

Parish and Home.

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BAPTISM.

O Thou who didst young children bless
And not despise their tender years,
Thou who hast felt a babe's distress
And wept a feeble infant's tears,

O look upon this little child
And keep him free from sinful stain;
Pour down Thy Spirit from on high
And grant him to be born again.

Thou helpless babe, thou dost not know
How fervently for thee we pray,
That God may heavenly gifts bestow
And guide thee in His perfect way.

The Church's prayers are offered up,
The holy sign is on thy brow,
Thou art a lamb of Jesus' flock,
Thou art His little soldier now.

Thy banner is the Saviour's cross;
Oh, ne'er that sacred symbol shame,
But bravely face Thy Master's foes,
And nobly keep thy Christian name.
—E.F.W.

EXACTNESS.

To be exact in everything is no easy matter, yet to a great extent success in any business or occupation depends on it. The second-class workman is satisfied if his work is nearly exact; the first-class one is dissatisfied unless it is perfect. The spirit of the second-class workman is "It is not just right, but oh, it will do." The spirit of the first-class workman is "unless it is as nearly perfect as I can make it, it will not do." This kind of man is always in demand, for first-class jobs at first-class wages; the second-class man is sought for when the other is not available. He gets second-class jobs, about which the employer will say, "Well, if he

doesn't do it very well it makes no difference; it will not be seen."

Not only is this so with the mechanic, but also with the merchant. He that keeps an exact account of expenditure and receipts, of profit or loss, on each article, who studies the temperaments of his customers, who knows the value of each clerk in his employ, who speaks in definite exact terms and not in generalities, is the one who succeeds, other things being equal. How careful are the bankers with their accounts. Days will be spent in discovering an inaccuracy of one cent. The man who has exact knowledge of a subject and has no guess work in his answers, the man who, when studying, is not satisfied with "I think this is what the author of this work means," but searches until he knows exactly the meaning, and then answers a question exactly, is the one who is depended upon. This is the difference between superficial learning and scholarship. He who is exact becomes the medallist, the professor, the college president. How exact must be the physician's knowledge of a disease before he can cure it, how exact the lawyer's knowledge of a case before he can conduct it properly! We must be exact if we would succeed.

WHAT SAVED A MAN.

"Dolly, Jack Alcott's going to the bad."

Little Mrs. Haywood, lying on the couch in front of the blazing wood fire, studying her husband's handsome profile, had just arrived at the highly satisfactory conclusion that her Will was the finest-looking man she had ever seen. At these words, however, the happy smile on her face died quickly away as she answered, "I'm afraid you are right, Will." And then the silence fell again.

Jack Alcott, the subject of that brief conversation, was a handsome, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky scapegrace, endowed with a deeply affectionate nature, with nothing whereon to expend itself. Had his mother lived it might have been different, for the sight of her distress and suffering over his reckless life would have proved a restraint. Poverty,

also, would have been a blessing; but deprived of these two safeguards the young fellow seemed bent on going blithely, and with no uncertain steps, on toward that goal designated in popular parlance as "the bad."

Finally Mr. Haywood spoke again.

"Can't we do something, Dolly? Jack's much too fine a fellow to go to waste like that!"

"I wish we could; but he comes so seldom now. Can't you speak to him, dear?"

"I know Jack better than you do, Dolly, and speaking would not be of the slightest use. He would lend me an ear, so to speak, might even pull up for a while just to please me, but that's all it would amount to. Things have to go deeper than that with Jack to make an impression."

"Well, I think he's a hard-hearted, ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Haywood, wrathfully, at the sight of her husband's anxious face, "when he knows how much you care for him, and how his conduct must grieve you. It's a disgrace for such a man as he might be to be what he is!"

"Of course it is," answered her husband, "and I am going to trust you to think of some plan, Dolly, by which he may become what God intended he should be. If he only had some sweet, good woman like you to love him there would be some hope. But what right has any good woman to venture on the experiment of trusting herself to such a man as he is now, for all he is so lovable? But I must go, dear. I'm sorry to leave you feeling so miserably, but I will be back in two hours."

Then he stooped and kissed her and went away, and Dorothea lay looking at the dancing flames, with a happy flush on her sweet face, thinking of "poor Jack Alcott."

Not five minutes had passed when a tap on the library door was followed by the subject of her meditations, who entered smiling and handsome. She did not reproach him with his long absence, but simply looked glad to see him, and held out her hand with a word of warm welcome.

"Will was obliged to go out, so