

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



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

NO. 101.

MARCH, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

REV. G. E. LLOYD, M. A., Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.

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

Lay Delegates.

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

Sidesmen.

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

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Revs. E. A. Langfeldt, S. A. Lawrence and M. S. Goodheart, all well known to many of our readers, expect to be ordained presbyters on March 11th. Let us remember them in our prayers.

PARISH REGISTER

Marriages.

LEE—BELL.—At Lindsay, on 27th Feb., 1900, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, John Joseph Lee, to Margaret, daughter of Henry Bell, all of Lindsay.

Burials.

CORSCADDEN.—At Riverside cemetery, on 7th Feb., 1900, Sarah Corscadden, of Ops. in her 97th year.

REEDS.—At Riverside cemetery, on 16th Feb., 1900, Joseph Reeds, of Ops, in his 49th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

We have had some stormy Sundays lately, but good soldiers are not easily kept at home unless they are sick or wounded.

We congratulate the Rev. S. A. Lawrence on his appointment to Markham and Unionville, and on his improved health.

Don't forget to see that your subscription to *Parish and Home* is paid. Miss Goodwin, Kent-st., can tell anyone how far he is in arrears.

A despatch from General Roberts to Gen. White after the relief of Ladysmith said, "Thank God that the prayers of the nation have been answered."

Mr. Gordon Richardson, of the Bank of Montreal, has been removed to the city of London. We wish him success. His successor here is Mr. Bailey, whom we welcome to St. Paul's and Lindsay.

Joy and thanksgiving have filled many hearts owing to recent events in South Africa. Let us humbly thank God for the relief of our friends and fellow citizens of Kimberley and Ladysmith, after the privations and awful sufferings many of them have undergone.

Mr. and Mrs. McNamara have got well settled at Gagetown, N.B., and are very happy in their work.

The bishop of the diocese has arranged for an ordination about the second Sunday in March, in Peterboro, we believe.

The Rev. Charles McKim, who has frequently visited Lindsay, is taking the duty of Mr. O'Malley at Winnipeg during his absence.

The Rev. Canon Greene, of Orillia, was one of those who received medals for the defence of the country in the time of the Fenian raid.

Rev. Canon Farncomb, of Newcastle, who was announced as one of the speakers for the rural deanery meeting at Lindsay, was unable to be present owing to a funeral in his parish. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen was also unavoidably absent and was much missed.

Even the C.M.S. of England is feeling the effect of such large sums being raised for the war and benevolent purposes connected therewith. Let us provide well for our soldiers or any they may leave behind them, but let us not rob the soldiers of Christ out in the forefront, even for the soldiers of the Queen! We can well support both.

The many friends of the Rev. H. R. O'Malley will regret to learn that owing to throat trouble he tendered his resignation at Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, (which resignation the vestry declined to receive, but granted six months leave of absence instead) and has gone south for a time. We trust he may soon be restored to complete health again.

Between now and April 30th, we should raise for Diocesan Missions in connection with St. Paul's church, about \$100; for Widows and Orphans Fund, \$33; for Superannuation Fund, about \$14. These being about the amounts the Synod asks us for. Let everyone do his or her part. "If thou hast much give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

The Canadian Church Missionary Association has several young recruits all ready, waiting to be sent to the foreign field, but have not the means to send them. And yet in some parts reinforcements are as much needed, as a short time ago they were in South Africa. Workers call for more helpers and the King says "Go ye," what about the subjects who will not come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile" is the message of Lent. More real and deep communion with the Master, with whom we expect to spend eternity. More loyal and self sacrificing service in the cause of our King and extending His Kingdom. So let us study His word more, wait upon Him more in public and private prayer, and draw near to His Holy Table. "Draw near to God and He will draw near to thee."

Sunday, Feb. 11th, was observed as a day of supplication and humiliation on account of the war in South Africa in thousands of our churches. Since then Kimberley has been relieved, Gen. Cronje and his troops have surrendered, and God has graciously given us other victories. While war is an awful scourge, we believe Britain's cause is a just and righteous one; and we trust the empire will use her final triumph when it comes, not for self glorification, but for the extension of freedom, truth and justice. Our hearts go out in sympathy with and prayer for the many suffering and bereaved ones.

Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, is to visit Lindsay, Cambray and Fenelon Falls on March 11th, with regard to diocesan missions.

Self sacrificing offerings during Lent will enable the churchwardens of our churches to present satisfactory reports at Easter. Let us help them.

The Rev. H. Beacham, of Killarney, Manitoba, so well known to many in this part, has been appointed assistant at St. George's church, Winnipeg. We wish him God's richest blessings.

On Feb. 18th, the Revs. W. Creighton and G. E. Lloyd exchanged duties, bringing the subject of our own diocesan needs before the congregations of Bobcaygeon, Dunsford, Cameron and Cambray.

The Young Men's Association held their February meeting at the home of Mr. B. Dingle. Some 22 were present, three being new members. After the opening services and some reports, the following officers were elected, the rector being ex-officio Hon. President. President, Rev. G. E. Lloyd; Vice-President, E. Armstrong; Sec.-Treas., A. Cameron; Councilors, W. H. Vance, E. P. Muckle and C. Sootheran. Committees were elected for special branches of the work, and then an interesting and instructive address on the South African war was given the young men by his honor Judge Harding. Mr. and Mrs. Dingle kindly had refreshments served, and a very pleasant and profitable time was spent. If all our young men are true to their undertakings they will be a power for good.

A meeting of the clergy of the Deanery of Durham and Victoria was held at Lindsay on Feb. 22nd and 23rd, the rural dean presiding. Owing to the severe storm and other reasons the attendance was not large. After the minutes, reports of missions, deputations and other business, the Rev. Walter Creighton, of Bobcaygeon, read a carefully prepared and suggestive paper on "Parochial Visiting" which led to much helpful discussion. In the evening there was a public meeting in St. Paul's school house, when after the opening service conducted by the Rev. Mr. Farncomb, Geo. E. Lloyd and the Rural Dean, the Rev. Edwin Daniel, of Port Hope, gave a thoughtful address on "Family Religion", emphasizing the need of more care in the home with regard to Bible study, family prayer, and the observance of the Lord's day. In the discussion that followed, the Rev. Mr. Farncomb spoke very impressively on the need of parents taking their children regularly to church, as well as having family prayer, showing the large amount of God's Word they would then hear. Mr. Creighton emphasized the duty of parents in seeing that their boys were at home when the shadows of night had fallen, as many things are done after dark that would not be done in the daylight. The second subject was introduced by the Rev. W. C. Allen, of Millbrook, being "Christian Giving." He showed that if a large number of our churchpeople practised systematic and proportionate giving a solution was at once found, for our present financial difficulties. Mr. Grace and others joined in the discussion, and we wish many more had been present. At 9.30 on the morning of the 23rd, the Holy Communion was administered in St. Paul's church, and afterwards in the schoolroom the business session was finished. The next meeting to be held (D.V.) in May, at Omemece, in response to the invitation of the Rev. E. A. Langfeldt.

