

Parish and Home.

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A CLERGYMAN was once giving an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm and he began thus: "The Lord is my Shepherd." Then he paused. "Ah, David, thou wilt be much the better for that." "Yes," saith David, "I shall not want."

MANY of our week night church meetings are not models of liveliness and attractiveness. In some churches the Wednesday evening meeting drags terribly. "I am compelled to announce, brethren," observed a Chicago clergyman, taking off his glasses and wiping them, "that our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting will not be held this week. I shall be on hand, of course, but the janitor will be unavoidably absent that evening, and it takes two to make a prayer meeting. We will sing the doxology and be dismissed." What is to be done about it?

A PUNGENT American writer says: "Pity the church that has dwindled into a sort of spiritual restaurant, expecting the clergyman to furnish two square meals on Sunday and a lunch in the middle of the week. 'Feed the sheep,' said a good old man to me, and I declare I felt a little like using the butt end of the shepherd's crook as I said to him, 'I have fed the sheep until they are so fat now they can hardly walk. What they need is to exercise a little and work off their superfluous flesh.' Perhaps this shepherd's tone as to his own feeding of the sheep is a little too

self confident, but there is undoubtedly a lazy listening to the good things which may be offered from the pulpit as if the hearer's work were done when he had—listened. He who teaches has a responsibility in teaching. He who hears has as great a one in hearing. "We can be healthy," said Dr. Johnson, "only so long as we are well," and we can be well spiritually only so long as we are taking active exercise in working out in our lives the Christian truth we have learned.

AMONG our exchanges none are more welcome than our Jewish contemporary, *The Visitor*. The terrible sufferings of the Jews in nominally Christian Russia have had at least one gleam of brightness. All over the world the sympathy of those who have the spirit of Christ has been evoked. We are glad to hear *The Visitor* speaking so kindly of this genuine Christian sympathy while bitterly denouncing the cruel oppression of a nominally Christian country.

As Christians we owe much to God's ancient people, the Jews. More than half our Bible is made up of the Hebrew Scriptures, which were preserved for us through the watchful care and religious zeal of the Jews. They are being most critically examined. In some instances no doubt preconceived opinions unfounded upon truth have to give place, but we are realizing as never before the beauty and value, the meaning and power of this portion of God's Holy Word.

"A SHIP," says an ancient writer, "may be overlaid with silver even to sinking and yet have space enough to hold ten times more; and so a covetous man, though he have enough to sink him, will never have enough to satisfy him, like the miserable caitiff mentioned by the Grecian poet who wished he had a thousand sheep and then cried for cattle without number."

THERE are some clocks that tell time, and some that only tell the right time twice every day. These are the dummy clocks which jewelers often have for signs in front of their stores. Have you ever seen them? and if so, have you noticed that almost all of them point to the same time—seventeen minutes after eight? Perhaps if you have thought of them at all you supposed as I did, that they were made

to point to any hour that the workman who made them might fancy; but that is not so. A gentleman standing near one the other day said: "I never see one of those clock faces that I don't think of Abraham Lincoln."

"Why so?" said his friend.

"Because those clocks mark the hour and moment when he was shot. The Jewelers' Association after his death decided that all such clock faces should be set at 8.17, and this has been done so generally since that you scarcely ever see one which is not in this way a sad reminder of the tragic death of a great man.—*Christian Advocate*.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dawning!

Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "All the days."

Another year of service
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning
Dear Master, let it be
On earth or else in Heaven
Another year for Thee!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

A POSTAL CARD.

At this season when New Year cards are flying in every direction with their kind wishes, it may be well to put the question, Why not make more use throughout the year of another little message bearer. We mean the ordinary postal card. It can never take the place of a letter to a friend, but it can carry many a message in the service of Christ which would otherwise never be sent. A writer in *The Young People's Union* remarks on this subject:

"Did you ever think how much a postal card may be made to do for Christ? It is the product of this swift age when we haven't time to waste with the envelope and the sealing and the stamping. In a moment it is