

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1891.

No. 8.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

LESSONS.

- 5.—6th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Sam. 1; Acts 12. *Evening*—Sam. 12, to v. 24, or 18; Jude.
- 12.—7th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 21; Acts 17, to v. 16. *Evening*—1 Chron. 22, or 28, to v. 21; Matt. 5, v. 33.
- 19.—8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Chron. 29, v. 9 to 29; Acts 21, to v. 17. *Evening*—2 Chron. 1, or 1 Kings 3; Matt. 9, v. 18.
- 25.—St. James, A & M. *Morning*—2 Kings 1, to v. 16; Luke 9, v. 51 to 57. *Evening*—Jer. 26, v. 8 to 16; Matt. 13, to v. 24.
- 26.—9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—1 Kings 10, to v. 25; Acts 25. *Evening*—1 Kings 11, to v. 15, or 17, v. 26; Matt. 13, v. 24 to v. 53.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I SAT in the school of sorrow;
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upwards,
An I seeking the face divine,
So full of tenderest sympathy
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a tender glance of love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I the Master am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look in that face divine
Has given me power to trust Him
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And then I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone,
He only knows the tears I shed.
For He has wept His own.

But from them came the brightness,
Straight from the home above,
Where the school-life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Church Chats.

V.

John—"I just promised to tell you one or two more things, James, before I finished. You remember I was telling you how our Church of England is so permeated with Scripture; how the prayers themselves are often just texts of Scripture; and—if not actual texts, at least Scriptural phrases a little paraphrased, and have you ever thought James, what a great safety there is in the use of a liturgy?"

James—"Safety? What kind of safety?"

John—"Why safety against false doctrine. In an extempore prayer a man is free to give expression to what doctrine he likes, and whatever phrases he wishes to use he can. He can without let or hindrance, introduce the most extraordinary doctrinal declarations, but the use of our prayers is a safeguard against those possible aberrations of heterodoxy. But even if there is not a real practical danger, soundness of doctrine follows as a matter of fact from Scripturalness of expression, for as a modern writer says, "There is not a book in the English language so intensely dogmatic as the Book of Common Prayer." Safety too against the sweeping secularism of the age."

James—"What do you mean?"

John—"Well, I may be old-fashioned, but you know very well the Church has been invaded in these latter days by that levelling spirit of the world which wants everything to give way to it. Men everywhere are craving for brevity in the prayers, and demand that everything must give way to other attractions, such as the anthem or the sermon. Men—yes, even Christian men—want the prayers to be so short, that full and edifying and acceptable prayer is well nigh impossible. Everything must give way to the eloquent sermon, that is, in almost every church except the Church of England. The prayers must be curtailed and crowded into the briefest possible compass. Now, I regard it as

one of the most valuable features of the Church, James, that it protests against this semi-secularistic craving, by making prayer and worship and thanksgiving and adoration occupy not a small part in each service. It teaches the people that they come to church not merely to be entertained by a clever sermon from a popular preacher, but to be worshippers and suppliants at the Throne of Mercy. And even if we sometimes think it long, surely James, it is better to be long in His presence, than to rush in, and hastily pass out as if time spent in prayer were wasted. But I must stop James. But let me just make two quotations, one from an author, whose name I do not know, and the other from the Rev. Charles Simeon. Here is the first: 'If all men could pray at all times, as some men do at some times, we should have no need of a liturgy.' And this is from a sermon of Mr. Simeon, on the Liturgy: 'It is the blemishes of our Liturgy that alone are seen by multitudes, and its excellencies are forgotten; yea, moreover, frequent occasion is taken from these blemishes to persuade men to renounce their communion with the English Church, in the hopes of finding a purer worship elsewhere. With what justice such arguments are urged will best appear by a comparison between the prayers that are offered elsewhere, and those offered in the church. There are about 11,000 (this was nearly one hundred years ago) places of worship of the Church of England, and as many out of it. Now take the prayers that are offered on any Sabbath, in all the churches outside of the Church of England, have them all written down, and every expression sifted and scrutinized as ours have been; then compare them with the prayers offered in the Church of England; and see what comparison the extemporaneous effusions will bear with our pre-composed forms. Having done this for a Sabbath, proceed to do it for a year; and then compare them again; were this done (and done it ought to be to form a correct judgment

of the case), methinks there is scarcely a man in the kingdom that would not fall down on his knees and bless God for the Liturgy of the English Church."

DYSON MAGUE.

A NOBLE GIVER.

MR. QUARRIER, who is carrying on Christian work in what may be called "darkest Scotland," was recently asked to call at a certain address on the south side of Glasgow, and on doing so found that his unknown correspondent was an old woman over seventy years of age. She lived by herself in a house of one apartment, which was clean and comfortably furnished, and she herself was the picture of a frugal and tidy old Scotchwoman. In the course of conversation Mr. Quarrier learned that she followed the humble occupation of a washerwoman; that she had struggled successfully to keep house, and had year by year laid by something, until now her earnings in the bank, with accumulated interest, had reached a considerable sum. She had taken great interest in the work of rescuing poor street waifs, and believing that she could not put her savings to better use, handed Mr. Quarrier, to his surprise, cheques to the amount of £624.

Although quite an uneducated woman, she much impressed Mr. Quarrier by her shrewd, intelligent talk about the orphan homes, and stated from what she herself had seen and experienced in her struggle through life she was convinced that the only hope of success in such work was to get the young people away from their vicious companions and surroundings. Believing this, she was impressed with the great things Mr. Quarrier had already accomplished, and as it would brighten her closing days on earth to know that she had done what she could to help on the work of rescuing the poor street waifs, she freely made over the sum to the orphan homes.—*The Christian*.

GIDEON'S THREE HUNDRED.

God's close sifting was not to bring out the men who could fight, but the men who could obey; men whom He could trust simply to repeat what their leader did, and shout, and break, and then stand. "As I do, so shall ye do," was Gideon's word. God wanted the men who could trust implicitly, and then stand unbroken. That three hun-

dre had but one sword in their host, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and they dared to stand and see it work, and allow their blazing torches to burn with concentrated light out of their shattered pitchers. The light was unbroken, because the pitchers were broken. And so they stood, and stood, and then the reserve who could fight, but who could not be trusted to stand, came up and pursued the fleeing host.

What striking teaching there is here! God's heroes are those who can stand. Their heroism was to stand still and shout. They had already had the victory over themselves. They had learned self-control, or rather, they had yielded to the control of God upon them, and could stand still and see the salvation of God. "Be still, and know that I am God."—*Sophia M. Nugent*.

