

Parish and Home.

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The Editor of PARISH AND HOME will always be glad to receive contributions from readers of the magazine. If they are suitable for insertion they will appear at an early date. Contributors can have their rejected communications returned if they wish it.

THOSE who love most sorrow most. We sorrow because we love, for sorrow is our grief at the loss of what we cherished. The cold and heartless are without sorrow, and no one would choose to be like them. It is better a thousand times to have the heart wrung with the bitterest grief than to be wrapped in a mantle of indifference and so to feel no pain. It is through these sad losses and stormy griefs of ours that God is moulding something far more beautiful than we otherwise should be. The grief is the shadow thrown by our growing loftiness of soul. "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness."

It is said that a favourite utterance with the party whip in Parliament is, "Give me the man who will vote for his party when he knows it to be in the wrong. Anybody can vote for it when it is in the right." Because men are bound by party and not by conscience political wrong-doing becomes easy, for office-holders know that their friends will stand by them whether they do right or wrong. The state is safe only in the hands of men who are for the right first.

How wonderfully are man and woman made for each other, the one supplying

what is most wanted for the other's strength and happiness! Too rarely does one see in real life the ideal of what the wife might be to the husband and the husband to the wife. The man's rougher, harder life of battling for a livelihood might be softened and chastened by the gentle influence of a tender woman in the home. There at least the cruel, hard business life should be forgotten for a time, and the spirit of the man soften as the frozen earth softens under the sunshine. And woman as she approaches more nearly the ideal of her sex, feels the need of some one to cling to that the tumult of her own spirit may be quieted. Matthew Arnold read her nature truly when he said:

"And women—things that live and move,
Mined by the fever of the soul—
They seek to find in those they love
Stern strength, promise of control.

"They ask not kindness, gentle ways,
These they themselves have tried and known;
They ask a soul that never sways
With the blind gusts that shake their own."

UNSELFISHNESS is never self-conscious. The person who is always conscious that he is a martyr is one of the most selfish persons on earth.

VAGUENESS of motive brings inefficiency and failure in action. Shooting into the air has a twofold danger. The arrow is likely to miss a mark which it were well to have been aimed for, and it is likely to hit a mark which it were better should not have been hit. "I have shot mine arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother," says Shakespeare's King of Denmark. Many a remark has hurt our brother because it was meant for nobody within ear-shot; and many an admonition has helped a brother and hurt no one because it was well aimed. It is a poor business for the preacher and the teacher to shoot their arrows over the house; for he who is hit by sheer accident is pretty sure to be more hurt than helped.—*S. Times*.

THE VOICES OF THE WOMEN.

"THERE is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in missions, they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my

sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me and I returned to my cosy chair and glowing fire, wondering why she need have disturbed my reading to tell me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts or if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline, than seriously to consider the needs of other lands or sympathize with the degraded wretches who, after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self.

Still the disagreeable facts so gratuitously presented by my caller, partook of her persistence, and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind until finally, leaving my book and fire, I said pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance." But the thoughts pursued me as the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me, made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near, I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped shirts, while many hued scarfs gave a brilliancy like the tropics to the scene. I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed at me and said with intense scorn,—"Woman of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to Him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest of us are sold to be one of many wives; the most wretched are gambled away by our own mothers to become slaves. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant, despised at home, she too despises us and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazareth."