



☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and forever.—Heb. 13 : 8

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 95.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. R. McNAMARA, Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The subscription price of the "Chinese Times," published at Tien Tsing, China, is said to be \$40 a year, and yet some people in Canada forget to pay 40 cents a year for Parish and Home.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

EDWARDS—Naomi, daughter of James G. and Winnifred Edwards, born 7th August, 1899, baptized 9th August, 1899.

CHURCH NOTES.

We are glad to welcome Miss Lyste to Lindsay and St. Paul's church.

Very interesting letters were received from Mr. Stanley Soanes, bearing on life and mission work in the McKenzie River diocese

We are glad to welcome Mr. Griffen, from Bethany, Miss McQuade, and a number of Collegiate Institute pupils to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Alumni Association, of Wycliffe College, is arranged to be held in Toronto from October 3rd to 6th. The "Quiet Day" will be conducted by Rev. G. Osborne Troop, M.A., rector of St. Martin's church, Montreal, on Tuesday, 6th, and in the evening of that day will be the annual opening of the college. Among the subjects for discussion we notice "The Church and Social Problems," led by Rev. F. B. Hodgins, B.A., and Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, B.D., "The Church and Popular Amusements," "Christian Science," led by two former residents of Lindsay, Revs. N. I. Perry, M.A., and Carl Smith, B.A. An interesting paper will be read on "The Crisis in England; what it means," by Rev. W. J. Armitage, of Halifax, with discussion led by Rev. H. J. Cody, M.A. Other subjects are "The Life of Power," "Baptism," "Preaching; how shall we improve our power in the delivery," etc. An interesting feature is a reception to laymen, on Wednesday evening, with addresses from Stapleton Caldecott, Esq., Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., and others. The afternoon and evening meetings (in fact all but the business meetings in the morning) are open to laymen and friends of the work.

The grants made by the S.P.G. for Mission work in Canadian dioceses for 1900 amount to 8157 pounds.

We are sorry to learn that the Rev. W. Hunter is leaving Sunderland, but we hope that he may be much used in the eastern parish to which he goes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has in his keeping the book in which the signatures of all royal brides and bridegrooms married in England are written.

During the year ending March 31st, 1899, the Church Missionary Society received 129 legacies, aggregating over \$166,000, the smallest being about \$7 and the largest \$19,440. Might not many more of us in Canada remember God's work when making our wills, and leave something for the extension of his kingdom.

A meeting of the clergy of the rural deanery of Durham and Victoria is to be held at Millbrook, (D.V.) on September 21st and 22nd, at which a rural Dean will be elected and missionary meetings and exchanges arranged for. The Rev. R. Seaborne, the new rector of Bowmanville, will preach at the service at St. Thomas church on the evening of the 21st.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Church Missionary Association of the C.M.S., is (D.V.) to be held at Wycliffe College, Toronto, on Thursday, October 6th, at 8 p.m., and the annual meeting of the Gleaners Union on October 7th. These meetings are very inspiring and we would advise anyone who can, to attend. The evangelization of the world is committed to the Church. Let us learn what is being done and help to do our part.

The Orillia Picket said "The Lord's Day is one of the bulwarks of our civilization and the saving salt that arrests the materialism and secularism which threatens to enervate our people and deprave our institutions." Let us see to it that we hold fast to the rich heritage we have in one day in seven for rest and worship.

Mr. Franklin Fyles, the dramatic editor of the New York Sun says "there are five thousand theaters in America and that one million and a half people attend them each week-day night, spending seventy millions of dollars a year on theatre going." Well may one ask, is it money well spent? Think how many poor it would feed, how many needy clothe or give employment to, or it would support an army of seventy thousand missionaries doing battle for our King.

Mr. Frederick Wahl, who visited Lindsay in August in the interests of the "Evangelical Churchman" and "Gleaner," was drowned in Grass Lake, near Orillia, on Sept. 3rd. He was a student of Wycliffe College, and has been a contributor to Parish and Home, having written more than once for its pages. His sad death so far from relatives, his father being a member of the Archbishop of Canterbury's historian mission, and probably in England at the present, reminds one of the uncertainties of life, and the exhortation "Be ye always ready."

Miss Anna B. Marsh, who has been with her brother at St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, McKenzie River Diocese, for the last four years has returned from the far north, being accompanied by Mrs. C. Jewett. They reached Edmonton about the 25th of August, having left Hay River early in July. Gold has been discovered near Great Slave Lake, and many will no doubt soon be seeking for the precious metal. More missionaries and teachers are needed in that diocese to publish the word of which the Psalmist says "It is more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold."

Harvest Thanksgiving services will (D.V.) be held in St. Pauls on Sunday, Oct. 1st. We have much to be thankful for.

On Sunday, August 27th, in the absence of the rector, the Rev. W. J. Creighton, of Bobcaygeon, officiated very acceptably in St. Paul's church.

The Rev. Mr. Farncomb preached in St. Paul's Church on Sunday, Sept. 3rd, morning and evening, and preached two interesting and helpful sermons.

Mr. W. H. Vance took the duty at Cannington on Sept. 3rd, while Mr. J. H. Knight took the services at Fenelon Falls and St. Peter's, Verulam. It is good to have laymen willing to help in God's work in this way.

The Canadian Church Missionary Association has asked all friends of the work to unite in making one Sunday in the year a C.C.M.A. Sunday, and the third Sunday in September has been chosen. As this society has missionaries in Japan, China, Palestine, South America and the North West, sent from our own Canadian Church, it should receive hearty and general support. We trust that Sunday, September 17th, will be widely observed with prayer and offerings.

The Rev. Canon Osler, of St. John's church, York Mills, has lately been the recipient of numerous congratulations on his 85th birthday. He is the oldest active clergyman in the diocese, having been nearly sixty years ordained and having held his present charge for more than a quarter of a century. He still conducts the services and preaches each Sunday and looks after the pastoral needs of his flock. We join with many in wishing him grace and strength to still witness for the Master.

