

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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.



No. 45.

JUNE, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. CARL S. SMITH, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron and Cambay.*

H. PETER, *Lay Assistant.*

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. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton.

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

GRAHAM—Alma Pearl, daughter of Thomas James and Mary Maud H. Graham, born 25th May, 1894, baptized in St. Paul's Church 12th May 1895.

MATCHETT.—Walter, son of Richard J. and Anna T. Matchett, born 13th March, 1895, baptized 14th May, 1895.

KNOWLSON.—Olive Klein, daughter of Fred and Annie C. Knowlson, born 23rd Jan., 1895, baptized 14th May, 1895.

MARTIN.—Arthur Knowlson, son of George E. and Ella Martin, born 16th Nov., 1894, baptized 14th May, 1895.

HUNGERFORD.—Harriett Amelia Maogery, daughter of Richard Edward and Mary Hungerford, born 24th August, 1891, baptized in St. Paul's Church 19th May, 1895.

Burials.

PURVIS.—At St John's Church Yard, Dunsford, on 4th May, 1895, Letitia Purvis, in her 44th year.

POCHIN.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 13th May, 1895, Annie Mary A.; daughter of John Pochin, in 14th year.

McFADDEN.—At Little Lake Cemetery on 17th May, 1895, James W. McFadden, in his 57th year.

COULTER.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 23rd May, 1895, Ellen McDonnell Coulter, daughter of William McDonnell.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Mite Society paid during the year on the Church debt \$164.

A little Church was opened at Ursa in the mission of Es-onville, Haliburton county, a short time ago.

Confirmation services will (D.V.) be held in St. Paul's Church on Thursday, 20th June and in St. George's, Cameron, on the 21st.

Mr. Frazer, who is in charge of St. Andrew's Church, gave an interesting and instructive address at the May meeting of the C.E.T.S.

In the County of Victoria in 1893, there were 641 births 244 marriages and 337 deaths.

Many will be glad to hear that Mr. Petter is much better for his visit to Florida and the south, and to welcome him back to Lindsay.

There were 127 births, 81 marriages and 77 deaths in Lindsay in 1893, being an increase of 9 marriages and a decrease of 16 deaths as compared with 1892.

We are glad to hear that over 160 were confirmed in Peterborough at the confirmation held in the Churches there during May. Ashburnham is now included.

We are glad to learn the Rev. C. W. Hedley, of Peterborough, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. He proposes taking a trip to England during the summer. Mr. Chappell, of Trinity University, is taking his work in the meantime.

The "Gleaners Union" held a very pleasant and instructive meeting at the home of Mr. Grace on the evening of the 27th of May. "Missionary draw-rooms" are quite common in England and we thank Mr. Grace for using his beautiful home in so excellent a way.

It pays to advertise in the Parish and Home. We have known of persons doing their trading in certain lines, ever since they came to Lindsay, with patrons of the parish paper, because they saw their advertisements there. Honest dealing and wise advertising pay.

Mrs. Stoughton, who for the last five years has been an invalid, and lately died, being buried at Napanee, was at one time a Sunday School teacher and active worker in St. Paul's Church. To many of our readers another link connecting them with the past is removed.

The C.E.T.S. reported a large membership, of which 40 had joined during the year, they had 12 meetings; had bought a piano on which they had paid \$75, had also given \$18 to the reduction of the Church debt, and had given much information on the subject of Temperance during the year.

The Synod of the Diocese is to be held in St. James' school house, Toronto, beginning on, Tuesday, June 11th and continuing for several days. There are about 400 members of the Synod. We trust that many of our readers will remember their work and pray that God may overrule all their consultations to His glory and to the extension of His kingdom on earth.

A writer in a New York paper says 'In the South there are 5,000,000 whites who can neither read nor write'—We know there are also several million negroes in the same sad condition in those southern states. How slavery and wrong doing debases a people. We are glad to know that this sad state of ignorance and sin is being removed, even if slowly.

The Woman's Auxiliary to Missions has 65 members, has held regular meetings, sent three bales to Rev. T. J. Marsh in May '94, and two to the

Blackfoot Indians in April '95, have given away 9 quilts in own parish and given clothing to 11 needy families during the winter. Gave \$16 to the Church debt and spent \$36.60 on other home needs, have also given \$27 to Missionary work, so not a few have had reason to bless the W. A.

The "Gleaners' Union" to pray and work for the evangelization of the world, had met monthly, had increased their membership from: 17 to 74, had helped to purchase a missionary map of the world, had arranged programs for the monthly missionary meetings, scattered much information and under God had been the means of stirring up some to take a deeper interest in the fulfillment of Christ's command to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

Miss A. B. Marsh expects to leave Toronto on June 17th, to join her brother in the McKenzie River Diocese. The Bishop asked her to go in 1894, but then she had not finished her course at Grace hospital. Now she goes prepared to teach the little Indian school, nurse the sick and be organist, (her brother having got a little organ as well as a chapel) to say nothing of the comfort she will be in his home. She will (D. V) reach her destination about the middle of August.

The Little Girls' Sewing Class worked during the year for home needs and also for missions. They held a sale and gave \$20 to the Church debt and \$6 to the piano fund. They contributed liberally to the bales sent to Mr. Marsh and the Chippewyan Indians, and also to those sent to the Blackfoot Indians. The dolls they dressed no doubt, charm the hearts of dusky children on the shores of the Great Slave lake, and oval faces and dark laughing eyes look from the comfortable hoods prepared by loving hands in Lindsay.

On the Queen's Birthday the Temperance Society held a very enjoyable excursion to Sturgeon Point and Fenelon Falls, per steamer Crandella. The boat left the town wharf about half past nine and proceeded to the point, where many of the cottagers remained for the day, having taken this opportunity to spend the day there. The trip to Fenelon Falls was most delightful, the village being reached at about eleven o'clock. Here many of the excursionists spent a very enjoyable time visiting the Howry mill, the Pulp mill, etc. The steamer left on the return trip at three o'clock and reached Lindsay about six.

We make a few gleanings from annual reports as read at Vestry meetings:—The Sunday School secretary (Mr. Billingsley) reports a marked improvement during the year both in attendance and offertory. The average attendance has been between 190 and 200, about 20 more than the year before, notwithstanding several very stormy Sundays. The total receipts have been \$90.15, an increase of \$28.92, of which the offertory on the first Sunday of each month, amounting to \$28.84, has been for missions, an increase on previous year of \$11.56. 72 new library books were purchased and 22 old ones rebound, 100 new hymn books had been bought, and so thanksgiving to God for past blessings and hopefulness for the future should be our feeling. Parents, send your young people regularly and help them with lessons.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 55.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

LESSONS.

- 2—**Whitsunday.** Pr. Pss. *Morning*—48, 68. *Evening*—104, 145. Ath. Cr. *Morning*—Deut. 16 to v. 18; Rom. 8, to v. 18. *Evening*—Is. 11 or Ezek. 36, v. 25; Gal. 5, v. 16, or Acts 18, v. 24 to 19, v. 21.
- 3—**Monday in Whitsun Week.** *Morning*—Gen. 11 to v. 10; 1 Cor. 12 to v. 14. *Evening*—Num. 11, v. 16 to 31; 1 Cor. 12, v. 27 and 13.
- 4—**Tuesday in Whitsun Week.** *Morning*—Joel 2, v. 21; 1 Thess. 5, v. 12 to 24. *Evening*—Micah 4 to v. 8; 1 John 4 to v. 14.
- 9—**Trinity Sunday (Ath. Cr.).** *Morning*—Is. 6 to v. 11; Rev. 1 to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. 18 or 1 and 2 to v. 4; Eph. 4 to v. 17 or Matt. 3.
- 11—**St. Barnabas. A. & M.** *Morning*—Deut. 33 to v. 12; Acts 4, v. 31. *Evening*—Nahum 1; Acts 14, v. 8.
- 16—**1st Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Josh. 3, v. 7 to 4, v. 15; Acts 1. *Evening*—Josh. 5, v. 13 to 6, v. 21 or 24; 1 Pet. 1, v. 22 to 2 v. 11.
- 23—**2nd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Judges 4; Acts 6. *Evening*—Judges 5 or 6, v. 11; 2 Peter 3.
- 24—**Nativity of St. John, Baptist.** *Morning*—Mal. 3 to v. 7; Matt. 3. *Evening*—Mal. 4; Matt. 14 to v. 13.
- 29—**St. Peter, A. & M.** *Morning*—Ezek. 3, v. 4 to v. 15; John 21, v. 15 to v. 23. *Evening*—Zechariah 3; Acts 4, v. 8 to 23.
- 30—**3rd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. 2 to v. 27; Acts 9 to v. 23. *Evening*—1 Sam. 3 or 4 to v. 19; 1 John 3, v. 16 to 4, v. 7.

THE SAINT OF THE GUILD.

Here is the noblest womanhood of all;
I miss her presence in the glittering hall
Where sensuous beauty revels in the grace
Of jewelled breast and rosy-radiant face;
But in the home of lowly poverty,
As Christ once went, there will such woman be.

She glides on these sweet missions like a dream,
As light that falls upon the oak-fringed stream,
Not bold nor dazzling, but of gentlest kind,
Strict with herself, to others' weakness blind.

She lacks not grace nor glowing womanhood.
Ah, me! far sweeter than my garden rose
The tint that blooms upon her cheek—fain would
Less saintly man the depths of such a soul
Explore, and turn the mirror of such life
Upon his own in contrast—as a goal
The love she too might bear as loyal wife
To seek with rapt conviction of its worth;
But hers are starry aims, and his low earth.

Perhaps in other years, all aged and bent,
He, wandering 'mid the weeping willows' maze,
Shall catch dim script upon some monument
Some mournful echoes of his olden praise;
And with the saint who in her beauteous youth
He loved and lost hold converse through the sod;
But hers was life apart from earthly gyves;
'Twas hid in Christ, and now is hid in God.

—William B. Chisholm.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has asked that prayer be made throughout the church in England on Whitsunday for the reunion of Christendom, and there ought to be a very fervent response to his request. For there must be millions of hearts longing for reunion. No doubt our present long-continued divisions are all serving some grand purpose of God, but God often brings great good out of evil, and surely no one can be blind to the evil spirit that leads to divisions. The one sad feature of our Protestantism—that which so painfully cripples its power—is our endless divisions. We want a strong, vigorous, united Protestant church, in which there is no waste and no loss of energy, and we ought to pray earnestly to God and without ceasing for it as a first step in the Christward direction. In these days, when the church is reaching out in so many directions, and philanthropic work at home and missionary work abroad have so much to accomplish, we feel very keenly the cost of our discords. There is a shameful waste of power and wealth in the maintenance of mere machinery, and, still worse, too little of that mighty enthusiasm that comes from a close union of millions of hearts. The Germany of to-day illustrates what unity can do. Contrast her with the powerless Germany of a hundred years ago, split up into dozens of petty little states. Even so the many sects of Protestantism once united, there would rise such a church as would shake the world, and become, possibly, the harbingers of still greater unity.

What can we do at present to help the cause of reunion? *First*, we can pray daily with all fervor for its speedy consummation. For the Christendom that prays anxiously for union, the way will soon be opened up. *Secondly*, we can in-

sist upon the positive sin of schism, unless the cause of God cannot be served without it. The world calls separation in religion unfortunate, but fails to realize as it should what a terrible transgression of Christ's words it is. There is missionary work for us to do here. *Thirdly*, we can work to stamp out the schismatical separating spirit in our own congregation. It is not a thing of bygone days alone. In many a church quarrel of our day over some petty trifle, there are the seeds of many possible divisions. When self-will and personal considerations come before the true welfare of the church, then schism is ready to break out. When vanity leads us to hold to personal opinions in the face of all authority, and we are ready to carry them to their conclusions, schism has practically begun. The same spirit that has founded many a modern sect lurks in many an ordinary church row. They who work for peace even at the expense of the individual are working for unity. Schism is far, far less the result of the search for truth than it is the wilful assertion of self.

CHRISTIAN GIVING.—A prominent member of a church in one of our large towns remarked the other day that though they always made an excellent financial showing at Easter, yet, in truth, nearly all the giving was done by about twelve families, though there were some two hundred in the parish. There are very few parishes perhaps where the same thing does not occur. And these few families, while not poor, are generally not among the wealthiest. This is really a serious matter. What sort of Christianity is that which is neither interested in, nor conversant with, the financial work of the church? What right has any family to put the financial burden on the shoulders of a few, and even forget that it is resting there? The church is not merely the place to which we are to look for benefits to ourselves. It is God's own instrument for good in the world, and it has a right to look to each one of us for liberal support in all its undertakings. We have serious duties to render to it, as well as benefits to draw from it. The duty of

giving applies to all. The circumstances of a man must be desperate when he cannot be expected to give. Yet what parish is there where people do not complain habitually that they cannot give. They find it hard enough to live? If they were rich, they would do great things. How many men will hold back when a subscription list is circulated until the small amounts are reached, or give what the person before them subscribed though their income is twice or three times as great. An examination of the list of contributors to church funds of various kinds would show in a most startling way what hypocrisy there is in many a congregation. Apart altogether from the necessities of Christian work, this question of giving is a very serious one. It may have to do with the material and temporal, but it is intimately connected with the deeply spiritual. No test is perfect, but there are few, if any, better tests of the Christianity of an individual than the disposal of his money. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," said Jesus. Trace a man's money, and you know just where his affections are. The practical application from the pulpit of the principles of the Gospel to the use of money is something much needed in our day. Some clergymen shrink from asking for money, or making any pointed reference to giving. It savors, they say, of begging. But the duty of the clergy is to preach the Gospel and apply it to the daily life of men; and if the use of money is to be excluded, then one great side of life is to be totally neglected. To bring home with power the truth of those words of David, "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee," is in itself to do a noble work.

THE NEED OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

—What minister is there who has not continually to face the question, "Where shall I get workers?" The good work of the Sunday-school and the various other parochial organizations is generally admitted. If they were to cease, there would be a great outcry. But most people act as if there were somewhere, always ready and fully equipped, a large class of men and women on whom the clergyman has only to call at any time. Just who go to make up this imaginary class they have no idea, except that they themselves have nothing to do with it. They have never even thought of themselves in the capacity of churchworkers. They send their chil-

dren to Sunday-school every week, expecting them to be well taught, but it never dawns upon them that the Sunday-school urgently needs their labors. Just as in the day schools, the question of a supply of teachers need never trouble the parent, so they imagine it is with the Sunday-school. And this is their attitude toward every other department of church work.

But as a matter of fact, where are the workers to come from? We cannot go beyond the bounds of the parish. Whatever material, good or bad, is found there must serve every purpose. If one person has the right to withdraw without making the least effort to be useful, then all have the same right. One may be gifted beyond another, but each can do something. The work is voluntary, and must always be so. There is no opportunity to secure trained workers in any technical sense. Willing hearts and hands must come forward and act, even without training; and the constraining love of Christ ought to bring out more volunteers in every parish than present organizations can possibly supply with work. And yet everywhere there are whole families that never have engaged and are never willing to engage in any work whatever, and, worst of all, they seem to be too callous even to recognize it as a duty. A call for help comes, and they calmly look around and are curious, perhaps, to know what persons will volunteer, but no nearer than this does the call come. Ask one man for his help and the answer is, "I have no experience, I never did any church work." But is there not the greater need of his falling into line now, to make amends for past neglect? If he has no experience, neither had others when they began. Another complains that he has not the talents necessary. But if this were a valid plea, there would be no workers. It's those who have been longest in the field who know best their deficiencies; when we work for God, we learn that a consecrated heart can overcome the most distressing obstacles. We never know what we can do if we try. It's not so much talent that is wanted as love of the work. The common objection of those who are asked to teach in the Sunday-school is that they don't know enough. They haven't familiarity with the Scriptures. But is this not a proof that Sunday-school work is peculiarly appropriate for them? It will give them splendid opportunities for Bible study. The faithful teacher in preparing for his class educates himself. Any one who seriously feels his ignorance of God's Word ought heartily

to embrace the opportunity of teaching in Sunday-school.

But over and above the duty resting upon each of helping in the work of God's church, it must never be forgotten that there are few better means of lifting us up out of the petty and sordid and selfish interest of life and developing the nobler traits of mind and heart. We are taken out of self and develop an enthusiasm for that which is above us. When we disregard the call for workers in the parish, we are really neglecting opportunities of grace and we can neglect these only at our peril.

CONSECRATION.

TREMBLING again I come
Unto Thy pierced feet;
Take me once more, dear Lord,
Into Thy service sweet.

Many times I have failed,
So sinful is my heart,
Grant me Thy pardon, Lord,
Set me once more apart.

Treasure, and time, and love,
These I reconsecrate,
All that is dearest, Lord,
And Thine acceptance wait.

My very life I bring,
Held as a trust by me,
Help me to make it, Lord,
A song of praise to Thee.

—Eleanor Belville Amerman.

NOTHING seems to have been nearer the womanly heart of Mrs. Booth than her great sympathy with parents and desire to help them out of her own experience. To quote a few of her words at the marriage of her eldest son:

"I gave him to God when he was born, and I covenanted that I would, so far as my light and ability went, train him for God alone: that I would ignore this world's prizes and praises, and that he should be, so far as I could make him, a man of God. . . . And you see how God has honored my choice. I could not have made him this: I could only give him to God for it, and do my best to train him for it, and you see how God has honored my consecration. The very first principle of successful training is that you acknowledge God's entire ownership of your children. . . . He looks at your heart, and if He sees you seek for them this world's prizes and this world's position, desiring Him to come in at the end to make them Christians, He is not likely to give you His blessing. 'No!' He says, 'you must put Me first, and leave Me to choose their earthly destiny. Give them wholly and solely to Me, and train

them for Me, and have Me to choose their inheritance. . . . And then . . . you shall have "every hoof of them." I have given every hoof of mine for God and this glorious work. . . . I do not mean to say that I have had no temptations; for although we were poor ourselves, we had wealthy friends all over the land, who would have helped us to do anything we liked with our children. . . . We could have made our son anything we chose; but we preferred to make him nothing but a man of God and a 'blood and fire soldier.' *And we have got what we chose.*"—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

WHAT the world needs to-day is stronger faith in the *power* of prayer. Most people readily admit that it is a duty to pray, and out of a sense of duty to God their prayers are said. But if anything is likely to rob our prayers of fervor and reality and true joy, it is to see in them only or chiefly a religious duty. To this may be traced the thousands of cold, heartless, mechanical prayers that are said daily, and which utterly fail to bring true peace and happiness to those who make them. Nor are our prayers to be confined merely to the worship of God, the acknowledgment of His goodness, the confession of sin, and the supplication of strength from on high to do better. The scope of prayer is unlimited. When we pray, we pray to Him whose mighty hand moves the universe, and whose power nothing limits. And, further, we pray, not to an awful being whose presence none dare approach, and who is too far removed from the affairs of earth to be troubled with the littleness of human life, but to a heavenly Father, whose all-seeing eye and compassionate heart no detail of our lives, however trifling, escapes. All matters and interests of life ought to be laid before Him, as the one to whose keeping they most properly belong.

But more important yet is the spirit of prayer. No child should look to parents with more trust or go to them in its troubles more confident of help than we to our heavenly Father. It ought to be our highest privilege and our greatest joy that above these very kind but poor, impotent friends of earth there is the Father in heaven whose power nothing can exhaust, and whose love far exceeds that of any earthly friend. What a world this would be if every man and woman looked to God day by day as the one great power that alone was adequate for all emergencies, and ever at their disposal! And yet that

is the simple fact! Every day in our midst there are the most wonderful answers to prayer. Because little is heard of them, let no one doubt them. God may not work miracles among us visibly as in olden times, but yet He hears and answers the prayers of His faithful people just as regularly as ever, and sometimes in a most striking way. Faithless people are apt to hear with suspicion stories of remarkable answers to prayer as happening too far away to be verified, but if they only knew it, in their own country, their own town or city, yes, in their own immediate neighborhood, answers as wonderful as any they ever read are being sent hourly. A clergyman in Western Ontario, for instance, relates these two really amazing answers to his prayers. Now, let the readers of PARISH AND HOME remember it was not in Europe or in the United States, but in Canada, in Western Ontario. And it was not long, long ago; it was in the year 1895. Indeed, for some of them it is their own minister who tells it, and the story is told in reference to at least one reader of PARISH AND HOME. On two occasions at morning service, immediately after the prayer for the church militant, he prayed that a man of his congregation should be led to remain for the Holy Communion. They were the only two occasions that he ever mentioned by name any individual in such a petition. The first time it was for a man advanced in years, the second time for a young man. Neither had ever been in the habit of receiving the Holy Communion, nor had ever partaken since the coming of the clergyman in question to the parish—and that was a considerable length of time. There had been no prior conversation with either on the subject of the Holy Communion, and no personal influence brought to bear on them. There had been noticed in each a growing interest in spiritual matters—that is all. The minister buried his head in prayer while those of the congregation not intending to remain passed out. When all had gone he arose, and, on looking down the church, saw his man on each occasion sitting in his seat, intending that day to be present at the Lord's table. The fact of their remaining surprised many; no one knew of the prayer offered to God on their behalf. But to that minister of God the power of prayer came home as it never had before. It was a lesson he cannot forget. It was for him a grand illustration of Christ's indestructible words, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

BY THE WAVES.

CRISP and curling, soft unfurling
Caps of silvery foam,
Haste the breakers, frolic-makers,
Chasing playmates home.
Tripping, skipping, slipping, dripping,
Fast the children fly
Up the shingle, toes a tingle—
So the day goes by.

Wavelets creaming, sunshine gleaming;
In the shining sands,
Gay and merry, bold and cheery,
Delve the small brown hands.
Drifting, lifting, rifling, sifting,
'Neath the smiling sky;
On the shingle pleasures mingle,
And the day goes by.

Great clouds glowing, wild winds blowing,
Night draws on apace;
Eyes deep yearning see the burning
Lamps in starry space.
Flying, sighing, lowly slipping,
Thoughts salute the sky;
Home we gather, O our Father!
And the day goes by.

—Mary Ruth Rogers.

WHY BE A CHRISTIAN?

IN the first place, you should be a Christian in order to be reasonable. Man has been defined as a rational animal, and whether or not that is a complete definition this much is certain—that God has given us reason, and that He expects us to use it. Reasonableness and righteousness are the same thing. A man must be a moral idiot who does not see that a man is unreasonable when he is wrong, and that no one can be thoroughly reasonable except as he is thoroughly righteous. But I believe more than that; I do not think that a man can be righteous except as he is godly. Reasonableness and righteousness and godliness are all the same thing.

The second reason why you should be a Christian is in order to be manly. No one even knows what a man is intended to be except as God has told him. You might better stand over a sculptor and instruct him how to perform his work—to make this line longer, to shorten this curve and extend the other one, when you did not know what was in his mind, and then expect him from his endeavor to produce a symmetrical whole—than for a man to interfere in the slightest degree with the thought or will of God concerning him, and then think that he could become a man.

The third reason why you should be a Christian is because God's work needs you. Christ did not go about calling for men to selfishly come and be saved, but He called for disciples to come and be saviors. The whole spirit of His teach-

ing was that He had come to set up the kingdom of God upon earth, and that He wanted men to assist in doing this. I sometimes think that in one sense about all that will be saved of a man will be what he invests in the establishment of the eternal kingdom upon earth. And the call that is brought to us to-day is a call for the sake of our wives, and our children, and our children's children, for the sake of our associates in business and society, for the sake of the city and the state and the nation and the world, to be given entirely to God, that He may work His will through us, and that we may contribute towards the answering of our prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

The fourth reason why you should give yourself to God is because there is great blessing in His service. There is a hundredfold in this present time for the man who has forsaken anything for the kingdom of God's sake. Moses was a wise man, and yet it is said of him that he would rather suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And I think I would. I believe I would rather have the worst that could come to a Christian man than the best that could come to a Christless man. I think I would rather be a pauper; I think I would rather be hungry and thirsty and cold and naked; I think I would rather see my friends die or desert me one by one; I think I would rather have my good evil-spoken of, and my reputation blasted; I think I would rather have some deadly disease lay its hand upon me, having all the experiences of the wretched Job, if I were also able to say as did Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that at the latter day he shall stand upon the earth: and that although they have destroyed this skin, and worms destroy this body, yet apart from my flesh shall I see God: whom my eyes shall yet behold for myself, and not another." I think I would rather have the worst that can befall a man, and have the consciousness of the presence of God that is in my heart to-night, than to possess all wealth and health and worldly friendship and honor and power and have to be without the conscious presence of God. I would be a happier man—let me say it again, I think I would rather have the worst things that could come to a Christian than the best things that could come to a man without Christ.

The fifth reason why you should make this wise choice is in order that you may

have a good hope of everlasting life. I want this. I believe it is the noblest personal ambition that ever stirs the breast of man. I am not ashamed to say it, I want a good hope of everlasting life. I want something better than great wealth, or business ability, or power of intellect, or culture, or bravery, or unbelief ever brought to men. I want something better than the best practically Christless man ever had. "How much did he leave?" was the question asked as two friends turned aside from the grave of an unchristian wealthy man. "He left it all," was the reply. Did he not leave it all? On the other hand, there is no break to the Christian when parting from this world. He knows whom he has believed, and he gazes into the life to come with the glorious anticipation of the fruition that will be granted unto him in Jesus Christ.

And, finally, you should be a Christian, and should become one instantly, because the time is short. "To-day, if ye would hear God's voice, harden not your hearts." If a man had robbed you of some money, and put off the date of payment, the very disposition to delay the payment would show that he was wrong in his spirit. Some men have robbed God of twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years of influence and service, and to have the spirit to say, "I will wait another day," is an indication that the life is wrong. For one who has spent much of his life away from Christ there is the greater reason why he should be tremendously in earnest in His service in the future. God is saying to every man, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and you must make a decision now. Not to decide to be a Christian is to decide not to be a Christian. The great thought that presses upon us from the written Word and the providence and the Spirit of God is the thought of opportunity. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."—*B. Fay Mills.*

THE POWER OF SIMPLE CONFIDENCE.

