

## Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 44-46 Richmond Street, Toronto.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10 copies, for one year, to one address, \$	3.50
20 " " " " " "	6.00
40 " " " " " "	11.50
50 " " " " " "	13.00
100 " " " " " "	25.00

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THE BRYANT PRESS, PUBLISHERS.  
44-46 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

### HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

God of our fathers, our trust through all ages,  
Ever in mercy and kindness revealed,  
Guard us in peace, and when war's tumult rages  
Be Thou our helmet, our sword and our shield.

Through the long years Thou hast granted us blessing,  
Filling our homes with the light of Thy grace;  
Let us, dear children, Thy love still possessing,  
Ever rejoice in the smile of Thy face.

When war's fierce tempest around us is raving  
Let the wild storm be restrained by Thy will,  
As on the lake, when the foam crests were waving  
O'er the rough billows, Thy voice cried,  
"Be still!"

Selected.

### COURAGE.

#### TWO STRIKING INSTANCES OF IT.

Side by side with the grand old pictures of past courageous deeds and noble actions I would place others of our own time. "Bill the Banker" was a poor navvy, whose work, when he was engaged in the construction of railway embankments, lay amongst the "tip" wagons. It so befel that he obtained the post of "tip-man" over a shaft in one of the many tunnels found necessary on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. The shaft was about two hundred feet deep, with sides and bottom of solid rock. His duty was to raise the trucks filled below, and run them to the tip, returning them empty to his mates at the bottom. If a chain broke

away, or a great boulder slipped off a truck, Bill had to shout "Wuar out!" and the miners below crept into their "drives," and the dangerous article fell without injury to any. One unhappy day, Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be hurled from side to side of the narrow shaft, until he lay, smashed and lifeless, at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual sound would draw them all out together to ascertain the cause. With a truly heroic courage, he gave the customary signal in firm, unflinching tones, "Waur out below!" And his mates heard in their secure retreats the dreadful *thud*, and final crash of their brave comrade's shattered remains.

Another example is one of deliberate courage. In the course of his labor among the collieries, George Stephenson had discovered the need that existed for a lamp which, while affording the miners sufficient light to prosecute their work in the bowels of the earth, should not ignite the inflammable gas or "fire-damp," that invariably accumulates in the less ventilated parts of a coal-pit, and is singularly dangerous to life. After various experiments on the nature and properties of the fire-damp he succeeded in constructing a lamp which, he believed, would annihilate the risk of explosion. It became necessary to put his new invention to the proof. Accompanied by his son Robert and two friends, Wood and Moodie, he hastened to the Killingworth Colliery. It was nearly midnight when they reached the coal-pit and descended the shaft. They proceeded towards the foulest of all the underground galleries, where the explosive gas issued from a blower in the roof, with the fierce hiss of a jet of steam. Here some boarding had been erected in order to concentrate the foul air in one particular spot. Moodie advanced, examined the spot, and returned with the information, that if a light were introduced an explosion would inevitably occur. He added a grave warning as to the danger to themselves and to the pit, if, unhappily, the gas took fire. Stephenson had faith in his lamp; further, he was prepared to run any

risk in his effort to conquer the dangers of the dreaded fire-damp. Ordering his companions to withdraw to a safe distance, he advanced, with the moral courage sprung from generous self-forgetfulness, towards the inflammable air. Fainter and fainter waned the tiny ray of the safety-lamp as its courageous bearer penetrated into the dark ramifications of the mine. He was pressing onwards to death, perhaps, or to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart never hesitated, nor did his hand tremble. He reached the place of peril, he stretched out his lamp so as to meet the full blast of the explosive current, and patiently waited the result. At first the flame increased, then it flickered, decreased in brilliancy, and gradually expired. The foul atmosphere made no other sign. No explosion ensued. It was evident that Stephenson had invented a certain means of lighting up a mine without any danger of igniting its combustible air. Let others praise the ingenuity of the invention; what most concerns us is the calm and lofty moral courage which tested its efficacy.

The greatest courage of all is moral courage. Every one is not called upon to show physical bravery, but there is not a man who does not need moral courage every day of his life. At any moment he may be called upon to decide whether, for the sake of peace or interest, he will turn from the right and adhere to the wrong, set aside the truth, palter to the prejudices of the crowd, listen to the voice of flattery; or whether he will follow, steadfastly follow, in the paths of rectitude and justice. To preserve our purity, to maintain our honor, to obey the Divine laws, is sometimes a painfully difficult task, and can be performed only by recourse to the promise of Divine strength. It is always a hard thing to do our duty. There are so many inducements to set it aside, so many obstacles always in the way of doing it. The hardest part of the work is to be patient. The energy of action is easier and more attractive than the courage of endurance. Yet this, too, by the grace of God, we must cultivate, must make our own. "They also serve who only