Parish and Home

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 4

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

- 1.—1st Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xix., 12 to 30; Mark vi., 14 to 30. *Evening*—Gen. xxii. to 20; or xxiii.; Rom. xiii.
- 11.—2nd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xxvii. to 41; Mark x. to 32. *Evening*—Gen. xxviii or xxix.; 1 Cor. iv., to 18.
- 18.—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xxxvii; Mark xiv., to 27. *Evening*—Gen. xxxix. or xl.; 1 Cor. x. and xi., 1.
- 25.—4th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xli.; Luke i., 46. *Evening*—Gen. xliii. or xlv.; 1 Cor. xv., to 35.

LENT.

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of neats and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet, still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
No. 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto a hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Robert Herrick, 1648.

The season of Lent is here once again with its invitation to abstinence and self-denial in the service of the King.

Our beloved Church does not lay down hard and fast rules for the observance of this season, but general principles, leaving to the individual member to apply those principles as he believes God would have him do.

God does not say remember especially to keep the season of Lent holy, as he does say "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" but he tells us that it is good to come apart with him, and

that if we draw nigh to God, God will draw nigh to us.

Let us make a right use of this season of our Church, let us come apart from the rush and turmoil and hurry of life and hold real and deep communion with our Saviour Christ. Let us spend more time in prayer, and tell all our needs and desires to our Father in heaven who is interested in our every welfare.

Let us study his word so diligently that we will get to love it more and more, and know that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Let us practise some self-denial that we may help others, and do more to extend the kingdom of God's dear Son.

A Lent properly spent under the guidance of God's holy spirit may do much to strengthen our faith, deepen our interest in the Church's work and make us more valiant soldiers of the King for the future. Surely there is need for God's people to pray, "Search me O God! and try me and see if there be any wicked ways in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

To the stranger, or first-time visitor, the service of our Church always seems strange and difficult to follow; yet as they get to know and understand it they almost invariably appreciate its beauty, depth and purity.

This is one reason why Church people should be careful to show every attention to visitors, giving a prayer-book, or, better still, letting them look on with them, taking occasion, at home, to show friends who are not familiar with our Book of Common Prayer how easy it is to find the places, and in every way showing the beauty of our service.

We should be especially thoughtful and courteous in our treatment of strangers, and yet in how many

places people utterly ignore their duty in this matter. How frequently we hear it said that congregations are cold, reserved, distant. "No one ever speaks to you, or shows any courtesy. You know as little of the people at the end of six months as you did when you first went."

While sometimes it is easy to find fault and grumble, yet let us remember that love begets love, and kindness leads on to kindness, and God would never have us forget to show thoughtful kindness, and with a warm welcome do to others as we would they should do unto us.

While the Lord Jesus drove the money changers and sellers of doves from the temple, He healed the sick therein, and spoke encouraging words of the poor widow's gift as He entered, and showed love to God and love to His fellow man.

While we make God's house a house of prayer, let us also make others realize that it is a good place to go, so that they may say with the Psalmist: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Let us make the stranger feel at home, and encourage all who come to join with us in the worship of our God.

Rev. H. Symonds, who contributes an article to this number of PARISH AND HOME, has recently published a book on the subject of "Christian Unity," which consists of six lectures entitled, "The Movement Towards Unity," "The Goal of the Christian Church," "What is Christian Unity?" "The Historic Episcopate," "The Church of England and the Historic Episcopate," "The Relation between Civil and Ecclesiastical Policy." William Briggs, of Toronto, is the publisher, and the price is 75c.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

By REV. HERBERT SYMONDS, M.A.

When I went to college, I very well remember a piece of advice given to my class in regard to the construction of a sermon. After having chosen text and subject the preacher was recommended to ask three questions about it, viz., What, Why, and How. I think I cannot do better in this short paper on Christian Unity than attempt to answer the three questions, changing however their order, "Why should we desire Christian Unity?" "What is the Christian Unity to be desired?" and "How is it to be attained?"

(1) Our first question may be treated under two heads (a) theoretical, (b) practical. The theoretical reason why we should desire Christian Unity is because a much closer union than exists to-day between Christian people is clearly of the will of Christ, and of his inspired apostles. In one of the most solemn moments of His life our Lord prayed for his disciples that they might be "sanctified in the truth," and then he continued, "Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word, that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that thou didst send me." (St. John xvii. 20, 21.) Through the unity and fellowship of those who believed in Christ the world was to be brought to acknowledge His claims.

So too St. Paul in the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians and in the 4th chapter of the Ephesians, clearly sets forth the unity of Christian people. The Church, that is the company of believers, is compared to the human body. "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body being many are one body, so also is Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink one Spirit." And in Eph. iv, he exhorts his converts to give "diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." For he says, "there is one body, and

one Spirit even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." Then he proceeds to describe the ministers of the Gospel who had been given to the Church, and these were to be the means through which the body of Christ's faithful might at last "attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, . . . from whom all the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in one measure of each several part, maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love."

(b) Amongst the practical reasons for desiring Christian unity may be mentioned the following:

The work of the Church would be more effectively done. This is sometimes questioned, but in the new circumstances of modern society a greater measure of unity is urgently needed. The tendency of the times is toward the massing together of men in large cities. There is, too, within the cities a continual shifting of the population. It becomes increasingly difficult, in consequence, for the various Churches to keep in touch with its members. As a proof of this the following experiment is conclusive. The twenty-first assembly of the City of New York has a population of some 50,000 to 60,000 people. A Christian unity movement known as the "Federation of Churches" has issued in a practical work. Members of the various Churches represented in that district (which is neither very rich, nor very poor) met together, and decided to make a house to house visitation of the whole assembly.

As a result of this visitation it was found that 46 per cent. of the Protestant population were without any church connexion, and were drifting into a condition of civilized paganism. On the other hand only 14 per cent. of the Roman Catholic population was unconnected with any congregation. The field is so vast, the changes so numerous, that an annual house to house visitation is almost a necessity. But

it is impossible for half-a-dozen different denominations to canvass a territory so densely populated.

Another result of this work was that one church alone added to its membership no less than 174 families. The movement has proved so successful that it is being applied to other parts of the city of New York, and there is some talk of forming on similar lines a National Federation of Churches of the United States.

But not only would the work of the Church be more effectively done in the large cities, but also in the country places. There are scores of villages of from 500 to 1000 inhabitants, where there are to be found three, four and sometimes five churches, each supporting or pretending to support its own minister, each working in almost entire independence of the other. What a waste of men, of money, and of energy! What rivalries, jealousies, competitions, often suppressed but not extinguished, destroy the purity of the work that is done! What subtle plans are devised to fill one's own church, even though it be at the expense of another. How often a greater joy over the conversion of a Methodist into an Anglican, or vice-versa, than over the one sinner that repenteth! How often praise and promotion go to him who is the most successful in the work of proselytizing!

And yet again, with how much greater success could the work of converting the world from heathenism to Christ be accomplished if with united mind the plan of the missionary campaign was designed, and with united voice and united effort it was carried into effect?

2. Such are some of the answers that may be given to the question, "Why is Christian Unity to be Desired?"

Our second question is "What do we mean by Christian Unity?"

Now there is no use in disguising the fact that various answers are given to this question. For the answers which I shall give no one is responsible but myself.

In the first place it is perhaps easier to say what Christian Unity is not than what it is. It is not *uniformity*. It does not mean that the centre of unity is to be found in an

exact accord on all points of doctrine, or in exactly the same organization throughout the world, or in the use of exactly the same forms of worship. To make any of these the centre of unity is to put it in the place of Christ. We must not be indifferent to either doctrine, or organization, or modes of worship; but the one and only centre of Christian Unity is CHRIST.

Now there is no question at all that very many are sincere and devoted followers of Christ although they worship Him in many ways, differ widely about Predestination, Baptismal Regeneration and many other things, and although they are governed by bishops or by presbyteries, or in other ways. So far then as they are all followers of Christ they have a measure of unity. What is to be desired is that the unity should be manifested.

The sphere of nature and the sphere of humanity alike bear testimony to the fact that God loves unity, but a unity which is compatible with the utmost variety. This earth on which we live is a unity. It is an organism, its various parts fitting beautifully together, and yet no two of its parts are exactly alike. The beauty of the world is largely dependent upon its variety.

So too when we look at the world of humanity, how often we are struck by the extraordinary differences between people. Take the first hundred people you meet on the street, and though they all live in the same town how different are their characters, dispositions, gifts, tempers, capacities. How vastly greater the natural differences between Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Hindoos, and so on. And yet we rightly speak of a common human nature which makes humanity one.

And when we turn to the Bible we find this thought of unity in variety applied by St. Paul to the Christian Church. For there are, says he, "diversities of gifts but the same spirit. And there are diversities of ministrations of workings but the same God, who worketh all things in all."

The only unity which seems at the present time to be practicable or desirable, which will really bind us together, without destroying the

advantages of variety, is expressed in the word Federation. And it is interesting to notice how Federation is a key note of the end of this century. The great nations are gradually being transformed into federations. The German empire, the United States, and the British empire are federations. So too is Canada. In a federation there are common laws and common action on certain agreed points, together with liberty for variety on many other points for each of the members of the federation.

A federation of Churches could not be accomplished at once, nor upon the basis of any cut and dried scheme, but it must gradually develop itself as experience illuminated and interpreted by the Holy Spirit shall direct. In all probability it will begin with a union for missionary effort. A common committee on foreign missionary work for the whole of Canada ought not to be impossible. If found successful, it might be followed up by a common committee for home mission work. Civic federations for united action in meeting some of the great problems of the town might follow, and at last it might come to pass that great national services, or great civic services would be held in which all should take part. When these things are consummated then we may be sure that we should all cry, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."

3. Our third question is "How is unity to be attained?"

First we must seek to purge our minds of prejudice. Many of the causes of division belong to ancient history. We must not allow the common but bad habit of seeing nothing but good in ourselves and nothing but evil in our neighbours to gain the mastery over us. Our Lord's words are as applicable to churches as to individuals. "Why beholdeth thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me cast the mote out of mine eye; and lo! the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see

clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Next, we should try and take an interest in the subject of unity. You may not have much time, but you have some. There are books small and books great on this subject. There is no question, about which a man is really interested, about which he cannot find information and arrive at some approximate solution.

There is in Canada a society known as the Canadian Society of Christian Unity. Its object is to promote the cause of unity by means of common prayer, mutual discussion of the many grave questions that surround so great a subject, and the education of the public mind, by means of public meetings, lectures and addresses, and through the columns of the public press. The annual fee is but 25c. Will not some of my readers join this Society? It has upon its roll leading members of the principal Communions, such as Principals Burwash, Caven, Grant and Sheraton, Dr. Welch (Rector of St. James', Toronto), professors in our Toronto Colleges, and many ministers of various denominations. All that is necessary is to send in your name with the fee to the Secretary, Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote, 24 Austin Ave., Toronto, or myself.

And lastly, we can pray for unity. How much of our prayer is but for ourselves and our own individual needs! Let us sometimes think of the wider needs of the world at large, and present them at the throne of Grace. That for which Christ prayed, "that they all may be one," ought surely to be the subject of prayer amongst Christian people.

NECESSITY OF MISSIONS.

Isabella Bishop, who has travelled more than any other living woman, says: "My journeys in Asia have given me some knowledge of the unchristianized Asiatic world. In those years I have become a convert to the necessity of missions, not by seeing the success of missions, but by seeing the misery of the unchristianized world. From the seaboard of Japan to those shady streams by which the Jewish

exiles wept when they remembered Zion, and from the icy plateaus of northern Asia down to the equator, I have seen nothing but sorrow, sin, and shame, of which we have not the remotest conception."—

Kind Words.

HYMN FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

BY THE SISTER OF AN OFFICER.

For our valiant soldiers,
Lord, to Thee we pray ;
Guard and keep them ever,
Be their guide and stay,
When through veldt they're marching
Many a weary hour,
From their foes protect them
By Thy mighty power.

When, in darkness resting,
Arms are laid aside,
God of battles shield them—
Still with them abide ;
And if they in fighting
Should not think of Thee,
Do not Thou forget them,
Still their succour be.

Lord, when sick and wounded,
Far, perchance, from care,
Let Thy healing Spirit
Save them from despair.
Saviour, be Thou with them,
All their prayers to hear,
Strengthen, watch, and comfort,
When none else is near.

Hungry, Lord, and thirsty
In the wilderness,
Thou did'st hear Thy people
In their sore distress ;
Thou canst turn to blessing
Every human pain,
Grant that these through suffering
Saving faith may gain.

Lord, among our army,
Fighting for our land,
Thou has also soldiers
Fighting Satan's band.
Lord, be Thou their helper,
Touch their lips with fire,
Let Thy Holy Spirit
All their words inspire.

Safe beneath the shelter
Of Thy mighty shield,
Thou canst keep from danger
Soldiers in the field !
And, although around them
Tens of thousands die,
Thou canst keep in safety
Those for whom we cry. Amen.

SERMON TO SOLDIERS.

The Church of England members of the Mounted Rifles (under Major Williams) awaiting transportation to South Africa, attended service at historic old St. Paul's, Halifax. Rev. W. J. Armitage, rector of St. Paul's and hon. chap-

lain 66th Fusiliers, was the preacher.

His text was from Eph. vi, 2, "Put on the whole armour of God." In his introduction he referred to the fact that on the Sunday previous he had spoken of civil duties and of the responsibilities of a soldier of the Queen, and that he would now take up lessons from a soldier's life as applied to Christian experience. He said: There is, perhaps, no more familiar image of the Christian life than that which describes it as a warfare. St. Paul, who in his later years mixed much with soldiers, used it very frequently. Indeed, he was in a sense a soldier himself, a man born to command, endowed with vast energy, and able to see at a glance the strength and weakness of a position. In another field he might have proved an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. As it was, it may be said that he looked upon his life work as a campaign, while his letters are war despatches, and that the world was to him the country of his king under a usurper's sway to be won by the Christian soldier for Christ.

The Church of Christ on earth is called the Church Militant, a word having the same origin as military or militia, showing that it is engaged in constant warfare and struggle, as contrasted with the Church triumphant in heaven.

The Christian is pictured in the Word of God as engaged in active service, in a war which knows no truce, and no discharge, but which continues even unto death.

It is true that the spiritual life has other aspects, as for instance where it is beautifully described as "Joy and peace in believing." But it is a mistake to suppose that because one is a Christian, or becomes a Christian, that there is no conflict or that the conflict then ceases. Conflict precedes peace, and the truth is that the Christian has "Joy and peace in believing," even while the fighting is in progress.

