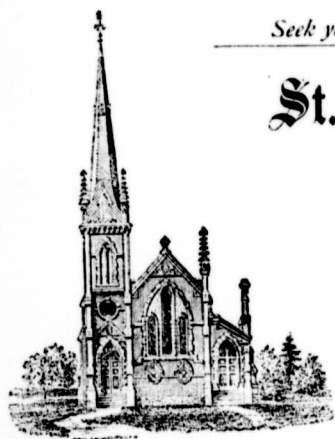


Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6: 33



St. Paul's Church, Lindsay,

PARISH AND HOME.

No. 50.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

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

H. PETTER, *Lay Assistant.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY, }
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR,

Sidesmen.

C. D. BARR,	E. D. ORDE,	A. TIMS,
J. B. WARNER,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
J. E. BILLINGSLEY,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
R. DAVEY,	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 8 p.m.

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

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

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

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

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

PEACOCK.—Ruby and Pearl, twin daughters of George and Emma Peacock, born 26th August, 1894, baptized 16th October, 1895.

MARSH.—Victoria Mary, daughter of Charles Henry and Emily Carew Marsh, born 30th August, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 20th October, 1895.

JOHNSTON.—Marion, daughter of George Hardy and Alberta Harriett Johnston, born 17th June, 1895, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 20th October, 1895.

MCGAULTY.—Ruth Kathleen Edna, daughter of Joseph and Edna McNaulty, born July 27th, 1894, baptized 26th August, 1895.

MCGOVERN.—John James, son of Edward and Jane Isabella McGovern, born 27th October, 1895, baptized 27th October, 1895.

Marriages.

LOCKWOOD—STAUNTON.—At Lindsay, on 23rd October, 1895, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Harvey Manson Lockwood, to Lillie May Staunton, all of Lindsay.

Burials.

MATCHETT.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 2nd October, 1895, Walter, son of R. and A. Matchett, aged six months.

MOSGROVE.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 16th October, 1895, John Mosgrove, in his 70th year.

WRAY.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 17th October, 1895, James Garrett Wray, in his 35th year.

HOWE.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 24th Oct., 1895, Edward Howe, in his 31st year.

SAUNDERS.—At Riverside Cemetery, on 30th October, 1895, Emma Elizabeth, wife of James Saunders, in her 27th year.

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 60.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—**All Saints' Day.** *Morning*—Wisdom 3, to v. 10; Heb. 11, v. 33 and 12, to v. 7. *Evening*—Wisdom 5, to v. 17; Rev. 19, to v. 17.
- 3—**21st Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Daniel 3; 2 Tim. 4. *Evening*—Daniel 4 or 5; Luke 22, v. 31 to 54.
- 10—**22nd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Daniel 6; Heb. 3, v. 7 to 4, v. 14. *Evening*—Daniel 7, v. 9, or 12; John 1, v. 29.
- 17—**23rd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Hosea 14; Heb. 10, v. 19. *Evening*—Joel 2, v. 21, or 3, v. 9; John 5, v. 24.
- 24—**24th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Eccles. 11 and 12; James 3. *Evening*—Hag. 2, to v. 13, or Mal. 3 and 4; John 8, v. 31.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. & M. (Ath. Cr.).** *Morning*—Is. 54; John 1, v. 35 to 43. *Evening*—Is. 65, to v. 17; John 12, v. 20, to v. 42.

"O GOD-LIT CLOUD OF WITNESSES!"

FOR ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

SAINTS of the early dawn of Christ
Saints of imperial Rome,
Saints of the martyred faithful ones,
Saints of the modern home;
Saints of the marts and busy streets,
Saints of the squalid lanes,
Saints of the silent solitudes,
Of the prairies and the plains:

Come, from the endless peace that spreads
Over the glassy sea;
Come, from the choir with harps of gold,
Harping their melody;
Come, from the home of holiest hope,
Under the altar-throne;
Come, from the depths where the angels see
One Holy Face alone;

Come, from the heights where the Mount
of God
Burns like a burnished gem;
Come, from the star-paved terraces
Of the New Jerusalem;
Come, for we fain would hear the notes
Of your sweet celestial hymn,
And we fain would know what look is theirs
Who look on the Seraphim:

Come, for our faith is waxing faint,
And the lamp of love burns low;
Come, to these lower heavens, and shine,
That we may see and know;
Come, for the flash of a moment's space,
With your snowy wings outspread,
O God-lit cloud of witnesses,
Souls of the sainted dead.

—Edwin Hatch, D.D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

II.

THE EQUIPMENT: I. THE GIRDLÉ.

THE life of the soldier furnished St. Paul with his greatest, and perhaps his happiest, illustration of the Christian life. For it, too, is concerned with warfare, offensive and defensive, with weapons, with constant conflict, struggle, and toil, and it looks for victory over enemies.

St. Paul declares that in the spiritual warfare we need the whole armor of God, and that armor consists in Christ Himself: "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ." In such a conflict, against such an enemy, nothing will suffice but the invulnerable panoply of the Son of God.

He in His person, His life, and His work, He as Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend, can alone supply complete armor to the Christian soldier. But having Him we have all, and are complete in Him. In the Latin poem, when Æneas faced the conflict, he saw at his feet the armor which his goddess-mother had supplied, and which seemed heaven-sent. In this he arrayed himself and stood ready for the foe. So the Christian puts on Christ, and in that armor of Light stands prepared for the battle on the Lord's side.

The apostle divides the armor into six portions. It is, however, a whole; and while one part depends upon another, yet no part is to be wanting when the Christian knight is fully armed by his great Captain.

The first part is the girdle. Its chief use was for binding up the loose and flowing garments worn in the East in preparation for action. The Passover was eaten with the loins girt and the shoes on the feet. The main idea, then, is that the girdle binds the armor together; to put it on meant to prepare for action; to lay it aside, to give way to repose. It supplied a familiar figure in Scripture. Isaiah, the great evangelical prophet, pointing to Messiah, said, "Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." These great qualities, as the prophet indicated, were the controlling influences of His life, as the

girdle binds together the dress of the body. Jeremiah said, "As the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man, so have I caused to leave to me the whole house of Israel," thus illustrating the attachment that bound the true Israel to God. Christ Himself said, "Let your loins be girded about," when He called His disciples to hold themselves ready for action. And St. Peter marks it as one great requirement for service in the words, "Gird up the loins of your mind." The loins represent the seat of bodily strength; the girdle stands for readiness for action or service.

The girdle is truth. "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth." As the girdle binds the armor together, and thus prepares the warrior for action, so truth binds or holds the life together, and prepares us for service in the world for God and our fellow-men.

The truth is used in Scripture in the sense of the truth or the Gospel. It is God's true Word to men. Christ claimed this grand title for Himself, "I am the Truth." He teaches the truth about God. He teaches the truth about man. The vehicle is His Word. "Thy word is truth." The result is freedom. "The truth shall make you free."

But the word is used in another sense in Scripture. It means not only the truth of the Gospel, but truth fitness, the spirit of truth shown in word and act. It is used in this latter sense in the text, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."

"Think truly, and your thoughts shall a world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and your words shall be a good and faithful seed;
Live truly, and your life shall be a great and noble deed."

