

# Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1893.

No. 31.

## CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

### LESSONS.

- 4—1st Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jos. 3, v. 7 to 4, v. 15; John 15. *Evening*—Jos. 5, v. 13 to 6, v. 21, or Jos. 24; Heb. 10, v. 19.
- 11—St. Barnabas, A. & M. *Morning*—Deut. 33, to v. 12; Acts 4, v. 31. *Evening*—Nahum 1; Acts 14, v. 3.
- and Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Judges 4. *Evening*—Judge 5 or 6, v. 11.
- 18—3rd Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. 2, to v. 27; Acts 2, v. 22. *Evening*—1 Sam. 3 or 4, to v. 19; 1 Pet. 3, v. 8 to 4, v. 7.
- 24—Nat. of St. John Bapt. Ath. Cr. *Morning*—Mal. 3, to v. 7; Matthew 3. *Evening*—Malachi 4; Matt. 14, to v. 13.
- 25—4th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Sam. 12; Acts 7, to v. 35. *Evening*—1 Sam. 13, or Ruth 1; 1 John 1.
- 9.—St. Peter, A. & M. *Morning*—Ezek. 3, v. 4 to 15; John 21, v. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Zechariah 3; Acts 4, v. 8 to 23.

### FALLEN ASLEEP.

ONLY a little dust—

So small that a rose might hide it;  
And I trust in God—or I try to trust,  
When I kneel in the dark beside it.

I kneel in the dark and say:  
I only dream that I weep;  
She would not leave me and go away—  
She has only fallen asleep.

Fallen asleep, as oft  
She climbed to my heart to rest—  
Her white arms twining my neck, as soft  
As down on a dove's sweet breast.

Tenderly—unawares,  
Sleep came in the waning light  
And kissed her there on the twilight stairs  
That lead to the morning light.

And that she will wake I know,  
And smile at a grief like this;  
It could not be she would leave me so,  
With never a good-night kiss.

So I kneel in the dark and say:  
I only dream that I weep;  
She would not leave me and go away—  
She has only fallen asleep.

—Frank L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### GOOD MANNERS.

OVER the iron gate of the noble gardens of New College, Oxford, stands

the quaint motto of the founder, William of Wykeham, — "Manners makyth man." It seems a trite commonplace to us who have perhaps been long familiar with the idea. Yet it is strangely forgotten in our common intercourse. "I pride myself upon saying what I mean as plainly as possible," says some ardent champion of sincerity. By all means say what you mean, O, Apostle of Reality and Hater of Shams, but say it gently. The manner of your speaking is as important as what you say. Men and women are sensitive and timid. They doubt whether others understand or care for them, and if you attack them with your rude sledgehammer logic, unsoftened by forbearance and love, the wounds you inflict may prove more dangerous than the malady you seek to cure.

Good manners in speaking to others stand, perhaps, first in importance for our social intercourse. Nothing reveals the presence or the absence of refinement of feeling more quickly than the tone of our voices, the pronunciation of our words. In a hospital recently the writer saw a neat-looking girl come in to visit one who was evidently her father. It was easy and pleasant to draw a picture of her gentle ministrations in her home, and of the tender sympathy that so agreeable a face seemed to promise. But the vision soon departed. The tones of her voice floated across the room, and one closed one's ears as to the rasping of a saw. It is not true that we cannot help the tones of our own voices. A gentle spirit finds gentle tones to speak in; a refined mind is reflected in the pronunciation and choice of the words that are used.

In other directions, too, good manners are easily within our reach. Let any one visit the seat of one of our universities and observe the deportment of the young men, and he will be struck by the vast possibilities of improvement that are too evident. Young men untidily dressed—it does not cost anything to be tidy—of slouchy gait and boorish

manners, invade the sacred campus, unconscious that manners are a branch of learning more important than even Greek or Latin. One sometimes feels that the severe military training of the French and German youths would be a wholesome thing for our own young men, for it would at least teach them to walk erect and to give a proper salute to those they meet.

But one must admit it is not easy to cultivate court manners upon the farm. Our word urbanity, which indicates, perhaps, the excess of courtesy of manner, means in its derivation just city manners, while its opposite, rusticity, carries our thoughts to the cruder life of the country. No doubt to mingle much with men, to meet new faces, to move in good society give an ease of manner that can be acquired in no other way. Yet in the home much may be done to soften and refine the manners. If the son of the house would make it a rule to offer a chair to his mother and sisters before he is himself seated, if the daughters would practise their winning ways at home as well as abroad, if courtesy and not bluntness were the rule always we should perhaps be surprised to find how much more pleasantly our lives ran. Good manners have their root in right feeling. They are developed by practise, and cannot be put on or off like our best coat, but must become a part of our being. A bad man cannot be a gentleman, for he cannot have those right instincts that prompt the real gentleman's actions and words. To be considerate and thoughtful, lofty and chaste in word and feeling are the duties of the Christian, and he will find the noblest inspiration to cultivate good manners in the teaching and practise of the Founder of his religion.

THERE are no birds in next year's nest,  
In next year's cream there are no flies;  
No vain regrets disturb my breast  
For aught that in the future lies.  
And last year's flies and last year's birds—  
Have passed the reach of tears and words.

—Burdette in *Ladies' Home Journal*.