

Parish and Home.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 37.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 3—1st Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 1: 1; Peter 5. *Evening*—Isaiah 2, or 4, v. 2; John 13, to v. 21.
- 10—2nd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 5: 1; John 3, to v. 16; 4, v. 7. *Evening*—Isaiah 11, to v. 11, or 24; John 18, to v. 28.
- 17—3rd Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 25; Rev. 1. *Evening*—Isaiah 26, or 28, v. 5 to 19; Rev. 2, to v. 18.
- 24—4th Sunday in Advent. *Morning*—Isaiah 39, to v. 27; Rev. 14. *Evening*—Isaiah 32, or 33, v. 2 to 23; Rev. 15.
- 31—1st Sunday after Christmas. *Morning*—Isaiah 35; Rev. 21, v. 15 to 22, v. 6. *Evening*—Isaiah 38 or 40; Rev. 22, v. 6.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE COMING OF OUR KING!

Our King delays His coming;
Almost the lapse of years
Has made His promised advent
A legend to our ears;
Autumn has grown to winter
And summer followed spring
For more than nineteen centuries,
And still we wait our King!

When morn and eve we ponder
The stories of His grace,
Our hearts grow sore with longing
To look upon His face;
And well our love He loveth,
But work, not words, will bring,
The Springtide which we long for—
The coming of our King!

Till in the church He buildeth
Is placed the final stone;
Till the last soul is gathered
Which He would call His own,
Our hearts may break with longing,
But never day will bring,
Though centuries roll on centuries,
The coming of our King!

Let us be up and doing,
Give Him our hands to build;
And that His "many mansions"
May speedily be filled,
Our lips, our lives, His message
To those dear souls to bring
The missing stones that hinder
The coming of our King!

If for an earthly sovereign,
As in those days of old,
The wives and maids of Scotland
Could give their gems and gold,
Their husbands, sons, and fathers,
Shall we give less to bring—

Shall we grudge aught to hasten
The coming of our King?

Oh, let us prove by action
Our love and longing true
The fields are white to harvest,
But laborers are few.

Those only who work for it
With conscience clear can sing
The songs that speak of waiting
The coming of our King!

A. M. A.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

HEARTINESS.

"I try to take an interest in every one I meet," said an aged and very successful clergyman, and the principle explained his success. All persons we meet are full of interest, just because they are human. If we show cordiality towards them, their hearts will open, and then we may pour in whatever good things we ourselves rejoice in. But both to feel and to show this sympathetic interest is by no means easy. There is an increasing tendency, as our experience grows, to become *blasé*, and indifferent to new faces. We discover that most people are commonplace, and that we must not expect anything very witty or very bright from them. To talk with one is to talk with all, we say cynically, and we are apt to shrink into ourselves more and more and to expand only with a few old and tried friends.

But this is a selfish and a worldly view. Each person we meet is in reality a mine of interest, and more than a volume for study. The fresh-cheeked farmer's lad does not clothe his thoughts in choice diction. He may seem dull and stupid, but the dullness and stupidity are as much in us as in him if we do not see, besides, something in him that keenly interests us. A human soul is growing before our eyes. The rose, as it unfolds its bud, is marvellous; but here is a more wonderful unfolding. An immortal spirit is beginning to ripen its fruit. We can only watch the rose, but we can help to mould and form this fruit. Words that we speak will make the boy a better or a worse man. Sympathy that we feel and show will expand his mind and heart. Can we think any longer of him, then, as only a clohopper? Rather,

here is a strange and complicated instrument ready to give forth sweet music if we have a touch sufficiently refined and tender to awaken its harmonies.

The first requirement for a useful heartiness is that we should feel an enthusiasm for the truth we hold. Your doubting, hesitating man will never help to build up souls. If we are only half sure that the story of our Lord's life and passion is true, if we half-doubt whether it is an amiable and beautiful fiction, we can never bring the pity of His love home to the hearts of others. No firm structure can be reared on a base of shifting sand. We must get a strong hold of truth ourselves before we can help to support others. The accent of conviction must be in all that we say. We *must* know whereof we speak, or our hearty words will be vain sound, and our warm handshakings will mean nothing. The beginning of usefulness will be found in an earnest probing of our spirits, and a consequent conviction riding secure in every storm, that Jesus Christ satisfies the heart as nought else can satisfy it, and that in Him is the only hope of men and women.

Given this strong conviction, we shall be useful in the degree in which we are cordial. Note the meaning of the word—pertaining to the heart—the counterpart of our good English word hearty. We shall not greet the stranger with a lackadaisical smile and a formal and faltering shake of the hand, but with word and gesture that show warmth and interest. If it is hard to do this, we may be sure that we shall learn by trying. Love in the heart will soon learn to express itself in word and action, and our first care must be to make sure that the love is not wanting.

As we watch the putting together of some piece of mechanism, we see that each part has a place prepared for it into which it fits with exact nicety. The dead iron is better off than many a human soul. Care and thought have been lavished upon fitting it to its place, while hundreds of men and women have had no such thought spent upon them by their fellow-men. They are seeking the place of rest. Even if they do not realize their unrest, we know