

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 88.

FEBRUARY, 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, } *Churchwardens.*
 ROBT. BRYANS, }

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, WM GRACE, M. H. SISSON.

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

La Grippe has kept a good many away from church lately; but alas the grip of sin and selfishness keep a great many more away.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

ADAM—Petron Every; Robert Thomas, and Frances Christina, children of Thomas and Mary Etta Adam, baptized in St. Paul's church 5th Jan., 1899.

Marriages.

LOWES—JACKSON.—In Emily, on 18th Jan., 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Henry E. Lowes, to Florence Mabel Jackson, both of the township of Emily.

SHAW—BURKE.—At Lindsay, on 25th Jan, 1899, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Edward Wesley Shaw, of Fenelon Falls, to Harriett Jane Burke, of Lindsay.

Burials.

MORRISON.—At Riverside cemetery, on 22nd Jan., 1899, William Morrison, in his 59th year.

BYRNELL.—At Fenelon Falls cemetery on 17th Jan. 1899, Sarah Byrnell, in her 80th year.

GOLLINGAR.—At Riverside cemetery, on 22nd Jan., 1899, Mary Jane Gollingar, in her 40th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. McCabe and family from Ashburnham to St. Paul's and Lindsay.

The Rev. G. Troop, M.A., rector of St. Martin's church, Montreal, is to hold a mission at St. Luke's, Ashburnham, from Feb. 3rd to Feb. 10th. The readers of Parish and Home can help the work by their prayers.

The Dr. Barnardo Homes have been instrumental in rescuing 35,553 children, of whom 10,013 have been sent to the colonies, perhaps most of them to Canada. Who can tell the value of such work as this?

How many will this coming Lent put God's work and God's will first?

We are glad to welcome Mr. Hulley and family, Mr. Wyld and Mr. Bethune to Lindsay and St. Paul's church.

St. George's church, Cameron, was crowded on Feb. 1st by those desiring to witness the marriage of Mr. C. J. Hepburn to Miss Carrie Cook, and many were the wishes expressed that the young people might have abundant happiness in their journey through life together.

The amount received by our Parish paper in 1898 for advertisements and subscriptions was \$138.66 while the cost of publication was \$166, leaving an adverse balance of \$27.34, and yet there are scores of subscribers who have not paid the small amount due by them. Will all kindly pay up so that we may pay the printer.

Some 19 young men were present at the annual meeting of the Y.M.A. held at the home of Mr. A. J. Soanes. Interesting reports were given and some stirring words spoken urging on to renewed effort, and the following officers were elected, Hon. President, the rector; Pres., Mr. M. H. Sisson; Vice Pres., Rev. R. McNamara; Sec. Treas., Mr. E. Armstrong; Councilors, Messrs. W. H. Vance, S. Cameron and B. Lamont. We trust a useful year is before the Association.

Owing to the prevalence of gripe only six clergy were present at the Rural Deanery meeting in Lindsay on Feb. 2nd and 3rd. Ven. Archdeacon Allen, Rural Dean W. C. Allen, Revs. W. I. Creighton, H. Symonds and those of Lindsay. Much interesting discussion took place on the proposed new diocese, and a resolution prepared to be presented to the Synod in June. A public meeting was held in the schoolhouse, when an address on "The Clergyman's Work" under the headings of His Ecclesiastical dress, The reading of the service, and preaching, was given by the Archdeacon, and Judge Harding spoke on "The Layman's Work," pointing out the desirability of a financial board to assist the churchwardens in raising the necessary funds; and the duty of all, not unnecessarily to criticize, but to encourage and help forward the church's work.

On Jan. 30th news was received from the far north. On Dec. 9th all were well at St. Peter's Mission, Hay River. Mr. Stanley Soanes had been moved to Fort Simpson, 240 miles distant, to assist Bishop Reeves. Twelve gold seekers were wintering at Hay River; while during the summer 400 travellers inscribed their names on the visitor's book at the Mission House and nearly 1000 passed through that way en route to the Klondyke. Their garden yielded 300 bushels of potatoes and some other vegetables, and they had secured a good catch of fish, and some moose meat in preparation for the winter. In addition to the Sunday services and Sunday school, they have a boarding school with 7 children at time of writing, a school attended by old and young from the village, also a bible class on Thursday evenings. There had been two weddings and the missionary had the privilege of providing the necessities for a wedding feast. They sent words of hearty appreciation of the bales sent out by the Lindsay W.A., and other friends, and the many useful articles therein contained. They hope before long to build a church. God is giving them some fruit for their labors, and they ask continued and earnest prayer on their behalf. More missionaries are needed to meet the wants of that vast land.

The Christmas offertory at St. Luke's, Ashburnham, was a little over \$50.

Let us pray more to the Saviour, work more and give more this Lent for the Master than ever before.

The Ven. Archdeacon Weston-Jones has resigned his position as Archdeacon of Prince Edward Island. A resident of the island will presumably be appointed to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Stanley Soanes says the church at Fort Simpson, used by the Bishop of McKenzie River, is much like St. George's, Cameron. So if a cathedral church is needed in the new diocese to be formed here, Cameron is not so very far from the centre geographically.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Paul's church on Jan. 19th, the following officers were elected: Hon. Pres., Mrs. T. Walters; Pres., Mrs. Marsh; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Patrick and Mrs. Geo. Beall; Cor. Sec., Mrs. G. H. Hopkins, Rec. Sec., Mrs. Sisson; Treas., Miss Twamley; Sec. Dorcas Branch, Mrs. Milne; Treas., Mrs. Paddon.

The Gleaners' Union meeting at the home of Mr. W. Grace was a very pleasant and profitable affair, some 50 or 60 being present. Much was learned of the work in Japan, and we trust souls fired with the desire to extend the kingdom of Christ. Mr. Vance acted as chairman and much regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. and Mrs. McNamara through illness, especially as the latter had been Sec. of the G.U. at Stewartown.

There was a small attendance but a good program at the C.E.T.S. meeting on 30th ult. Miss R. Robinson played an instrumental, Harry Soanes gave a recitation, "My dog Jack." The Masters' Pepper sang "Only one daisy left," which was heartily encored. Mr. Frampton said he had been 26 years in Canada without tasting whiskey and then gave an interesting temperance reading on "I wouldn't, would you?" The Sec.'s report showed that there had been 12 meetings during the year, with addresses by Revs. W. McCann, W. L. Armitage and A. Lawrence and Mr. Ross. Seven new members had been added to the roll. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$6.15. The following officers were elected: Vice Pres., Messrs J. H. Knight and L. Archambault; Treas., Miss Twamley; Sec., Mrs. A. Soanes; Executive Committee, Rev. R. McNamara, Messrs J. E. Billingsley, Stoddard, R. Humphreys and W. H. Vance, Mrs. Goldie, Mrs. Champion, Miss B. Browne, Miss B. Walters, Organist, Miss Wingrove.

The present century is by eminence the century of missions. Since primitive times there has been no such systematic and organized efforts as we witness to day to comply with the terms of the great commission. With only a few exceptions our great missionary societies are all less than a hundred years old. As never before believers are honestly trying to carry the Gospel to every creature. Viewed from a merely secular standpoint this is the most chimerical enterprise that was ever undertaken. No language is strong enough to give a just and adequate conception of the difficulties by which it is best. The obstacles that confront missionary work in every part of the world are mountain high, and formidable enough to appal the stoutest hearts. But we are not to look at the matter from a secular standpoint. Faith rests itself upon the divine power and promises, and feels sure of success and victory even when the odds are all against it.—E. E. Hoss, D.D.

Parish and Home

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 3.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

- 2—**Purification of Mary the B. Virgin.** *Morning*—Ex. xiii. to 17; Matt. xviii. 21, xix. 3. *Evening*—Hag. ii. to 10; Acts xx. to 17.
- 5—**Sexagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. iii.; Matt. xx. 17. *Evening*—Gen. vi. or viii.; Acts xxi. 17 to 37.
- 12—**Quinquagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. ix. to 20; Matt. xxiv. to 29. *Evening*—Gen. xii. or xiii.; Acts xxvii. to 18.
- 13—**Ash Wednesday.** *Morning*—Isai. lviii. to 13; Mark ii. 13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah iii.; Heb. xii. 3 to 18.
- 19—**First Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xix. 12 to 39; Matt. xxvii. to 27. *Evening*—Gen. xxii. to 29, or xxiii.; Rom. iii.
- 21—**St. Matthias, A. & M.** *Morning*—1 Sam. ii. 27 to 36; Mark i. 21. *Evening*—Isaiah xxii. 15; Rom. viii. to 18.
- 26—**Second Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xxvii. to 41; Mark ii. 23, iii. 13. *Evening*—Gen. xxviii. or xxxii.; Rom. ix. to 19.

"THE EARTH SHALL BE FILLED WITH THE GLORY OF THE LORD."

Arise and shine, thy light is come!
The glory spreads o'er land and sea;
Awake, awake, the night is done,
Darkness is past, the shadows flee.
Lift up thy head, behold the sun
That flushes all the eastern skies,
The earth breaks forth in songs of joy,
The Lord is nigh, awake, arise!

Arise and shine, thy light is come!
Spread forth the glory far and wide,
Summon the wand'ring nations home,
Proclaim the message, Christ has died;
Has died and lives again on high,
And comes with ever-quicken'g might
To gather in the souls He loves,
In one great flood of life and light.

Arise and shine, thy light is come!
Oh! Zion, lift thy voice and sing;
Come forth, come forth, Jerusalem,
And own thy everlasting King.
Thy Saviour reigns who wept for thee,
Thou art His glory and His crown;
Thy Saviour reigns, put on thy strength,
Thy sun and moon no more go down.

Arise and shine, thy light is come!
The world is filled with dawning day,
The ransomed of the Lord return,
Sorrow and sighing flee away;
Awake, awake, the Bridegroom comes,
When victory shall end the strife,
And all the lands of all the earth
Be filled with light and crowned with life!

—M. B. W., in C. M. S. paper.

St. Paul's Cathedral in London a picture of which is given in this issue, is noted for its being the largest and most magnificent Protestant church in the world, and second only to St. Peter's in Rome among the religious structures of modern times. The site of the present building was occupied about 610 by a Christian church dedicated to St. Paul. This church continued till 1083, when it was destroyed by fire. From its ruins arose a much more splendid edifice—the immediate precursor of the present cathedral. In 1137 the building

tive skill displayed by Wren in this building is universally acknowledged and admired. Great exception is taken to the fact that the external dome is of wood, and not of stone, and so liable to premature decay; but the same may be said of the wooden roofs over the vaults of Gothic cathedrals; and by making it of wood Sir Christopher was enabled to raise it to a height which makes it one of the noblest buildings of the kind in the world. It is difficult to get a good picture of the cathedral, as it is so closely surrounded with other buildings.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ENG.

suffered severely from fire; but that being the great age for splendid churches, it was soon restored with great magnificence, the bishops and the people contributing most liberally to defray the cost. In 1666, however, the great fire of London completely destroyed the old cathedral, along with a large portion of the city and most of the churches. The present building was then erected, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. It is modelled on that of a Gothic cathedral, with an interior length of 460 feet, width 240 feet across the transepts, and a nave 94 feet wide. The construc-

ONCE more, ere the month of February passes, we come to the season of Lent; and while our Church emphasizes at this time the principles of abstinence and self-denial she leaves the individual to apply them. She does not say abstain from meat and eat fish, nor lay down burdensome rules to be followed, but she calls her children lovingly and loyally to follow more closely in the steps of the Master, who "though he was rich yet for our sakes became poor," and who said: "Whosoever will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

How many things there are to urge us on to self-denial! How many of God's poor have to practise continual self-denial to make ends meet, or to keep the wolf from the door!

Some of the rest of us might well deny ourselves to make their burden lighter and their lot happier. Then in how many places God's cause is languishing because of the selfishness of those who call themselves His followers.

Again, by a little care, thoughtfulness, and self-denial what an impetus could be given to the work of sending the Gospel to the heathen; how many of those who will otherwise die without being told the old, old story might hear it even before the century closes if the majority of Christians did what they could.

Friends, let us ask God to make the last Lent of the 19th century the most profitable one. Draw nigh to God, and God will draw nigh to us, and bless us and make us a blessing.

ONE is often amazed at the carelessness of parents with regard to the bringing up of their sons, especially as to their moral and religious training.

The writer has in his mind's eye a number of boys and young men who are, or lately have been, in prison or penitentiary, from the parish where he lives. Not one of these boys was brought regularly to the house of God by his father. Not one of them, as far as he could find out, was taught regularly and faithfully God's commands with regard to him.

Deeply we sympathize with, and feel for these families (highly respectable in many cases), in all the shame, sorrow and disgrace brought upon them; but surely we ought to learn the necessity of faithful, careful training in God's word and way. His command to Israel of old might well be followed by parents to-day: "These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way,

and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up."

Sometimes even those who have been carefully trained from childhood go far astray, but not one case in ten compared with those who have just been allowed to grow up about as they liked.

"TWO THIRDS of your church members are women," said one who scoffed at religion. "Yes," was the answer, "and of the forty-five thousand persons in the state prisons forty-three thousand are men."

Yes! and we may well ask how few of them would be there, if they had been faithful, earnest members of any branch of the Church of Christ? Well may we thank God and rejoice because of the many faithful, godly women to be found in our churches; but on the other hand well may parents, especially fathers, both by their example and influence, strive to see that their sons are early led to take an interest in and unite with the Church of the living God.

There would be fewer troubled hearts and sorrowful homes, fewer parents whose gray hairs are being brought down in sorrow to the grave, fewer men in prison, with all the attendant disgrace to friends and family, if more of our young men were active, earnest members of the churches.

Brethren, let us work and pray that they may be.

We are sure the following extracts from letters of travellers on their way to the gold fields of the Yukon will be of interest to many of our readers.

Dr. J. E. Brown, writing to the *Stratford Herald*, says:

"North Pole, Arctic Regions, July 22.—We reached not quite the North Pole, but have gone as close to it as we ever expect to. I am sure I have experienced a pleasure that very few in this world have, in viewing the land of the midnight sun. It is a sight ever to be remembered, a most magnificent sight to watch the sun shining bright all night as well as all day, first directly in the east, about six hours later in the south and six hours still later in the west. Then comes the climax, when, about one

o'clock a.m., it shines in all its splendor straight north of us. For the last month or so the sun has not gone below the horizon here, but in a few days it will begin to dip a little, and in a couple of months we shall have our regular night, which will increase till the night, as it were, absorbs all the day, and we shall then not see the sun for over a month. This will be a sight, too, but probably not so magnificent and cheerful a one as that of continuous sunshine."

Then writing of his journey as he came north and his visit to Hay River, he says:

"We were compelled to remain here for a few days, on account of the high seas and headwinds. I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Marsh and wife, Miss Marsh, Miss Veitch, Tims, all white people, in charge of the Church of England mission here. We invited Mr. Marsh and his friends to take dinner with us, and Mrs. M. then invited us to take tea with them, as it was her husband's birth-day. I can scarcely describe the pleasure we had at receiving them at dinner and taking tea in their home. In conversation I found that Mrs. M. was a schoolmate of my own, when I attended the High-school at Lindsay, Ont., though she was in a junior form at that time. After so long a spell of absence from friends I can assure you I enjoyed a visit from these people. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and assistants are doing a good work at this distant mission of the Church, and, I tell you, they deserve the sympathy of all Christian people in the work they are doing in this mission amongst these poor miserable natives. Mr. Marsh told me that he was at one time, for two months, without a mouthful of food except fish, save on Sunday, when he had a small cake. He was married a little over a year ago, and is living now like a man. His wife says she can cook fish in sixteen different ways. There were about twenty boats delayed here by a storm, during which time we had two services and two concerts. One day we all turned out and helped him in building a fine new house (log, of course), which he had partly finished. We put on the last side and end logs, put on the rafters

and made the windows. I can assure all who read this that if they can spare anything out of the comforts they may be blessed with, it will be well to send it to Rev. Thos. Marsh, Hay River, Great Slave Lake. Mr. M. has been six years amongst these people working hard, has a school and mission, where he cares for between ten and twenty native children, clothing, feeding and teaching them. He has a fine garden, and is teaching the natives many industrious habits; but, oh! what a sacrifice to live amongst those poor, degraded, low, filthy, indolent folk! Do not forget Mr. Marsh."

The journey to Fort Simpson is then described, where the cook belonging to Dr. Brown's party was drowned; then he continues:

"Fort Simpson is one of the finest if not the best on the McKenzie river. It is in charge of Mr. Cam-sell, chief factor of the McKenzie River district. The fort is situated on the left shore of the river on a high bank and contains about half a dozen fine buildings belonging to the Hudson Bay Co. Mr. Christie is Mr. Cam-sell's assistant, and I cannot forget his kindness and assistance to us in our affliction at this post. The Church of England Mission is in charge of the Rev. Bishop Reeves, who has been in the country for over thirty years. I found Bishop Reeves an excellent gentleman, had the pleasure of dining with him and his good lady, and shall ever remember their courtesy. I have seldom listened to a finer and more impressive discourse than that given by Bishop Reeves from Amos 4: 12; Heb. 9: 27. His sermon dwelt particularly on the accident and was directed to the miners."

The work at Fort McPherson is thus referred to:

"There is a Church of England Mission at Fort Peel and is at present in charge of Rev. Mr. Whittaker, who, by the way, is to be married to day to an English lady, and I have been invited to act as groomsmen. Rev. Mr. Stringer and his wife came from Herschell Island, 250 miles, and Bishop Reeves from Simpson, 700 or 800 miles; so you see it is a difficult thing to get married, especially when I tell you that

the bride came from Fort Chipewan, some 1,500 miles. There is a fine mission here with 120 communicants, so that you see by the good work done here by these missionaries, many of these wild men of the woods are brought to a knowledge of the truth, and are to a great extent civilized, and I am sorry to say that the missionaries, in different places, have told me that they fear much harm may be done by the miners coming into the country, for there are some of them that try to take advantage of the Indians every time, and in some cases they were teaching them how to swear. Most of these Indians never had any dealings with anyone except the Hudson Bay men and the missionaries, and have always had square dealings.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, formerly mayor of Hamilton, wrote as follows to the *Hamilton Herald*:

"On Tuesday, August 2, we were overtaken after dinner by Dr. Lyster's steamboat. After we had greeted each other, we were asked to throw a rope aboard, and we were kindly towed down to Hay River, where we arrived in the midst of a rain storm and a cloud of mosquitoes at 6 p. m. There used to be a trading post at Hay River, but we learned it was abandoned some years ago, and now only the English Church mission marks the spot, if a few rough houses are excepted, in which some local Indians reside. We visited the mission after supper, and found it a delightful and hospitable abode. Beside it was a large and carefully cultivated kitchen garden, in which almost every variety of vegetable was growing in profusion. We saw potatoes, turnips, beets, beans, peas, carrots, lettuce, radishes, tomatoes and kohlrabi; I mention these in detail so as to show what can be done in the way of gardening in the far north land. Turning from the vegetables we opened the wicket gate leading to the little mission house, and found ourselves in a garden of flowers so beautiful and dainty that our thoughts flew straight away to the homes we had left behind and of which the pretty flowers so much reminded us. It was indeed a revelation to us to see God's fairest handiwork blooming

and blossoming in so wild a country, and, as I have already said, the fragrance inhaled spoke to us in unmistakable terms, and reminded us of loved forms and faces that were far away from us and which we hungered daily and hourly to see again. On knocking at the door of the mission we were given a cordial welcome in spite of our rough clothes and unkempt appearance, and we spent a most delightful evening there. I was glad to find that the missionary in charge was Rev. Thomas J. Marsh, a graduate of Wycliffe College, Toronto, and a brother of my old friend, the rector of the Episcopal Church in Lindsay. Mr. Marsh was not at home when we called, being absent at Fort Providence, where he had gone for his semi-annual mail and supplies. But we found Mrs. Marsh at home, and besides her Miss Marsh, the rector's sister; Miss Tims, the resident teacher at the Tims' Mission; and Stanley A. Soanes, assistant to Mr. Marsh. At the hands of the good ladies we received innumerable kindnesses and these were showered upon us at each succeeding visit with such lavish hands that we grew almost ashamed of the trouble to which we felt we must be putting them. As I happen to know Lt.-Col. Deacon, of Lindsay, who is Mrs. Marsh's father, and have many other friends in that pretty town, we had common ground for conversation and reminiscence, and were glad to talk for a while about mutual friends. In connection with the mission we found a boarding school for Indian children, and learned that although just at present there were but five boarders there on account of an epidemic of whooping cough, it was usually filled and doing good work. The children we saw there were all as fat and rosy as they could be; neatly and comfortably dressed, and apparently very happy—so much so that we could not bear to think of the day in which they should leave their kind shelter, exchanging its quiet, its cleanliness, its comfort and its teaching, for the want and vice and filth and squalor of their natives' tepees. Miss Marsh is superintendent of the school, and Miss Tims is the resi-

dent teacher. We tried to sympathize with the ladies on the loneliness of their lot and the difficulties and discomforts with which they were surrounded, but they flatly refused to be sympathized with, declaring that they wanted for nothing, had work enough to keep them busy all day and were perfectly contented and happy, and would not go back to the hum-drum life of the east again upon any consideration. And truly a most happy home is theirs, nor has it room for discontent. We will remember it ever as the brightest spot we met with in our travels, nor will we forget how we were entertained and feted, or how we returned to our tents staggering beneath a load of freshly caught white fish, new potatoes, lettuce, beets and other dainties which fed us luxuriously for many days.

"We learned at the mission that most of the Klondikers who had passed during the summer had called there, and we found a visitors' book containing many of their names, and duly inscribed our own therein."

THE RABBI'S SAYINGS.

As it is well known, the Jewish Talmud is full of sophistry and vain speculations, but, nevertheless, in this heap of rubbish one may find some fine pearls, worthy of picking up. I bring three of them here :

"A heathen philosopher said to the Rabbi: "Do you believe that God knows the future?"

"Of course I do," replied the Rabbi. "Well, then," said the heathen, "why is it written, the Lord said I will destroy everything which I have made, because it repenteth me that I have made them. Didn't the Lord foresee that man would become corrupt?"

The Rabbi said to him: "Have you any children?"

"Yes."

"When a child was born what did you do?"

"Well, we made a feast and rejoiced greatly."

"What reason had you to rejoice?" asked the Rabbi, "Didn't you know that the child must ultimately die?"

"Yes, but in the time of rejoicing I did not care to think of the future."

"So it was with God," said Rabbi Joshua. He *knew* that man would sin; still that knowledge didn't prevent the execution of His beneficent purpose to create him."

On one occasion the Emperor said to Robon Gamaliel:

"Your God is a thief, because it is written in your Bible, "and the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and He took a rib from Adam."

The Rabbi's daughter said: "Emperor, last night robbers broke into my room and stole therefrom a silver spoon, but they left a golden spoon in its stead."

To which the Emperor replied: "I wish that such thieves would come every night."

"So it was with Adam; God only took a rib from him, but placed a woman instead of it."

In one place the Rabbi thus speak of death:

"Man is born with his hands clenched; he dies with his hands wide open. Entering life he desires to grasp everything; leaving the world, all that he possessed has slipped away. Even as a fox, is man."

A fox, seeing a fine vineyard, lusted after its grapes. But the palings were placed at narrow distances, and the fox was too bulky to creep through between them. He therefore decided to fast for three days in order to get thin, and thus managed to get inside.

He feasted upon the grapes, forgetful of the morrow, and lo, he had again grown stout and big, which made it impossible for him to leave the scene of the feast. So for three days more he fasted, and when he had again grown thin he passed through the palings, and stood outside the vineyard, as meagre as when he entered.

So with man; poor and naked he enters into the world, poor and naked does he leave it.

But—the Rabbi has forgotten to add—the Christian does *not* leave the world naked, but is clothed in robes of righteousness washed in the precious blood of the Lamb—even our Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader! Ponder and meditate upon these lines.

M. J. G.

Toronto.

SONS OF TOIL.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B. A.,
IN "HOME WORDS."

Sons of Toil, before ye labor,
Kneel in worship to the God
Who is nearest all and Neighbor
When our path alone is trod:
Seek for service that anointing
Which will give you secret health,
Though the wage be disappointing
It shall be the truest wealth:
For with His dear early blessing
Drudgery will lose its pain,
And no work be over-pressing,
Or the soil of Duty stain.

Sons of Toil, go forth now leaning
On the Mercy that is Might,
With new majesty and meaning
In the task, however slight;
Nothing now is common, brothers,
With the consecrating mark
Of that Presence, when Another's
Is the burden or the dark;
Nothing is unclean or little
Now the Master make; it grand;
And the reed, that was so brittle,
Is a bulwark in His Hand.

Sons of Toil, your Lord has striven
Likewise in the noontide heat;
Daily burdened, daily driven,
With no rest or calm retreat.
He who paints the harvest yellow,
Yet despises not your aid
And will be a true Yokefellow
When the flesh is most afraid.
If some weight would fret your shoulder,
He is quicker than your call;
For he makes the feeblest bolder,
And is Servant of us all.

A GIFT AND A QUESTION.

He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?—Job
xiv. 10.

Of all man's gifts this is the last,
he giveth up the ghost; and the most momentous question is, Where is he? The wicked man—where is he?

(1) He is where he did not wish to be. Sometimes he may have wished others there, but he never wished himself there. Yet the dark shore is the place of the stranding.

(2) He is where he never thought he would be. His imagination sailed in many a sea, visited many a land, but to come to this dread continent never entered his thoughts. How dismal to be found on the wrong side of the gulf that is fixed!

The Christian, where is he?

(1) He is where he hoped to be. There is not an adult soul in heaven but intelligently and intensely desired to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.

(2) He is where he did not deserve to be. More humble in heaven than on earth, he will confess. "Not unto us, etc.," according to His mercy He saves us, not by works, or service, or suffering.

(3) He is where it was promised he should be. "I go to prepare a place for you. Where I am there shall ye be also." Thy promise is my only plea.

(4) He is where he delights to be. Hear the gladsome verdict. This is the place of my rapture. This is the person of my delight. These pleasures fill and crown and satisfy my soul.

"Grant us Thy light when soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day."

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

RIGHTLY ESTIMATING ACHIEVEMENT.

Nothing is worth regarding as an achievement except the doing of the thing that ought to be done just then. It is of small moment that one has skill on the piano when the thing to be done is the saving of a man from drowning. Facility in the higher mathematics counts for little when the thing to be done is to display a danger signal at a railroad crossing. We sometimes hear it said of a lecturer or a preacher that he is apt to talk above the heads of his audience,—as if that were an indication of superior attainment on his part, and a compliment to his powers. Whatever it may be supposed to indicate, it is really a pointing out of the man's inability to meet his audience on their own level. It would seem to show that this was an achievement beyond his impulses or his powers. To talk over the heads of children, or of any simple-minded or unlearned people, is a much easier thing to do than to talk to them. The temptation is to put a false estimate upon achievement. If it is our set duty to address ourselves to any

particular sorts or conditions of men, the highest achievement is to do that particular thing with the highest degree of success. Any performance which we may deem more intellectual, but which is unfitted for the occasion, is a less commendable one, and, so far as the duty of the hour is concerned, is no achievement at all.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE SPARROWS.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."—*St. Matthew x. 29.*

We are apt to think of the common or English sparrow as one of the most contemptible of birds, and he is no more valued in the East than here. Sparrows are sold in the market, it is true, but at the lowest price. We see that it was even so in the time of our Saviour. Two might be bought for the smallest copper coin; nay, if the buyer purchased four the dealer would throw in an odd one (*St. Luke xii. 6.*)

Yet it is this very despised bird, without beauty of plumage or sweetness of song to recommend him, which our Lord uses to illustrate His and our Father's paternal care. Mean and despised as the sparrow may be, God cares for him, feeds him, sees all his straits; nay, will not suffer the bird to die alone.

Since our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed,
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.

"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Since, then, our Father's care is so minute and gracious that it extends to the little birds and to the wild flowers that the husbandman uproots and throws away as weeds (*St. Matt. vi. 28*), may we not venture to go to Him with the smallest of our earthly needs? Indeed, dear friends, we may. We may consult Him on the smallest matters, such as we should hesitate to expose to a friend for fear of being wondered or laughed at. We may ask Him for what would seem to others the veriest trifles, so long as we feel those trifles to be important

to our welfare. We may open to Him sorrows which we should never think of confiding to the dearest earthly friend. And in all we may be sure of His sympathy, His support, His counsel, His care. So long as we are His children, serving Him as far as he gives us a place to do so, so long will he be our loving, faithful Father.

