



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

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 109.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Salesmen.

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

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.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

WILSON.—Sarah, daughter of George and Mary Wilson, born 29th May, 1894, baptized 2nd October, 1900.

Marriages.

DEVITT—WALTERS.—At Lindsay, on 3rd October, 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, assisted by Rev. R. P. Bowles, James Carroll Devitt, of Bowmanville, to Annie Maude Walters, of Lindsay.

WESTAWAY—HEPBURN.—At Fenelon, on 24th October, 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, John Luther Westaway, to Elizabeth Ann Hepburn, both of the township of Fenelon.

Burials.

LANG.—At Riverside cemetery, on 21st October, 1900, Eliza Jane Lang, wife of William R. Lang, in her 53rd year.

WILSON.—At Riverside cemetery, on 22nd October, 1900, Sarah, child of Geo. Wilson, in her 7th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

On Oct. 14th Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in Omamee, the church being tastefully trimmed for the occasion, appropriate hymns and prayers being used and the Rural Dean preaching sermons morning and evening on the subject of Thanksgiving. In the afternoon he visited St. James' church, Emily, and was pleased to see the pretty little new church that had been built, and to find that it was all paid for except about \$200. At the services in Omamee the congregation were asked for a Thankoffering of \$50 and in reply put \$77 on the plates thus cheering the hearts of the rector and churchwardens, and we are sure increasing their own love to "The Giver of all good."

We want our Parish paper to close the year without debt, so kindly hand your subscription to Miss Goodwin at your earliest convenience.

We are glad to see Mr. H. J. Nosworthy back in St. Paul's after his absence in the far west, and to find that his health has much improved.

The Bishop of the diocese confirmed 18 candidates at St. James' church, Fenelon Falls, on Oct. 9th. May they indeed be faithful soldiers of the King.

Mr. George H. Johnston has gone to spend the winter with friends in Michigan. He expects to be much out in the open air, and we trust will return much stronger in the spring. He will be missed not only by his family, but from St. Paul's church.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Joseph Perrin home from South Africa, where he has been fighting for his country and was twice wounded. We also congratulate him on his marriage to Miss Holmes, and wish him and his bride, (to whom he was united on Nov. 2nd), many years of happiness together.

The anniversary services at St. Paul's will (D.V.) be held on Nov. 25th. We hope all will make it a matter of prayer that it may be a time of blessing, and also make it a matter of self-denial and work that the debt, which is being each year reduced, may have a large amount paid off this last year of the 19th century.

At the last meeting of the Young Men's Association Mr. C. Sootheran was elected Vice-President and Messrs. Arthur Hooper and Percy Lamb, Councillors, to take the places of Mr. Vance, Mr. Sisson and Mr. Leigh Knight, who have all lately gone to Toronto. The new officers have lots of work before them, ere they do as much for the association as their predecessors. Forward should be the motto.

There was a fair congregation on Thanksgiving Day at St. Paul, and large ones on the following Sunday, when we were specially reminded of the many things we have to be thankful for. Mrs. G. H. Hopkins sang very touchingly "The Holy City", while Miss Colles and Mr. Bailey also took solos, and very favorably impressed their hearers, we trust they also sang the truth home to some hearts. The church was very prettily trimmed for the occasion, and as one thinks of all the things God has done for us, surely we should sing with heart and voice

"Let the people praise thee, O God,
Yea, let all the people praise thee."

On Aug. 27th a Lord's Day Alliance for Nova Scotia was organized at Halifax, and we are glad to see that the Bishop of Nova Scotia is one of the Vice-Presidents. The "Lord's Day Advocate" says with regard to the Maritime Provinces: "Throughout the Provinces there is no railroad traffic, either freight or passenger, except in the very early and very late hours of the day, and when, a short time ago, freight trains were run on the Intercolonial Railway on a certain Sabbath to clear out a blockade of traffic, such a storm of indignation arose as to call forth a prompt disclaimer of responsibility, and promise that it would not occur again, from the Minister of Railways and Canals." Would that the same could be said of our local G.T.R. On the last Sunday of October, cars of lumber and other such merchandise were carried through Lindsay. We trust the law will soon be so amended as to prohibit unnecessary work, and give our railway men Sunday rest. Let us all see that our influence is on the right side.

The Rev. W. H. Sparks, of Sunderland, took duty at Cameron and Cambray on October 28th, preaching in Lindsay in the evening.

We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs (corner William and Peel sts.), and Mr. Hill and family (south ward), to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

Miss Charlotte Bryans, who was one of our S.S. teachers, and a daughter of Mr. John Bryans, is spending the autumn months in Manitoba and the west.

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that the Rev. H. R. O'Malley has now charge of a church at Greeley, Colorado, U.S., and is much improved in health. He enquired after many friends in Lindsay, Reaboro, Cameron and Cambray, and said "Parish and Home is always welcome, and gives much news of interest."

We regret very much the removal of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sisson from our midst. Mr. Sisson was for several years one of the churchwardens of St. Paul's, and lately has been sidesman, and superintendent of the Sunday school; while Mrs. Sisson was secretary of the W.A., a teacher in the S.S. and one of our most valued workers. We trust that God will bless and use them in Toronto, and that we may have frequent visits from them in Lindsay.

Sunday and Monday, Oct. 21st and 22nd, were observed as days of special intercession for Sunday schools by our church throughout the world. The Bishop of Toronto issued a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese, and the subject was brought before the people of St. Paul's, not only by the special prayers used, but also by a special sermon preached. We have reason to be thankful in this part, for the new school opened during the year at St. George's church, Cameron, and the blessing attending it. And we trust not only that were earnest prayers and intercessions offered up, but that we will frequently remember the teachers, workers and scholars in our Sunday schools before the throne of grace and also pray that more workers may be thrust forth to labor and so neglected scholars gathered in, and led and taught in God's ways.

A new society has been formed in Lindsay to be called "The Parish Workers of St. Paul's Church," for the purpose of helping to pay the debt of the church, and to work for the poor and needy of the parish. The following officers were elected:

Warden	Rev. C. H. Marsh
Hon. President	Mrs. Marsh
President	Mrs. Sootheran
1st Vice-President	Mrs. Goodwin
2nd Vice-President	Mrs. Gerald Hopkins
Sec.-Treasurer	Mrs. C. A. Hooper
Asst. Sec.-Treasurer	Miss Beall
Vice-President Church Debt and Mite Society	Mrs. Harding
Vice-President Needle Work Department	Mrs. J. G. Edwards
Vice-President Decoration Committee	Mrs. Paddon
Vice-President District Visiting Committee	Mrs. Way

The regular board meeting will be held on the first Wednesday of each month at 8.30 p.m., and the sewing meetings will be the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Fridays at 2 p.m. in the schoolhouse.

