

Parish and Home.

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CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—**1st Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. 1 ;
1 Peter 3, v. 8 to 4, v. 7. *Evening*—Isa. 2, or
4, v. 2.
8—**2nd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa.
5 ; 1 John 2, to v. 15. *Evening*—Isa. 11, to
v. 11 ; or 24 ; John 16, v. 16.
15—**3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa
25 ; 3 John. *Evening*—Isa. 26 or 28, v. 5, to
v. 19.
21—**St. Thomas (A. & M.).** *Morning*—Job 42
to v. 7 ; John 20, v. 19 to v. 24. *Evening*—
Isa. 35 ; John 14, to v. 8.
22—**4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa.
30, to v. 27 ; Rev. 8. *Evening*—Isa. 32 ; or 33,
v. 2 to v. 23 ; Rev. 10.
25—**Christmas Day (Ath. Cr.).** *Morning*—
Isa. 9, to v. 8 ; Luke 2, to v. 15. *Evening*—
Isa. 7, v. 10 to v. 17 ; Titus 3, v. 4 to v. 9.
26—**St. Stephen (M.).** *Morning*—Gen. 4, to v.
11 ; Acts 6. *Evening*—2 Chron. 24, v. 15 to
v. 23 ; Act. 8, to v. 9.
27—**St. John (A. & E.).** *Morning*—Exod. 33, v.
6 ; John 13, v. 23 to v. 36. *Evening*—Isa. 6 ;
Rev. 1.
28—**Innocents' Day.** *Morning*—Jer. 31, to v.
18 ; Rev. 16. *Evening*—Baruch 4, v. 21 to v.
31 ; Rev. 18.
29—**1st Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—
Isa. 35 ; Rev. 19, to v. 11. *Evening*—Isa.
38, or 40 ; Rev. 19, v. 11.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

IN MEMORIAM.

"It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth in
good."

"How strange it is the victims Death selects!
Such happy lives, untouched by want or pain.
What fatal magic is it that protects

Those who would count His coming purest
gain?"

Perchance for those for whom the present holds
Nought but the lack of all they count most dear,
He knoweth that futurity enfolds

The boon they crave, and so He leaves them
here.

If it be life swept bare of all but pain,
Weakness and need will bring us to His feet.
And, lying there, we shall the knowledge gain,
The price was small to pay for joy so sweet.

If it be life with hands full-filled with flowers,
Of joy—a glimpse of heav'n as through a rift—
Oh, let us serve Him with the happy hours!
Be sure it is His purpose in the gift.

If it be death—well, that is heaven's gate,
Not joy's untimely end or grief's surcease:

Earth's sweetest hours but faintly antedate
The wordless gladness of that land of peace.

Ay, He knows best, be sure, whate'er He send.
Our wayward feet unguided could but roam
By smoother ways, perhaps. His paths all end—
Or long, or short, all end alike—at Home.

—ALICE M. ARDAGH.

THE ADVENT SEASON.—Advent and
Christmas make a rich festival season for
December. It is useful to think how
many such seasons the church has cele-
brated. If we take the life of man at
seventy years, little more than twenty-five
lives would bring us back to the days of
our Lord. How short the intervening
time since He was here really is, and yet
how much has been done in these few
centuries! Nation after nation has bowed
the knee to Him. The truth that He
taught has permeated the laws of all the
great states of the earth. Order, justice,
security, peace, have appeared in a sense in
which they were never known before.
Millions of men and women have died in
peace and hope because they believed in
Him. And all this has taken place within
the brief span of twenty-five human lives.
Truly, at this Advent we can thank God
and take courage.

The thought comes that our lives may
span, perhaps, the whole of one of these twenty-
five periods. In one sense life is so short
that we seem scarcely to have had time to
learn anything before our hour to be called
away comes. In another sense, however,
a life is a long span, full of possibilities so
great that we can scarcely picture them.
Even if we do no more than former genera-
tions, the work belonging to us is not
small. But we ought to do more. The
truth, bound in past times, is now free.
The steamship and the railway carry
Christian messengers rapidly to the remot-
est ends of the earth. All the machinery
for doing God's work is better than it has
ever been before. With faithful labor,
even the next Advent ought to see a rapid
advance. Let us be of good courage.
God has done great things, and will do
greater.

PRAYER AS A HABIT.—Dean Burgon
explained the striking verse in the 109th
Psalm, "But I give myself unto prayer,"
as, literally, "But I . . . prayer,"
and added that its meaning is, "But as for
me, *I will be all prayer.*" Each of us has
many calls upon our time during any one
day. There are a dozen things that we
should like to do, or that we feel that we
ought to do. We cannot do them all, and
how are we to choose? Unless there is
some steady guide, our lives are in danger
of beating themselves out in vain and fruit-
less effort. We must be held to a steady
course to save ourselves from wasting our
few and precious years.

It is by forming the habit of prayer that
we shall secure this guide. I wish to read
a dozen books and have time for only one.
How shall I learn to choose wisely? I
have duties at home and duties outside—
sick and needy to visit, a sorrowing or
lonely friend to cheer. How shall I
decide which to do to-day? By taking
God into my confidence. Perhaps the
saddest words a man ever spoke were those
of Grotius on his dying bed, "I have
wasted my life in busily doing nothing."
How the fruitless days that are gone rise
up to reproach us! Plans formed, begun,
and then abandoned in despair of success ;
hopes disappointed because we had not the
courage to work steadily towards their
fulfilment, but turned aside to things to
which God did not call us ; a busy
hurry in work, rushing from house to
house, from meeting to meeting, and in
our hurry leaving our real work undone.
This is the failure of many well-meaning
servants of God. What is needed is to
wait until the pressure of God's hand in
leading is felt, and then to walk on holding
it.

It was said of an Oxford fellow, remark-
able for his saintly character, that as he
put his hat on to go for a walk he paused
for a moment to ask, silently, that God
would guide his feet ; that he prayed as he
took up a book that God would open his
mind ; as he entered a railway carriage,
that God would protect him on his journey.