The attainment of a truth-loving spirit is a great step in the development of a high type of character. The truth is beautiful because it is Christlike, while the lie is hateful because it is Satanic. God is the author of truth, Jesus Christ is its living embodiment; but Satan is the father of lies. Thus Dean Swift says, "Tell truth and shame the devil." The love of truth goes with the highest development of human character. No man is truly great

without it. The want of it mars some of the ablest of the sons of men. It is an English virtue. The English character is based upon a love of truth. This love of truth is an old national characteristic. The Norman chronicler could give no higher praise of Alfred the Great than that he loved the truth, and so he gave him the distinguishing name of the "Truth-teller." The Duke of Wellington said of Sir Robert Peel, who was a type of the English statesman, "I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence. I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth, and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." It is a German virtue, too. Bismarck, the great German statesman, the man of blood and iron, has recently borne most striking testimony to the love of truth ever displayed by his late royal master, the Emperor William. He said that in the difficult diplomatic relations in which he was concerned he could not wander from the truth without bringing a blush of shame to the face of the king, so loyal was he to the truth. The emperor could not even prevaricate; it was with him always, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He enjoyed that rich experience to which Bacon refers when he says: "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth." Such men are sadly, sorely needed—

"Men who never shame their mothers;
Men who never fail their brothers;
True, however false are others;
Give us men, I say again,
Give us men."

Truthfulness, or the character of being truthful, is one mark of the soldier of Jesus Christ. He sits in the school of truth. He gains this bracing girdle for his life from Him who is the Truth. His mind is renewed, and the new man is put on "which after God hath been renewed in righteousness and holiness of truth." His life is brought into harmony with the mind of God. His heart is open to all the sanctifying power of Him whose name is Truth, and whose "word is truth."

The pursuit of truth is one of the highest forms of human endeavor, and a school of moral and spiritual discipline. The wise man said, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." The searcher from below, guided by the Spirit, finds the light above. "Seek, and ye shall find." Sometimes it breaks upon the discoverer with all the suddenness and

illumination of the lightning's vivid flash; but oftener it comes to the spiritual vision like the quiet sunrise in the east chasing away the darkness of the night, the shadows of the morning, and filling all the earth with its light and glory. But its pursuit is attended with difficulty and toil. God has given us powers which He intended us to use as seekers after truth, and He promises to crown the efforts of every earnest seeker with success, even a knowledge of that truth which alone can make us free.

The Christian soldier is to stand for the truth, no matter what the consequences. To do this demands moral courage, which is always of a higher order than physical bravery. It is the spirit of Luther, who, loyal to his conscience, could only say, "Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me! Amen." It is the spirit of Henry Clay, who said that he would rather be right than be president. The Christian, in the service of his great Captain, knows that he is right, and that knowledge fits him for every conflict against evil, for "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." He stands on the side of truth and right to fight against wrong, against evil of every kind. And if he is to take his "stand" for the right and the true, he needs the girdle of truth, in order that he may be prepared for action, and able to maintain his ground.

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

MUSHROOMS.

A FRIEND took me into his hothouse, where he had prepared a mushroom bed: it was beaten down until hard as a stone; yet through this the apparently weak fungi would push their way. Unlike us, the harder their bed the better they like it, and I was assured that if a stone, a tile, or a flower-pot was placed above them, they would grow up notwithstanding. God's people are in their Christian life of the same sort: opposition develops faith. The Egyptians oppressed the Hebrews; but the more they did so, the more they thrive. "Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder" (Heb. xi. 36, 37); yet, though seemingly weak, they "out of weakness were made strong" (v. 34). A hard bed suits the church of God better than downy pillows.—*Selected.*

THE DIVINE HELPER.

"DEAR Son of God, that bade the little band
Cross on before Thee to the other side,
And they obeyed and went at Thy command;
Yet Thou didst let them struggle with the tide,
Until they knew

That there was nothing more that *they* could do.

"But when they ceased to battle with the storm,

And learned that all their efforts were in vain.
O Strength of Israel, then thy blessed form

Came to them, walking on that troubled main;
Thy voice was heard,

And all was calm and peaceful at Thy word.

"O Christ Divine, upon that tossing sea
We long have 'toiled in rowing,' but the wind

Is contrary, we cannot get to Thee—

Our works are naught, we have no strength, we find;

Comes to our aid,
And says to us, 'Tis I, be not afraid!'

"Within our ship we pray Thee abide,
Thine is the power, O Master of the sea,
And Thou canst take us to the other side,
Where all the *glory* we will give to Thee;

And men shall know
Thou art the Healer of each human woe."

—*Selected.*

SIGNALLING FOR CHRIST.

WHEN the disabled steamship *Spree* was adrift and in imminent peril of sinking, it was the alarm-signal which blazed on her deck which brought the rescuing vessel. Had her officers not recognized their danger and kindled that signal, they would not have been saved in the way they were saved. There is many a soul that is drifting into this new year—and one twelve-month nearer eternity—which is as utterly disabled as was that imperilled steamer. Perhaps some of my readers may frankly acknowledge: "Yes, I am that person; I am not where I ought to be, or what I ought to be; I want to begin this new year with a changed life and a better one."

Well, my friend, it is a great point to feel compunction for the past, and to desire honestly to live a different life. No sinner is ever saved until he or she truly *wants* to be saved. Don't waste any time in endeavoring to stop leaks and to patch up a new character. If you stop off one sin, another will break out. The change you require is something more radical than that; you need a divine work to be wrought in you that shall make a new man or a new woman of you. "Except a man be *born anew*, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And this new birth must come from some agent outside of your own self. Such eminent scientists as Spencer and Huxley admit that in the natural world no living thing was ever self-generated, and that only life can produce life. In

the spiritual world this law is even more imperative. Set it down as God's infallible truth, that unless you have this new life you are lost; and you cannot impart it to yourself. You may be a constant church-goer, but that has not saved you. Sermons have not saved you; the prayers of friends have not saved you. "There is none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved" but *Jesus Christ*. Signal for Him.

Salvation is a joint process; it is all-omnipotent free grace on the side of Jesus Christ, who died to make an atonement for you; it is all free acceptance of Him and free obedience to Him on your side. If you signal for Him, He will come to your rescue. But He will consent to save you on His own terms. He will not save you and your sins also; they must go overboard. Attempt no compromise. Half-way work makes a half Christian at best, and there is no arithmetic by which two half Christians can make a whole one. To the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Peter gave the prompt answer at the time of Pentecost, "Repent!" That means more than shame or sorrow for your sins; it means a turning from your sins with a full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience. This requires more than mere feeling, more than praying. It requires action. At whatever point the Holy Spirit is pressing you, at that point yield. Repentance is only proved by acts.

