

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1891.

No. 7.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

LESSONS.

- 7.—**2nd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Jud. iv.; John xvii. *Evening*—Judges v. or vi. v. 11; Hebrews xii.
11.—**St. Barnabas, A & M.** *Morning*—Deut. xxxiii., to v. 12; Acts vi. v. 31. *Evening*—Nahum i.; Acts xiv. v. 8.
14.—**3rd Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. ii., to v. 27; John xx., v. 19. *Evening*—1 Samuel iii. or iv., to v. 19; James v.
21.—**4th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Samuel xii.; Acts iv., v. 32 to 5, v. 17. *Evening*—1 Samuel xiii., or Ruth i.; 2 Peter i.
24.—**Nat. of St John the Baptist.** *Ath. Cr. Morning*—Mal. iii., to v. 7; Matthew iii. *Evening*—Mal. iv.; Matt. xiv., to v. 13.
28.—**5th Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. xv., to v. 24; Acts viii., v. 26. *Evening*—1 Sam. xvi. or xvii.; 1 John iii., to v. 16.
29.—**St. Peter, A & M.** *Morning*—Ezek. iii., v. 4 to 12; John xxi., v. 15 to 28. *Evening*—Zech. iii. Acts iv., v. 8 to 23.

WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

I wish to have no wishes left
To leave all to Thee;
And yet I wish that Thou should'st will
Things that I wish should be,
And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse;
But Lord, I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose.
Triumphant death I would not ask,
Rather would deprecate;
For dying souls deceive themselves,
Soonest when most elate.
All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorbed in one,
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.
I would the light of reason, Lord,
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul
Until it passed to Thine.
And I would pass in silence, Lord!
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should close my soul and I
Should die in the eclipse.
One wish is hard to be unwished,
That I at last might die
Of grief for having wronged with sin,
Thy spotless majesty.

—*Faber.*

Church Chats.

IV.

John.—"As I was saying James, all prayer is partial. But in extempore prayer it always seems to us, that the circle of included subjects is so small and common-place, and apt merely to

be the reflection of the preacher's mind. If then he is dull, or meagre-minded, or heavy, or narrow, his prayers will be the same. In the liturgy we are guarded against prayers dictated by the occasional feelings of an individual, by the great and scriptural petitions framed in the words or on the model of the inspired Bible prayers."

James.—"But then you can't vary at all. One must always stick to the same thing."

John.—"To a certain extent that is true. But who would desire either to add to or to take from that incomparable form of prayer of our Lord's—the Lord's Prayer—**or** can you conceive of any form of prayer more full and comprehensive than the Litany. It is impossible for any man to cover the whole field of supplication in one prayer, just as it is impossible for a man to preach the whole Gospel in one sermon. It is better though to cover nearly all, than a mere fraction to be dictated by the occasional feelings of an individual. Nor is the Church of England so inelastic and incapable of any change. Prayers for special seasons and forms for special services are everywhere in use. Don't you remember when the mission services were being held down there at St. Paul's, how simple and bright the service used to be. Then the use of the short form of prayer, with special prayers during Lent or Advent, make a most delightful service."

James.—"That's true, John, and the pity is more of our clergy don't try to put life into the services and make them more attractive by every means."

John.—"There are just one or two more things I want to say, and then I shall have done. Have you ever thought that our Church of England Liturgy is more truly popular and congregational than any other. It is more truly *the people's* than any other form of public worship. In our Church the *people* are taking part all the time. The very Church against which the charge of sacerdotalism is most frequently made—and sometimes with good cause we

grant—is the very church that emphasises most the priesthood of the people. The people begin to pray themselves at the very commencement of the service. The people as well as the minister, say the Lord's Prayer. The people, each one, say, 'Lord have mercy upon us.' The people read the Psalms, alternately verse by verse. The people say, 'Good Lord deliver us,' and 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.' Now, in the other churches, the *tendency*—I do not say it always does, but the *tendency* of extempore prayers is to produce indifference, or a sense of exclusiveness. The minister alone offers the prayers. The people may or may not join in."

James.—"But the same thing may be said in our Church."

