



Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1: 14.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 68.

JUNE, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

THOS. WALTERS,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., WM. GRACE.

Sidesmen.

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
P. BOYD TYTLER,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 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.

At least four missionaries are expected to go out from Canada this fall in connection with the C. M. S. Mr. Borup, of Montreal, to Uganda, Africa; Miss Ray, deaconess of Toronto, to China; Miss L. Thomas, of Toronto, to South America, to work with the Rev. C. A. Sadlier, and the Rev. S. H. Gould, M. D., probably to Persia.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

BRADSHAW.—Lillian, daughter of Robert Alexander and Isabella Bradshaw, adult, baptized in St. Paul's Church 2nd May, 1897.

HADLEY.—Levi, son of Frederick and Jane Hadley, born 4th May, 1897, baptized 4th May, 1897.

COURTEMANCHE.—Mabel Gertrude, daughter of Clemos and Eliza Courtemanche, adult, baptized 6th May, 1897.

JOHNS.—Eva Olivia, daughter of Harrison and Melissa Johns, adult, baptized 6th May, 1897.

Marriages.

MARSH—DEACON.—At St. Paul's Church, on 1st June, 1897, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, assisted by Rev. W. McCann, of Omemece, Thomas J. Marsh, missionary of Mackenzie River Diocese, to J. Alberta Deacon, of Lindsay.

Burials.

HADLEY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 14th May, 1897, Levi, child of Frederick Hadley, aged 10 days.

CLEARY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 28th May, 1897, John Abraham Clare, child of Jeremiah Cleary, in his second year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Mr. O'Malley expects to be ordained a presbyter on June 13th.

On Sunday, May 30th, the Revs. G. A. Rix, of Cannington, and H. R. O'Malley exchanged duties.

During the first fifty years of the Queen's reign the Church Missionary Society sent out 900 missionaries, or an average of 18 a year, since 1887 there have been 700 sent out by that society, or an average of 70 a year. For this we may well thank God, and by his grace make greater efforts to push the battle in the dark lands of heathendom.

Of the 669 members of the British House of Commons, all but 117 are Churchmen.

The W. A. presented Mrs. McGachen with an address and badge prior to her leaving town.

It is said that the Duchess of Teck spends more than \$5,000 a year in religious and philanthropic works.

On May 10th, the Bishop of Toronto confirmed 36 persons at St. John's Church, Peterboro, and on the 11th, ten at St. Mark's, Otonabee, and 44 at St. Luke's Ashburnham.

The Rev. Wilson McCann, B.A., of Omemeo, preached at St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, on Sunday, May 9th, and had the degree of B. D. conferred on him at Wycliffe College on Tuesday, 11th.

At the annual vestry meeting at Reaboro, May 25th, Messrs. Jas. Kennedy and Robt. Thorne were appointed church wardens, while Mr. P. Hawkins and Mr. Brandon were elected sidesmen. Mr. R. Thorne was elected delegate to the Synod.

On Thursday, May 6th, the Bishop of the diocese confirmed 72 candidates in St. Paul's Church, being the largest number by fourteen, we believe, that was ever confirmed in St. Paul's. For this token of his approval we should humbly thank God, and earnestly pray that our new members may be led and taught of the Holy Spirit, and grow in grace and the knowledge and love of God.

On Sunday, June 20th, we expect to have the Masons at St. Paul's Church at the 11 o'clock service, when the Rev. Wm. Farncomb, B.A., will be the preacher, and at 3.30 p. m. the Sons of England have a special Jubilee service in commemoration of the 60th anniversary of our beloved queen's accession to the throne. We are sure that many will be in God's house on that day, and we trust heartfelt thanks and real worship will go up to God for the many, many blessings he has given to us as a nation.

Of those confirmed on May 6th, five came from Reaboro congregation; 28 were males, and 44 females. The first class presented by the present rector, in 1889 numbered 28, of whom only three were men. It is interesting to note that of these three, one has become a clergyman, one has moved to a distant town and has been a Sunday school teacher and worker, while the third is still in Lindsay, a regular communicant and worshipper with the congregation. Of the 25 women then confirmed, 15 have left the parish and only 9 are still regular worshippers with us.

The congregational At Home at the house of the rector, on May 28th was a pleasant and sociable affair, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather; it partook somewhat of a missionary character, and short addresses were given by Rev. G. A. Rix, of Cannington, and the Rev. T. J. Marsh, of McKenzie River diocese. Miss Leary, Miss Sootheran and Miss Russell kindly provided the musical part of the program. Miss Deacon was presented with a very useful travelling bag from the Sunday school, by Mr. Tytler in the absence of the superintendent, and high appreciation expressed of her work in the past, with best wishes for her future. The clergy were pleased to see so many of their friends present, and trust that the band uniting us all

together, may be drawn closer; yea that we may realize that "One is your Father and all ye are brethren."

We are glad to welcome Mr. Champion and family to town, and to St. Paul's.

We regret to lose Mr. N. Cowdry and family from St. Paul's, but wish them every success in their new home.

The Rev. Percy Soanes, of Halifax, has been home for a few days, and preached for us on Wednesday, June 2nd, an interesting and instructive sermon.

The Rev. G. H. Webb, of Colborne, was elected Rural Dean of Northumberland and Peterboro, at the May meeting of the clergy of that deanery, held in Peterboro.

We hope some of our readers are trying to get the prizes offered on the first page of Parish and Home, for the largest list of new subscribers before July 1st. Perhaps five or six new subscribers will get you a prize. We will also give 10c. on each new subscription secured, so young people set to work at once, help us scatter good reading and also earn some pocket money.

We see by Synod circular that Bobcaygeon and Dunsford have given \$104.85 to Diocesan Missions; Cavan, \$220.52; Omemeo and Emily, \$32.80; while St. Paul's, Lindsay, has only given \$22.68. Of course, in foreign missions we have done more than all the others put together, but this is not a very creditable showing with regard to missions in our own diocese, and we hope we may never show such a poor record again.

The members of the choir presented Mr. MacGachen with an address and beautiful ring on the evening of June 5th Mr. T. Walters was chairman and expressed the great loss sustained by the choir in Mr. MacGachen's removal. Mr. Petty read the address, and a few words of personal appreciation of the great help rendered to the choir and church, were spoken by the rector. Mr. MacGachen has been 19 years a member of the choir, and said it seemed like home, and expressed the keen sorrow it gave him in leaving St. Paul's Church and choir, he also gave some few words of advice to the younger members, and said he would often remember the workers here. A hymn was sung, and God's blessing asked on both the departing and remaining ones.

St. Paul's Church is suffering some heavy losses this month in the removal of Mr. MacGachen and family to Winnipeg, and in the marriage of Miss Deacon. Mr. MacGachen has been for about 19 years one of the most useful members of our choir, and a helper in many branches of church work, while very, very seldom, rain or shine, would he and his family be missed from the House of God. Miss Deacon has been one of our most faithful S.S. teachers, also had charge of the Sowers Mission Band and Band of Hope, and was active in almost every good word or work. We know that while God removes the workers he carries on his work, and though those going from us will be much missed, we pray they may be kept faithful, and made very useful in their far western homes. As our friends get scattered far and wide, let us remember the truth contained in the words of the hymn,

"There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 79.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

PROPER LESSONS.

