

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 3.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1.—**Sexagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. iii. ; Mat. xviii. to v. 21. *Evening*—Gen. vi. or viii. ; Acts xix., v. 21.
- 2.—**Purif. of Mary the B. Virgin.** *Morning*—Ex. xiii. to v. 17 ; Mat. xviii. v. 21 to xix., v. 3. *Evening*—Hag. ii. to v. 10 ; Acts xv. to v. 17.
- 3.—**Quinquagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. ix. to v. 20 ; Mat. xxii. to v. 15. *Evening*—Gen. xii. or xiii. ; Acts xxiii., v. 12.
- 11.—**Ash Wednesday.** P. Pss. M, 6, 32, 38 ; E. 102, 130, 143. Com. Ser. *Morning*—Isai. lviii. to v. 13 ; Mark ii., v. 13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah iii. ; Heb. xii., v. 3 to 18.
- 15.—**1st Sunday in Lent.** Ember Coll. daily. *Morning*—Gen. xix., v. 12 to 30 ; Mat. xxv., v. 31. *Evening*—Gen. xxii. to v. 20 or xxiii. ; Acts xxvii., v. 17.
- 18.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxiii., 14 ; Mat. xxvi., 57. *Evening*—Ex. xxiv., 10 ; Rom. ii., v. 17.
- 20.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxviii., v. 29 to 42 ; Mat. xxvii., v. 27 to 47. *Evening*—Ex. xxix., v. 25 to 30, v. 11. ; Rom. iv.
- 21.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxxi. ; Mat. xxvii., 57. *Evening*—Ex. xxxii. to v. 15 ; Rom. v.
- 22.—**2nd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xxvii. to v. 41 ; Mat. xxviii. *Evening*—Gen. xxviii. or xxxii. ; Rom. vi.
- 24.—**St. Matthias. A. & M. Ath. Creed.** *Morning*—1st Samuel ii., v. 27 to 36 ; Mark i., 21. *Evening*—Isaiah xxii., v. 15 ; xxxvi., v. 8 ; Rom. viii. to v. 18.

* Note that the forty days of Lent are appointed to be observed as days of fasting or abstinence. Ash Wednesday Collect to be used every day in Lent.

THE TEMPTATION.

He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head;
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with bread,

Would not one meal unto Himself afford.

Twelve legions, girded with angelic sword,
Were at His beck, the scorned and buffeted;
He healed another's scratch ; His own side bled,
Side, feet and hands, with cruel piercings gored.

Oh, wonderful, the wonders left undone !
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought.

Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought !
To have all power, and be as having none !
Oh, self-denying love, which felt alone
For needs of others, never for its own !

—Trench.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Church Chats.

THE Saturday Night Club was a place intended for the exchange of opinions. The bright rooms on Charles street were

usually filled with animated groups each Saturday evening, and many an acute opinion, not always expressed in polished language perhaps, could be heard there. Two well dressed men are sitting in the far corner together over their coffee. Let us draw near and hear what they are saying.

"Do you still go to St. Mary's, John?"

"Yes, I do, though to tell you the truth I am going to try the Methodist church to-morrow morning," was the reply.

John—"Why, how is that? Are you not satisfied with your own?"

James—"Well no. I can't say that I am. Somehow or another the Church of England service seems so formal to me. And then I don't think it is right to have prayers read in church; they don't seem to come from the heart as the others do, and then they are not as it were your own ideas and prayers, but made up for you. They are always the same too, and sometimes even in one service you say the same prayer three times over. That can't surely be right, and they never do anything like that in the other churches. I don't know how it is, but I don't feel quite comfortable in using them all the time. The Rector is a very good man, and the way he visits among the poor and sick just puts those other ministers to shame, and then he does read so earnestly too—but then—well I don't like written prayers."

John—"You rather surprise me, James, for I have never heard you talk this way before. But really, as far as I am concerned, I can't say that I feel that way, for when I join in the church service I just try and forget everything but the one thing that I am now in the presence of the Great and Holy God and must worship him in spirit and in truth. I don't look at the minister, and don't think whether he is reading or reciting. I just try to pray with all my heart, and all I know is that my heart burns within me as I confess my sin and plead His love, and go over those grand petitions in the Litany, and those words of Jacob seem to be so real:

'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' You know, James, I think if we try to find objections like that we shall never be done complaining or picking out things to make one miserable, though really I don't think you have the slightest reason for complaint.

James—"I am glad you enjoy the service so, John, you were always good and true. But after all you have not answered my objections. Now tell me, don't you think in your heart that it is wrong to have written prayers in church?"

John—"Well, James, as you ask me, I candidly tell you that I don't. I have been thinking of the matter a good deal of late, on account of the way that energetic minister over at the Flat Street Tabernacle has been trying to get people out of the English church into his fold, and the more I think of it, the more I think, not only that their objections are based on a very small foundation, but that the very arguments they use against the Church of England prayers may be used against theirs."

James—"What do you mean? They don't have written prayers, or use other men's ideas, or go over the same ground again and again. They never read a prayer out of a book as if it were just an exercise to be done. You surely are mistaken, John, when you say these objections can be made to the prayers of other ministers."

John—"I have not been of course a regular attendant at the Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist churches, James, but when there has been no clergyman at our own church I have gone to other places of worship—especially the Presbyterian—for I think it is much better to go to them than to go nowhere, and whenever I have gone I have always heard enough to convince me that extempore prayer is no safeguard against either formality or vain repetition. What struck me most was the painful and laboured effort of the minister in prayer. I could not help thinking that there was a kind of set formalism in those sentences which