John.—"True. There are unworthy worshippers everywhere. But I'm speaking now of the tendency of the system where one man offers up the prayers. He does the praying; the people the listening. He is set apart to say the prayer; their part is to be still and to follow if they can. He is their vicar; that is the vicarious offerer up of their devotions. In the Church of England the minister is simply a leader of the people's prayers. They are *their* prayers. The prayers are made theirs by an inalienable right which no minister can take from them. If we only could get the people to see it, and ministers to act up to it, there is no Church on earth, which is so truly the Church of the people, and the Church for the people. She is the most congregational in the true sense, of all the churches. Then again, you know there is nothing so distracting and so destructive of the true sense of devotion, as to hear grammatical mistakes in the course of the prayers. Now, one of the great beauties of the Church of England form is that it is a guard against the vagaries and weaknesses of individualism. If the clergyman is an unlearned man, he uses a form that for richness and beauty is suitable for the highest. If he is learned and philosophical he is bound to employ a form that is unsurpassed for simplicity and purity. If he min-

isters to a congregation of scholars, there is nothing to repel. If to a congregation of the ignorant and poor there is no word that they cannot understand, and the reason of it all is that our Prayer Book is so thoroughly permeated with the Word of God from beginning to end that the grand old language of the Word of God so fitted for all sorts and conditions of men has become its language. At the same time, while *eloquence* is not the object of prayer, and the desire to offer up an eloquent prayer may destroy all the true spirit of prayer, he who leads in prayer should seek not only chaste language, but a fervent heart."

"You remember when Wesley was so afraid of his preachers degrading the spirit of prayer by their extempore efforts, that he specially prepared a form for them."

Hatifax, N.S.

DYSON HAGUE.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

The fire upon the hearth is low.

And there is stillness everywhere;

Like troubled spirits, here and there,

The firelight shadows fluttering go,

And as the shadows round me creep,

A childish treble breaks the gloom,

And softly from the further room

Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer

And that sweet treble in my ears,

My thought goes back to distant years

And lingers with a dear one there;

And as I hear the child's amen,

My mother's faith comes back to me,

Couched at her side I seem to be,

And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place!

Oh! for the peace of that dear time!

Oh! for that childish trust sublime!

Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!

Yet, as the shadows round me creep,

I do not seem to be alone—

Sweet magic of that treble tone—

And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S CONFESSION.

DR. VALPY, late of Reading, the eminent scholar, experienced a blessed change in his religious views not long before his death, and wrote the following verse as his confession of faith:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
(Luke ii., 29.)

And Thy salvation see;

(Luke ii., 30; Gen. xlix., 18; Isa. xlii., 2);

My sins deserve eternal death,

(II. Thess. i., 8, 9; Rom. vi., 23.)

But Jesus died for me.

(Rom. v., 6; I Cor. xv., 3; Gal. ii., 20.)"

This verse Dr. Marsh repeated at a Bible reading in Lord Roden's family. Lord Roden got it written out, and fastened the paper over the mantle-piece in his study—where it still hangs, yellow with age.

Some time after this one of the old heroes of Waterloo, General Taylor, came to visit Lord Roden. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion of it. But whenever he came into the study to talk with his friend alone, his eyes invariably rested for a few moments upon the motto over the mantle-piece. At length Lord Roden broke the ice by saying, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart."

"I know it now by heart," replied the General, with emphasis and feeling.

From the time of that visit a change came over the General's spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting his favourite motto. At the end of that time the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace; and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

It happened, in after years, that Lord Roden told the foregoing story at the house of a near neighbour. A young relative of the family, an officer lately returned from the Crimea, heard it, but turned carelessly away.

Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was in a rapid decline, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick-room the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him, at the same moment repeating those simple lines. "They have been God's message," he said, "of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

I know not, my reader, whether your walk in life is a high or a low one; it matters not before God, "who accepteth no man's person" (Gal. ii., 6); for though "man looks on the outward ap-

pearance, the Lord looketh on the heart" (I. Sam. xvi., 7). But it may be that the transcribing of these brief lines, abounding as they do in gospel truth, may prove to you, as they have undoubtedly proved to others, a guide to lead you for salvation to the Saviour Christ, so that you too, may learn to say:

"My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

—*Selected.*

TRUE GIVING.