A YOUNG man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heartfelt desires" after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not "feel any different in spite of it all."

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry:

"W., did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first," he answered.

"What was the difficulty," his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was, I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's Word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; He commands you just to rest in Him, to believe His word and accept His gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and His word to you now is, 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" (Rom. vi. 23).—*Occident.*

TEMPERS.

IN fact, "tempers" are a great trouble in this life. They can give so much and useless pain. The touchy temper, that flies off at a look, making its possessor look silly to every one else, and very uncomfortable to himself, or herself, for even the gentler sex are sometimes "touchy." Then we sometimes run against an irritable temper, rubbing the wrong way, when we think of good for its possessor. Now and then a violent temper, bursting its tethers, rushes over everything, only to find that it is "much ado about nothing," a cyclone to sweep a doorstep. The sullen temper, like a snarling dog; the discontented temper, uncomfortable because it cannot find a reason for its discontent; the gloomy temper, hunting ever for the "dark side"; the wilful temper, like an angry bull loose in the street—what an "uncanny lot"! They paralyze our better ambitions and take the heart out of our prayers. They take all the glow and brightness off our duties, and make hard and repulsive what otherwise might have been a pleasant duty. The worst of it is, we are also guilty, and forget it. All our tempers need to be humbled and washed in deep penitence, and held in steady discipline by a renewed and determined will.—*People's Aid.*

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.

It seems a thing incredible that He
 Who knows the secrets of the vanished years,
 Who saw the struggles, triumphs, hopes, and
 fears
 Of long-forgotten races, cares for me.
 Poor, fleeting creatures of a day are we,
 Born but to perish. Can it be He hears
 The clamor of our voices, sees our tears?
 The doubting heart repeats, "It cannot be."
 Far, far beyond this tiny planet's path
 Unnumbered constellations hear His voice,
 And He who rules the universe sees all.
 Then let us not with doubtings tempt His wrath,
 But, trusting in His boundless power, rejoice ;
 He also guides the infinitely small.

—Clara Boise Bush.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

VII. FAITH, FAITHFULNESS (REVISED VERSION).

WHEN Professor Drummond, who has a genius for selecting apt and suggestive titles, called love "the greatest thing in the world," there were many Christians, Spurgeon amongst the number, who were jealous lest faith should be put in the background, or have assigned to it too low a place in the system of Christian truth. Dr. Gordon stood out, amongst others, as the champion of faith, and called his book "The First Thing in the World, or The Primacy of Faith." For faith stands first, and the primacy of faith must be unquestioned. Love may be, and is, greatest, because it is God's nature. "His nature and His name is Love," while faith is part of man's nature, for he is born to trust, but faith is first. For love is born of trust. We must trust before we can love.

Faith, hope, and love are permanent Christian graces. They are so distinguished from the other gifts enumerated by St. Paul in his immortal hymn of love (I. Cor. xiii.), for, while it is said that prophecies will fail, tongues cease, and knowledge vanish away, it is declared that faith, hope, and charity will abide. There is one aspect, it is true, in which love is greatest, because faith and hope will not be needed in heaven, and, therefore, will disappear. In this view love is the end, and faith and hope but the means. Faith will have done its perfect work, and will have been lost in vision, while hope will have gained its fruition. So we sometimes sing :

"Faith will vanish into sight
 Hope be emptied in delight,
 Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
 Therefore give us love."

And Prior writes :

"Then constant faith and holy hope shall vie,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy."

The clearer view, and the deeper in spiritual meaning, seems to be that faith and hope also abide eternal and imperishable, as distinguished from gifts that fail, that cease, that vanish away. Faith abides forever, for it is concerned with immortal truths as well as with bare facts. It is not only belief in things unseen, which may need no exercise of faith in the presence of the realities, but it is also trust in a Person which can never die. Hope abides forever, and, even when all that it looks for is realized, it will still live on throughout eternity in the confident expectation of future good.

It may be said that faith and love are inseparable, joined together by God, and wedded in holy bonds which nothing of earth can sever. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Faith is first ; it is the seed principle, but it carries in its heart the flower of hope and the fruit of love. Faith is first, for trust precedes love. Faith is the foundation, the building is joined together by love. Faith is the root, the fruit of the tree is love. Faith is alone in justification, it is supreme in this spiritual province, and through it the soul is accounted righteous before God, but love is greatest in the activities of life. There is the spirit of holy jealousy in our eleventh article, which declares, "that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine." Love is not wedded to faith in justifying. It is rather the way it shows its energy, the living principle of the works which follow after justification by faith.

Faith is a fruit of God's Spirit. It is not a fruit of human effort. It is born of God. What is Faith? is a natural question.

(1) It is trust. When traced to its origin, as Bishop Lightfoot has remarked, it is simply trust, the trust of a little child in its mother. An infant must trust his mother for everything, food, clothing, care, and all else. Its life is a life of trust, as natural to it as it is to breathe or to walk. So we are to trust God. Faith, then, is not merely intellectual assent to certain beliefs as true. It is not a combination of all the Christian virtues. Its main, indeed its vital, characteristic, as Principal Moule says, is an act of accepting reliance. It is the repose of the soul in God. It is, as Bishop O'Brien pointed out in his masterly work on its nature and effects, an attitude of childlike confidence and implicit trust in the Eternal Father. We believe in a thing when we are sure that it is true, in a person when we learn to trust him.

(2) Faith is the acceptance of God's Word. It believes the truth of God's Word. It rests upon the divine promise. It gives its assent to something as credible because God witnesses it to be true. The truth, we believe, is divine, and it rests upon divine authority. To refuse to believe the divine record is to make God a liar, which is an awful thought.

(3) Faith is the acceptance of God's gift of eternal life. When Jesus was asked, "What must we do, that we may work the works of God?" He replied, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." The same thought is brought out by the Psalmist when he asks, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" and replies, "I will take the cup of salvation." We cannot work for God's gifts, it is beyond our power to merit them, to deserve them in any sense. We can only accept them. This is faith. It is the appropriation of God's gift of eternal life.

(4) Faith is an act of personal reliance. It is confiding reliance in a person. In this sense Abraham was the "father of the faithful," as well as in the other sense of influence, by which he impressed his own faith on the chosen family. His faith ever bore in it the idea of personal reliance, the perfect confidence of a child in a Father's love, the trustfulness of one who ever realizes a Father's goodness, the strong belief of one who ever leaned upon Him who is invisible, the self-surrender of one who rests wholly upon God.

Faith is God's good gift. It is the fruit of His Spirit's work. It is at once our greatest need and our highest happiness. It is through faith that we know God. It is the power that brings us to Christ and keeps us in Christ. It is the "hand of the heart," by which we accept God's rich blessings and appropriate them to meet the needs of our spiritual life.

W. J. ARMITAGE.

WAITING IS SERVING.

WAITING is often the best kind of service a man can render. Indeed, we call a good servant a "waiter." But it is commonly harder to wait than to work. It was hard for the children, the night before Christmas, to wait until morning before they knew what presents they were to have. Yet there was nothing for them to do but to wait. And if they only would wait, the morning would come, and with it all that had been promised to them for the morning.

How hard it is to wait for the lover to turn, when we are watching by a fevered one's bedside, and our only hope is in waiting! It is hard to wait from seed-time to harvest, from the beginning of the voyage to its end, from the sad parting to the joyous meeting again, from the sending of a letter until its answer can come back to us. How much easier it would be to do something to hasten a desired event, instead of patiently, passively waiting for its coming! It is so much easier to ask in faith than to wait in faith. The minutes drag while the response tarries.

In a certain battle a detachment of cavalry was kept inactive. It was hard for the men to do nothing but wait, while the fight was going on before them. At last, in the crisis of the contest, the command was given them to charge, and that body of fresh men, sweeping down like a torrent, turned the tide of battle.

So, in the battle of life, waiting is often the surest means to victory. And it is comforting to know that where we see only the unsightly bud, God sees the perfect flower; where we see the rough pebble, He sees the flashing diamond.—*Selected.*

GOSSIP.

It would be interesting to trace the use of this word from its original meaning to that which it has now. Its origin appears to be from the Saxon "godsibb"—"god," good, and "sib" or "sibb," peace, adoption, and relation: a Saxon name of a sponsor in baptism.

But our present concern is with the evil form it now wears, and with the mischief, and oftentimes wickedness, for which it is responsible—for which it is "sponsor."