Paul did not contradict Peter when he answered the same question, "Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Quitting sin and laying hold on Jesus are the two vital parts of the one process of salvation. Faith is an act also. It is the act of submitting your will to Christ's will—of joining your weakness to His strength, your ignorance to His knowledge, your guilty self to His omnipotent love. The joyful alacrity with which the sinking *Spree* threw out its steel cable to be made fast to the rescuing steamer, *Lake Huron*, is a beautiful illustration of the way that you must fasten your soul to the Almighty Redeemer. Henceforth let Him guide you, and be it your constant duty and delight to follow Him whithersoever He leadeth you. When you are fast to Jesus Christ you are safe, but not one instant sooner! Do not let any one beguile you by saying that you are very near to the kingdom. Hundreds may have been very near to Noah's ark, but the thickness of the ark door made all the difference between being safe inside, or drowning in

the deluge. Don't fancy that you are "getting along very well"; you are not really doing anything for your salvation until you cut loose from your sins and make fast to your Saviour. No time is to be lost. One close hour with Jesus Christ is worth years of good sermons and all the inquiry meetings ever held. Methinks that we see the blessed Master bearing down towards some disabled and praying soul, full freighted with precious promises, and holding out the offer of everlasting life. If He is answering the signal, O reader, and if thou art ready to make fast thy soul to Him and to Him only, then this new year will be to thee the beginning of a life worth living. You will begin to be saved—saved from the waste of time and from the dominion of sin, and saved for the purpose of serving Him and blessing thy fellow-creatures. When you reach heaven, the voyage will be over, and you will never need to be saved. But it may startle you even there to see how near you once were to going to the bottom.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in New York Evangelist.*

DEATH.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eyes long dimmed with tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside the sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exultant wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

WHY HE REFORMED.

THERE was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question, "What is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away, and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at his little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too lifelike. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me, God!"

WHO MADE IT?

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, and declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, "Who made it?" "Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it happened here." The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it, but has had a maker?

"NOT ALL AT ONCE."

Not all at once, but day by day
Our debt of gratitude we pay
To Him whose care for us exceeds
Our knowledge of our daily needs.
As sun and showers
Enrich the flowers
That bud and bloom in yonder vale,
Nor dream it ill
To drink their fill
Of fragrant incense they exhale;
So we who gather good receive
That we more noble lives may live,
And sweet acknowledgments may pay.
Not all at once, but day by day.

Not all at once may we attain
To any good we hope to gain,
Nor soar by rapid, eager flights
From darkest depth to sunnier heights.

The little rills
That skirt the hills,
And breathe a trembling melody,
May join ere long
The solemn song,

The anthem of the sounding sea;
Through dark ravine, down mountain slope,
Through all the labyrinths of hope,
They journey on their devious way,
And gather courage day by day.

Not all at once does heaven appear
To those who watch with vision clear,
And eager longing to behold
Its pearly gates and streets of gold:
But from the wheel
Of life we reel

The silken thread so finely spun,
Through light and gloom,
Nor leave the loom
Till death declares our task is done.
And if the heart with love be filled,
And if the soul with joy be thrilled,
Then heaven will shine upon our way—
Not all at once, but day by day!

—Josephine Pollard, in *Church Guardian*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from October.)

THE news of the battle of Emmaus reached Lysias as he was about to advance with the main body of the Greek army, numbering now some 60,000 men, through the addition of new levies and the remnants of the armies of Seron and Gorgias. Two different approaches to Jerusalem had been tried, with disastrous results, and Lysias determined to take a third road, which reached the city from the southwest by an easier ascent. But Judas again had the position of advantage. He never ventured an encounter with the Greek in the open plain, knowing that to attack them on equal terms with his handful of troops would mean extermination. On this occasion he awaited the Greek advance from a high ground that commanded every road

to Jerusalem in that quarter. His great successes had brought his little army up to the number of 10,000 men. Every Jew now felt that at length a great deliverer had arisen. The battle that followed, known as the battle of Bethsur, was a repetition of Bethhoron and Emmaus. Superior position outweighed smallness of numbers, and at the terrible onset of Judas the Greek host dispersed and the general fled to Antioch to gather fresh troops.

By these three great victories, Judas liberated his countrymen from the unbearable yoke of Antiochus. For the next two years they were left undisturbed, and Judas even had opportunities for offensive warfare with a view to extending the limits of Judea. In the meanwhile, great preparations for a regular campaign were being made at Antioch.

But the first thought of Judas was to purify the temple and re-establish the national faith. In the middle of winter he marched from the battlefield to Jerusalem. A desolate sight met his eyes. The whole temple precincts were in a state of ruin. The walls of the city were partially overthrown, the ground was covered with thistles, and wild plants had come up between the flagstones of the inner cloisters; buildings were torn down, the gates were burnt, and long creepers hung down from the ruined walls. Restoration at once began. Orthodox priests were put to clean the inner courts, the gates were repaired, the desecrated altar, on which swine's flesh had been offered, was pulled down. Stones for a new altar were dug in the valley, arranged in a wooden frame, and cemented together. Horns were fashioned anew, and the whole structure was whitewashed. New veils were made for the temple, new tables of shew bread, a new candlestick, and a new altar of incense. New vessels replaced those stolen by Antiochus. On the 25th day of the month Cisleu, the sanctuary was reconsecrated. There was a grand procession of priests, bearing palm branches, and the festivities were kept up for eight days. In memory of the event a yearly "Feast of Lights" was ordained.

And now Judas was regarded by all as the liberator of his countrymen, and all eyes were upon him. He had every opportunity of seizing power and satisfying worldly ambition. But ambition he had none. The world has hardly seen in a man of war greater purity of heart and singleness of aim. His patriotism was of

the loftiest character. Though his whole life was spent in warfare, struggling for freedom, he received no office or dignity of any kind. He was content to be a deliverer of God's people, another Gideon or Samson, and his undoubted wisdom and courage made him virtual ruler in the land.

In the spring of 164 B.C. he set out on four arduous expeditions, all of which were crowned with success. The first was to extend the bounds of Judæa in the south. The southern Arabs had been making such encroachments that the hills of Hebron were no longer regarded as Jewish territory. Against these brigands Judas proceeded, and drove them beyond the limits of the territory given by Joshua to Judah. Next he proceeded against the Ammonites on the east of the Jordan, the old enemies of Saul and David. On the edge of the great oak forest of Mount Gilead he encountered the Ammonite chief, Timotheus, and defeated him in a series of skirmishes, destroying the town of Jozer. Thence he returned to Jerusalem. But no sooner was he there than fresh trouble broke out. Across the Jordan, the Ammonites and Amorites had taken a terrible vengeance on the Jews for the invasion of Judas. A thousand Israelites had been put to death and the rest had fled to Dametha, which was being besieged by Timotheus. In the north the Galilean Jews were invaded by the Phœnicians, and the foreign inhabitants of Galilee. There was also trouble with the Philistines which demanded attention.

The most difficult expedition Judas undertook himself. Appointing two chiefs to guard Jerusalem, and sending his brother Simon with 3,000 troops into Galilee, he himself set out with 8,000 men for Gilead. It was an arduous enterprise, involving almost every feature of warfare. After fording the Jordan and climbing the mountains, they had to proceed through a hostile and little known land, provide provisions best they could, and secure water all along the line of their advance. Bozreh was the first point of attack. Hearing of the peril of the Jews there, he reached it by a forced march and took it, slaying all the male inhabitants. Turning to Dametha he reached it by a night's march, and in the morning came upon Timotheus, besieging it and at the point of taking it. But now shut up between the Jewish garrison of the place and the army of Judas he fell an easy prey. Marching north again against hordes of Arabs about to strengthen the Ammonites and invade the

Jewish cities of Bashan, Judas put them to flight, and the last hope of Timotheus was gone. In the meanwhile Simon Maccabæus had been scarcely less successful in the north, and added fresh glory to the Maccabæan name.