During his absence the rector not only had the privilege of visiting his old home at Clarksburg (where a new church is being built) and preaching a couple of times there, but he also spent a Sunday at Mulmur, a former parish in which he worked and where he received many kind welcomes. The Rev. F. J. Lynch, formerly of Sunderland and so well known in Lindsay, is in charge, and God seems to be richly blessing his work there. The following account of the reopening services is taken from the Evangelical Churchman: "Harvest Thank-giving services were held in St. Luke's Church on Sunday, August 20th, on which day it was re-opened, after having been thoroughly and beautifully re-painted. A few tames generously replaced the old windows in the body of the church by memorial ones of cathedral glass, which greatly heightened the effect of the painter's work. The church was filled at the morning service and the congregation rejoiced to see in the pulpit the Rev. C. H. Marsh, of Lindsay, who, sixteen years ago, was incumbent of this parish and is still held in high esteem by his former parishioners. He preached a thoughtful and pointed sermon from the text, "From the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven," after which he had the joy of meeting fifty five of the worshippers at the Lord's Table. The children's service at 3 p. m. was also well attended. After an address by the Rev. J. J. Lynch, the present incumbent, Mr. Marsh spoke briefly, but aptly. In the evening hundreds were unable to find room in the church, so the service was held in the church yard. The large and scattered congregation joined heartily in the service and listened attentively to Mr. Marsh while he preached with great power from: Acts viii. 20. The thank offerings, including the new windows, which cost \$35, amounted to about \$90.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 10

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 3—14th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings ix.; 1 Cor. xii., 28, and xii. *Evening*—2 Kings x. to 32, or xiii.; Mark vi. 14 to 30.
 10—15th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings xviii.; 2 Cor. i. 23, ii. 14. *Evening*—2 Kings xix., or xxiii. to 31; Mark x. to 32.
 17—16th Sunday after Trinity *Morning*—2 Chron. xxxv.; 2 Cor. ix. *Evening*—Neh. i. and ii. to 9, or Neh. viii.; Mark xiv. to 27.
 21—St. Mat., A., E and P.—*Morning*—1 Kings xix. 15; 2 Cor. xii. 14, and xiii. *Evening*—1 Chron. xxix. to 20; Mark xv. 42, and xvi.
 21—17th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jeremiah v.; Galatians iii. *Evening*—Jer. xxii. or xxxv.; Luke i. 57.
 29—St. Michael and All Angels. *Morning*—Gen. xxiii; Acts xiii. 5 to 18. *Evening*—Dan. x 4; Rev. xiv., 14.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
 For those who have missed their way?
 Have ye been in the wild, waste places,
 Where the lost and the wandering stray?
 Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
 The foul and darksome street?
 It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
 The print of Christ's wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to the bosom
 The trembling, neglected lamb,
 And taught to the little lost one
 The sound of the Shepherd's name?
 Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
 With no clothing, no home, no bread?
 The Son of Man was among them,
 Who had nowhere to lay His head!

Have ye carried the living water
 To the parched and thirsty soul?
 Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
 Have ye told my fainting children
 Of the strength of the Father's hand?
 Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
 To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
 To smooth the pillow of death,
 To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
 And strengthen the feeble faith?
 And have ye felt, when the glory
 Has streamed through the open door,
 And flitted across the shadows,
 That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted,
 In their agony of woe?
 Ye might hear me whisper beside you,
 'Tis a pathway I often go.
 My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
 Can ye dare to follow me?
 Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
 There shall the servant be.

—Selected.

WHEN a ship leaves a shore it has a harbour in the distance for its goal; and so every life should have its purpose.

One sees so many in these days who seem like barques drifting listlessly on a wide expanse of water, going they know not where nor whither.

If there is anything that should characterize a strong man it is a definite purpose in life. God places us here for some noble and useful work, and everyone should find out what that work is and strive to do it. Lately the writer has met a good many young men, and one thing has struck him very forcibly with regard to the majority of them, their apparent lack of any real purpose in life. They may do their allotted tasks fairly well, being fairly faithful in their everyday duties, but their desires seem to rise but little above "having a good time."

Now such men are not likely to make their mark in the world's history, nor do much for the community in which they live, much less be a strength and blessing to their country or the Church of the living God. Without desiring to preach, one would like to write something that would stir the hearts of our young people, would rouse them from an indolent lethargy, or self-seeking pleasure, to the high purposes that lie before them.

We cannot all be a Shaftesbury or a Gordon, or a Hannington; but we can all *aim high*, and by the grace of God fill the position that He has placed us in so faithfully, so unselfishly and so well, that other lives will be encouraged, cheered and helped, and our Father glorified.

We know of no purpose or aim in life higher or better, yea, none to be compared with that of the most unselfish and heroic of men, even He who called Himself "the Son of Man," and who said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me," and who near the end of His earthly journey could look up into the face of His Father

and say, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

Let our aim be then to do the King's business, the work He hath appointed for us, and whether it seem humble or lofty, low or high, small or great, it is a glorious work, and it faithfully done will receive the King's benediction, "Well done, good and faithful one."

* * * *

BEFORE building it is necessary to clear away the rubbish so that the foundation may be firm and solid. But if the rubbish is cleared away and nothing more done it will not be long before it accumulates again, and in any case it is so much ground wasted. So it is in building character. If one seeks only to clear away the rubbish out of his life, he will at the end have only an empty, unsatisfactory character as the result. But if he not only seeks to remove wickedness, but also cultivates righteousness, at the end he will have a character free from blemishes and full of strong, useful qualities. If a man's religious life consists only in giving up he will be simply a cipher, neither good nor bad, whereas he is required to be good and not bad. One must be constructive as well as destructive in all permanent building.

And now observe him, he is a great stickler for legal performance; now he will be a good neighbour, he will pay every man his own, he will leave off swearing, the alehouse, his sports, and carnal delights; he will read, pray, talk of Scripture, and be a very busy one in religion, such as it is; now he will please God, and make Him amends for all the wrong he hath done Him, and will feed Him with chapters, and prayers, and promises, and vows, and a great many more dainty dishes as these, persuading himself that now he must needs be fair for heaven, and

thinks besides that he serveth God as well as any man in England can. But all this while he is as ignorant of Christ as the stool he sits on, and no nearer heaven than was the blind Phari see; only he has got in a cleaner way to hell than the rest of his neighbours are in.—*Bunyan.*

COMING.

To have come in the past is not enough, it must be, to whom coming! The attitude must not be like a statue, firmly fixed, but rather a living, growing, enlarging habitude. The great law of heaven's life is constancy, but it is uneven and fitful in many a heart. Some run to the Refuge in great trials, but keep away and try to work in their own strength in little ones. It is painful to see the extent of this habit, and some times sacred songs encourage this.

"Nearer my God to thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That leadeth me."

If these words mean anything, they mean that crises are not many in human life, but when Jacob is leaving home, never to see his mother again, and is going into the unknown, then the words chime in "E'en tho' it be a cross." This is wrong. The trials of the Christian are not exceptional and rare, but daily and constant. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." Luke 9:23.

The life of God in the soul of man is ever flowing, and flows through a retarding medium, and meets obstructions every day. These are not observed and provided for, hence our many failures. Here are two Christians living in the same street. In the one house the servant girl breaks a dish belonging to a valuable set of china and there is a scene:

Her foot it tripped on a lid,
The dish it was broken,
And some words they were spoken;
I'm sorry she did, but she did,

and she was sorry afterwards too and humbled that she had not had a better hold on her tongue and temper.

"Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue."

In the neat house is another Christian woman, and she mourns the loss of an only child. Humbled, crushed and bleeding, she brings her poor heart to the feet of the Master, that he may bind up and heal. Here is a great lesson. We go to God in great troubles, because we have no strength of our own, in small worries we keep to ourselves, and act as though we had strength to bear them ourselves. No wonder we slide and fall and spoil our beauty.