GOD'S MUSIC.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,
Water, and air, and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley, and gorge, and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the cords with might
He puts forth his hand to the ocean
He speaks and the waters flow—
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low,
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams—
A tender song, like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams,
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the world began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man!

—*Temple Bar*.

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

DR. EREMETE PIERROTTI, a French scientist, architect and engineer, many years ago—when an infidel—journeyed through Palestine with the avowed intention of disproving the truth of the Bible. Visiting the heap of stones over Absalom's grave, he sat down to meditate with a heart full of unbelief, and while he tarried there an Arab woman came by with her little child, which she held by the hand. In passing she threw a stone upon the heap marking the tomb of Absalom, and bade her child do the same.

"What do you do that for?"

"Because it is the grave of a wicked son who disobeyed his father."

"And who was he?"

"The son of David," she replied. He started as if a blow had struck him. Here was an Arab woman, a Mohammedan, who probably had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and could not read a word of them, yet she held these ancient facts and was teaching her child to fling a stone at the monument called by the name of a son who rebelled against his father.

Dr. Pierrotti, Bible in hand, turned to the story of Absalom, and as he read it a new light shone on him.

This was the first of many convictions which so wrought upon him, that at length he embraced the faith he once attempted to destroy, and devoted his life to the proof and illustration of the sacred Scriptures.—*Hebrew Christian*.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

SEVERAL years ago, Miss Beilby, a young English woman who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow, India, was sent for by the wife of the native Prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one; if Miss Beilby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. The English woman was young and timid, but she knew her duty; she went, remained two months, and cured the patient. When she was about to return, the Ranees sent for her and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Ranees brought paper, pen and ink, and with tears besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors.

"Write it small, Sahiba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it into the hands of the great Ranees herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket with the message in her hands. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.

Many women doctors have been sent out by the association, and Indian women are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of fifty acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindu female patients.

Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman, these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for all the women of India—probably never would have come to them.

Sow the seed, however small it may be, of good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit will be.—*Youth's Companion*.

PRAYER.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIFON.

PERHAPS you will find that prayer is irksome to you at times. Do not be discouraged at this, and do not allow this to make you give up prayer as useless. Nearly all of us must have felt at times a reluctance to start work. We do not dislike our work, but there is a natural sloth which tempts us to put off. This feeling comes also into our religious life as a temptation, for there is a spiritual sloth as well as a physical. And this slothfulness makes the beginning of our prayers irksome. If so, do not allow the indolence to get the better of you. Set yourself to work with your might. Don't take easy denials of yourself, or allow your indolence to make excuse.

"Thought at first," says Archbishop Leighton, "ye feel no sweetness in such exercises, yet be not discouraged, nor induced to leave them, but continue in them faithfully, whatsoever pain or spiritual trouble ye feel; for, doing them for God and His honour, and finding none other present fruit, yet you shall have an excellent reward for your diligent labour, and your pure intentions."

Or perhaps you feel doubtful how to pray, or what to say. Never mind your words; never think what words you are to use; you will never pray rightly or heartily if you are thinking of the words. Think of the God to whom you are praying—your kind and all-powerful Father. Think of the loving Saviour, who has encouraged you to ask what you will in His name. Think of the Holy Spirit, who will help your spirit and heart to wish for the highest and best blessings.

You will find it a great help if you carefully think what you really need.

Do not imagine that God does not wish you to pray, or that He will think your requests foolish. Some of them may be foolish and unwise; but He will know this, and not give you what is really bad for you, nor does He, who gives liberally, ever upbraid those who ask Him. Remember what you have done that is wrong, and when you ask God to forgive you, resolve that that wrong-doing is to be treated as an enemy henceforward. Put it out of the gate. Hold no parley with it. It is a foe, because it has made you do wrong; and it is twice a foe now that you have been forgiven.

"Continue," wrote the holy man I have before quoted; "continue steadfast in your desires, purposes and endeavours, and ever ask the best; aim at the best and hope the best, being sorry that you can do no better, and they shall be a most acceptable sacrifice in the sight of God, and in due time you shall reap if you faint not."

Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

—*Southey*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AUSTRALIA'S PLAGUES.

Two of the greatest material obstacles in the way of Australia's prosperity—the two, what might well be called plagues of the country—are Scotch thistles and English rabbits. Thousands on thousands of acres of the best agricultural land of the colony are rendered useless for crops or pasturage by these two pests, until now the governments are offering fortunes to the men who will provide a cure.

And yet these very things were brought into the country as blessings, no one thought what they would do in the future, no one ever dreamed of their gaining a mastery for evil. A patriotic Scotchman thought what a nice pleasant thing it would be to have a thistle such as are common in old Scotland; one thistle could do no harm, and so a thistle was imported as a rarity, and a thing of beauty. Some homesick Eng-

lishman thought that a few rabbits—such as he had seen on the commons at home—would be a good thing in Australia, and so a few were brought over. And the thistle spread, and the rabbits increased, until we have the plagues of to-day.

Is there no lesson for us in these facts? Do we ever look lovingly on things that seem very pleasant and will apparently do no harm; they are so small, so few? Are there ever men and women who go beyond the looking and longing and bring home that little sin, that little habit? A pleasant thing at first—we are its master—but the time often comes, no one can tell when or with whom, and the pleasant little thing becomes a master, a scourge, a curse to that which it was intended to beautify and bless. —H.

I OPENED the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer-calms;
For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.
—*Marion Farningham*.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

IN the closet of Abdalrahman, one of the greatest of the Spanish caliphs, there was found after his death a manuscript written by himself, which read as follows:

"I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity.

"In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot; they amount to fourteen."—*Gibbon*.

BURIAL REFORM.

THE Bishop of Rochester, writing on the subject of burial reform, says: "The useless and cruel expense of elaborate funerals is steadily, if slowly, diminishing, and a healthier and more Christian tone is undoubtedly coming to prevail. But there is much still to be done, and it can only be brought about by the formation of a wholesome public opinion. It is not to be expected that a mourning family, in the

first hour of their bereavement, will discuss and arrange some change of system from that which has been familiar to them before. The opinion must be formed and the resolve made beforehand. To take one single point, I am certain that if people would try to realize what the present system of imperishable coffins actually means, they would soon cease to look upon it as conducive either to reverence for the remains of the dead or to regard for the well-being of the living."

A GREAT MAN.

THE Rev. Dr. Broadus recently related the following incident during a Sunday-school talk in Detroit:

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry he was found ill by a missionary in a little attic chamber barely furnished with a cot and stool. "You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called! and what did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

THE BEST PROOF.

