



Being faithful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God—Col 1:11

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 27.

NOVEMBER 1893.

SUB., 40c. per Yea

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 Cambray.*

JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., } *Churchwardens.*
E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, }

Lay Delegates.

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

Stewards.

R. HANNAH,	A. TIMS,	M. SISSON.
DR SIMPSON,	T. J. MURFAGH,	J. E. BILLINGSLEY.
C. D. BARR,	JAS. CORLEY.	L. ARCHAMBAULT.

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 at 8 p.m.

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

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

EDWARDS.—Phillis Josephine, daughter of James G. and Winnifred Edwards, born 4th September, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church 8th October, 1893.

BELL.—Robert George, son of Henry and Margaret Bell, born 28th August, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church 8th Oct., 1893.

COOMBS.—George Hilliard, son of George Joseph and Harriette Ann Coombs, born 29th June, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church 8th October, 1893.

MARSH.—Caroline Emily, daughter of Charles Henry and Emily Carew Marsh, born 11th September, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church, 8th October, 1893.

KNOWLSON.—Vivian Merritt, son of James Merritt and Charlotte Elizabeth Knowlson, born 4th August, 1893; baptized in St. Paul's Church 22nd October, 1893.

Marriages.

KENNY—MITCHELL.—At Lindsay, on 19th October, 1893, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, William Kenny to Charlotte Mitchell, both of Lindsay.

MILLER—ARCHAMBAULT.—At Lindsay, on 18th October, 1893, by the Rev. C. H. Marsh, assisted by Rev. N. I. Perry, M.A., William Harrison Miller, of Toronto, to Clara Frances Archambault, of Lindsay.

Burials.

ARMSTRONG.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 17th October, 1893, Mabel, daughter of John Armstrong, in her 15th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

"Over 200 African converts in Uganda and regions about have suffered death rather than give up their faith in Christ."—Missionary Review.

The Rev. Carl S. Smith, M. A., has entered on his duties in this parish; we bespeak for him a hearty welcome and are sure many will pray that his work may be blessed of God.

A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was formed at Dunsford on the 13th Sept., when 29 names were enrolled as members. At a later meeting Rev. W. Creighton was declared president, while Capt. Kennedy and Mr. J. Bell were elected vice-president and secretary, respectively. A strong executive was also chosen. We wish the branch every success.

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

No. 36.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—**All Saints' Day.** *Morning*—Wisd. 3, 10 v. 10; Heb. 11, v. 33 to 12, v. 7. *Evening*—Wisd. 3, 10 v. 17; Rev. 19, 10 v. 17.
- 2—**23rd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Hosea 14; Titus 2. *Evening*—Joel 2, v. 21; or 3, v. 9; Luke 23, 10 v. 26.
- 12—**24th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Amos 3; Heb. 6. *Evening*—Amos 5 or 9; John 3, 10 v. 22.
- 19—**25th Sunday after Trinity.** Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for one of those Sundays that were omitted after Epiphany. *Morning*—Micah 4 and 5, 10 v. 8; Heb. 11, v. 17. *Evening*—Micah 6 or 7; John 5, v. 22 to 41.
- 26—**26th Sunday after Trinity.** Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for 25th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Eccles. 11 and 12; James 5. *Evening*—Haggai 2, 10 v. 10, or Mal. 3 and 4; John 9, v. 39 to 10, v. 22.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. and M.** Athanasian Creed. *Morning*—Isaiah 54; John 1, v. 35 to 43. *Evening*—Isaiah 65, 10 v. 17; John 12, v. 20 to 40.

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act; one word
That eased the breast of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent

But if throughout the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by "yea" or "nay"
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face
In act most small,
That helped one soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

VII.

THE HOLY COMMUNION AND EXCUSES FOR NON-ATTENDANCE.

The exhortations in the morning and evening services and in the communion office are fruits of the Reformation. They were introduced to correct the prevailing ignorance of the time as to the meaning of

worship, the requirements in coming to the Holy Communion, and the benefits to be derived therefrom. It is our familiarity with them which prevents us from seeing how wonderfully succinct and scriptural they are throughout.

The first exhortation is always to be said by the minister upon the Sunday "preceding the celebration of the Holy Communion." The most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, it declares, is to be received in remembrance of Christ's meritorious cross and passion. The duty of thanksgiving is clearly set forth to Almighty God for the gift of His dear Son, for His death as our Saviour, and for the scriptural food which He Himself provides for our souls. It pleads for proper self-examination in approaching that sacred feast. It calls upon the communicant to confess his sins to Almighty God, to repent truly for his past sins and to determine, with God's grace, to lead a new and better life. It requires him to be in charity or brotherly love with all men, and, if he has wronged any, to make restitution for the same. It is a solemn warning to all to come only in deep humility, with a true penitent heart, and loving faith in Christ.

The second exhortation is to be read by the minister when he sees "the people negligent to come to the Holy Communion." It speaks of the deep love of God, who so lovingly calls and bids us to His feast. It is the voice of wonder that any should neglect so earnest an invitation—"Come."

"Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?"

It looks upon the neglect or refusal as an insult to the heavenly Host, who has sent out His invitations, has prepared His feast, and made for all rich provision, but who finds a cold refusal from ungrateful and unwilling hearts.

This exhortation deals with excuses which are heard everywhere from all sorts of people. They are well worth examining, and the answers to the excuses may be helpful to some souls.

One excuse is, "I will not communicate because I am otherwise hindered with worldly business." The answer is that

"such excuses are not so easily accepted and allowed before God." And it is true. Surely the concerns of the soul and the life to come are of far greater importance than what concerns merely time and sense or the business of this present life? It is the Christian's duty to attend to his Master's business, not to be over-anxious about the things of the present world, to recollect that godliness with contentment is great gain, that we "brought nothing into the world" and "can carry nothing out." This need not prevent him from living in his earthly calling with the precept well in view, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." He should remember that there is a time for all things. The duty of the true Christian is plain. The Saviour's dying wish, if not, indeed, command, is "Do this in remembrance of me." It has been said that this duty is as binding as any of the ten commandments. It has all the sanction of a command of Christ. But oh! it is so tender and so full of love as a last appeal and wish that it has nothing of the coldness the mind sometimes associates with a command. It is a loving, tender entreaty, like a father's last words of affectionate appeal to a son; like the latest breath of a mother instinct with pleading love. I remember the words of a dear parishioner of mine, now at rest, who while in health and strength failed to realize this duty, but who upon a bed of suffering and pain said that her one regret was that she had neglected the Saviour's dying wish, "Do this in remembrance of me." In this connection Bishop Willberforce's words may well be recalled: "It is as much a sin to break one of God's commandments as another."