- 6—**Whitsunday.** *Morning*—Duet xvi. to v. 13; Rom. viii. to v. 16. *Evening*—Isa. xl. or Ezek. xxxvii. v. 25; Gal. v. v. 16; or Acts xviii. v. 24 to xix., v. 21.
- 11—**St. Barnabas, A. & M.** *Morning*—Deut. xxxiii. to v. 12; Acts iv. v. 31. *Evening*—Nahum i.; Acts xiv. v. 8.
- 13—**Trinity Sunday.** *Morning*—Isaiah vi. to v. 11; Rev. i. to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. xviii. or i. and ii. to v. 4; Eph. iv. to v. 17, or Matt. iii.
- 20—**1st Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Josh. iii. v. 7 to iv. v. 15; Acts iv. to v. 32. *Evening*—Josh. v. v. 13 to vi. v. 21, or xxxiv.; 1 Peter v.
- 24—**Nat. of St. John Bapt.** *Morning*—Mal. iii. to v. 7; Mat. iii. *Evening*—Malachi iv.; Matt. xiv to v. 13.
- 27—**2nd Sunday after Trinity.** Judges iv.; Acts viii. v. 5 to 26. *Evening*—Judges v. to vi. v. 11.
- 29—**St. Peter A. & M.**—*Morning*—Ezek. iii. v. 4 to 15; John xxi. v. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Zechariah iii.; Acts iv. v. 8 to 23.

SPIRITUS DEI.

(Whitsunday).

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

—Edwin Hatch.

It is too soon when this has to be prepared (early in May) to say what is the result of the special effort to increase our circulation (see May number), but we trust that many of our friends are seeking to get new subscribers. Let us remember the offer of our two kind friends, \$5 each to the first and second largest lists sent in by July 1st, \$3 each to the third and fourth, and \$2 each to the fifth and sixth largest. Send lists and amounts to The Bryant Press, 20 Bay street, To-

ronto, or if PARISH AND HOME is localized in your parish send clergyman's certificate of the number secured. Here is a way in which some of our young friends can help us and also make some pocket money for themselves, or to help in some good work which they wish to advance.

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On the first Sunday in June we are reminded of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The disciples, who had been commanded to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, spent the ten days after the ascension in prayer, supplication, and fellowship and also in selecting a successor to Judas. On the day of Pentecost they were all with one accord in one place, and suddenly there was a sound as of a mighty rushing wind and it filled the place where they were sitting, and there appeared divided tongues like fire; strange and awe inspiring must have been both the sound and the sight, and we are told they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. There were at Jerusalem at this time Jews from all parts, Parthia and Egypt, Crete (of which we have heard so much lately) and Arabia, and even from far off Rome. They were all amazed when they heard these disciples, who were despised Galileans, speak in their own language. Already we see God was making preparation for the dissemination of the good tidings for all people. These Jews when they returned to their own homes would tell of the marvellous things that had happened at Jerusalem on the first Whitsunday, and so in a measure would be prepared themselves and would help to prepare others for the coming of the heralds of the gospel.

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ONE thing is noticeable about the rise and growth of Christianity.

The first few disciples who gathered after our risen Lord had a mighty work before them, and so God gave them a mighty force wherewith to accomplish this work. Before they went forth to witness they were to receive and did receive power from God. They thus became irresistible; nothing could stop the onward march of the soldiers of Christ, or prevent the extension of His kingdom. The Church to-day has a mighty work before her. In numbers, culture, intellect, wealth and standing, she is great compared with that little band at Jerusalem, but compared with the forces of sin, evil, vice, wrong, selfishness and the vast mass of heathen darkness and cruelty that is to be seen, she seems small enough. Her field of work looms up in solemn shadow like a mighty mountain to be removed. What she needs most is power—power from on high, Holy Ghost power, and Christ who strengthened the first disciples has told her that our Father is more ready than an earthly parent is to give good gifts to His children, and that His Holy Spirit comes to them that ask.

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THE *New York Herald* says: "There is one recipe given in the Bible for filling churches and for destroying worldliness, which we would commend to those ministers who have so often to preach to empty pews and worldly Christians. It is one given by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and, like all of His recipes, it is simple and easily remembered: 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' There is no promise anywhere in the Word that philosophical essays, scientific lectures or disquisitions or sensational sermons will do this. But lifting up Christ spiritually before the people will do it, and multitudes will flock to listen to His words as

they did in the days of His flesh, when from Jerusalem, and Judea, and Galilee, and the regions round about, they gathered to hear the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. He is certainly, though not visibly, present with His Church and people now as He was then, and the lifting of His cross and its atonement to-day or in the future, will draw all men unto Him, and fill the churches that are now empty."

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THOUGHTFUL consideration and kindly courtesy for the members of our own households, the loved ones in our own home, are things most of us need to cultivate. How pleasant it is to see the kindly thoughtfulness of a lover for his beloved; every wish is anticipated and desire sought to be fulfilled, and yet how often, after the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, and the marriage service that makes them one gone through with, do we see carelessness in their conduct one to the other; little acts of thoughtful love are left undone, kindly words are unsaid, and pleasant looks and happy smiles that used to cheer so much are seen but seldom.

* * * *

WHY is this? It is not, perhaps, that there is less love. Sickness or separation or death come and reveal the depth of real affection that exists. Husband and wife have only grown careless in the manifesting of the courtesies that do so much to sweeten and bless family life. This ought not to be so. Read the words of the wife of Charles Kingsley as she closes a loving memoir of her husband: "The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest passages in his private letters a veil must be thrown, but it will not be lifting it too far to say that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate—for six-and-thirty years; a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish

act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a 'most true and perfect knight' to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity, for such love is eternal, and he is not dead. He himself, the man, the lover, husband, father, friend—he still lives in God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Should not the record of such a life be an inspiration to many of us to go and do likewise?

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A WRITER in *Life and Work*, speaking of Christians thinking it is not their duty to carry the Gospel to the heathen multitudes, says: "It is as if some loving hero, during this dreadful Indian famine, had, through horrors of darkness, suffering, and pain unspeakable, procured for the starving people bread enough for all, and just had strength before he died to say to the few famished ones near him, this is for you and for all the people; take it, and tell them I got it for them. And it is as if then these few favoured ones had eaten and rejoiced, but kept it to themselves! If such a case as this occurred, would not every heart beat with indignation, and every voice call 'shame!' And yet this—only how far worse!—is what we do when we keep the Gospel to ourselves."