Parish and Home

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 11

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1—**All Saints' Day.** *Morning*—Wisd. iii., to 10; Heb. xi., 33-xii., to 7. *Evening*—Wisd. v., to 17; Rev. xix. to 17.
- 4—**Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Daniel iii.; Titus i. *Evening*—Daniel iv. or v.; Luke xxii., 54.
- 11—**Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Daniel vi.; 1. eb. iv., 14 and v. *Evening*—Daniel vii., 9 or xii.; John ii.
- 18—**Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Hosea xiv.; Heb. xi., to 17. *Evening*—Joel ii., 21, or iii., 9; John v., to 22.
- 25—**Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Eccles. xi. and xii.; James iv. *Evening*—Haggai ii., to 10, or Mal. iii. and iv.; John ix., to 39.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. & P.** *Morning*—Isaiah li.; John i., 35 to 43. *Evening*—Isaiah lxxv., to 17; John xii., 20 to 42.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Day of Intercession for Missions, (being the eve of St. Andrew, or any day in the week in which the festival of St. Andrew falls), is near at hand and the Church calls us to earnest, faithful prayer for the messengers who have gone to tell the Gospel to the heathen, and that others may be thrust forth.

That this is in accordance with the mind of Christ we well know, for He told His disciples to lift up their eyes and look unto the fields white unto the harvest, and then "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he thrust forth labourers into his harvest."

The harvest still is plenteous, great white fields of immortal grain, ready for the workers; the labourers still are few, so few; one to tens or hundreds of thousands, even millions in some parts. No wonder our Church calls us to prayer. Let every individual who loves his fellow-man, and who knows anything of the love of God, pray at this time of intercession, pray, that God will send forth the heralds of His Gospel, until every creature shall hear the good news, and a way be made for the advent or coming back of our King.

"HE first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Christ."

So it is written of the Apostle Andrew, when he found the Mes-

siah. Go find thy brother, is then the message that comes to them that know the Lord, and bring him to the Master. It is because of neglect to do this that so many of us are but half-hearted disciples. We believe in Him, but we do so little to help others to do so, we tell so few about His love and power, that our own faith almost dies.

The Church, yea, the Christ Himself, needs living members to tell the good news of God's love to men. The great restless, unsatisfied, longing mass of humanity needs a satisfying Saviour. If we have found Him, let us go tell our brother, and bring him to Christ.

On November 1, All Saints' Day, we are reminded of the "noble army of martyrs," and saints of the Most High, who in days gone by have done noble deeds, and by the grace of God have warred a good warfare for their Lord and King.

It does a Christian man good to read the eleventh of Hebrews, from which one of the lessons of the day is taken. It strengthens his moral fibre, and makes him stronger to do that which is right. It tells of men who endured hardness, and suffered reproach and shame and cruel persecutions, and yet did valiantly for their God, counting not their lives dear unto themselves.

We need more Christian manhood to-day—men who will do what they know to be God's will, even if none of those around them do it; men not afraid or ashamed, if needs be, to stand alone; and by reading and studying the lives of the saints of God, as recorded in His Holy Word, we find where they received strength for the warfare, and how they were enabled to go out from their "We of the Chaldees," or "to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches" than the treasures of earth's wealthiest nations.

CHRIST WITH US.—We leave many things behind us as we go on.

We can never go back over the closing year. We never go over any life path the second time through any experiences. We have infancy once, childhood once, youth once, manhood and womanhood once, old age once, and we die once. We are forever leaving things, places, conditions and experiences behind us. But through all these we have the same Christ, unchanged, unchanging.

The Christ of childhood and of youth remains the Christ of manhood and of old age.

The old ark was carried forward into the new land of promise and still led the people. Whatever changes the year brings to us, we must keep our eyes on the living Christ. He will always be all we need. There will never be a path which He cannot find for us.

A WORD TO THE TRIED.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. x. 13.

A Christian life will, perhaps, always be beset with a double danger as far as temptation or trial is concerned. We shall be tempted on the one hand to the danger of self-confidence, and on the other to the danger of self-despondency.

The Apostle St. Paul, in the context before us, has been warning against the sin of self-confidence. After reciting many of the sins of the ancient Hebrews, caused by self-confidence—lust, idolatry, murmuring, presumption, and the punishment which followed them—he says: "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And then he proceeds in our text to warn against the other sin—too much

self-dependency. "There hath no temptation taken you," he says, "but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted beyond that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Let me, therefore, say a few encouraging words from this text to those who are likely to be discouraged under trial.

I. The first word of encouragement which the Apostle gives us here is this: that trial under temptation is the common lot of humanity. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man." When men are translated by grace into the Kingdom of God's dear Son on the earth, they are not there and then, in that great rule which admits of so few exceptions, translated into heaven. No; the Saviour asked concerning His disciples, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world; but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Men are left in the world after conversion, right in the midst of the circumstances and relationships in which the grace of God finds them. And, moreover, the world in which they receive their new birth is not changed in any particular to suit them. The paths they have to tread, the road they have to travel are not altered. They are changed, but the world is not. The Christian's lot is not an isolated one. He enjoys no immunity in this respect among men. He is no exotic, no hot-house plant, that cannot grow, that cannot thrive in the open sunshine and outside air, and in the face, too, of the cold and frost of the natural world. He is made, by his very Christianity, more able to bear up against all of these things.

Now, to apply this practically. You have things in your home life that tend to worry you; you have things in your business life that tend to perplex you; you have things in your intercourse with your fellow-men that tend greatly to dishearten you. Are you therefore discouraged and disheartened on account of these things? If you are, just first ask yourself this question, "Am I an exception in this re-

spect in the world? Is my lot of trial a strange, a singular one?" And then, for an answer to it, go out into the world; look around you; see how other men live; get a glimpse of their inner life; talk with them about their home life, their business life, their social life, and you will find, if you are but a fair, an impartial observer, that you are but one of a great brotherhood, a great multitude, upon whom falls not only the sunshine and the rain, but all the ills, all the sorrows, all the difficulties which belong to man as man—a sinner in a sinful world. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man."

My brethren, I do think the reason of discouragement in the great majority of cases is because of the little world in which we live. We shut ourselves up in a narrow house and look not upon the things of other men. Ours is indeed a veritable microcosm—a little world—a world which shuts out everything but self. We are discontented with our lot because we do not know the lot of other men. We think our burden too heavy for our backs because we do not see the loads that lie upon other shoulders. Many of us, perhaps, remember the story of "Little Dot." We remember how the rich, but discontented, discouraged, disheartened lady, residing not far from the city of New York, was at last prevailed upon by some of the Christian workers in connection with the Fresh Air Fund to entertain at her home for a few weeks some of the poor children of the great city. We remember how the opening up before her of the misery and the wretchedness and the want of these poor children was a new revelation to her. We remember how it led her out of the microcosm of her own narrow selfishness into the spiritual world of God, into the glorious life and liberty and love of the Saviour. Yes, when we know the burdens which other men bear, our own are lightened. When we see the lot that has fallen to others, we have reason to thank God that the lines have fallen to us in more pleasant places.