WHEN my new curate came back to me after ordination, and asked me whether he should read "Essays and Reviews," I told him, "By no means. They will disturb your mind with questions which you are too young to solve. Stick to the old truths and the old paths, and learn their divineness by sick beds, and in every day work, and do not darken your mind with intellectual puzzles, which may breed disbelief, but can never breed vital religion or practical usefulness. As for my own opinions, they are sufficiently known. . . . I keep to the orthodox aith, and the orthodox formulæ, without tormenting my soul, or my hearers, with fruitless argument on things which we shall never know, save by taking our Bible in hand like little children and obeying it.—Kingsley.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

WHEN I think of Solomon's after life, I feel inclined to wish that somehow he had asked a little better than he did.

I think his old father, if he had got the chance, would have said: "Create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me." Solomon did not put it that way, and the almost ruin of Solomon was an unclean heart.

Young men, you know where Solomon went wrong; young women, you know where Solomon went wrong. If he went wrong there, with all his gifts and with all his wisdom, do you think that you will easily and naturally go right? I do not think it; therefore, to-day, ask God to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ.

—Jno. McNeill.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half-wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about "the building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned

"And I have so longed to serve him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees such a building,
He will never let it abide"

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an old little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do.
But O! what a blotch she had made it—
The grey mis matching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
nd self-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad, returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew.

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right.

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her:
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,"
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the real love that was in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there, in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto HIM.

—Anonymous.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

EXPERIENCE has proved that the law of progress is self-sacrifice. Nowhere is greater stress laid upon self-culture, than in the teachings of Confucius; and nowhere, as far as I can judge, is individuality less marked than in the cultivated Chinese.

If self be taken as the motive and the end, the individual perishes; and on the other hand, "he who loses his life gains it." The tenderness which constrains the gentleman to serve all perfects his own character.

The next point which I wish to notice, is that the Christian gentleman is fashioned from within, and not from without, by the influence of a living exemplar, and not by definite rules; by a great enthusiasm, and not by the anxious observance of all embracing routine.—Westcott.

I THINK we all find the hardest and most hopeless work of all our lives the effort to keep our highest ideas and our commonest occupations in constant and healthy contact with each other.—Philips Brooks.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART VII.

AFTER the people had dispersed, Mr. Somers emerged from the vestry, with overcoat on and stick in hand. When he reached the street he turned, not homeward, but in the opposite direction, and walked on briskly. He rarely enjoyed a quiet Sunday dinner at home. Sunday was his great field day, and in the Somers' home, Monday was the day of rest. Then papa was not too busy to play with the little ones, and to enjoy slippered ease at his own fire-side. Mr. Somers, at the beginning of his ministry, had read how saintly George Herbert invited some of the poor of his parish to dine with him each Sunday. Mr. Somers was then unmarried and had no table of his own to which to invite them. He resolved to do the next best thing, and went often to take a Sunday meal with the poorer members of his flock. They were always delighted to receive their self-invited guest.

His manner with them was easy, though sufficiently dignified, and there was no constraint. The clergyman's usual custom is of course, to dine with the most respectable and most zealous member of his flock, if these qualities can be counted in one person. But Mr. Somers never had reason to regret the innovation he had made. He gained a knowledge of the thought and manner of life of his people, that he could not have acquired in an ordinary call. Now that he had a home of his own, he often invited his humbler friends to dine with him. But he found it advisable to keep up his old custom too, and he was going now to dine with a poor parishioner. It would, of course, have been much pleasanter to go home, but Mr. Somers had learned to sacrifice pleasure to usefulness. He had barely time to get back from dinner to Sunday School, and when this was over, he felt that he needed a rest if he would be ready for his evening work. One of his favourite ways of resting was to drop in at Mrs. Forsyth's. Mrs. Forsyth was one of those quiet ladies, whose personality does not strongly impress people at first, but with further knowledge, one finds that there is a surprising strength of conviction and purpose in them. People who heard for the first

time that Mrs. Forsyth was very active in church work, would often say with surprise, "Why, I did not know she was that kind of a woman!" She mingled with the world, and performed her social duties faithfully. She did not speak often on religious matters, but some way in time of trial, her closest friends felt that they liked to have her near, for her presence soothed and helped them.

So Mr. Somers dropped in on this Sunday afternoon, for a few moments chat with her. She was in the drawing room reading to Dorothy, who sat by her side on a low stool.

"Oh, Mr. Somers, I am so glad to see you!" she said heartily as he entered, and she rose to greet him.

"You see, I wanted a rest," he said, "and I came in to have it in the form of a chat with you."

"You gave us all something, or rather some persons, to think about this morning," she said, as he seated himself.

"I should be sorry to add to your subjects of thought, for I am sure you have already too many," he answered.

"But tell me, what is it you wish to do? You were not very definite on that point you know," she said, smiling.

"I was purposely indefinite. If one tells people too plainly what they should do, no room is left for the conscience to work. I prefer to say to my people, 'Here is a need, you are called upon to satisfy it. Ask your conscience and your God what you should do.' Already cheques have been offered to me in response to my appeal. I accept them, but"—with a half sigh—"I sought something more than that."

"I understand," said Mrs. Forsyth gently, with sympathy in her voice.

"But what are you going to do with the children you spoke of?" said Dorothy, who had been listening to the conversation.

"My dear, I should like to see them have homes as pure and wholesome as yours," said Mr. Somers sadly, and then almost passionately, "Oh! if some of the rich people all about us would only see how much they could do, and how better they could be! I go into many a house, with large, beautiful rooms, magnificently furnished. But the rooms are empty, except on half a dozen evenings in the year. I find living in these houses, perhaps a lonely old man and woman,

who spend many of their hours of leisure, in quarreling with each other. I sometimes stay to take a meal with them. These are sometimes silent, sometimes garrulous, but nearly always irritable. You have gone often with me, my dear, into a poor cottage to see a sick child. You pity the poor mother in her poverty, her care, her severe work. She has indeed a hard lot, but pity more these lonely lives that have not even the comfort of blessed work to cheer them."

Mr. Somers had strayed a little from his subject, and Dorothy looked puzzled to know what this had to do with the children. He saw the look in her face, and remembered himself.

"You do not follow my meaning, I see," he said, and then turning to her mother, "Dorothy has been having the continuation of my sermon. But my child, do not you think it would help these lonely rich people to have some children to care for, and take an interest in?"

"But they could not take dirty little street children into their fine houses. I am sure you would not want them in our nice drawing room would you mother?"

"The children need not be always dirty, my dear," said Mrs. Forsyth. "Soap and water will work wonders."