Observe that God does not take from us our own share of work. He does not save the sparrow the task of picking up food for himself and his brood. God gives us each work to do, and He will have us do it to the very best of our ability, looking to Him for help and wisdom to fulfil our tasks. And, having done this, let us go boldly to the throne of grace that we may find grace to help in time of need) *Heb. iv. 16.*—*Selected.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident is related by the late Doctor Flanders, of St. Paul's Church, Wickford, R.I., who served as chaplain of the Fourth R.I. Regiment during the Civil War:

"After a terrible battle I found a little drummer boy lying on his cot, who had been fatally wounded. I tried to open a conversation with him, but his mind was wandering, so that he was unable to reply coherently to anything which I said. A book was lying by his side, which I found to be a Prayer Book, and on the fly-leaf was written: 'From your dear Mother and Sister,' and it then occurred to me that if I repeated the Lord's Prayer it might awaken some familiar association in his mind. I knelt by his side, and as soon as I said 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' his incoherent wanderings ceased and he joined in the prayer to the close without faltering; then, after a moment's pause, the words having evidently revived the early memories of his childhood, he went on at once to repeat distinctly the familiar verse:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"After this he was silent, and in a

few minutes ceased to breathe. He had passed into the presence of the Saviour to whose charge he had just committed his soul."—*Parish Visitor*.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

BY F. E. D.

Bishop Heber, author of the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was born in Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. In his early boyhood he gave evidence of decided poetical talent. At the age of thirteen he was placed in the private school of a clergyman near London. Three years later, while a student at Oxford, he gained a prize for Latin verse, and at the age of twenty he wrote another prize poem called "Palestine," which occupies a permanent place in English literature. In the year 1805 he started on a continental tour with a friend, and for one year travelled in Russia, Hungary, Austria and Prussia.

On his return he was duly installed in his ecclesiastical work, and in the years that followed gave himself up to writing, preaching and composing hymns, with a view to improving the devotional poetry used in the churches.

In 1822 the See of Calcutta was vacated by the death of Bishop Middleton, and it was at once offered to Heber, who declined. After having the matter repeatedly pressed upon him he at last consented to accept. The story of his labours and travels in his diocese, which then included the whole of India, would make an interesting volume.

He died suddenly in the midst of his labours on the 3rd of April, 1826, at the age of forty-three.

The circumstances under which his famous hymn was written are especially interesting. He was then thirty-five years old, and was visiting his father-in-law, who was also a clergyman. It was Saturday afternoon, and a little company was assembled in the rectory parlour. The sermon next morning was to be on the subject of missions, and Heber's father-in-law asked him to write some lines on the subject to be sung after the sermon. He retired to one corner of the room

while the others continued their conversation. In a short while he presented three verses of the hymn to the company. They declared themselves well satisfied with the work. But Heber again retired for a few moments and wrote the glorious lines which close the hymn. Someone writing of the circumstance says: "It does not necessarily take a lifetime to accomplish immortality. A few lines which can be written on a sheet of note-paper may give one a deathless name. These lines, so dear to every heart, so certain to live while a benighted man remains to whom Christ's story has not yet been wafted, were written in a parlour with conversation going on around its author, and in a few minutes' time."—*The Children's Visitor*.

PROFESSOR HENRY B. SMITH ON THE BIBLE.

The Bible as an inspired record is an infallible, and it is the final, authority for faith and life. Its inspiration involves its infallibility. Interpreted, as all words must be, by its real spirit, it gives us truth without error. Light and life come from the ministry of the Word. Its hallowed sayings are our stay, when all other support fails; our rock amid the billows; the songs of our pilgrimage; the pledge of our final rest. Such implicit faith may be stigmatized as Bibliolatry; but where else can we go to find the words of eternal life? Bibliolatry clings to the letter; spirituality in the letter finds the Spirit, and dares not disown the letter which guided to the Spirit.

For the enduring wants of the soul for the problems of sin, salvation, and eternity, we find here an unwavering authority, and rest in faith and joy upon the last assurance of the highest testimony, "Thus saith the Lord." And as it is an infallible, so it is a final, authority. No man may add unto, or take away from the words of, this Book. "Here is the judge that ends the strife." Like its Divine Author, it has full oft been called before human tribunals, been reviled, spat upon, yea buried, that it might rise again with new power, and bless even its persecutors. Of

controversy, as history testifies, it has ever been the arbiter; of opposing systems, the invariable conqueror; every scheme of men has become wan and shrivelled at its touch. Beyond its revelations and its prophecies thought cannot reach: it contains the oldest of records as the most living of prophecies. New assailants in the flush of self-consciousness call it antiquated, and its antiquity is as that of God Himself. It is older than the stars and the earth, and awaits their dissolution, that all its revelations may be fulfilled. But it is also ever new, as well as ever old; the most progressive, as it is the most conservative, of influences; the counterpart of the wisdom of God. All literature has drawn deep and precious draughts from its fountain; its orient pearls are scattered through all lands; philosophy has there found the test of its errors and the lordliest of its truths. For 4,000 years its words have been inspiration and life, comforting the downcast, and breaking the oppressor's rod; pledging peace to the penitent, and opening to all the very gates of endless life; subduing with imperial might all other words; speaking with such tones of authority as you read in no other books; and, in the very name of the Lord, proclaiming a kingdom which has been ever advancing, yet never subdued. And thus, like a living power, it has been doing a living and, abiding work among the children of men, in every clime, in every language, and now wider than ever before are its words rehearsed. "Its lines have gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world."—*The Churchman's Magazine*.

You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. . . . He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance for yourself.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Consecration is understanding and acting upon the truth that we belong to Christ. It is saying to Him, "I am Thine"—Thine to save and Thine to use.

Parish and Home.

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THE LAW OF LOVE.

(See II. Kings iv. 1-6)

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou fallest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

DR. Rhodes says: "Inconvenience is often made a pretext for the neglect of the sanctuary. It does not keep men from business, nor women from shopping, pleasures, or amusements—only from the House of God. If we hunt for inconvenience, we can easily find it. I suppose attending Church can seldom be without some personal inconvenience. It will, however, require more than a little inconvenience to keep the live Christian away from God's house. How really sad to see what inconvenience, sometimes expense, many will go to in order to make money, serve self, or to drink from pleasure's cup. But when we stand before the Son of Man, so near, so exacting, what will those who have forsaken or neglected the Lord's house answer? It may not be pleasing, but will it not be well for us to think about these things?"

Wycliffe College, a picture of which is given in this issue, is situated on Hoskin Ave., not far from the University of Toronto. It is a Church of England college, and it marks the third step in the development of evangelical work in the city of Toronto. The work carried on within its walls was begun in a very humble way in October, 1877, in the school house attached to St. James' Cathedral. It grew, and in 1882 a building was erected upon College Street. It still grew, and in 1885 the building was enlarged. In 1890, when further additions were in contemplation, opportunity was found to dispose of it, and the foundations of the present commodious structure were laid. In the autumn of 1891 the new

power to impose it—it must bind us as distinctly as it was binding on the first disciples. We are ambassadors of charity which knows no distinction between the claimants on its bounty, and no frontiers save those of the races of man. A good Christian cannot be other than eager for the extension of our Lord's kingdom among men, not only from his sense of what is due to the Lord who bought him, but also from his natural sense of justice, his persuasion that he has no right to withhold from others those privileges and prospects which are the joy of his own inmost life. When he finds comfort in the power of prayer, when he looks forward in humble confidence to death, when he enjoys the blessed gift of inward



WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.

building was completed, and the work of the college transferred to it. Over 100 clergymen have gone forth from its walls to labour in the home and foreign fields, and about forty students are at present in residence preparing themselves for the work of the ministry.