II. The next word of encouragement which the Apostle gives us

here is this: That there is no escape without trial; no salvation without deliverance from something. "God is faithful who will . . . with the temptation also make a way of escape." The temptation and the escape go together. The very same divine act makes both the trial and the way out of it. He will with the temptation, never apart from it, make the way of escape. Have you ever thought of that? These two things must go together. It is just because we are tried, just because we feel the force of the temptation, that we long for deliverance. It is the trial that makes the escape desirable. It would be nonsense to speak of the escape of a person who was in no danger, no difficulty, no distress.

Notice how the trial and the escape, the need and the supply, go together. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The rest promised there is only for a certain class, for those who labour and are heavy laden. The blessing promised is suited to the need felt. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." We speak of that promise as containing the freeness of gospel blessing for the world; and so it does. But, nevertheless, the invitation given is limited in its blessedness to a certain class—to those only who are thirsty. You may induce an unthirsty man to go to the spiritual fountain, but you cannot make him drink. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Yes, only that which was lost. And then think of that other promise which has comforted and strengthened so many of the Lord's people in all ages of the Church: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Think of the fulness of that four-sided promise: "I will be with thee," "the rivers shall not overflow thee," "thou shalt not be burned," "neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." How that provision of grace wraps a man all round in the sheltering arms of God. But

all that is only for the men and the women, children of God that venture down into the waters, that wade the deep of the rivers, that are not afraid, if need be, to trust themselves to the fire and the flame. No presence of the Master without the waters; no victory over the rising surf, without contact with the cold waves; no triumph over the flame without contact with the fire. If Israel had not gone forth out of Egypt in obedience to the command; if they had not travelled by the way marked out for them, with all its trials and with all its difficulties, there could have been no marvellous escape, no mighty deliverance at the sea. It was when Moses shouted, "Stand still and see the salvation of God," that with the temptation came the way of escape.

III. The next word of encouragement which the Apostle gives us here, and the last we shall notice, is this: God is faithful who has promised the deliverance. "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted beyond that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." There is one part in the matter of trial which belongs to us and there is one part which belongs to God. The part which belongs to us is cheerful acceptance of the trial and patient endurance under it; the part which belongs to the Lord is promised, perfect, complete deliverance. It was the part of the children of Israel to march forward to the Red Sea; it was the part of the Lord to open up the sea that they might pass over. If we do our part in the matter of trial, we may be quite sure God will do His. The great Dr. Arnold was one time passing through a manufactory in England and he came to a place where there was a man working beside a vat of liquid. The vat contained a biting acid. The operator put in one end of the vat a dark coloured, unfigured, beautiful robe. When it came out at the other end of the vat, he said it was a beautiful robe, all the figures and colours distinctly brought out, and it was fit to be put on the shoulders of a Queen. The doctor said that operation taught him two lessons with regard to God's deal-

ings with us in the matter of trial. The operator determined two things in that process. He determined in the first place the strength of the acid. If it were too strong the robe would have been destroyed and the work lost. He determined in the second place, the length of time the robe should remain in the acid. If left too long the same result would follow and the work would come to nothing. The two lessons were these: God also determines the strength of the acid. He knows the severity of all our trials. For this purpose He took upon Him our form, that He might be tempted and tried in all points like as we are. "And He will not suffer you to be tried beyond that ye are able." He determines also the length of the time He will allow His children to remain in the acid. Just when it has served its purpose, just when all the figures and the colours are beautifully brought out, when the beauty of His own likeness appears in us, He will grant us the deliverance. He will with the temptation make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. "God is faithful."

Oh, the great question after all is how to get completely in the hands of Christ, that we can rest there, and be assured in our hearts that He will keep us, and guide us, and sustain us to the end. And, blessed be His name, we may know this. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." What we want is simple reliance upon Christ. This is one of the easiest and yet it is one of the hardest acts to perform. Easy, when the soul feels its lost, its helpless condition and believes that Christ alone can save. Hard, when there lingers in the heart the impression that the person can do something to merit the divine grace which saves. The following glance at the inner life of a young lady recently brought to rejoice in Christ may help others. She says in her letter: "I have always had the greatest respect for religion and loved to attend the services of the Church, when it was possible. I do not know when it first entered my heart to wish that I was a Christian. I have seen a great many

beautiful Christian characters; the more I have soon of them, the more I have wanted to be like them. A mother, an uncle, a dear sister, whose lights have burned brightly without a flicker, and who have often talked to me on religious matters, have been constant arguments to me in favour of religion. From time to time the thought has come to me, 'Oh, if I were only a Christian!' How to become one I did not understand. The thought troubled me much, and I nearly gave up in despair. On Monday night I came to the service and from a few words spoken by our pastor, I knew I had a mistaken idea about the way of salvation. A few kind words from a Christian lady encouraged me, I knelt down in the presence of others—a poor sinner, without any hope. I went again the following evening, determined to give my heart to the Saviour. I went home and prayed Jesus to receive me and forgive my sins. The next morning my burden was gone. I felt I could trust Jesus then for everything. It seems so strange to me now—strange that I have only just found Christ, when He has been ready to receive so long. The word which I ventured forth at last upon was in the Bible before I was born—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—*Bernard Bryan, Toronto.*

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

"All honour to him who shall win the prize!"

The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and fails, and dies,
I give great honour, and glory, and tears.

Give glory and honour, and pitiful tears,
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance
of Time.

All honour to him who shall win the prize,
But greater, many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword un-
drawn,
And good is the man who refrains from
wine;
But he who fails and who still fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of
mine.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A WORD ABOUT HOME AND MARRIAGE.

By the REV. CHARLES FULLOCK, D.D., Editor of *The Fireside*, etc.

I. First a word about Home.

Young men who have gone out into the big world of business life, be sure you never forget home! Let your aim be to give joy at home, and draw home bonds tighter and tighter. Remember you are in trust with home happiness. Don't forget what a young man can do. You can make a mother's heart merry, and a "glad" father, or you can bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. So live that you may often "dream that home is heaven"; so die that you may "wake and find that heaven is home."

Cultivate home affection. Nothing will grow without cultivation—except thorns and weeds. Keep up home letters and home gifts. Trifles, into which you have thrown some personal effort or handiwork, will brighten home for many a day, and bring back the "sevenfold" blessing to the filial hearts that prompted them. Perhaps swift thought reminds some of us of "failures" when you were at home. Aim now like Zacchæus, to "Restore fourfold." The Divine Friend who became his Guest shall enter your now distant dwelling-place, and though it cannot indeed be Home, hallowed memories, like visions of angels, shall still recall the old familiar spot.

