

Parish and Home.

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PARISH AND HOME is a church paper consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED),
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WE want our big and our little readers to do all that they can to make everyone receive PARISH AND HOME into their houses. It is going into many more homes now than it was a year ago, but we wish to have it in many more before the year ends. Sample copies will always be sent free on application to the publishers.

MANY people go out camping in the summer. The camping life is pleasant; but we should not like to live it always, it is rough and cheerless at times. The nights are cold, and it is hard to enjoy one's self in camp on a rainy day. St. Paul compares this life to a temporary camping out, and says that he has the desire to depart—literally to break up the encampment—and be with Christ. The camping is very good and useful. It has its own enjoyments, its own discipline in hardness, but, as St. Paul thinks, *Home* is better.

JESUS CHRIST came to bring peace, but His is a strange peace—not peace by having our desires satisfied, but peace by giving them up. The world says that when a man gets what he wishes he is most happy. Jesus Christ teaches that when a man gives up what he desires and takes what God wishes, he is happy. This is for many of us a hard saying, but it is a profoundly true one. It contradicts all worldly maxims and brings man to the definite choice between his own will and God's will. To obey the one is to be a worldling, to follow the other is to be a Christian.

WE must accept Christ as we are, to begin with. Man's way is live as much like a child of God as you can, and bye and bye you will get to be a child of God. God's method is just the other way. Come and be made a child of God, and, when you are, live out the child life. This is the difference between true godliness and mere human religiousness. The Christian tries to become what he should be *because he is God's child*, the merely religious man tries *because he is not saved*. The Christian yearns to be like Christ, because he is already past death and judgment. The other would become Christ-like because death and judgment are *before* him, and he would, if possible, prepare himself for such great realities.

WITHOUT the bounding inspiration of hope men can scarcely be useful. The languid air and listless manner of those who have no cheerful hope of success in what they are doing is the certain forerunner of failure. To hope steadily is to win in the end, for all things come to him who waits. St. Paul exhorts the Philippians by the *encouragement* that is in Christ. He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but there is no languid despair in His life. Temporary failure was on the line of ultimate success. Too many Christians make one effort and then give up in despair and disappointment because they seem to have failed. The encouragement that is in Christ ought to nerve us to something braver.

A COUNTRY merchant asked the writer a few weeks ago: "Who do you think buy the most expensive dresses and millinery from us—the town people or the farmers?" One would naturally say that the town people, the daughters of the lawyers, doctors, and the merchants would dress most expensively. But this merchant said this is not the case. There is a sufficient love of display in the town, but there is even more in the outlying country, and one may often see a flaming expensive head-covering and ragged boots on the feet. The one will be seen, the other, it is hoped, will escape notice. We hope that some plain words will be spoken from the pulpit about this vain and extravagant folly. Nothing can be more foreign to the teachings of Him who

was born in a manger than empty display.

I WISH to have the honour to die fighting. I would have all my scars on my breast. Methinks I would not be wounded running away, or skulking into a hiding place. Though I long to go to heaven to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure shall I make among the saints, confessors and martyrs that surround the throne, without some deeper signature of his divine impress, without more scars of Christian honour. I don't envy those who choose to sleep in a whole skin. OLD AUTHOR.

FOR PARISH AND HOME. MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA.

WHAT a wreath of memories cluster round the name of Africa!

The land which in the early centuries of Christianity gave the fiery eloquence of Tertullian, the executive ability of Cyprian, the soul-searching confessions of Augustine. The land which in the present century has witnessed the self-sacrificing labours of some of the noblest missionaries, such as Bishop Crowther in the West, Robert Moffat in the South, Bishop Smythies in the East, Bishop Hannington and Mackay under the equatorial sun of Uganda!

The land for which Livingstone prayed as he was dying upon his knees, alone in the interior. This land so rich in memories must ever be full of interest to those who are praying their Divine Master's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Though Africa is still worthy of the name "the Dark Continent," there are not lacking hopeful signs that "they that sit in darkness shall see a great light."

An African missionary wrote not so many years ago, that to bring a spiritual truth home to the mind of a Bechuana savage was as hard as to lift a mirror by taking hold of the face. The last census of Bechuana land reports that almost the whole population is now Christian.

Canon Taylor Smith, in a recent number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, says:

"You can never win an African unless you first love him; and then when you love him, like all human nature, he responds to the love. The African has a sweetness of character which I have not found excelled even in England. The