

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44 Richmond Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.				
10	copies,	for one year,	to one address,	\$ 3.50
20	"	"	"	6.00
40	"	"	"	11.50
50	"	"	"	13.00
100	"	"	"	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.
44 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't
sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly-tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of the birds in the hedges
hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and
smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does it seem to you?
—Eugene Field.

HOW THE BAD BOY WAS WON.

By LIDA B. ROBERTSON, in S. S. Times.

A boy must believe that his Sunday-school teacher is a loving helper—not a religious detective, nor Christian policeman delegated to deal with his misdoings—before he can be reached. Sympathetic consideration is the strategic board of campaign to manipulate his capture. It is his unfortified point, and whoever uses it as a truce, be it teacher, preacher, parent, or forbidden companion, can enter unchallenged into his heart. His hobby is his ungarded citadel, and the teacher who can locate it can stealth-

ily march through it and effect his surrender.

A successful teacher related to me her experience with the proverbial bad boy, which is reproduced as she stated it. She said it mattered not how prayerfully she prepared the lesson with the hope of impressing or reaching him, he not only thwarted her efforts to render the lesson profitable to himself, but disturbed the whole class, so that it became painful to her and distracting to them.

One morning he became more inattentive than usual, and talked in an audible undertone to the boy beside him. It was impossible to go on with the lesson, so she stopped, and called him by name. He flared up instantly in defiant insubordination. She saw it, and instead of a reproof, which he had armed himself against, she inquired with a smile, "What were you talking about so earnestly?" His expression changed to one of surprise, then softened into shyness, as he answered her, "I was just talking about my pigeons—that's all."

"Pigeons?" she said kindly, "they are such pretty pets for a boy."

His eyes brightened with earnest animation as he informed her, "I got two beautiful fantail ones. One laid an egg this morning!" His beaming expression as he spoke revealed to her how thoroughly his pigeons had possession of his thoughts, and how difficult it was for him to shift his mind from his engrossing pets back to Bible times and Bible themes, and become an ardent listener. It touched her, and his inattention appealed to her in a new light. Her mind flew backward over the bygone years, when, as a little maid, her own heart found such happy companionship in pets, and sympathetic leniency hovered over her pupil and his offence. Her eyes were opened to the realization that she had been trying to drag him forward to her plane of accumulated years of experience and knowledge, instead of stepping back beside him, and meeting him on his own vantage-ground. That moment she lit the candle of sympathy that was to light his pathway to scriptural truth.

The impulse came to her to digress from the lesson with the experimental longing to reach him. She quickly opened her Bible, and found "pigeon" in the concordance, then asked him, "Did you know that pigeons are written about in the Bible?" His undisguised astonishment was answer enough to her inquiry, so she held the Bible toward him, and he took it with curiosity, and eagerly followed her finger as she pointed out the reference where "pigeon" was mentioned, and then showed him where to find it in Leviticus i: 14-17. All of the boys were now curious to hear what the Bible said about pigeons. She had each read a verse, and then explained the full meaning of it being an offering unto God, and described the preparation of it by the priest. He was deeply attentive now that she had touched a chord that linked the Bible with something in his own life, and brought it into a new light in his eyes. He looked at her soberly, as though yielding up a set prejudice, and said, "Well, I never knew before that the Bible had about pigeons and things in it." "Yes," she said, "the Bible is just full of what will interest boys and girls, if they would only believe it." Having captured his attention, she adroitly said, "If you will listen to the lesson, I will accompany you home to see your pretty pigeons." His face beamed with delight and anticipation, as he inquired eagerly, "Will you come with me after Sunday-school if I will keep quiet?" She felt it to be not just the thing to leave before the church services, especially with a pupil beside her, but to win him was uppermost in her heart now, and she could not chill him with a refusal to his request, so nodded her assent to him as she resumed the lesson.

Before the bell of dismissal ceased, he laid his hand on her arm, and asked, "Are you coming with me?" She walked out with him and as they traversed one block after another she noted the long distance that he had to come in fair or inclement weather and chatted with him about it and about the games that he liked to play, his playmates, school and everything that she could think of that would interest