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A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I. H. N." are the letters inscribed on the little Maltese cross worn by the "King's Daughters," and I would like to tell of an incident which came to my notice not long ago: A young lady of a very shrinking and retiring disposition went to a neighboring city, to one of the wholesale houses, in order to gain a little experience in millinery, where there were about fifty other young women employed, all of them strangers to her. For the first few days she found it exceedingly trying, for nobody had taken any notice of her, excepting to give directions, when one morning a lady, for whom she had done a good deal of work, suddenly bent over her and said,

"Why, how do you do. I am so glad to meet you." The young girl looked up in astonishment at this sudden overture, and noticed that the lady held in her hand her King's Daughter Cross, and, of course, this explained her action. This was the beginning of many sociable chats, and the elder lady promised to do all in her power to find a position for the younger. This is only *one* of many instances where the little cross has done good service. A true "King's Daughter" should never let slip an opportunity of speaking a kind word to a stranger "In His Name."

* * * *

WE are hearing so much about woman's subjection and her need of emancipation, that the following words by the late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, will have more than a passing interest: "Woman subjected? What say you to this? Obedient, a servant—*wherefore* God also hath highly exalted Him. Methinks a thoughtful, high-minded woman would scarce feel degraded by a lot which assimilates her to the divinest Man. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I have always conceived that you had learned to count that ministry the sublimest life which the world has seen, and its humiliation and subjection precisely the features that were most divine. A noble woman, laying on herself the duties of her sex, while fit for higher things, the world has nothing to show more like the Son of Man than that."

THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

ALL over the British Empire there is rejoicing this month in the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign. We have reason to thank God that a *woman* has been at the head of the state during this long period. She is the sixth sovereign of her house to rule in Great Britain. When she came to the throne the standard of morals was vastly different from what it is now. Intemperance and impurity were to be seen openly in high social circles in a manner that to-day would not be tolerated. Corruption in politics was practised by men highly

esteemed ; for the same things to-day they would be driven out of public life. In our own country the Queen's reign began with discontent, rebellion, and bloodshed. Changes and improvements have come, and, more than most of us suspect, are the changes due to the fact that a woman has reigned. A woman's purity has made the tone and life of the court pure. A woman's temperance has rebuked license. A woman's freedom from the sordid struggle for riches and from debasing business practices has discouraged political corruption and promoted honesty and integrity.

In the goodness of God this beneficent reign has continued for sixty long years. Louis XIV. reigned in France longer than our Queen has ruled over us. He wore out his people, his costly wars made them poor, his tyranny made them abject, and the result was that when the King died there was general rejoicing, and he was carried to his tomb amid signs of feasting. What a contrast is the reign of Victoria ! Wealth, content, happiness have all grown immeasurably. In no land is this more apparent than in Canada. The last sixty years have been momentous ones for us. Rebellion has been ended by removing the cause of discontent. Racial strife, too, has almost entirely ceased. Our borders have extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Troublesome church questions have been solved. Our liberties are secure. Prosperity and happiness are within the reach of those who will work, and obey God's law. Of course there is still in our midst much to grieve the heart but of these things we do not now speak. Rather, for the moment, do we seek to realize all our rich blessings ; and when we think of the venerable lady who has reigned so long that to most of us she is a reminder of the remote past, and remember how wisely she has played her difficult part, how human she has shown herself to be in all her joys and griefs, how pure has been the tone which she has encouraged in those about her, we may say with full meaning, "God save the Queen."

Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;

A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and Queen."

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

SHECHEM—JESUS OUR STRENGTH.

BY REV. W. I. ARMITAGE, ST. CATHARINES.

The second city of refuge was Shechem. It was situated in the hill country of Ephraim, and occupied a splendid site of great natural beauty. It has been called the paradise of the Holy Land, an enchanted fairy land. Gerizim, the mount of blessing, and Ebal, the mount of cursing, protected it on either side, and were not at the base of each more than 500 yards apart. These two mountains lifted their heads 800 feet above the valley, and 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean. The valley itself possesses a rich soil composed of black vegetable mould, and is well watered throughout. It is filled with fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, and oliveyards.

Shechem is rich in historical associations, and is well known to every attentive reader of Scripture. It is also known as Sychem and Sycher. It was at Shechem that God first appeared unto Abraham, the great father of the faithful, on his entrance into the Holy Land (Gen. xii. 6). There Abraham built an altar. There Jacob re-entered the promised land and built an altar for worship. Jacob's well was there. There Joseph was buried when the Israelites took possession of Canaan. There Joshua read "the words of the law, the blessing, and the curse," as all Israel stood "half in front of Mount Gerizim and half in front of Mount Ebal." There Jesus taught the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well the great lesson concerning the Water of Life, and pointed His disciples to the great harvest field of the world.

Shechem was the chief city of Ephraim, and on the division of the kingdom at Solomon's death Jeroboam made it the capital of the northern kingdom. It was the centre of the religious system of the Samaritans as Jerusalem was of the Jews, and the civil capital of Samaria.

The Hebrew word means a *shoulder*, or more properly, the upper

part of the back just below the neck. The shoulder represents strength. We speak of "putting one's shoulder to the wheel," when we think of help that will prove really effective and lead to the overcoming of the difficulty. We say "shoulder to shoulder" when we wish to convey the thought of united action and of mutual co-operation in any work. The spiritual lessons are many and important.

The names of Israel's twelve tribes were carried on the high priest's shoulders. "Thou shalt take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel," "and thou shalt put the two stones upon the shoulder-pieces of the ephod, to be stones of memorial for the children of Israel ; and Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord upon his two shoulders for a memorial" (Ex. xxviii. 9-12). This was a great object lesson in spiritual things. It signified that the great burden of the sins and sorrows of God's people were all borne in before the Lord. It also suggested that the names were presented before the Lord to be kept ever in the divine remembrance. And so it is that Christ, our great High Priest, bears ever upon His shoulders in the heavenly temple the weight of our salvation, and keeps before His Father's eye the names of His people. Not one name is wanting, "He calleth His own sheep by name," not one is forgotten, "I know mine own."

"Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust."

Christ is the great *Burden-bearer*. He bears the weight of our sin and of our sorrow. He is the spiritual Samson. Upon the cross He bore the burden of the world's guilt. The sins of mankind according to the word of promise. "He shall bear their iniquities." He was the very paschal Lamb upon which the sins of the whole world were laid.

He bears the burden of our earthly loads of sorrow and of trouble, of trial and of loss. We are taught to cast all our care upon Him for He careth for us, to cast our burden upon the Lord for He is ready to sustain us. His promises are ever sure.

His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

Christ is the *strength* of His people. He is our "Shechem," our strength. The shoulder is fitted for the burden, and Christ answers every need of man's being. His grace is sufficient for us and His strength is made perfect in our weakness. He gives strength for the day and to meet the varied needs of man's changing life. Well is it for us when we are able to say

"I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do ;
In the joy which His smile shall afford,
My soul shall her vigour renew."