THE late Henry Thornton, Treasurer of the C.M.S., who did not drive from him people who sought subscriptions for mission work as if they were mendicants as some rich persons are in the habit of doing, in response to an appeal from a visitor, once wrote out a check for £5. Before the ink was dry a telegram was brought to him. He tore open the envelope, read the contents, and turned ashy white. He said to his visitor—a clergyman—"I have just received some dreadful news. I have lost hundreds of pounds—give me back that check." It was not pleasant to give back the check, and I dare say nine persons out of ten would have cancelled it; but Mr. Thornton, on receiving it back, altered the "£5" to "£50," saying, "God has just taught me that I may not much longer possess my property, and therefore I must use it well." Did Henry Thornton lose anything by that? Did he die a bankrupt? No; he continued one of the most prosperous merchants of his day, and consecrated his wealth, his influence, and his time to the Lord Jesus Christ.—*South American Missionary Magazine.*

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

A VERY common saying that, and very easy to say when we refer to the happenings in the life of somebody else; very hard, sometimes, when we ourselves feel thwarted.

Years ago a farmer returned from market with a golden burden, for he had sold his wheat. He thought it hard it should rain and spoil his best coat; but when he came to the lone place between the woods and perceived that a highwayman would have shot him if the rain had not damped his powder, he had a much more vivid idea of the loving care of God.

Remember Bernard Gilpin, the apostle of northern England. He was

seized and despatched to London to be tried as a heretic. On the road he fell from his horse and broke his leg.

His persecutors knew that his wont was to say, "It is all for the best;" so they taunted him with the inquiry, "Is this all for the best?" and he meekly replied that he had no doubt it would turn out to be so.

Gilpin was right. The accident caused a delay on the road, and he and his guard arrived in London just as Queen Mary died. They heard the bells ringing when they came to Highgate Hill, and learned that Queen Elizabeth was on the throne.

He was too late to be burned: he had broken his leg, but he had escaped the flames. In some way or other the Lord will preserve His people from all evil, even as the lantern preserves the light which is placed within it.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

"THE FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH."

It is just as certain that a Christian can have a comfortable assurance of his acceptance with God, as it is that he can find acceptance at all (John vi. 37), and yet perhaps you have never found it. Shall I tell you why? Very likely you have been looking for the wrong kind of assurance. Notice the exact words of the sacred writer (Heb. x: 22). The full assurance of Feeling! Is that the word? Ah, no. "The full assurance of Faith." If you were directed, for example, to look for one thing and set out to search for something else, you might easily pass by the very thing you were told to look for, and that is practically what many Christians do. They pass by the assurance of *Faith* in a vain and weary search for an assurance of *Feeling*. The truth is the real assurance is not a matter of feeling. "What hope have you of salvation?" said a clergyman to a dying man. "Jesus Christ in His person, Jesus Christ in His power, Jesus Christ in His everlasting word, Jesus Christ in His boundless love is the rock on which I rest." Now that was a scriptural assurance. You may have a full assurance of faith apart from and independent of your feelings, nay, in spite of them (Job xiii: 15), simply by resting your soul in faith upon the word of God. "There are times," said a Christian recently, "when I dare

not call myself a Christian, if I trusted to my feelings, but I have learned not to do so, and can say 'thank God' in spite of my feelings. 'On Christ the solid rock I stand.' For example, I believe, though I have never felt it, that there is such a city as Canton, I believe, though I have never felt it that the earth goes round the sun. I believe these things upon testimony—the testimony of man. Why should I doubt the testimony of God? I do not doubt it. I believe that God hath given me, a weak believer, eternal life, not because I feel it, but because I believe in Christ, and "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." And so I have, thank God, not the assurance of feeling, but the assurance of faith. I will trust and not be afraid. (Isaiah xii. 2).

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name,
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

—E. D.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen, and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter; gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load.
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

TRUST GOD.

LEAVE to the hidden Providence of God whatever you find troublesome, and believe firmly that He who watcheth over all His creatures will take a loving care of you, of your life and of all your affairs. Drive from your imagination whatever annoys you; think no more of that which will happen to-morrow, for the same eternal Father who has care of you to-day will watch over you to-morrow and always. If He sends you trials or afflictions He will give you invincible courage to bear them. Grasp firmly the hand of His

Providence and he will ever lovingly bear you up. Where you cannot walk He will carry you. It is the privilege of His children to claim His protection in times of trial and danger. What should you fear since you belong to a God who has assured you that, to those who love Him, everything turns eventually to their greater happiness?—*St. Francis de Sales.*

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG MAN.

