

Parish and Home.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1891.

No. 4.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

LESSONS.

- 1.—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xxxvii.; Mark iv., v. 35 to v., v. 21. *Evening*—Gen. xxxix., or xl.; Rom. xi., to v. 25.
- 2.—4th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xlii.; Mark viii., v. 10 to ix., v. 2. *Evening*—Gen. xliii., or xlv.; 1 Cor. i., to v. 26.
- 15.—5th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. iii.; Mark xii., v. 13 to 35. *Evening*—Ex. v. or vi., to v. 14.; 1st Cor. vii., v. 25.
- 22.—6th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. ix.; Mat. xxvi. *Evening*—Ex. x. or xi.; Luke xix., v. 28, or xx., v. 9 to v. 21.
- 23.—Monday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. i., to v. 15.; John xiv., to v. 15. *Evening*—Lam. ii., v. 13.; John xiv., v. 15.
- 24.—Tuesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iii., to v. 34.; John xv., to v. 14. *Evening*—Lam. iii., v. 34.; John xv., v. 14.
- 25.—Wednesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iv., to v. 21.; John xvi., to v. 16. *Evening*—Dan. ix., v. 20.; John xvii., v. 16.
- Annunciation of Virgin Mary.—*Morning*—Gen. iii., to v. 16. *Evening*—Is. lii., v. 7 to 13.
- 26.—Thursday before Easter. *Morning*—Hos. xiii., to v. 15.; John xvii. *Evening*—Hos. xiv.; John xiii., to v. 36.
- 27.—Good Friday. Pr. Pss. M. 22, 40, 54; E. 69, 88. *Morning*—Gen. xxii., to v. 20.; John xviii. *Evening*—Is. lii., v. 13 & liii.; 1 Peter ii.
- 28.—Easter Evening. *Morning*—Zech. ix.; Luke xxiv., v. 40. *Evening*—Hos. v., v. 8 to vi., v. 4.; Rom. vi., to v. 14.
- 29.—Easter Day. Pr. Pss. M. 2, 57, 111; E. 113, 114, 118. *Morning*—Ex. xii., to v. 29.; Rev. i., v. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Ex. xii., v. 29 or xiv.; John xx. v. 11 to 19, or Rev. v.
- 30.—Monday in Easter Week. *Morning*—Ex. xv., to v. 22.; Luke xxiv., to v. 13. *Evening*—Cant. ii., v., 10.; Mat. xxviii., to v. 19.
- 31.—Tuesday in Easter Week. *Morning*—2nd Kings xiii., 14 to 22.; John, xxi., to v. 15. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvii., to v. 15.; John xxi., v. 15.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"He Saved Others."

WHEN scorn, and hate, and bitter envious pride
Hurled all their darts against The Crucified,
Found they no fault but this on Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches
knew;

On withered limbs, they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew;
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou can'st not raise them to Thy thorn crown-
ed brow,
Nor on them Thy parched lips or forehead bow.
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had
stirred,
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they
heard,
For every woe it had a healing word;
"He saved others!"

For all Thou had'st deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitied'st all, doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the
skies,

One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie:
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.

—Mrs. Charles.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THE central point, the stronghold of
our Christian faith is that, which those
who are outside of Christianity often
think its greatest defect.

"We preach Christ crucified" wrote
St. Paul "unto the Jews a stumbling
block, and unto the Greeks, foolish-
ness."

"If you could only keep in the back-
ground the fact that the Founder of
your religion was tried as a malefactor,
condemned and crucified; if you could
speak of Him only as one born into the
world, as one who overcame death, as
one who ascended to the heavens, then
you might make some progress with
your Christianity," is often the thought,
if not the word, of the world that
knows nothing of the essence of the
Christian faith. It is the Crucified
Christ that is the 'stumbling block to-
day, as He was 1800 years ago. Now,
as then, a Crucified Saviour is the scof-
fer's jest.

A few years ago the ruins of a school,
built in Italy in the third century, were
excavated and cleared of rubbish.
Scatched on one of the walls was found a
school-boy's scrawl, a man with an ass'
head hanging on a cross with a worship-
per at its foot, and underneath the words,
written in Greek, "Alexamenos wor-
ships his God." No one can tell how
many similar taunts Alexamenos, the
Christian lad, had to put up with from
his heathen school-mates on account of
his worship of a Crucified Redeemer;
and no one can tell how much of the
world's opposition to-day is due to
that same passion and death.

"Alexamenos is faithful," was the
school-boy's reply, scatched on the
wall over against the sneer, and faith-

ful should we be, not merely in be-
lieving, but in proclaiming the truth of
a Crucified Saviour. Better even than
Christmas or Easter, or than any other
day of the Christian year, does Good
Friday represent Christianity and its
spirit.

Ashamed of the Crucified on the
Cross! It was for us, in our stead, that
He hung there, wounded for our trans-
gressions, bruised for our iniquities.
Ashamed! Rather glory in it, and it
alone, if you are saved by the Crucified
One.—"God forbid that I should glory,
save in the cross of my Lord Jesus
Christ." H.

"O FATHER, HEAR MY CRY!"

A Hymn of Penitence for Lent.

"I will arise and go to my Father."

"A broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not
despise."

My God, I kneel before Thy throne,
And all my guilty story own:
On Thee I call, with Thee alone—
O Father, hear my cry!

I was Thy child, I bore Thy Name;
But now the past is sin and shame;
Mine is the guilt and mine the blame—
O Father, hear my cry!

I was Thy child; in other days
I loved the hour of prayer and praise,
I walked in pure and peaceful ways—
O Father, hear my cry!

But now my love is dead and cold;
My feet have wandered from the fold;
I cannot trust Thee as of old—
O Father, hear my cry!

So lost I am, I scarcely dare
To utter any words of prayer;
My burden is too hard to bear—
O Father, hear my cry!

And yet amid this agony
I hear a voice say, "Come to me;
I gave my Son to die for thee."
O Father, hear my cry!

Almighty, canst Thou pardon all?
Dost Thou Thy long-lost child recall?
Lo, at Thy feet I prostrate fall—
O Father, hear my cry!

Why should I doubt? Thou wilt not cast
Thy child away, though dark the past;
I hope—I trust—I know at last
That Thou hast heard my cry.

—A Non.