I once was a guest at a house, between church services, and I happened to say I thought that at family prayers there always ought to be one petition for the increase of home love. I was startled when I saw two or three young men and women shedding manly and womanly tears. I was surprised; and it was presently explained to me that I had touched a very tender chord. It was a loving family, or they would not have been so sensitive; but "one was not," and memory did the rest. The love of home should be the pole-star of the young man's love.

II. A word about Matrimony.

I like "a congregation of one"—though matrimony implies a congregation of two—but still "two in one." If you speak really heart to heart to one, you must reach others,

Like the stone in the lake the circle widens to the shore.

I once said to a railroad worker: "I want to ask you a question you have never probably been asked before—are you a married man?" The young man looked rather astonished, but he civilly and pleasantly gave me an answer: "No, I am not, sir." "Well," I said, "I want to give you a word of advice. Remember marriage sometimes means 'marred'; and my word of advice is that when you kneel down every morning—(I did not assume he was not in the habit of kneeling down; 'Charity hopeth all things,' and the spirit of judgment never opens the door of the heart)—just ask God, if you are to be married, to find you a good wife." I told him, I remember, about the good Lord Shaftesbury. When his heart was yearning for a resting-place in wedded love, a settled home, and the joys of domestic life, he formed in his mind the ideal of the wife he desired to find. Then he wrote in his diary: "I pray for her abundantly. God grant me this purest of blessings!" The prayer was fully answered—all prayers are in God's way and time—always better than ours—his ideal was found; and in after years he bore this testimony: "Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that He would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement and safety. He has granted to the full all that I desired, and far more than I deserved. Praised be His Holy Name!"

I advised my railway friend—are we not all friends and brethren on life's journey?—to follow Lord Shaftesbury's example. Let me advise all young men to do the same. I hope you will all be married in due time. But don't forget what Ruskin says: "A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person." Only begin with "looking up," and you will go safely forward. A "help-meet" is what you want; and a help-meet is God's gift. He that findeth such a wife in such a way "findeth a good thing." But if a mistake is made you will have to repent at leisure. Happy the man who knows by experience the truth of Luther's words—"The utmost blessing that

God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity; to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare."

Whittier, the American poet, sings sweetly of such a wife:

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

"Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

"And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing."
—Home Words.

"HE'S A BRICK."

Is this heading slang? Well, it is a very ancient form of slang. The meaning is given us by Plutarch in his "Life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta."

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though normally only King of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire," said he, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the wall of Sparta." Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and, pointing proudly to the soldiers, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick."

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting the nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care ;

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art ;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another !
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and the joinings—
Ah ! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife.

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought Divine :
"You are living and toiling for Love's
sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way that they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk ;
Living your life for Love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."
—*The Home Friend.*

GOD'S CALL TO SERVICE.

By the REV. RURAL DEAN ARMITAGE, of Halifax.

St. Matthew xxi. 28 : "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

The instructions given by the Father in the Parable of the Two Sons were meant to stand for the requirements of God. The parable represents the great call to service from our Father in Heaven to all His sons on earth. The command you will notice (1) *affectionate*, "My Son ;" (2) *practical*, "go work ;" (3) *urgent*, "to day."

The text has a wide application, but let us confine our attention to a single standpoint. God calls every son to service, that is to say, personal work for Christ is a duty laid on every Christian.

This arises from the nature of Christ's religion.

(a) As Christ was in the world, so are we to be in the world.

(b) Christianity is diffusive or expansive.

It can never be held as a theory and is only known in practice. It is only kept as it is imparted to others to spread abroad in the world. Unless the light is allowed to shine the candlestick will be removed. Its great principle is universality.

The Christian has but one question, What is Christ's will? The great Duke of Wellington gave an answer to the young man who asked his opinion about the wisdom of foreign missions which should never be forgotten. His one thought was where does duty lie, and so he made answer in another question, "What are your marching orders?" Then he repeated the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The policy of isolation is an impossible one. No Christian can stand aloof and yet retain spiritual health. Selfishness leads to decay and death. The history of the gold fever tells the story of human selfishness and reveals the weakness of human nature. The Klondike gold seeker discovers his treasure and guards carefully the secret. How different it is even in the sphere of science! Lord Lister gave his great antiseptic discoveries to the world ; so with Koch and tuberculin, Behring and anti-toxine, Roentgen and his marvellous X rays. How much greater is the need that the only true riches should be made known and the rich treasures of Christian truth given to all!

All are to be workers, not ministers alone. It was the Moravians who rediscovered the true view of Christian duty that every man should be a worker. It was from them that Wesley took his great motto, "All at it, and always at it." The Nihilists in Russia have honey-combed that great empire with a powerful secret organization by the use of a method by which every new member is made to gain ten others, which leads to a tremendous increase of membership.

Christ's plan of campaign is from the individual to the race. We have learned the value of individual action in the South African wars. The sniper watches for his man,

and so in Christian work we should watch for our man and pursue the policy of the sharpshooter.

The requirements for service should be kept in view. The first is that the worker should be a true Christian. It is a law of all life that we must possess before we can impart. The need is for rock-men. Then the worker must be filled with the love of Christ and men, and realize the value of the human soul.

Next comes prayer, which is a necessity of soul-winning, and without which there is no power for service. And lastly we note the need of earnestness and enthusiasm, for the work is Christ's and should be undertaken in His spirit and for His sake.

POWER.

"According to the power that worketh in us."—Ep. 3 : 20.

Man's body is a frame ; it cannot move without power. Man's soul is a framework and needs a higher power. Power is the measure of speed, the source of strength, the secret of success, the spring of beauty, the crown of character. Men are great and noble, mean or worthless, according to the power. Some are cheapened by greed, degraded by distinction, others rise to the fulness of men in Christ Jesus. It is ever according to the power ; in quantity, quality, and aim.

I first visited the Tyne in 1844 with a cargo of sulphur from Sicily. The river craft were not in a hurry to come alongside for our cargo, and this gave us plenty of time to look at the life of the river. An object was seen daily in the shape of a small steamer, built very early in the days of steamers. She was so short of power that she could only go with the tide. She delivered goods at various places between Newcastle and Shields. The boys named her the *Tom Tit*. Her paddle box at a distance did not look larger than a flour barrel, and she was the curiosity of the river. She moved according to her power!

In order to full equipment it is necessary to measure the lights, sound the depths, scan the horizon. O the riches and amplifications!

I. How can we know the love of Christ?

It passes all our imitation, and all our powers of estimation. Can you measure back the ages of the past? Enter into the recesses of the Almighty, and calculate His love? Have we come back baffled in our pursuit? In one sense we know all things, that is, we know the quality of things. We can taste sea water and know it is salt, but how little we know!

II. How can we measure His ability?

It is abundant, exceeding our powers of speech or thought. More than our desires in prayer, more than our discoveries, even by the aid of the great telescope of faith.

