

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

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No. 2.

## CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

### LESSONS.

- 1—Circum. of our Lord. Morning—Gen. xvii, 9; Rom. ii 17. Evening—Duet. x, 12; Col. ii, 8 to 18.
- 4—2nd Sunday after Christmas. Morning—Isa. xlii.; Mat. iii. Evening—Isa. xliii. or xlii.; Acts ii, 22.
- 6—Epiphany of our Lord. Ath. Creed. Morning—Isa. lx.; Luke iii, 15 to 23. Evening—Isa. xlix., 13 to 24; John ii, to v. 12.
- 11—1st Sunday after Epiphany. Morning—Isa. li.; Mat. vi., 19 to vii. 7. Evening—Isa. liii., 13 & liii; or 54; Acts vii. to v. 35.
- 18—2nd Sunday after Epiphany. Morning—Isa. lv.; Mat. x., 24. Evening—Isa. lvii.; or lxi.; Acts x., 24.
- 25—Septuagesima. Morning—Gen. i. & ii. to 4; Rev. xxi. to v. 9. Evening—Gen. xxiv.; or Job. xxxviii.; Rev. xxi., 9 to xxii., 6.
- Conversion of St. Paul. Morning—Isa. xlix. to v. 13; Gal. i. 11. Evening—Jer. i. to v. 11; Acts xxvi. to v. 21.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

To know with surest inner sight,

The love that passeth being known,—

To know that this the Infinite—

Is yet forevermore our own.

Wider than heaven's blue arch, above

The stars that most remotely shine,

Nearer than human looks of love

That are but gleams of the Divine :

New as each opening day is new,

Old as the eternal years are long,

Gentle as is the falling dew,—

Stronger than mightiest waves are strong.

To know that love—most tender, true—

Dearer than earthly ties are dear,

—This be the blessing, ever new,

To gladden this and every year. —Fiddis.

KINGSTON.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME

#### On Epiphany Thought.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT,  
IS COME."

THE words had never attracted her attention before, though she had heard them year after year as long as she could remember. She had attended the Epiphany service, and from her own particular seat in the family pew had listened, or thought she had listened, while the clergyman began the first lesson with "Arise, shine for thy light is come." And yet it was only now when

the light seemed to have almost gone out of her life that the words were really heard.

They quite startled her, too, whether it was by something in the tone of the reader's voice, or from something in her own mind, she did not know at the time, but it just seemed as if he were saying directly to her "Arise, shine for thy light is come."

She could not get those seven words out of her mind, they would come over and over again, even through the prayers and hymns and the sermon, which happened that morning to be, in accordance with the season, a careful exposition of the Wise Men's offering of "gold, frankincense and myrrh," the only words she caught being "money," "prayer," and "service," "which," the speaker incidentally remarked, "had been symbolized by the gifts of the Wise Men, according to the interpretation of some old-fashioned divines."

Still less was her attention claimed by the collection, which that day was for the organ fund, as the parish was too poor to give anything to missions. And after the verger, for lack of any other man in the congregation, had noiselessly walked with the plate along the well carpeted aisles, and the benediction had been pronounced, she went back to the lonely house, wondering what the words meant and what they had to do with her.

When she reached home, almost unconsciously she went up to the room where her mother's sick bed had been tenderly watched through the long weeks, and just as she entered a sudden ray from the January sun flashed through the window, falling on the carpet and the dark oak wardrobe, lighting up the shadowy corners and making everything bright.

It may have been this that brought to her mind how her dear mother had brightened and cheered her in the day of sickness with the words of Jesus and His love, of Jesus who had come and was coming again so that their sorrow was not to be as that of others who had no hope. It may have been the sun-

light that made her remember too how she had learned to love that Saviour whom her mother had loved, and He had given her His peace even at the time while she saw that He was taking her mother away from her; a peace that she had forgotten in the blow long expected and yet so sudden, that came with the dying year.

But now, when the light of her mother's face, and the joy of her mother's words came back to her memory as she sat there in the room, the forgotten peace came back, and the light still shining in the dark corners of the room went further still, and filled her heart. She knew then what the verse meant. She had not forgotten it when I met her some years after; at all events she practised the words even if she did not always think of them.

Her Sunday-school class after that day could not tell what had come over her, but they liked her better than ever before, and listened with open ears and hearts to her words, for they seemed so true now, and some of them said if they could only be as happy and bright as teacher, they would like to be Christians. In time they, too, became Christians, for she showed them the way.

She saw a great deal of her dear old rector that year, for he often came in to comfort her father, and she used to talk to him about the verse and the way it had come home to her and the happiness it had brought. And she would tell him how much she wished and prayed that the light might shine in all the dark places of the world, to her sisters and brothers who were without the hope and knew nothing of the light that had gladdened her dear mother and had brought such a blessing to her.

I did not hear whether that was the reason or no, but the rector preached a missionary sermon the following Epiphany from the text "Arise, shine for thy light is come," and what is stranger still, the collection taken up was for Foreign Missions. It was not large, it is true, but it has kept on growing ever since, and yet the organ has not suffered, and the parish poor are happier