Food eaten in the past will not strengthen to day, new mercies call for new songs, new duties call forth new energies, and the soul that is well established in this blessed habitude of "coming" is sure of victory. A mere habit may be as firm as a stone and as cold, but our coming is to a living stone disallowed indeed of men but chosen of God and precious.

We are living stones in a living temple, slowly the building rises, in grandeur, beauty and grace, and he that believeth on Jesus shall not be confounded.

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

JESUS ONLY.

Matt. 17:8.

I. Jesus only can occupy the soul; He only has the right and power to hold, and fill, and cover; He alone has the title to employ and permanently to possess.

The devil is in the heart of the wicked, but he is not there by right, he is there by force without right. He is there by violent seizure, his practice is to snatch away.

II. Jesus only can qualify the soul. To fit it for active service, prepare it by requisite training, and special knowledge. He makes fit for higher conditions, raises by culture the higher faculties. He only can procure the legal title, for heaven is a public

state, not a cluster of private interests.

He alone can bring into harmony the adverse tendencies of man, He only can abate, diminish and regulate.

III. Jesus only can sanctify the soul. Start it, sustain it in its upward path. Make it holy and precious; array it in dignity and purity, and might. "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself."

He alone can render them useful, and defend them from violation. He hides them as in a sanctuary.

IV. Jesus only can satisfy the soul. Where can you find the worldly man who says "It is enough." Satisfaction is not in fame, a fortune, or friendship.

"What is friendship but a name?
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A sound that waits on wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

Jesus fills the capacity and then enlarges it. He alone can gratify fully the desires, He alone is competent to comply with rightful demands. The soul is His workmanship, He must honour His own work, and put on the crown of beauty. He must clear away the doubt and uncertainty, and give full assurance. "Fear hath torment, perfect love casteth out fear."

V. Jesus only can glorify the soul. It is His prerogative to procure honour and praise. To lift up and enable man to ascribe glory to God. It is His alone to justify the ways of God in all the history of Providence. To strike dumb every assailant, to touch with beauty the lips of all who shall declare that what He did in the days of time was RIGHT. The flood gates of everlasting blessedness are opened by the strong hand of Christ!

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

THE LIFE THAT IS NOBLE.

TRUE HEROISM.

By Rev. DYSON HAGUE, M.A., Toronto.

The soul that lives to itself is dying while it lives; the selfish life is an unworthy life; God



Chums "—Shingwaik Home.

made man in His own image; He gave him eyes to see, feet to walk, and ears to hear, and a mind to think. The selfish man and the selfish woman of this world are like the gods of silver and of stone and of wood—they have eyes, but they see not the sorrows of others; they have ears, but they hear not the wail of this world's misery; they have hands, but they help not others who are down; they have feet, but they walk not to relieve and to uplift and to bless.

The selfish life is an unhappy life, for the life that lives for the counterfeit and the false is full of disappointments, full of vexations and tantalizing miseries.

There is no retribution so awful as the retribution of selfishness; selfishness is its own Nemesis; the selfish life brings its own disappointments, it brings the indescribable castigation of self-abasement, the scorn of one's own self; and there is no scorn like that—the whip that has the lash that stings by the remorse of "what might have been," the awful consciousness of the widening gulf, of the daily widening chasm between the life and what is good and what is true and holy. "What might have been," the life vanishing irrecoverably into a past that has gone forever.

SIN OF SELFISHNESS.

Ah, the selfish life is an unhappy life and a harmful life, for no man or woman lives to themselves. Our lives touch other lives; if we are living strong lives we are making others strong. The man who says "No" to temptation does not say no to himself; he toughens the moral fibre of other men and makes them say no; the man or woman who says "yes" to temptation, by the insensible force of example, makes others say yes to temptation, and weakens the force of other lives.

A selfish life, though it is negative, is harmful, and not only so, but it goes further. So unconscionably inconsiderate is the selfish life, unfeelingly indifferent to the rights and cares of others,

that it actually works mischief in other lives for its own Satanic purposes.

There was a city man once who got into the drink habit. He tried to overcome it, and struggled hard, poor heart. The firm was indulgent. At last, however, the firm warned him for the last time. He prayed, as a dying man only can pray, and by the help of God he rose and he said, "I never will, God helping me, touch that thing again." Do you know that certain men in that firm, when that man went back, bound themselves by a great conspiracy, an oath, a bet, that they would make that man false; and he fell, and great was the crash of his life amidst the crash of a broken-hearted wife and the lives of his broken-hearted children. I think, unless those men repent, it will be more tolerable for that man that was sinned against in the day of judgment than for those men who sinned against him, and tried to make him twofold more a child of hell than themselves.

TEMPTATION OF OTHERS.

It is an awful thing to tempt other men and other women to sin in the undisguised wickedness of indifferent selfishness. Christ died for us, my friends, that we should not live for ourselves, but for Him.

This is the life that ennobles, the life that makes us look out and around with large, unselfish eyes, that makes us consider all the wrong things that are done under the sun, and to behold all the tears of the oppressed and the tears that fall upon their cheeks because you and I don't comfort them, and, instead of praising the dead that are dead and thinking that they are better than those that are yet alive, to go forth and to resolve that by God's help we will make our life a contribution to the sanctifying and ennobling elements of life. Canon Wilberforce says the three great evils of our day are intemperance, infidelity and impurity. Add another—indifference to God and man—and I think you have the four.

I challenge you to go forth and do what you can in the might of your personality to advance God's kingdom in this world. You cannot be neutral; you cannot stand by; you must take your side and either help or hinder, either discourage and dismay or uplift and save. Therefore, resolve, God helping me, that I will scatter rays of light; I will disseminate seeds of kindness; fling out the perfume of sweetness, of kindness, of gentleness; I will encourage, I will help men on; I will lift men up, I will cast no one down. I will contribute reality and sincerity to this formal and artificial life of ours; I will be an impulse of life; if I can't save I will cheer on the man who has suffered.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

In a great fire a child was seen in an upper window; the fireman tried to save her, but was driven back by the terrific heat; when suddenly some one in the crowd cried out, "Let us give him a cheer," and up went the cheer, and up went the man on the wings of the cheer.

You and I can be a strength in life to those who are trying to battle with its forces. You may not be rich, or great, or learned, but you carry countless treasures, countless abilities in your life, however little it may seem, and when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, steals on the ear the triumph song, and hearts are brave again and arms are strong, because you have loved them. Christ died that you should live for Him; therefore desire with a calm, deep, intelligent resolve to make your life a contribution to the strengthening elements of life that surround you; estimate your life in the light of eternity; regard every opportunity as a privilege and every privilege as an obligation, and your life in its totality as the greatest privilege, the greatest opportunity, the greatest obligation. You may disregard obligation, you may make your youth a blunder, your manhood a failure and your old age a regret; but there is the obligation all the same.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF LIFE.