And it is not a modern vice: the ancients appear to have indulged in it, as we gather from direct and indirect reference to it both in the Old and New Testament. In the Book of Leviticus (xix. 16) we read, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people"; and we are familiar with Solomon's language in the Book of Proverbs: "A talebearer revealeth secrets," "The words of a talebearer are as wounds," "A whisperer separateth chief friends," "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends." And again, in the New Testament, amongst Christians, we find the same evil habit, and both St. Peter and St. Paul strongly condemning it: "Let none of you suffer as a busybody in other men's matters," "We hear there are some which walk among you disorderly . . . are busybodies," "They are 'attlers also, and

busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." Thus we see clearly that the habit and vice of gossip is of old standing, and one which suits itself to every age. And yet how little people think what harm they are doing when, chatting over their five o'clock tea, they calmly take away the character of their neighbors, and assert as true, "on the very best authority," what, in fact, never took place, or, at any rate, had a very different complexion in truth from that with which it was painted at the tea-table. As a rule, this silly, evil habit is found chiefly amongst women, but there is a class of men with whom, though least expected, it is unfortunately found—not, we fully believe, generally, but in a sufficient number of cases to do untold harm. Of all men, the clergy should be the most particular to hold their tongues, and set their face, when calling upon their parishioners, against this pernicious habit. When they fail in this, much evil has been the result, for not only the respect due to their office is lowered, but their preaching in church is received with something akin to contempt and scorn, when the hearers have cause to remember the harm they have done by their tongues out of the pulpit. Of course, members of a congregation, however much they may feel that there is cause for such a feeling, have no right to give way to it; for our plain duty is at such times to think of the office, and not of the man, as George Herbert has so quaintly taught us. But human nature is weak, and we often fail when, perhaps, we think ourselves most strong. And, therefore, we repeat that the clergy (and their wives also) cannot be too particular in speaking about other people and their affairs. If they would just confine themselves to the good qualities of their neighbors, and never repeat an unkind remark, such an example and influence would soon bring forth fruit, and members of their flocks would "go and do likewise." During this season of Lent we may all profitably exercise self-restraint over our tongue. At the best, it is naturally an "unruly evil"; and, at its worst, it is "full of deadly poison." The prayer, therefore, of all should be: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*X., in Family Churchman.*

HUNTING A MINISTER'S FAULTS.

MR. SPURGEON puts into the mouth of "John Ploughman" the following homely bit of wisdom, which we commend

to any reader that may have magnified his pastor's imperfections: "I never knew a good horse that had not some odd habit or other, and I never saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crocheted or oddity. Now, these are bits of cheese that cavillers smell out and nibble at; the first is too flowery, the second is too dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk! When a man wants to beat a dog he can soon find a stick, and at this rate any fool can have something to say against the best minister in England."

—*The Episcopal Recorder.*

BLINDED BY SUNSHINE.

ON a lonely spot of the Australian coast a clergyman and his family are enjoying a pleasant little picnic. Up amid the rocks sits the father, reading, and listening to the merry laughter of his children bathing below. Presently, looking down, he catches sight of his eldest daughter standing in the water. In her arms she holds the youngest of the flock, a boy of two years, and, as every succeeding wave sweeps up, she plunges him into it. The hot noonday sun sheds a dazzling glare over the sea. Shining full in the girl's eyes, it hinders her seeing a dark object creeping nearer and nearer. The father sees it, and horror overpowers him. Too well he knows the shark's form. He shouts; his voice does not reach her. But at this moment a cloud crosses the sun, and, as the shadow falls about her, the girl's eyes are suddenly opened to her danger.

Her heart almost stops beating with fright. There is barely time to spring back to a place of safety, for the very next wave would have enabled the shark to seize upon its prey.

To many, especially the young, life is so full of sunshine that they are blinded by the brightness, and forget, or do not see, that a danger there is, which every wave, as it were, wafts nearer—*death.*

But, dear children, if you see the danger, see also the escape. The Lord Jesus says, "He that believeth (that is, trusts) in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

For those who really trust Him, who try to follow Him here, death loses all its terror. Resting on His promises, they need feel no fear.—*Selected.*

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THOUGHTS AFTER A QUIET DAY FOR WOMEN.

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."

O REST for tired brain and troubled heart

This one blest day for worship set apart,
For holy hymn and meditation sweet,
And lowly waiting at the Master's feet
For His dear smile, and word of holy cheer,
Dispelling all our grief, and pain, and fear.

Forgotten in this hallow'd, calm retreat,
The cares we must again to-morrow meet;
Or, if remember'd, they illumina'd seem—
Their harshness all transfigur'd by the beam
Of heav'nly love—as with bow'd hearts we kneel,
And God's own peace within our bosoms feel.

Too soon, alas! sweet day, thy hours pass by;
The end of our brief paradise draws nigh;
And we once more go forth our work to meet;
But now with stronger hearts and firmer feet,
As those who here have heard the Master's voice
Bidding them still "Go forward" and "Rejoice."

Yes, e'en in pain and weariness rejoice;
For are not these sweet Consecration's choice?
Her badge of servitude to love divine;
Shall she this likeness to her Lord repine?
Nay, e'en in suffering we would still rejoice;
Thy service, Lord, our glad, our willing choice.

But for the love which bids us "rest awhile,"
Not now in desert place, but sacred pile
Hallowed by Thy dear presence, Thee we praise,
To Thee our hymns of adoration raise;
For Thou, Lord, know'st the weakness of our frame,
And in Thy house has strengthened us again.

—L. I. H.

The Mother's Sacrifice.

A STORY OF A SWISS VALLEY.

A FRIEND, who heard all the particulars from old Fritz Gerson, has given me the following sad and pathetic story of a mother's self-sacrificing love.

In a little chalet, shut in by high mountains, where was but one opening to the world beyond, lived a poor widow and her three young sons, Carl, Johann, and Pierre. Their hut indicated their poverty, for it

was only formed of loose stones, filled in with moss, and a roof made by stretching poles from wall to wall, and covering these with a thatch of pine bark, kept in place by heavy stones. For window and chimney they had a hole in the top of the south wall! There was no furniture in this rude hut—tree stumps served for table and chairs, and for bedding they had a litter of moss and hay.

But they were hardy and happy, and, knowing nothing of any other kind of life, they wished for nothing better. They lived a free, joyous life—hunting, singing, jodelling, climbing the snow-clad peaks, where it seemed almost impossible that a human foot could rest.

"How happy are we, my children!" said the mother, as she drew from a niche in the wall the old, worn Bible.

Carl, being the eldest, was the chief hunter, bringing home the chamois that was to serve for food and clothing for them all. They had a little patch of rocky meadow, in which they kept a few cows and goats, and the mother, helped by Johann and Pierre, made reed and moss baskets, and filling these with the delicious Alpine strawberries, and carrying them on her head to the nearest market, sold them for a few pence.

They would make cheese and butter for the winters, but, these being long and severe, they were often reduced to great want, and here the mother's faith was as a great wall of strength.

"Mother," little Pierre would exclaim, "you must pray harder than ever that the good God will send help. Our little store is nearly done, and the snow is still high before the door."

"Thank God that His greatness and goodness are never done!" the widow would reply. "The store is ever safe when the Saviour keeps the key. It may seem empty, but its bareness may be the door opening into heaven. And, after all, my children, what is earthly food in comparison with the Bread of Heaven?"

The boys did not like this thought. They knew that their mother had no dread of death; but to them it was an awful thing to see her wasting before them day by day, persuading them to eat the food she would not touch so long as she knew they needed it. Misfortune seemed only to strengthen her faith, for when, in 1874, their three cows died through the rinderpest, and this was followed by a winter whose heavy falls of snow cut them off from all communication with the nearest village, she said:

"My sons, nothing matters, so that we do the will of God. Are we not His? Need we fear death with Him in the soul?"

"But, mother," responded Carl sadly, "Little Pierre cares not for God; should not he fear death?"

The poor widow looked long on her youngest, and was unable to answer for sorrow, that this was so.

"How is it, my son?" she asked him. "God gave Himself for thee; hast thou nothing to give Him in return? How gladly would I die to show thee this truth!"

They had nearly got to the end of their provisions, and down in the valley, on the way to the nearest place whence food could be got, the snow was fifteen feet deep. Carl saw his mother growing feebler every day; he said to her:

"Mother, something must be done. Johann and I will venture as far as Pastor Gerson's hut; he may venture some venison left to spare us. Let us beg a little until the thaw shall come, and we can pay him back."

"Yes, mother," joined in Johann, "let us go before another fall of snow comes: it is now crisp on the top, and will bear us if we fasten hoops to our shoes."

Then they made snowshoes of the tough branches of the fir-trees, interlaced with strong cords, and early on the morrow prepared to begin their perilous journey.

With many prayers their half-fainting mother watched them depart—her lips were full of blessing for them.