Another common excuse, "I am a grievous sinner, and therefore am afraid to come," is well met by the sound advice, "Wherefore, then, do ye not repent and amend?" If it is the excuse of the careless and godless, there is need that in hearty repentance and true faith the Saviour should be sought. Such a statement, if rightly made, is, after all, perhaps a sure sign that the Holy Spirit has convicted the soul of sin. Well is it if the path of re-

penitance is taken which leads to the goal of true faith in Christ. If the excuse is the familiar one, "I am not good enough," it ought to carry with it its own answer, for there is no one good enough. Even St. Paul could describe himself near the close of his life as the chief of sinners. Holy enough we can never be. It is only the spirit of self-righteousness which can rest satisfied with its state. The true Christian is the one who feels most his own utter unworthiness, as he humbles himself in the dust, as he remembers that he is a sinner, though a sinner saved by grace. His confession is that he is "not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table." He feels that his own righteousness is but filthy rags, and he desires to be covered with the spotless robe of the righteousness of Christ. But if this feeling is a fruit of the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart, if it rises from a sense of sin and a knowledge of the holiness of Christ, there is the good hope that the person making it will be led into clearer light. If it be not a mere excuse, but the expression of the sense of sin and the sinner's need, that very conviction is a proof that God is working in the heart, and the words of the Prayer Book are deeply significant, "When God calleth you, are ye not ashamed to say ye will not come?" How true are Hart's beautiful and expressive words:

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:

This He gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Another fruitful excuse is, "I am not prepared to-day." There can be no question but that one of the needs of the Christian church is that of more careful preparation for the Holy Communion. At the same time, it can be said that the Christian should always be prepared. He should be prepared to die whenever it may please God to call him. That summons may come at any moment. And he should be always prepared to accept the invitation to the Supper of the Lord. The knowledge of the truth, "Behold, I come quickly," is one that teaches the need of constant preparation in the spirit of watchfulness and prayer. And so it should be for the Holy Communion. For that preparation our communion service is a wonderful model.

Still another excuse is made by those who tell us that hypocrites can be found at the Lord's table. This is true, but the excuse shows a wrong spirit. It forgets that in the visible church the evil is ever

mingled with the good. It forgets that the speaker is not omniscient, and that it is possible that the ones he censures are, in God's sight, better than he is himself, and perhaps better than those he considers shining lights in the church. Judgment is not our prerogative. In matters of the heart we are oftener wrong than right. We have not the full knowledge of the facts; nor can we read the motives and weigh the actions. It is an absurd excuse, and if carried out would make life a burden. Are we to abstain from all good things because hypocrites use them? Are we to refuse to read our Bibles or to pray because hypocrites use both? The church guards the Lord's table by plain statements of what is required on the part of those who come. But if she can only accept those who do come on their own testimony that they are what they profess to be, the individual should do the same, judging himself severely, but others kindly.

There are those, again, who fail to come because they are afraid to make a profession which they fear they may not be able to keep up. This excuse has its root in the ground of want of faith. The knowledge of our weakness should send us more and more to Christ, and make us more anxious to use the full means of grace which He has provided. It is in Christ that the strength to overcome lies—"My grace is sufficient for thee." The one purpose of the Holy Communion is to lead us to Christ, to feed us with Christ, to keep us in Christ. "The benefit is great, if with a true, penitent heart and lively faith we receive that holy sacrament; for then we spiritually eat the flesh of Christ, and drink His blood; then we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; we are one with Christ, and Christ with us."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

ALL in the day's work—tired heart,
Lift the load bravely and do thy part,
God will do His;

"And be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to evensong!"

All in the day's work—straight from Thee
Comes the right task Love sets for me:
I will attempt it;

"For be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong!"

All in the day's work—let it be
Or short or long, 'tis all for Thee,
Singing I'll do it;

"And be the day weary, or be the day long,
I shall sleep to awake with the angels' song."

—*Marcia Tyndale.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

GROWTH.

FOR the Christian no other question is so important as that of growth in the knowledge of truth. Behind all our efforts must lie an ever-ripening appreciation of the beauty, the sweetness, the peace and comfort of the Christian consolation for our spirits, or we are not making progress. We may pride ourselves that we hold and teach the same old truths that we learned long ago. But for us they ought not to be quite the same old truths. They should be wider, deeper, fresher truths than we knew in our spiritual childhood. The love of God, the rest of faith in Jesus, the steady teaching of the Holy Spirit as we have come our devious way to the place where we now stand, are to us different because better understood than before. The eternal hills are unchanging, but their outline varies for us as we pass from one point to another; and in the Christian life there must be this progressive variety amidst eternal changelessness, or we are standing still. "I have learned that the world moves," said a tried old Christian, quaintly, "and to keep right we must move with it."

This perennial freshness in the Christian life has nothing in common with the fickleness that to-day is enthusiastic about a fancied truth, and to-morrow proclaims eloquently its opposite. It was said reproachfully of Arnold of Rugby that he awoke every morning with everything an open question. For us some questions should be settled forever in the earlier stages of our Christian experience. Our own deep sin, our entire dependence for mercy upon the passion of our dear Lord, are truths that should be written so large in our heart's experience that their meaning can never be mistaken by us. But these truths, so vast and far-reaching, have in the storm and stress of life endless possibilities of renewed understanding. They do not change, but we draw nearer to the centre.

We shall find it difficult sometimes to answer satisfactorily a test of our growth in Christian truth. In nature growth is intermittent. The rapid increase of spring and summer is followed by the apparent stagnation or even decline of autumn and winter. Yet the one period is as necessary as the other to the life of the tree or plant. The field that lies fallow is preparing for renewed fertility. Our lives, too, have their barren seasons. The sweet freshness of May and the bleak December storms alike come to us. We cannot always feel the same. God Himself is light; yet clouds

and darkness, too, are the habitation of His seat. And with us the dreary days follow the sunshine all too soon. Our spirit droops, the buoyancy of hope leaves us, and we find the unrest of a craving that may never be satisfied in this life. An old grief revives, and in the sorrow that overwhelms us it is hard to believe that the sun will soon shine brightly again. We ask ourselves, can we be growing stronger in the Christian life when the veil falls so often before our eyes?

It is just here, indeed, that the best test of growth will be found. As we stand on the seashore, the advancing tide will often seem to us to be retreating. The wave that rolls high at our feet rolls back again, and it requires close watching to see that in the advance and decline the tide is slowly creeping forward. The tide of progress in the Christian life advances much more hesitatingly and intermittently. Yet we can know if there is a real advance.

One test of growth is our increased steadiness. How do we bear our dark days? If we yield to despair and melancholy, and have no deep-seated conviction that even the darkness makes for our greater peace, we are not growing. But if we assure our hearts that the distress will pass away, if we make a brave effort to be cheerful when we feel far otherwise, we are on the line of progress. Our knowledge must correct the mistake that the passing feelings of the moment would lead us into. We know that God is love, though perhaps we cannot feel it very vividly to-day. We know that in the past disappointment and sorrow have been better for us than would have been the gratification of our own wishes. And now we can fall back upon our experience of all this, and when the darkness seems to threaten us we shall not pass into it, but shall remain in the sunlight of faith. Tears will fall, perhaps, but they will be without the bitterness of despair. The calmness of strong conviction will be our increasing inheritance, and despondency will come less frequently as we grow stronger, for our faith will learn to anticipate and check our feelings.

Another test of growth will be found in our increased joy in Christian work. Do we like it better than we did? A sense of duty, perhaps, made us undertake the Sunday-school class, the district visiting, the charitable work. But if we are growing, we shall be acquiring a love for the work that we did at first only because we felt that we ought to. It is no longer irksome to pass into the lowly houses of the poor,

but a pleasure to try to win their trust and to open their hearts to brighter and nobler views of life. We shall win love just in the degree that we give it. He who would be useful must love much. Only the magic of God's love working through us will enable us to draw men from the service of sin to obey Him. This strong, masterful passion will dominate us as we grow stronger in the truth, and we shall be more and more willing to serve because we love more deeply. G.M.W.

“FORENOON and afternoon and night—Forenoon
And afternoon and night—Forenoon and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life! Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.”
—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE HIDDEN WORD.