"I may as well tell you what I think ought to be done," said Mr. Somers abruptly. "These people subscribe a small sum each year to most of our charities, but they take no interest in them. Their hearts are not enlarged by contact with suffering and sympathy for the needs of others. I would have some of them take half a dozen of these children and make them their special charge. If they would take them into their own homes, perhaps so much the better for all concerned. However, their houses may be too fine for that. They have spent heaps of money on their houses, and then make their beautiful rooms an excuse for not doing what many of them in their better moments feel to be their duty. The poor, friendless children need love, and what many rich people need is something to excite their interest and love. What can a matron, in a home, with fifty children in charge, give each child in the way of loving, personal care? God bless these noble institutions. They do what they can, but they cannot do everything. Let the rich who are in a position to do

it, either take some of these children themselves and provide for them, or let them put them into some institution and remain their protectors while they are there. I plead only for personal love."

"I am afraid your plan is somewhat Utopian," said Mrs. Forsyth, "but I agree with you that many persons would be happier if they did what you suggest. I should not like to have at my credit in the Bank as large a balance as I know some of my friends have. Have you anyone in your mind who you think might make a beginning?"

Mr. Somers smiled. "Can you guess?" he said, looking at Mrs. Forsyth and then at Dorothy.

There was a pause. "I know! I know!" said Dorothy suddenly. "Mr. St. George."

Mr. Somers nodded. Mrs. Forsyth shook her head doubtfully. "I am afraid there is not much hope. He is very conservative and fussy."

"Oh! mother, he said to me only the other day, that he wished he had some nice little girl to come and live with him, and he asked me if I would not come. I said you wanted me here, but I'll tell him now where he can get someone else, and perhaps"—a little hesitatingly—"a boy would do as well."

"He has a kind heart," said Mrs. Forsyth, "and if he could see some of these children and talk to them, he might become interested. How could we manage it?"

"Oh, I know! I know!" said Dorothy again. "Let's give a children's tea party, and ask him to come to it. Then he could play with them."

"A good idea," said Mr. Somers, "I see we shall have to leave the matter in Dorothy's hands," he added laughing as he rose to go. "I hope you'll invite me too."

Dorothy was full of her plan, and from time to time during the rest of the day, asked questions of her mother that showed what was in her mind.

"How many could we ask?" "Shall we have tea or dinner?" "Shall we ask boys or girls, or both?"

Mrs. Forsyth, too, could not help being interested in the child's plan, and thought the matter over carefully. At last they came to a decision, and on the Monday morning, Dorothy carried out to the post box, a note addressed to Mr. St. George, which said: "Mr. and

Mrs. Forsyth, request the pleasure of Mr. St. George's company at dinner, on Wednesday, November 30th, at six p.m. Mr. St. George received the note, and wondered. "A dinner at six o'clock! I never heard of such a thing." But he was always glad to dine at Mrs. Forsyth's, and so accepted the invitation. At the breakfast table a morning later, Mrs. Forsyth read his note to Dorothy. "Oh, mother, won't it be nice!" said Dorothy, clapping her hands.

"It is your party, my dear; you must manage it," said Mrs. Forsyth smiling. And Dorothy was a very busy little girl for the next few days. It was decided, on Mr. Somers' advice, that boys only should be invited. He gave her the names of four or five of the more respectable of those he wished to help, and two or three of them were the orphan children of parents who had seen better days. Dorothy had one friend whom she wished asked, little Walter Newcomb—Mary's boy. Formal invitations were not sent to these guests, but Dorothy went with Mr. Somers to see his boys, and asked them all with her own lips. The boys only looked bashful and foolish at first, but Mr. Somers' presence assured them that it was not a hoax. An invitation to dinner in one of the fine houses near the park, was a novel event in their lives, and more hearts than Dorothy's beat high with expectation as the eventful day drew near.

(To be continued).

TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay, In the self-same cottage lived day by day. One could not be happy, "because," she said, "So many children were hungry for bread;" And she really had not the heart to smile, When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long, As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song "She had not time to be sad," she said, "When hungry children were crying for bread;" So she baked, and knitted, and gave away, And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay; Now which do you think chose the wiser way?
—H. Maud Merrill.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

THERE was kneeling one day in the church, a poor collier lad, some ten or twelve years of age. His hair rough, his clothes were torn and ragged; his feet were bare. His hands were clasped

as in prayer; a sad, wistful look was on his face. I knelt by his side. "I want to be good," he said, "I want to belong to the Saviour; I could trust Him if only I could be sure that He loves me."

His had been a hard life in the world, poor heart! How should I convince him of the fact of the love of God? I spoke to him of friends and playmates. "Is there anyone you have ever known, who, if you had to die, would be willing to die in your stead to save you?" A moment's silence, and then with a sweet smile, he looked up and said, "I believe my mother would."

In that brief pause he had looked back on life, and measured a mother's love. Perhaps there had passed before his mind the vision of her toil late at night to mend his clothes, or to earn to-morrow's bread, and convinced of the reality of a mother's love, his heart told him it would be strong unto death.

"Then see what Jesus has done," and I spoke to him of the bleeding hands of the Crucified. He bowed his face in his hands, as he said, "I can love Him back again, and trust Him too!"

Thus was the victory of the Crucified won in that young heart. So it is ever with us all.—*J. H. Lester, Missioner of Lichfield.*

It is well to remember that slander, like mud, dries and falls off. That to wait and be patient, soothes many a pang. That all are not princes who ride with the Emperor. That correction is good when administered in season. That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings. That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them. That the man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to mind the business of others.—*Church Advocate.*

A PRAYER.

LORD, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee; and when Thou hast taken it, keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Fénelon.*

TO-DAY is a furrow traced before us; our thoughts, our desires, our actions, our intentions, are the seed which every moment, and often, unconsciously, we drop in it.

Parish and Home.

A monthly Church magazine published for the Promoters by THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED), TORONTO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
50 Cents per Annum in Advance.

5 copies to one address, for one year,	\$2.25
10 " " " " "	4.00
25 " " " " "	8.75
50 " " " " "	15.00
100 " " " " "	25.00

PARISH AND HOME is a church paper consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED),
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

ONE of the secrets of the successful career of the late Sir John Macdonald is said to have been that he took an interest in every one he met. The successful clergyman is the one who takes an interest in every one, who has a smile and a word of good cheer for the little ones, and for the grown up ones. The habit of giving a cold bow, instead of a sunny smile, to an acquaintance on the street, may mar the influence of those who have the kindest feelings. A smiling countenance is pleasant to look upon, and may be the key to many a heart locked tight against a sombre face.