Have an elevated conception, you business men, of your business life. Regard it as an opportunity for the salvation of your fellow-men and for the uplifting of your own life; utilize its opportunities to help others; regard it as a channel for the development of those high characteristics of uprightness and sincerity and self-control, regard it as a means whereby you can glorify God; sanctify its secularity, utilize its daily opportunity, so that you can go home at night and say, "One more day's work for Christ"—when you have been driving the pen or smoothing the plane.

Impress upon the lives of the growing generation—we parents upon our children—this idea that their lives are not to be lived for themselves, nor is their education merely the opportunity for cultivating those advantages which shall enable them to join in society and to get into advantageous positions, but that they are to regard their lives as a contribution to the affairs of life in the community and in the world, and they are to use their gifts and graces and powers for the blessing of others that humanity and Christianity may stand forever in our land. As for the lonely and the needy, and the homeless and the poor, let us oft think of them, and, oh! you who have money, seriously consider your

OBLIGATIONS TO THE POOR.

Ruskin said, "I don't wonder at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what men lose." Oh, the joy, the vivid joy, of living for One who is the mightiest of the holy and the holiest of the mighty; who is the kingliest of men and the manliest of kings, who is the highest and holiest manhood, who is God of gods, King of kings and Lord of lords, and who gave His glorious life that you and I might be able to endeavor to do what He did and lay our lives down as an oblation on the altar of human necessity and better the world in which we live.

Let me repeat slowly as I close that Christ died for all, Christ died for you, Christ died for you

that you should not live for yourself, Christ died for you that you should live for others. Will you respond to your highest instinct this day you who read and say, "By God's help I will, I will"?

WAITING.

A waiting world! While centuries past have sped,
Hopes have been raised and vanished with the dead.

Hearts have been wrung with anguish in the gloom,—
Not theirs to have the hope beyond the tomb!

Childhood's bright smiles have ceased—to mother's heart
No bright hereafter whispers, "Ne'er to part!"

Soul knit to soul in manhood's strongest love—
One goes—one grieves, with none to point above.

Life's light grows dim; when fades its final spark
One step remains, one leap into the dark.
The world has waited long to see her great Redeemer's face!

The few may wait—the world, alas!
Knows not redeeming grace.

A waiting Church! Throughout these ages run,
Her praise has risen for God's eternal Son.
"He hath redeemed us by His blood out-poured;

"Fore men and angels be His Name adored!"

Her prayers have risen, mingling with the song,
"Come to thine own! How long, O Lord, how long!"

Devout, her sons full seven times a day,
Humbly before her altars kneel and pray.
Each soul has sought and sought with trembling haste

The well-springs of eternal life to taste.
The Church has waited long, once more her absent Lord to see,
Who from the dark, from grief, despair,
Sets all His chosen free.

A waiting Lord! He died, but ever lives!

Through death, to men eternal life He gives.

"Go ye," He said, "and tell to all the way
That leads from darkest night to brightest day.

My presence with you and My power to bless
Shall change vile dust to sons of Righteousness.

Lo, I return—My Name to all declared,
Thro' you, My people, hath My way prepared."

A waiting world!—Of Him she has not heard.

A waiting Church!—She hath not borne the Word.

The waiting Lord, to take His waiting Church will quick appear,
When thro' that waiting Church the waiting world His grace shall hear.

Fergus, Ont. R. A. ROBINSON.

"GUARD YOUR SUNDAYS."

BISHOP WESTCOTT'S COUNSEL AND "SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS."

Home Words readers will all have heard of the invasion of the Day of Rest by Sunday newspapers. The great artisan and industrial classes are, above all others, affected by this movement. They will have to do the work. It is said, indeed, by the editor of one of these Sunday papers—"All the work connected with the publication is done upon the Saturday." But Prebendary Peploe has well replied in the *News*: "There is a painful avoidance of the real matter at issue. I ask, is not the paper itself printed on Sunday morning? What, too, of editorial and reporting work to the last moment, to give 'latest news?' And what of the distributors, the 50,000 news agents, and the 250,000 news boys in the streets of our large towns! What, too, of the work of editors, writers, reporters, compositors, and others, gathering fresh news all Sunday for the columns on Monday, hitherto filled mainly by Saturday's news, prepared and set in type on Saturday night?"

Another correspondent, "A Worker," also puts the matter admirably, and we think unanswerably. He says—"I desire to thank you most heartily for your strong protest against Sunday newspapers. No man or woman, with any true sympathy for their fellow-workers in the battle of life, can possibly encourage this invasion of their 'rights' if they give the matter any consideration at all. Quite apart from the exhausting strain upon those who will have to do the work and sell the papers, it can only rob the readers themselves of their Day of Rest—rest of *mind*, if not rest of body.

"The workers who produce the papers may at first get the tempting bribe of more pay—but very soon those who have deprived them of God's priceless gift will further wrong them by requiring *seven days' work for six days' pay*. What, too, of their sons, who will be lured from the

Sunday School by a few pence to sell their birthright to an English Sunday? Will any one compensate them for that? How, too, will those who buy these Sunday newspapers regard the purchase when their own Sundays are ending, and they are compelled to remember that they did their *part* in training the young *not to 'Hold fast by their Sundays?'* These are weighty considerations, and we hope they will reach those whom they deeply concern.

But our present purpose is not simply to record a protest. We believe "in overcoming evil with good": and we may certainly all learn from these Sunday newspaper workers how important it is to be *as earnest and active as they are*—only in a nobler direction. We wish, then, to call special attention to a practical proposal (details of which are given below), to circulate throughout the country a *million* copies of the *News*. If this proposal is adopted and carried out, the Sunday Question will at least be placed before a very large portion of the community, including, we hope, very many of the 15,000,000 of the population of our nominally Christian land who (as far as statistics can be arrived at) are at present *outside public worship*, and therefore utterly fail to appreciate, in its true character, God's "free Day" of Rest and Gladness—a Day for Home happiness, and for cultivating hallowed communion with "the Author and Giver of every good gift."

We hope thoughtful and earnest consideration will be given by every one of our readers to this proposal. We see no way in which the invasion of the "Sunday newspapers" can be really met except by the Press. How else can we reach those who are *never* found in the House of Prayer? But the Press, as "God's modern miracle," supplies an instrumentality which, without great effort, and with comparatively little expense, can at once secure a *national hearing for Christian truth*. Meetings, however large, will not gather the right people. Books, too, and tracts, however useful, are also necessarily costly.

The *News*, as a newspaper, will be the more readily welcomed *because it is a newspaper*. The newspaper, in fact, is becoming the library of the people. Every one reads it. A *million* copies of the *News*, if they can be issued, will probably be *read* by ten or fifteen million readers. We hope to secure for this special number the ablest and best known writers of the age, and to present to every reader "the gain of Sunday Rest," from the physical, social, family, and religious points of view. If only the conviction of the "blessing" God has attached to the Day can be fastened on the minds of the people—if they can be led to feel, in good and great George Herbert's words, that :

"On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope,"

we believe many hearts will be won, and a revival of "True Religion" will soon be realized in our land.

