

Parish and Home.

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THE MESSAGE.

By MRS. O. W. NOBLE, in *Parish Visitor*.

On a quiet summer evening when my heart was oppressed with care,
I turned my wandering footsteps, and entered the house of prayer;
Long had I craved a blessing that to me was still denied,
And I grieved that loved ones wandered afar from the Father's side.

'Twas the hour of the vesper service, the people were gathered there,
And the words of the evening Psalter came soft on the summer air.
"I should utterly have fainted, but that I verily
Believed in the land of the living, the goodness of God to see."

"Oh tarry thou the Lord's leisure," came the people's answering word,
"Be strong, He thy heart shall comfort, and put thy trust in the Lord."
And all through the rest of the service, through lesson, creed and prayer,
Like some sweet strain of music the cadence lingered there.

My heart and voice, in triumph, were raised in the closing hymn,
And I knelt for the benediction in the quiet shadow dim,
My heart was freed from its burden, and I thanked the Father there,
For the message of comfort sent me, that night, in His house of prayer.

TELL IT.

I have a dim recollection of a story read many years ago.

A bashful young man was seated in a kitchen. Near by sat a girl he admired. He longed to tell her this, but his lips were sealed, while the quaint old clock in the corner, with measured tick, solemnly swung back and forth, and seemed to say, "Tell—her; tell—her; tell—her."

There are sober thoughts that may be gathered from the advice of the old clock.

Far back in the years running between 1843 and 1847 a young girl, who was a Sabbath school teacher, sat with a group of little ones around her. The words that fell from her lips were earnest and impressive.

The story of the Saviour's birth, sufferings and death touched the heart of at least one of the little ones, and it resulted in her conversion. But this was not developed until after the teacher had left the school. Years passed away, but in the interval the teacher frequently visited her former class. A few more years passed away, and then came a separation. The year 1868 was ushered in and had nearly ended. Then, and not until then, did the former pupil find courage to search out and find her childhood friend; to tell her of the fruit which came from her instruction. Why was not this done before? Why were twenty years allowed to pass before this testimony was given? A warmer friendship than ever before sprang up, and although death has now separated them, it will run through all eternity.

A young teacher in a day-school was sorely perplexed in relation to methods of teaching. She was taken out of the mist through the kind words and patient instructions of a public educator. She often longed for a favourable opportunity when she might tell him this, and, at last, the opportunity came.

"You have helped me more in my work than any one I have ever met." The aged eye brightened. "Well, once in a while we do meet with people who give us some encouragement by telling us these things," was the modest reply.

A few more years and the educator's work was ended. He sweetly "slept the sleep that knows no waking." The teacher stood by the side of the casket and, while in her heart there was much of sadness, yet there was also much of satisfaction. "I am so glad I told him!" came often to her thoughts, and almost escaped her lips.

A pastor, coming out of his church one Sabbath morning, was

met by a stranger, who warmly grasped his hand, and said: "You do not remember me, but I remember you. A sermon preached by you somewhere between the years 1858 and '60 led me to the Saviour." Very pleasant were these words to the pastor, but why did forty years pass before it was revealed to him? What cheer it might have brought to his heart in his early ministry, when he perhaps sorely needed encouragement.

These persons all lived to hear the good news, although they waited long. But here is another case:

A little boy sat at his grandfather's knee. The words of Christian counsel came from the aged lips. The boy grew into manhood, became a member of the church where his grandfather had held office, visited and talked often with the dear old saint, until his pilgrimage was ended. The young man married, a group of little ones were around him. One day, in the course of conversation, he said to me, "Grandfather's talk when I was a boy led me to God." "Did you ever tell him?" I inquired. "No," was the reply.

Dear old grandfather! He never supposed that his humble words amounted to anything, yet a star for the Saviour's crown awaited him in Heaven. But how happy his few remaining years would have been made if he had only known it. What a blessed tie there would have been between the two. Why, then, was it not told to him?

It is much to be regretted that this neglect is common; that so many fail to give the few words of encouragement to those who have helped them on in life's trials, or have turned their faces heavenward. But there is a more serious neglect than this, and it far exceeds the former. It is fully explained in Ps. cvii. 2, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

If one believes that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, he must believe that he is included in the list. If, believing this, he can say from his inmost heart, "Lord, take me and make me Thine," he surely will not reject the precious promise, "Him