“I REMEMBER distinctly,” says the late Rev. John Campbell, “an interesting anecdote, referring to the late Sir David Dalrymple, better known to literary men by the title of Lord Hailes, a Scotch judge. I had it from the late Rev. Walter Buchanan, of Edinburgh.

“I was dining some time ago with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie's, father of General Abercrombie, who was slain in Egypt at the head of the British army. A gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. ‘Suppose,’ he said, ‘that all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the first three centuries?’ The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded to guess in answer.

“About two months after this meeting I received a note from Lord Hailes, inviting me to breakfast the next morning. He had been one of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recollected the curious question about the possibility of recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the first three centuries.

“‘I remember it well.’

“‘Well,’ said Lord Hailes, ‘that question accorded with the turn of my antiquarian mind. On returning home I began immediately to collect the Christian writings of the first three centuries, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible. Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, ‘There, I have been busy for these two months searching for chapters, half chapters, and

sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that all may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from these writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which). I am satisfied that I could discover them also. Now,’ said he, ‘here was a way in which God concealed His Word that Julian, the Apostate Emperor, and other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction.’”

The labor in effecting this feat must have been immense, for the gospels and epistles would not be divided into chapters and verses as they are now. A learned judge brought his splendid training to this task of showing the hidden Word in these early Christian writings. His work will serve more than one useful purpose. Above all, it shows how the early Christian writers loved the scriptures; how truly and fully they used them. Their writings in this respect stand in striking contrast to much so-called religious literature of our own day, and few will doubt that the older literature, full of scriptural references, was the more nourishing and refreshing to the hungry and weary spirit.

H.T.M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

MISSIONARY SUBJECTS FOR DAILY PRAYER.

The following simple scheme has borne the test of practical use, and will possibly meet a want felt by some:

‘I exhort, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, be made for all men.’—I Tim. ii. 1.

‘Am I my brother's keeper?’—Gen. iv. 9.

‘Ye also helping together by prayer.’—I. Cor. i. 2; Matt. xxi. 22.

THE JEWS.

Sunday.—God's chosen people, and special means of communication to the world. Where would the Christian be without the Jew? There are 8,000,000 Jews in the world. Pray for persecuted Jews.—Ps. xxvii. 9; Jer. xxix. 14.

AMERICA.

Monday.—Home missions. The Indians and Eskimos. French evangelization. That our treatment of Chinese may not hurt God's cause. The heathen countries of South America.—Ps. ij. 8.

EUROPE.

Tuesday.—For all countries without a pure Gospel, or an open Bible, such as Russia and Spain. For the persecuted Stundists. For Roman Catholics.—Isa. lxxvi. 18.

AFRICA.

Wednesday.—With only a sprinkling of missionaries among its unnumbered millions. For the slave.—Ps. lxxix. 10; lxxviii. 31.

CHINA.

Thursday.—With only one missionary to every 300,000 inhabitants. For those parts unreached as yet by the Gospel.—I. Kings viii. 43.

INDIA.

Friday.—With only one missionary to every 285,000 inhabitants. For the thousands of widows and child-widows.—Isa. liii. 4, 5.

JAPAN.

Saturday.—With only one missionary to every 70,000 inhabitants. For all heathen islands and smaller countries, especially wicked Persia.—Ps. lxxvii. 8.

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.”—Matt. xxviii. 19.

M. J. MILLER.

A SUGGESTION.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea

Of boundless love, of mercy infinite,

To change their course, retard their onward way,
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait

Ere they can come to port; and if it be

The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
The treasure-ship to see?

—*Anna Tenysis.*

CHRIST SANCTIFIES HUMAN RELATIONS.

THE first act of the public life of our Saviour was to go to a marriage. He consecrates marriage, and the sympathies that lead to marriage. He declares the sacredness of feelings that had been reckoned carnal, low, and human. He loves all things human but sin. His truth was never hard, His kindness never weak. His justice was not cold law, His tenderness no effeminate good nature. His love was deep and tender, yet it had an edge to it; it was no rose-water philanthropy. His severity was filled with warmth, and with that actinic ray that makes all seeds swell, all buds open into blossom. He was human, tender, sympathetic. The ascetic life of fasting austerly, celibacy, singularity, is

far more striking to the vulgar imagination; yet it is a far easier life to lead, far easier to win a character for religiousness, than a life out in the common jostle and undress of the world. Jesus shrouded Himself in no false mist of holiness. He made no solemn affectation of reserve or diffidence from others; He was found at a marriage feast: He accepted the invitation of the rich Pharisee Simon, and the scorned publican Zaccheus; He mixed with the common crowd of men, using no affected singularity; and yet He was a being set apart, not of this world, in the heart's deeps with God. He put the cup of this world's gladness to His lips, yet remained unintoxicated; He gazed steadily on its grandeur, yet remained undazzled; He felt its brightness, yet defied its thrall. Here was the peculiar glory of Christ. He entered into all life and sanctified all life, even its simplest acts. Ah, does the wine of religious trust and strength give out, oh, weary mother, as you try to make your common Christian household life wedded to the higher life? You feel it hard to correlate earth and heaven, household care and religious trust and service. Don't sit down and cry; don't go out and fret. But go to Him who stood in the house of Cana of Galilee, and ask Him to turn the water of life to the wine of life. And all of you, whatever your hopes, your aspirations, your conditions, make life a sacrament by getting the aid of the great Master of life; make it a feast unto the Lord, whether you be rich, poor, high, or humble; be joyful, be festal. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul; it does not frost the flowers of the soul. There is no innocent beverage too rich for the child of God; no robe too costly for him; no hilarity too great for him; no house too splendid for him. The joys of the earth are his, for he is an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. —*Parish Reminder.*

FARRAR ON DRINK.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, writing of the awful drink sacrifice, says: “At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows, ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause—it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him to ruin. What had ruined

him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an excellent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns.”—*Kind Words.*

WANT OF COURAGE.

THERE are hundreds of men and women, brave enough in other things in life, who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness stay away from God. They dare not say:

“Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends! Listen, all the world!”

They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ, “Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.”—*Parish Visitor.*

THE DIVER AND THE TRACT.

A STORY is told of a dissipated diver who was converted by a tract at the bottom of the sea, under the following circumstances: He was on a diving expedition. “They tell me God is everywhere. I do not believe He can be here at the bottom of the sea!” No sooner had these thoughts passed through his mind than his eye lighted on something white lying at the bottom; and on diving close to it he saw that it was a tract in the mouth of an oyster, and this text was written on it: “*Thou God seest me!*” The rough diver seized hold of this little messenger from heaven, which indeed convinced him that God did see him wherever he was, and knew the very thoughts of his inmost heart. From that time he became a changed man; and ultimately sought and found the only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is ever ready to welcome all who will, in their deep need, come to Him—*Selected.*

"Inasmuch."

[We take this admirable tale from a tract published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.—ED.]

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not to me."

"If there was one thing Elizabeth Day prided herself upon, it was her thoroughness, that she was not a "dilettante" in anything; and certainly a girl who read Kant in the original and quoted Dante in the "soft Tuscan tongue" could not be called superficial.

To-day she had been hard at work since early morning finishing up a water-color sketch. It was coming out beautifully, and she sighed a little impatiently when the maid announced one of her friends. However, she turned the easel to the wall, drew two easy chairs in front of the grate, and welcomed her guest cordially.

"Evidently Kate has something on her mind," she thought, as Miss Forbes seated herself with a preoccupied air and drew a letter from her pocket.