I was asked to visit John M'G., who was dying. He had been in my Bible class ten years before, but had gone abroad. He had taken ill, and had come home to die. On my first visit he did not appear to be very anxious about his salvation. I read the Scriptures, pointed him to Christ, and prayed with him. A week later I paid him a second visit, but still without any apparent result. Earnest prayer was offered up for him at the daily prayer meeting, and by friends in private. About a fortnight after my last visit I received a message one Saturday morning, asking me to call at once as he was worse, and wished to see me. I went in the forenoon and found him much weaker. The pale, emaciated face and sunken eyes showed that the fell disease was doing its work. He was much depressed, and was suffering a good deal. I quoted the text, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and assured him of a welcome from the Lord. He said he wanted to be saved, but he did not know how to come. I quoted the passage in Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed," and explained how Christ took the place of sinners and died for them, and that faith in His sacrifice brought salvation. He was still unable to see the way. During my interview, which was a prolonged one, I felt so completely baffled that I had several times to engage in prayer with him, and ask the Lord to reveal Himself to him. I quoted the text, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And I repeated it, substituting his name for "world." I told him Christ, out of love to him, endured great suffering, and shed His blood on the cross. Coming to Christ simply meant believing,

or trusting, or giving himself away to the Saviour, as depositing money in a bank. How could he doubt such a Saviour? Could he not say, "Jesus I will trust Thee—trust Thee with my soul," and do it? He lay looking up, his face became rigid and fixed, and with a voice full of resolution, he said, "I will, I will." The Lord responded to his act of faith and revealed Himself to him, and in a moment the change was apparent. His face relaxed, tears began to trickle down his wasted cheeks, and he said, "I see it, I see it! Oh, how simple!" His countenance became lit up with joy, and he broke out, "I am happy, happy now." His mother, who was in the next room, attracted doubtless by the unwonted sounds, came in at this moment, and he turned to her with a beaming, tear-stained face, and stretching out his thin, wasted hand, cried, "Oh, mother, I see it now!" The poor mother hastened to the bed, threw her arms around him and kissed him. I silently withdrew and left them weeping and rejoicing. During the rest of his life he lay in a state of triumph; doubt and fear had entirely left him. He was much in prayer, and commended Christ to those who came to see him. He suffered much before he died, especially during the last few days. As his weakness increased his speech became almost inaudible, but his lips were seen to move, and when asked if he were speaking he said, "No, I was just speaking to Jesus," and to the very end he whispered His name. His death took place three weeks after his conversion, and on a calm, quiet day in November we buried him. In the distance we saw the smoke of the city, heard the wheels of its traffic, and the sharp stroke of the shipbuilders' hammer; but for him the battle of life was over. He had a peaceful death, a peaceful burial, and has gone to a blissful eternity.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine*.

MORNING BIBLE READING.

THE best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the household are the first and most engrossing concerns,

Some hours must pass with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental highwater mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our own comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments as at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.—*C. A., in Good Seed*.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

SOME Christian women in their visits among the poor found an invalid woman in a dark room from which every ray of light seemed to be excluded. There was one spot, however, where she could lay her head on the pillow and through a crack in the roof see a patch of bright sky. And on this spot she delighted to keep her head all the time on clear days, while she gazed on the blue sky, the floating, fleecy clouds, and at night the twinkling stars. When asked how she could endure such a gloomy abode, she called attention to the patch of sky, and insisted that all should take a look at it, while she spoke of the great pleasure it afforded her.

However dark our surroundings, there is a patch of sky somewhere, and it is our duty to find it. When cloudy days shut it from view, we have only to wait till the clouds have rolled away, and it will then appear all the brighter for the intervening gloom.

"There are nettles everywhere, But smooth green grasses are more common still; The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud."

If we ever have an experience to which there seems to be no bright side, then it is our duty to rub up the dark side and make it as bright as possible. A blind basket girl gave thirty shillings in a collection, and when her pastor remonstrated with her for giving so much, she declared that she could bet-

ter afford it than the girls with sight, for she could work in the dark without the expense of light. The fact that she could do without light was light to her mind, because she sought light rather than darkness.—*A. C. D., in Young People at Work*.

WHAT IS LIFE.

"LIFE is a song," so piped the thrush,
Perched on a sweet, white blossomed bush,
"Tis an awakening," says the rose,
Whose blushing petals now unclose.
"Tis pleasure," breathed the butterfly,
Kissing the rose and fluttering by.
"Tis work," buzzed forth the busy bee,
Sipping the rose sweets greedily.
"Tis freedom," shrieked the eagle proud,
Piercing the fleecy summer cloud.
From leafy copse, the gentle dove
Cooed, softly murmuring, "Life is love."
'Tis labour! that, and nothing more,'
The wave moaned, breaking on the shore.
"A dream," the mist sighed, "set with tears."
The soft rain wept, "Tis tears, all tears."
—*Fred. Lyster*.

WARMING THE CHURCH.

How much more spiritual life there would be in all our churches if Christians would exercise to the full, their high priest's office of intercessory prayer. Much of the lack of spiritual life that is attributed by the pews to the pulpit, is located by God in the pews. Dr. Cuyler, speaking of his experience as a pastor, tells of two or three men in a certain congregation who met in their pastor's study to prostrate themselves before God and to ask for a baptism of the Spirit. They emptied themselves, and prayed to be filled with Christ. He did fill them. Then they interceded most fervently for the awakening and conversion of sinners. Presently a most powerful revival shook the whole Church, like the mighty blast which filled the upper room at Pentecost.

Another clergyman relates that for fourteen successive winters there was a rich spiritual blessing brought down upon a certain Church just because it was the custom of the church officers to pray fervently for the minister far into the night before each Lord's Day. How many cold Churches could be warmed by similar means. This is more likely to serve a Church than the common method of leaving it and joining another.

NOBLE thoughts can come only from a noble soul.—*William Mathews*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART VI.

THE Reverend Maurice Somers was the Rector of St. Martin's, and among the "pillars" of the Church was our old friend, Mr. St. George. Whatever defects there may have been in Mr. Somers' ministry at St. Martin's, persistent efforts to develop new lines of work were not wanting. Like Shelley, Mr. Somers had "a passion for reforming the world." He had begun his ministry determined to be governed by a few general principles. The two chief ones were: 1st, to endeavour to make real and practical the Christian teaching of the brotherhood of man; and secondly, a firm conviction that the institutions for doing this already established were probably on a wrong basis.

The first principle was the expression of the strong, manly love for his fellow-men that filled Mr. Somers' heart, and made him revolt against the type of religious teaching that began, continued, and ended in pious talk. The second showed, it must be admitted, his crudeness and inexperience in the work of the ministry. Full of fresh impulsive energy he imagined that those who were working in the quiet commonplace routine, which their grandfathers had followed, were doing nothing. Many were the hard knocks which the "old fogeys" received from Mr. Somers during his first few years at St. Martin's. Some of them were no doubt deserved, but the young rector soon learned the solid worth of the work that many of the "old fogeys" were doing, and that the partial failure of their efforts was due not so much to their mistakes as to the crooks and twists that poor human nature had as its birthright, in the persons they were trying to reach and help.

St. Martin's Parish had a few rich people and many poor in it. For eight years now Mr. Somers had given his best thought and effort to the work over which he had been placed. He was not conscious that he had changed his views during that period, but the discerning among his people saw that a change had come over their rector. He was as manly and outspoken as ever. He was too gentle and loving to sneer, but his scorn of clerical little-

ness made him speak with vigorous contempt sometimes of the artificial restraints and the effeminacies of some of his black-coated brethren. These smaller things showed that Mr. Somers' mind was still in a state of protest on some points. But the man himself was softer and more tolerant now than he had been. His thought and teaching had dwelt much in his early years on the necessity of cutting out and destroying the old and the useless. "Take it away, why cumbereth it the ground" Mr. Somers would say warmly of what he thought to be an old abuse, or a worn out institution. The same old tone was sometimes heard still, but in his later years he had spoken more of building and less of tearing down. He was yet, as everybody said, "practical," and quick to plan and act, but he was something better than a merely practical man. In the first two years of his ministry quite one-half of his sermons had been preached from texts in the Epistle of St. James, and from the "practical" parables such as that of the Ten Talents. Now, Mr. Somers spoke more often of the heart's needs, while not forgetting the practical duties, and exhortations to long-suffering, gentleness, goodness were coupled with promises of peace, rest, joy, and the two united made a fuller and sweeter harmony than had been heard in St. Martin's pulpit a few years before.