CANON LIDDON ON MISSIONS.

Across the triumphs and the failures of well-nigh nineteen centuries the spiritual ear still catches the accents of the charges on the mountain in Galilee; and, as we listen, we note that neither length of time nor change of circumstance has impaired their solemn and enduring force. It is a precept which, if it ever had binding virtue, must have it at this moment over all who believe in the Divine Speaker's

peace—peace between the soul and its God, peace between the soul's various powers and faculties—he cannot but ask the question: "Do I not owe it to millions who have no part in these priceless blessings that I should do what I can myself, or through others, to extend to them a share in this smile of the Universal Father which is the joy and consolation of my life? Can I possibly neglect the command to make disciples of all nations?"

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

THOMAS T. HOLLOWAY, in *Record of Christian Work.*

Behold three travellers as, one by one, they journey on their way. The first is in quest of Life. He had journeyed far, and through many lands, but as yet he had not found what he sought. When a

young man he had been told that Life was to be found in the land of Pleasure; so he visited its chief city, Gaiety. Here he met a wrinkled old clown called Fun and a gaudily dressed lady named Fashion; but he soon tired of their society. He inquired for the dwelling place of Joy and Peace, but found them not. The chief thoroughfare of this town was called Vanity, out of which led many side streets and alleys, such as Vice, Despondency, Lust and Crime. Over the portals of the city were a skull and bones.

He next visited the land of Endeavor, of which the city of Enterprise is the metropolis. One Thrift was the mayor of this town. A citizen named Energy was also held in high esteem. He likewise found there Cunning, and Avarice, and Cheat. Our traveller inquired for Quiet and Contentment, but was told that no such persons dwelt in that land. In the midst of the city of Enterprise stood an altar, and upon it the image of a god—the god's name was Money. And our traveller passed on.

He then came to the land of Fame, where dwelt Learning, and Culture, and Science. He met a kindly disposed man named Philanthropy, and a strong-minded woman called Reform. In the midst of this land was the Mountain of Ambition, of which the greater part was composed of a sort of hard granite called Selfishness. It was said that Power dwelt on top of this Mountain. Many of the citizens had met their death in attempting to scale the mountain peak. Some seemed to succeed for a time, but suddenly fell, as had all the rest. The people of this country also had a sort of religion—they worshipped a deity known as Success. Just beyond the Mountain of Ambition was a city of tombs. Our traveller read the inscription upon the monuments, to see if he might find any of the family of Contentment. There was but one, and he read upon the tomb the name Innocence; but it was the grave of a child. And he went on to other lands, still in search of Life.

The second traveller was of thoughtful demeanour. His face betokened intelligence. And yet there

was a settled expression of sadness upon his countenance. He, too, had spent his life in search of that which he esteemed most—Truth. He had sought Truth in Man and in Woman, only to be disappointed. He made the acquaintance of Philosophy, and for a time his face was bright with hope. But he found Philosopher opposing Philosopher, and doubt and distrust reigned within him. He became a friend of Science, and his flagging hopes were encouraged. He began to be regarded as a learned man. But, as men grew to call him wise, he became more and more aware of his lack of knowledge. He found today's Science transformed into tomorrow's Falsehood. He had travelled much to meet the wise men of the world. When he knew them, he found that they wore the cap and bells; they were as ignorant as he. As he explored the Realms of Knowledge he became the more aware of the vaster Unknown Regions beyond. He was still a wanderer in search of Truth.

The third traveller was old and bent. He, too, had crossed the bounds of many lands. He had heard of Heaven, and his life quest had been that he might find the Way that led thither. He had inquired the Way of many. He was told that one Conscience was a reliable guide, so he followed him. He learned, alas, that though Conscience had been a good boy, yet as he grew up he was too easily influenced by his surroundings. Conscience led him through many countries, but our traveller noticed that his guide was prone to adopt the customs and the weaknesses of the inhabitants of the different lands through which they passed. Besides, he had many violent disputes with Conscience, which finally ended in his dismissing him from his service. He next employed a guide named Reason, who at first led him through many interesting ways; they travelled through the Regions of Fact, then into the Land of Speculation; but finally they became lost in the Wilderness of Doubt. Our traveller tried to retrace his steps, but he found the rugged Hills of Habit in his way, and they seemed much higher and steeper than when he came, so he

turned to the left in the hope that he might thereby find the Way. He passed through the dark valley of Despair, and along the hot sands of Repentance. He travelled the arid plains of Self-Denial, and came to the mountain of Humiliation, and here he had to climb on his hands and knees. He hoped, from the top of this mountain, to see the Way clearly marked beyond. But he was again disappointed. He wandered on.

Our three travellers met. Night was coming on. Already it was growing dark and cold. Little cheer had they to offer one another. Each spoke of his life's disappointment. They were old men; their strength was almost gone. They stopped by the wayside to rest for the night. They were cold, but found no fuel for a fire and no means with which to kindle one. One said, "I have here an old flint that I have long carried, believing that some day I might use it to kindle a spark of that true Fire of Life that I have so vainly sought." The second replied, "Here is a steel blade I have always kept by me, in the hope that I might some day engrave the words of Truth upon this dull and impressionless world." The third added, "Let us take your flint and steel, in which you have placed your Faith and Hope, let us strike them, and with this old broken staff of mine, upon which I have leaned these many years while vainly seeking the Way, let us kindle a fire to warm our poor bones, lest we die." And so they made them a fire.

By the light of the fire that had been kindled by Faith and Hope, the flames fed by the abandoned staff of Self-Reliance, they saw the figure of a Stranger approaching. His face shone with a light they had not seen before. He stretched forth His hands and said, "Peace be unto you." They saw in His outstretched hands the print of nails. Upon His brow they beheld cruel wounds, made, as it were, by a crown of thorns. And He said, again, "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE." The travellers had found what they sought.

—
"Seek, and ye shall find."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Feb. 1—St. John iv. 43-54.	Acts xvii. 1-16.
" 12—St. John v. 17-27.	Acts xvii. 16-32.
" 19—St. John vi. 1-14.	1 Lt. John iii. 2-15.
" 26—St. John vii. 14, 28-37.	Acts xviii. 1-12.

Some of our boys and girls might help us in sending copies of **PARISH AND HOME** to places where they are needed. Every 25-cent piece sent to Mr. Herbert Mortimer, 43 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, or "The Bryant Press," for Free Distribution Fund, will send a copy of our paper to some sick person in a hospital, or a busy worker in a lumber camp, or a needy person in some lonely part, for a whole year.

It is well to begin young to help a good work; and think of the pleasure given for so small a sum!

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

BY REV. KLEMENT RICHARDSON, M.A.

1. Where in Genesis is Eliezer's name first mentioned and under what circumstances?
2. What warning did Abraham give Eliezer when sending him?
3. Name the city in which Bethuel lived.
4. Did Abraham marry again?
5. Name his second wife.
6. Is her name again mentioned in H.S.?
7. From this marriage how many sons had Abraham?
8. Where are we told they afterwards lived?
9. How old was Abraham when he died?
10. Where was he buried?
11. After Abraham's death where did Isaac live?
12. Why was this well so named?