There are many Christian patriots who are asking at the present crisis, Raikes' question, "Can nothing be done?" Let each of us remember Raikes' answer to the question—"God said, 'Try': and I did try, and see what He hath wrought!"

Already wide spread interest has been aroused in this proposed counter-effort. We might give a list of names that would fill pages; but we think one testimony will suffice—that of Dr. Westcott, the beloved and venerated Bishop of Durham. In sending "a word of most hearty good wishes for the work," to the editor of the *News*, the Bishop says :

"In every Confirmation Address I endeavour to press on all who hear me the simple counsel: *Guard your Sundays*, I believe that England owes her stability and greatness to the general observance of the Day of Rest, and the study of Holy Scripture. The two are bound together, and exactly in proportion as we neglect one or the other we prepare our national ruin. In these times of restless excitement and engrossing business I do not see when

we can reflect calmly on the greatest things—the things unseen and eternal—if the quiet of Sunday, 'the Day of the Rest of the Heart,' is taken from us."

We leave this impressive testimony without a word of comment. If our effort had only called forth this striking letter from one who not only holds a foremost position amongst our Bishops, but is revered throughout Europe as a most distinguished scholar, and—still more—is known and loved by "workers" everywhere, we should be indeed thankful we had made it. May we never forget those words of counsel :

"Guard your Sundays, and search Holy Scripture."

FOR FATHER AND MOTHER.

Do not—mother at your household, father in your study—do not be *always* "too busy." The little heart wants an outlet, the upraised rosebud wants a kiss, the little hearts have something to tell you, a little grief to bring, a small joy, a game of play expected now and then. Ah! beware. These requirements will slacken and will cease, if it be too often, "Now run away, dear, father is busy." 'Don't be troublesome, dear, mother must do her work.'

Of course, there must be checks sometimes; of course, over-indulgence is worst unkindness. But be not, as a rule, repellent, unsympathetic; they will go elsewhere, after awhile, with their little confidence, their little wants, their little losses, their little griefs and joys, their little winning ways, with the refreshment of their pure, delightful being. Perhaps you will be sorry then—then, when the mischief is done—sorry when the new toy is no longer, as a matter of course, brought first to the "father" to see; when the toddling feet seek elsewhere than to "mother" for drying of tears, when the patter of the unsteady feet always passes your door. Ah, you will be sorry then that you were so foolish, sorry that you scared the birds away.—*The Quiver*.

Parish and Home.

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NATURE'S BOOK.

By M. D. TOLMAN.

Read thy best poem out of Nature's book
Whereon all souls may look.
If thou take heed to hear
The voices sounding clear
Through field and forest shade,
Through meadow, glen, and glade,
Thou findest ever there
Some tender word of prayer;
Thou findest praise and song
Chanting the leaves along;
Yea, many a sermon writ,
If thou interpret it.
Oh, lessons sweet and strong
The busy woodlands throng,
For God has made them fair
His wisdom to declare;
And they of His great heart
The consciousness impart.
Then read thy poem out of Nature's book:
God made it good, indeed,
For all to read.

—Selected.

THE SIN OF TRIFLING WITH THE AFFECTIONS.

My young friends, allow me to offer to you a few frank and fatherly words on a matter that not only concerns your happiness, but most vitally concerns your Christian character. What is called *firting* is not only a wretched folly; it is a heinous sin. It is a playing with fire in which you are likely to be badly burned. It is a game of deception in which you may excite hopes only to end in cruel disappointment. It is a wanton tampering with that most sensitive and sacred thing, the affection of a trusting heart. It is a burning disgrace in the eye

of a sin-hating God; and if it is practised deliberately and persistently, you may well doubt if you are a Christian at all. If, indeed, you be a Christian, you should meet a temptation to a sin like this as you would meet a temptation to licentiousness, or fraud, or tipping, or gambling, or desecration of God's day.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord"; and there is no species of lying more abominable than that which deceives a confiding heart. You may not go to the length of a solemn marriage engagement, or be guilty of what in a court of law or in the court of conscience would be clearly a "breach of promise." But you are exciting delusive hopes; you are practising a cruel fraud; you are for your own mean gratification playing a game of pretence whose sad consequences you cannot repair.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in The Guide.*

"SOME HUMOURS OF OUR IRISH PARISH."

By Lina Orman Cooper, author of "The Glorious Dreamer," "We Wives," etc., in "Hom Works."

The average Saxon has little idea of the brightness and humour which enlightens every thing and every duty in Ireland. Well may this Emerald Land, set in its silver settings of breakers and spray, be called Ter-na-nog, or the Country of the Young. Graceful retort and quick repartee illumines life with brilliant flashes of wit. Englishmen come over to Ireland anxious to gather pearls and diamonds, which are said to fall from Celtic mouths. But it needs to live in their midst to know how the garment of everyday existence can be brodered and beautified with imagination.

Our parish is a wedge-shaped one, bounded by a sandy seaboard, and hemmed in with gently rolling hills. It covers many miles of peat land, acres of golden gorse, and fields of silky bog cotton. Here and there tiny cottages are dumped down, usually reached by narrow lanes called "boarens," and flanked by heaps of manure. Nothing can seem more squalid and miserable than

some of these Irish homes. Yet their possessors wear spectacles of wisdom, and see a beatific vision even in the potato patch.

"I am so lonely, John," quoth a maiden to one of these open-eyed men one day.

"Lonely is it, Miss Dorothy?" was the answer, in a tone of surprise. "Lonely is it? With the bees humming round yez, an' the chuckeys clucking, an' the flowers blowin' all over their faces, the darlins! an' the good God above us all! Sure, Miss Dorothy darlint, tishn't lonely any one could be."

And sure enough from that hour the young girl was never solitary.

"For Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.
Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

This is the bright attractive side of life in Ter-na-nog. But we must hasten on to the humourous.

One day the Vicar's visit was paid to Biddy Colgan, living up Whitestairs, just under the Robbers' Cave. Biddy was reputed to have a curd for the "neur-algy." In reply to her clergyman's question as to whether she possessed such a recipe, she modestly replied, "I believe, your reverence, that between myself and God Almighty we cured John Kenny last autumn."

You will perceive Biddy credited herself with the primary move in this action.

A certain man in our parish has "a nice reticence in speech," which occasionally degenerates into a stammer. What better way could his habit of slowly muttering his words be explained than—

"It's a quare sort of a way Martin talks. It's as if he took the words out of his mouth and looked at them before he gives them to yez."

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Dempey?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Tallyhinc.

"Ah! very, very bad! but th,

doctor—is after givin' me a description, an' if it don't cure me he'll describe me again."

With an unmoved face proceeded Mr. Archdeacon (for we learn to compose our countenances in an Irish parish):

"What is the matter with you, Mrs. Dempey?"

"Shure 'tis the desgestion—like a hive of bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in my buzzum!"

"Is it always the same?" inquired the Vicar, his eyes twinkling and the corners of his mouth curling with a not-to-be-suppressed smile.

