

# Parish and Home.

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## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

### LESSONS.

- 2-10th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 12; Rom. 2 v. 17. *Evening*—1 Kings 13 or 17; Matt. 17 v. 14.
- 9-11th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 18; Rom. 8 v. 18. *Evening*—1 Kings 19 or 21; Matt. 21 v. 23.
- 16-18th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 22 to v. 41; Rom. 13. *Evening*—2 Kings 2 to v. 16, or 4 v. 8 to v. 38; Matt. 25 to v. 31.
- 23-13th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 5; 1 Cor. 4, to v. 18. *Evening*—2 Kings 6, to v. 24, or 7; Matt. 27 v. 57.
- 24-St. **Bartholomew A. & M. Ath. Cr.** *Morning*—Gen. 28, v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18 & 5. *Evening*—Deut. 18, v. 15; Matt. 28.
- 30-14th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 9; 1 Cor. 10 and 11, v. 1. *Evening*—2 Kings 10, to v. 32 or 13; Mark 4, to v. 35.

## MY HEART IS RESTING.

My heart is resting, O my God  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of ev'ry precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,  
No hand but Thine shall fill;  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love;  
And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth,  
To long loved music set;  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet!

I have a heritage of joy,  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love,  
That sets my heart at rest;  
A calm assurance for to-day,  
That to be poor is best.

A prayer, reposing on His truth,  
Who hath made all things mine;  
That draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with Thine.

—A. L. Waring.

For PARISH AND HOME.

## Notes on the Calendar.

AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO,  
AUGUST 28th.

THERE are two Augustines in our Church History, the one, a missionary sent from Rome to Saxon England in

597, A.D., and the other, who died a century before the missionary's birth Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, who was born at Tagaste, in the north of Africa, and died at Hippo, not far away, when the first wave of barbarian invasion had spread over the Western Empire, over Rome, through Gaul, Spain and North Africa.

This latter Augustine is the famous bearer of the name, the greatest and best of the western theologians in the early Church, the staunch opponent of heathenism, heresy, and needless schism.

It is not necessary to say that there was a time when Augustine was not a wise and learned divine, but we have also to say that many years of his life went by before he became an earnest Christian, or indeed a Christian at all. He gives us in his *Confessions* a sad picture of his early manhood, when he lived a life of open sin, and in the foolishness of his human wisdom scorned to be a believer in Christianity.

But there was a mighty power working, though all unseen, for the young man's eternal good, the earnest, faithful prayers of a Christian mother. "Go thy way" said a pious man to the good Monica when she asked his counsel about her son, whose godlessness rent her heart, "live thus; it cannot be that the son of these tears shall perish."

And so she prayed in faith; and loved, and worked, and waited, until in God's providence, the time came that Augustine began to see his sins in their true light, and to long for a peace which he could not find in the world around him.

While walking in his garden at Milan, with this agony in his soul, there came a voice saying to him, "Take up and read, take up and read." Forthwith he opened the Bible which was near at hand and read, "not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

By accepting the message he became a Christian, and found in Christ the peace he had formerly sought in vain,

found it so completely, that years after he wrote with the experience before him of his whole past life, both heathen and Christian. "O, God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and man is restless till he rest in Thee."

Monica's prayers were answered, her life's work was done, what more had she left to wish for, her son was a Christian. Only a few days after that talk with her boy at Ostia—where they were waiting to be carried back to their native Africa—that loving talk of kindred spirits about things not of this world, when it seemed as if some rays of Heaven's own glory and joy entered into their souls with the brightness of the setting sun, Monica was carried home to a truer fatherland than Africa had ever been.

"The greater the sinner, the greater the Saviour," is a true saying, it sometimes happens that the greatest sinner makes the truest saint, and it was so in Augustine's case.

None knew better than he the power of sin and the helplessness of man, and none better than he the might of God to save; and with this best knowledge at the back of his great natural gifts, now consecrated wholly to the service of God, he became a mighty instrument in His hands, for the defence of the faith and for the conversion of the unbeliever.

No writers have been busier with their pens than he; none have been more constantly engaged in religious discussion, and yet, in all this labour he never forgot, as presbyter and as bishop, his personal work as shepherd of his own flock. No picture can be more instructive than that of the greatest theologian of his day, dealing out simply and plainly the bread of life to the fisherman and sailors of his seaport town, or busily engaged in attending to the temporal wants of the sick and needy.

It is impossible for men to do deeds that are truly great if they neglect the little duties that be around them.

But death comes to us all, whether good or bad, slothful or diligent, though