

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44-46 Richmond Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10 copies, for one year, to one address, \$	3.50
20 " " " " " "	6.00
30 " " " " " "	11.50
40 " " " " " "	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.

44-46 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

TELLING THE BEES.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one summer day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring
bees:

"The clover bloom that kissed her feet
And the posy bed where she used to
play

Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;
For she is gone who loved you so."

A wonder fell on the listening bees
Under those pleasant orchard trees,
And in their toil that summer day
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:

"Child, O child, the grass is cool,
And the posies are waking to hear the
song

Of the bird that swings by the shaded
pool,
Waiting for one that tarrieth long."

'Twas so they called to the little one
then,
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,
And we know by the smile on grand-
father's face

He has found his dear one's hiding-place.

So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low,

As over the honey fields you sweep—

To the trees abloom and the flowers

a blow

And sing of grandfather fast asleep.

ever beneath these orchard trees

Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

—Eugene Field.

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers
were playing cards one night in the
camp. "What on earth is that?"
suddenly exclaimed the ringleader
as he stopped in the midst of the
game to listen.

In a moment the squad were lis-
tening to a low, solemn voice which

came from a tent occupied by sev-
eral recruits, who had arrived in
camp that day. The ringleader
approached the tent on tiptoe.

"Boys, he's a praying, or I'm a
sinner!" he roared out.

"Three cheers for the parson!"
shouted another man of the group
as the prayer ended.

"You watch things! I'll show
you how to take the religion out of
him!" said the first speaker, who
was the ringleader in the mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-
faced young fellow of about eigh-
teen years of age. During the next
three weeks he was the butt of the
camp. Then the regiment broke
camp, and entered the wilderness,
and engaged in a terrible battle.
The company to which the young
recruit belonged had a desperate
struggle. The brigade was driven
back and, when the line was re-
formed behind the breastworks they
had built in the morning, he was
missing.

When last seen he was almost
surrounded by enemies, but fighting
desperately. At his side stood the
brave fellow who had made the
poor lad a constant object of ridi-
cule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly the big man was seen
tramping through the under-brush,
bearing the dead body of the re-
cruit. Reverently he laid the corpse
down, saying, as he wiped the blood
from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him—he
fought so! I thought he deserved
a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the
men dug a shallow grave and ten-
derly laid the remains therein.
Then, as one was cutting the name
and regiment upon a board, the big
man said, with a husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the
words 'Christian Soldier' in some-
where! He deserves the title, and
maybe it'll console him for our
abuse."

There was not a dry eye among
those rough men as they stuck the
rudely-carved board at the head of
the grave, and again and again
looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a
Christian soldier, if ever there was
one! And," turning to the ring-
leader, "he didn't run, did he, when
he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man,
his voice tender with emotion;
"why, he didn't budge an inch!
But what's that to standing for
weeks our fire like a man, and
never sending a word back? He
just stood by his flag and let us
pepper him—he did!"

When the regiment marched
away, that rude head-board remain-
ed to tell what a power lies in a
Christian life.—*The British Flag.*

"FOR JESUS' SAKE."

What do you mean by Christian
work? Not only bringing souls to
Christ, although that is the chief
work. Working for Christ means
working for our fellows for Jesus'
sake. Anything done for the good
of humanity for Jesus' sake is Chris-
tian work.

"For Jesus' sake." Is that why
we work? All around we hear the
cry, where are the workers? Why do
more not come forward?

Sometimes, alas! we hear of
those who began real definite work
giving it up. Why is there such a
lack of workers, or why do they
grow weary? Is it not because
they will not work "for Jesus'
sake"? That must be our motive
all through. Not for ourselves—not
to pass time—not that our Church
may be more active than any other.
No; we must work for the sake of
Jesus "who loved us and gave
Himself for us." Not just what
we consider pleasant work.

Some will not take a class in the
Sunday-School, for the children are
so rough; but, if we cannot do it
for love of the children, let us do it
"for Jesus' sake," and I am sure
the love will come.

Some give up the magazine distri-
bution or their collecting, for all the
families they say live on top flats,
and the stairs are so long. "For
Jesus' sake"; will not that make the
stairs seem shorter?

And so in all our work. It may
be to us pleasanter to sew fancy
work at our work parties; the gar-
ments for the Jews or heathens are
ugly and uninteresting. But if they
are more needful, and we cannot
just yet sew for love of those peo-
ple, let us say "for Jesus' sake."

A story is told of a lady who had
plenty of both time and money, and