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

1. His words clearly show it.
2. Sarah.
3. The cave of Machpelah.
4. 127 years.
5. By purchase.
6. Ephron, son of Zohar.
7. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.
8. Genesis xxiii. 15.
9. The double cave.
10. After the name of Namre the Amorite, Abraham's ally.
11. 40 years.
12. Eliezer.

A TALK WITH BOYS.

By REV. DYSON HAGUE.

The following is an address to the boys of Upper Canada College on Matthew, iv., 1, by the Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., of Wycliffe College:

The first thing I would like you to think of to-night, and it is a very puzzling one, boys, is the thought that *temptation is sure to come*. You can't always stay at home with your mothers and sisters. You can't always be surrounded with purity and religion and love. You have got to come forth into the great big world, and it's a world big with awful dangers as well as with glorious hopes.

The age of immunity must pass; the age of exposure must come. And the strange thing is, boys, that at the very time when a great host of new proclivities to evil, wistful desires to taste the cup of temptation, and new possibilities for sin are for the first time rising within your mind, a great host of tempters and conspirators are rising from without to encircle and destroy your soul.

And you will have to go out, just as Jesus did, from the quiet of His home, to battle with the devil all alone there in the desert, to face all alone the forces of evil and the traps and the snares that the seducers and enticers are laying for your unsuspecting soul. It is hard to think, for instance, of a lad brought up in a happy Christian home, who leaves it pure in heart, having kept innocency and done the thing that is right, with many vows and fine resolves, and is at once environed by a circle of tempters. His Bible is ridiculed, his religion is sneered at, his Church is laughed to scorn, his temperance habits are the subject of mockery, and with every power that satanic cleverness suggests they try to drag him down, to make him break his promises, forsake his ways—aye, to become altogether such an one as themselves. Instead of standing around that young life like the bodyguard of the King in the day of battle, to keep his life and honour undefiled, they come to steal, and to kill, and to destroy.

Still, boys, I would like you to remember that *temptation is no sin*. Jesus was tempted, tempted frightfully. Satan tried to put the most horrible thoughts into His mind. He tried to make Him do the most horrible things, yet He never sinned.

Some of you remember, perhaps, how Drummond put in that splendid little book for boys, "Baxter's Second Innings," "Temptation is only an invitation. It doesn't become sin until you accept it." You cannot help being asked. You are not to blame if the temptation comes to your door and asks for admission; but you are to blame if you ask him in, and give him a lodging. Still more if you go into his haunts. Most of all if you knock at his door, and ask to be taken in. It's one thing to be tempted; another thing to fall. They can ask you, but they can never force you, to sin. God has put the power of safety into our hand as a key to keep, and unless we give it up no man or devil can take it from us.

At the same time, boys, remember that *temptation is no excuse*. Let no one say when he is tempted: I am tempted of God. That is, when one cowardly gives way to temptation, or wilfully goes into the way of temptation, and blames his circumstances, or his companions, or the Divine decrees. He can resist if he will. No one was ever placed in a position in which it was impossible for him to stand. God gives strength to every one to resist the temptation, and never closes up the way to escape by resolve, and prayer, and truth. I. Cor. x. 13. There is not a boy here who ever has to stand so fierce a fire of temptation as Daniel or as Joseph. Yet they never said: "It is impossible for me to stand in the circumstances in which I am placed." They were as true as steel to God and conscience, and played the man. They were not marred by temptation; they were made by it.

For, after all, boys, *temptation may be a blessing*.

Why are we tempted at all? Why are we subjected to such awful risk? some boy will ask. Perhaps one can best answer in this way: You have a bicycle. Now, do you

know that before the frame of that wheel was put together each piece was taken to a certain part of the factory and a tremendous strain was put upon it? The pressure was so great that it almost seemed as if it was designed to break it. But that wasn't the purpose at all. It was designed to test it. It was on purpose to find out whether it was good and true. The maker didn't want to break it; but inasmuch as that wheel had to go forth and bear the stress and strain of use and uphold his honour and bring credit to his name, he had to test it terribly. That was all. And that's what temptation is.

God wants you, boys, to bring honour to His name, and so He tests you, that in the stern school of temptation you may be fitted for the trust that is coming to you in life.

Now, temptation comes to every boy and man as it came to our blessed Saviour. In fact, though its forms are many and complex, and though that which is a great temptation to one boy never comes near another. In the main the three great temptations are those three great temptations which Jesus had to endure.

The first is the temptation to gratify our lawful desires unlawfully. (Matthew iv. 3, 4.)

It is not wrong to eat, or drink, or sleep or play. It is not wrong to indulge the natural desires of the flesh, if we do it in God's way. God has given us these desires and appetites for the preservation of our lives and the promotion of our happiness. But it is wrong to indulge these natural desires in forbidden ways. That was the reason why Jesus refused to command the stones to be made bread. It was not that it was wrong to eat; but it was wrong to eat at Satan's bidding. And this is an ever-besetting temptation. Life is large, ample, joyous. There is bread enough and to spare, and God says to the young as they enter the grand orchard of life, "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat." And no life is so happy, so real, so satisfying, as the life which is enjoyed in God's way. But when we try to enjoy life in a

wrong way we fail in our object, and are unhappy. There is that forbidden tree, Gen. ii. 17. We long to eat of it. It looks so fascinating; its fruit so sweet, its appearance so pleasant, its attraction so strong, and the tempter tells us we shall not die, our eyes will be opened.

Boys, whom will you believe, whom will you trust, the tempter or your God? Be pure. Resist the temptation to gratify unlawfully the desires of the flesh. Your bodies are divine; they will rise again and live forever. Honour them; and, in honouring them, honour your mother and your father, and your God. And when the temptation comes to you to commit sensual secret sin, to go to that house which is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death, remember what you are, and that Christ died to redeem your body. Be temperate. Resist the temptation to over-eat and overdrink. With regard to intoxicating drink, earnestly consider this point: whether it is not incumbent upon you, in view of your influence, to be a total abstainer; not because it is a sin to drink, but because it is a noble thing to abstain for the sake of others. Boys should look at the temperance question from the standpoint of personal responsibility; not merely from that of personal liberty or personal salvation. The noblest motive inspiring a young life is not the satisfaction that comes from security; it is the resolve to utilize one's life for the security of others.

The second is the temptation to rashness, self-confidence and self-display (Matt. iv. 5, 8). This is a very natural temptation to a boy; to show that he is not afraid of the risk of sin. It is the appeal of Satan to the instinct of boastfulness and self-confidence; the temptation to loudness, boasting, big talk, showing off. The average boy and man falls in nine cases out of ten because he thinks himself so safe, so strong. There is a rash sense of over-confidence that, unresisted, brings the terrible fall. "Who's afraid?" brags the venturer. "No harm will come," whispers the tempter. "It's only a little thing. It's only once. You will come out

all right. Others have fallen, it is true, but you are all right. You shall not surely die. Those fellows are afraid. They are tied to their mother's apron-strings, the milk-sops. Show them what a man you are. Show them you are not afraid to swear, to drink, to gamble, to sin. Cast thyself down!" Ah, it's perhaps the hardest taunt of all. But we must stand it. We must never forget that there is a daring that is the meanest cowardice, and a strength that is the most foolish weakness. The only manliness is moral courage. Whenever you are tempted to think that it is a big thing to swear or a brave thing to cheat or drink, or sneer at the Bible, or to show off as a liar, remember that the boaster is always a coward, and the sinner is always a sneak.