III. How near can we come to His presence?

1. We come to His seat, the place where His honour dwelleth. "I in them and thou in me."

2. We come to His secrets. "Shall I hide from Abraham the things that I do?" In the secret of His tabernacle He hides, reveals and nourishes.

3. We can come to His successes. "Greater things shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." He is not distant nor absent. The power worketh in us. He worketh in, we work out our salvation and our service.

Ontario. UNION JACK.

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

By the VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D.,
Dean of Norwich.

"That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them," is an entreaty which is answered in the unfailing assurance: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

As to the necessity for our prayer that the "kindly fruits of the earth" may be preserved, there cannot be a second opinion, when we remember that there is a striking parallel between Noah's position and that of the whole human family, a parallel which reappears every season. There is more than sufficient to sober every thoughtless man in the assurance that starvation, always

within one day of thousands of our fellow-creatures, is once a year within one month of all. This crisis in the food supply is passed through every autumn. Never, it is authoritatively stated, has there been one and a half year's store of food at any one time in the world. And, further, without corn all the treasures which God has given to His creatures are worthless. The cargoes of our ships; the cotton of distant climes; the wealth of our mines, gold, silver, and precious stones; consols, shares, bonds — all are useless without the corn. The whole machinery of life would stand still but for God's early promise to the patriarch, and His annual performance of it to us. Hence we pray that "the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use." — *Home Words.*

THE CRY OF A HEATHEN CHILD.

They say there's a golden city
Beyond the evening star,
And a home so fair for children there,
Where God and His angels are;
And many shall stand in that happy land,
But it cannot be meant for me.

They say there's a loving Saviour,
Who came on the earth to die,
But in glory crowned with the angels round
How can He hear my cry?
Tho' it may be true that He listens to you,
Yet it cannot be meant for me.

But I'll never see that city,
Nor hear that Saviour's call;
So I kneel in prayer to the idols here,
And the bitter tears will fall,
For I wish I had heard His pitiful word;
Oh, I wish it were meant for me!
—E. V. H. in the Christian.

ANTICIPATION.

It is the privilege of the child of God to look ahead. Pains, penalties and pleasures await him. It is permitted him to go out to meet them. This is a wonderful gift, a part of man's supremacy. It is said of Nelson that his plans were so perfect that victory was assured before the battles were fought. How much better are we who are indebted to the Master for showing us the religious value of God!

Look at Abraham called to offer his son; where do we find the point of victory? On the mountain top, or at the foot of the mountain, where he dismissed his young men and the ass, or was it before he left the tent that early morning?

Look at the Master. "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do;" but He had not finished it, for He had not died, and yet it was true, the sacrifice had already been offered, He had already won by anticipation.

Look at Bunyan, with the prospect of the prison, banishment or death. "Before I came to prison I saw what was a-coming and had two considerations warm upon my heart: First, how to be able to endure; second, how to be able to encounter death. For a year before I was imprisoned I could seldom go to prayer but this sweet petition would thrust itself upon my mind and persuade me that I must be patient if I would endure it joyfully. By this I was made to see that if ever I would suffer rightly I must first pass a sentence of death upon everything that can properly be called a thing of this life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my health, my enjoyments, and all as dead to me, and myself as dead to them."

How may I help the readers of PARISH AND HOME to anticipate? One way is to put a spy-glass into their hands, that they may look upward and forward, and inward. The cry "back to Christ" is not enough. The Jesus of history must become the Christ of faith. "Christ in you the hope of glory." He will poise the telescope, give you pose and repose, and as you gaze upon the wasting form of wife or child, and the trial is like pulling the flesh from the bones, you shall have communion with a living and present Lord, Who gives strength in the hour of weakness, the ground of your hope, the source of your joy.

"Who that one moment has the least
descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside
Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and
that are?"

"Aye, amid all men bears Himself here-
after,
Smit with a solemn and a sweet sur-
prise,
Dumb to their scorn, and turning on their
laughter,
Only the dominance of earnest eyes."

H. T. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

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THE INVALID'S THANKSGIVING.

For the sweet peace Thou givest day by day,
For the calm faith with which I kneel and pray,
For Thy blest presence leading me along,
I thank Thee, Lord!

For the void filled by Thee within my heart,
For the sweet peace Thy promises impart,
For the strong will to follow where Thou art,
I thank Thee, Lord!

Up the steep hill I climb at Thy command,
Through the lone vale I feel Thy guiding hand,
In the hot desert 'neath Thy shade I stand,
And thank Thee, Lord!

Soon the deep water I shall cross to Thee;
Then, the long journey o'er, Thy face I'll see,
And the sweet voices join eternally,
To thank Thee, Lord!

—New York Sun.

PUT IT FIRST.

The first message at the birth of Christ was a *Missionary* Message. Luke ii. 10.

The first prayer Christ taught men was a *Missionary* Prayer. Matt. vi. 10.

The first disciple, St. Andrew, was the first *Missionary*. John i. 41.

The first message of the Risen Lord was a *Missionary* Message. John xx. 17.

The first command of the Risen Lord to His disciples was a *Missionary* Command. John xx. 21.

The first Apostolic sermon was a *Missionary* Sermon. Acts ii. 17, 39.

Christ's great reason for Christian Love was a *Missionary* Reason. John xiii. 35.

Christ's great reason for unity was a *Missionary* Reason. John xvii. 21.

The first coming of Christ was a *Missionary* Work. Luke iv. 18, 21.

The second coming of Christ is to be hastened by *Missionary* Work. Matt. xxiv. 14.

Our Saviour's last wish on earth was a *Missionary* Wish. Matt. xxviii. 19.

And the last wish of the departing Saviour should be the first wish of His returning children.

- Put it first;—the great commission.
- Put it first;—the great command.
- Put it first;—our "standing orders."
- Put it first;—on sea and land.
- Put it first;—in every parish.
- Put it first;—in every heart.
- Put it first;—don't push it second.
- God's own Bible is our chart.

- Put it first;—the dawn is breaking.
- Put it first;—the day grows bright.
- Put it first;—the tide is turning.
- Put it first;—the right is might.
- Put it first;—though others mock us.
- Put it first;—where'er we go.
- Put it first;—and rally round it.
- First to friend and first to foe.

- Put it first;—'twill draw us closer.
- Put it first;—'twill banish strife.
- Put it first;—the rest will follow.
- Put it first;—'twill bless our lives.
- Put it first;—where Jesus put it.
- Put it first;—'tis God's own plan.
- Put it first;—and "No surrender."
- Put Christ's missions in the van.

[The writer of the above is a young clergyman, son of a bishop. Since writing this he has been accepted by the C.M. Society as a missionary.—Ed.]

CHURCH MUSIC.

"Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," said one who realized the power of music upon humanity. Napoleon forbade the playing of Alpine songs, because the old familiar strains reminded the Swiss of their native hills and beloved scenes, causing many to desert from sheer home-sickness. If the statesman and the soldier acknowledge that character is moulded and the mind controlled by the influence of music, certainly the Church must not neglect this mighty agency.

But church music should be devotional and inspiring. While some music may be good from a technical standard, it may not be helpful spiritually, because the words are not in harmony. Music is wings, the words are the body; wings

without a body are of no use, so music that does not help the words is without any value from a spiritual standpoint, for the supreme object in religious music is worship. It must either assist or retard the devotional spirit in a congregation. There is no middle ground.

To get the best results it seems necessary that a congregation should exert itself to build up a full choir, under a good, progressive and enthusiastic leader; there should be frequent practices, a good organ, and music (with words) in the hands of congregation and choir alike, so that relations, intimate and cordial, may exist. A musical committee selected from a congregation to act in conjunction with the choir of a church might prove useful. This committee should consist of persons who not only possess musical tastes, but Christian earnestness, so that there might be attained a perfect blending of the charm of music and the spirit of worship. In short, this committee could strive to give church music a God-ward tendency, and bring all the people heart and soul into the service of song.

ONE SOLDIER DEAD.

A fair young mother calmly read,
While one hand rocked the cradle bed,
Wherein her first-born slept away
The twilight of a summer day.
She carelessly the paper turned
Till "Latest War News" she discerned:
"Our loss was small," despatches said—
"A skirmish, and one soldier dead."

They troubled not to give his name,
Or e'en the troop from which he came;
For who, rejoicing in success,
Cares if there be one private less?
Only a soldier lying there,
With blood upon his sunny hair,
With no kind friend to raise his head
Or treasure the last words he said.

O, happy mother, do you know
That, not so many years ago,
That soldier was a baby, too,
With face as sweet and eyes as blue
As those within yon cradle there!
And knew a mother's tender care,
Who now must sit alone and weep
Because he wakes not from his sleep?

And other thousands also said:
"Only a private soldier dead,"
Without a passing thought that he
Might one of nature's nobles be,
Or that the words that line contained
Would wreck a life that yet remained.
His mother waits for him in vain,
For he, her only child, is slain.
—Jean Paul Wayne.

FACED HIM.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs in a poor tenement house, lived, or hoveled, an intemperate man who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him and he was best let alone. This was confirmed by the minister's own impression the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears, the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor and spiritual courage, he said to himself. "Now is my time to go to Piper's Alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood."

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entries, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again—and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, if ever, and he was resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally he lifted the latch. There was no lock, and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fireplace, he saw Tim Burke.

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

"Who are you?" That was his first greeting to the visitor.

"I am a minister."

"Minister! What d'you want?"

"I came to see you!"

"Well, look at me, then," and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

"Ain't I a beauty, eh?" stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

"Have you looked enough?" said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his

foul breath. "Now, I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to kick ye down-stairs."

"Hold on, hold on! Not now!" said the minister. "If you kick me down-stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next floor; wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service."

"Well, you are a cool one," muttered the drunkard, and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned and presented himself according to promise, but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now. He had evidently been thinking.

"Sit down," said he, and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother, and when he spoke to him of his wife and children, the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks. "Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy!" he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke till he saw him reunited to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he "rescued the perishing."—*Parish Visitor.*

LITTLE SINS.

In a late exhibition in London could be seen a cable worm, a tiny creature that had pierced through the Atlantic telegraph cable, and stopped all communication between two continents. So a small, hidden sin, or evil habit, may stop our prayers, that band of union which, like a telegraph cable, connects earth with heaven, and God's children with their Eternal Father.—*Exchange.*

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill,
The wee brown house is clinging—
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it erst was filled with singing,
Then flit were the children's pattering feet,
And their trilling childish laughter
And merry voices were sweet—O sweet!—
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings, one by one
From the nest's safe shelter flying,
Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
With fluttering pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost criss the stubble
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With a hand the dim eyes shading,
And the flush of girlhood tints again
The cheek that is thin and fading;
For her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kiss their guerdon,
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care
To whom such grace is given,
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son
With a heart that's brimming over,
Sae's tenderly blending two in one—
Her boy and her boyish lover;
And half of her soul is left away,
So twine the dead and the living,
In the little house wherein to-day
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads bright and golden,
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden,
That bring again to the mother-bread
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion;
Over this lull in the eager strife,
Love hovers Eden-fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living,
And ever where honest hands have wrought
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

—*The Home-Maker.*

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

There are two methods in the matter of church attendance. One is the right way. The other is the wrong way. One is the Christian way. The other is the worldly way. One is the way of the many. The other is the way of the comparatively few. The Christian way is for a man to make church attendance a matter of rule, of principle, of duty; if possible, of privilege also, great and blessed privilege; but, in any event, a matter of duty and principle. The rule is to be at church whenever we can, unless we know it is our duty to stay away. And we should stay away only when not able to go, or when seemingly we can do more good by not being at church than by being there. That, however, will be decidedly the exception, not the rule; and, as to that, every Christian should be guided by an enlightened conscience, remembering that, "If any man has not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." This is the right way, the Christian rule, as to church attendance. The other way is the wrong way, the worldly way. In effect it is so: do as you please; go to church when you like; stay away when you like, do not act from principle or a sense of duty; make it a mere matter of whim, fancy, inclination, caprice; never consider the effect of your example or what would be for the greater glory of God. Should "neighbours drop in about church time," sit and gossip with them. It is a very effective way of showing them how little you care for that which Scripture enjoins and the Church prescribes.—*Church Work.*

SIMPLE EPITAPH IN A THICKET.

"I saw a rude, roughly-hewn stone above a grave on an eastern Kentucky hillside a few weeks since," said Mr. Walter Wade, a State insurance solicitor, "that was placed there before monument-makers flourished in that part of Kentucky. There were but two graves in the little unfenced spot, and they were in the centre of a sassafras thicket. This old stone, over which the ivy had crept, well-nigh blotting out the inscription, bore these words, which seemed to

have been chiselled by a trembling-fingered novice: 'Jane Laler, ded Agus, 1849. She wuz allus kine to evrybuddie.' I thought, as I stood there by the weed-crested mound, of what a world of meaning there was in those few simple words, 'She wuz allus kine to evrybuddie.' When I shall have composed my weary limbs for the last sleep, I would ask no greater boon than that such a compliment might truthfully be placed on the tomb above my silent form. It was so different from any of the chiselled platitudes one sees in large cemeteries. I wondered what loving heart could have inspired it, and stopped to ask about the woman whose gentle life could merit so tender a tribute. Nobody on either the Kentucky or Virginia side of the mountains knew much of the Lawler family, but one old mountaineer said he had been told the woman was the wife of an old woodsman who lived and hunted on Mount Elkhorn in the first half of the present century. The palsied hand of the loving husband doubtless traced the last testimonial of reverence."—*Louisville Post.*

TO-MORROW OR TO-DAY.

