

Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 57.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

LESSONS.

- 4—8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 29, v. 9, to v. 29; Rom. 4. *Evening*—2 Chron. 1, or Kings 3; Matt. 18, v. 21, to 19, v. 3.
- 11—9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 10, to v. 25; Rom. 9, to v. 19. *Evening*—1 Kings 11, to v. 15, or 11, v. 26; Matt. 22, v. 15, to v. 41.
- 18—10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 12; Rom. 15, v. 8. *Evening*—1 Kings 13, or 17; Matt. 26, to v. 31.
- 24—St. Bartholomew, A. & M. Ath. Creed. *Morning*—Gen. 28, v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18, and 5. *Evening*—Deut. 18, v. 15; Matt. 28.
- 25—11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 6. *Evening*—1 Kings 19, or 21; Mark 1, to v. 21.

PRAYER.

"PRAYER is not eloquence nor measured tone,
Nor memory musical of periods fair.
The son forlorn forgetteth half his prayer."

Faith sighs its prayers, or weeps them with long
moan,
With tears that have a grammar of their own.

Babes have no words but only weep or e'er
The mother reads the little hunger there.
Faith looks its prayers. Behold, before the throne
There be full many love-looks of the saints;
And David's upward glance from the earth's snow
To God's long spring, three thousand years ago,
Is mark'd in heaven's best hymn-book of com-
plaints. †

Ah! the best prayers that faith may ever think
Are untranslatable by pen and ink."
*St. Luke xv. 18, 19, 21. † Psalm v. 3.

—The Bishop of Derry.

THE MORNING WATCH.—IN the June number of PARISH AND HOME we published an article entitled "The Morning Watch." It was so fresh and suggestive, and brought out so strikingly the possibilities of prayer and its opportunities, that it could not but make an impression upon many minds. We are glad to know that the article did not appear in vain, but that it has already influenced readers of PARISH AND HOME. But yet the thought arises, How many have read it, and perhaps admired its suggestions, and then put it aside to think no more of it? It will be just another of the thousands of unheeded suggestions

they have received, another call neglected. If we would only act upon half of what we read, what altered creatures we should be! So much of our reading is mere pastime, not the serious work of earnest people. At almost the same moment we can admire a beautiful thought and give it the lie by our conduct. How we do need to pray constantly to be made sober and earnest and watchful!

WANTED—A MAGNET. —THE late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said somewhere: "If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction." He applies this to the recognition of mercies received, but how truly it may be made to illustrate the experience of reading God's Word! The ordinary professing Christian takes little or no pleasure in his Bible. He is willing to grant all you claim for it—inspiration, infallibility, sources of spiritual truth, the power to guide and instruct and make wise, to gladden and console, to warn of danger, and to show the way to heaven. But to him individually, it has never been anything of the sort, and he rarely reads it. If he is honest, he will tell you that to him it is hard to understand, dry, without human interest, too far removed from modern men and modern aims. To read it carefully is great labor. He would much prefer the newspaper or magazine, or light novel. And the truth is, he is no more equipped for drawing out the contents of a page of Scripture than if he were to seek the particles of iron in the sand by the help of his naked eye and his unassisted hand. But how easy it is to make the Bible a living book, a fountain of inspiration, and a well-spring of joy and hope! The only obstacle lies in the want of seriousness. But how few lives are serious! An earnest man who resolutely takes up his Bible may not find it instantly luminous. It may require

hard work and great patience, but the reward is sure to come. What God wrote for our good He cannot deny us, when we seek it. We know that the artist sees forms and colors in the sunset clouds and the distant landscape that are withheld from us. Study and long experience have trained his eye and developed his perceptions. So it is with the student of God's Word. And more than this, as it is possible to take a magnet and sweep through the sand, and so gather the particles of iron by the power of attraction, so have we a magnet that nothing in God's Word resists. That magnet is the Holy Ghost dwelling within us. Where He is, He is in command, and what is easier than to draw out from the sacred page, written by Himself, the precious truth which He inscribed there? The true interpreter of a writing is the writer himself. The true interpreter of the inspired Scriptures is the inspiring Spirit, and He is at our service. "If ye therefore, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

CANNOT I DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN?—An English economist has recently been discussing how far wealthy men ought to be controlled by society in the expenditure of their money. The particular instance on which much of this discussion turned was the report that a Mr. Vanderbilt was about to erect a mansion for himself in New York at a cost of a million dollars or more. The argument was an economic one, and went to show that the money invested in such a house, after it has given employment to the builders, is unproductive—so much capital withdrawn from use, and, therefore, makes the world so much the poorer. Of course, we are not particularly interested in arguments of such a kind, but we all must feel compelled to ask why any man should desire a house costing one million dollars. If this world were all, and the proper rule of life were the gratification of self, it would be natural to engage in anything that seemed to promise even a transient joy. If it were any