When Judas returned to Jerusalem he found that the chiefs he had left there, anxious to win a name as he had done, had disobeyed his orders to remain quietly at home, but had actually ventured on a battle with a Gorgias, the general whom Judas defeated at Emmaus, and who was now strongly entrenched at Jamina. As we have seen, one secret of former successes was the wise policy of not meeting the Greek armies on open ground, where large numbers must prevail. These chiefs, however, without any proper military knowledge, offered battle on open ground, and were swept down upon by the superior forces of Gorgias and routed, 2,000 Israelites being slain. The defeat only enhanced the reputation of Judas, as it set off his great knowledge of warfare, and showed how former victories had depended almost entirely on his skill.

Next proceeding against the troublesome Philistines he swept through their country, and, whether in the hills or on the plains, he was successful. Ashdod was taken, and the temple of Dagon destroyed. The Greek general Gorgias waited only nine miles away to cut off their return to Jerusalem, but Judas slipped through the mountain fastnesses before Gorgias could get at him. And now news came of the death of Antiochus. He had undertaken an unsuccessful campaign in the East, and, returning in deep gloom, was overtaken by an incurable disease in Persia. His last days were embittered by the news of the Maccabæan victories. In spite of his title of EPIPHANES, or *The Splendid*, and of all his wealth and power, he sank down to the grave a miserable, disappointed tyrant, and the Jews rightly attributed his end to the divine wrath of Jehovah because of the insults to the Jewish faith.

(To be continued.)

JEWISH MISSIONS IN JERUSALEM.

By REV. S. SCHOR, a native of Jerusalem.

IT is impossible, within the confines of one short chapter, to say all one would like on the above subject. We limit ourselves to a bare description of some of the numerous institutions, in all of which a good work is being done.

Those who desire to know more will find plenty of interesting information from time to time in the *Jewish Missionary Intelligence*, though I feel inclined to say, with the Queen of Sheba, the half is not told us that is of most intrinsic, nay, thrilling, interest.

Christ church, Mount Zion—"How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" I should like to see these words inscribed in gilt letters over this church door. To how many children of Israel has not this little house of God been the very gate of heaven! . . . Few churches of its size have, I think, witnessed the confession of faith in Christ of so many children of Abraham, and some of whom, by the fearful persecution which they endured, gave the best proof of their sincerity. All over the world have they been scattered, but everywhere they let their light shine and are an influence for good. . . . A learned Jew, Dr. Frankel, says: "I visited the Anglican church, a plain but handsome building, in the Gothic style. There is no cross on the holy table. Instead of it, there are two tables of black marble, on which the Ten Commandments are engraven in Hebrew characters of gold. . . . On one of the pews I found a prayer book, which had been forgotten, in the Hebrew language. It contained the usual Jewish prayers, with slight omissions, and interlineations on matters connected with the Christian faith. Thus the opinions and feelings of the recent convert to Christianity are not only spared, but, to speak more correctly, homage is done to them, and the neophyte is thus gradually habituated in the other faith. What other Jewish congregation in the world, even when all its members are assembled, can boast, like that of Jerusalem, of having one hundred and thirty baptized Jews in one church?"

A circumstance of considerable interest with regard to the foundation of the church is the fact that, after digging to a certain depth, they came upon a piece of solid masonry of the old city, which was, upon careful examination, found to be firm and strong enough to serve as a foundation. Hence the church is actually built upon the old city.

Why is it that, when tourists have visited the Holy Land, and write books on their travels, they have little or nothing to say about the work of Jewish missions generally and of this church in particular? . . . I sometimes think this omission is due to the want of honesty on the part of some guides.

TRUST.

AMID earth's changes, Lord,
Its shadows and its fears,
Its broken pledges, shattered plans,
Its sorrows and its tears,
Thy children trust Thy own sure Word,
And wait the eternal years.

There is no change in Thee,
Thyself art steadfast truth:
There is no room for grief and care,
No place for woe and ruth;
With Thee is every joy and love,
And blessedness and youth.

O dearest trust in God,
That lights our darkest days,
O sweetest calm that lifts a psalm
Forever to God's praise,
Glad are the pilgrims on the road
When He ordains their ways

—Exchange.

The Gargoyle and the Statue.

A PARABLE STORY.

"It's horribly windy," said the gargoyle.

"But very sunny," answered the statue.

"You're all very well," grumbled the gargoyle; "you are sheltered in that niche of yours, and the sun is full on you. I get all the winds and disagreeables."

"Yet you have a fine prospect," the statue reminded him gently.

"Viewed upside down," snapped the gargoyle.

The speakers were part of the ornamentation of an old, old church, which had fallen into a sad state of decay and dilapidation. Of late men had been busy with its restoration; while the ancient character of the place was reverently preserved.

Then it was that the statue and the gargoyle, parts of the ancient building, awoke as from a long sleep. The statue, which represented some forgotten bishop in mitre and cope, was restored to its niche, while an overgrowth of moss was cleared from the gargoyle, which showed once more in its original ugliness.

It was ugly enough in all conscience, as with straddling splay feet, dragon's tail, and horribly contorted visage with ever-open mouth, it seemed perpetually trying to get away from the church; and so in its apparent fright and haste it served as a foil to the bishop, who stood there as if calmly waiting and watching.

Yet, strange as it seems, the two were friends, and into the ear of the statue the gargoyle poured out all its discontent with its lot, and its longing for sweetness and beauty.

Two little girls came through the churchyard, laughing, but not boisterously, as

they battled with the wind, for they had been taught to hush reverently in the garden of the dead. They stood beneath the friends, that they might rest a little and recover their breath.

"Ugh!" said the younger child, looking up; "there's the ugly old thing; he's always trying to get away from church and never can."

"And there's my beautiful bishop," said the older child.

"I can't think why he stays so near ugly old open-mouth," said the other.

"Perhaps the same hand placed them both here," the elder child said, looking up at them.

"Let us go on—good-by, old ugly face!" laughed the little one.

"Good-by, dear bishop," said her sister; and they went away.

"Did you hear her?" cried the gurgyle. "That's always the way! Ugly is the best word they can find for me."

"Yes, I heard her," said the statue, "it is a beautiful thought."

"No doubt you think so, since they always call you sweet and good," growled the gurgyle.

"I didn't mean that, friend," the other replied. "She is such a little, young thing, she didn't consider how her words might give pain. No, it was what the other child said that struck me."

"I didn't notice anything particular; what was it?"

"She said perhaps we were placed here by the same hand. It is a wonderful and comforting thought."

"For you, perhaps; I don't see what comfort it can be to me," said the gurgyle, but his tone was softer.

"O yes, I think you must," said the other. "You see, if we are where and what we were meant to be, doubtless the wise master-carver had a purpose in his mind when he fashioned us so differently."

"But why should he have made me so ugly that nobody likes to look at me?" asked the gurgyle.