"'Lizabeth," she began abruptly, "do you remember Mary Hadleigh?"

"Remember her? I don't think any of our class will ever forget her, for she took first honors all around and didn't leave a ghost of a chance for the rest of us. Besides," she added, warmly, "she was the sweetest little saint that ever breathed. What about her?"

"Well, listen. You know brother Jack has a sheep ranch out in Colorado, and he's always roaming over those western wilds prospecting for mines and things. He'll date a letter in Idaho, finish it up in Texas, and between times send a telegram from San Francisco or Yankton. To-day this letter came from Choctaw Gulch, if you know where that is."

"I certainly do not. What has it to do with Mary? She is not out there, is she?"

Miss Forbes did not answer at once. She unfolded the letter deliberately; then said with an odd inflection in her voice:

"Before I begin, 'Lizabeth, I wish you would look around this room. Look slowly—take it all in—then I'll read Jack's letter."

It was very queer, so unlike Kate's usual racy nonsense. What did she mean? Elizabeth looked curiously about her room to see if she could find an answer. The afternoon sun shone in through the south windows; its rays were flashed back from the silver fittings of the dressing

table; they lit the face of her favorite Madonna with a new glory and lingered caressingly on the bowl of roses and mignonette whose fragrance filled the air. It was a beautiful room, and expressed well, she often thought complacently, her own personality.

"Well," she said, as she completed the survey, "what next?"

"This is next," said Miss Forbes quietly, and read from her letter:

"I met one of your school friends the other day under rather unusual circumstances. I was riding slowly over a bad bit of prairie, and as I came up alongside a dugout I saw a woman on the lee side with a tub of clothes. It was blowing fifty miles an hour, and she was trying to rig up a clothes line. Just as she got one end tied fast and started for a pole with the other, the norther whisked round the corner, lifted that tub like a thistle-down, and in two seconds there wasn't a rag in sight. I roared; it was the neatest thing I ever saw. But when the little woman turned round and started back for the house, head down, fighting the wind and fighting the tears back, too, I didn't laugh any more. The next thing I knew Bill and I were loping over the prairie after that washing. We brought back all that were left in the country."

Both girls broke out into an irresistible laugh.

"Just imagine Jack careering over the plains with his arms full of wet linen!" said Kate.

"It must have been more exciting than polo," said Elizabeth, dryly.

Kate read on: "Perhaps you can take in my astonishment when I found my Madonna of the Tub was your friend, Miss Hadleigh (Mrs. Grant). In ten minutes we were chatting away like old cronies, with the small fry hovering around. My arm aches like the toothache, writing, but I'm bound to persevere ('He never wrote such a letter before in his life,' interjected Kate). It's time you kid-gloved saints and sisters in the effete east knew how some of your substitutes live out here. You know what these dugouts are like. I could stand up straight in this one and an inch to spare ('Jack's six feet one.') There was a lean-to curtained off where, I suppose, the dominie and his wife slept. The walls were lined with building paper; the cooking stove was on one side of the room, the table on the other; there were two chairs, the baby's cradle, and a wash-bench. That was all, and about all there was room for. They are living here, two miles from

anything, because since the railroad struck the Gulch nobody but a saloon-keeper can pay the rents.

"Grant came home soon with a couple of bundles, and I heard one youngster sing out, 'Oh, mamma, papa's got some meat!' and the other piped up, 'And ginger snaps!' They were hushed up quickly, but I drew my own inferences. In the course of the evening I found out that their salary was overdue, they were in debt, and Grant had just two dollars and thirteen cents to lay in winter supplies with.

"We men peeled potatoes for supper, and talked political economy and evolution. Grant's a Yale man, same fraternity as I, and as level-headed a fellow as I've met. The menu for supper was bread and potatoes, with fried mush and coffee for dessert. No butter and no milk. They're raising the infant on condensed milk, so the rest of the family can't indulge.

"I was making my adieux about nine o'clock, when some men stopped at the house and wanted to know the way to the Gulch. Grant asked them in and I offered to pilot them, but Grant got in a prayer-meeting first. He did it so easily that we all dropped on it as if we went to them every night in the week (I haven't been in one for ten years). We sang some hymns; Grant read some verses that screwed into a fellow's conscience—and then he prayed. I tell you, Kate, I never meant to be a 'professor'; but if I could get hold of the sort of religion that man has, I'd go for it. He has a grip on the Almighty that means something. I haven't any use for the gilded religion that prays in plush pews and don't pay its missionaries (I don't mean you and mother, Katchen), but to know God—to believe—"

But Kate sprang up with a choking sob. "I can't read any more, 'Lizabeth. To think of Jack, dear, darling Jack, wanting to be a Christian, and mamma and I have been praying for that so long—and the first one to make him think is a home missionary—and in debt—and this suit cost me a hundred dollars for making—"

The tears were coming too fast to be held back, and, more afraid of Elizabeth's cool sarcasm than of anything else in the world, Kate did not try to finish her sentence, but ran down stairs and disappeared as suddenly as she came.

Elizabeth could not go on with her painting that afternoon. The light was still perfect; Kate's call had not been a long one; but after trying a few half-hearted touches, she put her colors away and dressed for a walk. As she passe

through the hall her mother called to her :

"Elizabeth, are you going shopping?"

"I think not this afternoon, mother," she answered, hardly knowing why she felt so unlike anything of the sort.

She walked slowly down town in the brilliant sunlight, fighting a battle with her conscience, and strangely at variance with her own self and the beauty of the day.

"Why do they send much people out to those western savages?" she argued indignantly. "I believe in adaptation of means to ends. Who would think of using a delicate watch spring to move a trip hammer? (with an approving mental pat at the metaphor) and cultivated people have no right to bury themselves in that way. It's sheer waste."

"But," answered conscience, "a watch spring could carry the electric current which would move a thousand trip hammers, and God did not think it a waste to give His only Son to save sinners. Besides, men like Jack Forbes are not savages."

Elizabeth winced. She knew why Jack had chosen to "bury" himself out in the indefinite, limitless "West." It was a sore point, and she shifted her argument.

"Well, if they do send men and women out there to preach, they have no right to let them freeze and starve. Why don't they pay up their salaries promptly, like any respectable business firm? I don't see why everything in church work should be done in such a shiftless, haphazard way."

"Who make up the church?" answered conscience, sternly. "Men and women like yourself, and upon each individual member lies the burden of the responsibility. Inasmuch as each one of you has not done his or her duty in this matter, 'ye have not done it unto me,' and the sin lies at your door. You cannot shift the blame upon a 'Board' and say, 'I am innocent; see ye to it.' What have you done, Elizabeth Day?"

And then, as suddenly as the light flashed upon Saul of Tarsus, God sent an arrow of conviction into her soul. The Sunday before had been the one after Thanksgiving, and for years this day had been chosen, above all others, for the annual Home Mission collection. Usually, she put ten dollars on the plate—she prided herself upon her liberality—but she had forgotten it this time, and one solitary dollar bill lay in her purse, with a check her father had given her the night before.

The pastor had made an especial appeal

for the debt of the Board. Very tenderly and solemnly he had pressed home God's claim upon the silver and gold of His people, and still more earnestly the honor of being "workers together with him," and the sacred joy of giving, because He gave Himself for us.