A sinner ought to remember at the close of the year that he has lost that period, and not only lost it, but converted it into the means of sin and ruin; that he is more sinful than at the beginning; that all the difficulties which lie between him and salvation are increased; that his mass of guilt and the reasons of his condemnation are mightily enhanced, his evil habits strengthened, and his hopes of returning lessened; and that he may, within a few days, be lodged in the grave, and summoned to the judgment.

The sinner says, "To-morrow." The Saviour says, "To-day." Dear reader, what do you say? To many, to-morrow never comes. Are you sure it will come to you? And, if it does, will it come only to find you again repeating your excuse for neglecting the salvation of your soul? Remember that it is written for our warning, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh from heaven."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

- Nov. 4.—St. Luke xvi. 1-14.
- Nov. 11.—St. Luke xvi. 19-31.
- Nov. 18.—St. Luke xvii. 11-20.
- Nov. 25.—Titus ii. 1-16 or 1 Thess. v. 1-12.

Sunday-school lessons should be studied as diligently as any other lessons, and yea of all studies that of the Word of God is most important, for it is given us "To be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

THE BOYS WE NEED.

We need the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."
—*Golden Days.*

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

Away off in Japan there lives a little girl nine years old.

Her father is a Church of England missionary, the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson.

One of the regular works of a missionary is to teach English to the Japanese, but Mr. Robinson had so much to do he could not do this in certain cases.

So his little daughter said:
"Father I think I could help you.
Let me try and teach them English."

So she began and was so successful that before long three young Japs were being taught by the earnest young teacher. But the little girl taught them more than English.

She asked them to come to church, and they did. There they were taught about Christ, and after a while asked that they might be baptized. On Sunday, the 8th of July, they were baptized, the little

girl giving them their Christian names.

What a happy day it must have been for that dear little Christian worker!

Let the boys and girls of the Church at home think of this, let them pray for the work out there; let them try and do likewise for Christ's sake.

D. H., Toronto.

"UNTO THE LEAST."

(FOR PARISH AND HOME.)

Amy and Alice were studying their usual lessons in the library one evening towards the end of October.

"There! that's over for another night," said Alice as she closed her algebra with a snap. "I am so sick of getting lessons. I declare we haven't done anything else since you came Amy."

"Except eat and sleep perhaps and a few extras."

"Such as talking," remarked Alice's mother laughingly, who had caught the last remark as she came through the door. "But you have worked well girls and I think you might be allowed a little frolic. Perhaps at Thanksgiving time. What would you like?"

"Oh, mother, a party of course! Do say we can. That's a dear!" and impulsive Alice rushed over and caught her mother round the waist.

"Not a party, Alice, but a few friends, wouldn't that do as well?"

"That would be nicer," said Amy, "for then we could arrange nearly everything ourselves. Besides everybody has a better time when there's not too many."

"How many may we have, mother?" "Wouldn't fourteen or fifteen be a good number?"

"Perfectly lovely! Why we can ask Lib and Marian and all the girls in our set," and Alice rattled on over the names, soon making the number up to fifteen. Then she went on to speak of how they should amuse them. She was so interested that she did not notice Amy's silence, but presently she turned to her for advice as to whether they should have a certain game, and then became aware of it.

"What makes you so quiet, Amy? Don't you like the idea?"

"Oh yes! But—but I was thinking, couldn't we invite some of the other girls? You know Alice, that lame girl who sits in the class behind us in Sunday-school."

For a minute Alice's face fell—she wanted to have her own particular friends. Why did Amy choose to spoil things like this. Her mother remained quiet, watching the two girls. The struggle went on still in Alice's mind for a few minutes. Gradually her face softened and she laid her hand on Amy's as she said:

"You are more thoughtful than I, Amy. It would be nice to have the little lame girl. I don't suppose she ever was at a Thanksgiving supper. Won't her eyes shine when she sees the table!"

Amy gave a sigh of relief—"I'm so glad you're willing, Alice. I was afraid you'd be cross, and yet I couldn't help thinking the Master would like us to bring some gladness into her life. You don't mind, do you dear?"

There were tears in Alice's eyes as she said, "I want to do what He would have me do too." Then she turned to her mother and said rather shyly, "Mother, you said we ought always to pray about things. Will you kneel down with us and let's ask Him to make our party His?"

So the two girls and the mother knelt and asked the Master's guidance and blessing. When they arose it was with a happy consciousness of His nearness.

In half an hour the list was made out and the games outlined for the evening.

Alice's five special friends, the little lame girl, two children of a widow who lived on the next street and belonged to the class so hard to reach, "the genteel poor," four girls in Alice's class who dressed very plainly and whom nobody seemed to notice at school, but whom Amy had discovered, Janie, the servant girl's little sister, whom Mrs. Dunn often had up to the house, and Miss Walcott.

Alice had proposed her. "You see, mother, she's a stranger here, and it's not likely she has made many friends in the two months, so

probably no one will ask her out for Thanksgiving. Besides," she added, "I'd rather like to ask her anyway."

And Mrs. Dunn, who was a wise woman, didn't inquire into the wherefore of Alice's "besides."

"Shall we go round and ask them or send written invitations?"

"Oh, let's write."

"Well, girls, we won't write them to-night. It's time you were in bed." So "the conference closed," as Alice said.

Three days before Thanksgiving Mrs. Barker sat sewing away as fast as she could, for if this dress could be finished to-night she might get paid for it before Thanksgiving, and then she could buy something nice for the children's dinner at all events. Nine o'clock it was before the last stitch was in. Tired as she was she must put on her bonnet and take the dress to its owner herself. It was too late for the children. Besides her only chance of getting the money was to go herself.

It was dark, and raining a little outside, but she took the parcel, and telling the children she would be back before ten, started out.

"Mrs. Lynn says she's sorry, but she can't give you the money to-night. She'll send it round the first of the week."

The first of the week! and Thanksgiving was Thursday! and she couldn't get the children a thing! Had she walked all this distance for nothing?

Wearily and sore at heart she turned to walk home in the wet. The people were rich. They would never have missed the five dollars which were so much to her. But they didn't have the change ready and a couple of days didn't matter.

The way home seemed so long, so wet. The children were in bed. She was glad they would not see her weary face. It was all such a struggle! So hard to make both ends meet! But worst of all there was so little brightness for the children. For Nellie, the eldest, had to do most of the housework before and after school, while her mother sewed, and Mary went on errands for a millinery store when she came out of school.