"Ah, friend, *that* I cannot tell—but all people don't dislike you. Don't you remember how they said the little sick child laughed for the first time when they carried her out to look at you?"

"I remember; but it was my very ugliness that amused her," said the gurgyle. Then he said, almost humbly, "But surely it is better to be good-looking and liked than ugly and shunned?"

"Yes," said the statue, "but I was not thinking of ourselves so much as of him

who made us; he must have wished us to be as we are."

"I suppose so," the gurgyle assented, rather unwillingly; "but I should like to know why he made me like this."

"And we must just be content with the fact as it is without knowing why—but see! we have more visitors."

Two people were approaching. One was an elderly gray-haired man, with calm eyes and a steadfast face; his companion was a youth, who wore a weary, discontented expression, and walked listlessly.

"The wind has dropped a little; let us rest awhile in this sheltered corner," said the older man. "You look tired, Everard."

"I am sick and tired of everything, I think," the youth replied.

"Poor Everard, the world looks dark to you to-day," said the other; "but you are not the first who has seemed to make a failure of the early part of life."

"Seemed!" flashed the youth. "I meant to have done so much, to have helped others, but now—"

"Now you are going to help them through your very failure and disappointment," said the older man, calmly.

"What do you mean? I am just a wreck and failure, only likely to hinder others," said the youth, bitterly.

"Hard words for yourself, Everard; yet you can make my words true. Why did you wish to help others?"

"Why? I hardly know," faltered Everard.

"Yet, my dear lad, if you really wish to help others for love of them and of One far nigher, you may be content to help them to the best success through your own failure."

"That is a strange way of looking at it; it is new to me, yet I think I like it," said the youth after a pause.

"It is a thought that has been much in my mind of late, though it is not easy to put it clearly into words," said the other.

"When we see how in small ways others, even quite good people, fret and vex those they love, we may learn from their mistakes to avoid doing as they have done. And so with larger things; surely our dear ones in Paradise, seeing things with 'other eyes than ours,' can rejoice when through their failures we learn what is for our souls' health."

There was a little silence; then the youth turned with a more restful look on his face, and as he did so he caught sight of the stone friends. He smiled and pointed to them: "Perhaps we may see the same

lesson there, though I cannot read it very plainly," he said, brightly. "No one can admire the gurgyle for its beauty, yet it may have as much to teach as the statue."

"Very true," said the older man, quietly.

"I will think of the gurgyle when I begin to get despairing again," said Everard, rising briskly. "Good-by for the present, my ugly friend; you and I may, perhaps, help each other in being kind of spiritual scarecrows. Maybe you don't care about it more than I do, but let us try to be glad to serve others at our own expense. I shall come and let you preach to me sometimes."

There was a long silence after the two had gone; the wind rose again, a cloud came over the sun, and heavy rain fell.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked the gurgyle. The rain was all over him, a watery gleam of sunshine touched his shining surface.

"I heard; I am very glad for you," said the statue.

"I won't mind being ugly if my ugliness will be a help to people," said the gurgyle.

"We didn't make ourselves, and we each have our office to fulfil," said the statue; "you through your grotesqueness, I through my—"

"Beauty," put in the other, as he paused for a word.

"Yes, since it is in no sense my own," said the statue.

"Some day I shall learn to be glad for my ugliness," said the gurgyle; "but I haven't come to that yet, I am only beginning to try."

Silence settled down on them with the gathering darkness. In the village below the elder traveller sat alone by the fire; his steadfast eyes had saddened a little, and he sighed more than once. Presently he roused himself and drew a worn little book from his pocket. It was the "Imitation of Christ." And this is part of what he read:

"It cannot be anything but good whatsoever Thou shalt do with me. . . . Thou knowest what is fit to be given to every one, but why this man hath less and that man more is not for us to judge, but for Thee who dost know exactly what is meet for every one."* K. E. V.

* Book III., chapter xxxvii.

MONEY.—"An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except to heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

Parish and Home.

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ONE BY ONE.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

LEAF from leaf Christ knows,
Himself the Lily and the Rose.

Sheep from sheep Christ tells,
Himself the Shepherd, no one else.

Star and star He names,
Himself outblazing all their flames.

Dove by dove He calls,
To set each on the golden walls.

Drop by drop He counts
The flood of ocean as it mounts.

Grain by grain His hand
Numbers the innumerable sand.

Lord, I lift to Thee
In peace what is and what shall be.

Lord, in peace I trust
To Thee all spirits and all dust.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

RICHARD HOOKER.

THOSE who would know something of the greatest name in the English Church of the latter half of the sixteenth century must turn away from the annals of her bishops and archbishops and lesser dignitaries to a humble man who died in a small country living in the county of Kent. No mention of him will be found among the men whose doings make up the written history of those stirring days, for he did nothing worthy of being recorded in a general history of England. His life was uneventful, and his death probably caused as little stir as when an ordinary member of the great body of the clergy in this or any age passes away, though it meant the loss of a star of the first magnitude—a name destined to live forever in the history of Anglican thought. Richard Hooker stands as the great embodiment of the genius of the English Church. In him are comprehended, as perhaps in no other, its fidelity to Holy Scripture and primitive Christianity, its breadth, its depth, its intellectual vigor, its stability, its moderation, its

quiet meditative piety, and its freedom from sectarian fanaticism and bitterness. His name is a by-word for all that is meant by good churchmanship, and in this day of much conflicting opinion and novel doctrines his writings should be a guiding light for the churchman. The English Church is not a church of one or two great names, but yet in its long roll of honor there are very few that recall at once his masculine intellect, his sober judgment, his vast learning, and his Christlike character. Of modern men in the English Church, perhaps in the late Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, there was more of Hooker's intellect and temper than in any other, though in many important respects they were totally dissimilar.

Hooker was born near the city of Exeter in the year 1553. His parents were devout Christian people, but very poor, and nothing more than an ordinary education seemed possible for the boy. It was intended to make him an apprentice. But, like old Domsie in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the schoolmaster was attracted by his talents and the rapidity with which he mastered every branch of learning he took up, and he determined to use all means in his power to have the term of his education prolonged. Hooker was remarkable at school for his slow, deliberate speech, his habit of asking questions and inquiring the reason of things, and his very great modesty, and these all foretold the man. The schoolmaster succeeded in enlisting the promise of aid from an uncle, John Hooker; but a greater piece of good fortune came when the great Jewell was made Bishop of Salisbury. Through the solicitation of the uncle, the bishop became the patron of the boy, who was represented to be of remarkable promise. A pension was ordered for the parents to continue his education, and in 1567 the boy was ordered to remove to Oxford to be a student at Corpus Christi College. There he remained until his eighteenth year, and laid the foundation of that immense learning of which he was afterwards possessed. In 1571, his great and good patron died; but Mr. Cole, the president of Corpus Christi, came to his rescue, and promised that he should want nothing. Not long after, Bishop Sandys, of London, who had heard of Hooker from Jewell, appointed him as tutor to his son, saying, "I will have a tutor for my son that shall teach him learning by instruction and virtue by example, and this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin."