The matter of supreme importance is to be enlisted under the banner of the King. This means decision for Christ, the yielding of the will to His obedience, the entrance into His service as a soldier of the cross.

The Christian warrior needs

equipment for the stern battle of life. This he does not provide himself. The soldier's regimentals are from the Queen. The Christian finds that the great Captain of his Salvation, Jesus Christ, has made rich provision for every necessity of the conflict. His armour, weapons and supplies are from God. And so the apostle calls the soldier to "put on the whole armour of God."

It is armour for every part of the body. The head, the seat of intellect, is open to attack from doubt and unbelief and evil thoughts, and the helmet of Salvation is provided for protection. The heart, from which are the issues of life, is liable to wounds of sin, which the breast-plate of righteousness preserves from. The shield of faith is to protect every part of the body, and with it he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

The loins need to be strong, for the soldier is to stand, and so the girdle of truth is given, as the loins were girt of old, to furnish support in the midst of war and toil. The soldier must be in marching order, ever prepared and shod with the gospel of peace. And as his life is a battle against enemies he is armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

There is one exception to the statement that the armour is for every part of the body. There is no provision for the back, and the reason is plain. The Christian is never to fly. He must ever face his enemies, and never yield an inch. We may be weak, we may be weary, we may suffer what looks like defeat, we may see others fall around us, but with our face to the foe we must stand looking to the great Captain of our salvation, and victory will be ours, and we shall be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

The Christian is to be always prepared; his armour is never to be laid aside. His whole life is a warfare until he meets his last great enemy, death.

It is related of Cromwell that he wore a coat of mail at all times. It mattered not what other garments he put on, he never laid aside his armour. He wore it in the camp and on the field of battle as a matter of course, but also at court and

in his secret chamber. And he did so because he never knew the moment he might have to meet a dagger's thrust, and so he was always prepared. Thus the Christian should be armed, and ever on his guard against the attacks of evil.

The Christian armour is spiritual. It is a provision for spiritual men, for those who in trusting faith look to Christ alone, and are born anew of His spirit. The Duke of Wellington said, in a famous letter to Sir Walter Scott: "Believe me that every man you see in uniform is not a soldier." But the armour of God is for Christ's soldiers alone. None others can wear it. As John Bunyan quaintly says: "Religion is the best armour a man can have, but the worst cloak."

The Christian's armour is Christ. The Apostle says: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" for Christ Himself is "the armour of light." Put on, then, in faith, God's great panoply, the secret of all victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, Jesus Christ. Put on the Lord accepting Him as sovereign, put on the Lord Jesus as Saviour, put on the Lord Jesus Christ as anointed of God over all and able to save. Thus armed, however strong your enemies, however weak your defences, you are invincible.

The poet Spenser, in his Faery Queene furnishes us in Prince Arthur with an image of the Christian warrior. He dwells chiefly upon the glorious brilliancy of his armour which illuminates the earth as he passes by. St. Paul's image is the armour of light, and this Spenser concentrates in the good knight's shield which is hewn out of a solid diamond of surpassing loveliness. The light it reflects is so dazzling that the shield is covered lest it should strike mortal eyes with blindness. It was only in the hour of conflict with the monsters of evil, and the hosts of darkness, that the covering was let slip. Then all foes fell back dismayed, their courage destroyed, their attack foiled, their powers laid low.

And so it is with the Christian armour. The soldier of the cross is to go forth against the powers of darkness, which the light alone can disperse. He is armed for defence, but he cannot rest on the defen-

sive alone. He must march forward to battle wherever darkness reigns and through the truth of Christ and in the light of Christ conquer every foe.

FACTS ABOUT THE BRITISH ARMY.

The following, clipped from *The Middlesex Deanery Magazine* (which we gladly welcome to the field of Church journalism) will be read with interest by many at the present time:

The Chaplain-General of the British Army, Rev. Dr. Edgehill, gives an account of the spiritual provision made for our soldiers in South Africa, and shows that the ranks are at least leavened by men of faith and prayer. He states that 68 per cent. of the army belong to the Church of England, 7 per cent. to the Presbyterians, 5 per cent. to the Methodists, 1 per cent. to other Protestants, and 18 per cent. to the Roman Catholics. To minister to these are 14 chaplains, at present in the field, and two others have orders to hold themselves in readiness. Their duties are to attend on the sick, wounded, and dying, and to hold services for the living. One chaplain had been obliged to have two celebrations of the Holy Communion, because of the large number of men desirous to attend. Many of the officers are deeply religious men, all the generals being communicants of the Church of England, and many others read the lessons at the garrison chapels. The keynote of Mr. Edgehill's ministry has been "conversion to God." "What I desire is simple, earnest pleading with men in the name of Christ in plain, pointed words, so that men may be awakened, converted, and won for God." To the list of regular chaplains must be added the Army Scripture Readers. This society has been carrying on a good work among the soldiers at home for over 50 years, and when the war broke out arrangements were made, with the consent of the War Office, to send out seven picked men, all of whom, with one exception, had served in campaigns, to supplement the work of the chaplains. To show that the work of the scripture readers is appreciated by the leaders, it may

be mentioned that four out of the seven are paid by the officers themselves. These men moving amongst the brave fellows now fighting in South Africa need our sympathy and prayers.

It will be remembered that the Canadian contingent was at first refused the privilege of having chaplains, but after earnest protest one Presbyterian and one Roman Catholic had leave to go. On the day of sailing a Church of England chaplain was appointed, but only after the authorities witnessed the magnificent spectacle at Quebec. Only 65 soldiers attended the Roman Catholic service, while about 650 marched to the English Cathedral, and of these fully 300 received the Holy Communion.

A remarkable service was recently held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, in memory of those who had fallen in battle. Many thousands of people took part in the service, and though oppressed with great sorrow the vast audience manifested their loyalty to the throne most unmistakably, and especially when the organ pealed forth the National Anthem.

It is now proposed to set apart a day for humiliation and prayer in England, that the nation may humble itself before God for its many past sins of omission and commission. It is felt that while the cause of the present war is just, yet God is by this means punishing the nation for previous transgressions. As in the history of Israel wars were allowed to come upon them because of their neglect of God's laws, so it is held to be now, and earnest-minded men are seeking to have such a day appointed by the Government that help may be sought from above.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MOTHER.

All noble boys who have become truly great, because good, men treasure above all things the memory of a good mother. Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, is one of these. Speaking at a very large Church Missionary meeting, he said he had been connected with the society since he was twelve years of age. "I have never," he continued, "lost sight of the connexion, nor have I ever failed to

pray, *as my mother bade me*, for the prosperity of the work which this society is doing."

We cannot all be archbishops, but we can all obey our mothers. Happy mothers who never forget that Christ would have His Gospel of love and grace preached to every creature, and teach and win their children to pray "Thy kingdom come!" C. B.—*Home Words*.

CHRIST THE DOOR: COME IN!

During the snowstorm the other evening I passed a scantily dressed man leading along a poor child with a basket of broken food on her arm. They walked sorrowfully along past a row of brown-stone houses, within which were glowing fires and plenty to eat and to drink. But they were out in the cold. There was only the thickness of a door between their shivering bodies and abounding warmth, food and comfort.