Christ is our "Shechem" in that the government is upon His shoulder. So Isaiah declared "The government shall be upon his shoulder." It was the custom to wear the ensign of office upon the shoulder, the idea behind the practice being that the government was being held up or sustained. So it was foretold of Jesus, "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder." He is our strength, in that He is omnipotent power, and united to Him by faith we draw from that rich supply according to our need.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

How many opportunities a layman has which the clergyman has not ! The other day an earnest Christian layman was working, as overseer, with a gang of about a hundred men. During the noon hour the men sat around, and unfortunately the conversation generally consisted in telling filthy stories ;—the man who could tell the worst was regarded as the lion of the party. One young man specially distinguished himself in this.

In a day or two the overseer learned the nature of these noon-day entertainments. Promptly he made up his mind. He came up to the young man in the middle of one of his yarns, and informed him that, as they made it a point to employ respectable and gentlemanly men, they would have no further need of his services. Several men older than the overseer himself were spoken to pointedly and warned. Needless to say the story-telling

ended there. Would that all persons in charge of others were men and women of Christian principle ! Would that they used their position for the cause of God and righteousness ! Would they had the courage of their convictions, and in serving their earthly employers faithfully would also serve faithfully Him who is our Master in heaven.

Lindsay.

H.

"COME AND SEE!"

"Come and see." This terse reply of Philip to Nathanael is the true answer to be given to all those who are troubled with doubts and difficulties about Christianity, or about their own religious duty. The only satisfactory test of Christianity is the test of personal experiment.

David Hume confessed that he had never studied the New Testament, and knew very little about Jesus Christ. If he had sincerely tested the efficacy of prayer for himself ; if he had gone to Christ for light and found none ; if he had honestly obeyed Christ's precepts and found himself none the better for the honest experiment ; then Hume might with some show of reason pronounce prayer a mockery and Christianity a delusion.

Jesus Christ—both as a loving invitation and a fearless challenge—says to every one : "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Do those who actually go to Him, confessing their weakness, ignorance, and wants, come away without any sensible relief ? Do those who pray aright find it a mockery, and do those who sincerely practise what Christ bids them find themselves none the better, purer, and happier for it ? These are fair questions for every sceptic—yes, and for every doubting and troubled soul—to face.

Many a poverty-stricken Christian can say, Come and see how much sunshine my religion pours into my plain, poorly-furnished home. Many a converted sensualist can say, Come and see how much cleaner my life is since I gave my heart to Jesus. From tens of thousands of sick-rooms and death-chambers has gone out the triumphant testimony : "For me, to live was Christ ; for me, to die is gain."

It is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton that once when Dr. Halley, the astronomer, vented some infidel opinions in his presence, Newton said to him : "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you talk about astronomy or mathematics, for those are subjects you have studied. But you should not talk of Christianity, which you have not studied ; I *have*, and am quite certain that you know nothing about the matter." When the great philosopher Sir David Brewster was dying, he said to Sir James Simpson : "I have had the light for many years, and, oh, how bright it is ! I feel so perfectly sure, so perfectly happy." Brewster was the prince of opticians in his day, and knew all about physical light. Is it to be supposed that he did not understand spiritual light from actual experience ? He knew what truth was ; do you suppose that a man of his discernment would pillow his dying head upon a lie ? He had carried into religion the same inductive principles that he had applied to scientific investigation. He had come to Christ, and *seen for himself*.

By unanimous consent Gladstone is regarded as the most extraordinary man—in combination of intellectual power and moral purity—now living. How refreshing it is to read such an utterance as the following, which he made to a company of university students : "If you wish to lead a life that is manful, modest, truthful, active, diligent, humble, and generous, take for your motto those wonderful words of the apostle where he says, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report ; everything that is good is to be before your view, and nothing that is not good. Whatever you aspire to, aspire *above all things to be Christians*, and to Christian perfection.'" There rang out the calm, majestic voice of a life-long experience. The greatest of living men has tried Jesus Christ for himself.

"Come and see !" That is the short, simple, earnest, common-sense appeal which I make to every honest seeker after truth, every soul

troubled with doubt or tormented with a sense of sin and guilt. Come and look at my Divine and adorable Saviour for yourselves. Study His words. Study His works. Study His life. Study His atoning death for you and me and all other poor sinners. See what faith in Him has wrought for all who have tried Him. Ask Him to accept you; ask Him to guide you; ask Him humbly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The first step towards Jesus Christ is the beginning of a new life; the last step will take you into heaven.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

I CAN DO IT.

"Man is naturally lazy." So a great thinker has said. Necessity seems to be the great incentive for exertion. In the torrid zone, where no exertion is needed to secure food and clothing, indolence reigns, but in the temperate and frigid zones, where exertion is needed, activity reigns.

This same truth is seen in the readiness with which we find excuses for neglecting work. The schoolboy can find a dozen reasons for not going to school, or for not having his lessons prepared. We who are older can find just as many excuses for having neglected some duty, or for having refused to undertake some work which was asked of us. It is most natural to say, "I could not attend to it," or "I can not do it." How many have given this as the reason for neglecting to answer a letter when we have idled away many a five or ten minutes which would have sufficed for answering it! How often we put things off till "after awhile," saying, "I can not do it now!"

The fact of the matter is, this is just a way to excuse our own idleness, and to justify ourselves in not putting forth that exertion which is in our power. Many of those things which we now say we can not do, we can do. That letter can be answered, that visit can be paid, that trip can be taken, the unloading of those goods can be begun, the hauling in of that harvest of grain can be commenced yet this evening, if we only are willing to

continue our exertion, and are not looking for an excuse for idling.

When a duty, a piece of work, presents itself, "I can do it" ought to be the first thought, and reasons why "I can" ought to be sought for first, instead of saying, "Oh, I can not," and being ready with reasons why we can not. "I can do it" is the proper attitude for the man to take who wishes to turn his time to the best account, and to give to the world the most he can while in it. Of course, sometimes persons really can not do what is asked of them, but the wish and first inclination ought always to be to do it. Let "I can do it. Why can I not?" be our motto, rather than, "I can not do it. How can I?"

Lindsay.

H.

RECOMPENSE.

Through the long toilsome day she went

With quiet sweetness, everywhere;

I watched her tender, tireless hands

Caressing here, relieving there:

No recompense, no answering smile,
No words of cheer were hers the while.

"Tell me, thou patient one," I cried,

"What secret hope sustains thy heart,

That through a thankless ministry

So gentle unto all thou art?"

She turned on me her soft eyes, light:
"I heed them not. He comes to-night."

Behold an all-repaying love!

What matters, when the day is past,

The burdens others on her laid,

If in His arms she rests at last?

The darkest way to her is bright

Since He who loves her comes to-night.

Oh, soul, whose hope is high as heaven,

Cease thine unprofitable plaint!

A watcher, waiting for thy Lord,

How can'st thou grieve, how dar'st thou

faint?

Work on, rejoice while yet 'tis light!

Thy Bridegroom's voice may call to-night.

A day of toil—what matters it?

So short this life of tears and pain.