Heart and conscience had pleaded together for the check that lay snugly in the dainty purse, but she had resisted. She had excellent excuses. "Perhaps father would not like it," and, with the pride which apes humility, "It would look like affectation for me to give a hundred dollars," and finally—stiffening her resolution as the plate passed by, enriched with the one-dollar bill—"It would be giving from mere impulse, just because I am affected by the sermon."

It all came back to her now, argument, appeal, resistance, with a burning sense of guilt and shame. She walked home, fighting no longer, but crying out for forgiveness and light. "I have been called a Christian nine years," she thought bitterly, "and I never brought one soul to Jesus, and I never denied myself one single thing to help any one else do it."

From that time a new life began for Elizabeth Day. It was characteristic of her that she was not content with merely giving more money. She gave herself, "soul and body, a living sacrifice," and giving "until she felt it" was only one phase of the rich and manifold development of the spiritual life springing from the full consecration. Life was radiant with new meaning when painting, study, social duties, were all done "as unto the Lord."

And if, as the years ran on, and she became a leader and worker in every good cause, some of the old interests were crowded out, there could be no regret, for the lesser joys were merged in the infinitely greater—even the "joy of the Lord."
—*Jeanette W. Judd.*

SHINE.

A GENTLEMAN who paid a visit to a lighthouse lately said to the keeper: "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man; "I am not afraid. We never think of ourselves here." "Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one. "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps burning brightly and keeping the reflectors clear, that those in danger may be saved." Christians are safe in a house built on a Rock, which

cannot be moved by the wildest storms, and in a spirit of holy unselfishness they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that imperilled ones may be guided into the harbor of heaven.—*Exchange.*

RETROSPECT.

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

Have you folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have you searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man came among them,
With no place to lay His head.

Have you carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have you said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus make thee whole"?
Have you told my trembling children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have you guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the Golden Land?

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

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

—*Selected.*

FEAR.

SOME celebrated man, who saw a little clearer than others, once said, "The fear of looking like a fool has prevented many a man acting like a hero!"

This unworthy fear, which consists largely of self-conceit and self-consciousness, is the great vice to be eliminated in growing from the heart, *out*. There is nothing but love which can utterly overpower it. It is that love which is a love to God and a love to our fellow-men, and which, growing greater and greater in the heart, finally casts out self-conscious fear, as well as every other baser thing. Where love grows perfect, there is room for nothing else.—*Selected.*

Parish and Home.

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THE Christian must be not only a good, but also a holy man. Holiness imparts a sweet fragrance to the life that mere goodness is without. The daisy and the rose are both beautiful, but the daisy pleases the eye alone, while the rose does this and also fills the air with fragrance. And there is a similar difference between the merely good and the holy man. One does his own duty faithfully. The other not only does this, but there goes with him a fragrance of spiritual influence that refreshes and inspires the lives of others. Holiness comes from communion with the high and holy One. Only as we wait in His presence do we, in turn, become radiating centres of the holiness of God.

GOETHE wrote these wise words long ago: "The favor and hatred limit the spectator to the surface, even when keen perception is added unto them; but when keen perception unites with good will and love, it gets at the heart of man and the world." Love is the penetrating power that lays bare the hearts of other men to us. It opens and expands, while hatred closes up and repels. Would you understand those about you? Love them; unite your spirit and theirs in the strong bonds of affection. Enter into their lives. Strive to share their joys and their sorrows. It will cost trouble and effort; but as your powers of love develop, the effort will become your best habit and your highest pleasure.

BRING prayer into both the common things and the little things of life. If you are looking for a servant, pray that God may guide your choice. If you have to punish a child, take time, before you do it,

to pray that you may be both as just and as merciful as He is. If you have to speak upon a religious, or, indeed, upon any subject, or to teach a class, pray that God's Holy Spirit may guide your thoughts and words. It is only thus that our lives are removed from the basis of our own desires and caprices and placed upon that of God's will and wisdom, and as the basis is thus changed we grow strong. Our lives are built up in Him, and the chance gusts of passion and temptation will not overthrow them.

To be able to be silent is a mark of strength. The weak are always garrulous, and without restraint. They are afraid to be and to think alone, and usually must try to conceal their defects in the noise of speech. But God, who is so strong, can afford to be silent. No noisy thunderbolt from heaven comes to warn us when we are going wrong. It is in the *whisperings* of conscience that we shall find our sin, and in silent contrition for our fault the soul will find a truer strength than in the tumultuous passions of tears and exclamations. The Father seeth in secret. His eye silently marks everything. His silent truth is stronger than the schemes of men, and overthrows them. His silent Spirit draws our hearts gently to higher things.

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

You cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth, and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction, and repose possible even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to the man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where that stone is going, to what part of the temple, and how is he going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plan. This is only one stone of many. So, when men shall ask, where and how is your little achievement going into God's plan? point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—*Phillips Brooks, in Parish Visitor.*

HOME.

THE life of a Christian is a preparation for what is to follow; and when his eyes open upon that mysterious world beyond the grave, amongst other feelings that will

crowd in upon his mind this is sure to be one—that at the last he has reached his Home. His spiritual experience has given him foretastes of what the new condition will be. He will find there the sort of companions whom he takes pleasure in mixing with here. And even if everything else should be strange and startling—scenery, circumstances, associates, sights, and sounds—there will be at least One Person whom he knows, and knows well—One whose voice he has heard in the Word, whose face he has often sought in prayer, on whose loving arms he has learnt to lean in the perilous journey of life, whose example he has humbly endeavored to follow. And He—the centre of all, the brightness and glory of that celestial sphere—will recognize His servant, and, stretching forth hands of loving welcome to him, will bid him enter into the joy of his Lord. To which, brethren, may we all of us come, through God's mercy, for Christ our Saviour's sake! Amen.—*Selected.*

ANALYSIS OF ZEAL.

A MINISTER tells us that one night, during the time of a spiritual awakening, he was wearied, and fell asleep in his chair. He dreamed that he saw a man coming to him with weights and measures and chemical apparatus, who said to him: "I want to analyze your zeal." He was very much pleased at this, believing his zeal was great. The stranger used his weights and chemicals, and then wrote down the result as follows:

Analysis of the Zeal of Junius—a candidate for Glory.

Weight in mass = 100 lbs.

Of this, on analysis, there proves to be—

Bigotry.....	10 parts.
Personal ambition.....	23 "
Love of praise.....	19 "
Pride of denomination.....	15 "
Pride of talent.....	14 "
Love of authority.....	11 "
Love to God (Pure).....	4 "
Love to man (zeal).....	3 "

100 parts.

He awoke, and cried—"Lord, forgive me, the record is true." Have you, dear reader, ever asked God to show you how much self-will, and self-seeking, and pride there are in your good works and your best actions?

And have you loved God and done good to your fellow-men as you should? Perhaps, ever since you became a Christian, you have been of little use either to God or

man. Is there no better life in this world than this kind that we have been living? Yes, there is something far better. At a meeting of Christians in America, after they had spent an hour and a half in hearing addresses as to how Christians were to live a holier and a more useful life, Mr. Moody, who was in the chair, rose and said: "Friends, I will tell you in five words how Christians can be more holy and useful: '*Be filled with the Spirit.*'" Yes, this is the way. When Jesus fills us with the Spirit, then shall we be holy and useful.—From "*The Fullness of the Spirit,*" by the Rev. J. Patton.