As I looked at the forlorn pair trudging through the snow, I said to myself, There is an illustration of scores of unconverted souls in all our congregations. They are not happy, and their souls are starving. They are out in the cold. But close beside them is a blessed refuge of pardon and peace, warmed by divine love; all that they have to do is to enter through the door. Jesus Christ proclaims, "*I am the Door*." And out into the cheerless atmosphere, through which sinners by multitudes are trooping, sounds the sweet invitation, "Come unto *me*, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Surely if the owner of one of those fine houses had opened his front door and invited those two poor creatures in the other night and offered them a good supper, they would have joyfully accepted the invitation.

But perhaps the reader of this paragraph may still be wandering along in the cheerless cold of an unconverted heart and an unblessed life. Your soul has hungerings that have never yet been satisfied. You are spiritually *homeless* for this world and for the next. Just think for a moment what Jesus Christ offers to be to you and to do for

you. He is the Door to pardon, the Door to new life, the Door, and the only one, to Heaven. "*By me* if any man enter in he shall be saved!" But you must approach Him and use Him precisely as you would use the door of a mansion that you wished to enter. First you must sincerely *desire* what Christ alone can give you. Then, in the second place, you must *knock* for admission. Sometimes the gentlest tap of sincere faith turns the hinges. Sometimes a soul is kept knocking until he feels the keenness of the blasts of sin out doors and is ready to come in at any cost of his pride and at the surrender of his stubborn unbelief. Others are unwilling to leave their favorite sins outside, and the door opens only to the sincere penitent.

Do you honestly desire to be saved? Do you honestly want to be a better man or woman and live a life worthy of an immortal creature? Then try the door. You cannot reach the Christian life by any other way under heaven. "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way," shall never gain admission to God's favour or God's service. How strangely people act in regard to their spiritual welfare! How strangely you have been acting! It is as absurd as if you had been invited to dine with an hospitable friend, and were to try the windows, or to climb the garden wall, or even endeavour to burrow under it. The invitation is to the front door; why not ring the bell or use the knocker? I know of scores who aim to scale the walls of God's enclosures with the ladder of their own morality. It was good as far as it went, but it was too short for the wall. Others try to dig through with penances or ritualistic ceremonies. Many more are refusing Christ's terms and are trying the "some other ways" with which Satan beguiles them. My friend A— comes to church, listens to the sermons, reads his Bible, and says that he really wants to be a Christian. Yet he is all the while walking past the door. He does not try Christ. Like those poor creatures in the street the other

night, he carries his basket of broken victuals, a homeless sinner. All the while the divine voice is sounding out through the air, "I am the DOOR; if any man enter by *me*, he shall be saved."—*Southern Churchman*.

DON'T FORGET.

To pray at least every night and morning, and with earnestness.

To read some portion of God's Word daily.

To attend Divine service as frequently as you can.

To make diligent preparations for the Holy Communion.

To be kind and considerate to all whom you meet.

To do your duty as a missionary for the Church.

To ask your company either to go with you or to excuse you when it is your duty to go to church.

To use to-day for the building up of a strong character for eternity.

To have at least one person's conversion ever in your prayers.

To have perfect faith in God.—*Exchange*.

WHERE IS HOME?

By the Most Rev. W. Saumarez Smith, D.D.,
Archbishop of Sydney, Primate of Australia,
in *Home Words*.

Where love is found without alloy,
And sorrows never come
To interrupt the course of joy—
There, there is Home.

Where friends are met in union,
And foes can never come
To mar the sweet communion—
There, there is Home.

Where purity and peace are found,
And sin can never come
To stain with guilt the holy ground—
There, there is Home.

O wanderers in a world of pain
And sorrow and unrest,
Why seek for *passing* joys and gain—
A useless quest

Join those who seek a better rest,
And riches that will last,
Who, *hopeful* here, are *fully* blest
When life is past.

Home is not here, nor here is joy;
No longer idly roam;
Your pleasures bring you but annoy
Whilst far from Home.

But seek the land which knows not woe;
Come with us Heavenward, come;
Earth may not hinder us—and so,
God bring us Home!

Parish and Home.

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WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

By ROBERT BIRD.

What is your life? A wayside flower
That springs and blooms its crimson hour
In shade and sunshine, wind and rain,
Then drops to earth its head again.

What is your life? A cloud of white
That swims in fields of azure light,
Wind-blown, sun-kissed, till close of day,
When, sombre-hued, it fades away.

What is your life? A heavenly birth,
Seen through the vestures of the earth,
A star that whitens ere the dawn,
By Him who loves, and gave, withdrawn.
—Selected.

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

"Common Prayer."—That is, common to all. All are to share in it. It is not a service done for us, but by us. People and ministers unite together; rich and poor, learned and unlearned; parents and children—all take their part. Every thing is to be in the common tongue, "understood of the people." The first prayer, morning and evening—the prayer of "common" confession to God—is "to be said of the whole congregation after the minister;" and no prayer is complete till the congregation unite in the Apostolic "Amen" (1 Cor. xiv. 16). How all hearts are united in the closest bonds of Christian union, when the prayer of greeting—"The Lord be with you," prompts the hearty prayer of response—"And with Thy Spirit!" What a happy New Year's mutual salvation!
—C. B.

The Written Word.—Every one attending the Sunday services of

our Church hears, or reads, fifteen passages out of the Bible. It has been said, "If you were to take out of the Prayer Book everything that is Scriptural or a paraphrase Scripture, you would have little left but the covers."—The Rev. Dyson Hague.

The Value of a Liturgy.—A remark was once made by the Rev. Charles Simeon, to the effect, that "Until all ministers can pray at all times, as some ministers can sometimes, the advantages of a Scriptural Liturgy would lead him greatly to prefer it to what is termed (wrongly so unless absence of previous thought and preparation is implied) *exemporary* prayer." Only let us see to it that our Church prayers are "heart prayers," and we shall duly understand and feel the value of a Liturgy.

Let.—"We are sore let . . . in running the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation in the Bible. (See Num. xxii. 16, Isa. xlii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)
—Home Words.

NEW TESTAMENT TAKES.

Matt. ii., 13. "Arise, and take the young Child and His Mother, and flee into Egypt." Bloodthirsty men will haunt and search with murderous intent. Ah weary woe! what a welcome to tender Mother and helpless Child. Are these the thanks for the coming of the day-spring? Oh the patience of God!

Matt. ii., 29. "Take My yoke." It is a badge of service, a mark of distinction, a token of honor and privilege, it puts sin in the School of Christ, classes sin in the company of the lowly who serve in lowly places.

"The bravely dumb who died and died, And scorned to blot it with a name, Men of the plain heroic creed, That loved heaven's silence more than fame."

Luke viii., 18. "Take heed how ye hear." Hear with a welcome heart, with a relish and a joy. For blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. Hear with reverence, for God is holy. Hear with humility for man is sin-

ful. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.

Mark iv., 24. "Take heed what ye hear." Many false teachers are abroad. Seek not the opinions of men, but the truth of God, look for things that accompany salvation, the needy soul wants bread, and Christ is the only true bread of life. The one and only Master says "Learn of Me."

John ii., 16. "Take these things hence, make not My Father's house a house of merchandise." The house of prayer is for the soul, and peace, and purity, and heaven. Worldly plans and purposes, and pursuits are degrading subjects of meditation in the house of God. He is a Spirit, let your soul come into his burning presence that sins may be consumed.

"Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It thinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on Thee."

