scripture issued by a London publisher in one hundred successive numbers. Scott had no critical equipment for the mighty task he undertook. He was not an exact scholar, in the modern sense. He was not a master of Hebrew or Greek. He was not skilled in the chronology or geography of scriptural times and places. He was not learned in the history of the ancient world. He had not cultivated a literary style. He was simply an earnest student of the Word of God, who had grasped its plain meaning, and whose listening ear ever heard the voice of the Lord declaring His will to mankind. His commentary shows no mark of genius, save that of hard work. It is unadorned by any special charm of diction, or felicity of style. But it contains solid thought, and brings to bear upon the text of Scripture a wide and accurate knowledge of every part of the Bible. The aim, evidently, was to explain Scripture by Scripture. His one purpose was to be practical. He borrowed little, if anything, from other writers, and endeavored to be original and independent. Dr. Eadie says: "Scott does not sparkle, but he is always judicious. His exposition is a very equal production. Sobriety of thought distinguishes all his writings, and occasionally much information is condensed into a small compass. His illustrations are compact and weighty; and his treatment of infidel objections is usually powerful and conclusive."

Scott's commentary was wonderfully successful. Thousands of copies were sold in England, and for every copy bought in England two purchasers were found in America. The sales have amounted to over half a million pounds sterling. The author, however, received little benefit from the sales. For the original work of 174 numbers, he received 164 guineas, but he had lent the publisher £800 of borrowed money, which he lost altogether. The first edition was of 3,000 copies, and Scott calculated that he had done the whole work for nothing. The same sad fate followed subsequent editions. And we find him, near the close of life, sadly confessing, after an investigation of his accounts, that while in his own lifetime £199,900 had been paid for his books, his sole income from them had been about £47 per annum, and that they had involved him in a debt of £1200. This debt his friends made up by a gift of £2000; but it remained true that he had labored and other men received the benefit of the long days and nights spent in toil with brain and pen. But in "all labor there is profit," and Scott had his own re-

ward. And the English Church and race is the richer because of the life work of this humble man of God, "the all-believing Thomas Scott."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,  
St. Catharines.

#### SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see;  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now,  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingling with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser head than yours or mine  
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened  
breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### WILL YOU HAVE IT?

"OUR little boy is gone." And as he said it the lip quivered and the strong frame shook, for the father's heart was sore wounded. "Yet he's better off. I know he's better off; I wouldn't wish him back; only it's hard to give him up."

"Yes. He is better off. To depart and be with Christ is very far better. The little one is perfectly happy now. Tell me, you hope to meet him some day; are you one of Christ's?"

"No, I'm not a Christian. I'm not a

bad man; perhaps I'm better than many who profess to be something. But—I'm not a Christian."

"Have you thought much about the matter?"

"No, I can't say that I have. When I do think about it, I seem always to come to one conclusion, that the Bible requires more than a man can do. Man is weak; he's a poor shape at best, and he can't be what he ought to be; at least I can't."

"I think you are right in that conclusion of yours. It's the very conclusion God desires to bring every man to. The Lord Jesus Himself said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' And if we know ourselves at all, we must know that no man can be what God wants him to be until he has been born again. The first man that Jesus said that to had been doing everything that he could to meet God's requirements, but after all his effort he had to acknowledge that he had not been able completely to come up to them. And when he came to Jesus to find out how it was, the Lord told him plainly that it was because he had not been born again. Believe me, if you had that new birth, you would find everything very different, and many of your difficulties would be gone."

"I don't know. I've seen so many who profess to be something, and they're not, and I've known several who started out well, but have not come to anything. I don't know about it all. I don't want to be like the first, and how can I avoid being like the last?"

"I think, so far as the first is concerned, you need have no fear. There are, indeed, counterfeit Christians—too many of them; but there are some real ones, too. Your mother is a real Christian, is she not?"

"Yes, mother is indeed a real Christian."

"Isn't the same blessed Saviour who made her a Christian able to make you one also? Then about your being able to hold out; the Lord Jesus is responsible for that. 'He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him,' and 'Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless.' What you've got to do is to come to Him, tell Him you want Him to be your Saviour, and trust yourself to Him, that He may do everything for you that needs to be done."

"I'll think about it."

"Don't think about it; do it. God says, 'To-day, if you will hear my voice, harden not your heart.'"

"But there is so much involved in it. I can't decide it all just now."

"Have you not been looking at the matter something in this fashion: That God, in asking you to be a Christian, had laid down for you certain rules to which you were required to conform your life; these things you ought to do, and these other things you ought not to do? And you have looked out upon the path set before you, and you have felt yourself not equal to it. Let me read to you of a man whose description, I think, fits your case:

"There is at Jerusalem a pool called Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, *Wilt thou be made whole?*"

That would seem to have been a strange question to ask the man; one would suppose that his having been there at the side of the pool so long would have been sufficient evidence that he desired to be made whole. But see, the Lord had a purpose in asking him that question. The man had all those years been thinking about his *ability* to be made whole, but when Jesus stands beside him it is no more a question as to *ability*, but only of *willingness*. If the man is *willing*, Jesus is *able*. Dear friend, Jesus stands here beside you now. He is able to do all for you that you need; able to save, able to keep, able to make you a Christian. Are you willing? There are a good many steps to take, but we may be glad that there's only one to be taken at a time, and the *first* one to take is to tell Him you are willing. Shall we kneel down and tell Him that?"