"Nay! not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load ov bricks a-poundin' an' a-poundin'—that's when the bees ain't a-buzzin'."

For a "possession" such as this I fear even a dispensary doctor's "description" could do but little! Long continued absence from the Emerald Land does not destroy this innate fund of quaint expression. One lad, who had been brought as a bare-legged gossoon, with a Connemara pony, was taken out west by his indulgent master. The Vicar went towards the Rockies one well-earned holiday, and in Calgary livery stables came across his old parishioner.

"So you've left Mr. Villiers, Larry?" he said, shaking hands with the spruce "hired boy."

"What is *he* doing nowadays?"

"He's drivin' the mail coach, your honour."

"Does he run the mail himself?"

"Oh, no sir! He have got an antidote," was the quick response, and the Vicar smiled. For the wrong word in the wrong place recalled his own dear Emerald habitation with a flash. Soon afterwards wedding cards with a silver edge came to our Irish parish, announcing the marriage of Larry of Cork to a well-to-do, well educated woman.

On his return from Canada the Archdeacon visited a "bhoys" of eighty, who lived as a "bachelor man" all his life.

"An' your reverence never got married there?" was the first question put rather suspiciously

to his smooth-faced, white-haired parson. "Never once! Bob—I'll give my word of honour," replied the visitor.

Old Bob lifted his arms thankfully, "And hadn't your reverence great luck that ye didn't *get yourself implicated* with a family?" was his cordial comment as he shook congratulatory hands with the clergyman.

After this fashion is parochial work made delightful in the Country of the Young. The cheerfulness which can continually recall the fact, "'Tis the will of God," whether in the matter of "dear gray rain" or the virulent pestilence, greatly helps in the battle of life. It turns a downpour into a "nice, soft day, thank God," and the grievous murrain into a "visitation."

Any one attempting to delineate the Celt, without giving due prominence to his confiding trust and confidence, though too often, alas, misplaced in superstitious errors and fancies, is omitting the largest and most beautiful part of the national character. There is, of course, the darker side, in the meaningless use of the name of God in ordinary talk, and the credulity which leads the uneducated to believe in the follies of superstition, involved not only in the teaching of Rome, but in the perversion of natural mysteries. The people in our parish really believe in "Leprechanns" or little people: to visit the wizened witch doctor to have the "dead hand" exorcised from bewitched butter, and to hunt a mythical hare as often as living red game.

A case taken from a county court report of police proceedings in Ballyhinch may fitly close this account of some humours of our Irish parish.

Scene—A police court. Prisoner—A bibulous personage. Prosecutor—A well-known dignitary, appearing on behalf of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society.

"And you, Mister Dane, you were in the public house?" came the first question.

"I was, sir," confessed the unwilling and guilty culprit.

"And, may I ask, Mr. Dane did you take anything in there?"

"I did, sir."

Great sensation in court.

"Oh! you did, Mr. Dane, did you? And may I ask, Mr. Dane"—with a strong and decisive accent—"what you took, sir?"

"I took a chair, sir," answered the quick-witted witness. "And further than that, I took notes, sir; and here they are, sir." Amidst a roar of applause the notes were handed up and the prisoner committed.

But to know the humours of the Irish, one must have lived in Ireland.

TURN TO-DAY.

A wrong road must necessarily have a bad ending, and those who enter upon it and follow it must have a bad ending also. Our only safety in an uncertain world is to turn from the wrong, and *turn to-day*. God calls on men to turn from sin and live. The sinner who has transgressed and disobeyed, and sinned against the Lord, has just one safe course before him: *he must turn to God*. The wanderer who has gone in dark and dangerous paths, the backslider who has perverted his way, and departed from the living God, should turn back this very hour. Every hour's delay is an hour of disobedience; every hour's delay is an hour of danger. To-day is the time to turn. Tomorrow God only knows what is before us. Now Christ in mercy waits to receive the returning wanderer. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

"To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

"The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour."

—The Common People.

One reason why some people find it so hard to lead a Christian life is because they devote so little time to it.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Sept. 3.—Ezra 3: 10—4: 5.	Dan. 3: 19.
" 10.—Hag. 2: 1-9.	Dan. 5: 17 to end.
" 17.—Zech. 4: 1-14.	St. Mark 10: 13-17.
" 24.—Ps. 72: 1-19.	Dan. 6: 4-24.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. No. He found that they had gone to Dothan.
2. Behold, this Dreamer cometh.
3. To kill him.
4. Reuben.
5. To restore him to their father.
6. Midian, the second wife of Abraham.
7. Judah.
8. They killed a kid, dipped Joseph's coat in its blood and asked their father was it Joseph's coat.
9. Potiphar.
10. Every thing he took in hand prospered.
11. About eight years.
12. About two years.

THE BAKER'S SERMON.

"It is all very well to talk ; but he doesn't know anything about it!"

And Mary Brett gave an extra hard wring to the dish cloth, to lend emphasis to her words.

"What's the use," she went on, "of telling me to convert the neighbourhood, when it takes every bit of time and strength I have to keep things going right here at home? They are dreadfully material things, I know, that perish with the using; they don't save anybody's soul; but they have to be attended to just the same, and there's only so much of any one girl, I suppose. You can't do general housework and go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in at the same time. I must get mother's lunch next. It seems to me it's been about half a minute since she had her breakfast. The whole morning is

gone and not half the work done."

In spite of her hurry and impatience, the thin slices of toast were very carefully browned, the egg cooked to a turn, and the tea just of that clear amber which Mrs. Brette liked. It was a very dainty meal which she carried up to the sick-room and silently arranged on the little table by her mother's bed. This done, she crossed over to the window and stood looking moodily out. Mrs. Brette's appetite was not very great, and the sight of Mary's clouded face did not increase it.

"I am sorry that my little girl has to work so hard," she said with a sigh when she had finished.

"Oh, some people are meant to be drudges!" was the not very gracious answer.

She smoothed the invalid's rumpled pillow and sheets, drew the blinds together where the afternoon sun was beginning to shine in, and opened the other window, brought her a fan and a book, asked whether she wanted anything more, and then went back to her work. Presently Ben came in with a rip in his baseball.

"Say, sis, couldn't you take a wink of time and sew this rip up for me? If I leave it, it will spread like the measles."

"As if I didn't have enough to do already!" said Mary fretfully, taking it from his hand with a jerk. "If I just could get through one day without anything extra turning up!"

However, she mended the ball for him very neatly. Daisy was her next visitor.

"Lucy Willis has invited me to her house to dinner, Mamie, and I tried to fix myself without 'sturbing you. But I guess I made a few mistakes, didn't I?"

"I should say so," said Mary, looking at the zigzag row of buttons down her small sister's back, and at the almost equally zigzag plait of hair. "Of course you can't go that way."

Daisy had brought the brush and comb with her as a precautionary measure, and Mary pro-

ceeded to remedy her toilet with no gentle hand.