Mr. St. George was probably the person whom Mr. Somers could be most certain of seeing in his place on a Sunday morning. Mr. St. George thought, with some other good people, that to go to church twice on Sunday was to be over-righteous, and was in consequence rarely in his pew on a Sunday evening. But once on each Sunday he was sure to be an attentive hearer of Mr. Somers' discourses. Mr. St. George was no enthusiast, and had the repugnance that the elderly and the very respectable have to anything new. He was not one to whom Mr. Somers, whose head was full of plans, could come for sympathy and help in the first blush of his enthusiasm for a bright new scheme. The young rector learned by his failures. He had gone more than once to Mr. St. George first, to secure endorsement of some fresh proposal, but each time he had been firmly and even coldly rebuffed. Mr. St. George could not see the need of any change in the direction suggested. They were get-

ting on well enough. These new plans of work would undermine the stability of what was old and tried, and, Mr. St. George added with emphasis, successful. So Mr. Somers went away crestfallen and discouraged, and soon learned to leave Mr. St. George alone until he had made a beginning with his plan. Then he could come for aid for one of the established institutions of the parish, and a generous response would not be wanting. It would certainly have been more useful at an earlier stage, but Mr. Somers, like a wise man, took men as he found them, and was thankful for what he could get.

On a cold November Sunday, which was not quite sure whether it ought to call itself an autumn or a winter day, Mr. Somers entered St. Martin's pulpit intending to preach one of his "practical" sermons. The work of the Church for the winter was just getting well under weigh now, and the rector wished to say something to his people that would make their winter's work more effective. The Church was full. The pews that had been empty while their regular occupants were absent at the seaside were now occupied again. Mr. Somers knelt for a brief moment and sent up a short prayer that the God of wisdom and power would give His servant wise and convincing words. Then he broke the solemn stillness that is so impressive when many people are gathered together, with the announcement of his text. It was a passage of Scripture rather than a text—the parable of the Good Samaritan. The preacher began in a low voice which was natural and not strained, and sketched in a few simple words the story told by the Great Teacher.

A lawyer, perhaps a man who wished to know what his duty was, asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbour?" He did not answer him directly. A barren statement that all men are brethren would not have convinced the enquirer. Jesus told him a story—a story that would appeal to his conscience, "as I," said Mr. Somers quietly, "would appeal to yours this morning." "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." The way was long, and the road led through a barren rocky region. Its name, "The Bloody Way," told of the deeds of violence that robbers and murderers had wrought upon it, and this lonely traveller, too, was seized by

them. They stripped him of all he had and left him lying by the wayside, wounded and half dead. The sun shone on a naked form and a ghastly face covered with blood. Men passed along that lonely way, for the business of life must go on no matter what perils it may bring, and first of all a priest hurried by. He saw the naked man, and cast a frightened look about him. He, too, might be robbed and killed, and could not stop to see even if the man were dead. Soon he was out of sight. There is no sound for a time. Then another figure draws near. It is a Levite—a teacher of sacred things, on his way to Jerusalem. He sees the man, and in the first burst of generous pity runs and bends over him. But after a moment he pauses. This is a dangerous road. The man seems already dead, and any one found alone with the body may be accused as the murderer. The Levite crosses quickly to the other side of the road. It takes, after a few moments, a turn that will shut out the sight of the man lying on it. As the Levite passes the sharp corner of the rock he starts back frightened, for he is almost face to face with a man riding upon an ass. For a moment he thinks the man may be one of the robbers and feels for a weapon to defend himself. But a hasty glance shows that this man is not a robber. He is unarmed, and is poorly dressed. The Jew sees the hated features of a Samaritan. He mutters a curse, "Dog!" "Idolater!" as he passes by, and does not breathe freely until he is miles away.