"Lord Jesus, I am willing, if Thou art able. Lord, make me whole." M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### RELIEF OF THE POOR.

IN this winter season the old, old problem of the poor again calls for attention. Some things ought to be done, and some things ought to be avoided, and the reader will perhaps suffer a few hints upon both sides

(1) Do not think that the difficulty can be solved forever by some pet plan of your own. Our Lord said, "The poor ye have always with you," because He knew men, and saw that, while the world endured, human weakness and folly would bring men to poverty and need. We can abolish them only when we can abolish the defects of human nature.

(2) Do not think that every poor man or beggar is a fraud. Poverty is not sin, though sin brings poverty. If you stop to think of the varied qualities necessary to success in life—energy, alertness, caution, perseverance, thrift—it need not seem strange that some should fail. You yourself may have failed more than once before you succeeded. So do not give orders that the door of your house shall be slammed in the face of all beggars. Do not talk to every needy person, asking relief, as if he were a liar or a thief. Your own flesh and blood may be unfortunate. How should you like to see a brother or a son treated as you have treated the needy? Apply this test, and learn to be gentle and patient.

(3) Do not think that you ought to give relief to every one that asks for it. Some people boast that the beggar is never turned away from their doors unhelped. It is a silly boast. If the beggar is sure of getting what he needs for nothing, a premium is placed upon idleness, and honest toil is handicapped. Help men, but help them wisely.

(4) Do not think that money is the best or even a wise help for the poor. It is easy enough to draw a cheque, to send a servant to the door with a coin, and to soothe the conscience with the thought that thus our duty is discharged. But stop for a moment to think of the meaning of St. Paul's words: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." If you heard that a son or brother was a supplicant at your door, should you think that your duty was done if you handed out a little money?

Look now at the other side,—what we ought to attempt.

(1) The most distressing poverty is that which does not go a-begging. Usually those who have reached the point of begging will secure enough for immediate needs. But in every large place there are people who will not beg, and who quietly suffer if their need is not found out. The children stay away from school because they have not proper clothing; the parents deny themselves of necessary food for the

children's sake, and slowly grow pale and pinched; the house is stripped of everything that can be sold. There is, perhaps, almost no bedding, and, in consequence, there is great suffering on a cold night. And all this is borne in silence. Even if you visit the house, you will find out the extent of the need only gradually. The people do not talk about their sufferings any more than you talk about having had a comfortable dinner. It is a part of their daily life. Some day the mother is taken ill or a child dies, and even the physician who is called in at the last moment will scarcely understand the remoter causes of the disease. These are due to poverty that will not beg. How are such people to be helped? They can be helped only by being known. The helper must move among them, win their confidence, know their situation, and, with tact and delicacy, help as God shows the way. Both time and money must be spent for this. If there is a single town or city parish in this land where there are not some whose business it is track such poverty, that parish is badly managed and needs reformation. The clergyman may preach and the people may pray, but an important part of the work of God is left undone.

(2) We owe a duty to the passing beggar. Many, but not all, are impostors, and God holds us responsible for the discriminating eye. We should always know what we are doing. If some entertain angels unaware, some also send them away in like manner. As far as possible, the beggar should be followed up and the truth or falsehood of his story uncovered. Of course, busy men and women will say that they have no time for this. Even if this is true, they can still report the case to those who make such inquiries a part of their business. Vigilance is a duty that we owe to society.

(3) We ought to be able to find better methods in this problem of the poor than we have yet reached. We should at the outset aim to separate the worthy from the unworthy poor. Probably the work test is the best means of sifting out the lazy impostors. A large Toronto firm was pestered with men asking for work. Finally, they laid in a large supply of cord wood, and every man who asked for work was at once given wood to cut. The number of applicants dropped off amazingly, and it was then quite easy to grapple with the problem of employment for the remainder. Of course, there is still a class to which the work test does not apply—the sick or disabled, the orphans, the

unfortunate. But if trouble is taken to get accurate information, it will be found that the problem of dealing with the poor is less formidable than it seems, and that the energy and money now expended are quite sufficient to grapple with the difficulty if they are wisely directed.