James v., 10. "Take My brethren, the prophets, as an example." They stoutly and stubbornly faced the foe. They dared the destroyer to the death. "You may destroy us," said a valiant one, "but you cannot injure us." You cannot lessen our value, or dry up the springs of our delight.

Rev. iii., 11. "Hold that fast which thou hast that no man take thy crown." Two things belong to the child of God in the future, his final salvation and his reward. That salvation is not secured by His obedience, however princely or precious, but by the sure promise of Christ. It is His work alone, for we are saved not by works of righteousness. When we are regenerated, we are made sons; then the Master says, "Son, go to work in My vineyard," thus our reward begins, that is our crown. He is not unrighteous to forget our work, He will be sure to reward according to results. But man and powers beset us as we climb the mountain path to spoil the beauty, lessen the value, diminish the dignity of our crown. "Hold that fast which thou hast that no man take thy crown."
T. H. MILLER.
Beamsville, Ont.

ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

By REV W. J. ARMITAGE, Halifax.

St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, is one of the greatest names in the long annals of the Christian Church. His character was so noble, his aims so pure, his writings so truly Catholic in tone and so evangelical in sentiment that his personality and teaching ought to be of living and permanent interest to all Christians.

The birthplace of St. Patrick is not definitely known, although the consensus of opinion seems to point to a place near Dumbarton, in Scotland. Lingard, the eminent Roman Catholic historian, thought that he was born in France. But Professors Sullivan, Stokes, Kurtz or Dr. Wright and D'Arcy McGee think that it was in Scotland.

His father, as he declares himself, was Calpurnius, a deacon, who was a son of Potitus, a presbyter of the church. His father was also a magistrate.

There has been so much confusion in names connected with St. Patrick that some have been led to doubt his existence. There are at least four or five Patricks famous in the early history of the Irish Church. Our saint has been confused with at least seven different persons. But there can really be no question as to his personality, and that he was an historical personage. His writings have come down to us. There is a MS. treasured in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which is at least 1000 years old, and is in all probability in the handwriting of St. Patrick himself.

St. Patrick had four names. His real name given in baptism was Succat. Patrick was the name taken at ordination, a name which was not uncommon, and which means one of noble birth.

St. Patrick was taken as a captive and sold into slavery in Ireland in early youth. His master was Milchu, King of Dalaradia, and Patrick was made a herdsman, and watched his master's cattle on Mr. Slamish, near Ballymena, County Antrim. He spent seven years in the quiet seclusion of a herdsman's life, and, like David of old, communed with

God under the silent stars. It was, no doubt, then that he nursed his great spiritual ambition to bring spiritual liberty to the Irish, who were then nearly all Pagans. His escape from slavery made his dream a possibility.

It was when he was with his parents and kindred, after his escape from Ireland, that he received his great missionary call, which has been compared to the great Macedonian cry which reached the ear of St. Paul. In a vision of the night he tells us that Victorinus appeared to him bearing many epistles. The first read, "The voice of the Irish." He heard a cry: "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforward walk among us." On another night he heard a voice, whether within or without he could not say: "He who gave His life for thee is He who speaks to thee," and he awoke with unspeakable joy.

His preparation for the work of the ministry is wrapped in obscurity. There is no record in St. Patrick's own writings of the character of his preparation, save his testimony that he was a missionary by the grace of God. The legend that he studied under St. Martin, of Tours, falls to the ground before the fact that St. Martin was then dead. The legend that St. Patrick was sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine arose from a confusion of his name with Palladius, who was sent to Ireland by the Pope, but who met with but little success, and was not the Apostle of the Irish. It is probable that St. Patrick studied under Germanus of Auxerre, and that he was there ordained priest and bishop.

The dream of his life was realized when he landed at the mouth of the Vartry in Wicklow on his mission to Ireland. He was met in an unfriendly spirit, for he landed amidst a shower of stones from the hostile natives. St. Mantan, his companion, had his front teeth knocked out. But nothing daunted St. Patrick, and he preached Christ to them. He sailed northward, and landed at Downpatrick. He made his first convert in the person of Dichu, a chieftain, who gave his barn for a church. The place has ever since been consecrated by Christian worship. He journeyed

then to Antrim, to the place of his captivity, but Milchu, his former master, under the influence of the Druid priests, burned his household goods and perished himself in the flames. He now determined to attack the stronghold of heathenism at Tara, where King Laoghaire had gathered the Irish chiefs in conference. Patrick's paschal fire on the Hill of Slane was a bold challenge to the king who had commanded that no fire be lit that night until his own shone out from Tara's hill. But in the conflict between Patrick and the heathen king and priests, Patrick triumphed, and many were baptized in the faith of Christ, the king amongst the number. Seven years were spent next in Connaught. Then he founded the Metropolitan Church of Ireland at Armagh. Seven years were then spent in the South. Thus Patrick traversed nearly the whole of Ireland, calling the people together by the beating of a drum, and preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

St. Patrick's missionary zeal was unbounded. Like Basil, he was "afire for God." He was consumed with an intense and yearning love for souls. Yet he was always prudent and discreet. As Tillemont points out, he resembled St. Paul as a missionary and in his love for the Scriptures.

He founded schools and colleges. As Froude said, "their religion burned like a star in Western Europe." Soon the time came

"When the school and the college gave light to the shore,
From gifted Iona to wooded Lismore."

The Universities of Durrwo and Armagh were crowded with students and were great seats of learning.

St. Patrick's zeal influenced others. The Irish Church was foremost in missionary enterprise. St. Columba, of the royal houses of Ireland and Scotland, landed from his coracle of wickerwork at Iona, which he made a very school of the prophets, a nursery of bishops, scholars and missionaries. Though only a Presbyter-Abbot he became the Apostle of Scotland, and possessed the highest authority. St. Columbanus was the first great Irish missionary to the Continent, where he preached before kings,

and carried his work through many lands. St. Gall became the Apostle of Switzerland. St. Aidan is the true Apostle of the North, if not, indeed, of England. He was accompanied by King Oswald as his interpreter, the noble king who sent his meat untasted from his table to the poor fainting at his gate. The Irish missionaries were the most devoted men of their age, and were a mighty civilizing power in England and throughout Europe.

St. Patrick's personal character was very attractive. As Kurtz said, he possessed an awe-inspiring personality. He had a great contempt for riches and worldly show; he was a man of simple and unaffected piety. His trust in God was child-like; he was a man of prayer, often praying one hundred times in one day.

St. Patrick's religious views were, in the main, what we would now term Evangelical. He was free from those errors which crept in during the dark ages, which we discarded at the Reformation. Faith was the watchword of his life. He held the doctrines of grace, and was ever Patrick the sinner, saved by the grace of God, and kept by the grace of Christ. He lived in an atmosphere of praise. No saying is more common in Ireland than one ascribed to him, "Thanks be to God." The story runs that when the king sent him an imported brass caldron, Patrick simply said, "Thanks be to God," which, when the king heard, he demanded its return. When his attendants brought it back, the king asked, "What does the Christian say now?" to which they replied, "Thanks be to God." "It is a good saying," said the king, "return it to him."

St. Patrick's genuine writings are three in number—"The Breastplate," "His Confession" and "His Epistle to Coroticus." "The Confession" is a beautiful Christian classic, and breathes the spirit of true devotion. "The Breastplate" is a deeply spiritual Christian hymn—Mrs. Alexander's exquisite translation, of which we quote a verse, gives an idea of its poetic merit:

"Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,

Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger."

The doubtful remains of St. Patrick are four in number. His Sayings, Proverbs, Vision and Royal Daughters. They are of great antiquity, and some of them are probably genuine.

Legend has been busy with St. Patrick's name. Some of the stories are absurd and lack force, as well as beauty, as the one which tells of the goat bleating out of the mouths of the men who had eaten it. But there are others not without meaning. One of the most familiar is that St. Patrick freed Ireland from demons, snakes and toads. The quaint ballad runs:

"The toads went pop; the frogs went hop,
Slap dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter."

"Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups or second courses."

But, unfortunately for the legend and for the ballad as well, Solunus, a geographer of the third century, notices the exemption which Ireland enjoyed from reptiles, and this was before St. Patrick was born.

Another legend is beautiful enough to be true, the story of the shamrock. Irish singers love to tell of

"The sweet little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, who planted it."

The story is that when Laoghaire, king of Ireland, asked for an explanation of the mystery of the Trinity, that Patrick stooped down and picked up the trefoil, which tells of the three in one and the one in three; and from the green immortal shamrock,

"Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock,"

he showed the Trinity in unity, and the unity in Trinity.

We need to have a keener sense of the awful revokableness of our words, and of our accountability before God for them.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

March 4th—St. Mark i. 21 to 31.
" 11th— " ii 1 to 11.
" 18th— " ii 13 to 24.
" 25th—St. Luke i. 45 to 53.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By his kept ever clean;
Silence can in silence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exacted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?
—Selected.

FEELING.

Martin Luther, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. "No," said the great reformer; "I don't feel that my sins are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in his word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved," but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Ask that man, whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply; "I don't feel that it is paid, I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy, because I know that it is paid." So with you, dear reader. You must believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary; and then you will feel happy, because you may know you are saved.—Selected

MARGERY MORGAN.

"Oh, girls, what do you think!" exclaimed Alice Pierie, as she suddenly bounded into the school-room, where a few of the early comers were assembled one morning; "Margery Morgan was confirmed in St. Stephen's Church last night!"

"Margery Morgan!" gasped Cora Livingstone. "Why, she is the last one in the world that I would have thought of as being religious!"

"Well, I'm heartily sorry to hear it," said Maude Bennett, shutting the lid of her desk with a bang. "Margery Morgan was the merriest girl in our class, and now I suppose she will be going round with a long face, and frowning down every bit of fun we have."

"Do you think she will give up playing games?" asked little Dorothy Thompson, in dismay. "Why, Margery was our ringleader."

"No, of course not, you little goose," replied Maude, contemptuously; "but I must say I am surprised at Margery. Still, I've seen people before who were confirmed, and it did not seem to make any difference with them."

There was one girl who sat apart from the others, taller and older, and with a dark, sad face. She had not joined in any of the comments, but now a sneering smile curled her lip as she said to herself, "We'll see how it affects Margery Morgan. We are all good enough when there is no temptation near us, but I guess when it comes she will be no better than the rest of us, if she is confirmed."

The girls looked curiously at Margery, when, a few minutes afterward, the first bell rang, and she entered the room. There did not seem to be any change in her, at least in her outward appearance. There were the same rosy cheeks and bright, laughing eyes as before, and, as time passed on, the same happy, merry voice rang out as usual.

The weeks went by, and the close of the month drew near. This was always an anxious time with most of the girls. A record was kept of the recitations each month, and the seats were changed at the end.

For several months past Margery had been at the head of the class, and, being studious as well as bright and ambitious, she strove hard to keep the place. This month, however, the marks had run very close between her and Maude Bennett. A failure either way on the last day would decide the question,

so both girls were nerved for the combat on the closing morning.

Both had held out well as the questions went around the class. There had been a general review of geography that morning, and many had been the failures among the other girls as the queries about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America poured forth.

The time was almost up, when a question that had gone hurriedly around the lower part of the class was brought back to Margery.

"Where is Mount Sorata?"

Instead of the usual prompt reply, Margery hesitated as she arose to answer, and in that moment she was lost. Her cheeks grew redder and redder under Miss Stanton's surprised gaze, and her brain seemed to reel, as she tried in vain to recollect in what part of the map she had seen it.

All eyes were fixed upon her, when suddenly there came a loud crash as a slate fell heavily to the floor, and in that moment she heard a voice back of her say softly, as its owner stooped to pick up the slate, "*Bolivia.*"

It was all that was needed. With a flash the location came into her mind, and she answered quickly, "Mount Sorata is one of the peaks of the Andes, and is in the western part of Bolivia."

Then she sat down, and a long breath was drawn by some of the girls. No one had heard the whisper but Margery; the lesson was over, and she was at the head of the class for another month.

During the fifteen minutes that followed, while Miss Stanton was copying the reports into a book, the girls wrote out their lessons for the following day. Margery's pen flew over the paper, yet her hand trembled and her eyes seemed so strained she could hardly see what she was writing, and there was a dull pain in her heart.

Over and over there rang in her ears the words of the good Bishop, as he placed his hands on her head when she knelt at the chancel in St. Stephen's Church, a month before: "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy Heavenly grace; that she may continue Thine forever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come

unto Thy everlasting Kingdom."

A struggle was going on in Margery's heart. Many a great deed had been done with less pain.

"I was not really prompted," she said to herself. "I knew perfectly well where Mount Sorata was; I was only confused for the moment."

Then another voice within her said, "Yes, but in that moment you would have been lost if you had not heard the word "*Bolivia,*" and Margery knew it was true.

The moments went by; nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the sound of the pens. The colour faded from Margery's cheeks, and a girl with a very white face arose from her seat as the teacher closed the roll-book.

"Miss Stanton," she gasped, hurriedly, "please change the report. I failed in that last question, for I—I had forgotten where Mount Sorata was until some one prompted me."

The pens ceased writing, and a hush swept over the class as the pupils looked from Margery to Miss Stanton.

For a moment Miss Stanton hesitated, and it seemed as if she did not know what to say. Then she quietly sat down at her desk again, and altered the records without a comment.

"I suppose it is useless to ask who prompted Margery Morgan," said Miss Stanton, as she closed the roll-book for the second time.

The girl who sat behind Margery arose, and said in a low voice, "I did, Miss Stanton."

Again Miss Stanton seemed too astonished to speak. "Why, Agnes Pierpont!" she said in a surprised voice; then she added, "I presume you know the usual punishment?"

"Yes, Miss Stanton," replied the girl, and that was all.

But was it all? A little later, Agnes Pierpont stopped Margery as she was hurrying home.

"Margery," she began in an embarrassed voice, "I want to beg your pardon—not for prompting, though it is the first time I ever did that, but because I did not do it to help you, but only to tempt you."

Margery opened her blue eyes wide in questioning amazement; and

Agnes continued in a low, shamed voice, "I did not believe in your confirmation; I thought that if you were tempted just when you needed it most religion would not help you much, but I'd trust you now at any time."

A mist came over Margery's eyes, as she said penitently, "Oh, Agnes, please don't say anything more! You know I did wrong at first, and it took me all that time to make up my mind to do right."

