

Parish and Home.

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NO PRAYER HERE.

A dying soldier in India said to his nurse
"I shall soon be where there is no prayer."

The night, the gloomy night of sin,
Has melted into morn for ever clear,
The welcome door of death has shut me in,
No prayer here.

My pilgrim feet no more shall trembling
wait
Beside the watch-fire's gleam the night
to cheer,
I gave the pass-word at the golden gate,
No prayer here.

The path of faith emerges into sight,
The surging songs of praise salute my
ear;
I'm with my Lord, I walk with Him in
white,
No prayer here.

—H. T. Miller.

THE MISCHIEF WITH MERE MORALITY.

Multitudes complacently trust to their own good works to save them, but the trouble with mere morality is that, while it satisfies man, it does not satisfy God; and God is the most important factor in the case.

After all, it is a question, not of what man's ideal is of man, but of what God sees when He looks on man and then on His own perfect law. The disparity between these two objects of vision is man's complete condemnation, and exhibits the weakness of a morality which is, to the matchless splendors of the moral law, but as a glow-worm's feeble gleam in an otherwise unlighted night. What God expects is so much

that what man renders seems in comparison nothing at all

Yet many misguided souls keep on endeavoring to square off their little of moral attainment against God's great measures of desire and commandment. They think they succeed simply because they look at those great divine standards through the big end of the binocular, thus dwarfing the infinite into the compass of a fantastic finite. They are satisfied because they fulfil a smaller standard; and since they are moral in a certain tentative, petty way, think themselves safe with God and sure of Heaven.

That is the mischief of a mere and mock morality. It puts men at ease with themselves when they should be struggling for a better self. It falsely persuades them that, having done a little, they have done all. It deludes by representing the outward veneer of an ordinary decency or an average culture as equivalent to the interior processes of a spiritual regeneration and the rescue of a radical redemption.

Such moralists strive to base a pyramid of divine requirement on the apex of a petty, human righteousness. Since they are honest and kind and amiable, they regard themselves as favorites of God; because they are out of States prison, they take it for granted that they are in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Not of such a "manner of spirit" is the true child of God. The man who is saved is the man who thinks he needs to be saved. He gets up finally to glory by previously getting down in humility before the cross. Confessing himself to be a sinner, he becomes at last a saint, according to the principle of that moral axiom of Epictetus: "If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad."—By C. A. S. Dwight.

THE BINNACLE.

The most ornamental piece of furniture on board a sailing ship is the binnacle. It is made of oak or mahogany, it is put together with brass nails and screws, and held to the deck with brass

rings; no iron must come near for fear of deflection. The binnacle contains the compass, that tender, delicate, exquisite guide of the mariner, silent in its unfailing vigor, its tiny agate socket poised on the diamond point.

"Its primal energies no slackness know." The best oil is used for a light by night, so that the steersman may see the point by which to steer. It has passed into a proverb that the fast man runs the light out of the binnacle. Byron said this in burning words (let us commend his honesty):

"My years are in the swallow leaf.
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

A dark binnacle forbodes disaster—the man drifts, he does not steer; the current carries him; he neither invokes the light of conscience, the light of the Word, nor the light of the Holy Spirit. He simply drifts in the company of others as deeply laden as himself, swings round for a time in the whirl of carousal, and is no more.

"The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears
Is not so sweet as virtue's very tears."

"AFTERWARDS."

(Hebrews xii. 11.)

Dost thou ask, *When* comes this hour?
Then, when it shall aid thee best?
Trust His faithfulness and power,
Trust in Him and quiet and rest.
Suffer on, and hope, and wait,
Jesus never comes too late.

Myraids of weary, aching, longing hearts are asking: "When is this 'afterwards' coming in my experience? When shall my soul realize the fulfilment of the soothing portion so often resorted to by the tried and chastened children of God?"

It would appear that this wholesome, and may be lengthened, season of chastisement has a very firm and stringent condition as to its acceptance, if we are to expect peaceable fruit yielded "*afterwards*."

Our Father always wraps up a wise and well-thought out plan wherewith He designs to unfold in our characters full symmetry and strength.