"How on earth did you get so many tangles? Please, next time, don't try experiments. It gives twice as much trouble in the end."

"I don't care. You needn't be so cross, and you needn't pull my head off. I was just trying to help you."

So the day went on. In the afternoon Mr. Thomas, the baker, who had been bringing bread to the house on week days, and sitting in front of her in church on Sundays ever since Mary could remember, came with his usual quota of loaves.

"Well, Miss Mary," he said, "how are things moving up this way to day?"

"Just as usual."

"You don't say so! Why, now, I kind o' thought they'd be different."

"Why?" asked Mary, surprised.

"On account of the sermon we had yesterday. That was an elegant sermon, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Preaching like that ought to waken us every one up to do our duty better, seems to me."

Mary's only answer was a sigh. Mr. Thomas looked at her for a moment with shrewd, kind eyes.

"After I got home from hearing I says to myself, 'You're only a plain workingman. Your business is to bake bread and to take it round to your customers, and when that's over with you don't get many hours off in the week. But never mind about that; don't you be so foolish as to let it worry you a mite. All you've got to do is to do your duty. No person can do that but what He helps along somehow. Maybe you don't see just how, but God does, and that's enough. He wants missionaries to China and India very bad, but He don't want you for one, He wants you for a baker. So, now, don't you go to spoiling your vocation by any kind of discontent or crankiness. Live right up to it. Do your duty, my man; that's the idea every time, and it's a good one to

come back to over and over. But look out that you do it from a spirit of love and not from a spirit of bondage. It's awful wicked to take the beauty out of goodness so. It's like passing round an ugly picture of a handsome lady. The folks that see that aren't going to believe much in her looks. And you don't want any one believing less in the loveliness of the Almighty, from the likeness you're giving them of Him. That was what I said to myself, and I guess I was right, wasn't I, Miss Mary?"

"Why, Mr. Thomas," said Mary, with almost the first smile that had visited her face that day, "I like your sermon better than I did the minister's."

"Now you're laughing at me," said Mr. Thomas, picking up his big basket. "Now I'm going."

After this the days went on as before, with a difference.

"Mamie," said Ben, sitting on the edge of the kitchen table one Saturday morning, and watching Mary mix a cake at the other end, "it strikes me that the train that's taking you to the Kingdom runs lots smoother than it used to. It takes an up grade or slips round a curve now any time, as if it liked it. You must have been greasing the machinery with something, haven't you?"

"I've tried," said Mary, meekly. "It needed it;" and then, getting flushed and excited, "do you really mean it, Ben?"

"Fact," said Ben, with an energetic nod which nearly toppled him off the table. "There are so many flowery beds of ease round this place, nowadays, that if a fellow isn't careful he'll be carried to the skies on one of them some time in spite of himself."

There was a little silence, and Mary said softly:

"Ben, why don't you start?"

Ben whistled, looked all round the room and out into the shed, plunged his hand into his pocket, drew up a varied assortment of objects which he scrutinized closely, cleared his throat and answered:

"I guess I will."

—Sally Campbell, in *Advance*.

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

She wasn't so very little, and yet that always seemed the proper adjective for her. She was slight, delicate looking, hardly more than a girl in years, but worn and faded with care and anxiety. When her father died, nine years before, she found herself left with the care of an invalid mother wholly without property. At first the future looked simply impossible—there seemed to be nothing that she could do. Then her mother reminded her of her skill with the needle and the "knack" she had always shown in matters of dress. She caught at the straw and resolved to make an attempt as a dressmaker.

It had been much easier getting started than she had expected, and for five years she had been working steadily, until now she carried on a large business. Still the look of care grew deeper, and her life seemed a constant struggle.

I had employed her for two years and felt so well acquainted with her that I ventured to say one day: "I hope you are able to lay up something every month so that you won't have to work like this many years longer."

"O," she said, with a sigh, "I don't see much chance of rest for me. If I could get all the money I earn, 'twould be a little better. But first there's the rent, and mother's doctor bill. Then I have to hire all the housework done, and girls are so wasteful and extravagant. The sewing-girls must be paid, too, and you'd be surprised to know how fast my carpets get shabby with so many walking over them."

"I can see that you must have a great many expenses," I said, "but I can't understand your having any trouble in getting your money. Surely no lady would hire a dress made unless she could afford to pay for it."

"O, 'tisn't that they can't afford it," said the little dressmaker, "but they want the money for other things, I suppose. You'd be surprised if you knew the people who keep me waiting for

my money. Why, one of the most prominent ladies in your missionary society has owed me sixty dollars since last spring. I think she'll pay some time, but meanwhile I need the money every day.

"Then every little while I fail to get a response to some bill, so I go to the house only to find that the family moved away some weeks before, and the newcomers know nothing of their whereabouts. I have to be on my guard, too, with the young ladies up at the academy, or I'm sure to lose. Only last week I went up to collect a bill of twenty dollars, when I was politely informed that there must be some mistake, as there was no one of that name at the academy. You see, the girl must have been clever enough to give me an assumed name, and manage so as not to be found out. I think the girls get clothes without the knowledge of their parents, and then they don't know how to pay for them. O, I've learned that there are all sorts of ways of getting out of paying one's honest debts. Of course they all know that a poor dressmaker can't afford to hire a lawyer or make any fuss whether they pay or not, and they act accordingly."

"I'm sure it must be thoughtlessness," I said. "No one would deliberately keep your money from you. It is simply that they don't realize that the lack of it causes you any inconvenience."

"You are very charitable," replied the little dressmaker, "and I hope you will never have reason to change your opinion."

But there was a hard look in her eyes which wasn't natural to them, and I went home saddened. As I thought over our conversation, I wished that every woman who had ever withheld from another her just dues might see my little dressmaker as I saw her, daily overtaking strength and nerves, growing old before her time, and having her faith replaced by cynicism. Surely a sight so pathetic must touch the heart of any woman and make it impossible for her ever again to use, as her own, money which

really was no longer hers, but the rightful property of one of the world's toilers.—*Martha C. Rankin, in the Congregationalist.*

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

I want first of all to tell you about a boy who lived long, long ago. He was the son of a prince, and his name was Daniel. One day, when far away from home, Daniel was asked to do something that he thought was wrong, and, noble young fellow that he was, he politely, but firmly, said he could not do it. Though he was only a boy he had resolved that he would live on principle. "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself," Dan. i. 8.

What I want you specially to notice is this: That action of Daniel's was the cause of three other boys resolving that they would not defile themselves. In the eighth verse we are told that Daniel resolved that he would not, but when we come to the eleventh verse we find that there were three others who had stepped into the ranks of the heroes, mainly, it seems, through the influence of one brave boy.

Now that suggests a thought about the power of influence. Influence is the effect of our action upon others. It is the mysterious and immeasurable effect produced upon others by our words, acts, movements, manners, lives. It is the great silent power. It is character in operation. From each one of us, boy and man, young and old, there is forever going forth a continual impression, moulding and moving and turning others. We cannot explain it. We cannot measure it. We cannot study it. It is like the perfume from the flower sweetening the whole room, though itself unseen. It is like the miasma spreading itself silently through the whole atmosphere, poisoning and to poison.

