

Parish and Home.

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CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 1—**All Saints' Day, 23rd Sunday after Trinity.** Morning—Wisd. 3 to v. 10; Hos. 14. Heb. 11, v. 33 to 12, v. 7. Evening—Wisd. 5, to v. 17; Joel 2, v. 21, or 3, v. 9; Rev. 19, to v. 17.
- 8—**24th Sunday after Trinity.** Morning—Amos 3; Heb. 1. Evening—Amos 5 or 9; Luke 24, v. 13.
- 15—**25th Sunday after Trinity** (Coll., Ep., and Gosp. for one of Sundays omitted after Epiph.). Morning—Micah 4 and 5, to v. 8; Heb. 9. Evening—Micah 6 or 7; John 4, v. 31.
- 22—**26th Sunday after Trinity** (Coll., Ep., and Gosp. for 25th Sunday after Trinity). Morning—Eccles. 11 and 12; James 1. Evening—Haggai 2, to 10; or Mal. 3 and 4; John 7, v. 25.
- 29—**1st Sunday in Advent.** Morning—Isaiah 1; 1 Peter 2, v. 11 to 3, v. 8. Evening—Isaiah 2, or 4, v. 2; John 11, v. 17 to v. 47.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. and M.** The Eve of St. Andrew, or any day of the week in which the Festival of St. Andrew falls, will be Day of Intercession for Missions. Morning—Isaiah 54; John 1, v. 35 to 43. Evening—Isaiah 65 to v. 17; John 12, v. 20 to 42.

HE LIVES

"As if life were not sacred, too,"

—George Eliot.

"SPEAK tenderly, for he is dead," we say;

"With gracious hand smooth all his roughened past,

And fullest measure of reward forecast. Forgetting naught that gloried his brief day." Yet when the brother who, along our way—

Prone with his burdens, heart-worn in the strife—

Falters before us, how we search his life, Censure, and sternly punish while we may.

Oh, weary are the paths of earth, and hard, And living hearts alone are ours to guard. At least, begrudge not to the sore distraught The reverent silence of our pitying thought. Life, too, is sacred, and he best forgives Who [says]:—"He errs, but—tenderly! He lives."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

WHAT is a Boy? Professor Drummond gives the answer in a word. The boy represents "Capacity." He is raw stuff, —often very raw,—clay, putty, dough, anything that will take a shape from

what impresses it. He may be clean, or he may be dirty, but in either case he has capacity for being good or bad, and he will be what he is made. The boy moves quickly, and one must look sharp if one would catch him. It doesn't take him long to work his way out of the Sunday School, and when once free of it, you might as well try to catch birds by sprinkling salt on their tails, or fish with a bare hook, as to bring him back by the enticement which the half hour's lesson on Sunday afternoon offers. He has burst these bonds and they will not hold him again if he can help it. Proof? The scarcity of boys between fifteen and twenty in our Sunday Schools.

What are we going to do about it? Let him go, and say "Good riddance!" Perhaps we feel like that sometimes, for he is restless and fidgetty, and a terrible nuisance. But again that disquieting thought—this Boy represents Capacity—capacity for something very bad, if I do not catch him and make the putty take a good shape. His parents are as wise as he is—and no wiser. He does what he likes; runs the streets, smokes, swears, listens to filthy talk; and they usually cannot, and sometimes will not try to, stop him. He must be caught and taught, but is as shy as a deer when you speak of such a thing. How are we going to catch him? He will not come near if he sees you too anxious to have him. He will tell you that the Sunday School is played out—though it isn't by any means played out except in the crooked vision of a vagabond like himself—that he has heard all that before; and he will ask you with a half wink, to "give him something fresh." Happy thought! Suppose we accept his invitation and give him something fresh! Instead of making things easy for him, suppose we try making them hard! Turn him into a soldier, drill him, work him hard, tire him; if he has a dirty pair of hands or unpolished shoes scold him sharply, sternly, and check his nonsense before it has had time even to bud. And, strange freak of Nature that he is, the boy will like it; but only on one condition—that, in-

stead of calling him a Boy you call him a Soldier. He must be Tom Jones no longer, but Private Jones.

There, the secret is out. This is the way it is done. Get a hall or some large open place. Tell the boys that at least thirty must turn out next Thursday night, or you will send home those that come; and tell them, too, that you won't allow a single boy younger than thirteen or older than seventeen in the hall. You will have all the boys you want clamoring at the door for admission long before the hour has come. Let them in in such a way as to show that they are the favoured ones, not you. Have with you some militia officer who understands drill. If you can have a supply of cheap round forage caps, some belts and canvass knapsacks—each outfit costing about fifty cents—array each boy in a set of these. But if you like, this uniform can come later, and perhaps you can make the boys pay the cost by small instalments. Draw them up and drill them for an hour; work them hard. Appoint, as soon as you can, non-commissioned officers from among themselves, and be sure that merit is the only claim to promotion. If your discipline is firm and just, the stricter you are the better. The boy that chafes under a half discipline submits willingly to a thorough and peremptory one.

What is it all to lead to? That is in your own hands and you must choose. If you are the right man for the work, the drill makes the boys ready to obey you in anything. Talk to them on higher things for a quarter of an hour after the drill has ended. Have a Bible class, and make sure that every boy who is admitted to the drill comes to the class too. But one need not dwell upon what you are to do with the boy. He represents Capacity—and you—well you are the mould by which this soft clay is to be shaped.

"We understand that information regarding the Boys' Brigade may be had from the Brigade Secretary, 68 Bath street, Glasgow, Scotland or from the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A. 107 Hazen street, St. John, N. B.