

Parish and Home.

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CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

LESSONS.

- 5—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 37; Mark 6 v. 30. *Evening*—Gen. 39, or 40; Rom. 14 and 15, to v. 8.
- 12—4th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. 42; Mark 10, 32. *Evening*—Gen. 43, or 45; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18 and 5.
- 19—5th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. 3; Mark 14, v. 27 to 53. *Evening*—Ex. 5 or 6, to v. 14; 1 Cor. 11, v. 2 to 17.
- 25—Annun. of V. M. *Morning*—Gen. 3, to v. 10; Luke 1, v. 46. *Evening*—Isaiah 52, v. 7 to 13; 1 Cor. 15, to v. 35.
- 26—6th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Exodus 6; Matt. 26. *Evening*—Exodus 10 or 11; Luke 19, v. 28 or 20, v. 9 to v. 21.
- 31—Good Friday. Pr. Pss. M. 22, 40, 51; E. 69, 88. *Morning*—Gen. 22, to v. 20; John 18. *Evening*—Is. 52, to v. 13 and 53; 1 Peter 2.

GOOD FRIDAY.

O MORE than merciful, whose bounty gave Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave! Whose heart was rent to pay Thy peoples' price;

The great High Priest at once and sacrifice! Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

When sin with flowery garlands hides her dart, When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,

When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care, Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,— Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

And, chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife, And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life; When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free, Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,— Help, Saviour by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain! —Heber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Drive in the Country. A LENTEN LESSON.

"I CANNOT see any good in observing Lent," said Walter Archer, turning away impatiently from the Ash Wednesday sermon, in which the rector had taken, perhaps, a not very wise view of the value of Lenten fasting. "What's the good of asking children to give up butter or preserves during Lent? If these do them no harm at other times of the year they will do no harm now. If they are bad for them now they are

bad at all other times. Such stuff may do for children and, perhaps, silly women, but men," and Walter straightened himself stiffly in assertion of his manhood, "now need some stronger meat than this twaddle."

No doubt they do, and a few days later Walter found that the stronger meat was provided. He had a cousin, a country clergyman, and on the Saturday following Ash Wednesday Walter went, as he often did, to spend the Sunday with him and return to the city on Monday morning. The parish was a scattered one, and the two stations in which the services were held were four or five miles from each other. The sleighing was good, and the drive with his bachelor cousin was not one of the least attractions which drew Walter to these Sunday rests in the country. It was clear and cold when they started out, well wrapped up for their drive. So cloudless a sky and pure an air Canadians say can be found only in their own happy land. Wherever found they are almost sure to aid in giving vigour and ruddy health.

"I suppose you preached your Lenten sermon on Wednesday?" said Walter.

"No, somehow we cannot get the country people together on Ash Wednesday, so I have reserved my Lenten talk for this morning."

"I suppose it will be the usual thing," said Walter, who knew his cousin well enough to be familiar and even critical. "Cut down the butter and jam and don't go out to parties."

"Perhaps," said the clergyman quietly. "But I think I can say more than that."

"I wish you would then, for I should like to hear what a sensible man could say for so decayed and worn-out a superstition as that of Lenten observance."

Walter spoke vigorously, for he had radical views, and the silly sermon of the previous Wednesday had made him feel warm upon the subject.

There was a pause. Then the clergy-

man pointed to a house some distance from the road. "Do you see that neglected looking farm?"

The fences were broken down in many places. There were some ragged looking trees in front of the house, and its windows were in half-a-dozen places stuffed with straw or rags. There was not a sign of life about.

"It looks rather as if a tornado had struck it," said Walter, surveying the tumble-down establishment.

"Yes," said the clergyman, "that is just what has happened. A tornado has struck it. Do you wish me to spell the name of the tornado? I have heard of tornadoes that have picked up a man's farm buildings and dropped them on the next concession, but this one, somehow, makes him swallow them. They spell its name DRINK."

"Why, this is an object lesson for a temperance lecturer," said Walter. "What has that to do with Lent?"

"Wait a moment," said his cousin, "you will see." He looked about him as if searching for another illustration; and waited until they had driven a little further, then he said, "That is a comfortable looking brick house on our right, is it not? People ought to be happy in such a home, eh?"

"They might be," said Walter, who was himself accustomed to draw a moral and was not to be entrapped, "but I have good reasons for knowing that people's happiness is not necessarily in proportion to the size or comfort of the house they live in. But are these people happy?" he added in order to draw his cousin out.

"Far from it, it is a miserable place. The man and his wife are of middle age and have two girls just grown up. I never call there that I do not see some sign of a row, either in progress or just ended. The mother is nervous and irritable, and the daughters are unyielding and impertinent.

"Well, it isn't drink here, I suppose?" said Walter, and added slyly, "but what about the Lenten sermon? I believe you are ashamed of it and do not wish to talk about it."