

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1891.

NO. 11.

## CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

### LESSONS.

4—**9th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Ezek. 14; Ep. 4, v. 25 to 5, v. 22. *Evening*—Ezek. 18, or 24, v. 15; Luke 6, v. 20.

11—**10th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Ezek. 34; Coloss. 1, to v. 21. *Evening*—Ezekiel 37, or Dan. 1; Luke 9, v. 51 to 10, v. 17.

18—**11th Sunday after Trinity, St. Luke, Evang.** *Morning*—Daniel 3; Isaiah 55; 1 Thess. 3. *Evening*—Daniel 4, or 5; Eccles. 38, to v. 15; Luke 13, v. 18.

25—**12nd Sunday after Trinity, Morning**—Daniel 6; 1 Tim. 1, v. 18 and 2. *Evening*—Dan. 7, v. 9, or 12; Luke 18, to v. 31.

30—**St. Simon and St. Jude, A. and M.** *Morning*—Isaiah 28, v. 9 to 17; 1 Tim. 5. *Evening*—Jer. 3, v. 12 to 19; Luke 19, v. 28.

### "IF."

If men cared less for wealth and fame,  
And less for battlefields and glory;

If writ in human hearts a name

Seemed better than in song or story;

If men, instead of nursing pride,

Would learn to hate it and abhor it;

If more relied

On Love to guide,

The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,

And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;

If Love's work had more willing hands

To link this world with the supernal;

If men stored up Love's oil and wine

And on bruised human hearts would pour it;

If "yours" and "mine"

Would once combine,

The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,

And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;

If Bigotry would sheath its knife

Till good became more universal;

If Custom, grey with ages grown,

Had fewer blind men to adore it—

If Talent shone

In Truth alone,

The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—

Affecting less in all their dealings;

If hearts had fewer rusted strings

To isolate their kindred feelings;

If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,

Would strike together to restore it—

If Right made Might

In every fight,

The world would be the better for it.

—N. H. Cobb.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### Notes on the Calendar.

##### ST. LUKE, OCTOBER 18TH.

ST. LUKE is only mentioned three times in the New Testament. In Colossians, "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas greet you;" in Timothy, "only Luke is with me;" and in Philemon, where St. Paul speaks of him as a fellow-labourer in the Gospel.

There are many traditions connecting the name of St. Luke with several unnamed disciples. As these rest on no foundation whatever they may be passed over. There is, however, more to be said in favour of the widely held view that he was a Gentile, perhaps one of St. Paul's early converts.

The tradition that Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel that bears his name, has never been questioned by the Church; and his connection with St. Paul as a "fellow-worker" may be supposed to have begun at the time St. Paul, in answer to the vision of the man of Macedonia, set out on his missionary journey to that country. "When he had seen the vision, straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia."

Perhaps St. Paul left him in charge of the church he had helped to found in Macedonia, as the *we* is changed to *they* in describing the tour made by St. Paul and Silas into Thessalonica. Why St. Luke was not held responsible and punished for the casting out of the spirit of divination from the maid who brought her masters much gain does not appear; probably he did not happen to be with them when her enraged masters met Paul and Silas, evidently in the open street, and dragged them before the rulers in the market-place.

Farrar believes St. Luke stayed in Philippi seven years, preaching the word and supporting himself by his profession, as the *we* appears again in Acts 20, 6, "We sailed away from Philippi." Be this as it may, St. Luke accompanied St. Paul to Jerusalem, and was apparently still with him during his two years' detention at Cæsarea,

as he starts with him on the journey to Rome.

It might well be that St. Luke used these two years of perhaps enforced leisure in writing his Gospel. The place was in every way suitable, in the midst of the very scenes of our Lord's ministry. He may have spoken to those who remembered seeing some of His "mighty works," or could repeat some of the "gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth."

The dramatic story of St. Paul's shipwreck and his reception by the kindly "barbarous people" shows us St. Luke still with him, nor does he leave him even in his own hired house at Rome. In all probability he remained with him till, by a martyr's death, his heroic spirit ascended to the Lord he had loved so intensely and followed so closely.

St. Luke is said to have died in Greece; the manner of his death is unknown. St. Luke's Gospel gives us much not mentioned in the other three—the angel's song, the beautiful hymns of Mary, Zacharias and Simeon, which we use Sunday after Sunday in our public worship; the story of the prodigal son, with its deep insight into the freeness and tenderness of God's forgiving love. It is the Gospel of pity. Goodwill towards sinful man seems the key-note. It is full of thanksgiving. In it, as Farrar says, Christ comes with a carol and departs with a benediction. He pictures our Lord as *Christus Consolator*, telling of his loving care for the despised, the poor, the wretched. He selects the parables which illustrate this, the prodigal, the Pharisee, the Publican, and the good Samaritan. Time would fail to enumerate all we owe to St. Luke. One, we may, however, recall. Luke alone records the tortured Saviour's prayer for those who slew Him. This is the best touch in the picture of the Holy One who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them.

#### AUNT MARTHA SAYS HER SAY.

"Do, child, take time to live as you go along," said Aunt Martha to me one day.

The words were "spoken in season and fitly chosen," and gave a new turn to my life, and I am going to write down what followed, so that some other woman may hear what Aunt Martha had to say.

She was a little woman, with kindly face set in soft gray hair, with the brightest eyes showing behind glistening gold-rimmed "specs," and her seventy years had been lived faithfully to her God and to herself.

As far from selfishness as ever a woman could be, yet she preached and practised the glorification of self as I never knew another to do.

It was toward the close of a busy, hurrying Saturday; little things up-tairs and down had claimed my attention all day, and at the moment Aunt Martha spoke I was agonizing over the trimming of a bonnet, not because I needed the article, but because it was part of the week's work I had set for myself.

The bows would not settle themselves gracefully under my nervous fingers, and the bit of bias velvet refused to stretch a required half-inch in length. Just then the door-bell sounded, and my exclamation of dismay at the prospect of a visitor, called forth auntie's remark, and clinched the thought that to begrudge one's time to a friend for the sake of a few ribbon bows, was anything but a sane state of mind.

Away went the offending bonnet; ribbons, lace and pins were all tumbled into the convenient band-box, and turning to the open fire I shook off the threads into the blaze and dropping down on the hearth rug gazed into the heart of the glow like an old Persian fire worshipper. Aunt Martha knew I was ready for a talk, and she took up her knitting. "That's right, my dear," she began, "the world will do as well, and you'll do far better, without that bonnet to-morrow. I sometimes wish the good Book had said: 'Remember Saturday night to keep it holy.' Sunday would be smoother if it had. I've been watching some time, and you're getting no good of yourself, child," she continued: "Human beings are a sight of trouble to start, with teething and measles, and the rest, but just as soon as they're old enough to be something, away they go, rush and scramble from Monday morning till Saturday night, with no attention to the best part; as if we weren't made just a *lestle*

lower than the angels, and expected to live up to that pitch."

The old lady's needles ceased their click as her voice increased in earnestness. "I'm sick of this cry of 'no time! no time!'" she said, "As we're going to have all forever and forever, we might enjoy a little of it while we're in these wonderful bodies. I hate this talk about worms of the earth, and poor, miserable beings: 'tis a fine compliment to the Lord who breathed into each one of us the breath of life. He stamped a different 'I' on each soul, different from every other 'I' in goodness knows how many billions, and if he thought you and me of as much consequence as that, we ought to do all we can to keep up our end."