THE holiday season has come, and we hope that many of our readers will be able to enjoy a rest which has been well earned. Let the cares and burdens of the work-a-day life be put aside, and if God has placed you in a position to have a period of relaxation, see that it is filled with hearty, innocent enjoyments. We would give one word of caution. We are so constituted, that we are easily surfeited with any one thing. Nothing palls upon the taste more quickly than too many sweets. The holidays need not be idle days. The afternoon's pleasure will be all the keener, if the morning is given to some useful work. At no time does the real character of a person come out more clearly, than in the periods of relaxation. We must be watchful even in our holidays, and many opportunities for unselfish ministrations will be offered to us, then.

MANY requests come to us for copies of PARISH AND HOME, as it appears with a cover and localized. We of course publish it without the cover, which is added by the Parishes in which the paper has been adopted as the Parish Magazine. Many of our friends could help the circulation of the paper greatly if they would send localized copies of the paper to friends, clerical or lay, who have not yet adopted it. For instance, members of St. Peter's, Toronto, or St. Paul's, Halifax, might send copies of their paper to various parts of the country. It certainly looks much handsomer with the cover and picture of the Parish church upon it, than it does without a cover. We hope that many will act upon this suggestion.

THERE are times when the utterly reckless are forced in spite of themselves, to recognize and acknowledge the reality and worth of the Christianity which at other times they would probably laugh at. The *Golden Rule* tells of a reckless young Virginia soldier, who was fighting under General Stonewall Jackson, the true Christian soldier, in the American Civil War. It was at the battle of Kernstown, Va., where took place the hardest fighting General Jackson ever did. "I was scared," said the young soldier. "I tried to keep as near old Jack as I could. I saw his lips move, and I knew he was praying, and somehow I felt safer whenever I could get near him."

No Protestant could have better expressed the essential difference between his faith and that of Rome, than did the staunch Papist, William, Duke of Bavaria, to Dr. Eck, at the sitting of the famous Diet of Augsburg, in the sixteenth century. While the doctrines of Luther and his friends were being discussed and compared with those of the Church of Rome, the old Duke turned to the theologian and said: "If I hear well, the Lutherans sit upon the Scripture, and we alongside of it." Let us keep our side of the difference always in mind and act upon it.

How many of us try to do Christian work in the way Elisha acted, when he sent Gehazi to lay his staff on the face of the poor dead son of the Shunammite woman. And we are surprised because the same result comes; that result, remember, was—nothing. "He laid his

staff on the face of the child, but there was neither voice nor hearing."

God does not intend that we should do our work for Him by proxy, when we are well able to do it ourselves. He does not say to the rich, "It does not matter whether you go to help the poor and degraded yourself as long as you pay someone to go for you." He is not satisfied with the money that we give, and give, perhaps, without feeling it, to missionary objects, when we could be missionaries ourselves. God puts it into the power of every Christian to do personal work, or rather, to do the work personally, and it is only when we do so that our work will be really blessed. Elisha came himself and prayed, yes, and stretched himself upon the child time and time again, and then it was that the Lord blessed his work, and the child returned to life.

We must come into personal contact with those we wish to bless, not work at them from a distance merely by means of Bible women and city-missionaries, but by personal dealing, by repeated constant and earnest work, as if we meant it, by prayer to God, whose work it is and who alone can bless it, and then results will come, for the Lord will use us.

ISN'T it a fact that sometimes in times of earnest heart-searching and self-examination, in times when we bring all our sins, short-comings and misdoings before our minds, that we act with them just as sometimes the street-cleaners act in our city streets. The dirt is carefully shovelled and swept into piles near the curbing by the cleaners, and then left there so long that the passing carriages and waggons spread it out once more, and the street is as dirty as ever.

We need to do more than look over our sins and gather them together. That is well so far as it goes, but no sooner is that done than, at once—if we will make the blessing ours—we ought to have those sins taken away, as we all can have, by the One Who taketh away the sin of the world, and is waiting and longing to carry off ours.

PERSONAL EVIDENCE.—An infidel once asked a lady if she believed the Bible. "Yes." "Why do you believe in that book?" "Because," she said, "I am acquainted with the Author."

TAKE COURAGE.

TAKE courage, heart; so shall the darkness flee,
E'en the Red Sea itself dry land shall be,
Why dost thou weep?

Does Jesus sleep?

Sunshine shall come when thunder-clouds de-
part:

Take courage, heart!

True faith is strong; its anchor never fails,
Through storm and wind it evermore prevails,
Whate'er befall,

It reigns o'er all,

Above the wave it lifts its joyous song:

True faith is strong.

He wins at last who still through weary years
Tends to the goal with eyes suffused with tears.

Heaven shall repay

Earth's pilgrim way,

And he round whom the Saviour's arm is cast,
He wins at last.

—From the German.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Inter-Ocean* tells the following incident. It took place on one of the Southern roads going to Louisville, Ky.:

"A number of passengers boarded the train at Nashville, among them a well-dressed young woman of bright appearance, without an escort. She asked the porter for a pillow, and settled herself for an all-day rest, seemingly an unusual treat. However, she had no more than comfortably reclined when she was aroused by the distressing cry of infants. She inquired the cause, and the porter told her there was a very sick woman in one of the sections of the sleeper, who had two crying infants, one two years old, the other about five months. She had in some unaccountable manner found her way into the sleeper and to a berth at 4 a.m., while the conductor was asleep and the porter waited on passengers at a way station. When he found her she had her tickets in her hand and was too ill to speak, and there was no one to care for her and the children.

"Wide awake now, the young woman went to see for herself, and such a sight as met her view! The woman's dress was undone at the neck, and displayed an eruption which undoubtedly covered the body. Her hair hung about her face, matted with grease and dirt. The two-year-old was sitting up, munching a piece of bread and butter, crumbling the most of it among the sheets. The baby was lying on its back crying for want of care and food.

"All the girl's energies were now aroused to cope with the emergencies

of this occasion. Here it was ten o'clock, the sick woman had been on the train since 4 a.m., and nothing done for her.

"So this young Samaritan (as the passengers called her), rolled up her sleeves, pinned a towel on to protect her dress, then called the conductor and told him that he and the porter must help her to change the condition of things, or there would be no comfort for any one on board that day. Seeing she meant business, he placed himself in readiness to obey orders.

"She had the seats opposite the woman curtained off, a pail of warm water, a piece of soap, several towels, sheets and pillow-cases brought to her. Search was made in the sleeper and baggage car for the sick woman's baggage, but none could be found.