Everybody is an influence for good or evil.

You, my lad, are going along the path of life. Perhaps you never thought of this, but look, there right behind you, following you closely, is a boy, your younger brother, the lad who lives next door, doing what you do just because you

are doing it. You thought you would go into the saloon and have a drink. You didn't think it would do any harm. And there, watching you, waiting to see what you would do, was a boy just quivering in the hesitation of the first great crisis of his life, standing at the forked road of indecision, just waiting for some influential factor to turn him to the right or to the left, and though you didn't know it, and perhaps never will know it, the influence of your example turned the balance in the scale, and, induced by you, he entered on a career that in his case, alas, was only too rapidly downward.

Or you were standing one bright Sunday at the corner, halting between two opinions. You had a struggle—you know you had. That tempting walk through leafy avenues lay stretched before your eye, and oh, it was inviting. But you overcame—you entered the house of God, and took your stand with the children of God. You never knew it—you never could have thought of it—but do you know that that day a young life took a new direction! You didn't see him, but as you stood halting there a boy was watching you, and, do you know, he was just going through the same struggle as you, and when he saw you turn and go into the church, that decided him. He resolved that he would go too.

Every element of character is an operative influence, and the intent of influence is seemingly out of all proportion to the cause of influence; it is as an acorn to the oak, or as an idea to a career.

Often a single word has influenced a life for good or for evil.

There was a brave Christian officer in the British navy called Captain Hope. Before he died he told how that when he was a young midshipman an older officer said to him one day: "I never go to bed without prayer; do you?" It was a simple question, a mere sentence; but yet that simple question was the means of controlling a long and a noble life. "It is between seventy and eighty years ago," he said, "but from that day to this I have never gone to bed without prayer to God." And then he added: "See the influence of a good word."

On the other hand Count Tolstoi tells that when he was a boy a friend of his, who was out on a hunting party in Russia, slept in the same room with his brother. Before he lay down to rest, he knelt down to pray. When he had finished his prayer, and was preparing to lie down his brother said to him carelessly: "Ah! you still keep that up?"

It was a word, a mere word; nothing more passed between them, but from that day that boy ceased to pray—nay, more, that prayerless boy became a prayerless man, and for thirty years he never entered a church. See the influence of a bad word. Ah! boys, you can never measure the awful harm which you may do by an evil word, by the muttered oath, by the taunting laugh against religion, by repeating the filthy story, by the cowardly sneer at one who is trying to live a Christian life. You never can tell how far it will go, how many it will affect, how many lives it will touch, for influence is like the ever-widening circles that radiate from the stone you drop into the lake, going on and on till they break on the opposite shore.

Influence is for to-day and to-morrow and forever. One of the saddest verses in the Bible is that verse in the Old Testament about Jeroboam. "He made Israel to sin," 1 Kings xv. 26. Again and again, long after he was dead, the name of that king is mentioned, but always as the man who made Israel to sin. 1 Kings xv. 26-30; 34; 1 Kings xvii. 19; 31; 1 Kings xxii. 52. "The evil that men do lives after them."

I do not wonder that a poor fellow once said on his death bed: "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" But it could not. Boys, that man's influence is still going on, and it will go on, working through the evil lives he has created for years to come. It is an awful thing to start a life sliding down hill.

But, thank God, you can never tell how much good will be done by a noble act, a noble word. When little twelve-year old Arthur Stanley knelt down alone in one great big dormitory at Rugby school and prayed like a little hero; he little knew that one by one

those other boys, so big and rough and strong, would be led to follow his example, and that before he left Rugby "there was no room in the schoolhouse in which the faithful acknowledgment of G. d., even amongst the careless and light-hearted boys, had not become the custom."

The seed that grows into an oak produces in turn the seeds of other oaks, each tree containing a thousand seeds, each seed the germ of a thousand trees. You can never measure the reach of the influence of the life of a true Christian boy, or a true Christian man. Nay, more:

"When a good man dies
For years beyond his ken
The light he leaves behind him
Shines along the path of men."

And, remember, boys, there is no influence so powerful as that of a boy over a boy. No one influences small boys so much as big boys; no one influences big boys so much as young men. Bravely accept this fact, and the inspiring thought of your life will be the thought of your responsibility.

"Will," whispers a dying mother, "I want you to take care of Harry. I entrust him to you. Promise me."

And all through his life he bravely bears the sacred burden of a sainted mother's charge. He watches over that younger brother, advises and controls him, yes, and for his sake he rises into higher life, gathering strength from his denial of sin and indulgence for his brother's sake. And you, boys, you are your brother's keeper. Oh! one of you may say of that younger lad, who watches you and follows you admiringly: "What care I if he falls, why should I deny myself simply because my indulgence may, perhaps, harm him?" If you see him going wrong and make no effort, say no word, or pray no prayer—nay, more, if you were actually to solicit and tempt him, and show him how to sin—truly it would be better if you never had been born.

It is an awful thing to try and make another fellow sin. Take the straight path, you older boys, for the smaller boys are not far behind you. Make it easier for them to

be good when you are with them. Remember that brave boy, Coley Patteson, who, when Captain of the Eton cricket eleven, and head of the school, left the great annual school dinner rather than listen to a filthy song, and by his brave example stopped the custom ever since. Courage is influence. Honour is influence. Purity is influence. Be brave, therefore, and true and pure.

But remember, above all, that a life to be a blessing must begin like Daniel's, with a purpose of the heart. Resolve; resolve in your heart that you will live for Christ. You know, boys, He died for us that we should not henceforth live for ourselves, but unto Him. The truest, the happiest, the strongest life is the life that is inspired and illumined by the love of Christ.

Accept Him as your Saviour; make Him your King, and then re-echo the noble words of that brave old soldier, General Russell, a former commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada: "If from my peculiar position I have any influences, I want to have the whole of that influence on the side of Christ."—*Dyson Hague*.

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Autumn is now here, let us also remember that the Autumn of life is fast approaching to many of us and we should do the work our God would have us do, while we have time.

St Paul's Church Collections, August, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Aug. 6	24.00	7.58	31.58
13	15.30	7.54	22.84
20	8.75	2.75	11.50
27	10.30	5.81	16.11
	\$58.35	\$ 23 68	\$ 82 03

Church Debt Fund.....\$1.00

Miss Josie Perkins has accepted a position in Belleville. She will be missed from St. Paul's where she has been a very regular worshipper and a Sunday School teacher.

Special Harvest Thanksgiving services were held both morning and evening in St. George's church, Cameron, on Sunday, Sept. 3rd. The church was appropriately decorated for the occasion with the first fruits of the season. The congregations were large and the services bright and hearty. In the evening a number of Lindsay friends were present among whom was Mrs. F. A. Walters who sang a solo which was very much appreciated.

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