If it is not easy to get money, it is still less easy to get love. When we are willing to give up a little of our leisure to mingle with God's unfortunate and needy, we have begun to learn the solution of the darkest of our social problems. Science can grapple with it and aid in its solution. Sound thinking on this economic question will help to make our efforts wiser. But let us keep this before our minds and consciences;—it is only love that can heal the sore of the world. Those who are down need to be inspired with new courage and hope. Without this, no matter how often we help to raise them, they will sink again. If anything can give men new vigor to face the burdens of life, it will be brotherly Christian sympathy given as Christ gave it. It will not always be received as we might hope; but we must, at any rate, offer it, and God will not let loving effort be in vain.

#### THE EMPEROR'S NEW TESTAMENT.

PROFESSOR HEADLAND, of the Pekin University, reports a happy fact in connection with the Emperor's recent purchase of the New Testament. He reads it daily. The print in the purchased Testament was not very large, and a scribe copies a portion each day in large characters, and this the Emperor studies. "He is now reading St. Luke's Gospel." This information comes directly from the palace.

One of our Christians, who is a horticulturist, furnishes flowers to the eunuchs for the decoration of the palace. He is often invited to dine with them. The pastor of the church to which he belongs has been repeatedly invited with him, but has always refused, until two days ago. He accepted an invitation, and at the dinner was told about the Emperor's studies.

When asked to drink at dinner the pastor refused, on which his host remarked, "Oh, yes; I have heard that you Christians do not drink wine," and the wine was put aside and none drunk at that dinner. The eunuch who tells the story stands in the room while the Emperor reads, and has obtained not a little information about the Scriptures himself.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

## Parish and Home.

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FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from November.)

In the remarkable career of Judas Maccabeus, we have been permitted to see how one man of rare military genius, fighting for God and country, and leading a handful of determined patriots like himself, can keep at bay, and even defeat with great loss, the choicest armies of a strong military power, backed by determination, wealth, and the best equipment of the time. History has few more inspiring pages. Both the grandeur of the cause and the personal character of the leader combine to rivet the interest upon the story.

It is, therefore, with great sadness that we hear of the subsequent defeat of Judas. But, after all, the truth is that Judas was attempting the impossible. Single-handed, his country was utterly incapable of keeping up a struggle against so formidable an enemy. It was small, and poor, and unwarlike, and, though at the outset Judas was able to inflict terrible defeats upon vastly superior forces, the endless resources of the enemy were bound to conquer in the end. No sooner was one army defeated than another, still larger, was ready to take the field. The Greek generals grew more cautious with time, and familiarized themselves with the tactics of Judas. He, moreover, was the mainstay of his country. On his death there would be none to take his place, and victory would cease to be possible. Yet, for all this, the struggle was not without result. It was undertaken in defence of the Jewish religion, and the wonderful thing is that whatever suffered loss in the vicissitudes of the years that followed, the religion of the oppressor struck no root in the soil, and the Jew kept his faith. It was only a provisional system. The day was not far distant when it would make way for the complete

revelation in Christ Jesus; but until the hour ordained of God had struck, all the powers of earth combined could not drive out or destroy the religion of Sinai land.

On the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, Lysias assumed the government as guardian of the boy king, Antiochus Eupator. His first act was to despatch an immense army of 100,000 foot and 20,000 cavalry to relieve the Greek garrison shut up in Jerusalem, and reconquer the country. Advancing very rapidly on Jerusalem from the south, he encountered Judas at the head of a small force at Beth-Zacharias. With his usual military instinct, Judas had chosen a very strong position, where it was impossible to outflank him, and which must be taken, if at all, by desperate fighting. But the forces arrayed against him were out of all proportion to his little band. Besides, a new difficulty for him appeared in the thirty-two elephants which accompanied the Greek army. Surprise is often the secret of success in arms, and this new method of attack outwitted the Jews. From a tower on the back of an elephant archers kept up an incessant shower of arrows, and a regiment of 1000 infantry and 500 horsemen accompanied each elephant. The Jews were terror-stricken. Judas encouraged his men in vain. His brother Eleazar, to show how easily the elephants might be overthrown, rushed underneath the leader and transfixed him with a spear, and was crushed beneath the animal as it fell. But it was all to no purpose, and Judas retired to Jerusalem. At once Lysias prepared to besiege the capital. It was a Sabbatic year, and no corn had been sown. The Jews, therefore, suffered double miseries, and it was impossible to hold out long. The revolt was practically at an end, and all the brilliant achievements of the Maccabees would be without result. But suddenly, as if by the direct intervention of Providence, the whole situation was changed by a piece of news that reached Lysias.

Philip, the foster-brother of Antiochus Epiphanes, had been appointed by the dying monarch as guardian of his heir, and was now hurrying from Persia to Antioch. As Lysias had no intention of letting power slip out of his own hands, he must give up the siege and proceed at once to Antioch. A peace was hastily concluded, on the understanding that the Jew should not be compelled to give up his religion. Reaching Antioch, Lysias at once besieged it, and on its fall slew his rival, Philip.

