

# Parish and Home.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1895.

No. 50.

## CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

### LESSONS.

- 1—Circumcision of our Lord. *Morning*—Gen. 17: 9; Rom. 2, 17. *Evening*—Deut. 10: 12; Col. 2: 8 to 18.
- 6—Epiphany of our Lord. (Ath. Cr.) *Morning*—Isaiah 60; Luke 3: 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isaiah 49: 13 to 24; John 2: 12.
- 13—1st Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 51; Matt. 8: 1 to 18. *Evening*—Isaiah 52: 13 to 53, or 54; Acts 8: 5 to 26.
- 20—2nd Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 55; Matt. 12: 1 to 22. *Evening*—Isaiah 57 or 61; Acts 12.
- 25—Conversion of St. Paul. *Morning*—Isaiah 49: 1 to 13; Gal. 1: 11. *Evening*—Jer. 1: 1 to 21; Acts 26: 1 to 21.
- 27—3rd Sunday after Epiphany. *Morning*—Isaiah 62; Matt. 15: 1 to 21. *Evening*—Isaiah 65 or 66; Acts 16: 16.

### FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O GOD of truth, whose living word  
Upholds whatever has breath,  
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,  
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,  
Who claim a heavenly birth,  
May march with Thee to smite the lies  
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Oh! would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the faithful and the true,  
In raiment clean and white!

He fight for truth, we fight for God,  
Poor slaves of lies and sin!  
He who would fight for Thee on earth  
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth, for whom we long,  
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,  
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite! still burn! till naught is left  
But God's own truth and love;  
Then, Lord, as morning dawn come down  
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,  
From every lie set free,  
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
And we shall live in Thee.

—Thomas Hughes.

(Author of "Tom Brown's School-days.")

If the Jew, with his knowledge and privileges, gave a tenth of his income to the Lord, what percentage should you give? Just sit down and figure this out.

ONCE more it is the privilege of PARISH AND HOME to wish its many readers a Happy New Year. The tale of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four is completed. With its victories and its failures, its bright days and its dark shadows, it has dropped into the silent past, and all eyes are on this New Year that is being ushered in. How big it is with possibilities! What hopes arise at its approach! All over the world men and women are wondering what it has in store for them. It comes absolutely unknown. No one can penetrate its mysteries or hasten its march. It will take its own measured time to reveal its secrets. But, then, it is holding within its bosom innumerable matters of interest to each and all! How hearts would beat and countenances alter could we know them now! Many of us might hardly endure the bare mention of them. It is the deep silence of the incoming year and the absence of all clue to its secrets that protect us and make us as interested as we are. There are no hard facts to hem us in on every side. And so the hope irresistibly arises in all hearts that this year really has blessings in store.

OFTEN of a winter's morning on rising from our beds, and throwing aside the curtains of the window, we find that it has been snowing all night. The snow lies many inches deep, covering the whole earth with a mantle of purest white. But there is not a cloud in the sky now. It is one clear blue overhead, and the rays of the rising sun strike obliquely over the surface of the snow and cast a golden sheen everywhere, flooding our room with yellow light. It is a glorious sight, and it makes our spirits rise. But before the day is over the beauty of the early morning hour is gone. The snow is robbed of its splendor and discolored, the earth's mantle is rent and disfigured, and the blighting effect of man's handiwork is seen everywhere. So it is with this New Year. It is beautiful now, and we would have it stay with us just as it is. But, alas! before its course is half run out, its splendor will have departed, and we men and women shall have made it take on the hard, prosaic aspect of

the years that are past. It is just our human handiwork that makes the difference.

Let us bear this in mind. For the continued glory of the coming year we are responsible. We do not sit like beggars by the wayside, helpless ourselves, and waiting for the kind offices or the curses of the passer-by. This New Year holds in its lap things unknown as yet, but it rests to a great extent with us what they shall be. Under God, we shall make it or mar it, both for ourselves and for one another. To the traveller approaching the city of Constantinople for the first time, especially from the water, it is said to be a vision of glory. The gilded domes and towers and minarets of its many mosques all gleaming in the sunlight dazzle the eye. But on entering it the streets are found to be narrow and dirty, and the houses squalid. Wretchedness abounds, and everywhere the germs of disease are lurking. The visitor is disappointed, but it is not his fault. He has no power to make the city bear out the splendor of the first glimpse from a distance. He makes the best of it, and blames the lazy, barbarous Turk. But not so is it with this New Year. If, on closer acquaintance with it, men meet with bitter disappointment on every hand, on their own shoulders rests the blame. God would have it full of joy and blessing for them. If they fail to find these, it will be because they have driven them out.

Do all our readers agree that the happiness or the misery of the coming year rests with them? At first sight there seems much to contradict it. There are many things in our daily life upon which its course depends that are quite beyond our control. "What of the sicknesses," says some one, "that confines us to our beds for many days together, rack us with pains, and give our friends the greatest anxieties?" "How many of my dearest friends may die before the year is over!" urges another. And from a third there comes the objection that though he be never so honest and industrious in business, and use all the caution and discretion possible, the year may overwhelm him with such financial disaster as will reduce his family to the