

Parish and Home.

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THE GOLDEN TIME.

When is the golden time? you ask—the golden time of love,
The time when earth is green beneath,
and skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy health and strength,
the time for happy hour—
When is the golden hour? you ask—I
answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand slips
on the great world sea,
As staunch as ever ship that launched to
sail eternally;
To-day, that wafts to you and me a
breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free—
it is the golden time.

For yesterday hath veiled her face and
gone so far away
As sands that swept the pyramids in
Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on yesterday, or tryst
with her again;
Forever gone, her toils, her prayers, her
conflicts, and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold, may never
come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill, with
gladness or distress,
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand, nor
catch her on the way;
For when we reach to-morrow's land she'll
be by then to-day.

You ask me for the golden time; I bid
you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work, while yet
you have the power.
To-day, the golden time for joy, beneath
the household eaves;
To-day the royal time for work, "for
bringing in the sheaves."

To-day the golden time for peace, for
righting olden feuds
For sending forth from every heart what-
ever sin intrudes;
To-day, the time to consecrate your life to
God above;
To-day, the time to banish hate, the
golden time for love.

—Messenger.

"I DON'T LIKE THE MINISTER."

"I don't like the minister!"
That settles the matter. If you
don't like the minister, you have
no duties to perform. Not liking
the minister absolves you from
all responsibility. The fact that
you "don't like the minister" re-
leases you from your vows. If
you are a warden or a vestryman,
you need not take any further
interest in the financial affairs of
the congregation. The fact that
the people entrusted you with
certain duties, which you engaged
to perform, is neither here nor
there if you "don't like the min-
ister." Of course you needn't
pay anything, "if you don't like
the minister." Certainly not.
The easiest of all ways to get rid
of supporting the Church and its
ordinances is simply to say, "I
don't like the minister." There
are a number of reasons why
some "don't like the minister."
Some of these reasons are good,
no doubt, but many are the re-
verse. Neither good nor bad
absolve a hearer from his duty.
Perhaps it would be presumption
to ask you why you "don't like
the minister"?—Selected.

"SMALL SWEET COURTESIES."

From *Harper's Weekly*: Life is
so complex, its machinery so intri-
cate, that it is impossible that the
wheels should always move smooth-
ly and without friction. There is a
continual straining of every nerve
to gain and keep a place in this
over-crowded busy world. What
wonder if, in the hurry and pushing,
the rights of others are trampled
or completely ignored, when every
individual is in such haste that time
fails for the "small sweet courtesies
of life!"

But it is the little offices of friend-
ship—the encouraging smile, the
appreciative word, the thought for
our preferences, the avoidance of
our prejudices—which make life
easier, and which lessen in a mar-
vellous degree all its worries and
perplexities. For nothing prevents
friction so perfectly as the exercise
of what we sometimes disdainfully
call the minor virtues. As though
one should be endowed with truth,
and yet, lacking prudence and deli-

cate insight and circumspection,
wound with sharp 'needle pricks
the sensitive hearer. We do not
care to be constantly reminded of
our failings. "Faithful are the
wounds of a friend," but friends too
often show a fondness for the
scalpel, and lay bare our pet weak-
nesses in a truthful but exceedingly
uncomfortable fashion.

A gentlewoman never fails in the
small sweet courtesies. Instinctively
she respects the feelings of others,
and having the golden rule by heart,
it is from her heart that all lovely
love compelling graces flow. "In her
tongue is the law of kindness," and
she has the ready tact which takes
advantage of every opportunity to
render the lives of others happier,

"And every morning with 'Good-day,'
Makes each day good."

Her winning smile and gentle min-
istrations, her soft voice and unfail-
ing sympathy, insure her always a
ready welcome, and, like the sun,
she "finds the world bright, be-
cause she first makes it so."

The fairy tale of our young days
has a peculiar charm and attrac-
tion. The courteous, cheerful
maiden who draws water for the
withered old crone, and who listens
to her, and replies with amiability,
is rewarded with the gift of uttering
pearls and diamonds; and, in the
less romantic German version, Frau
Holle bestows gold pieces as the
reward of civility and diligence
with that delightful prodigality so
characteristic of fairyland.

The small, sweet courtesies are
so potent in their influence upon
our daily life, softening its asper-
ities, rounding its angles, and in-
sensibly compelling imitation. For
who could be churlish, or even cold
and indifferent, when surrounded
by an atmosphere of genial warmth?
The little every-day and all-day
thought for others is not hard to
some gracious natures imbued with
the rare virtue of self-forgetfulness;
but to those who long for the ad-
miration of their fellow-creatures,
the practice of the small sweet cour-
tesies can be recommended as an
unfailing means of gaining that
approbation. Mr. Browning ex-
presses it thus:

"'Twas her thinking of others made you
think of her."