The year 163 has thus ended happily for

the Maccabean cause. In the following year, Demetrius, the nephew of Antiochus and rightful heir to the throne, returned from Rome, where he had been sent as a hostage. He seized Lysias and the boy Antiochus Eupator and slew them both, and ascended the throne himself. And now civil dissension broke out in Judaea. A new high priest, Alcimus, had recently been appointed by the Greeks. He belonged to the party that sympathized with Greek influence, and accused Judas as a traitor before the new king. By the help of foreign soldiers he took the field against the Maccabees, lest he should lose his office. The latter, however, proved too strong an antagonist, and Alcimus had to flee to Antiochus. And now a new Greek general was despatched by Demetrius to subdue the stubborn Jews. At the head of a large army Nicanor entered Palestine, but, warned of the dexterity of Judas, he tried to get possession of him by subtlety. Failing in this, and obliged to obey the orders of Demetrius, he attacked Judas at Capharsalama, not far from Modin, but was defeated with the loss of 5,000 men. Soon after another battle occurred at Adasa, a little village four miles north of Jerusalem and not far from Beth-horon, the scene of the first victory of Judas. It was the feast of Purim, which recalled the days of Esther, when Israel was threatened with death, and its religion seemed doomed as now. But again the genius of Judas triumphed over an immensely superior army. The first onslaught settled the day, and Nicanor, the Greek general, was numbered among the slain.

This was the last victory of Judas. It was clear to him now that the defeat of the Greeks by the Jews alone was an impossibility. Another large army would soon take the field again, and the Jews were becoming exhausted. To hold out successfully an ally must be secured, and this ally was soon found in the formidable power of Rome. The Romans were hostile to Demetrius and were glad of an eastern ally in their conflict with him. Such an alliance speaks very highly for the political sagacity of Judas. He was more than a successful soldier. He saw that times had entirely changed since the days of the Judges, and that without an alliance of some kind his countrymen would be annihilated. The Roman was an excellent ally, being renowned for his toleration of the religions of all subject nations. Nevertheless the result of this was the ultimate supremacy of Rome in Palestine, brought about by the dissensions of the

degenerate Jewish people. Judas could hardly foresee this. The alliance seemed to him productive of nothing but good, yet such was the turbulence of his successors and the degeneracy of the times that nothing but Roman supremacy was possible, and in shifting the sovereignty from the Greek to the Roman God preserved the faith of the Jew from extinction.

Judas did not live to see the treaty concluded. In 161 he had to take the field against a new Greek army under Bacchides, and this was to be his last campaign. He found it hard to collect a strong, reliable force. The spirit of the Jews had gone. Bacchides was too wary to be surprised. The decisive conflict took place near Eleasa, and north of Jerusalem. On the morning of the battle Judas found that out of 3,000 followers all but 800 had deserted. The rest tried to dissuade him from the attack, but it was too late, and his hopes were still strong. But, as if half-suspecting that the end was near, he said, "If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honor." He advanced against the right wing of the enemy, and with all his old-time impetuosity drove it back to the mountains; but his numbers were too few, and, as he pursued, the left wing of the Greek army closed in on them, and the little band, including Judas himself, was annihilated.

(To be continued.)

### ONE IDLER SPOILS THE MUSIC.

GOD wants every worker, however humble, however shrinking he may be, and however small his powers and abilities; and the silence and indolence of the least is a source of sorrow to the Saviour.

A few years ago, in preparation for a great oratorio, a very important rehearsal was in progress. There was a vast array of performers, and in front of the hundreds of musicians and singers stood the able conductor, Sir Michael Costa, wielding his baton. The mighty chorus filled the building, and the thunder of the organ and the rolling of the drums, the clear ringing tones of the cornets, the clash of the cymbals, and the beautiful notes of the stringed instruments combined to make splendid harmony.

"Stop!" All waited in wondering silence for Sir Michael's reason for his sudden command. "Where is the piccolo?" he asked. In that immense choir and powerful orchestra one instrumentalist had been silent, and in all the grand peals of music Sir Michael Costa missed that

tiny note, and to him the whole was imperfect.

The incident has a great lesson for us. In the mighty chorus of the service and adoration of God's people, the Lord Jesus will miss us if we are silent and idle. None of us are too young, too small, too ignorant for His service. Even the notes of the piccolo will be missed by Him.—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

### PROMPT PAYMENTS.

A POOR woman recently applied to a charity bureau for help. Inquiry brought out the fact that nine dollars was due her for laundry work from a lady who lived in apparent luxury. But a careless or thoughtless postponement was always made to the request for the money, and the poor woman could not get it, and illness had made it necessary for her to seek relief.

A capable colored girl who had long been employed by the day in many families for cleaning, washing, or to do almost any household work in an emergency, had the misfortune not long ago to lose her purse, containing a sum of money she needed for immediate use. She mentioned her loss to one of her employers, whose friendly interest had won her confidence.

"I have some money in the savings bank," said the girl, "and I could draw it out—but"—and she hesitated. Then, impulsively, she added, "It seems too bad to take it out of the bank, when I have so much owing to me, if I could only get it."

