

Parish and Home.

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OUT OF SELF.

WHATE'ER thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must ;
As God, if thou lovest God ;
As dust, if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in ;
Die, and thou let Him live ;
Be not, and He will be ;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route ;
The way which knowledge leads
Is but a roundabout.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou't be
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

—*Angelus Silesius* (1426).

The Angel of the Beautiful.

By the LORD BISHOP OF RIFON.
CHAPTER III.

THERE was great excitement in the city, for the new town hall was nearing its completion. It is true that there were wretched hovels in the town, where thousands crowded together in wretchedness, the victims and the authors of disease ; but the city magnates took a pride in their town, and they resolved to build a town hall and municipal buildings which should be worthy of their city, and which should outshine in sumptuousness and splendor the buildings of other towns. So they voted away the people's money for a most magnificent edifice. It was to be ceiled with cedar and pannelled with oak ; its staircases were to be marble and its vestibules alabaster ; its corridors were to be adorned with life-size statues of civic worthies ; and its council-chamber was to be decorated with pictures which should tell the story and glory of the town. While such a great work was in hand, the municipal authorities could not attend to

anything else, and, with such an undertaking before them, they could not afford to encounter any other expenses. So the proposal for the removal of the fever dens and for the improved sanitation of some of the crowded alleys was postponed ; and wretchedness and sickness continued to live in the courts and back streets, while the municipal palace and the municipal debt grew in dignity and dimensions together.

The artist had his hands more than full. His influence was now greater than ever ; and if he had not been kept so incessantly busy, he would most gladly have done something more for the suffering people of the city. But it was necessary for him to complete the task which had been given him. Besides some of the statues which were to flank the entrance hall of the new palace, to him had been entrusted the work of telling, in a series of pictures, the tale of how the city had grown from a swamp-surrounded village to be the superb and stately emporium of commerce and centre of intellectual and artistic life of which the townfolk were so proud. This great work, or this great series of works, made exceptional demands upon his time. He worked early and late. His "one day in country" had to be given up. He hardly gave himself the necessary meals ; he grudged himself the scantiest exercise. He had studied the history of the town ; he felt that he was its foremost and most illustrious artist ; and these pictures must be worthy of the town and of himself. And so the artist worked ; and the poor and suffering waited ; and the townfolk wondered, and the work-people toiled ; and the great building rose before the eyes of the civic worthies, who rubbed their hands with glee, and their eyes with proud astonishment, as the magnificence of the completed edifice was displayed before them.

But when the statues were ranged in vestibule and corridor, and when the historical pictures were hung in the council-chamber, the eager hum of expectation was suddenly silenced. The artist stood near. Was the silence the result of charmed admiration, or was it a quick doubt of success ? Was it fascinated delight which kept the people so silent, or was it complete disappointment ? No one would speak ; no voice expressed admiration ; and at length the painful silence was broken by the summons to the ample repast which was provided in the great public hall. The artist was left for a few moments face to face with the works

of his hands in the council-chamber, which he had regarded as the scene of his completest triumph. He could see no defect in the pictures. His toil had been as great as ever ; he had studied deeply, he had worked hard. He had even taken an interest in the grouping of the figures, the selection of their costumes, and the apportionment of color. But, as he looked, a misgiving crossed his mind : he could not put it into words. His work was before him : it represented to him days and weeks of indefatigable brain-wearing and body-wearying toil. All this he saw in his pictures. He saw his own work, his own time, his own thought. But he imagined that he ought to have seen something more. Was he wrong, but was there not always in his previous pictures something which was just not himself, but greater than himself ? Did not the open eye of wonder look out upon him from his earlier works ? Was there not always something which said : "You brought me into form, but I was life before you gave me the form" ? Or was he losing his mind in the confusion and excitement of the day ? Presently some of the simple folk who had been admitted to see the building came strolling in to look at the pictures, while the great and important functionaries and citizens were busy over the public lunch. The artist's place was empty at the table. He ought to be there ; but he could not go yet, or tear himself away from the council-chamber, and these pictures which were so like himself. He sat in a quiet, broad-seated window nook, thinking, and trying to brace himself for the duty of taking his place at the banquet. He heard the hesitating footsteps of the little stream of visitors now strolling, with the expressive sound of clumsy feet which their simple owners earnestly sought to put down noiselessly ; he heard the drawled, dragging, gritty shriek which followed the progress of slipshod walkers ; he heard the low whispers, broken by an occasional exclamation which echoed with sudden clamor through the room. Presently he caught coherent sentences. These simple people would give their opinion. Could he learn anything which would satisfy his own mind, or answer his self-questioning ? "Well, they are mighty clever, I make no doubt ; but I like that picture he gave to our Sarah a deal better. Why, these are but mere dolls aside of that one ! I suppose these tell us a lot about history and all that ; but I don't rightly know how it is,