"But, Aunt Martha," I protested, giving the fire a vigorous poke, "many people are so tied down by circumstances, their noses all their lives to the grindstone, that cultivation of what you call the best part is an utter impossibility."

"Don't talk circumstances to me, Jane (auntie generally called me Jen-nie), anybody can keep his soul on top, for that's where the Lord meant it should be, and any living that's worth while, makes its own circumstances. The Lord will help the child who respects and tends the part which the great Creator made in his own image; is that to be dwarfed and smothered that there may be one more embroidered doyley in the world, or an extra frill on a petticoat?

"Now, I'm the last one to advise anybody to *laze* through life," (and I knew from experience she was); "but this out-of-breath scramble isn't living at all, and we lose the everydays getting ready to enjoy the to-morrows which never come. We'll never travel over-to-day, and every one ought to lift us just a mite up or it is worse than lost."

"Now, my boy John hardly knows that the Lord has trusted the children to him to finish off for Him, he's so busy toilin' and moilin' every day for them. When Sunday comes it's hurry-scurry, just the same; to church twice and to Sunday school, where John teaches Mr. Lee's boys, Mr. Lee teaches John's, and it's early to bed for the whole tired family, so as to get a fair start to begin all over again Monday morning."

"But, Aunt Martha, how can you

disapprove of church and Sunday schools?" I asked, wondering if my good aunt was letting her hobby run away with her. "You surely don't want Uncle John to bring up his boys to be careless about Sunday."

"No! child, no; the Lord made the day sacred, but he made families sacred too, and John and Milly seem to forget that side. One day last spring I was there, as pretty a morning it was as ever shone, and in rushed the children to beg the mother to go to the woods with them, and she actually kissed them all around and sent them off with a basket of cookies, saying she hadn't time. To be sure there was a fancy pie for dinner, and little Mill had an extra frill on a new gingham, and what did they cost? The mother spent the next day in bed with a nervous headache, and the children lost the mothering they had a right to. What is time good for if a woman can't use it to mother her own children! What else was lost no one can count. Surely the Lord doesn't spread out a May day for his little creatures to snub and turn their backs upon. A fresh-made world new every morning, and never two after just the same pattern that time of the year. Folk's are made different, there's no doubt of that; and the Lord touches one by music, and one by a picture, and another by a sermon; but I believe he means sky and trees and flowers, and sunshine, and ocean, and mountains to speak to every one who'll take time to listen. Despising the works of the Lord will have to be explained some day, and when that day comes and we go up with a poor, miserable, little, dwarfed, dried-up soul, the excuse 'no time! no time!' won't sound as well as it does here, for the Lord gave us all the time there is, and all the privileges we can use to make something of ourselves that will be a credit to the pattern."

"But, Aunt Martha," I said, hoping to draw her on, "everybody looks upon Aunt Milly as a model wife and mother. She has even given up her music, which used to be her very life, for the sake of the children, and she is the most unselfish woman I know, most self-sacrificing."

"Jennie, my child," said Aunt Martha, putting her hand gently on my shoulder, "never be self-sacrificing in the same way. The Lord gave Milly a wonderful musical talent, and he ex-

pects some return for it. What right has she to neglect such a blessing, such a means of glorifying Him. 'Tis your sacred duty to cultivate your painting, 'tis hers to cultivate her music, and if, as is the case with most of us, we think we have no special gift to cultivate, then do day by day something which makes the soul just a little larger, just a little higher, and bye-and-bye we discover there is a point to cultivate. Perhaps 'tis a very nice, cheery smile, perhaps 'tis a fresh way of telling a story, or a quickness at seeing the funny side, all little things, but little things make all the difference between happiness and misery in this grand old world.

"Take time, child. Take it. Don't feel that you are stealing it, but take it as the right of a free-born citizen, and use it to make the best kind of citizen for the heavenly country, for this is only the training ground for that."

So ended Aunt Martha's sermon, and we went to tea.—*N. Y. Observer.*

#### A RAROTONGAN SERMON.

SOME years ago, one of these native missionaries from Rarotonga, was greatly annoyed while preaching, by the sound of hammering, which came from a small store near the church. This was owned by a German, but he had for assistant one of Her Majesty's subjects from north of the Tweed, and he it was who had been desecrating the Sabbath. The teacher, a stalwart Rarotongan, could not read English, but knew enough to find chapter and verse of the Fourth Commandment in an English Bible. With the Bible open in his hand, he strode up to the white man, and, pointing to Ex. 20:8, roared out, "Read that!" The white man tried to pass it off as a joke, but the teacher was terribly in earnest. The man saw he was very angry, and moreover a very muscular Christian, so he took the Book and meekly read the long-forgotten words, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Then followed a short but very vigorous sermon in broken English. "Your country sent my country the Bible, and we learn to make Sunday; then I come here, bring the Bible, teach New Guinea people Sunday, and you say he no good. What for you make me liar?" Needless to say, there was no more hammering in that store on a Sunday afternoon.—*Word and Work.*

#### THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE Royal feast was done: the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel down and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh! in shame  
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"  
—*E. R. Sill, in New York Independent.*

#### THE SECRET OF MISSIONARY POWER.

THE late Archbishop Magee, of ~~New~~ York, whose death occurred within a few weeks after his elevation, will be best remembered as the able and eloquent Bishop of Peterborough. In a sermon preached before the Church Missionary Society of England he gave utterance to the following words of sound wisdom:

"The life of our society does not consist in crowded meetings, interesting and eloquent speeches, powerful patrons, zealous collectors, numerous subscriptions, an overflowing treasury. It lives by all these, but not by these alone. Its life consists in the presence of Christ in the hearts of Christian men. Not the great meeting nor the great speech, but the Spirit of the Lord that fills the meeting and the speaker; not the great

patron, but the love of Christ in his heart that makes him willing to cast his honours at the feet of Christ; not the large gift, but the loving self-denial that accompanies it; these are the things in which its true life consists. Let us never forget this. Let us, who necessarily resort so much to the use of all these means, beware of the idolatry of means; let us beware of supposing that these are indispensable to our success, or that they are to be preferred, in the very least degree, to the Word of the Lord. Let us remember that here, too, we need the martyr spirit; that here, too, we must be ready to sacrifice life for duty; here, too, we must remember we "do not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—*Spirit of Missions.*

#### FOR PARISH AND HOME.

##### INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

A FEW years ago I attended a missionary meeting in the western part of the Diocese of Toronto. After a short service, at which interesting addresses were given, the children's missionary boxes were opened and the contents counted. One little girl had in her box over nine dollars, and, as I was afterwards invited to spend the night at her father's home, a comfortable farmhouse, I asked her how she managed to get so much. She said her mother gave her one cent a day for hunting up the eggs, and by this means she earned about \$1.20, which she put in the box; then her brother had a patch of potatoes of his own, one part of which he called the "missionary corner," and kept hoed and cultivated just the same as the rest. From this he sold over three dollars worth of potatoes, which amount also went into the box. The rest was given by friends or earned in other ways.

I thought if all our boys and girls were to work, as well as pray "Thy kingdom come," how much faster the "kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

A little while after, a friend told me of her younger sister becoming interested in missionary work, and, as she lived in Toronto, she could neither hunt eggs nor hoe potatoes, but, as she had some distance to go to school, her father gave her car tickets so that she might ride on the street cars. For

three months she walked to and from school, thereby saving the fares that she might give the amount to help send abroad the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ.

The other day a young farmer handed me five dollars to help in a new mission field, saying that he had sold a car load of oats for fourteen dollars more than he expected to get for it, and he desired to give part to help God's work.

Might not many readers of PARISH AND HOME "go and do likewise," and by little acts of thoughtfulness and self-denial, do much more than at present to help on the cause of Christ.

C. H. M.

#### OF ONE BLOOD.

A YEAR or two ago, a desperate fight took place between the workmen of three coal mines in Pennsylvania. There was no cause for it but the difference of nationality between the gangs. Poles and Hungarians were arrayed against the Irish and Germans.

A superintendent who had lived many years among the miners said to a visitor, "There is no hope that they will ever be reconciled. It is a contest of race; the antagonism is in their blood. An Irishman and a Hungarian hate each other by instinct, as a dog does a cat. We can never hope for peace in the mines."

In the first week of February in this year, a mine was submerged at Jeannsville. Most of the miners at work, some of them Irish, and some Poles and Huns, were killed by the foul air.

All operations were stopped, and a rescue party of sixty men set to work to discover the bodies of the victims. The whole country-side was moved with horror and pity.

On the twentieth day, it was found that four of the men were still alive, having been imprisoned for nearly three weeks without food in a "breast" or hole in the mine, four feet square. They were Hungarians and Poles.

The rescuing party, Irishmen, Americans and Germans, in a frenzy of zeal, pushed into the narrow gangway leading to this living tomb, and six times were driven back fainting, by the deadly, black damp.

Each man knew that he remained in the gangway at the peril of his life, but not one turned back. At the eighth attempt they reached the breast, and found the men still breathing. They could

not walk, and the gangway, two hundred feet long, was too narrow to allow of their being carried out.

The rescuers devised a plan. They lay down on their backs in the long passage. The feet of one man touched the head of another, and so, stifled by the fatal damp, and nearly covered by water, they passed the unconscious victims over their own bodies to the mouth of the gangway.

Outside the opening, Roman Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, physicians, nurses, labourers, and delicate women in great numbers, stood waiting breathless. By and by the line of rescue disappeared. The men were covered with mud and blood, their miners' lamps burning in their hats. But they carried the rescued men, and were met with sobs and tears of joy. By one impulse the great crowd began to sing the doxology :—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Irishmen and Hungarians, Americans, Poles and Germans thanked God in their hearts together that these poor brothers of theirs were still alive. For beneath all race difference, God "hath made of one blood" all the peoples of the earth.—*Youth's Companion*

#### TO A CHILD'S MEMORY.

LITTLE white blossom so faintly flushed,  
Delicate petals so lightly crushed,  
Leaves of laughter so quickly hushed.

Little white sail on an endless sea,  
Passed from the ken of the eyes that be,  
Straining ashore for a glimpse of Thee.

Little white star on the night's blue strand,  
Into bowed souls of this lower land  
Shine thou forever from God's right hand.

—F. Herbert Trench.

#### AS UNTO THE LORD.

IT is possible to live a very laborious life filled with intense activities, and yet never, from youth to old age, do one deed that Christ accepts as service. It is possible even to live a life of what is called religious service, full of what are regarded as sacred duties, and yet never in one thing serve Christ. The heart may never have been given to Him at all. Or the motives may have been wrong. That which makes any act distinctively a Christian act, is that it is done in the name of Christ, and to please Him. The moralist does right things, but without any reference to Christ, not confessing Him or loving Him; the Christian does the same

things, but does them because the Master wants him to do them. As one has beautifully said, "What we can do for God is little or nothing, but we must do our little nothings for His glory." This is the motive, that, filling our hearts, makes even drudgery divine, because it is done for Christ. It may be but to sweep a room, or rock an infant to sleep, or teach a ragged child, or mend a rent, or plane a board; but if it is done as unto the Lord, it will be owned and accepted. But it may be the grandest of works, the founding of an asylum, the building of a cathedral, or a whole life of eloquence or display, but if it is not done for Christ it all counts for nothing.—*Selected*.

#### A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

A LEADING feature in the character of General Gordon was a dislike of complimentary speeches. "No gilt," he would exclaim imperiously; "no gilt, mind, no gilt. Say what is to be said, but no praise. I do nothing. It is an honour if God employs me. Do not send me your paper with anything written about me; and mind—do not forget, no gilt?" No doubt he knew, as all know, how easy it is to be puffed up; and so he wisely sought to avoid temptation. He would very seldom talk of himself at all, and when he did so, he never claimed merit. A book was written about his work in China, and he was asked to read it before it came out. Page after page—the parts about himself—he tore out to the poor author's chagrin, who told him he had spoiled his book! "No man," he said, "has a right to be proud of anything; he has received it all." He had many medals, for which he cared little. A gold one, however, given to him by the Emperor of China, with a special inscription, he did value. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew where or how. Years afterwards it was found out by curious accident, that he had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine in Manchester.—*Rev. Chas. Bullock*.

IT is the faithfulness of the one-talented million, rather than of the richly-endowed one or two, that is needed to-day to hasten the coming of Christ's kingdom.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

**A Child's Mission.**

A STORY.

## PART X.

MR. ST. GEORGE was too old a man to be carried away by visionary enthusiasm. Step by step his conscience had led him to the resolution we have seen him make. He had weighed his plan and knew definitely what he was going to attempt. He did not dream of taking into his house the dregs of the streets, and by some magic process turning this coarse material into the fine stuff of strong, manly characters. Mr. St. George knew human nature well enough to understand that much as loving effort can do, it must have time in which to develop its influence. Others could do better than he the coarser work among the masses, degraded for generations. What had especially touched his heart was the story of Mary Newcomb's life. He pitied her for the contrast between her own education and that which she was able to give her boy. Since he knew her story he had watched her closely, and the sweet, patient face had proved a faithful index of her character. When he looked at her he reproached himself for the good he might do that he was not doing. The waste and folly of the social life of the upper classes had long been apparent to him. Here was power losing itself. He saw this in the lives of others about him. He felt it in his own life and at last he decided what he should do. Young Walter Newcomb would be the first boy he would provide for, and who would be better able to care for Walter Newcomb than Walter Newcomb's mother? It was, alas! not difficult to find other boys in the great city in somewhat similar circumstances; and Mr. St. George, with the assistance of Mr. Somers, selected three more. He had no idea of turning these boys into fine gentlemen. He would simply give them a good education, and what he hoped would be a real home. That done, they must shift for themselves. If they wished to proceed further and become professional men, some, though not all, of the difficulties would be removed from their paths. But they should not be discouraged from learning an honest trade, if their tastes led them to this.