"God go with you and guide you!" she called after them. "In His presence is fullness of joy," remember that, and keep very near to Him on this and every journey."

She saw them sink up to their waists in the snow, but already she had lost all care all anxiety as to the things of earth. For eight hours the brave boys pushed on through snow and ice, knowing that to pause meant death, since sleep would overcome them. Over rocks they helped each other, and crawled on hands and knees along narrow ledges of rock, where one false move would hurl them down steep precipices to instant death. At last, just as they felt it were better to die than to struggle longer, their strength and power to exercise thought being gone, they beheld the roof of Fritz Gerson's hut. The sight so invigorated them, that they set up a loud "jodel," which brought the pastor out to the roof of his hut to see who could be out at such an hour and on such a day.

"The Lord be praised!" said he, reverently, as he divested the half-dead lads of their soaked clothing, and rubbed their numbed and swollen limbs before the blazing log fire. After a meal of venison and milk, the boys were able to tell their tale of destitution, and to explain their need.

"Let us but carry some provisions back to our mother," they asked, "for she is so weak she cannot leave her prison, and we fear she will die. We will work for you all the spring to repay you, if you will spare us food."

Gladly the pastor gave them all they could carry; but as the next day was quite mild, and the snow was too soft to bear their weight, they waited until the third day, and then set out with sad hearts, thinking of their mother. All promised well; a hard crust on the snow bore their weight well, and with a pole stretched from shoulder to shoulder the boys carried their bag of provisions along in the middle.

The pastor watched them depart, from his roof, and the boys, looking back, saw him, and set up a merry, thoughtless cheer. The vibration in the air set a vast avalanche in motion; it rushed down the precipice, and they, hearing the thunder and roar of its descent, looked up, and, seeing the great white, cloud-like mass rushing upon them, knew their doom. They dropped their burden, and, clasping their arms about each other, sank under an avalanche of snow fifty feet in depth.

The pastor saw it all—saw the boys drop on their knees, entwined about by each others' arms; but he knew he could not help them.

Then he thought of the anxious mother in that lonely hut far up the desolate valley, and he felt that whatever the consequences to himself, he must go, and tell her the shocking news of her sons' death.

After much perilous walking he found the hut, and here a sad sight awaited him.

In a corner of the hut the poor widow lay, covered by a layer of moss—this was all her covering, save one thin garment. She had divested herself of all her clothing, and had piled them over little Pierre, to keep him from freezing. She herself was cold in death, and her fingers were laid upon these words in the book she loved so well: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

She and her two boys had entered in—they would hunger no more, neither thirst

any more—all earthly sacrifice ended; henceforth eternal life for them.

And what of the youngest, Pierre? When the pastor awoke him he was in a stupor, but a little cordial cross revived him, and he told his sad, yet beautiful story.

"Our mother ate nothing after the boys left—she gave what was left to me, for she said she knew the boys would never return. Her words to me were: 'My son, I will gladly give my life for thee, but I long to see thee a servant of God ere I am called hence.' She prayed night and day for my soul—she read to me, and she explained the words she read so beautifully that I felt my heart breaking, as the ice breaks up before the rays of the sun. I saw her dying for me, for she would not touch our little store, lest I, too, should die—"

"Have you, then, food in the hut?" asked the pastor.

"Yes, enough for another day, for one person—but now our mother need not starve herself—you have come, and you will save us—"

"Your mother is with the Saviour she so well served," said the pastor—he felt he must tell the poor boy.

"Oh, my mother, that was why you said, 'I can now die in peace, and with joy!'" and the poor child could not speak for sorrow. But Pastor Gerson calmed and comforted him, and he was able to complete his story.

"My mother told me of the love of God in sending His Son to die for us, and she reminded me of the sad, hard life and the cruel death of our Saviour, that we who believe in His name, and seek to serve Him, might pass from death to life. And she told me of His words upon the cross, and though I had heard them before, they seemed now to fill my heart with fire. I could not help myself, I was melted, and threw myself on my knees, and prayed God to forgive me and accept me. I saw my mother weeping—'Oh, my son,' she said, 'now I can die in peace, and with joy; it is so little to give my life for thee now that thou knowest the gift of God in His Son.' Then she lay down in the corner, after covering me with her clothes, and I thought her sleeping. Oh, sir, she died for me! she suffered for me! What can I do?"

"Live for God, and prove thyself worthy the memory of such a mother, my poor Pierre."

Pierre has just been made pastor in the room of Pastor Fritz Gerson, who is now too aged, and he preaches before all things

that story of the sacrifice of Christ on the cross which all our Scripture Union members are reading to-day—"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." When the snows melted, the bodies of the brothers were found in their last embrace. A white wooden cross now marks the spot, on the road to Chamouni, of a mother's sacrifice.—*M. B. Gerds.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

WHEN Madame Sontag first began her musical career in Vienna, she was hissed off the stage by her rival, Amelia Steinenger. Years went by, and, one day, in her glory, Madame Sontag was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she noticed a little girl leading a blind woman along the walk, and she called to her and said, "Whoisthat you are leading?" "Why," said the little girl, "don't you know? That is my mother, Amelia Steinenger. She used to be the great singer once, but she lost her voice; and then she cried so much about it her eyes went blind." "Give her my love," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her that in a few days an old acquaintance will call upon her." The next week, in the city of Berlin, a vast multitude gathered at a benefit for the poor, blind woman, and it is said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she never sang before, and to the day of her death she took care of Amelia Steinenger, and then she took care of her child after her.

THE MORNING WATCH.

By the REV. WALTER SEARLE.

PART I.

A FEW years ago I had the privilege of spending a few hours with my friend, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, then of Melbourne Hall, Leicester, now of London. On leaving, I received copies of his church magazine, *Worship and Work*, in which I read, with newly-awakened interest, two articles on the "Morning Watch." The writer urged upon Christians the desirability and duty of spending the first hour of the day alone with God in prayer and devout study of His Word. Cases were cited to show that some of the holiest and busiest of God's children had made this the settled habit of their lives. Sir Henry Havelock, even if he had to march at four in the morning, would rise so as to have two hours' fellowship with the King. The late Lord Cairns made it a rule to have an hour and a half before meeting the family for prayers, and never deviated from this, even if his late duties in parliament left him no

more than two hours' sleep. An eminent business man testified to the value and strength of spending thus the first waking hour, and said that his wife felt unequal, spiritually, to the duties of a large household unless she spent the time from six to eight in her own room, *alone with God*.

All this was as enchanting and inviting to me as the land of promise to the Israelites. And why should I not go in and possess the land? Why not? There was the inevitable Jordan, in the form of the insuperable difficulty of getting up early; but just as the living God led His people through the river, so, the writer assured us, God could and would awaken all who would trust Him to do it for them. So, without debating or delaying, I committed, that very night, my soul and body to the Lord, praying Him to arouse me; and, to my infinite joy, His invisible hand touched me punctually at six o'clock the next morning. How literally true became the ancient passage, "*He wakeneth morning by morning*," he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned" (Isaiah l. 4). How real the fellowship in prayer! How bright the sunrise in the soul! Shall I ever forget that red-letter day, that new chapter in my spiritual history! Alas! because of weariness through overwork, or because of unfaithfulness and unwatchfulness, there have been omissions, pages utterly blank, days without sunshine, missing links in the chain of gold; but, on the whole, I have kept, by God's grace, to the new habit, and I can humbly testify that these latter days have had a glory and a joy unknown before, and this I owe to the fact that I then heard the revivals of the departing missionary, "Watch the morning watch!"

The Rev. Webb-Peplow once said: "All great saints have been early risers." That is a bold statement; but I am surprised how much it is being confirmed by my reading and observation. It was so with Wesley and Whitefield. That seraphic soul, Joseph Alling, whose powerful preaching in the seventeenth century was blessed to thousands, and whose book, "An Alarm to the Unconverted," became the most popular book of its day, made a practice of spending the hours between four and eight o'clock in the morning praising God, and listening to the oracles of His Word. If he heard any smith at his work before he had got to his knees, he would exclaim, "How this noise shames me! Doth not my Master deserve more than theirs?" Frances Ridley Havergal could not have filled the earth with so much of the music of heaven had she

not enjoyed what she calls "*the one hour with Jesus*." Hudson Taylor, whose China Inland Mission is such a startling work of faith in this nineteenth century; George Muller, whose answered prayers have vindicated the faithfulness of God in this unbelieving age; Handley Moule, whose books on the spiritual life, and lectures at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, are sending "rivers of living water" through the land; F. B. Meyer, who with golden pen and glowing tongue is bringing home to thousands of Christians the question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" and others whom I know, find their secret of abiding strength in *beginning every day* with God, and in being *filled afresh with the Holy Spirit*.