Just as they were sitting down to breakfast next morning came the postman's ring. Great was Mary's surprise to receive the two little gilt-edged notes. She could hardly wait to give Nellie her's before she opened her own. Great was the delight of both when they found they were invited to a Thanksgiving party at Alice Dunn's, the big house on the corner, which was just like the one they were going to have when they were grown up and married. The tears almost came into Mrs. Baker's eyes at the sudden turn the children's Thanksgiving had taken. She was so glad and so thankful. Why it would be like fairyland to them, and so much better than anything she could have planned. She felt a little ashamed of her distrust of the evening before, and after breakfast, when the three knelt down to give thanks to the Father and ask His guidance for the day, she felt the comfort and wondrous blessing of the close presence of Jesus, that wonderful Saviour who rules in the hearts and lives of men, bringing joy and good will into every heart where He may enter!

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for all the children to be taken home to grandma's for Thanksgiving dinner. Grandmother lived with the Dunn's, however, so there was no need for them to go out.

On the way home from church Mrs. Dunn had a call to make on a sick woman and her baby, so Amy and Alice walked on alone.

"I'm gladder than ever, Amy, that we asked a few of 'the halt' for to-night. I'd have felt awful mean after that sermon if I'd just been going to have the old crowd."

"The halt, the lame, and the blind," mused Alice. "Don't you think it means all people whose lives aren't as bright as ours? They don't need to be poor, all of them; some of the rich people want happiness worse than the poor."

"Have you noticed how restless and queer Marian is lately? I wish—I wish she'd let Christ into her life."

"She'd be happy enough then, wouldn't she, dear?" said Amy as she put her arm caressingly round her cousin.

"Yes," answered Alice, as she went through the door, "if she'd only 'trust and obey.'"

About five o'clock the girls began to arrive, and soon all were in the brightly-lighted drawing rooms.

Alice had been a little afraid that the guests "wouldn't mix," as she expressed it. But what with mother's tact and Amy's pleasant manner, she soon saw that every one was at ease.

Supper was soon announced, and the procession, led by grandmother and Mr. Dunn, went to the dining-room. And such a merry time as they had! By the time the nuts were passed it was difficult to tell who was having the most fun, or whose tongue could go the fastest.

Things quieted down a little after they re-entered the parlour, and at the first real lull Alice proposed a game.

She and Amy had cut advertisements out of the covers of old magazines, cutting off the names and pasting the pictures only on cards. Each girl was given five of these and a slip of paper. The cards were numbered, and the business which the picture advertised was to be written on the slip opposite the corresponding number.

Soon every girl was bending with intent look on the cards in front of her.

Suddenly little Mary Baker called out, "Oh! I know," and began to scratch away as fast as possible with the pencil.

"I've got one, too," cried Marian. "So have I!" "So have I!" called out two more voices.

Again there was silence, and then the pencils began to write thick and fast.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Dunn, "I'd like to know what this stands for. Some girls packing a trunk, clothes lying about to be packed, another girl calmly seated holding a box. It might mean anything from a trunk establishment to a dry-goods store."

"Oh, papa! You've seen that advertisement a dozen times in *Harper*. Don't you know what it is?"

"No, I don't. Come over here and help me, Marian."

"That's not fair!" came on all sides.

"Well, I'll have to resign myself to the inevitable, then, and puzzle it out. Hum, I've got it! She's holding the soap."

"Good for you, uncle!" said Amy, approvingly. "That's one of the hardest."

"Time's up!" called Alice, and rang the bell.

Great was the fun when the slips were read and the pictures shown. Most of the pictures could be readily guessed, but each had one hard one, and there was much laughing at the funny guesses that had been made.

Eleven o'clock came all too soon, and, tired and happy, the girls began to say good-night.

"Let us sing a little before we go," said Mrs. Dunn.

Alice rose and went to the piano, and all joined in the dear old evening hymn, "Sun of My Soul." Good nights were soon said, and presently the lights were all out. The Thanksgiving party was over. Quite over? Somehow the memory of that little evening stayed with more than one of those girls for many a day.

I AM MY OWN MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such

thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master even Christ.' I work under His direction. He is regular, and where He is Master, all goes right."—*Parish Visitor.*

HEAVEN.

A little boy was walking in the fields with his mother one day. He looked up to the sky, and said: "Oh, mother, heaven is so far off, I'm afraid I shall never get there!" "My dear," said his mother, "heaven must come to us before we can go to it." He didn't understand what she meant. Then she told him what Jesus said when He was on earth. These were His words: "If any man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Jesus is willing to come into your heart. He is standing and knocking for you to let Him in. And when He comes in He brings heaven with Him. He will make a heaven in your heart, if you will let Him come and dwell there. But, if we don't let Him come and dwell in our hearts here, He won't let us go and dwell with Him in heaven hereafter. "Heaven must come to us before we can go to it."

It is quite possible for Christian parents to be so taken up with general and public works of charity that they forget the higher duties of the home-life. The home has the first claim; the Christian training of the children is the highest duty. It is a poor service to the public to speak well from the platform and, at the same time, send out into the public life of a few years hence children untrained for any good.

The family life is the source of that strength to both our Church and national life. The family forms a little world in itself. It furnishes us with the type of all human governments. It is the seat and centre of mighty influences, the root out of which society springs, the secret of a nation's strength. The life of a people will not rise higher than

the level of its homes. It is a clear duty, then, to endeavour to raise the religious life of our people through this mighty power which lies ready at our hand. It is in the home-life that parents are seen as they really are, and it is through the life of the home that the character of children is influenced and developed.

A brilliant Oxford student was giving himself to a missionary society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young man—who did die after being on the field only a year—answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, to be a foundation. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones, lying in an African grave, I am content; certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."—*Selected.*

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The Rector had the privilege of taking part in the opening of the new St. George's church, Clarksburg, on Sept. 30th and preaching at the morning service. He remembered the time when the congregation worshipped in an upper room in his father's house, then the building of St. George's church and the joy when it was ready for service. Now, where in his early remembrance was mostly a wilderness, thrive and grow the town of Thornbury and village of Clarksburg side by side, and a beautiful church in which it was estimated 400 people assembled at each service on the opening Sunday, the "House of prayer" for the Church of England people. The Rev. George Keys has been incumbent of the parish for about ten years, and the Rev. J. Hale, of Heathcote, and Rev. Septimus Jones, of Toronto, assisted in the services and preached at the afternoon and evening services. Mr. C. W. Hartman, of Clarksburg,

and Mr. G. Armstrong, of Thornbury, are the wardens, and owing to long previous preparation by the congregation, there will only be a small debt upon the new and beautiful building.

St. Pau.'s Church Collections, October, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Oct. 7	16.00	8.20	24.20
14	23.70	8.40	32.10
21	32.65	17.16	49.81
28	26.85	10.02	36.87
	\$ 99.20	\$43.78	\$142.98

Thanksgiving Collection Diocesan Missions . . . \$ 6 63
Widows' and Orphans' Fund 16 82

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