

and with the understanding also." Especially is this true of the less educated. The words and thoughts become familiar as household words, enrich the mind with devout thoughts and widen at once the whole field of desire and expression.

The prayers are in natural language. They enable us to make our wants and wishes known in a natural manner. There is nothing strained or affected about them. They contain definite petitions for definite needs. They teach a spirit of true reverence and yet combined with it, show the nearness of God to us and keep before us the great truth that He is both a hearer and answerer of prayer.

"Speak to Him : for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

The Prayer Book provides for all our varied wants. There are confessions of sin, petitions for forgiveness. There is a cry for pardon and peace. There are prayers for the tempted, the prosperous, those in trouble, the absent, the sick, suffering and afflicted, for widows and fatherless children, for travellers by land or water, for rulers and all in authority, in short, for all sorts and conditions of men, in every stage, in every condition of life.

In the services of the Church the great truths of Christianity are kept constantly before us both in prayer and praise. The fundamental doctrines of sin, man's need, the work of the Saviour, the Holy Trinity, the office and work of the Holy Spirit, the need of a holy life, judgment to come; and all those great principles which go to make up the circle of Christian truth are presented in no uncertain way.

The Prayer Book is sealed with martyr's blood. And yet as Dean Burgoon says it is "calm as Paradise; no trace is to be found of days of strife and excitement, except such trace as the palm of victory affords of a martyr's conflict." It is a precious possession. It has been the comfort of God's people through many generations. It has voiced the heart's desire of our holiest and our best.

May it long remain in England's Church a book of Common Prayer in our sweet mother tongue for the English race, wherever that race may carry its banner of freedom.

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FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A BUDDHIST STORY

BUDDHISTS have sermons and pretty stories as well as Christians. The following is a Buddhist story from a Buddhist sermon. I think the readers of PARISH AND HOME will be interested in it.

They say regarding what we call Shoj-o-hi (red cloth) that the genuine is dyed with the blood of Shoj found in the China sea. Now these Shoj, among other things, talk well like men. They are exceeding clever beings, and so they know beforehand all about their being caught; and hide away down at the bottom of the sea. It is next to impossible to get ahead of them, so they say. However the intelligence of men is something exceptional. They understand perfectly that the Shoj are very fond of sake (rice-beer), and therefore if they let them have a smell of it they will be certain to come up out of the sea. So they put some sake in jars and with dippers alongside arrange a lot of them in the meadows on the shore. Then they take the grass growing around and without cutting it off tie it together; make a lot of it into the shape of shoes and leave them there. The men on guard retire to a distance and watch. Thereupon, so it seems, the odor of the sake penetrates to the very bottom of the sea and the Shoj sniff it up.

"I say, Sansuke Shoj! isn't there some kind of pleasant odor? This is that sake; but still let us go up out of the sea," says one. Upon this Sansuke Shoj replies "No! No! we must not go up recklessly. It is a terrible trap to get us to drink it, make us drunk, and then beat us to death." Thereupon one of them answers, "Oh, pshaw! there is no danger in going up provided we don't drink it; it is better to go there and get the smell of the sake than it is to be here and have the sea-weedy smell of the sea." When he says this all the Shoj exclaim, "Of course, that is so. There can be no harm in merely smelling it. Come along all hands, come!"

So saying they leave the water on tip toe, come up to the sake jars, and that is a very different thing from smelling it at the bottom of the sea, and so they all exclaim, "Oh! this is fragrance! I can't hold out against this!" And sniffing it up they keep loitering around the jars. Thereupon another of the

Shoj says "This is only smelling it, really I cannot resist the temptation, I say! suppose we take one dipperful apiece." Upon this another says, "Oh, no! it will never do actually to touch it in that reckless way. Those Shoj that have been caught heretofore, all of them snatched up the dippers and guzzled down the sake, and so at last got drunk and were beaten to death." Thereupon they all exclaim, "You are quite right, it would not do to drink it with the dippers, but it would be quite safe for each of us merely to wet his finger just a little and lick it off. Suppose we do it" said they all. Then everyone wets his finger in the sake, licks a little off, and that is a very different thing from smelling it. So they walk round and round licking it off and smacking their lips. While they are doing this another of the Shoj says, "Well, really, I feel as if it were not quite up to the mark if we are only to lick it off in this way, and even if we do drink with the dippers, provided we don't drink a whole stomachful, we need have no fear of getting drunk. I move that each one takes a little—not enough to get drunk on." "That's so, that's so," say they all, and each one takes a dipper in his hand, and they drink a little all around when another of them says, "The fact is unless one drinks a stomachful and gets out and out drunk, sake is of no use. Besides, it is hardly fair to say that the Shoj that have been killed up to this time and had their blood wrung out were killed simply because they got drunk. There! look down at your feet. There are ever so many shoes made without cutting off the grass. They put on the shoes and danced a needless dance and then tumbled over and were killed. Thereby getting drunk has nothing dangerous about it." Thereupon the rest of the Shoj exclaim, "Oh! that's so, that's so! even if we do get drunk we needn't be afraid of being beaten to death if we don't put on the shoes. And if that is so take enough to make you drunk."

When they have guzzled down ever so many dipperfuls, and are very drunk, strange to say, in spite of themselves, they cannot help wanting to put on the shoes—so it seems. Thereupon again all of them say, "I say! suppose we just put on the shoes. Even if we put them on, provided we don't dance, we need have no fear of tumbling over, so we'll just sing a song." Then they