This was Mr. St. George's plan. The

lonely old house was to have its staid quiet interrupted. Lovatt, as chief of the servants, ventured on a mild protest, on his and their behalf, against filling the house with a lot of "little beggars, which," said Mr. Lovatt, "won't leave nothink alone, and will turn the place into a bedlam." But there was a stern look in Mr. St. George's eye when he said:

"Well, Lovatt, do as you like. It is easier for me to change my servants than my plans."

The murmurs subsided after this, and Lovatt, sulkily enough, prepared for the inevitable.

The firmness with which Mr. St. George proceeded was based upon something deeper than philanthropic sentiment. He spoke the simple truth when he said that Dorothy's child's prayer had opened for him a new world of meaning in the religious life. In the quiet of that study which he had so carefully guarded from the boys' intrusion, he had thought and read much, and his thought led him to realize something of the vast mystery of human life. He read of it in poetry; he knew what philosophers said of it in dull prose; his own life was oppressed by the sense of it. And here was a little child reaching out into the darkness and the mystery with perfect confidence that wise love was guiding all.

"All my thinking has not given me that peace," said Mr. St. George. The child's simple trust became a new factor in his thought. Slowly and imperceptibly to himself, he found his position changing, and at last the old man thanked the little girl that she had brought him to child-like faith in God.

And this trust had brought love in its train. Again Dorothy had been his teacher. The warm interest the child took in all whom she met; her eagerness over any little plan for giving pleasure, and her hearty delight in simple things, had touched the heart of the old man and taught him that child-like trust brings with it pure affections and simple tastes. He often carried flowers to her, and he never forgot the earnest pleasure she found on the first bunch of violets he brought her in the early spring. She said a very low "thank you," and stood bashfully by his side bending down to them over and over again, murmuring softly, "How lovely, how lovely." When she looked up into his face he saw the

liquid shimmer in her eyes that told him her feelings were deeply stirred.

While the child's simplicity taught Mr. St. George much, another influence was working upon him. Mr. Somers had ceaselessly urged that "Faith worketh by love." His sermon on the Good Samaritan had remained in Mr. St. George's memory, and the person of Him who first told the story had been much in his thought. He felt that he could not understand Him fully. His moral teaching satisfied Mr. St. George's cravings for higher light, but His person puzzled him. He spoke to Mr. Somers on the subject in an abstract way as if the matter was not one that greatly concerned him-self.

"We hear much of altering creeds now-a-days," he said. "Do you think you ought to be able to define everything?"

"The more clearly we think, the more intelligent will be our action," said Mr. Somers. "In that sense clear definition is valuable and even necessary. But nine-tenths of us could not define one-half of the most important convictions we have. Ask a mother to define her love for her child, or a child to define its trust in its mother. Probably neither could do it; and yet where can you find more perfect love and trust?"

"Quite true," said Mr. St. George, afraid to betray the keen personal interest he felt. "Then you must not be too hard on those who can't go very far in definition."

"God will not be very hard on those who trust and love," said Mr. Somers solemnly. "The cross of Christ creates a more tender relation than that even of the mother to the child whose life had cost her months of pain and sadness. The child is unconscious of what has been done for it, but men and women can look upon the sorrow of the Cross and study its meaning. I only ask them to trust Him whose words and actions show that He understood their needs. Then they will take up His burden too and love others for His sake."

"A simple creed," said Mr. St. George thoughtfully, "yet one that has an almost infinite range for action."

And because he felt this his old life made him uneasy, and he decided to change it.

*(To be continued.)*

**"A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."**

I ASK my readers to remember that the good works with which every one is now familiar did not exist one hundred years ago. Wilberforce had not yet attacked the slave trade. Howard had not yet reformed prisons. Raikes had not established Sunday-schools. We had no Bible societies, no ragged schools, no city missions, no pastoral aid societies, no missions to the heathen. The spirit of slumber was on the land. In a religious and moral point of view, England was sound asleep. At all events we are awake now. We see and feel evils, to which, a hundred years ago, men were insensible. We struggle to be free from these evils; we desire to amend. This is a vast improvement. With all our many faults, we are not sound asleep. On every side there is stir, activity, movement, progress and not stagnation. Bad as we are, we confess our badness; weak as we are, we acknowledge our failings; feeble as our efforts are, we strive to amend; little as we do for Christ, we do try to do something. Let us thank God for this! Things might be worse. Comparing our own days with the middle of last century, we have reason to thank God, and take courage.—*The Bishop of Liverpool.*

**PERSONAL WORK.**

THE Rev. Caesar Malan found himself seated by a young lady at a gathering in the West End of London. In the course of conversation, he asked her if she were a Christian. She replied sharply, "That is a subject I don't care to have discussed here this evening."

Mr. Malan said sweetly, "Well, I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ and become a useful worker for Him."

They parted, but a fortnight later met, and this time the lady approached him with marked courtesy, and said, "The question you asked me the other evening has remained with me ever since and caused me much distress. I am sorry for the way in which I previously spoke to you, and now I come to ask you to help me to find the Saviour."

Mr. Malan answered, "Come to Him just as you are."

"But will He receive me just as I am and now?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Malan, "gladly

will He do so, for He says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' " (John 6. 37). They then knelt together and prayed, and the lady soon experienced the holy joy of a full forgiveness through the blood of Christ.

The lady's name is Charlotte Elliott, and to her all Christendom is indebted for the beautiful hymn commencing,

"Just as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I Come!"

—*British Messenger.*

**WHY I GO TO CHURCH.**

I. BECAUSE God commands it in His Word.

II. Because I expect my minister to be there.

III. Because by staying away I lose the prayers, which bring God's blessing, and lose the sermon, which would have done me good.

IV. Because, whatever station I hold, my example must influence others.

V. Because, on any important business, weather does not keep me at home; and to worship God in His house is most important for my soul.

VI. Because there is a special promise, where two or three meet together in God's Name, He is in the midst of them.

VII. Because I know not how many more Sabbaths God may still vouchsafe me; and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sabbath in Heaven to have neglected my last Sabbath on earth.—*Rev. R. Shepherd, M.A.*

**THE LORD'S ADVENT.**

I do think that, with all the things we are engaged in, there is something of a silence in the present day in many pulpits, and in many places, about the advent of our Lord. It is for that we work; to that we press. To put it most simply, the doctrine of the advent of our Lord is that He will come some time, and that he may come any time. Now, if we believe sincerely—or rather if we are sincere in believing, I would say—either in our Lord's ascension or in His second coming, it ought to awe us into forbearance and into unity. Could we be discussing trifles if we verily saw our Lord either coming or going? And we ought to see Him if the eye of our faith is clear.—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

**ARE YOU HELPING?**

IN the charge on Lookout Mountain, a soldier fell in the first of the battle, mortally wounded. He lay as if unconscious. A shout on the mountain roused him.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is our boys cheering on top of the mountain. They have carried the heights and planted the flag upon them."

His eyes were dim, and he could not see the floating flag, but joy played upon his pale face as he said, "Well, I helped put it there."

When the shout goes up over the planting of the flag of our Christ on the last rampart of Satan, shall we be able to say, "I helped to put it there?"

"Each of God's soldiers bears  
A sword divine;  
Stretch out thy trembling hand  
To-day for thine."

—*Golden Rule.*

**OF SIN UNRESISTED.**

WHEN first any sin gets admission into the heart, it comes but as a guest to entreat for a night's lodging; but if it be entertained it desires to become a servant, or at least a retainer during pleasure, and so by degrees insinuates itself into such a degree of familiarity, that it not only becomes a bosom friend, but is crowned King of the Heart; and then, that it may domineer without control, it thrusts Christ quite out of doors, with "We will not have this Jesus rule over us; not Him, but ourselves; not Him, but our bellies; not Him, but vainglory; not Him, but Barabbas," that is Satan, the robber of God's glory, and the murderer of mankind.—*From Sheridan's Discourses.*

"WHAT kind of Christians must they be who think of Christ as a 'Saviour for me,' and take no care to set Him forth as a 'Saviour for you?' What should we think of men in a shipwreck who were content to get into the life-boat and let everybody else drown? What should we think of people in a famine feasting sumptuously on their private stores while women were boiling their children for a meal, and men fighting with dogs for garbage? What of him who withholds the Bread of Life and all the while claims to be a follower of the Christ who gave His flesh for the life of the world?"—*Dr. Maclaren.*

## Parish and Home.

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We should be very thankful if every reader of PARISH AND HOME, who thinks well of its aims, would do everything possible to give information about it, and so increase its circulation, speaking about it to those in your town or writing about it with a sample copy to friends at a distance. This is the time of year when parishes begin new plans of work, and in many cases a parish magazine is being thought of, or, if it is not, ought to be. We depend on you, then, if our paper is helpful to you, to see that in such cases a paper is taken, and that the paper is PARISH AND HOME.

We wish to make PARISH AND HOME the very best parish magazine that can be obtained, and we are very much encouraged by the success which we have already had. We feel that there is a great deal of latent literary power in many of our church members that should be called into action, and our columns are always open to contributors. We shall, of course, publish only what has merit, but the quality of the Canadian contributions that we have already received, is such that we should like to have their number greatly increased. Short biographical sketches, stories, anecdotes, illustrations, will all be welcome.

"THE summer is ended" and we are now on the eve of another winter's work. Many of us have enjoyed a delightful holiday, and should begin our work once more full of thankfulness to the Giver of so many blessings. But

even the most willing workers are in danger of making one great mistake—that of hurrying aimlessly from one thing to another without doing anything well. It is far better to be connected with only one society and to do its work with enthusiasm and thoroughness, than to dabble in half a dozen different branches of work. Let us so work that the holiday season, when it comes again, will see "something accomplished, something done."

"BLESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said Jesus. Purity is the spiritual optic nerve, that which conveys light to the soul. Young man, do not believe the false teachers who will tell you that a man must "see the world," must "sow his wild oats." The pitcher that has once been cracked is never again quite as good as new. The scar of the crack always remains. Once lose the sensitive purity of innocence, and your spirit wants a sweetness that will never come back to it in this life. There hath passed away a glory from the earth. To be pure is to see, and

He that hath light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.  
Himself is his own dungeon.

VITAL religion is an expensive accomplishment. It costs us—let us see what does it cost us? We must pay out ease and get in return labour; we must pay away ambition and get in return a lot that perhaps we should not have chosen; we must give away our pride and get for it poverty of spirit; and our vanity goes, to be replaced often by the bitterness of self-condemnation. Sometimes religion costs a great deal in hard cash. "What does that blue ribbon cost you?" said a young man sneeringly to Mr. Charrington, a Christian worker in London. "About twenty thousand pounds a year," was the quiet answer. He had given up that much rather than receive it from his father's brewing business. Yes, religion is expensive, but like all really good things, it is worth having, even at the price.

IT does an editor's heart good to get really appreciative letters. This is one which we have just received from distant England.

"Thanks very much for the good things in your paper. I am sure they will help many—they have helped me. Of course I don't agree with all that is said, but the whole tone is so good and true that I never get it without reading it well, and in my ministry I have used it to the blessing of those who listen."

### GOD'S MINISTERS.

HAND in hand with angels,  
Through the world we go;  
Brighter eyes are on us  
Than we blind ones know;  
Tenderer voices cheer us  
Than we deaf will own;  
Never, walking heavenward,  
Can we walk alone.

—Lucy Larcom.

### BEARING HIS BURDEN.

A GENTLEMAN driving his own carriage, overtook a tired pedler with his pack on his back, and invited him to take a seat behind him. This the man thankfully did, apologising, however, for the liberty. Presently the gentleman looked round, and perceiving that the pedler still carried the pack on his back, he asked him why he did not lay his burden on the seat. "Sir," was the reply, "you have been good enough to allow me to take a place in your carriage, but I would not also take the liberty of placing my burden in it too."

Many a Christian man behaves like this pedler, refusing in trouble to cast all his care upon God.

—Young Churchman.

### FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### A SWEET-BRIER BUSH.

THERE was once a sweet-brier bush which grew just inside a high stone wall. All day long it stood unseen, sheltered from every rough wind or hot sun-dart, by the protecting stones.

And so it lived on day after day, and quite forgot that there was anything outside that stone enclosure—it was happy and enjoyed itself and cared naught for the world outside.

But one day a terrible thing happened, the wall was thrown down and the poor little bush was exposed to the sweeping wind, and the glare of the noonday sun.

At first the bush was dismayed and all but withered without its accustomed shelter; but after awhile it recovered again and found it could still blossom and cast forth its sweet fragrance.

## PARISH AND HOME.

And wearied travellers along the road stopped and said, "How sweet! we never knew it was here before," as they drank in the sweet perfume, and children filled their hands with the pink blossoms and bore them away.

Is there a lesson we can learn from the sweet-brier? Perhaps, when we see those who in prosperity were selfish, in adversity become thoughtful for others, and unselfish, we will understand.—*Kathleen R. Wheeler.*

**"NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS."**

"Nobody knows but Jesus:  
'Tis only the old refrain  
Of a quaint pathetic slave song,  
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,  
And I do not know the rest;  
But the music of the message  
Was wonderfully sweet.

For it fell upon my spirit,  
Like sweetest twilight Psalm,  
When the breezy sunset waters  
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus."  
Is it not better so  
That no one else but Jesus,  
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret  
Between my Lord and me,  
I learn the fuller measure  
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy  
That dear ones could not bear  
To know the bitter burden  
They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny,  
That others could not see  
Why it should be a trouble  
That seems so real to me.

Either and both I lay them  
Down at my Master's feet,  
And find them, alone with Jesus,  
Mysteriously sweet.

"Nobody knows but Jesus,"  
It is music for to-day,  
And through the darkest hours  
It will chime along the way.

"Nobody knows but Jesus."  
My Lord, I bless Thee now  
For the sacred gift of sorrow  
That no one knows but Thou.

—*Selected.*

**A PRAYER FOR "CHEERFUL HEARTS."**

O LORD, where Thy grace and favour is present, there is true blessedness, unfeigned pleasure, and continual wealth; pour down therefore Thy heavenly grace and Fatherly favour upon us, that we, being assured of Thy goodness towards us, may rejoice and glory in Thee, and have cheerful hearts,

whensoever we be most assailed by any kind of adversity, be it sickness or loss of friends, or any worldly disappointment; having always our sure trust in Thee, to whom be glory for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*From King Edward the Sixth's Primer.*

**"SEEING" THE GOSPEL.**

A poor Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered, he had never heard the Gospel, but he had seen it. He then told of a poor man, at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life was altered—he gave up the opium, and became loving and amiable. "Oh," said the candidate for baptism, "I have not heard the Gospel, but I have seen it."

**THE GOSPEL NEEDS A VOICE;** a book will not do. Behind the Bible must be a believer, behind the Gospel a gospeller, or herald. God wants witnesses who speak what they know. . . . It is God's plan that believers shall be everywhere scattered, in order to provide avenues of spiritual communication. The Holy Spirit has never yet been known to come down upon and work in a community where there *were no believers*. In the entire history of missions, the intervention of some one or more believing disciples has been the condition of his outpouring. Hence, as water can be conveyed only in vessels or channels, the believer must become the means of communication, impression, and salvation.—*A.T. Pierson, D.D.*

**"THERE IS NOT A GIFT SO SMALL** that it is not wanted to make the work of the Church complete. There is not one so small but that its hiding away leaves some life unblest. There is not one so insignificant that it may not start a wave of influence which shall roll on over the sea of human life until it breaks on the shore of eternity."

**DEAN STANLEY** says: "You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs; they pass into laws; they pass into doctrines; they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted."

**HIS SECRETS.**

"Come ... apart... and rest a while."—  
Mark 6. 31.

THROUGH all the crowded moments of to-day,  
And many, many days that went before,  
Thou hast been toiling bravely for thy Lord,  
And faint thou wouldest labour more and more!

But listen how thy Master's tender voice  
Is calling thee away. He knoweth best :  
And Jesus sees that wearied frame of thine  
And busy brain are crying out for rest.

Go, seek the mountain's solitude, where I  
Have spread a carpet of My heather wild,  
Where earth and sky combine to chant My  
praise :

There will I hold sweet converse with My  
child.

I know the loneliness tha' fills thy heart :  
Come, thou shalt talk with Me, and I with  
thee ;  
For truly, thou art never less alone,  
Than when I bid thee sit alone with Me.

I would not have thee like to those who spend  
Their strength, in pining for the human love  
That once was theirs; or for the love, per-  
chance,  
That never theirs hath been · look thou above

Gaze on My face, dear child, till thereupon  
Thou readest all My heart of love Divine :  
Gaze on till thou art fully satisfied—  
Until thy hung'ring heart is fill'd from Mine.

The brightness of My glory shall enfold  
And wrap thee closely round ; its after-glow  
Shall linger lovingly upon thy brow ;  
Then, strengthened, rested. I will let thee go.

And thou shalt work for Me, remembering still  
That ev'ry burden I will help to bear :  
And walking close beside, thy hand in Mine,  
Thy ev'ry labour I with thee will share.

To those who dwell around thee, half My love—  
My tender, yearning love, thou canst not  
show,  
Except thy face be radiant with My smile,  
Except thy heart with Mine be all aglow.

So, if thou feel'st growing dim the light  
I bade within thee shine, then lay aside  
Thy work, and come away to rest with Me ;  
And thus thou shalt anew be glorified.

—*Rose Jay, in the British Messenger.*

**WHEN** Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect money for foreign missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I'll take nothing for this cause, seeing it's I," and handed the money back. The man was stung, but in a moment recovered himself and said, "Andrew, you are right; here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus."—*Golden Rule.*

My own hope is a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.  
—*Robert Browning.*

**WHOSE FAULT IS IT?**

**W**HOSE fault is it that there are so many disobedient children? Obedience is the first law of human duties, and the first and only commandment with promise.

The child when put into his parent's arms knows nothing, wills nothing. It is like a lump of soft plaster, to be shaped as the parent chooses. God's command to the parent is to train the child in the way it should go. He must take the first step. He is expected to be wise to discern the right course for his little one, and then with a firm hand, not to be relaxed by selfish desire, foolish indulgence, love and ease, or lack of patience to guide the child into it.

If the natural, inborn will ressit at first firmness, gentleness, and grace will gain the day, and the babe will soon learn that is highest duty and pleasure lie in docility and subordination. This is one point secured—that the child's will must ever run parallel with and not athwart the parents—the main point of a happy and successful life is gained.

The usual and first trouble is a failure on the parent's side. If he fails to teach that his will is the one to be respected and yielded to, the child soon sets up his own. He is a little animal guided by instinct to be developed by circumstances around him. When old enough to discern right from wrong, if he has been left unrestrained the mischief is done, the will is set, and his whole life is to hear the impress of those early years.

Parents having the right theory, and purposing to train their children aright, lose the opportunity by not commencing soon enough. They wait until the child is old enough to be reasoned with; they postpone and dally until the child has gotten the upper hand. Then, alas! how sad the consequences! a misguided, perhaps a wrecked life on one side; grief and a broken heart on the other.

We think in the great day when the Judge shall weigh both parent and child in His just balances, that the parent will be held accountable for many a ruined young soul. It will be useless to say:

"My son, my daughter, would not do as I wished, would have their own way." How will the question be answered. Why did you not teach

your child to obey without questioning or hesitation?

Looked at it in this light, how stupendous and solemn are the obligations and responsibilities rested upon parents! Do the children go astray? Do they refuse to come under parental control? Whose fault is it?—*Advocate*.

A poor man prayed:—"Lord Jesus, grant that those who see the most of me may have the best of me." It is a sad truth that those who see the most of some of us get the very worst side of us.

"We have thoughtful care for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest;  
But we vex our own with look and tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

WORDS of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warn a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection: judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

**Boys and Girls' Corner.****WHO CAN TELL?**

"I WONDER," said sweet Marjory,  
To the robin on the wall;  
"I wonder why the flowers are short,  
And why the trees are tall?  
I wonder why the grass is green,  
And why the sky is blue?  
I wonder, Robin, why I'm I,  
Instead of being you?"

"I wonder why you birds can fly,  
When I can only walk?  
I wonder why you only sing,  
When I can sing and talk?  
Oh, I wonder, I so wonder,  
Why the river hurries by?  
I think you ought to know, Robin;  
I would, if I could fly?"

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,  
With a puzzled little frown,  
"I wonder why the moon won't shine  
Until the sun goes down?  
I wonder where the stars all go  
When they're not in the sky?  
I most believe you know, Robin,  
For all you look so shy!"

"I wonder why the snow comes?  
And why the flowers die?  
I wonder where the summer lives  
When the wintry winds blow high?  
"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,  
With her plump chin in her hand,  
"I wonder, Robin, if we two  
Shall ever understand?"

—*March St. Nicholas.*

**SCALPING SQUASHES.**

**WINFIELD SCOTT DAVENPORT!** It was a very long name for a little boy, but great-grandfather was responsible

for it, for when he was given the privilege of naming his first great-grandson he said, in his most decided way, "Call him Winfield Scott."

You see he had fought under that noted general, and was a great admirer of him.

As the child grew older, he displayed great liking for military matters. He and a little girl friend, Tiny, would make long marches around the yard, waving flags, tooting horns and charging valiantly on the old cat, the fussy turkey gobbler, and once completely routing a family of pigs that were rooting the onion-bed.

