

Parish and Home.

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WHAT MIGHT BE.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around,
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned;
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor and its wealth that wastes away.
This world is full of beauty as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

—Gerald Massey.

"GWINE BACK HOME."

As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "I've losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's the matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter yere?"

queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I've bin robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, then, Mars White, somebody has c'me robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when the wah dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good old mi-sus. Why, Mars White, I've dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fust to-backer house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wiramen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I've ole an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I've dreamed an' pondered—I've had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I've dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I've been a believer in You all my days, an' now I dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.—*Selected.*

FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

"The recent discoveries of M. de Morgan, at Dashour, Egypt, have been the most important of modern times. In these tombs of pyramids belonging to the twelfth dynasty—perhaps 2500 B.C.—were found such perfect specimens of workmanship in gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, etc., so exquisite in all their details, as to justify the remark of a connoisseur that by the side of them, 'the famous jewelry of Ah-hoteph looks poor and degenerate.' It is estimated that the commercial value of these treasures cannot be much less than half a million dollars. How effectually does such a find as this silence those great and learned men—persons of recognized scholarship and standing in the first ranks of Biblical critics—who, within a few decades, boldly asserted that the workmanship described in the construction of the tabernacle in the wilderness was of such a nature as to exclude forever the idea of the possibility of fashioning so elaborate a tent with its elegant furniture in the time of Moses. What strange feelings must come over such theologians when they gaze upon these recovered treasures lately deposited in the Gizeh museum!"—*The Friend.*

Set the heart-house in order.