"But you did it, though," replied Agnes; "and I know it was dreadfully hard. I could not have done it. I never had a real friend in my life, but I hope you will be one to me, though I am so much older."

That was a turning point in both these lives. The tall girl with the sad face shook hands, on the corner of the street, with the little rosy, happy girl, and both were friends from that moment.

It is years ago now, but neither will ever forget where Mount Sorata is, although they will never know what an influence it had upon both their lives, in leading them to do right, the girl who tempted and the girl who was tempted.—*Mary W. Gillespie, in Parish Visitor.*

"OLD CATHERINE."

I had just arrived at the "dress coat period;" I was a collegian of good standing; a church member (I blush to say it); the oldest son of my parents; I bore my father's honoured name, and I was surrounded by all that love and wealth could give. My parents were not over-indulgent, but they were loving and careful, and they were, as I can now see them, when I look back from the height of the seventy years which I have climbed since then, true lovers of all mankind.

I was too young and flippant in those days to realize, as I did later, that my parents, while joining cheerfully in the recreations of the social world, with all the surroundings proper to their station, yet had for their less favoured fellow-beings constant thought and love, which they displayed unostentatiously and quietly.

As they did nothing "to be seen of men," so few knew the extent of their benefactions. Indeed, I, my-

self, little guessed all my parents' noble bounty.

One evening, when they were to give a large reception, and I had come down from my room dressed, as my sister Fanny expressed it, "to kill," I chanced to pass through an outer corridor just in time to hear one of the maids say to a woman:

"Outside! Go away now! The lady is engaged!"

On the impulse of the moment, I stepped forward, and almost shouted:

"Begone, beggar!"

The tottering step was stayed; an old, old face looked up at me; a thin, quavering voice replied to me:

"I mean no harm, sir. Long may you be spared to your noble mother! You are but young, and over proud as yet."

I almost tremble with shame when I tell you that *I stamped my foot* and repeated:

"Begone!"

"Her name is 'Old Catherine,'" said the maid.

"She is an impudent old beggar," I replied.

Turning suddenly, I beheld my father, whose face was whiter than his handkerchief. Seizing me firmly by the collar—me, with my eighteen years and my excellent record at home and in college—he turned me about with such force that I nearly knocked my sister Fanny down.

"To your room, sir!" he thundered. "Take off your dress coat and your evening adornments, and come instantly to my study."

I should as soon have thought of setting fire to our house as of disobeying my father. I skulked—yes, I am not ashamed to say that I skulked—to my luxurious room. Before my numerous mirrors, and beside my elegant dressing table, I divested myself of my new and beloved toggery, donned that night for the first time.

As I entered my father's study, my eyes sought the floor. I had not the courage to meet his stern, reproving glance. Thus it happened that I did not observe that my mother was also there—my usually radiant mother. At last, as I looked furtively up, I saw her face, and it seemed to turn me to

stone. The sadness, the *ache* which I read in her eyes I can never forget.

"Frederick," she said "old as you are, you must listen to a story from your mother's lips, as patiently as you did when a little child, if not as gladly."

"Will you not be late for your guests, mother?" I inquired.

"*Silence, sir!*"—thundered my father.

"Frederick," my mother's sweet voice went on, seeming to chill me as if with ice, "long years ago there lived in a lovely home a pretty, smiling, happy woman, blessed with a devoted husband and a dear little boy.

"Years passed. God, in the great mystery of His dealings, took from this happy wife the husband, the almost adored. He was a young physician, and left no fortune. The widowed mother, to keep her dear boy at his studies, gave lessons in singing, and also embroidered plentifully for money. When the son was twenty, and was almost ready to begin the practice of his profession, a terrible attack of pneumonia injured his mother's throat so that she could sing no more. To verify the oft-repeated adage that troubles never come singly, an accident by fire disabled her right hand. Thus she could sew no more. Then the brave and noble son worked day and night in order to fit himself the sooner to take on his young shoulders the care of that beloved mother.

"He was prospered. Not many months passed before life seemed to smile again upon him. He managed to meet all their expenses, but, of course, could lay by nothing.

"'Oh, if only my life and strength are spared, mother dear!' he would say, and she would sometimes reply: 'Oh, Clarence, if my life were only not a burden and a hindrance to you!' A warm and loving kiss would then be the reply, but it spoke volumes.

"One day, just at the holidays, as Clarence was laughingly telling his mother that he wished they had uncles, aunts and cousins by the score, in order that they might be invited to see what a good 'provider and 'head of the house' he made,

and what a cosy home they had, a violent fit of coughing seized him, and left him faint and white. His mother quickly called a doctor, who told her, 'Your boy has been burning the candle at both ends; he must be careful; he can scarcely rally from another attack like this.'

"I am making my story long, Frederick. His story was short. He died in less than a month after that first attack. Can you for a moment put yourself in his mother's place?"

My mother's story had been taking pretty strong hold of my feelings. Still, I couldn't tell what connection it had with my offence and my father's terrible anger.

When my mother had finished, my father said, "Frederick, all my guests to-night will be *gentlemen*, as I truly believe. I cannot introduce among them a man like yourself, nor will I allow, even though you are my son, that, while you are what I find you to be, you should be the host and entertainer of your sister's young friends. Do not enter my drawing-room to-night."

Then my pale and trembling mother rose, and, laying her dear hand on my shoulder (she had to reach up to do it), she said, "An apology, Frederick, should never be compulsory. We should wait till the right spirit prompts us—but—Catherine Eaton lives on the hill in a little cottage covered with roses. Her boy planted them to give gladness to her life. If you should ever go there, I shall not ask you to tell me of it."

Soon carriage after carriage rolled up to my father's door, and our rooms were filled.

"I thought your brother Fred was home from college," said one and another blushing beauty to my sister Fanny.

"Yes, he is home from college," said Fanny, "but he has an engagement to-night."

"That's rather nice and gentlemanly of him," they would whisper, but no further explanation could be made.

After every guest was gone, a low tap came on the door of my mother's dressing room.

"Mother," whispered a voice, "mother—your little Fred was

never shut out of here. Has your big Fred grown out of any rights here?"

There was something in the tone which mothers understand. No haughty, insolent boy was speaking now.

"Come in, my son."

The door was gently opened, and quickly I threw myself down at my mother's feet and laid my head in her lap, my tears—the tears of *true manliness*—ruining her beautiful evening dress.

"Mother, I have spent the evening at Mrs. Eaton's cottage. With God's help, I will see to it that, as far as may be, Clarence Eaton's place shall be filled."

The gladdest, proudest moment of my life was when my dear mother, unmindful of her costly dress, damaged by my tears of contrition and shame, called my father into the room, saying, "My husband, our son was lost and is found!"—*Church Standard*.

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	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Feb. 4	27.00	9.70	36.70
11	20.85	10.35	31.20
18	18.50	10.40	28.90
25	12.75	6.74	19.49
	\$ 79.10	\$ 37.19	\$116.29

Church Debt Fund	\$ 2.00
C.E.T.S., re Fuel and Light	5.00
National Patriotic Fund	19.25
" " Reaboro	3.50
" " Cameron	2.16
" " Cambray	91

Missions :	
January Diocesan	\$3.25
C.C.M.A., General Fund	3.50
Epiphany, Foreign	4.25
" Cambray	1.01
" Cameron	1.26

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