A few questions drew from her the fact that nearly fifty dollars was due her from various persons for whom she had worked, sums ranging from one dollar up to ten. In most cases she had asked for payment more than once, but it had been put off till a more convenient time, and then forgotten or neglected. And the girl was afraid to urge her claim, lest she give offence, and lose work thereby.

John Randolph once facetiously remarked that the philosopher's stone was found in four short words, "Pay as you go"; and no doubt one great secret of financial success is freedom from debt. But the neglect or dilatory payment of small bills to those who are dependent upon their daily earnings is a far more serious matter than a mere bad business habit. It is a grievous wrong. Yet how many women living in comfort, yes, in luxury, are sinfully careless about the small sums due the cleaner, the washer-woman, or the seamstress.

A dressmaker, whose daily stitching

supported herself and an invalid sister, once told the writer that it was with great difficulty she could get payment from many of her employers.

"They always tell me," she said, "that they will pay soon—will send the money or a cheque; but somehow they forget all about it, and I don't know what to do."

Such delinquencies are simply dishonest, and should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every woman careless in these things. Negligence becomes a crime when others are so wronged. Often great physical suffering is the direct result of such delayed payments; and, moreover, no one has the right to subject an employee to the mortification and pain of repeatedly asking for wages due them.—*Mary Titcomb, in Northern Messenger.*

### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"No, I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please," the Boston *Globe* says a lawyer told his client.

"Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be a little money in it; but it would come from the sale of a little house the man occupies and calls his home. But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No; I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I ask, whom did he address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"And he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit, in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw, through the crack of the door, a cosy sitting-room, and there on a bed, with her silvery head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for the world just like my mother did the last time I saw her on earth."

"Well, I was on the point of knocking again, when she said: 'Come, father, now

begin; I am ready.' Down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I could not have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and, no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they should not rebel against His will. Of course, it was going to be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and, oh, how different it all might have been if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole out from under the coverlid and moved softly over his snowy hair.

"Then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! At last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the good Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

Then the lawyer continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we are told to make known our desires to Him. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me most. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I am sure I don't know—but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily—"I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a

word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God almighty so intended. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the client, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer.

#### MISSION SCHOOLS IN JERUSALEM.

THESE schools for Jewish boys and girls deserve the support of all Christian people. There have been many blessed results. Before these schools were opened, the Jews in the whole of Palestine possessed none whatever that were calculated to give their children a good modern education. In their own schools for boys nothing was taught but Hebrew. Girls' schools they had none. Hence Jews were intensely ignorant. The mission schools were then opened. Jewish children were brought from every part of the country, even from abroad. There never was room enough for all the children brought many had, therefore, to be sent away again.

But, quite apart from the benefits the pupils have derived from the schools, there have been many indirect results. The Jews themselves were forced to open schools of their own—if for no other reason, to prevent parents from sending their children to the missionaries. Hence schools have sprung up in every part of the country, for girls as well as boys.

The instruction given in the mission schools is excellent. Hundreds of Jewish children have passed through these schools. A great many have grown up and have become Christians. Some are devoting themselves to missionary or educational work; some are nurses, others teachers; four of the "old boys" are clergymen of the Church of England. The writer of these lines is himself an old pupil, and feels that in commending these institutions to the sympathy of all benevolent Christians he is but paying a very small tribute of grateful recognition of the benefits he has received from the London Society.

I must tell the readers why I lay such great stress on girls' schools. In the East, and in countries where the Talmud is the guide of life, Jewesses are not considered the equals of men. They need not learn to read or write, or even to pray. Every man or boy constantly pronounces a benediction in which God is thanked that he is not a woman or an idiot. The presence of ten men is always required to form a congregation in a synagogue. If there were nine men and a hundred or a thousand women, the latter would count for nothing. They would have to wait till one man more made his appearance.—*Selected.*

#### REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

"Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing."

A PARTY of northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for several seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had

been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*London Freeman.*

"WHEN thou hast thanked thy God  
For every blessing sent,  
What time will then remain  
For murmurs or lament?"

—*Trench.*

#### LITTLE WAYS.

THE time-worn quotation from the Scottish bard, "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us!" must occur to some of us a great many times when we see small traits in those about us that act upon our moral nature very much as mosquito bites upon our physical bodies. A decided outburst of temper or the display of pride is often easier to bear than little irritating "ways" that in children would be reprov'd, but, because we are grown up children, can't be spoken of, and our families, patient or impatient as the case may be, have to stand the same thing day after day. Here is a fine chance to display simple, unadulterated good breeding, and it amounts to

