

Parish and Home.

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MY SECOND SELF.

By MARY ESTHER ALLBRIGHT, in *Young People's Weekly*.

She is dreaming now in the sunshine,
 there,
 My daughter, aged nine;
 With form, and feature, and eyes, and
 hair,—
 They tell me,—so like mine!
 As I watch her, thinking of now and then,
 I know that in her I live again.

She plays the games that I used to play,
 She reads the books I read;
 And she asks the questions that puzzled
 me;
 (I have others, now, instead.)
 And she's building such castles-in-air, I
 know,
 As I used to build, twenty years ago.

I know not, sure, little maiden fair,
 Whether to smile, or weep,
 As I think of the life-time we have to
 share,
 And the roadway, long and steep,
 Which stretches away, in a distant line
 Between your end of the way, and mine.

But oh, if only my love could save
 You some of the rougher way!
 If now you might learn lessons that I
 Am only learning to-day!
 Or if I might go back to the starting, too,
 And travel the long way over with you!

But—nothing but time will give to her
 The lessons the years can teach;
 And never again shall I meet the days
 That are passing out of my reach;
 And only in her shall I ever see
 The child and the maiden I used to be!

TURNED AROUND.

By ANNIE PRESTON, in "Light in the House."

It was a bright autumn morning
 in the mountains, and as Mrs.
 Fenwick was potting geraniums
 in the well-kept front yard of her
 large, low farmhouse, her friend,
 Mrs. Kelsey, from the centre,
 driving past to the station, drew

up at the gate to talk over some
 detail of church work they were
 planning to take up to interest
 their people after the summer
 visitors left.

Presently a well dressed wo-
 man, flushed and heated, with a
 cape over her arm, and carrying
 a heavy grip, came hurrying up
 and paused to ask:

"Can you direct me the right
 way to Brewster's Grant? Every-
 body tells me wrong, and I have
 run hither and thither ever since
 the passenger train came in."

"You must have gone a long
 distance out of your way. You
 passed here an hour ago," said
 Mrs. Fenwick kindly. "Will
 you come in and rest?"

"Oh, thank you, no; I must
 hurry. They told me at the
 station to go straight west."

And this is east. You must go
 straight over that hill yonder,
 through a strip of wood past a
 red house, and then pretty soon
 you will come to the lumbermen's
 road that turns off for the Grant.
 There's an old wood coloured
 house just there."

"Oh, yes, I shall know it if
 ever I gets there. That is the
 boarding-house, and I am the
 cook. I've been off for a week
 to see my sister, but I took the
 cars at the railroad the other
 way, where they leads the tim-
 ber. I said I'd be back to-day;
 but it don't look like it, does it?"

"Oh yes—It's not far." And
 Mrs. Fenwick repeated her in-
 structions encouragingly. Mrs.
 Kelsey adding kindly:

"She has made thy way
 straight before thy face."

"That's Bible!" came the
 quick reply. "I used to hear it
 when I was younger; but, you
 see, I'm all out of the way."

"So are the paths of all who
 forget God," quoted Mrs. Kelsey
 again.

"Yes, I s'pose so. Thank ye
 both. Good-bye."

An hour later, as Mrs. Kelsey
 was driving towards the east, but
 by quite another road, she came
 upon the same puzzled woman,
 telling her perplexity in nearly
 the same words to a man pulling
 turnips in a field near the high-
 way.

"I'll tell ye," said the farmer.
 "You're all completely turned
 around, as they say, and you
 don't go where you are told ter
 go, becas' it don't seem ter be
 right to ye. All the folks you've
 asked hev turned ye right, but
 you wouldn't keep on."

"Surely after that I was turned
 I repented, and after that I was
 instructed," put in Mrs. Kelsey,
 whose horse had stopped as a
 matter of course.

"That sounds like Bible!"
 retorted the woman. "It's queer
 enough, but once before to-day,
 away off I don't know where, a
 lady in a carriage talked Bible to
 me but it didn't do me no good.
 Talk's cheap, any way"—and she
 picked up her bag and started
 off.

"Wait a moment," called Mrs.
 Kelsey, backing her carriage
 around through a tangle of gold-
 enrod and feathery clematis.
 "Get in, please. Here's room
 for your grip. You would better
 put on your cape. I'll drive you
 to the Grant myself."

"That's acting Bible!" said
 the delighted woman. "It's do-
 ing to others. Only a few does
 that, anyway."

They were driving swiftly
 along by that time, and Mrs.
 Kelsey said:

"I hope you are among the
 few?"

"No, I ain't. I don't even try
 to be good."

"What do you do that is bad?"

"I talk pretty rough sometimes,
 and I think swear words. I did
 this morning when I kept getting
 out of my way."

"That is bad, to be sure."

"Awful! And I drink cider
 and lager when I can get it, and
 I have drank whiskey."

"That is putting your influence
 on the wrong side, and a woman
 should never no that."

"I don't take no stock in influ-
 ence; it don't amount to shucks,
 in my opinion."

"Do you ever go to meeting
 or to Sunday school?"

"How can I, and get the men's
 dinner at the same time?"

"Influence the men to go with
 you!"

"You don't know much about