FAVORITE HYMNS: THEIR WRITERS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

THE memory of Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871) will ever remain dear to us for her two well-known hymns, "Just as I am, without one plea," and "My God, my Father, while I stray." The story of the former hymn, now truly famous, is told as follows: "One day the pastor of a small church met in the street a young girl, a member of his congregation, on her way to be fitted for a new dress for an approaching ball. As she told him her errand, he said to her, 'I wish you would give up your life of vanity, and become a Christian, and live a godly life. Will you not stay away from the ball because I wish you to do so?' She answered, 'I wish you would mind your own business,' and bidding him good-bye she went on her way. Shortly afterwards she went to the ball, and danced all night, and returning home laid her weary head upon her pillow. But her conscience soon began to trouble her; she was in great distress for three days. When she could bear it no longer, she went to her pastor and told how much she had been pained on account of the words she had spoken to him. 'For three days,' she said, 'I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now—oh, that I were a Christian! I want to be happy; what must I do to be saved?' The pastor directed her to come to the Lamb of God just as she was. 'What! just as I am?' she asked, with astonishment; 'I am one of the greatest sinners in the world. You certainly do not mean that God will accept me just as I am?' 'That is just what I mean,' said the minister; 'God wishes you to come just as you are.' The young woman went to her room, knelt by her bed, prayed to God to accept her just as she was, and, taking a pencil and paper, wrote,

under the holy influence, the beautiful hymn, beginning:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

The girl was Charlotte Elliott. The hymn was written in 1834." The late J. B. Gough related the following incident in connection with this hymn: "I was in a church in a strange city, and the sexton showed into the same pew another person whose looks impressed me unfavorably. The stranger had a face like mottled soap; his face twitched as if a sheet of lightning had run all over it, and every now and then his lips would twist and give utterance to a strange spasmodic sound. I got as far away from him as I could. Presently a hymn was given out, and the congregation arose to sing—

'Just as I am, without one plea.'

I saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, 'He can't be so disagreeable, after all.' I got nearer. He would sing; but it was awful, positively awful; I never heard anything like it. And occasionally he would make a strange noise with his lips. Then he'd commence again, and sing faster and run ahead. They came to the next verse. He'd forgotten the first line, and whilst the organist was performing the interlude he leaned towards me, and whispered, 'Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse? I did so.

'Just as I am; poor, wretched, blind.'
'That's it,' said he; 'I'm blind—God help me!'—and the tears came running down his face, and the eyelids quivered—'and I am wretched, and I'm paralytic.' And then he tried to sing—

'Just as I am; poor, wretched, blind.'

At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard Beethoven's symphony in my life with as much music in it as that hymn sung by that poor man, whom Christianity had made happy in his lot."

The history of the favorite evening hymn—

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," may fittingly close these jottings on hymns and their associations.

It was written by Rev. Henry F. Lyte, who was rector of Brixham, in Devonshire. Being a victim of that fell disease, consumption, he was ordered to spend the winter in a summer clime. After laboring for a quarter of a century amongst the warm-hearted, rough, seafaring folk of his parish, in the autumn of 1847 we find him writing thus: "I am meditating flight again to the south. The little faithful robin is

every morning at my window, sweetly warning me that autumn hours are at hand. The swallows are preparing for flight, and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl, and often ask myself whether I shall be able to leave England at all." Before taking his journey he made an effort to address his flock once more, and with a wasted frame and hectic flush he spoke with deep earnestness. His voice was heard for the last time in the pulpit. With much difficulty he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing communicants. Exhausted with the effort, he was led from the sanctuary and laid down on his couch at home in great weakness, but with a soul in sweet repose. As he lay on his couch exhausted, he expressed a wish to a dear relative, "Grant that my last breath may be spent in song that shall never die." As evening drew on, he handed to a dear relative a manuscript which, on being opened, disclosed the verses—"Abide with me." . . . Soon afterwards he reached Nice, but died in a very short time, murmuring "Peace! joy!" as he pointed upwards to the sky.—*Selected.*

THIS PLANK BEARS.

A MINISTER who lived near the seashore was preaching one day to a congregation in which were several sailors who had just been shipwrecked, and narrowly escaped drowning. He spoke of the danger to which our souls are exposed of being lost forever on account of our sins, and compared sinners to drowning men, who catch at anything to save themselves. Then he compared Jesus to a plank floating on the waters, for the drowning men to lay hold of. He told them how safe those were who lay hold of this plank, for "Oh, my friends," said he, "*this plank bears, this plank bears!*"

One of those sailors was converted by the sermon he heard that day. Fourteen years afterwards the minister was called to see a dying sailor. It was the same man who had been led to become a Christian by the sermon just spoken of. He thanked the minister for that sermon, and especially for what he said about Jesus as "the plank that bears." "Those words," said he, "have been a great comfort to me ever since. And now I die in peace because I know that 'this plank bears.'"

Those were the last words he spoke. Clinging closely to this plank he was landed safely on the heavenly shore, beyond the reach of storms or dangers.—*Day Spring.*

HOW TO TEACH.

AN article on "How to Teach," in the *London Sunday School Teacher*, contains the following with regard to the importance of securing attention: Attention is concentrated consciousness. All the powers of the pupil must be fixed upon the truth to be learned. Any division in these forces will result in defeat. Attention, to be lasting and eager, must be attracted, not forced. You may be ready to complain that your pupils can give attention for two hours to an entertainment, but not to you for thirty minutes. You must not allow the world to make its methods of imparting knowledge more attractive than yours. Show your pupils the vast superiority of the truth you propose to teach them. The responsibility of winning and holding attention lies in the main, if not entirely, with the teacher. Use the eyes of your pupils as well as their ears. Establish the rule of never beginning to teach the lesson until you have secured the undivided attention of your entire class, and the pupils will soon learn to conform to it; but recollect that attention must not only be secured at the outset, it must be maintained throughout.—*London Sunday School Teacher*.

WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

THERE is no point in this life where we can safely cease our spiritual activity and retire. In secular business, men frequently accumulate enough of wealth and cease operations, and thereafter live on their capital. This cannot be done in the labor we carry on for God. No man can say, "I have now finished my course, have reached the point of perfection, and have nothing to do but lounge around awaiting for the final settlement." That is the spirit that led the servant with one talent to wrap it in a napkin and bury it. David seemed to have a correct idea of the desire that should animate us in our Christian life when he said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

I do not know of a congregation that has a right to stop its work in the vineyard of the Master. This body of people demand, and that justly, that we excuse them from further toil. When I tell you who they are you will admit their claim, and say we must not expect anything of them. Do you wonder where they are? I will tell you. Some fine morning when you are in the humor for a walk just wend your way to a place dotted with oblong-shaped mounds, decorated with flowers. It is strangely silent.

Beautiful stones with their chisel-carved inscriptions meet your eye. Over the entrance of its pebbled walks you read the name of the place where this inactive congregation worships. It is spelt like this, "Cemetery." Some day we shall join those people. Until we do, we have no right to cease in our efforts for upbuilding the kingdom of Christ. This is work, real, earnest work, and God expects us to do our share of it.—*Christian Gleaner*.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

1. If washed in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too;
And, as you onward press,
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
2. With willing heart and hand
Your daily task pursue;
Work! for the day wears on,
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
3. Be gentle e'en when wronged,
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
4. Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper "Yield!"
Ask—"What would Jesus do?"
5. Give with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you;
And check each selfish thought
With—"What would Jesus do?"
6. Then let the golden thread,
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light,
Be—"What would Jesus do?"
—*Golden Bells*.

A WORD OR LOOK.