Christian unselfishness. It takes that to put up with them, and mightn't we spare each other a good deal of wear and tear by being more considerate in small things? I know a girl who is well and strong, and quite able to rise when the bell rings half an hour before breakfast, and, although she knows it annoys her mother excessively to have the meals delayed and the servants kept from their other duties, she does not begin to dress until a few minutes before breakfast is served, and then appears in the dining-room when the other members of the family are leaving to begin the day's duties. How light an effort it would be for her to get up just a little earlier, and a small daily trial would be taken out of the mother's life. It is not that the girl is ill-tempered or selfish in most things; it is just a little "way" she has. A bright, attractive boy I see very often, has a habit of slamming doors in the most good-natured, cheerful manner, which, nevertheless, does not prevent his nervous old aunt from starting in her chair and feeling flurried for fully five minutes afterward. Another boy does everything in the morning but get ready for school; then at the last moment his mother and sisters fly about, getting his lunch and helping him hunt his book-strap or his report, or his baseball glove that he *must* have, and he gets off by their combined efforts generally in time, but often just late enough to prevent his report being a first grade. If he would begin fifteen minutes earlier all the annoyance would be saved. Let us hope they will get over it, for habits fasten like leeches, and it is harder every year to break them. How disgusting it is to see a gray-haired woman biting her finger-nails! She began the habit when she was a school girl and never broke it, and now she does it quite unconsciously and almost all the time. A most considerate and devoted father I have been associated with would reproach himself bitterly if he spoke unkindly to his children, and yet as they grow up they are mortified daily by his careless table manners. It is a habit he has fallen into, and he does not realize for one moment how it appears to other people. Life cannot be easy altogether, but each one of us can make those about us happier by trying to be unselfish in little things.—*J. T., in S. Churchman.*

It was the benevolent face of John Wesley which inspired; the zeal of John Howard. Henry Martyn was drawn to India by the memory of David Schwartz, Heber by the thought of Martyn.

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Dec. 1.	I. Sam. xvi. 1-13.	Acts ii. 37 to end.
" 8.	I. Sam. xvii. 38-51.	Matt. xiii. 24-31; 36-44.
" 15.	I. Sam. xx. 32-42.	Luke i. 5-18, 67-68.
" 22.	Luke ii. 8-20.	Luke ii. 7-21.
" 29.	John i. 1-14.	John xv. 1-11.

#### LITTLE SUNBEAM.

LITTLE sunbeam woke one morn,  
Peeped from out the sky—  
Whispered, "There are hearts forlorn,  
Earthward I must fly.  
Hopeless eyes that sorrow know  
Gladden where I shine;  
Heavy-burdened hearts below  
Need this light of mine."

Little sunbeam tarried not,  
Golden-winged it flew;  
Not one kindness it forgot  
On its mission true.  
Brook and valley smiled to see,  
Blade and leaf rejoiced,  
And the birds, in melody,  
All their gladness voiced.

Little sunbeam softly crept  
Into homes of bloom;  
Kissed the weary eyes that wept,  
Made the dark to bloom  
Woke the hearts to grateful prayer,  
Drove the frown from sight;  
Carried gladness everywhere  
With its precious light.

Little sunbeam could not stay—  
Sought its home afar,  
While, with faint and pearly ray,  
Came the twilight star.  
Something whispered in my heart,  
'Mid the dusk and dew,  
'"Have you done your daily part,  
Like a sunbeam true?"

—*George Cooper, in Sunday-School Times.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### Harry's and Mabel's Christmas.

HARRY and Mabel had been preparing for Christmas for more than a month, and there was a great deal of whispering in corners. Their mother was taken into the secret of a wonderful penwiper that was being made for their father's writing table, and into the same sympathetic ears was poured the secret of each child about all that was being done to surprise and please the other on Christmas Day.

One morning the children were in deep talk in the play-room. They had been in a shop the day before, and had seen so many things to buy that the little money which they had seemed but a tiny, tiny drop in the great ocean of their desires.

"We can't get half the things we wish to," said Mabel, with some impatience.

"Oh, never mind," said cheerful Harry, "let's do the best we can. You can do a lot if you only think and try."

That was a wise sentence for so small a boy, certainly. They thought and tried. Mabel, proud of the new power of writing, made a laborious list of needs and resources. It was long, for no one in the house was forgotten. Even pussy was to have a new ribbon and bell, which were to be tied around her neck with great ceremony at the breakfast table on Christmas morning. When the list was finished, it seemed very small on paper, although it was really a long one. Harry looked at it, and then he was seized with a new ambition.

"Oh, I say, Mabel, lets give just as many presents at Christmas as we can. We haven't very much money, but let's give our *things*."

Up in the cupboard of the play-room was stored away a great quantity of "things." Uncles and aunts, grandmothers and grandfathers had heaped gifts upon the children, and their mother had often said that they had enough to start a toy-shop. She had hinted, too, that there were many children who had few or no toys, and who would be gladdened by them. The idea had been left to work in the children's minds, and it was a memory of it now that made Harry propose to give away their "things." Mabel seized the idea eagerly. They ran to the cupboard, and the next hour was a busy and a dusty one. When it was gone, there was scarcely a clear spot on the play-room floor, and when their mother came in to see that the quiet of the room—for they were too busy to talk much—did not mean mischief, she thought her worst misgivings were realized, for the room looked like chaos.