Lift up thy face! What dost thou fear?

Thou hast not given thine all in vain.

Soon thou shalt walk with Him in white;

Who knoweth?—it may be to-night!

—*Adelaide Allison, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE LOWLY PATH.

There are persons who in their Christian life become discouraged with a lowly position, aspire to something higher and more popular, seek to go with the crowd and follow the multitude, and finally in

their ambition lose the peace of God from their hearts, the simplicity of the gospel from their lives, and drift into the current of mere formalism, and lie as "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Men of God make a great mistake when they suppose that it will profit them to drift in the crowd, and go with the multitude. The purest waters are not found in the largest streams. The crystal spring that rises unperceived, gives us purer water than we can find in the mighty river that flows on with rush and roar; and the humblest child of God in the quietness and lowliness of a wayside cottage may be a means of greater blessing to the world than one who ambitiously reaches after position and opportunity, and thinks to do great good and win great honor, but who finally finds that all the high expectations were vain, and that the ambitions of a life may crumble into dust and disappointment.

It is a great thing to learn the lesson of contentment. If God calls one to stand in the high places or in the battle's front and to be a mark for the enemy's arrows, he must not shrink from such a position. If God bids men to launch out into the deep, to go forth in the strength of God to do His will and His work, they must not refuse; but if God would have us remain in quiet with Him, nurture our Christian life, feed on the Word of God, study and learn the lessons of divine truth, and so prepare ourselves for service in this world, then it is ours to rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him, and leave Him to lead and guide us in the way. But we must not hesitate when He calls nor shrink when He commands; there must be no love of ease, no man-fearing timidity, no world-loving selfishness, but a steady purpose to do the will of God, whatever it may be, to fulfil all His good pleasure, and to walk humbly with the Lord. We do not know what God is preparing for us. If Joseph had been an unfaithful servant or an un governable prisoner, he never would have come to be ruler over Egypt; if Moses had been a mere hireling shepherd, or an idle and unfaithful loafer amid the wild rock of Midian, he would never have been called of

God to be the shepherd of his people, and to lead them forth like a flock. In the lowliest lot that may fall to us God may be preparing us for the highest service; and if this service is not realized in this world, still our life and labor may not be in vain, for this life is but a fragment of the true life of the servant of the living God.

God's cause demands workers; and the Christian who turns away from opportunities of doing *real work for God*, to sit on the cushioned seats of sectarian respectability, may find in the great day, when many that are last shall be first and many that are first shall be last, that it is better to be *right* than to be respectable; and that the humblest and most obscure work done for Him who "made himself of no reputation," has more of blessing here and reward hereafter than the finest type of high-toned fashionable idleness, even if it be in the most orthodox circles and among the most respectable people.—*Parish Visitor*.

SAVAGES SUBDUED BY A HYMN.

William Reynolds, an earnest and successful Sunday-school worker, tells the following story, which he heard from the lips of the missionary himself:

"Rev. E. P. Scott, while labouring as a missionary in India, saw on the street one of the strangest-looking heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On enquiry, he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts, and which came down once a year to trade. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them, because of their murderous propensities. He was stirred with earnest desires to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for divine direction. Rising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry.

"As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell, they said, 'We shall

never see you again. It is madness for you to go.' But he said, 'I must preach Jesus to them.'

"For two days he travelled, meeting scarcely a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource, he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and play,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza,

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,"

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

"They afterwards invited him to their homes. He spent two and a half years among them. His labours were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them, because of impaired health, and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles. 'O missionary,' they said, 'come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel.' He could not resist their entreaties. After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labours till he sank into the grave among them. Who would face such dangers but a soldier of the cross?"—*Selected*.

THE DAY OF REST.

Adam Smith says: "The Sabbath, as a political institution, is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."

Lord Macaulay says: "If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest, but the axe, the spade, the anvil, and the loom had been at work every day during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest

doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and a less civilized people than we are."

La Presse, a French paper, writes: "England owes much of her energy and character to the religious keeping of Sunday. Why cannot France follow her, as the Sabbath was made for all men, and we need its blessing?"

Dr. D'Aubigné writes: "Order and obedience, morality and power, are all in Britain connected with observance of the Sabbath."

Sir Walter Scott wrote: "Give to the world one-half of Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold on the other half."

John Foster says: "The Sabbath is a remarkable appointment for raising the general tenor of moral existence."

Sir Robert Peel says: "I never knew a man to escape failures in either mind or body, who worked seven days in a week."—*Exchange*.

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady, a few days ago, in conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of interest where the admission was one dollar. You have fifty cents and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither," was the solemn reply.

"Just so; and, therefore, the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreaking sinner. But now, suppose a kind and rich friend, who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then we could go in alike; that is clear."

"Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity, He came, He died, and thus obtained eternal redemption for us (Heb. ix. 12), and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your fifty cents does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."—*Exchange*.

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A SPARROW'S SONG.

Only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world they are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten,
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me;
Dost thou know His for thee?

—Selected.

SPORT.

The word "sport" has so powerful and subtle a charm about it that, when it is uttered, it seems to bind some men as by a spell. They become its abject bond slaves. All else sinks into nothingness. They will spend time, money, and their very life for sport. To many men life is lived for it. All ranks feel this spell. In the upper ranks and among monied people you find hundreds to whom sport is the business of their lives. They wander from racecourse to racecourse, and from shooting ground to shooting ground, from one fishing to another, from coursing match to coursing match, from cricket ground to cricket ground, from cycling track to cycling track, from one scene of sport to another all the year round. Sport is all their talk, and seems to be that for which they live. In other

ranks it is the same, only in these ranks time must be taken from sport in order to do work enough to earn the means to live. Yet you can see that sport is the chief thing. Cricket, football, golf, cycling, and what not are continually in the mind, and every moment that can be snatched from the necessary hours of labor and sleep is devoted to them. These are the real occupations of life. That it is so is becoming more manifest every day. Now, while sport is to be encouraged both on account of the healthy recreation which it affords when kept within proper limits, and as tending to the healthy development of the body, there is a danger in many cases that it may come to assume too great an importance in human life, and may injure men morally and intellectually, and even physically. We cannot imagine it possible that sport is the chief end of man. We cannot in cold blood lay it down as a maxim—the object for which man was created was to hunt foxes, shoot game, hunt leather over a field, or knock ivory balls about on the top of a table—and yet there are many whose highest ideal in life is to have leisure to enable them to do such things and continual opportunities to practise these sports.