The little "General," as his papa sometimes called him, dearly loved to hear stories about wars, and was especially delighted when great-grandmother told about the Sioux massacre in Minnesota, where she lived when she was first married. The general thought Indian warfare must be very exciting. He had many imaginary battles, and to have seen him scalping invisible Indians you might have thought him a very ferocious warrior.

One October day he happened to be down in the vegetable cellar. Now the nights were getting frosty, and papa had thought it safer to gather his winter squashes, and there lay a great pile of dark green "Hubbards" and golden "Mammoths."

The general gave a little shiver of mock fear as he looked at them in the dim light.

"They look like a big lot of peaked-headed Indians!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't it be fun to make believe scalp 'em!" Whereupon, with what he thought a very blood-curdling yell, he gave the Mohawk Indian war-whoop, about which he had read in Peter Parley's little history, and, brandishing his hatchet, made a charge on the pile.

Nearly every squash had a tough green stalk, about five inches long. This the general called the "scalp-lock," and he hacked it off, quite regardless that his blows sometimes cut great gashes in the squash itself.

An hour later, as this hero sat before the fire in the dining-room, making a worsted harness for Snowball, his kitten, Papa Davenport strode into the room, saying indignantly, "Who's been hacking away at my Hubbard squashes? Was it you, Winfield?"

A big lump came into the general's throat. He almost wished that tha

story of George Washington and the hatchet had never been written, because since then, everybody felt that it would not do for a soldier to tell a lie.

So he said slowly, with downcast eyes, "I—I did, papa,—I—I was scalping 'em!"

"Scalping them! Child, didn't you know that when the stem is off, they decay a good deal faster? I wanted to keep those squashes as long as I could, so as to get a good price for them by and by. Now I shall have to sell them right away. I'm sorry, my boy, but I shall have to punish you for this bit of mischief. March out into the yard and get me a switch!"

Papa could be very severe when occasion required, and the general knew that marching out and getting a switch meant a whipping.

But it would not do for a soldier to be a coward, so he drew up his small legs from the rug and went soberly out of the room. Papa looked sober, too, and mamma's face was very sad.

Presently the general returned. He brought no switch, but he held out one chubby hand with something in it. "Papa," he said, trying to speak bravely, "I couldn't find any switch—Jack trimmed the hedge last week, you know. I looked for a shingle in the wood-house, but Jane had burnt them all up under the kettle. But, papa," sturdily repressing a little choke in his voice and holding out his hand resolutely, "here is a stone I thought you might throw at me—I'll stand pufleckly still, you know."

Papa suddenly turned and looked out of the window, while mamma bent over her buttonholes. Then papa cleared his throat, and, lifting the general up in his arms, said gently, "Well, little man, if you are truly sorry, I think I'll let you off this time."

And when the general gave papa a grateful hug, the stone dropped from his fingers and rolled on the floor, where the kitten chased it until mamma stooped and picked it up, and with a tender little smile put it in her work-basket.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### NO ONE CAN CUT OFF HIS HANDS."

Two little girls were one day playing, and as they played one sang this little hymn:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast."

The other stopped her and said, "Annie, how do you know that you are safe?" Annie answered, in her childlike way, "Because I'm holding on to Jesus with both hands." That child meant that she had such love for Jesus that she could never let Him go. But the other said again, "But suppose, Annie, that some one came and cut off both your hands, how would you then be safe?" Annie did not know what to say. She was perplexed and troubled. She had never thought of that. At last she said, brightening up, "Oh, I forgot. It's because Jesus is holding on to me with both His hands, and no one can cut off His hands." There is our resting place; "I give unto My sheep eternal life and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hands."

—B. Bryan.

I SAT alone with my conscience  
In a place where time had ceased,  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased.  
  
The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead things  
Were alive with a terrible might.  
And the vision of all my past life  
Was an awful thing to face,  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.

—From the London "Spectator."

#### LOOKED OUT FOR HIS MOTHER.

THE manly boy begins early to look out for mother, and bear her burdens. An exchange says:—

"Passing along a busy street the other day, I saw a little boy carrying a basket which seemed to tax his strength to the utmost capacity. Indeed, at times, it looked by his jerks and extra efforts as if its weight would bear him down beneath it. I observed to him:—

"My boy, that basket is rather heavy for you to carry, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "But I'd rather carry it than that my mother should have to do it."

"Brave boy! He had the right idea of life, although his clothes and general appearance would not lead any one to suspect it. How many so-called accomplished young ladies playing the piano, or doing fancy-work while their mother is busy with the cares of the household, might learn a lesson from such a boy. Girls, think how you can

help to make your mother's life and labours lighter and less a burden."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

THE Master's voice comes over the sea,  
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."  
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,  
And sweet and royal is his command,  
His pleading call,  
Is to each,—to all;  
And wherever the royal call is heard,  
There hang the nets of the royal Word,  
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,  
Trust to the royal Master's will.  
Let down your nets each day, each hour,  
For the word of a king is a word of power,  
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,  
"Let down your nets for a draught for me."

—*The Sunday Magazine.*

#### HONESTY.

A SHIOPOWNER had given his clerk instructions to insure a certain ship. The clerk overlooked the matter. The ship was lost, and the company in which it had often before been insured inquired why the insurance was neglected. When they learnt the truth they insisted upon paying the amount for which the vessel was usually insured. From Philadelphia comes a story on the other side. A Quaker shipowner was advised one night by telegram that his ship had set sail homewards from a foreign port. Next morning he negotiated a policy and left the insurance office, after requesting that the certificate should be sent on. When he reached his own office, he found a telegram saying the vessel was lost. Immediately he sent to the insurance office saying, that "If the policy is not made out, they need not proceed with it." "Ah," said one of the officials, "he wants to save the premium. Fill in the policy at once whilst I write him saying his message was just ten minutes too late."—Selected.

#### A HINT TO BOYS.

WE are often at a loss to understand why it is that a business man will take one boy, and yet refuse the next, who to all outward appearances, is more desirable than the boy chosen. A straw shows which way the current runs.

A well-dressed boy entered a friend's store and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month? He will be rude and drive them away and thus do me more harm than good."

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he ever applied for.—*Selected.*

#### SELFISHNESS.

THE young man who is always thinking of and caring for his small personal wants, who is for ever yielding to the small solicitation of pleasureless dissipation, cannot be either pure or good. Show me the youth who, between his meals and at all times wants nips and pick-me-ups to stimulate his jaded senses and flabby enervation; show me the young man who wastes over his cigars and cigarettes enough every week to support a poor family; show me the young man who selfishly burdens others with the small, miserable debts of his contemptible self-indulgence; show me the young man who is for ever thinking of his dress and personal appearance, and I will show you a young man who is on the high road to intemperance and impurity, and to that ghastly banquet where the dead are, and her guests are in the depths of hell; the young man whose life is mean, whose aims are paltry, whose heart is not in his work or with his God. Above all other prayers, such a youth needs to cry:—

God harden me against myself,  
This coward with pathetic voice  
That craves for ease, and rest, and joys:  
Myself arch-traitor to myself,  
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,  
My clog whatever road I go.