"Oh, naughty! naughty!" she began to say, but the children were eager with explanations, and she smilingly approved of a plan that she valued the more because it came from themselves.

It was a long list of "things" that Mabel now made, and then the question had to be discussed, "Who was to receive the presents?"

There was one kind aunt whose days—and many nights too for that matter—were given to good works. She knew every poor family in the parish. That evening she happened to come to tea, and the first thing to be talked of was the children's list. Of course she knew more than enough children to get the presents. Names were put down opposite each of the

articles on Mabel's list, and the only thing remaining to do was to see that the presents were given in due time.

"Of course, we'll have the children come for them," said Mabel one day.

"But, Mabel! Santa Claus goes to people, and we're trying to be like Santa Claus," said Harry.

Santa Claus' custom could not be disputed. The plan had been to have a message sent to the poor children to call on Christmas morning, but Harry's difficulty was now a serious one. There was much discussion of the point, many new ideas were proposed, and, as is usual with new ideas, most of them proved to be unworkable. Finally, Harry said, "Doesn't Santa Claus drive reindeer?"

Yes, that could not be doubted.

"And haven't reindeer horns?" he added, and then triumphantly, "I don't see why we cannot harness our two goats to a sleigh, and drive around to the houses, and pretend to be just like Santa Claus. They've got horns, and I'm sure I couldn't tell them from reindeer."

Harry's knowledge of natural history was not great, but his idea was certainly worth thinking of. The two goats had been trained to draw the children about in a little cart. But it was a very tiny cart, and the great heap of toys would not go into a small vehicle. If only they could be sure of good sleighing at Christmas the goats would be able to draw quite a large sleigh over the snow, and the young imitators of Santa Claus would have no difficulty in visiting all the houses on their list.

Christmas drew near, and not a flake of snow fell. Day by day, anxious eyes looked out for the hoped-for snowstorm that did not come. It was only two days before Christmas, and the very next day, if there was no snow, the message must be sent to the children who were to get the presents, to call for them, and Mabel and Harry were feeling that they would miss half their Christmas fun. But while they slept, the snow came. In the morning, the first thing that Mabel noticed was the white roofs of the houses. She gave a great shout that aroused Harry, and must have disturbed others in the house, for it was still early. His room was across the hall.

"Look out of the window!" Mabel cried. Harry looked, and then it was his turn to shout. Little people are privileged in the holiday season.

Final plans were soon made. Harry, a big boy of seven, was to dress up as a dwarf

up until nine o'clock on Christmas eve, and the work of distributing the presents was to be done between seven and nine, when the children whose houses they were to visit would either be in bed or going to bed. There was little to fear from their driving alone so early in the evening, but as a precaution, though the children did not know it, the little sleigh was to be followed by some one who should be on hand in case of accidents.

Harry made a fine Santa Claus. His beard was of white wool, and his stoutness was caused by a sofa pillow. A red tuque, stuffed so as to stand upright on his head, made him look taller, as indeed was necessary, if his corpulence was not to make him seem breadth without length. The most difficult thing to arrange was the hump on the back. That was held to be indispensable to a real dwarf, but no sooner was Harry's hump arranged than he would forget about it, lean his back against a chair, and reduce the hump to a shapeless mass. At last it was decreed most positively that Master Harry was to sit bolt upright in the sleigh and lean back against nothing, on pain of being found out as a fraudulent dwarf.

Christmas eve was cold and clear. An abundance of sleigh bells had been found, and promptly at seven o'clock Mabel cracked the whip over the goats' heads; Santa Claus sat by her side, stiff and erect, and the little sleigh was crammed in every part with neatly-labelled parcels. The children had been over the route in the afternoon, and knew exactly where to go. As they drove along the street many turned to look at the strange team and the stranger figure on the seat. But odd things are done on Christmas eve, and every one was too busy with his own plans to turn out of his way to follow the children.

The sleigh stopped at the first house on the list. It was a poor little street, and no one was visible as Harry climbed down rather nervously with a big parcel in his hand. He knocked at the door. There was no answer. He knocked again and louder. "Come in!" some one seemed to call, but he was not sure. Once more he knocked, and this time he was quite sure, though the voice was still low. He opened the door softly and timidly. The room was in partial darkness, for the lamp was shaded. In the corner Harry saw some one sitting rocking a cradle and looking up at him enquiringly, afraid to speak for fear of waking the baby. Harry had been told that he must not say a word—for Santa Claus performs many things, but

does not talk about them. He bowed low, laid the parcel on the floor, turned quickly from the door, and, almost before the startled mother knew what had been done, Mabel had cracked her whip, and the goats were away as fast as their little legs would carry them. Inside the house the danger of baby's awaking was forgotten for the moment. There could be no mistake about the parcel, for the name was written upon it in big letters, and when it was opened there were Christmas presents for each child, and the mysterious visitor had managed somehow to get the names correctly. There was joy in the mother's heart, and for many a long day the tiny, bowing dwarf Santa Claus was a pleasant memory in that poor household.

