

Parish and Home.

A monthly church magazine, published for the promoters by THE BRYANT PRESS, 20 Bay Street, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum, in Advance.

10	copies to one address, for one year,	\$3.50
20	" " " " " "	5.00
40	" " " " " "	11.00
50	" " " " " "	13.50
100	" " " " " "	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper, consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE BRYANT PRESS,
20 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

THOUGHTS AFTER A QUIET DAY FOR WOMEN.

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."

O REST for tired brain and troubled heart
This one blessed day for worship set apart,
For holy hymn and meditation sweet,
And lowly waiting at the Master's feet
For His dear smile, and word of holy cheer,
Dispelling all our grief, and pain, and fear.

Forgotten in this hallow'd, calm retreat,
The cares we must again to-morrow meet;
Or, if remember'd, they illumine'd seem—
Their harshness all transfigur'd by the beam
Of heav'nly love—as with bow'd hearts we kneel,
And God's own peace within our bosoms feel.

Too soon, alas! sweet day, thy hours pass by;
The end of our brief paradise draws nigh;
And we once more go forth our work to meet;
But now with stronger hearts and firmer feet,
As those who here have heard the Master's voice
Bidding them still "Go forward" and "Rejoice."

Yea, e'en in pain and weariness rejoice;
For are not these sweet Consecration's choice?
Her badge of servitude to love divine;
Shall she this likeness to her Lord repine?
Nay, e'en in suffering we would still rejoice;
Thy service, Lord, our glad, our willing choice.

But for the love which bids us "rest awhile,"
Not now in desert place, but sacred pile
Hallowed by Thy dear presence, Thee we praise,
To Thee our hymns of adoration raise;
For Thou, Lord, know'st the weakness of our frame,
And in Thy house has strengthened us again.

—L. I. H.

The Mother's Sacrifice.

A STORY OF A SWISS VALLEY.

A FRIEND, who heard all the particulars from old Fritz Gerson, has given me the following sad and pathetic story of a mother's self-sacrificing love.

In a little chalet, shut in by high mountains, where was but one opening to the world beyond, lived a poor widow and her three young sons, Carl, Johann, and Pierre. Their hut indicated their poverty, for it

was only formed of loose stones, filled in with moss, and a roof made by stretching poles from wall to wall, and covering these with a thatch of pine bark, kept in place by heavy stones. For window and chimney they had a hole in the top of the south wall! There was no furniture in this rude hut—tree stumps served for table and chairs, and for bedding they had a litter of moss and hay.

But they were hardy and happy, and, knowing nothing of any other kind of life, they wished for nothing better. They lived a free, joyous life—hunting, singing, jodelling, climbing the snow-clad peaks, where it seemed almost impossible that a human foot could rest.

"How happy are we, my children!" said the mother, as she drew from a niche in the wall the old, worn Bible.

Carl, being the eldest, was the chief hunter, bringing home the chamois that was to serve for food and clothing for them all. They had a little patch of rocky meadow, in which they kept a few cows and goats, and the mother, helped by Johann and Pierre, made reed and moss baskets, and filling these with the delicious Alpine strawberries, and carrying them on her head to the nearest market, sold them for a few pence.

They would make cheese and butter for the winters, but, these being long and severe, they were often reduced to great want, and here the mother's faith was as a great wall of strength.

"Mother," little Pierre would exclaim, "you must pray harder than ever that the good God will send help. Our little store is nearly done, and the snow is still high before the door."

"Thank God that His greatness and goodness are never done!" the widow would reply. "The store is ever safe when the Saviour keeps the key. It may seem empty, but its bareness may be the door opening into heaven. And, after all, my children, what is earthly food in comparison with the Bread of Heaven?"

The boys did not like this thought. They knew that their mother had no dread of death; but to them it was an awful thing to see her wasting before them day by day, persuading them to eat the food she would not touch so long as she knew they needed it. Misfortune seemed only to strengthen her faith, for when, in 1874, their three cows died through the rinderpest, and this was followed by a winter whose heavy falls of snow cut them off from all communication with the nearest village, she said:

"My sons, nothing matters, so that we do the will of God. Are we not His? Need we fear death with Him in the soul?"

"But, mother," responded Carl sadly, "Little Pierre cares not for God; should not he fear death?"

The poor widow looked long on her youngest, and was unable to answer for sorrow, that this was so.

"How is it, my son?" she asked him. "God gave Himself for thee; hast thou nothing to give Him in return? How gladly would I die to show thee this truth!"

They had nearly got to the end of their provisions, and down in the valley, on the way to the nearest place whence food could be got, the snow was fifteen feet deep. Carl saw his mother growing feebler every day; he said to her:

"Mother, something must be done. Johann and I will venture as far as Pastor Gerson's hut; he may have some venison left to spare us. Let us beg a little until the thaw shall come, and we can pay him back."

"Yes, mother," joined in Johann, "let us go before another fall of snow comes: it is now crisp on the top, and will bear us if we fasten hoops to our shoes."

Then they made snowshoes of the tough branches of the fir-trees, interlaced with strong cords, and early on the morrow prepared to begin their perilous journey.

With many prayers their half-fainting mother watched them depart—her lips were full of blessing for them.

"God go with you and guide you!" she called after them. "In His presence is fullness of joy," remember that, and keep very near to Him on this and every journey."

She saw them sink up to their waists in the snow, but already she had lost all care all anxiety as to the things of earth. For eight hours the brave boys pushed on through snow and ice, knowing that to pause meant death, since sleep would overcome them. Over rocks they helped each other, and crawled on hands and knees along narrow ledges of rock, where one false move would hurl them down steep precipices to instant death. At last, just as they felt it were better to die than to struggle longer, their strength and power to exercise thought being gone, they beheld the roof of Fritz Gerson's hut. The sight so invigorated them, that they set up a loud "jodel," which brought the pastor out to the roof of his hut to see who could be out at such an hour and on such a day.