As soldiers and sailors are great men for sports, as they have opportunity, we may perhaps be allowed a word of caution on this subject. We would like to say first that we are great advocates of all kinds of legitimate manly sports. But, then, they must be kept in their proper place in our lives. They should never be allowed to become the chief concern in a man's life. Only young children live to play and do nothing else. He who devotes all the energies of his life to sport is simply a grown-up child. Sport should be recreation after brain work or manual labor. It should be the only means to an end—that end being to keep a man in the fittest condition to fulfil his duties in life. Sport should be indulged in for the sport's sake, as a recreation and not for gain. Professionalism is spoiling many of our national and best sports. Sport should above all be kept clear of gambling. Gambling in connection with horse races,

football, or cricket match destroys the sport as such to the gambling sportsman. There are thousands of young men in country and town who speak of the glory of sport, and who make bets who know nothing of horses and nothing of the game, but as a possible means of winning a bet. This is not sport. It is merely a foolish and unnatural way of attempting to make money without working for it, and so of robbing others, which is ruinous to the character and destructive of true moral force in any man who indulges in the pernicious habit. Let us put sport in its right place as recreation, and determine always to earn our right to indulge in it by diligence and honest work of some kind.

We desire to enter one or two cautions about sport.

(1) Whenever a man finds that his love of any sport is interfering with his ordinary duties in life he should give it up. There are various ways in which love of sport may hinder a man from doing his life duty properly. He may devote so much time to it that he may become careless as to the time he gives to his work. He may so exhaust himself in pursuit of it that he may be really unfit for his duties for hours, and even days, and may from very weariness be unable to attend properly to duty; or his mind may become so preoccupied with thinking about his favorite sport, that he may not be able to put his whole mind into his work, and every one knows that any work is not half done if the worker does not put his mind to it. Whenever a man finds that it is so he should set to work to cure himself, for he is not in a healthy mental condition. He should either give up the engrossing sport altogether, or should lay such heavy restrictions on himself with regard to it as will stop the evil which is at work.

(2) Every one should beware of the temptation which unfortunately assails many of those who frequent places where some of our most favorite sports are engaged in. Many questionable characters frequent racecourses and recreation grounds. It is a vast pity that it is so; but the fact remains, and great prudence and watchfulness should

be exercised lest any be led into sin by such company. In some places the assemblage of people of bad character is so great that the only true safety is to keep away from them altogether.

(3) We would earnestly advise our soldiers and sailors to abstain altogether from betting on the results of sports. This is the safest course to take. We know quite well that a great many people laugh at the statement that there is anything wrong in betting. We have very practical notions about things, and would like to put one question to any one who defends betting. "Did you ever know any good come of betting? In place of good coming of it we know that all kinds of evil come of it. Those who habitually indulge in it as a rule sink in society, and come at last to poverty. The betting man is always in danger. Chance is a slippery customer to deal with, and generally ruins those who trust in her favors. We know that there are hundreds of instances in which young men who have taken to betting have lost their situations on account of dishonest practices to which they have been tempted to make up the amounts of bets which they have lost, or to defray the expense of extravagance into which they have been led by the reckless betting fraternity they have joined. Betting is, as a rule, a dangerous business, and sensible young men had better have nothing to do with it.

There are plenty of many sports in which we may indulge and find true recreation, without allowing them to become our life business, and without betting in connection with them.—*Life and Work.*

THE POWER OF HABIT.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a smart shrub; while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions in check."—*Selected.*

FROM MY WINDOW.

The day was disappointing and rainy. I roamed from room to room, cross and fretful because a severe cold prevented my keeping a very pleasant engagement. Still brooding over misfortunes which seemed very great to me, I wandered toward the back of the house, and presently found myself looking at a tall tenement house. I was about to turn away, when something at one of the windows attracted my attention, and I looked to see what it might be. It was the pale, thin face of a child—a girl. Her eyes were dark and shining—very eager, but gentle and patient. A chair on wheels, with a pair of crutches beside it, showed her to be a cripple. She was a pretty child, but her face was pinched with cold and hunger, and there were lines of great suffering about her mouth. She was watering a few scraggly geraniums that stood on the sill and plucking

off their dead leaves carefully, as if they were very precious to her. Presently she looked up, and, catching my eye, smiled and pointed with a look of pride to her poor plants. I nodded and smiled back, and then began a conversation between us, carried on by looks and signs.

She held up a bit of knitting for me to admire, and then a shabby rag doll appeared, that its make-believe mamma handled far more tenderly than do many children their expensive creations of wax and dainty silk costumes.

Presently I caught sight of the interior of the room, and saw that it was very bare and cheerless. I began to wonder at the happy cheerfulness of this little cripple, and then came over me, with a rush, the sense of my own ingratitude.

If I were poor, and hungry, and cold; if I had to spend all my days in a small room, and see nothing of the outside world except a plot of grass, a mere patch of sky, and the dusky rear of a block of houses—if it were my lot to pass my life thus, would I be uncomplaining and cheerful?

My pride had a fall, for I felt that if such a task were laid before me I would have to say, "I am too weak to fulfil it."

A feeling of such bitter shame came to me with these reflections that for a moment I hid my face in my hands.

I said to myself: "You are healthy and well taken care of; you can go into the country and watch the trees and plants from the time they first show their sweet green buds until they blossom forth in full-blown beauty. You can see and smell the lovely flowers, listen to the birds' merry songs and the stream's soft murmuring; and yet, when the least of your pleasure plans is disturbed, you grow impatient and unkind to those about you. You reproach the rain for falling, or the sun for shining too hotly. But this little girl, who never sees the green fields or picks the pretty yellow buttercups, who has barely enough to eat or enough clothes to protect her frail body—she is cheerful and patient and always ready with a smile to tell her gratitude for a few wretched gera-

nium stalks and a patch of blue sky."

As I turned again to the window a thin little hand flung a kiss to me, the blind was drawn down, and I went away, determined to begin anew and "strive to become as a little child, that I might inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Penelope Craske, in Parish Visitor.*

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Forgive us, O Lord, if we have this day said or done anything to increase the pain and sorrow of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where we had the opportunity, but missed it; and enable us so to live that we may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow, and add to the sum of human happiness. We have our own sorrows, O Father. We wait for footsteps that do not come; we yearn for sympathy which is not given; we knock at doors that do not open; we think of graves that hide our dearest treasures. We fear the loneliness, the changes and chances of this mortal life, and the mystery of that unknown future that stretches away in the dark like a moor beyond the light of home. But Thou art ours and we are Thine—nothing can ever separate us from Thee. Do not leave us orphans, but come to us by Thy Son and by Thy Spirit. Only let us not miss the lesson of pain and sorrow and long waiting, but be made perfect through suffering like Jesus our great exemplar. We ask it in His name. Amen.—*Christian.*

"IT IS I."

"It is dark. The waves are high and the wind contrary. Jesus has not yet come. We have left Him on the shore. We have toiled all night in rowing. We have made no progress, but are tossed hither and thither. It is now the fourth watch of the night with us, the darkest hour of our extremity."

Though, often, we cry out thus in the darkness, the tender loving heart of Christ knows all about it, and is yearning over us. He draws

near to us, walking upon the sea of circumstances, where for our want of faith we often fail to see him, for we try to walk by sight, and in the darkness we fail to recognize Him. He is a helper so gentle that He waits and enters not unbidden. It was the fourth watch of the night, and Christ and morning are near. "It is I." Is it not in that hour of our utmost need that we willingly receive Him? We give up the toiling in rowing to Him, who stills the waves. Then immediately are we at the land whither we would go. Night and darkness, storm and fear, are over—Christ and morning have come upon the troubled sea of our lives.

Do we not need Christ to do the toiling in rowing in every act of our daily life? So many of us leave Him upon the shore and vainly endeavor to do the rowing ourselves. Are you tired and troubled and tempted? Do the waves of your life rise so high that they threaten to engulf you? You need Him. Let His voice, so gentle, speak to you through each event of the day, whispering tenderly, "It is I." Nothing can come to you—no worry or anxiety, no sorrow or joy in which you cannot hear Him say, "Be of good cheer. It is I." He knows all about our burdens, and would fain carry them for us.

ISABEL ALEXANDER STEACY.
Ottawa.

COURTESY IN CHURCH.

Parents would do well to teach their young folks to be courteous in all the relations of life. There is a special courtesy which might be learned in regard to behavior in church, and especially toward strangers. How often we see strangers in church standing, apparently at a loss, while the regular members of the congregation are comfortably seated! Several years ago two strangers, well-dressed young men, entered a church in a small town and seated themselves in an empty pew. Presently a woman, the owner of the pew, came to the door and motioned to them to come out until she should pass to the further end. They were offended at her discourteous manner, and marched out of

the church, refusing to listen to an invitation to remain.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, went into a church in Holland and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him, by an imperious gesture, to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and, going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services.

After they were over, the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely.

"No; some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

BUILDING FOR GOD.

Each of us is all the time building a temple—our own life and character. Every thought, word, and deed, goes into that temple. If the materials we put in the building are good and true and beautiful, so will the temple itself be. How careful, then, should we be to think and talk only about right and pure things, and to read only good books that will improve our minds and hearts.

It is for God that we should build our life—let us never forget this. Selfishness can have no place in a life built for God. In all we do we should seek to honor Christ, leaving self out of our mind and heart.

God chose David to conquer and settle the land, and to establish the kingdom. Then he chose Solomon, a man of peace, to build the temple. So God gives to every one his own particular task.

We should seek constantly wisdom and guidance from God, and should willingly and faithfully obey his commands. This is the only road to prosperity.

David prepared the material, but Solomon was to build the temple. So some men lay the foundation stones which are to be covered out of sight, while others put in place the beautiful carved marble of the building. But is the one more im-

portant than the other? What would the building be without its foundation, or the foundation without the building? Let us not complain of our work, only let us be sure that we are building for God.—*Christian Work.*

We are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. I am introduced to you. You speak one sentence—I know that you are an Englishman, or an American, or a Spaniard. You are a combination of reflections. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a university in England roomed together for eight years. Toward the end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remarkable. They had reflected and reflected until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one and found the other one instead, you might talk to him on the same subject, and expect to receive the same answers that you would from the other.

I once knew a girl who was growing so saintly that every one wondered. No one guessed her secret. She became very ill, and a friend of hers obtained permission to open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clue to the secret: "Whom having not seen, we love." If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ, we shall be changed from glory to glory—that is, from character. How this is I cannot tell. Had Paul written in these times he would probably have used the photograph instead of the mirror as a symbol. I cannot tell how the impalpable shadow which appears on the plate is fastened there—no one can. And I cannot tell how character is changed. We reflect Christ for a time, and then we are changed, and then we are changed again, and then again, and so on from glory to glory. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and after that it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Do you not see the infinite possibilities of this? We are to go on and on. We are to be God's reflectors in this world.—*Professor H. Drummond.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
June 16. Gal. v. 16-26.	Acts ii. 1-11.
" 13. 2 Tim. i. 1-7.	3-14-17. Eph. iv. 4-16.
" 20. Rom. xiv. 10-21.	St. Luke xvi. 19-21
" 27. Review.	St. Luke xviii. 11-19

THE BEST WAY.

This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be,
If everyone of the folk that I know
Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, then the very best
way

To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what you think is right.

—*White Ribbon.*

HARRIET SMITH'S ALIAS.

Harriet Smith was moving briskly about the kitchen, clearing away the remains of the evening meal. As she passed into the pantry, with both hands full of dishes, the sitting-room door swung ajar, and she heard her uncle's voice saying:

"Of course, Harriet Ann is your girl, but—"

At this moment someone closed the door. As Harriet came back from the pantry and began to wash the dishes there was an ugly scowl between her brows.

"Why will Uncle Martin persist in calling me by that odious name?" she questioned, crossly.

She had induced her mother to drop the "Ann," while to her girl friends she was "Hattie"; but Uncle Martin still clung to the original name, which to her seemed a blight on her whole life.

Uncle Martin was a brusque little man, but Harriet liked him greatly in spite of that. He had been very kind to his widowed sister. He was a solid country merchant, though not a rich one; and it was to him that Harriet and her mother were indebted for their comfortable little home.

Just here the door opened again, and Uncle Martin came out into

the kitchen to get a drink of water. Harriet dried her hands and brought him the water in a bright tin cup.

"Your mother told me you want to leave school and go into a store," he said, putting down the cup.

"Yes; it seems as if I ought to be doing something."

"But she says she wants you to spend another year or two in school, here in Deanville, to fit yourself for teaching."

"There isn't any certainty that I could get a school; and anyway, I mightn't like it. So she's consented for me to go into a store in the city, if I can get a place."

"If you can get a place! Umph! Yes. Have you got any friends in the city?"

"No-o; but you know so many business men there, Uncle Martin, and I thought of asking you to give me a recommendation."

"Well, I suppose I could give you a letter saying you are honest and industrious; but as to really recommending a girl, seventeen years old, who knows more than her mother, I don't see how I could do that."

Harriet had no response to make. Uncle Martin went back into the sitting-room, and nothing more was said about the matter until the following morning. As Uncle Martin was leaving the house he took a letter from his pocket and handed it to his niece.

"There," he said, "is a note to Danner, of the 'Great Trade Palace.' If you find a situation anywhere, it will be there. But mind you, my advice is, stick to your school another year."

Harriet knew that her uncle's advice was good, but to go to school another year meant many hardships to her mother and herself. It meant none but home-made hats and very plain dresses, among other things. Harriet was vain, and she yearned to buy a pretty dress, now and then, with her own money.

Uncle Martin's letter, which was unsealed, delighted her. It ran like this:

"FRANK B. DANNER, ESQ.:

"Dear Sir, — My niece, the bearer of this, is an honest and industrious girl. She wants to go to

work in your store. If you can give her a job it will be appreciated by

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN SIBLEY."

"Good!" exclaimed Harriet to herself. "He hasn't once mentioned my name!"

Early in the following week Harriet went straight to the city, and to Danner's "Trade Palace." It was to her a most imposing structure. It had glittering plate-glass windows, gorgeously lettered in crimson and gold. A bewildering scene met her unaccustomed eyes. There was an army of busy salesmen and women, the throng of gaily-dressed shoppers, and such a lot of nimble cash boys hopping here and there.