The merry little goat sleigh hurried on from house to house. At the third or fourth house Harry was nearly caught. The door he knocked at was opened suddenly, and there stood before him four or five children, all amazed at the sudden apparition. He dropped his parcel and ran and the children after him. He jumped into the sleigh and the goats started, but the eager pursuers would soon have caught them had not a stern voice called them back out of the coil, which by this time was piercing. The hump on Harry's back was sadly deranged in the excitement of this pursuit. At most of the other houses the door was opened, and Harry had bowed, dropped his parcel, and was off before the astonished householder had quite taken in the situation. The children enjoyed the fun hugely and were surprised and sorry when the last parcel was delivered. But it was getting late. Already the clock had struck nine. The goats travelled homeward as fast as they could, not sorry, perhaps, at the prospect of going soon to bed. Even Harry's eyelids were drooping as his mother welcomed him back and he told of their wonderful adventures, and by ten o'clock he and Mabel were snugly in bed. He was too sleepy to say more than "It was just lovely," as his mother bent over him to say good night. And the best of it was that on Christmas morning there were joy and delight in a dozen other homes because of that night's adventures. Harry was only a little boy and could not think things out, but if he could he would have known that the deepest of human joys is the joy of giving pleasure to others. The children's delight next day in their own Christmas gifts was very great, but even in their young minds the truth was beginning to grow strong that "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and Harry

and Mabel, once having had a taste of that best kind of Christmas delights, will, we may be sure, never be quite satisfied if each succeeding Christmas is not even better than the last in this respect. "You can do a lot," as brave little Harry said, "if you only think and try."

#### HOLD ON BOYS!

Hold on to your *tongue*, when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your *hand*, when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your *foot*, when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your *temper*, when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your *heart*, when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.

Hold on to your *good name*, at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to *truth*, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to *virtue*, it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your *good character*, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.—*Standard.*

"There are three kinds of people in the world, the *wills*, the *won'ts* and the *can'ts*. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything."

#### "NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O father, need I go to school?" said Johnnie, one morning, as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I had rather cut wood with you in the bush, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we feel that big tree yesterday?" asked his father.

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so," said his father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader; a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good in figures; a thought at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said Johnnie. And before six years from that time he stood first in the highest class in school.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

JESUS is the "Prince of Peace." He came to bring peace. He died to make peace. He rose in triumph, having obtained peace. He lives to give peace. Believing in Him, we have peace with God. Casting our care upon Him, we have the peace of God. He alone is our peace.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

"Education does not consist in mastering languages, but is found in that moral training which extends beyond the schoolroom to the playground and the street, and which teaches that a meaner thing can be done than to fail in recitation."

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Many stockings will be hung up one evening this month, and many eager little ones will be up early next morning to see what is in them. Let us see to it that the stockings of the poor and needy are not empty, for He whose birthday we keep was once poor. For our sakes He became poor that we, through His poverty, might be made rich.

Those interested in missionary work (and who should not be when the King commands it), will be glad to hear that the Rev. I. O. Stringer, missionary to the Esquimaux on the Arctic coast, will (D.V.) preach morning and evening in St. Paul's Church on December 15th, and in the afternoon at St. John's, Cambray. On Monday evening, 15th inst., there will be an interesting illustrated missionary address in St. Paul's school room. On Tuesday evening, 17th inst., Mr. Stringer will be in Omamee. Come and hear what God is doing out in the forefront—in the difficult posts of the battlefield. Mr. Stringer expects to return to the far north in June.

With this number we finish the fifth year of our parish paper. We began with an issue of 100 copies per month, and now have 500 (although rather more than 100 of them are not

sent to regular subscribers). We know it has been a means of good, and has brought words of comfort and cheer to many, as well as keeping our Church people posted as to the work and needs of our parish, and scattering good reading. We thank God for the measure of success and blessing He has granted to it, and trust that it may long continue to be a means (however humble) in the extension of His kingdom.

A very interesting social evening was held on Monday, December 2nd, in the school room, to say good-bye to Mr. Petter, who is shortly to leave for Calgary. There was quite a large company present. The room was tastefully arranged—somewhat as a drawing-room. A pleasing programme was given, Mr. Leigh Knight doing the honors of chairman. After refreshments and some time spent in social intercourse, Mr. Petter gave a short but most appropriate parting address. A dressing case and one of Meyer's books were presented to him by Mrs. Soanes on behalf of the Gleaners' Union and friends, as a remembrance of Lindsay and his work here; and, after singing "God be with you till we meet again," the meeting broke up, a number lingering to shake hands and say good-bye.

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