Hooker was now in his nineteenth year. He was regarded as a young man of great learning, unremitting in his studies, and of most holy life and devout habits, walking as if his mind were unalterably set on heavenly things. In four years he was only twice absent from chapel prayers, and he was never known to be angry or passionate; or to utter an unseemly word. In 1573 he became one of the twenty scholars of the college. The life at Oxford was an ideal existence for one of Hooker's temperament. He was surrounded by illustrious men, of learning and merit, and was most happy in the friendship of his two pupils, Sandys and Cranmer, both of whom afterwards became illustrious. As his biographer, Izaak Walton, states, he was daily "enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen, and such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies." In 1579, when the Regius Professor of Hebrew was unable, through sickness, to give his public lecture, Hooker was found quite competent to take his place.

Some three years after, he entered holy orders, and was soon ordered to preach at St. Paul's cross. For this purpose he went to London on what was to prove a memorable visit, and stopped at the Shunamite's house, so called because provision was made for the preacher's board and lodging there two days before the sermon and one day after. To this house Hooker came so weary and weather-beaten that his language was actually tinged with passion and impatience in describing the journey. But a Mrs. Churchman, whose husband kept the house, provided him with a hot drink for his cold and a warm bed, and by dint of careful attention so far restored him as to enable him to preach the sermon. But, unfortunately for Hooker, this care and attention only proved to be a trap set for his guileless nature. He felt himself in duty bound to believe whatever she said, and was persuaded by her that he was a delicate man needing the utmost care, and would only be safe with a good wife to act as his nurse. And, not considering "that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," as Walton naively says, he allowed her to provide a wife for him in the person of her daughter Joan, who afterwards proved a sore trial to him, ruling the household with a rod of iron.

This rash step necessitated his removal from Oxford, "from that garden of piety,

of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world." He entered the living of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, in December, 1584. Here he remained a year, in great poverty, but cheerful and patient, troubling no man with his wants. His two pupils, Sandys and Cranmer, visited him here during this time, and found him with the "Odes of Horace" in his hand, tending sheep in a common field. When relieved by a servant, he brought them into the house, and the three were enjoying a pleasant conversation, when "Richard was called to rock the cradle." The friends left next morning, remarking that they were sorry that his wife did not prove a more comfortable companion to him. The good man replied: "If saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine." On their return to London, Sandys acquainted his father, then Archbishop of York, with Hooker's poverty, and the influence of the Archbishop secured his appointment soon after, in March, 1585, to the Mastership of the Temple in London. It was a marked promotion, but one not calculated to increase greatly his happiness. Hooker was a modest, shrinking man, dreading noise and controversy, and loving a quiet retreat in which to pursue his favorite studies. And to the Master of the Temple at that time quiet was denied.

The late Master of the Temple had recommended a Mr. Travers, a learned and devout, but quick-tempered man, as his successor, but on the advice of Archbishop Whitgift the latter had been passed over on account of his extreme Calvinism. He had been ordained in Antwerp, and was an enthusiastic champion of the Genevan form of church government. He became, however, the evening lecturer at the Temple, and the teaching of his sermons was in such direct opposition to that of Hooker's in the morning that it was said "the forenoon sermon spoke of Canterbury, and the afternoon of Geneva." Travers was disappointed at not being appointed Master of the Temple, and lost no opportunity of attacking Hooker's teaching, and speaking for Presbyterianism. One accusation against Hooker was that he had declared "that he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, forasmuch as they sinned ignorantly," which gives a good insight into the mental calibre of the two men. By all the wisest and most distinguished benchers Hooker

was revered and honored, but yet a great many inclined to Travers.

The rivalry and disputes were too much for the gentle soul of Hooker, who was the apostle of law and order, whether in thought or in life, and in a letter to the Archbishop he solicited to be removed from that place, saying, among other things: "My Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me because I believe him to be a good man." But before his withdrawal from London, as the result of his disputes and the fury of the advocates of the Genevan system, he had conceived the plan of writing a sober treatise in defence of the Church of England system, and in refutation of the narrowness of the Nonconformists. This treatise was given to the world in eight books of the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," by which his undying fame is secured. It was planned and outlined in London, but finished in his retreatment in Kent.

"The Ecclesiastical Polity" has become one of the fundamental books in English theology, without the acquaintance of which no man can claim to be instructed in the teaching of the Established Church of England. Both in respect to the thought and to the style it is a masterpiece. Every great name in the ecclesiastical annals of England of whatever school has borne witness to the breadth of mind, the originality, the impartiality, and the profound learning of its author. As a piece of literature it has ever since ranked as an English classic, a model of English prose style. It lacks, perhaps, the brevity and directness of our best modern prose. The writer was so full of knowledge that he was inclined to overload his narrative, and deviate a little from the main thread; but for dignity, and fluency, and elegance, and epigram, and melody, it has never been surpassed.

In 1591 Hooker was presented to the rectory of Boscom, in Salisbury. Here he wrote the first four books of "The Ecclesiastical Polity." In 1595 he removed to Bishopsbourne, in Kent, to which he was invited by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he finished his great work, and died very shortly after. The parsonage was only three miles from Canterbury, and near the highway to Dover, and many travellers, especially scholars, turned off to visit the man whose writings and saintly life were so remarkable. They found a man in a poor, coarse gown, short of stature, and now much bent, with body worn out in study and rigorous discipline,

short-sighted, and so modest and bashful that he hardly ever looked a man in the face. As a parish priest he was very attentive to the sick and distressed, unpretentious and kind to all, striving to prevent lawsuits, and urging his parishioners to bear with each other's infirmities and live in love, because "he that lives in love lives in God, for God is love." His sermons were short and without fire, but were delivered in an earnest, quiet voice, and in preaching he always kept his eye fixed on one spot, to keep his mind from wandering, which gave him the appearance of studying out what he spoke. About the year 1600 he caught cold on a passage by water from Gravesend to London, and this ripened into an illness which carried him off in a few months. He visibly weakened, and his friends saw his end approaching. His intimate companion, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, and who administered the last communion to him, entered his chamber one morning, and found him deep in contemplation. To the question what his thoughts were, Hooker replied "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and, oh, that it might be so on earth!" After which he said: "Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners." Shortly after he passed away.

THE OLD PENSIONER'S STORY.

"I HAD, from my boyhood, the desire to be a soldier, and delighted in reading of battles by land and sea. I would have gone anywhere to see a regiment of soldiers, and often put myself through the drill when in the garden all alone. Still I was not a soldier, I was only trying to act and walk like one. By and by I got a gun and had some lessons in using it, until I became a pretty good shot; but for all that I was not a soldier. Next I joined the volunteers, got a volunteer's uniform, was once reviewed by the Queen, but I was not a soldier all the while. One afternoon I was strolling on the streets; a recruiting sergeant came up to me and asked me if I would take the Queen's shilling. This was how the recruiting was done in those days. I said, 'Yes'; I took the shilling, and the same hour I became a soldier. I had no regiments, no training, but nevertheless I

was a soldier; that I knew. I was a raw recruit, only a few hours enlisted, but I was as truly a soldier as the general of the regiment. I got my regimentals on, was taught to walk as a soldier, and to obey as a soldier, after I became one, not before. But this is not the whole of my story; I must ask you to follow me a step further. I was, some years ago, awakened to see myself a sinner, by reading and believing what God said about me. I became very anxious to become a Christian, so I began to pray and try to live a better life. I reformed, I went to church, I took the sacrament, but for all that I was not a Christian. I was trying hard to make myself one, but it seemed stiff uphill work. A man said to me one day, 'How did you become a soldier? Was it by wearing a red coat and drilling?' 'No,' said I, 'it was by taking the Queen's shilling.' 'That's the way you become a Christian,' said he. 'Not by praying and working, but by receiving God's Son as your Saviour; by believing that God sent Him to save you. The Scripture says, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

"I saw my mistake; I was trying to walk like a Christian before I had become one. I was patching together my own rags of self-righteousness for regimentals, and drilling myself in religion, all with the hope of becoming a Christian one day. Now I saw that I was beginning at the wrong end. My first work was to receive Christ as I had done the Queen's shilling, to take Him as my Saviour, as God's gift to me. I did so, and, as He says, I became a child of God. Now I seek by His grace to live and walk to please my Father, not in order to become a Christian, but because I am one; not to get to heaven, but because I know I am going there."

Have you become a Christian by receiving Christ?

RELIGION AND HUMANITY.

HUMANITY does not come to its religion by a process of logic, but through its experience. We *grow* into our religion, but we do not think ourselves into it. You have the experience first, and the thought comes afterwards. If the thought comes first, it may give you a religion which will be worn away ere long on the grindstone of experience itself. We talk of children having religion; yet it is a mistake. Children have vague sentiments, beautiful fancies,

exquisite dreams; but they have not known what it is to suffer; and until you have really suffered you can never know what it is to experience the religious sentiment.

Yes, cling with all your might and main to your religious distinctions, your personal preferences, to your heart yearnings, if they spring out of the deepest and more fundamental elements of your nature; no matter whether other people smile at them; never mind if others look upon you in an attitude of calm, intellectual superiority. There is something higher, grander, nobler than intellect. The very brute can think, and has a mind; but the religious instinct belongs supremely to humanity—though some persons do not have it, because, to use Amiel's phrase, they are just "candidates for humanity," and nothing more.—*Family Churchman.*

Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er,
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be sinning and fearing no more?

Now search me and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
See, helpless I rest on Thy Word.
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh:

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee who gave,
Now make Thou the offering complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

Oh, Saviour, Thy Word I believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, perfect, and free.

O Lord, I shall now apprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep,
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A BLACKSMITH was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent. The merchant asked how much whisky or beer was used in his family in the course of a week, or even for one day. The blacksmith told him, whereupon the merchant took out pencil and paper and made a calculation, and showed the blacksmith that the cost of the drink amounted to considerably more in the year than his house rent.

The calculation so astonished the blacksmith that he determined from that day neither to buy nor to drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the year following he had not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, too, but had enough to spare for a new suit of clothes.

"WILLING TO DIE."

WITH many persons it seems to be a matter of no account what the past life has been if the dying friend is "resigned," and willing to die. Undoubtedly it is a Christian duty to have this feeling. But every suicide is willing to die. Is he therefore prepared?

In many instances, persons are in such extreme bodily pain that they are anxious for death. Some are left "to believe a lie" with regard to their religious character and prospects. Does it follow that they are ready to die because they are willing? It would be more satisfactory to see them willing suitably to live.

"On parent knees, a naked newborn child
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee
smiled;
So live that, sinking in the last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee
weep."

An inscription on a tombstone in England reads as follows:

"Who plucked that flower?" cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered, 'The Master!' and the gardener held his peace."

The exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the enrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs:
He most lives, who thinks the most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

ONE POOR STONE.

TWO masons were working together on the rear wall of a church, when one stopped the other just as he was putting a stone in its place.

"Don't put in that stone," he said, "it is flaky, and will soon fall to pieces."

"I know it isn't a very good one, but it is so handy, and just fits here. Nobody will see it up here, and it is too much trouble to get another."

"Don't put it in. Take time to send for another. That stone won't stand the weather, and when it falls the whole building will be damaged."

"I guess not. It won't hurt us; so here goes."

So he lifted the stone into its place, poor, and loose-grained, as flaky as it was, covered it over with mortar, and went on

with his work. Nobody could see the stone, and none knew of its worthlessness but the two masons, and the church was finished and accepted.

But time and weather did their work, and soon it began to flake and crumble. Every rainstorm and every hot, sultry day helped its decay, and it soon crumbled away. But that was not all, nor the worst. The loss of the stone weakened the wall, and soon a great beam which it should have supported sunk into the cavity, a crack appeared in the roof, and the rain soon made sad havoc with ceiling and fresco. So a new roof and ceiling and expensive repairs were the result of one poor stone put where a good one should have been placed.

Each one of us, young or old, is building a structure for himself. The structure is our character, and every act of our lives is a stone in the building. Don't work in poor stones. Every mean action, every wrong act or impure word, will show itself in your after life, though it may pass unnoticed at first. Let every act and word of every day be pure and right, and your character will stand the test of any time, a beautiful edifice enduring to your praise and honor.—*New York Parish Visitor.*

CONSCIENCE UNHEARD.

WHEN I was a little boy, living in Schenectady, I often went up to a certain "boiler shop" to look at the workmen as they drove the red-hot rivets into the boiler-plate, and hammered them to a head. What a din those hammers made as they rattled blows upon the iron! Inside of the boiler sat a man pressing a heavy sledge-hammer against the under side of the rivet; and I used to wonder how he could endure such a noise. It almost deafened me to hear it, though I stood outside. I knew that it must be worse where he sat. One day, as he came out of the boiler, I asked him, boy-fashion, if the noise did not hurt his ears, and make them ring. He paid no attention to my question. "Speak louder," said a workman; "he is a little deaf." I shouted the question in his ears. He looked at me and smiled, but did not answer, and the men laughed at me and told me that his sense of hearing had been totally destroyed by the noise. He could converse only by signs. When he first entered the boiler shop his hearing was good, but, by continually abusing the sense, he had destroyed it. The hammers yet rang as loudly as ever, but now he could not hear them.

Men sometimes so abuse the spiritual sense of hearing that it is destroyed, and then the conscience, though as infallible as ever, speaks to them in vain, and at last ceases to speak. "The voice of God" is silenced in their souls. Evil lusts still urge them on their sinful ways, and there is no entreating voice within to stay them. Sinful pleasure, or ambition, by its alluring signs, appeals to their vision or imagination, and they are hopelessly led astray, because the hearing of the soul is gone, and conscience can influence them no more. The "light that is in them is darkness." Woe unto him who, by persistent abuse of the moral faculties of his soul, grows deaf to the voice which, as Shakespeare says,

"hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns him for a villain!"

Conscience is usually heard most distinctly by the sinner in his youth. As he grows older its voice is apt to be heard less and less distinctly every time he repeats a sin. And yet how many young persons turn a deaf ear to its reproving voice, thinking that they will give heed to its admonitions at some future time.—*A. F. Vedder, in Criterion.*

"I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

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, 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 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.