The third is the greatest temptation of all. (Matt. iv. 8-10.) As you look out on life, boys, you will see two great hosts in two great lines of battle, headed by two great leaders. The one host is led by the god of this world, the other by man's rightful King. And you will have to choose your side. The world crowd is on one side. Perhaps a great many fellows you know are on it. Not "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," as the prince of liars said to Jesus, as if everything belonged to him, but apparent pleasure, profit, popularity—the world and the things that are in it. And you will have to choose, as Jesus did. Choose wisely, boys. Decide for Christ. So many have fallen, not because they have decided at the outset to be the devil's, but because they did not decide at the beginning to be Christ's. Take your stand—like those two lads at Eton who afterwards became such noble bishops of the Church of England, Coley Patteson and Ryle—on the side of truth and honour and religion. Never mind what others do; do what is right. Be loyal to Church and conscience, and say:

"Just as I am, young, strong and free
To be the best that I can be;
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come."

That's the way to win; to resist determinedly, to bravely stand in the strength of the Leader, and to

go forth conquering and to conquer, with the winning side; don't flee from Satan; stand firm, and he will flee from you. When that brave old soldier of the Queen yonder, Lord Seaton, the founder of Upper Canada College, whose noble face looks down upon you, was a young officer under Wellington, he went forth almost alone at the battle of Vittoria, and facing a whole regiment of Frenchmen called on them to surrender, and made the whole four hundred prisoners. And Lord Seaton did that brave deed because he knew the secret of victory; he had faith and felt that he was on the victorious side. That is the secret.

The influence of the world life will be mighty; there will be weakness within and strength without, and in yourself you never can be a match for Satan with his devices. There is only one way; looking away from all other objects and fixing the gaze on Jesus. Looking to the Leader.

You have perhaps heard the story of that brave young officer at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, who brought his company through the perils and the pitfalls of the desert by night, and as he lay a-dying gasped to his general, Lord Wolseley, "Didn't I bring them straight, sir?" "You did, my brave lad; no man could have done it better." "And I led them by the light of a star, sir, of a star--of a star."

Yes, that's it, we will come through victoriously, looking off to the Light of this dark world, looking unto Jesus.

FANNIE'S BOUQUET.

BY PANSY.

She wandered about the house, looking very sober.

"I don't know what to do," she said, to every one who would listen to her. "Next week is exhibition at our school, and I am to speak if I get a piece, and there is to be a prize for the one who speaks the best, and I can't find anything to learn, and mamma can't help me, she is so busy making cakes and things." And the story always closed with a long sigh. Grandfather heard it, and thought about

it a good deal. At last, one day he said:

"What if grandfather finds you something to learn?"

"Oh, grandpa!" said Fanny, "will you? Why, grandpa, I didn't know you knew any book that had pieces in; I thought you only read big books like the Bible and such things."

"Wouldn't a piece out of the Bible do?"

Fanny looked sober. "I'm afraid not, grandpa. They never have them out of the Bible; they have poetry, you know, and things about flowers and trees, and such."

"Flowers and trees! Why, there's many a pretty thing in the Bible about flowers and trees." But still Fanny shook her head.

"I'll tell you what it is," said grandpa, "I'll get a piece ready for you; I'll have it ready by to-morrow night, and I'll help you learn it, if you will speak it at the school just as I arrange it; and, if you don't get the prize, I'll give you one myself."

"Well, I will," said Fanny, and she looked very happy. She was sure of a prize now.

The piece was learned, and recited to grandpa a great many times out in the arbor, he showing her how she ought to say it.

At last came the day for the exhibition. Fannie was dressed in white, and had a bouquet in her hand. Nearly all of the girls laughed at her queer bouquet. This is what it was made of:

Five great lilies, beautiful red and yellow and white; a piece of grapevine, with the roots and earth clinging to it; a lovely bunch of grasses, just freshly gathered, with the sparkle like dew on them, and a bunch of faded and withered grasses, that had dried in the sun for a week; and right in the middle of them all was a large ear of corn in the husk, saved from last year's harvest.

She went upon the platform with this strange bouquet in her hand. Neither girls nor teacher could imagine what she did it for, but in a little while they knew. She laid her bouquet on the table, and commenced her piece:

"Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone, the flowers

appear on the earth, the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heaven shall give her dew."

As she repeated that last verse she held up her lovely grape-vine. With the other hand she took a withered branch that had been broken off, and the leaves were withered and wilted and dead, and she recited:

"A branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine. Jesus said: 'I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'"

As she laid them on the table she said: "Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Next she took the branch that had roots clinging to it, and held it up, as she said: "This was planted in a good soil, by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine; the root of the righteous shall not be moved."

There were some tiny bunches of green grapes just starting in the branch, and she took hold of one of these as she said: "Yea, they have taken root, they grow: Yea, they bring forth fruit; the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit."

And as she laid them down she said: "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life."

Next she took in one hand the great glowing rose, and in the other some waxen lilies of the valley. The real ones were all gone, but these were so real you could almost smell them. As she held them up for all to see, she said in a low, sweet voice: "He is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Next she took her bunch of glowing lilies, and said: "And why take ye thought for raiment! Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

As she turned to pick out her grasses, she said, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass."

Then she held it up and said:

"And the tender grass showeth itself. Thus saith the Lord that made thee. I will pour my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass."

Then she laid it down, and took up the faded grass, and said: "The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

In the other hand she took her little bunch of faded roses, and as she held them out, withered grass and faded flowers, she said: "The grass withereth, the flower faded."

And as she laid them down, she added: "As the flower of the grass, he shall pass away."

Next came the ear of corn. As she held it up, she recited: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; the valleys also are covered over with corn. The earth bringeth forth fruit; first the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear. Like as a stalk of corn cometh in his season, thou shalt come to thy grave. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain," and she held up the shrunken kernels of corn. "But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him."

Just here she drew back the spread that covered the little stand, and, lo, behind it there stood a little box, in which there waved some rich green stalks of corn. Grandpa had transplanted them with careful hands, and brought them here to teach their beautiful lesson of the resurrection.

Do you need to be told that Fannie earned two prizes? One given by the school, and one by the delighted grandfather. And yet her piece was "nothing in the world but a few Bible verses." That was what one of the big girls, who did not get a prize, said about it. --*Messenger.*

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant on Saturday

evening, and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head, and was about to give thanks when a waiter flew up, saying: "Beefsteak, codfish balls, and bullheads."

Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone:

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fishball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.

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The Annual Sunday school drive, tea and entertainment on Jan. 20th, was as usual a great success. The only lack seemed to be sleighs, there being only 15 in the procession, when 20 were needed, still all who wished had a drive though not all together. Some 300 partook of tea and all seemed to enjoy the program given afterwards by the young people. The superintendent (Mr. Billingsley) gave some excellent advice to the scholars, and we are sure all should be thankful, first to the Great Giver of all good, then to the teachers, parents and friends who kindly provided teams, provisions and all things necessary.

St. Paul's Church Collections, December, 1898, and January, 1899.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Dec.	75 60	42 74	118 34
Jan. 1	17 85	11 08	28 93
8	20 00	8 28	28 28
15	19 10	9 79	28 89
22	24 00	11 14	35 14
29	15 95	8 02	23 97
	\$96.90	\$48 31	\$145 21
Church Debt Fund, Dec.,			\$377 08
“ “ Jan.,			\$76 60

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