"She took the babe up, and found that its clothing consisted almost wholly of a piece of an old shawl wrapped about its little neglected body, which evidently had not been removed for two days. It was cast to the winds in a twinkling, and the water and soap were applied vigorously. In telling the experience afterwards, she said she was more than repaid for what she did by the smiles and cooings of perfect content of the little one as soon as the first application of water touched the little body. The cooing expressed much more than it would have done on the lap of a fond, devoted mother. After the baby was thoroughly scrubbed, she dressed it in a sheet and pillow-case, then took it to the passengers to find some one to care for it until she made the other one presentable. There were no women on board, so she sought for a fatherly looking gentleman. She spied one about fifty years of age, and put the child in his arms, telling him she chose him because he had such a paternal air. This is where the laugh came in, for he proved to be a bachelor. However, he did his clumsy best until the little one screamed for its foster mother, and he was obliged to take it to her, and to the great amusement of the other passengers.

"From that time until 5 p.m., she cared for the two as well as the mother, and the picture she made feeding, soothing, yes, even caressing those babies, clothed in spotless white, made a picture commented on by every passenger on board, and one they can never forget. We ascertained that she

is the editor of *The Kindergarten*, a magazine published in Chicago for the purpose of uplifting childhood. May she live long and have the strength to carry on her work!"

EXPECT WHEN PRAYING.

Is it not often so in our prayers, that we have more faith than expectation? We have confidence in God, but we forget to look out for the answer to our prayer. Have we not heard of the little maiden, who, when the Church met to pray for rain, took her big umbrella with her, and when the congregation came out to find their prayers answered, they almost forgot to be thankful in their concern about their dresses and bonnets, whilst she went safely sheltered on her way. When you begin to pray, let faith set the door of expectation open. It is a parable, with many lessons for all of us,—the little company upstairs praying that Peter might be released, and all the time Peter is standing outside and cannot come in, because there is nobody to open the door for him. So is it that many pray for forgiveness of sin and they forget to go to the door to see if the Saviour is there. Many are praying for the peace and joy of the indwelling Christ, and lo! He Himself is standing without, knocking and waiting, if they would but open unto Him and let Him come in.—*Mark Guy Pearce.*

"SILENT WORSHIP."

"SILENT worship" say not so!

Our praise, in silence given,

Is silent but to ears below,

'Tis heard above in Heaven.

And who can tell the joyous tone
Such mute thanksgivings wear,
When angels to the Father's throne
Our silent worship bear.

God values not that praise alone
On organ's notes depending,
But will our "silent incense" own
From grateful hearts ascending

In silence, then, we meet to pray,
Content, 'till Christ, our King,
Shall take the cords that bind away,
And teach our tongues to sing.

—R. M. (Deaf).

From report (1889-90) of the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 419 Oxford Street, London.

For PARISH AND HOME.

ST. JAMES, THE APOSTLE.

JULY 25TH.

IN reading the list of the Apostles, one is struck with the fact that our Lord, in His wisdom, saw fit in several

instances to make use of the bond of natural brotherhood. Peter and Andrew were brothers, Matthew and Thomas, the twin, were probably brothers, James and John were also brothers. The strong tie of family affection was thus consecrated to the service of the Lord. This is the more remarkable, since the call of God often means a separation from the home life. This was the case with St. James and St. John. When the Lord called them they were in the boat with Zebedee, their father. St. Mark distinctly tells us, "They left their father Zebedee in the boat with the hired servants, and went after Jesus."

They followed Jesus closely. They, with St. Peter, were the three whom the Lord took with Him into the chamber of death in the ruler of the synagogue's house. The three whom He took up into a high mountain where he was transfigured; the three whom he chose to be near Him in the garden of Gethsemane, during His agony. Once we read of the mother of Zebedee's children pleading for the place of honour for her sons, James and John, evidently at their request, or with their consent, for the Lord answered them: "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?" They say unto Him "we are able." He saith unto them, "My cup indeed ye shall drink, but to sit on my right hand, and on my left hand is not mine to give, but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared of my father." The ten were moved with indignation at James and John. Our Lord tenderly rebukes both the desire of the two, and the indignation of the ten. "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

It was not long before St. James "drank of that cup." By the sword of Herod Agrippa I., he fell, the first martyr in the Apostolic band.

We gather then from the call of St. James to the Apostleship, that our Lord does not wish us to ruthlessly sever family ties as though there were something meritorious in this. Our Lord desired to sanctify to His service and the good of mankind, those natural

bonds which help to bind individuals together in the net-work of humanity. At the same time we learn that whenever God's work requires it, we must be willing to obey His call, even though it may summon us away from home and country.

Last evening I heard a native missionary from India, at one time a Brahmin of the Brahmins, say, that when he obeyed the Saviour's call in 1843, and became a Christian, it meant a good deal to him. It meant the giving up of father and mother, sisters and brothers, whom he scarcely saw from that day forward.

The call to follow Jesus always involves the giving-up and the leaving behind of something. What this is no doubt differs with different people and different callings, but in a word, it is nothing more nor less "than that which hinders us from following Jesus, and doing the work which He has given us to do, and when our hearts are full of the love of Him who has redeemed us, we think little of having to give this up."

How few comparatively of our young men hear the call to the Christian ministry. Why is this? May it not be that this call is seldom voiced in the pulpit or in the religious press. In my life time I only remember having heard one such an appeal from the pulpit. It was when I was a lad, yet I remember even the words and the earnest pleading tone. "If there is a young man here present who has had a passing thought of entering the ministry, let him think it again, for it may be the Lord is calling him." Then, again, may it not be that unlike Zebedee, and the mother of Zebedee's children, many of our Canadian parents are trying to dissuade their children from a life in which there is little prospect of becoming rich in this world's goods.

The call came to St. James while he was working in the same boat with his father; he was already engaged in an honest calling, yet the Lord had work of a higher nature for him to do, to become a fisher of men.

It may be that some young man already engaged in some legitimate business, in the midst of his work or possibly during his holiday this hot summer month, as he swings in a hammock, or glides along in a canoe, wrapped in a few moments quiet thought, may hear the trumpet call summoning him to the grandest and noblest life on earth—that

of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. In any case may he hear the call to follow Jesus "without delay," and without reserve—in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

Let us enter into the Spirit of the Collect for St. James' Day, as we breathe the prayer:—

"Grant, O merciful God, that as Thine holy Apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had without delay, was obedient unto the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him: so we forsaking a'l worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow Thy holy commandments, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*F. H. Du Vernct.*

"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Friends can look like angels bright
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and, look above thee—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

—*Norman Macleod.*

HOW TO PLEASE

"ONE great source of pleasing others lies in our wish to please them," said a father to his daughter, discoursing on the small, sweet courtesies of life. "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him," and the whole world would do so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender, affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

Boys and Girl's Corner.