Can any of us dispense with this morning watch? Mistresses and maids, with the besetting cares of the household; toilers, having to listen to the blasphemies of fellow-workmen; men of business, finding it hard to live out the pure ethics of Christ in the midst of worldly maxims, what time is there to hear God's still small voice, unless in the hush of morn? "Early in the morning (Hebrew) will I seek thee" (Psalm lxxiii. 1). "Those that seek me early in the morning (Hebrew) shall find me" (Prov. viii. 17). God's voice is heard oftenest in the rush of the day by those who have heard it first in the secret place. What time is there to gather manna for the soul, unless, like the Israelites, we do it before the sunrise? (Exodus xvi. 19-21.) What time to *steal a march upon the enemy*, as Dr. Stead reminds us in his Mile-stone Papers, or to throw down the battlements of unbelief, except, like Joshua, we awake right early? (Joshua vi. 12).

Few have many opportunities during the day for communion with God; but those who have the most say that, after all, there is no such time for looking into the face of the King as the morning hour, when the mind is fresh and disengaged from worldly cares. Thankfully do I here testify to the value of the morning watch in giving me opportunity to study the Scripture, whereby the Word of God has become such a delight that my last and happiest thought at night has been, "How blessed will it be when God wakes me in the morning, and *calls me to His holy Word!*" This is the point on which all turns: *God will do it, if you are really anxious to meet with Him*. I once resolved desperately to rise early in order to study theology, and failed, and when I did rise for years at college it was generally by the help of an alarm. But now it is easy to

follow the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Let us be filled with the Holy Ghost, then we shall not care to ask a servant to do what the Spirit of God has so graciously undertaken to do. Three young men, home from India on a tour, told me, on the top of the Keswick coach, that a friend decided to follow their example of keeping the morning watch, and gave his servants orders to call him up. The servant failed once and again. "I will have no more of this," said he, "*I will now turn to God*." The next morning he was awake between four and five. God *never* fails. Try Him and trust Him. But if you are to keep the morning watch, you must keep the self watch. Do not burn the candles at both ends. I used to knock up a fellow-student at five; but he seldom arose, because he would persist in sitting up late. We may have to be at late meetings, but when we get home let us sternly refuse to sit long at the supper table or the fire, or linger over the fascinating book. God waits; keep your appointment with Him. Be punctual. *It is the soul's business*. It is the King's wish. "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Let your last resolve at night be, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up"; and the first word you shall hear will be "Rise up, my love, and come away into the garden of delights, up to the mountains of myrrh," and *then* you will be ready to go down to the desert, the valley, and the plain, carrying Christ's pitying smile, healing touch, and heavenly calm. Try it, dear friend. Many have tried it and found it good. Do likewise; do it quickly. Begin this at once, and each day will be to you as a day of heaven upon earth.

PART II.

Soon after the appearance of the article on "The Morning Watch" in "Out and Out," one of the members of the band wrote to the secretaries, saying: "I have read 'The Morning Watch,' and I have made my vow unto the Lord, who is my keeper, to wake early in the morning. Thank God for this answer to my prayer. The last three mornings His hand has touched me early. Oh, how different life has been during the day! There has been so much brightness, and little things do not trouble me now."

Nor does this letter express an isolated experience. There are many who have recently found this treasure hid in a field, and their joy is unspeakable. Anxious

that it may last, and the fine gold never become dim, I desire to say to all these watchers, these sentinels along the line—Watch the morning watch; that is, guard this sacred habit as zealously as soldiers guard the tower where the crown jewels are preserved. Watch unto prayer; for you will be tempted either to give it up through the sluggishness of the flesh or the sophistry of Satan, or to keep it up merely as a formal routine from which the very life and spirit have gone out, as surely as from the praying machines in Tartary. These dread evils can be prevented by cultivating two graces, which, like the two angels in the most holy place, look towards the mercy-seat. The first is regularity, and the second is spirituality. Regularity will see that the fire never goes out, and spirituality will take care that it is fire from heaven that burns on the altar.

Be regular in your devotion. In a little book on "Secret Prayer," which seems to have been written on the very mount of communion, Principal H. Moule says: Those who really make this (the morning watch) their practice find that they can never again forego it without sure and manifest spiritual loss. Under God, immensely much depends on that watch time and its exercises of confession, faith, love, prayer, and praise. Its tendency is to open, as it were, the soul's window skyward for the day; to make the continuous acts of self-surrender and faith for that whole day quite different from what they would be otherwise, in their readiness and happiness. Here are ample reasons why we should not give it up. To omit it would be positive pain, and perceptible loss to the soul's health and vigor. It is not that God demands it, like an Egyptian task-master, who will have so much in so long a time; but our spirits require it for their love, joy, and peace, and for the coming hours of toil. For the soul that sings,

"Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend!"

has also learned to pray,

"Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine."

The work of the day is better, holier, because of that hour of worship, when, like the early Christians, we meet at sunrise to sing a hymn to Christ as God.

A great change was observed in the preaching of a German pastor, and soon a revival spread in the neighbourhood. After his death the secret was revealed. His well-worn Bible showed an entry which

expressed his resolution to rise every morning at four o'clock, to pray till eight for his flock and the work of God in the city. I will also cite the case of a working man whom I overtook the other evening going to our prayer-meeting. He was telling me that he had to commence work at six o'clock, and toil in a heated factory for thirteen hours without any rest for dinner. "Then," said I, "this leaves you little time for your Bible." "Oh," he replied, "I get up every morning at half past four to have half an hour's read." This was wise, because he gave his fresh powers to God, blessed, because to him who overcame the reluctance to rise, God gave "the hidden manna"; safe, because, before going down to the battlefield, where the fiery darts of infidelity and blasphemy were sure to fly thick and fast, he had time to put on the whole armour of God. In such a case, surely, some might have deemed it allowable to break so good a practice; but no, he assured me that he had kept it up with regularity. So might we keep up this habit, if we valued more highly the inestimable privilege of communion with God, and were always careful to keep the season of prayer sacred. "Tell His Majesty that I will come and attend on him when I have finished my audience with the King of kings," said a great minister of state, who was in secret prayer when the messenger from the palace knocked at his door.

Pastor Stockmayer reminds us that there is a time when we are struggling and striving to rise early, and we cannot; but when we yield to the Holy Spirit, He gives thee energy to rise betimes. Therefore, "be filled with the Spirit!" *Be spiritual in your regularity.* Let your waking be more than the result of a settled habit—let it be a fresh inspiration of the Spirit of God. "Be Thou their arm every morning;" and when you are at your watch, "Walk in the Spirit," and "be led of the Spirit." I enter my study on a dark morning eager to commune with God through His written Word. The lamp, all trimmed, stands on the table; but you must light the wick before the page can be seen. Here is the "lamp to our feet"—the inspired Word of God—full of truths divine; but we wait for the Holy Ghost to illuminate both it and us before we can see the mysteries of redemption. Let your first act be that of silent awe in the presence of the King; bow down and wait only on God for His Spirit; let every emotion be enkindled, and every thought inspired by Him; and then you will be spiritually-minded. Here He is in you, as well as with you, for that

very purpose, as surely as the fire was on the altar before the priest put the wood and offering thereon. But mind you place the wood in order, and the parts of the sacrifice, that is to say, place yourself in the attitude for fellowship. "Prepare to meet Thy God." You can open your Bible if He is to "open your understanding;" you can read through, reverently, the 119th Psalm if He is to "quicken you according to His Word;" you can let your "voice be heard in the morning" audibly if prayer is to be real communion; you can stand erect if you wish to realize, like Elijah, that "the Lord liveth before whom you stand." Use these forms carefully, only to preserve the Spirit, and never to supersede it. They are means to an end; that end is conscious and adoring fellowship with One "whom having not seen we love." And were the watch ever to become a mere routine—a tedious task—it would be better to give it up, saying it is a thing of formality, like Hezekiah, who cast away the brazen serpent, calling it Nehushtan, a thing of brass. Watch the morning watch! "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!"

TOUCHY PEOPLE.

THERE are people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offence is designed. They are touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fruit of their irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one with whom they come in contact. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unhappy word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unpleasant. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.—Selected.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Institute.

April 7th..Mark iii. 1-11.Isa. liii. 1 to end.
 " 14th...I. Cor. xv. 3-14.Matt. xxviii. 1-11.
 " 21st..Matt. xxiv. 42-51.Phil. ii. 5-14.
 " 28th..Mark xiv. 12-26.Luke iv. 16-31.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
 Go while it is called to-day ;

For the years go out and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win ;
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before ;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet
 Going down to the river where two world's meet :
 They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
 And duty, too, assigned,
 Step into the front with a cheerful face,
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
 That you never can tread again—
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
 Work for the plow, plane, spindle, and pen—
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
 Temptations without and within :
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
 As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth ;
 Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and shield,
 And the sword the feeblest hand may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of the Gospel shod,
 And before high heaven do the best you can
 For the great reward, and the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

WHAT SPOILED THE HELP.