UPON the higher Alps the snow is sometimes piled so high and so evenly balanced that a crack of a whip or the shout of a voice may give sufficient vibration to the air to bring down the whole mass upon the travellers below. So in our moral world there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin; a word, or even a look, from us may cause them to plunge down into the depths from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in the moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, sure paths of virtue and peace.—*Selected*.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which formed the aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knight-hood, the soldier without fear or reproach,

never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart: "My boy, serve God first. Pray to Him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when in his own great thirst he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation and a stimulus to a good life.—*The Parish Guest*.

TWO WAYS OF VIEWING
DESERTS.

THERE are two ways of looking at a desert. The one sees in it so much sand, barrenness, desolation—and stops there. It is just an ultimate fact, to be accepted and put up with. The best that can be done with it is to steer clear of it, or to steer across it by the shortest route. The other way of looking at it is with the inspired prophet's eye, seeing there room and opportunity for growth and beauty, having space for the wonder-working grace of the Messiah's kingdom:

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;
And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.
It shall blossom abundantly,
And rejoice even with joy and singing.

In the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert.
And the glowing sand shall become a pool,
And the thirsty ground springs of water."

So it is with the world's spiritual deserts. To the natural eye they look so cheerless, so hopeless, so unpromising. But it is not the eye of faith that sees them in this light. That beholds in them room for Christ and His kingdom—space for His gracious power to burgeon forth in beauty of flower and of fruit.—*Sunday-school Times*.

THE FACE THAT KILLS.

SAYS a modern writer: "If the people about you are carrying on their business or their benevolence at a pace which drains the life out of you, resolutely take a slower pace; be called a laggard, make less money, accomplish less work than they, but be what you were meant to be and can

be. You have your natural limit of power as much as an engine—ten-horse power, or twenty, or a hundred. You are fit to do certain kinds of work, and you need a certain kind and amount of fuel and a certain kind of handling." How much grace it requires for many ambitious souls to "resolutely take a slower pace"! Yet I am sure that a short experience would convince us that the quality of our work was improved. Macdonald says: "Mind, it is our best work that He wants, not the dregs of our exhaustion. I think He must prefer quality to quantity."

Not only would our work be done better, but our home life would acquire an atmosphere of restfulness. There would be fewer tears shed over quick, impatient words; there would be more time for quietly growing in grace. Many a woman mourns in secret over her hasty temper and the fretfulness of both husband and children, when the truth is that her influence is irritating instead of soothing, and this proceeds directly from overwrought nerves. What we are is of so much more consequence than what we do.

We are many of us making plans for the work of another year. Life seems so short that we would gladly crowd all that we can into what is left to us of it; but do we not hear a voice saying, "Keep quietly to Me, and think upon the eternal years"? Shall not our hearts respond, "We would be content to fill a little place if Thou be glorified"? Help us to be

"More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly."

—*Freda B. Fisher, in Congregationalist.*

ABNORMAL MEMORY.

A GERMAN scholar, Herr Muningen, who died several months ago, is said to have possessed a memory which retained an indelible impression of every word which he had either read or heard. He was able to repeat whole volumes in Latin, German, or French.

A well-known American clergyman, now in his eightieth year, has almost as remarkable a power of verbal memory. After once reading aloud or hearing read two or three pages of prose or poetry, he can repeat them without the omission of a word.

Instances of this abnormal power of memory are not rare in history. An officer in the army of Nicholas I. was said to have been able to repeat the roll-call of any regiment in the Russian service after reading it over twice.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the famous linguist, required to read over only once the gram-

mar of any language to remember accurately its every detail of rule or exceptions.

Boys and girls who find an irregular French verb or a few historical dates a heavy tax upon their powers of learning by rote must read these accounts with envy. They may find some compensation in the fact that these marvellous memories clutch all that comes within their grasp, both bad and good. They apparently have no power of rejection.

"I forget nothing," said one man so endowed. "A page of nonsense or of vulgar trash, if I read it, is as indelibly fixed in my brain as the most sublime passage of Holy Writ."

Many physiologists hold that nothing is ever lost from the memory of any man. Impressions remain, they assert, in the recesses of the brain like words written on paper with invisible ink that are ready to light before us some day.

What seems to indicate that this may be true is the fact that each of us can tell of trifling facts and words which memory sometimes suddenly brings to the mind after they have been forgotten for years.

That we must some day ourselves remember all the follies and events of our lives is a terrible suggestion.

But if we forget, may there not be One who will know?—*Youth's Companion.*

FANNING THE SPARK.

It is only a spark, you may say, in that mass of dead embers, a tiny heart of fire in that blackness. The wind, though, gets to the tiny heart and fans it, and fans it again. There is a widening of that surface of crimson. It flashes, scintillates, kindles on every side, and soon there is a ruddy mass of flame sweeping up the chimney. What a centre of warmth and comfort is that fire! How it heats and irradiates all the room, and how the wings of ruddy light beat against the window, as if they would get out and reach some poor soul bewildered on the water, wondering where a harbor and home may be! And out into the black night reaches its cheering light, and guides some tempest-tossed bark to a haven of rest, to the mariner's home.

Fanning the spark!

Do we ever think of this in the Sunday-school when we talk of the Messiah's kingdom and the glorious days when everywhere shall go the light of God's royal truth; when the sceptre touch of Jesus the King shall bow all hearts in submission?

How will the light go? It will be torch-

work, light borne from hand to hand, truth passed along by the King's messengers everywhere. The first demand, then, is not money, but men. Where can we find these human agencies? What source of supply will furnish us with the men and the women who will take out the light?

We look to our Sunday-schools, not to find full-grown missionaries, but boys and girls whose interest will grow with their growth until they finally be dismissed to their world-wide work. We look for the tiny spark of mission interest kindled to-day in some child's heart. It is our great, kingly privilege to find the spark, to develop the interest, to bring it where it shall feel the quickening breath of the Spirit of God. It may be said that the success of the Gospel will be commensurate with the realization of our responsibility for the development of a mission interest in our Sunday-school scholars. We may be a positive hindrance to the spread of the Messiah's kingdom or a great help. We are first to find the spark in some child's heart; next to fan it, and especially bring it where it will feel the quickening breath of the Spirit.

The consecrated heralds, the hearts all aflame, the King's torchbearers speeding away into the night, are in boys and girls looking up with animated faces as we tell of the Messiah's kingdom, and that China, Japan, India, the isles of the sea, must become parts of that kingdom. Oh, for eyes to see and hearts to feel and hands to accept this responsibility! Dwarf not this work, you who help make the King's heralds, who get ready the Truth's torchbearers! It is your noble and ennobling privilege to find in a child's heart some little coal of feeling, to fan this hope, and then, O Spirit of the living, loving God, breathe upon that kindling heart till it is afire with consecration to Jesus!—*S.S. Journal.*

FAITH.

A LITTLE fellow not ten years of age was employed by a lady to sweep snow from the doorstep; her kind heart pitied the boy's pinched appearance, and her compassion was strongly excited. "Did he not feel discouraged and afraid to be alone in this world?" The sweeper, outcast though he was, knew nothing of the misgivings suggested by the lady's questions. He had faith, and acted accordingly. "Don't you think," he cried, "that God will take care of a feller if he puts his trust in Him and does the best he can?"

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Nov. 5...1 Cor. 15, 12-26....	Exodus 17, 1-7....
" 12...2 Cor. 8, 1-12.....	" 17, 3-15.....
" 19... Eph. 4, 20-32.....	" 19, 1-13; 16-21
" 26... Col. 3, 12-25.....	Review.....