NOBODY TO CARE FOR ME.

A FEW weeks ago a pale-faced little girl walked timidly into a bookseller's and said to the man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' in it; and how much is it, sir? and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school one Sabbath when Mrs. West, one who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words, and about a beautiful place where He takes care of His children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me—only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here, she'd take away the threepence I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf he said:

"I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen."

Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii., 16), and told her how this Good Shepherd had got a home all right, and rest and love prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer. "And He says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the threepence, and come

here every day, while I read to you more from the same book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another morrow, and many a day passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have this threepenny bit for the mission box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The threepence went into the box, and when the story of Dixey was told, so many followed her example with their pennies that at the end of the year "Dixey's pence," as they were called, were found sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger-sheep to the Good Shepherd. —*Word and Work.*

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling,
Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
"Work while it is day."

Work for God in heaven,
Seek the Saviour's face,
Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight and pray,
Each in his own station,
"Work while it is day."

Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With his smile of love.
When the Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

Happy then the meeting
When you see His face,
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace—
"Good and faithful servant,
Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."

A TRUE STORY.

WILLIE and Harry and Crusoe were three great friends, though Willie and Harry were boys, Crusoe was only a dog, but that made little difference, for he was just as good a playfellow, and often seemed to have just as much good sense. He certainly was better tem-

pered than either of the boys, and as to quarrelling or fighting, he seemed to feel himself quite above such behavior.

One day Crusoe lay in the sun taking a nap, when all of a sudden he heard loud, angry words, then a sharp blow, and starting up quickly what did he see but Willie and Harry in a regular fist-cuff fight. No wonder the sensible dog was shocked and indignant, and what do you think he did? He sprang right in between them, separating them, and then bit each of them sharply!

He evidently thought both deserved punishment, and did not stop to ask which struck first.

The mother of the boys told me this who beheld the scene from the window. —*Selected.*

A MANUSCRIPT BIBLE.

A MANUSCRIPT Bible, written under interesting circumstances, was referred to at a recent Bible Meeting at Colchester. It was written by an apprentice boy, named Newman, in the time of James II., and was in the library of Dr. Williams. The boy having a presentiment that all Bibles were to be collected and destroyed, sat up many nights, and made a copy in manuscript of the entire Scriptures, hoping that when called upon to give up his Bible, he might secretly retain his written copy.

THE WAY TO COMFORT.

THERE was a poor father once who lay upon his death-bed: every one was most kind to him, and although very, very poor himself, his friends were so thoughtful that he "wanted for nothing;" but still he was not at all happy. He would listen to the Bible, and say "very beautiful; yes, it is very comforting, but——"

He could not take the comfort, because in his heart there was the spirit of unforgiveness.

One day he burst into tears. "I know what hinders," he exclaimed; "it is no use hiding it any longer. I vowed I would never forgive my son who did something to displease me a great many years ago. He has asked me often—has written many pleading letters, but I said, 'no never;' and yet I prayed the prayer 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' God, help me to forgive!"

A letter was sent that very day to the

son, and soon the poor old man was rejoicing in fully realizing God's forgiveness. Dear children, pray to have always a *forgiving spirit*. You need it to help you over little slights and wrongs as well as great ones.

Now let us find some lovely texts which it will be well for us to know. Psalm CXXX. 4. "I we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John. i. 9). —*Selected.*

LENDING A PIE.

"MOTHER," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?' I don't believe old Betsey has had a pie for a long time, and I thought, perhaps, you would like to have me to take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to Betsey; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it."

—*Selected.*

"I WONDER if ever a rose was found,
And there might not be a fairer;
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamt not of a rarer."

"Ah! never on earth shall we find the best,
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall ne'er behold,
Till we pass the portals of shining gold."

JAMIE.

"IN a small village there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. The little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors and about foreign lands, he said, 'Oh, mother, I do want to be a sailor!' And his mother at last said, 'Jamie, you shall go.' She gave him her blessing, and added, 'Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on ship board and say your prayers and trust in God.' Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, 'Mother, I promise

you I will.' The boy went on board a ship bound for India. The first night when the sailors had gone to their berth, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, a sailor went up to him, and, giving him a box on the ear, said, 'None of that here, sir!' Now, among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, who said to the man who had struck the boy, 'Come on deck and I will give you a thrashing,' and they went on deck. Now, I am not approving of the fight, but these men did fight, and the swearing sailor beat the one who had boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said: 'Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him!' Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, 'I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship: I will say my prayers in my berth: I won't kneel down before the sailors: I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself.' Mark the effect of this on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into the hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck and dragged him out of the hammock, and said: 'Kneel down at once, sir. Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?' During the whole voyage back to London, Jamie had in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Now let me tell you a part of little Jamie's history. Some years ago the largest steamboat ever seen was built—the *Great Eastern*. Who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said: 'Rise, Sir James Anderson;' and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of." —*Guild Review.*

IS IT "MY OWN" JESUS?

THE doctor went away, and Mrs. O'Callaghan was left alone, with her mother-heart throbbing and heaving with pain, and her eyes wet and heavy with tears.

Essie was dying, and Essie must be told.

Upstairs, in a little truck bed, drawn up close under the window, lay five-year-old Essie. All her curly hair was cut away, and the white face on the pillow looked like a baby's—it was so sweet, so loveable, so tiny! To that bed came Mrs. O'Callaghan.

"Essie, darling, you are going away from me to-day."

Slowly the big, blue eyes opened.

"Where to, mammy?"

"The dear Lord Jesus is coming to take you to heaven."

This was all the trembling lips could say, and the mother buried her face on the pillow beside Essie. But the little one raised herself.

"Is it *my* Jesus, mammy? *My own* Jesus?"

"Yes, darling," came the answer, thick with sobs.

"Then, mammy, don't cry," and a thin, wee hand stroked the wet cheek. "I'm not a bit afraid to go to *my own* Jesus."—*The Rock.*

DID NOT SEE IT.

CLARA GRAY, as she came home from church, repeated to herself the text: "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

The sermon touched many of the congregation deeply, but Clara's bright blue eyes remained dry. She was a girl of seventeen years, the child of a wealthy merchant; dainty and luxurious in her habits, with a fastidious, cold face, and reserved manner. Her reserve, she was proud of thinking, was one of the surest proofs of good-breeding. But Clara believed herself to be a Christian, and was desirous to fulfil her duty at every point.

"It is simply impossible for me to obey that text," she thought. "The Bureau of Organized Charities looks after all hungry people, no strangers ever come to our door, and papa would never allow me to go to the prisons."

