

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 woman,
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? Everybody
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 timber.
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 instructions
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 highway.

"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