"If I could only help!"

So thought Nan Gerrish—bright ten-year-old Nan, who loved her mother dearly. There were two young Gerrishes besides Nan, and no papa to work for them. Their mother toiled away at the sloop-work that paid for her living, glad that she could buy food and shelter for her children.

Mrs. Gerrish was pressing seams with her heavy "goose." Nan was overcasting. Very busily she worked, though she thought it the stupidest business in the world.

"Mamma," said Nan, after what seemed to her a long silence, "don't you think I can wash dishes pretty well?"

"Very well indeed for such a little girl."
 "I am glad you think so," replied the child, and bent over her work more earnestly than ever. She was hurrying with all her might, for in her little brain there was a plan for "s'prising" that tired mother.

After a while the overcasting was all finished, and still mamma worked away at the sewing-machine.

"I think I could get supper, mamma," piped up the little voice.

"You?"

"I know I never have, but—but s'posin'—"

"Suppose what?"

"A little girl whose mother was sick would have to get her own supper—wouldn't she?"

Mrs. Gerrish stopped her work for a moment. What Nan had just said went straight to her heart. Why should she not begin now?

So mamma reasoned, and the end was that she told Nan to light the fire, put over some water in the granite-ware kettle, and set the table.

"When the water boils," she said, "put in some oatmeal very slowly, as you have seen me do. Cut some bread, and dish some of the dried-apple sauce."

"And make some tea for you, mamma?"

"Yes, when the rest is all done. Now I am going to leave the supper to you. I will not notice what you are doing."

Thus put upon her honor, Nan moved about with all the dignity of an experienced housekeeper.

"If those noisy boys don't come till the supper is all ready I shall be glad," she said to herself. "I can't get along with Tom. He is so saucy. He won't ever mind anything I say, and he is ever so much the youngest—two whole years at least."

The housework went on admirably. The table was set with the greatest neatness. The oatmeal was watched by a pair of very bright black eyes, and did not dare scorch so much as a single grain of itself. The water bubbled and boiled in the bright tin tea-kettle. When Tom and Fred came, they would go to Neighbour Duncan's for the pint of milk. There were children at the Duncans' who had all the milk they wanted. A pint seemed such a small quantity to the little Gerrishes! But sometimes they ate molasses with their oatmeal, and drank the milk. Then there seemed to be more of it.

The work was done on the sewing-

machine, and mamma had gone upstairs to rest a moment, smooth her hair, and put on a white apron. A noise of voices and feet was heard at the back door, and two rosy boys burst in pell-mell, shouting:

"Where's mamma?"

"I am getting supper," said Nan, with an important air. "Tom, you must get the milk immediately."

"Guess I sha'n't hurry for you," said Tom, taking the milk can and starting off in a provokingly slow fashion.

"O dear! mamma's tea will steep too much," said Nan, fluttering about nervously.

Tom was gone so long that the young housekeeper had time to get thoroughly vexed. When he returned, she rushed up to him and tried to pull the can from his hands. He objected, and in the struggle the milk was spilled upon the kitchen floor. The children stood looking at it in dismay when poor, weary mamma appeared.

There was no need for words. Nan knew she had hindered more than she had helped. Mamma seated herself at the table and drank her tea "clear," though she did not relish it so.

After the boys had gone to bed, Nan sat down by mother's side to confess.

"I should have been a true help if I had not got mad with Tom," she said ruefully.

"We can never be of much real help to others till we learn to control ourselves," said Mrs. Gerrish, stooping to kiss Nan's tear-wet cheek.—*Mary F. Butts, in Sunday School Times.*

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

A COLORED girl was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered:

"Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked.

She answered promptly, "I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For a while the girl kept on with her work; then she slowly said: "Master George, I pray into God's ears, not His eyes. My voice is like another girl's, and if I say what I ought to say God does not stop to look at my skin; He knows what it is like, for He made it."—*Gospel Trumpet.*

HE'S SO OBLIGING.

"I CAN'T make it out how it is that Jim Johnson always gets such good places," said Harry Smith, the carpenter's son, to another boy, as they were returning home one afternoon.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Jim's luck" was the talk of the neighborhood. Jim was certainly no pattern of cleverness, of beauty, or strength; he could not do more than others, nor could he do it so well as many, but, for all that, it was quite true he always had good places, good wages, and a good character.

When he left one employer to go to another, it was generally said, "I would not part with him, if I could help it; he is a good boy, and so obliging."

This was the secret of his good luck—he was "so obliging." Did the merchant or the wagoner want an errand boy, or did any one want a job done at a moment's notice, it was only to get a sight of Jim, and it was as good as done; for Jim would hurry through his own business in order to help.

When he was at home he kept the woodbox full of wood, and his mother never had to ask him to bring a bucket of water, and many other little things did he do in a cheerful manner, so that he was a great favorite. And if he saw younger boys in trouble, he would try to help them out; and he put on his shoes, after having taken them off one pouring, rainy night, to walk two miles to the town for a parcel containing a new gown the carrier had neglected to bring the kitchen girl, who was crying her eyes out because she could not have it to wear next morning at her sister's wedding. But it was not so much what Jim did, as how he did it, that was so agreeable.—*American Agriculturist.*

TEMPTATION.

A STORY is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil, and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered two executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man, and to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded

with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked:

"Did you see any one whilst you were walking through the streets?"

"No," said the man; "I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."

LOST.

"LOST! in a game of play, a little girl's temper." Other sad losses are involved. Her mother's pride in her little girl is lost. Her companions have lost all their pleasure in the game. The little girl herself has lost all the bright smiles which made her face so pretty. And she has also lost the society, the affection, and the good opinion of her companions. All these things were wrapped up and lost with the little girl's temper. No one can find the lost temper but herself. The place to look for it is called "Repentance," and the door into that place is called "Shame," and that door is only open to her.

Strange that she will not enter the door, which conscience points out so plainly, and seek for her lost treasure, seeing how easily she could find it, and how unhappy and uncomfortable the loss of it is making herself and all around her!

And not only can she find it if she chooses to seek, but a rich reward is offered her for its recovery.

The reward is—an approving conscience, a happy mind, her mother's pride, her companions' affection and society, the true beauty of a pleasant, smiling face, and a light heart cleared from the heavy weight of her sad loss.

What a silly little girl she must be! First, willingly to lose so valuable a thing. And, next, willingly to delay even a moment before setting about finding it again.—*Great Thoughts.*

A YALE RECORD.

A CAREFUL record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are twenty per cent. taller, twenty-five per cent. heavier, and have sixty per cent. more lung capacity than smokers. A recent graduating class at Amherst presented a

similar difference in favor of non-smokers, who had gained in weight twenty-four per cent. over the smokers, and in height thirty-seven per cent., and also exceeded them in lung capacity.—*Selected.*

A LESSON STORY.

EVA and MAY carried their sewing to mamma to look at.

"Your stitches are very nice and even, May," said mamma; "but Eva's are crooked and bad. Did you look at the pattern, Eva?"

"Yes, mamma, I looked at it two or three times."

"How many times did you look at it, May?" asked mamma.

"I just kept looking at it all the time," said May.

So we must all keep on looking at Jesus if we want to be like Him.—*Selected.*

There is but one failure, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—*Canon Farrar.*

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The Young Men's Association, banded together
for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, especially
among young men, report monthly meetings with an
average attendance of 14. They had left invitations
nearly every Saturday night at principal hotels to
strangers staying over Sunday to attend Church, had
distributed 65 copies of the Parish and Home per
month free, had rented and opened a couple of small
rooms on Kent-st. during the winter as free reading
rooms, etc., and by invitation and otherwise had sought
to bring young men under the hearing of the Gospel
of Christ as set forth in the services of the Church of
England. To carry on this work they had collected or
given over \$100, most of which they had expended.

The Rural Deanery of Durham met at the Rectory
on Thursday, May 23rd. There were present:—The
venerable Archdeacon of Peterborough, The Rev.
Rural Dean Creighton, of Cartwright, Revs. McCann.

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site St. Paul's Church.

of Omeme; W. Allan, of Millbrook; W. Creighton, of
Bobcaygeon; Carswell, of Newcastle; Farncombe, of
Fenelon Falls; Marsh and Smith, of S. Paul's. The
Deanery assembled for business at four when the min-
utes of the last meeting were read and confirmed and
other business transacted. A careful study of the
fourth chapter of the first Epistle of St. John was
made. In the evening Divine service was held in the
Church and the venerable Archdeacon Ailen preached
an interesting sermon upon the text "Thou hast ascen-
ded on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, Thou
hast received gifts for men,"

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