She dismissed the matter from her mind, and tripped up the steps of her luxurious home.

One of the maids, a German girl, followed her to her chamber to take her cloak and hat. Clara saw that her eyes were swollen with crying. Lena had been alone all day. She was only beginning to speak English, and was the only German servant in the house. Last night a letter had come from the far-off village on the Rhine, bringing

news that was hard to bear. The girl in her grief longed for a kind word. Clara spoke German. She was young. She would be sorry for her.

"Ach, Fraulein," she said, timidly, touching Clara's golden hair. "So schone! My sister's hair—it is like that! And she is dead—little Louise—dead, dead!" She burst into tears.

Clara drew back haughtily. Some Dutch child's hair like hers! This woman was so ugly, too, with her nose red and her eyes swollen with crying. And then, Clara hated a scene.

"I am very sorry if your sister is dead, I am sure. You can go now. I shall not need you any more," she said, coldly.

When she had brushed and curled her pretty hair, she went down to luncheon. Tom was there for a wonder. Tom was her elder brother, a tall, handsome man, with a loud voice and flushed face. She would rather he never would come to luncheon; he laughed so foolishly and his breath smelled so of brandy.

But this was one of the days when Tom's voice was quiet and his face pale. He made no jokes, and ate nothing, but watched his little sister wistfully. How like she was to their mother!

There were times when Tom halted on his downward path; when he longed for that dead mother who had loved him. If there were some one to care for him now, to pray for him, to encourage him and help him a little when he swore off from that accursed liquor!

He moved from his place and sat down by Clara. Presently he took her hand.

"Clara," he said, "suppose you come to my room and let us have a talk? I want to be better acquainted with you. What do you say?" He laughed awkwardly, and added in a lower voice, "Mother and I used to have Sunday afternoon talks."

"I always practise sacred music on Sunday afternoons," said Clara, calmly, withdrawing her hand.

Tom looked at her a moment then turned away. Something in his eyes made her start to her feet. The soul of her brother, "sick and in prison," had called to her for help, and she had not given it.

His father met him at the door. "Where are you going, my son?" he said.

"Down to the club, sir."

Clara read the whole story in her father's pale face. The hall-door clanged as Tom went out. She crept to her own room and threw herself on her knees.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

For the first time in her life she saw that there are worse hungers and sicknesses than those of the body, and that Christ sends us to heal them.

"Here am I," she cried with bitter tears. "Lord let it not be too late!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

CATCHING THE SUNBEAMS.

LITTLE Willie laughed and clapped his hands and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib. All the children laughed, and Charley said, "Silly baby." "Not so silly, after all; it's a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It's what God wants all His children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and see." And sure enough, the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls. "I think I know what mamma means," said Louie, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the happy, and be glad instead of cross. "That is it," said mamma "There is happiness all around us. If we try to catch it for ourselves and make others happy too, will not that be like sunshine? Yes, and if things do not go just right, we can call it cloudy weather. But we can be cheery and so make sunbeams."—*Selected.*

COMMIT IT TO MEMORY.

In trying to counsel or encourage others, Mr. William E. Dodge frequently quoted a verse he found in the corner of a newspaper. "It has no name," he writes to one he was urging to try it, "and it was only a single verse, but both my wife and I committed it to memory, and have repeated it many hundred times since, and it has been a wonderful comfort":

Build a full firm fence of faith
All about to-day;
Fill it in with useful works,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Anxious for to-morrow;
God will help, whatever comes,
Be it joy or sorrow.

THE PRIMARY LEAFLETS.

International Sunday School Lesson Series.

Prepared especially for very young Children in the Sunday Schools of the Church of England in Canada and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

At the request of a large number of Sunday School Superintendents, Teachers, etc., we have decided to discontinue the publication of our "Sunday School Lesson Cards," and to substitute therefor a *Primary Series of Sunday School Leaflets*. The objections to the "Lesson Cards" were: (1) That they were necessarily so small that not enough of reading matter could be put upon them to make them sufficiently simple for young children; (2) that for the same reason the matter could not be varied enough; and (3) that for most Sunday Schools the price was too high.

The *Primary Leaflets* now substituted for the "Lesson Cards" will be found not only to meet all these objections, but to possess several other advantages as well. They are so simply written that the very youngest children, even those that cannot read, will take pleasure in the instruction which they contain, and it is thought that by their help parents will undertake to assist their little ones to understand them, both by reading the lessons over to them and by assisting them to commit such portions to memory as may be assigned by the teacher. As they will harmonize in every particular with the lessons of the *Senior Leaflets* and the *Junior Leaflets* all the scholars of the school, the youngest as well as the oldest, will thus be pursuing the same courses of study, both in the Scriptures and on the Prayer Book, each one, however, according to his age and his ability.

We shall have much pleasure in sending for inspection samples of these *Primary Leaflets* to any person desiring them, and invite most careful attention to them.

Special Notice to Superintendents and Teachers.

At the request of many of our patrons we have printed the *Primary Leaflet* upon paper of superior quality—much better than is now used for the *Senior Leaflets* and *Junior Leaflets*. For this reason the price of the *Primary Leaflets* will be somewhat higher than for the other two series, that is, they will be 10 cents each per annum. We are assured, however, that most schools will prefer to pay the higher price in order to secure paper of a substantial and pleasing character.

If your school is already a subscriber to our "Lesson Cards," we will send you the *Primary Leaflets* in place of the "Cards" for such extra time as the difference in price will entitle you to. If you do not already take our "Lesson Cards" we shall be pleased to forward you a month's supply of the *Primary Leaflets* for your young pupils free of charge (that is if you will kindly send us the number that you will require each Sunday), trusting that when you have once made a trial of them you will desire to make your order a permanent one.

Points to Remember about the Primary Leaflets.

- (1) They are based on *The International Scheme of Sunday School Lessons*.
- (2) They harmonize entirely with the *Senior Leaflets* and the *Junior Leaflets* as published by us and as used by so many thousands of Church Sunday School scholars, both in Canada and in the United States.
- (3) They are specially prepared for even the very youngest children of the school.
- (4) They are so written that parents will take pleasure in making use of them to help their children to prepare their lessons.
- (5) They contain not only the Scripture Lesson, with its Golden Text, but also the Prayer Book Lesson, the Lesson Prayer, and a Helping Verse.
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- (7) The price is ten cents per annum.
- (8) A full supply for four consecutive weeks will be sent to you free of charge, in order that you may try how they will work in your classes, if you will only kindly send us the number that you will require. Address, THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Limited), Church Publishers, 58 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.