And only in proportion to the sincerity and the intensity with which he raises that cry will he ever be able to feel that,

One there is can curb himself,  
Can roll this straggling load off me,  
Break off my yoke and set me free.

—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

#### A PRINCE OF A BOY.

"He is just a prince of a boy," said Mrs. Hatton, of Willie, and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see if Willie was like a King I read of.

When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly, I began to get my answer. When he came out of school, smiling, instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt pretty sure. But when he cut his apple in two and gave one-half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied.

Yes, Willie is a "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that son of a King, who came to minister and not to be ministered unto.—*Selected.*

#### PURITY.

THE Rev. W. J. Dawson writes in the following vigorous style, of the view sometimes expressed that young men cannot remain pure:—

"I dissent from, I abhor and loathe, the doctrine that with young men it is a case of marriage or carnal sin. Is man merely a beast, then? Is he so low a creature as this, that he has no control over his lusts and passions? 'Young men, I write unto you because ye are strong,' says John. You are something more than animals; you are men. No doubt there are such things as, 'the terrible yearnings of a robust physique,' but to say that it is impossible to control them, that a man must sin against his own body, or against womanhood, unless he marries, is to utter the most contemptibly immoral sentiment, and to degrade youth with a most infamous implication. Some of the best and purest men I know, or have ever known, have been unmarried. They have remained single for the sake of a mother, or sisters, who depended on them. They had a robust physique, but they had also a robust conscience, an intellectual life, a moral nature. Is this, then, the prime aim of manhood, to indulge its carnal passions? Is this the end of marriage? It is an unspeakable degradation of both manhood and womanhood to suppose it. No youth will ever make much of his life until he frees himself from such a diabolical creed as this. What about a man like General Gordon, who was unmarried? Are there no other pleasures in life for a

young man except the pleasures of the flesh? Are there no such things as books, science, literature, athletics, music, social service, in which a youth may find infinite employment and delight? The fact is, you have only to throw yourself into some ardent intellectual or moral pursuit to find that carnal passions subside of themselves. It is the indolent and unpurposeful life that is the carnal one.

We pray to God not to lead us into temptation, but I am convinced that young men are their own tempters. The devil would leave us alone, but we smite him in the face, and provoke him to attack us. We imagine evil things; we dramatise to ourselves carnal situations; we stand in the way of the ungodly, and then we wonder that we fall into sin. Never did Jesus say a profounder thing than that it is "*out of the heart of a man*" there proceed adulteries and all uncleanness. That is the fountain head. Cleanse that and all will be clean. And the best way of cleansing it is to find a life of high interests, of strenuous purpose, of resolute discipline. It is amazing how soon the carnal element dies down when we live a life of moral and intellectual purpose. It is a fire which only thrives by feeding. Stop the supplies, and the fire goes out. This is all very obvious and commonplace enough; but the profoundest truths are the obvious, and the most helpful is commonplace.

#### A TOUCH OF NATURE.

THE district messenger boy comes in for a vast amount of ridicule for his slowness, but he is a pretty good lad, after all, if the following happening in New York is any criterion: "One day in Broadway," says an observer, "I heard a boy's voice ring out above the noisy roar of the vehicles, clear and distinct, saying, '*Hold on, blind man! stop still, blind man! wait till I get to you!*' Looking for the owner of the voice, I discovered a slender but agile messenger boy of fifteen or sixteen years threading his way through a mass of vehicles to a spot just by the opposite curb, where a gray-haired man was standing as if riveted, with a look of mild despair on his face. It needed only a glance to see that the poor man had sightless eyes; that he had become bewildered and was likely to be run over; that the quick-witted messenger

boy alone of all the vast crowd had seen the dilemma and had rushed in to the assistance of the unfortunate creature.

As the lad brought the blind man safely to the sidewalk I could not help thinking that here was an expression of that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.—*Golden Days*.

#### "WHAT I CAN."

I CAN'T go out to the distant lands,  
Where the heathen live and die,

Who have never heard of the children's Friend  
Above the bright blue sky;  
And I can't go yet to tell the news  
Of the Saviour's love to man,  
But I'm quite, quite sure that when God says  
"Go,"

I'll go as fast as I can!

I can't give much, for I am not rich:  
So I mean to collect the more,  
And also give what I really can  
Out of my little store;  
I'll give my pennies, my love, my prayers,  
And ask god to bless each plan  
That is made for the good of the heathen  
world—

I'll pray as much as I can!

I can't write books, and I can't build ships  
To sail o'er the ocean wide,  
But I can read of the world's great need  
Across on the other side;  
And when I know, I'll be able then  
To tell how the work began,  
So I mean to study with all my might,  
And read as much as I can!

I can't do work that the world calls great,  
But I can do one by one  
The little things in my daily life  
That the Lord would have well done.  
Where He leads on we are bound to win,  
So I'll follow His conquering van,  
And keeping close to my Saviour's side,  
I'll work as hard as I can!

—*Children's World.*

#### "I AM MY OWN MASTER."

"I AM my own Master," says the young man. Well, be your own master, and sit down and have an earnest and plain talk with yourself. Ask yourself who you are, what you are, what you have been doing, what you propose or expect to do hereafter. Ask yourself what you have done to make the world wiser, or better, or happier. Try to ascertain whether you have done the world harm or done it good; see if you have been of any real service to mankind, and how. What are you worth to the world in which you live? What great enterprise for the promotion of human interest would suffer by your death? How many would miss you or care whether you lived or died?

You are one of fourteen hundred millions of human beings on earth. How much, and what sort of influence have you exercised on others? or have you, or do you exercise any influence worth notice?

You are your own master. Does the master try to be a man, or is he content to be a mere cipher, an "O" in society? Has he sufficient self-respect to keep himself above all that is low, coarse, vulgar and bad? Does he always speak the truth—never use obscene or profane language—never do a mean thing? Is he always regardful of age, respectful to equals, and kind to inferiors? Does he labour earnestly to improve his mind, his morals and his manners; or is he careless, idle and indifferent to such things? Does he spend much time in the company of idlers—smoking, drinking and foolish talking? If so, tell him—that master of yours—he is on the wrong track, and if he does not switch himself off, there is surely a crash ahead, and no one to save the pieces, and when it comes, the verdict of the people will be, "Served him right." He might have known it would come. He lived for it and he has it. "You are your own master."

Better watch that master very closely—see that he forms no bad habits, keeps out of bad company, uses no improper language, is always engaged in some honest and useful pursuit, lives honestly, truthfully and usefully. If these and like things are well and faithfully attended to, then and then only may you expect to be of any real service to the generation and age in which you live.—*Selected.*

#### "TRY HIM WI' A TEXT."

"WHAT'S wrang wi' ye noo? I thocht ye were a' richt," said a ragged Scotch boy, himself rejoicing in the Saviour, to another, who, a few nights before, professed to be able to trust Jesus, but who again began to doubt; "what's wrang wi' ye noo?"

"Mon, I'm no richt yet," replied the other, "for Satan's aye tempting me."

"And what dae ye then?" asked his friend.

"I try," said he, "to sing a hymn."

"And does that no send him away?"

"No, I am as bad as ever."

"Weel," said the other, "when he tempts ye again, try him wi' a text, he canna stand that."

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