A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say: "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me, and He is my Surety, right on to eternity; and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

Be my feelings what they will,
Jesus is my Saviour still.

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Nov. 3... I. Sam. vii. 5-15... I. Cor. xi. 23-29.
" 10... I. Sam. x. 17-27... John vi. 5-15.
" 17... I. Sam. xv. 10-23... Gen. xlv. 1-16.
" 24... Isa. v. 11-23... Gen. xlix. 28-1. 7.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child, your age;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure He never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded and He hastened—
No errand was deferred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that, in home life,
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do;
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with His parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like Him day by day,
So gentle, meek, and loving,
And ready to obey.

—*The Angelus.*

"ONLY A BOY."

MORE than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results." "Yes, yes," said the deacon. "But 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to b

hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the church of Christ on earth; had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United

Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of right intentions are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"

Do thou thy work; it shall succeed
In thine, or in another's day.
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay.
—*Youth's Companion.*

GOD'S PROPERTY.

As Uncle Amos passed up the lane that led to his house, he saw a little group of boys collected around some central object that was absorbing their attention. As he was always interested in what interested the little people, he drew near, and, to his indignation, saw that they were putting coals of fire on the back of a poor tortoise, and laughing merrily at its futile efforts to escape from them.

"Bad boys, bad boys," he shouted, "what are you about?"

At the sound of his voice some of the lads sprang up, looking much ashamed.

"We were only putting a few coals on the back of the tortoise to make him put his head out," answered Arthur Grey. "His shell is so thick that it does not hurt him."

"If it does not hurt him, why should he put his head out?" answered Uncle Amos. "Cannot you see that the poor creature is trying to run away from the pain?"

At this moment there was a loud cry from Arthur. He was still on his knees, and as he tried to get up he had rested his hand on one of the hot coals that Uncle Amos had knocked off with his stick. Frantic with pain, he rushed up and down the road, wringing his burned hand.

Uncle Amos smiled grimly. "So it does hurt after all, does it?" he asked. "Hot coals make boys run as well as tortoises. Go to your mother, lad, and have some liniment put on; and, perhaps," he added, as Arthur disappeared amid the laughter of his companions, "you had better bring some down for the tortoise, too. And now," he continued, looking around gravely, "are you not ashamed of yourselves?"

"We didn't think that it would hurt him," said one of the smaller boys.

"You did not care whether it did or

not," he replied. "You were only intent on having what you called fun; and let me tell you," he added, raising his voice, "that any boy who finds amusement in torturing anything weaker than himself, anything that is helpless in his hands, is a coward and a sneak."

The boys glanced furtively at each other. It was a new experience to see Uncle Amos angry.

"In the old heathen days they used to force Christians to fight with wild beasts, and the thousands of spectators seated in the Coliseum would shout with delight as they were torn limb from limb by the savage animals, and their death cries would be drowned in the wild applause of the multitude. This was their favorite amusement, and we shudder as we think of it; but because you cannot hear the death cries of the poor dumb creatures that you torture, you say, 'Oh, it does not hurt them; it is only fun.'

"Boys," he added, solemnly, "our dear Lord gave man 'dominion over the beasts of the field,' not that he might have the right to injure and ill-treat them, but that he might be their protector and caretaker; and it is only a mean nature that takes advantage of its strength to oppress the weak. A boy who is cruel to animals will be cruel when he grows up to his fellow-men. He will probably break his wife's heart, and his children will fear and hate him. Some one has said that even 'the cat and dog in a house know when their master is a Christian,' and I am quite certain that whoever said it is right, for a 'merciful man is merciful to his beast,' as the Bible tells us."

"I hope you will excuse us, Uncle Amos," said Stephen, who was very unwilling to lose the good opinion of the old man who so constantly had pleasures in store for them.

"Make your excuses, lad, to Him whose property you have injured," he answered, pointing upward with his stick. "God, who sees 'every sparrow that falls to the ground,' will hold to a strict account those who cause unnecessary pain to the helpless things around them, and His promise is, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.'"—*Selected.*

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;

You can't do that way when you're flying words.

'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know;

'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so;

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

"IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE."

THIS was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd.

He was a farmer's son. A tall, handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious, and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron, that is to say, they rather looked up to him because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any other young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying:

"It's no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do a neighbor a service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tiresome, and Alfred, who had been sent out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By and by they passed an old gray-headed colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred.

"It's all of a mile from here to his place."

"Oh, I'd have to stop and pick him up and set him down again. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home, and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the

fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"Oh, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron coolly; "it's no business of mine."

"Drive on, then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was, after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put up the fence again, so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished he sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile, feeling very hot and tired, and not a little provoked at Myron.

By and by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred, and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk to the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Uncle Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the lynch-pin, and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run.

Myron was not hurt, and after ascertaining the cause of the accident went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peaceably smoking on his doorstep, to borrow a hammer.

"I seed dat lynch-pin was a comin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff, coolly.

"You did!" said Myron, not unnaturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff, with a sly little laugh, "I thought 'twasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip.

"Have you got a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said Uncle Jeff, placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now,

and I don't want to go and look for it. Tain't no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away, when Uncle Jeff called after him.

"You's welcome to the hammer or anything else, honey" said he, laughing. "Laws! I was only jes' seeing how curus things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one of the kind won't work both ways. Dis yer is a world full of folks, and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not want for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently, and learned, after a time, to feel that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor, whether in the way of prevention or cure, was indeed the business of a man and a Christian. —C. F. Guernsey, in *Parish Visitor*.

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It has rained one or two Sundays lately in the evening and so some people have missed church altogether for those days. Moral—Attend morning service when possible.

The visits of Mr. Southam and Mr. McConnell, students of Wycliffe College, who have taken duty in this parish in October, have been much appreciated, and, we are sure, productive of good.

A localized edition of the C.M.S. "Gleaner" is to be published in Toronto beginning with the new year. There are few missionary publications equal to the "Gleaner", and we hope that many of our readers will subscribe for it, as the price is small.

A conference of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Peterboro has been arranged for Nov. 27th and 28th at Peterboro. The Ven. Archdeacon Allen, who has called it, will preside, and a number of important subjects will be considered—such as "The State of the Church in the Parishes and Missions of our Archdeaconry," "Christian Education in the Public Schools," "Sunday School Education," etc.

Among the new-comers to Lindsay who are worshippers at St. Paul's are Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Melbourne-st., near William; Miss Holmes, at Mrs. Young's, Melbourne-st.; and Miss Lillie Ord, at Mrs. J. B. Warner's, Bond-st. We gladly welcome them.

St. John's Church, Cambay, has been repainted both inside and out—the wainscoting grained, the windows frosted, and a text placed over the chancel arch. Everything now looks nice, neat and inviting. Credit is due to the young men who collected the money and had it done, especially Dr. Smith and Mr. Berkeley.

The other day a young man who works on a farm, after getting his wages, brought in \$9 and divided it up, giving part to ordinary church expenses, part to the work of the Young Men's Association, and small donations to the Sunday-school and Widows' and Orphans' Fund. Some of his neighbors think he is a fool to give so much away, but he lays by a tenth for good works, and knows that they that honor God, God will honor.

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