LITTLE THINGS.

SUPPOSE the little flowers should think

That they are much too small
To be of any use to us,
And so not bloom at all ;

How much that's pleasant we should lose !
For as we pass them by
Every little flower that blooms
Is pleasing to the eye.

Suppose the little raindrops thought
That they were much too small
To be of any use on earth,
And so not rain at all ;

Then the fruits would never grow,
Nor roses in the bowers ;
For all the little raindrops help
To make refreshing showers.

And so shall little children think
That they are much too small
To be of use to others here,
And do no good at all ?

Ah ! dearest children, think not so,
For little acts of love
Are pleasing in the sight of God,
And counted up above.

—Selected.

LITTLE "CHI" AND HIS SISTER.

THERE was a very audible titter among the children when little Lee Fu came into the schoolroom, with his big, loose pants, baggy coat, and long "queue" hanging behind, with the end tucked down in his coat pocket. He was a little Chinese boy, sent here by the government of his own country to be educated, and he had just entered a school in a small New England town.

The merriment over his appearance was suppressed until recess ; then the children crowded around him, and some, I am sorry to say, were rude enough to call out : "Where did you get your pigtail?" "Who made your coat, sonny?"

Happily, the little fellow was only bewildered, he did not understand a word they said, and in a moment, two older Chinese boys, in another department, came and took him away with them, with such kindness in look and tone that American boys would do well to imitate in dealing with the little ones.

Soon the children got used to "Little Chi," as they at once nicknamed him, though they could not always refrain from

making fun of him. Little Alice Danforth's sympathetic heart went out to the boy, so far away from home and friends. Many a kindness did she shyly offer him, and many a lecture did she give those bad boys.

"You, Freddie Lyman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to laugh at 'Little Chi's' queue ; he keeps it braided just as nice as can be. You don't comb your hair half so nice."

And "Little Chi" returned Alice's friendship most warmly. One day when they happened to be alone in the school-room, he took out a photograph of a little Chinese girl, and shyly showed it to Alice. He kept it securely hidden in the breast of his coat, and would not for anything have shown it to the boys ; for Chinese men never speak of the women of their families, and of course are so trained when boys.

Alice took the picture and looked at it with much interest. "Little Chi" had said when he handed it to her : "Me sister."

"What makes her look so solemn?" said Alice.

"Me not know," he replied ; then doubtfully, "but feet hurt."

"Feet hurt?" said Alice, "What makes her feet hurt?"

"Feet tied allee tight, make muchee hurt."

"Why, what are they tied tight for, I don't see?"

"Oh, tie allee tight, make feet littlee."

And so the questioning went on, until Alice found out all about the cruel Chinese custom of binding the feet of little girls to make them small, and how Chi's little sister sobbed and cried through many sleepless nights with her bound feet.

So impressed was Alice with what she had heard, that she went at once to her mother with the story when she reached home. Her mother sighed, and said they must have the Bible to teach them better.

Alice thought and thought of that remark, and at last her resolution was taken. With her little mouth screwed up, she worked until the following letter was produced :

dear mistress fu,
i send you this Book. it is God's book. it will tell you not to Tie up little Chi's sister's feet and make them hurt so. and you have to do what God says.

your Friend,

alice danforth.

Then she took the letter and her own Bible, and carried them to Chi, telling him he must send them to his mother.

The little fellow did as she told him, and away over in China the heathen mother

received the package. Curiosity prompted her to send for a missionary not far away to come and read the note, also some from the book. She was pleased with the note, though she shook her head at the idea of not binding the little girl's feet, for she intended to make a "lady" of her. But she became greatly interested in the book, and day after day sent for the missionary to read to her. At last God's truth entered her heart, and it did indeed make her unbind the bruised feet of "Little Chi's" sister.

Oh, children, shall we not send Bibles and missionaries to that far-away land, that the bound feet may be freed, and the millions of lost souls be saved?—*Mrs. E. Y. Mullins, in Kind Words.*

GETTING HIS RIGHTS.

IN no way can the youth of this country be taught to respect the rights of others better than by teaching them that they also have inviolable rights. In one of the police courts uptown in New York, one morning, a very small boy, in knickerbockers, appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman, with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court-room he hesitated and looked up as if he would like to retreat ; but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face, he shut his lips tighter and walked up to the desk.

"Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy ; what can I do for you?" asked the judge, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnny Moore. I am seven years old, and live in 123d street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play marbles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth ; but a butcher on the corner"—and here his voice grew steady and his face flashed—"that hasn't any more right than we have, keeps his wagon standing there, and this morning we were playing marbles there and he drove us away and took six of mine and threw them away off over the fence into the lot, and I went to the police station and they laughed at me, and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the boy trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.

The justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence.

"You did perfectly right, my boy," said he gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for rights as you show, there would be far less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here."

The little boy knew there was a difference between right and wrong. He did not scold, nor fight, nor swear, but asked for his rights. This judge knew what was right, too, and taught a good lesson to the bully who wronged the boy, and the policeman who laughed at him.—*Anon.*

MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the *Eclogues* of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having

learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece."

This good man became greatly interested in him and lent him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours well.

It has been forcibly and truthfully said that "an unimproved hour is a jewel lost beyond recovery." In your days of preparation for manhood's responsibilities, how many such jewels do you propose to lose? —*Young Keeper.*

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A GOOD many years ago, a little girl of twelve years of age was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read, from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his deathbed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped 600 are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.—*Parish Visitor.*

THE GIRL WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING.

NATURALLY, it isn't you or your friend; but you certainly know her, and just as certainly you dislike her. When you dislike people, there is one thing you should always do, and that is—look well at their faults, and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obnoxious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding

always that the people who are quiet are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronunciations, forgetting that custom makes many things correct of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her; old ones have the utmost contempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinion of men. Well, she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl ought to care for the opinion of men. She has her father to look up to, her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God, she ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy would throw bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and ignorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and, as you love everything good and good-mannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

A missionary meeting will be held in the school room on Monday, Nov. 27th, to be addressed by the Bishop of Athabasca. Come and hear what God hath wrought among the Indians of the far North West.

The C.M.S. has 50 missionaries who wholly support themselves, and 23 who do so in part. The Universities Mission has 10. The S. P. G. 8, and our own Canadian Wycliffe Missions 1, who go at their own cost. Think of that, ye scoffers at missions; about 70 from our own church, who spend their lives among the heathen, living and working at their own charges, that they may bring the light of life to them that sit in darkness and help to fulfil their Master's command to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Would that many more to whom God has given this world's wealth would use it likewise.

The eighth anniversary of the opening of St. Paul's Church will (D.V.) be commemorated by special services on Sunday, Nov. 26th. The preacher will be the Right Rev. Dr. Young, D.D., Bishop of Athabasca. The offertory will be for the reduction of the church debt, and we ask our friends, both in town and country, to make an earnest effort to make it as large as possible. Let each one of us do his or her best and we will be amazed at the result. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Archdeacon Vincent of Albany, diocese of Mooseonee has consented to complete Bishop Horden's revision of the Cree bible, and to proceed to England to see it through the press. The archdeacon has been one of those most highly blessed of God in his work among the Indians near Hudson Bay, and was a co-worker with the late Bishop Horden. In 1891 he baptized in a few weeks as many as 125 Indians. Mr. Vincent is a cousin of Mr. Gladman of the post office, and also of Mr. Gladman of Orillia.

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