Her courage was fast forsaking her, but as she stood looking about wistfully, with her letter in one hand and her travelling bag, with the letters "H.S." embroidered on its side, in the other, a polite floor walker stepped up to her.

"A letter for Mr. Danner? Ah! step this way," he said.

She followed him, pausing at last before a green baize door which, after knocking, he pushed open, motioning her to enter.

Mr. Danner was talking with a young woman when she entered, and, pausing only long enough to direct Harriet to a chair, he went on with the conversation in a low tone. When the young woman had gone he turned to Harriet with a look of inquiry.

She had meant to make a pretty speech to him, but it seemed to have gone from her. She was very much frightened. Seeing the letter in her hand, the merchant extended his hand for it. She gave it to him.

"Ah," he said, "from Mr. Sibley, of Deanville? Mr. Sibley is a first-rate man. Used to think a great deal of him when I was on the road." He smiled as he read the note. "Honest and industrious, eh? Well, that's the kind we want. We've had some here that weren't either. Got some now, I'm afraid."

Harriet remained silent, but she began to beam amiably.

"Forewoman of the notion department just told me," Mr. Danner went on, "that she wants a girl—wants a good girl, she says, even

if she is green. Think you'd fill that bill?"

"I'd like to try, sir."

"That's good. Well, I guess we'll let you try awhile, and if you do well, we'll take you on permanently. What's your name—Sibley?"

He had glanced at her initials, "H.S." on her travelling bag. A terrible temptation seized Harriet. Here was a chance to get rid of her troublesome name! She had often made a very pretty name out of those initials. In her confusion and excitement she blurted out this name:

"Hester St. Clair!"

She started at her own boldness, but Mr. Danner seemed to take it as a matter of course.

He made a note of the name, and rose to show the way to the notion department.

Although Harriet found her duties more laborious than she had expected, she soon succeeded in establishing herself in the good graces of those around her. There was one drawback to her happiness, however—the false name. Very soon she regretted her folly. She dared not have her letters from home sent either to the store or to her boarding-house, because several of the girls who worked at the store boarded at the same house.

Not infrequently she forgot to answer when she was addressed as "Miss St. Clair," and once she replied when another girl named Hattie was called.

One day, late in the winter, there came to her counter a young girl who had spent two or three months in Deanville the previous winter. Hattie saw her, and earnestly hoped that she would not be recognized; but the young girl called out, quite loudly:

"Why, Hattie Smith! Who would have thought of finding you here?"

Miss Graydon, the forewoman, was standing near by. When the customer was gone she came over to Harriet's counter.

"The young girl seemed to know you," she said, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Hattie, busying herself with her stock.

"She did not call you St. Clair."

"Didn't she?" said Harriet, trying

to speak indifferently. "She's a flighty little creature."

Soon after, Miss Graydon sought Mr. Danner's private office. For more than a month there had been a systematic pilfering of small goods from the notion department. It had been impossible to find who was the culprit. For three weeks Miss Graydon had been watching Harriet very closely. She had taken note of her starting when she was addressed; of her trips to the postoffice at the lunch hour, always alone, and of the careful manner in which she guarded the contents of the black silk handbag. Now, the chain of circumstantial evidence seemed to be complete.

"I cannot believe that the girl is guilty," Mr. Danner said, as Miss Graydon laid the matter before him.

"I admit that I have not found any stolen goods in her possession," Miss Graydon answered, "but there is every reason to believe that she is passing under an assumed name."

"It looks bad," said the merchant, "but she brought a recommendation from a country merchant, whom I know very well, and in whom I have the greatest confidence."

"It may have been a forgery."

"No; I am too well acquainted with Martin Sibley's handwriting to be deceived that way."

"Very well," said the forewoman. "If you do not think the matter worth investigating, I shall not trouble you further with it."

"Oh, I don't like the looks of it myself," Mr. Danner rejoined, uneasily. "I shall wire Sibley about the girl, and that will settle the matter of the name, anyway."

Taking a telegraph blank, he wrote:

"What do you know about Hester St. Clair?"

"Frank B. Danner."

Late in the afternoon the answer came:

"Never heard of such a person."

"Martin Sibley."

The girls were just leaving the store, when one of the cash-boys informed Harriet that she was wanted in the office. She found Miss Graydon seated in the office, and Mr. Danner walking restlessly up and down the room. He motioned

Harriet to a seat, and nodded to Miss Graydon to proceed.

"Miss St. Clair," she said, "will you allow me to examine your hand-bag?"

Harriet had been at the post-office. A letter and a package of newspapers addressed to Harriet Smith were there. The colour left her face.

"Its contents do not concern you," she murmured.

"Miss St. Clair," said the forewoman, "it will be better to submit to a private search than to force us to place you under arrest."

"Mr. Danner!" exclaimed Harriet, turning to her employer, "what have I done to be insulted like this?" Mr. Danner looked pityingly toward her.

"Miss St. Clair," he said, "I have what seems to be positive evidence that the recommendation you brought here was forged."

"Oh, no! You have made a mistake," Harriet gasped. Mr. Sibley is my own uncle, and——"

"Your uncle?"

"Yes, and I have a letter from him in my satchel this minute." She hurriedly emptied it of its contents, and handed one of the letters to Mr. Danner.

"Why, this is addressed to Miss Harriet Ann Smith," said he.

"Oh! And you asked him about Hester St. Clair?" Harriet said, breaking into a hysterical laugh. "I'm sure I can explain—I—I——" "You what?"

"I didn't like the name of Harriet Smith, and so when I came here I thought I'd change it to Hester St. Clair. I knew it was wrong, but somehow I could hardly help it."

The secret out, Harriet wept bitterly. The merchant inquired further, and found that her second statement was true. Harriet submitted all her belongings to search, and even Miss Graydon was forced to believe her innocent of thieving.

Mr. Danner offered to continue Harriet in his employment, stipulating that she must resume her proper name. But Harriet was by this time very anxious to go back to her mother.

"You can tell people your daughter has been away at school," she said to her mother that night, as she sat toasting her feet at the kitchen fire.

Mrs. Smith looked up inquiringly. "Oh, I was thinking of Uncle Martia's favourite maxim," she said, "that experience is a dear school, and simpletons will take lessons at no other."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TRULY GENEROUS SOUL

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin, and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child to its grandmother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our Mary had not offered to attend the door while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent. Reader, what are you giving?—*Anon.*

St. Paul brings into a beautiful union "the love of God" and "the patience of Christ" (2 Thess. iii : 5). The deep strong love of God is seen best of all in the patience of Him who bore disappointment, outrage, treachery, death without one bitter or angry word. How far removed from our petulance seems this splendid "patience of Christ!"

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16	13 50	9 95	23 10
23	11 40	6 99	18 39
30	14 45	8 26	22 71
	\$91 45	\$45 60	\$137 05

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