The Samaritan is perhaps more frightened than the Levite, for he is a despised outcast among a people whose daily prayer is that he may have no portion in the resurrection of life—the blessed state for which they themselves are hoping. He journeys on without a word and in a few moments sees the body of the traveller lying on the ground. In an instant he is kneeling beside him. He lifts his head and sees that he is only insensible, not dead. There are wide gaping wounds in his head and body. He lays him down again for a moment and hastily draws from his saddle-bags the wine and oil that he carries with him. The wounds must be cleansed. He pours upon them a little wine and wipes them with a soft bit of cloth torn from his own dress. The body of the man is

quivering now with the pain that the wine causes, but quickly and skilfully the Samaritan pours soothing oil into the wounds and waits now for his patient to revive. Soon he can sit up. A very few words of explanation pass between them. Then the Samaritan lifts the sick man to the back of his own ass and walks by his side. It is a long way to the nearest inn and they reach it as night is coming on. The wounded man is placed in a comfortable bed and the Samaritan "took care of him"—watched by his bedside during the night and tried to soothe his fever. In the early morning the Samaritan was again on his way. Poor and needy as he was, with others depending upon him, he must go about his own business. But before he went away, when the sick man lay sleeping quietly after a weary night's tossing, he gave money to the host of the inn and said, "Take care of him, and if more is needed, I promise, I undertake when I come again to repay you." The fresh morning air was filled with the sweet song of birds as he passed along the way and in his heart was a deep gladness that he had been able to help another to bear his burdens.

"And now," said Mr. Somers, changing the tone of his voice to one of more direct address, "I should like to apply this parable to our own time and position. We live in a great city. We seem to be unable to prevent this massing together of people in large numbers. Yet I sometimes think these large cities are great sores, ulcers upon the face of the land. In them one may live next door to a starving neighbour and know nothing of his state. That would not be possible in the country; and vice accumulates in large masses in our cities and has a society of its own. In the small places all classes of society mingle together to some extent and vice becomes less vicious. There is as great a gulf between classes in the city as there was between the Samaritan and the Jew. They do not meet each other. They live in different worlds, and I bring this parable before you this morning in order to try to change this.

I have ever found, my dear people, that those of you who have money to give, are willing to give it when asked, and I thank God, and I thank you for that. Money is easy to get. But there is still a treasure that I have not yet drawn from you in sufficient quantity.

It is the treasure of your love for the poor and the outcast. Give your money, but Oh! give your love, your personal attention and interest to those who need it. The Samaritan gave his money. He paid for the lodging of a stranger; but he gave also his love. He was on his way; he had business to attend to, yet he could stop to help a dying man whom he met by chance. How many of you driving along the street would stop to pick up a drunken man whom you did not know and take the unhappy being home to his poor wife? Yet the man's own drunken companions would do as much for him. The irreligious more loving than the religious! the Samaritan more loving than the Jew! Ah, brethren this is sad, but it is too often true.

I can only add one word. I know of quite fifty destitute children living in homes that are worse than no homes. If I tried I could perhaps get most of them into some of our public institutions, but I have preferred to try first to invite your personal love and interest for them, to see if we cannot do something ourselves.

I leave the matter with you. I do not say what I think you should do. The call comes to you by the way. Remember the sensitive ears of Him who heard the call of the blind man in the crowd and stopped to hear and bless. He has perhaps heard your call long since and has received you. Will you not hear the call of others?"

The service ended and the people filed out. Mr. St. George remarked casually to an acquaintance who walked out before him that it was a good sermon. And that was all he thought of it at the time.

(To be continued.)

A LONDON merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, six years old, was dying with typhoid fever, and was quite insensible, with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was roused and his life saved by the reaction.

LOOK at your mercies with both eyes; at your trials and troubles with only one.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Parish and Home.

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THE Lord Mayor of London recently gave a reception at the Mansion House to forty-five abstaining mayors of different English cities and towns. At this meeting the Bishop of London welcomed the visitors in an earnest speech and said he was a total abstainer, and looked upon the temperance cause as next in importance to the direct preaching of the Gospel. We wonder how many mayors who were total abstainers could have been found thirty years ago in the United Kingdom; probably not one-third of the present number.

THE following amusing story illustrates the tendency which even very far-seeing men have to become one-sided and to fail to take advantage of new ways of meeting difficulties:—Mr. Stanley, the great explorer, had been lecturing in the town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and was just going through the usual reception ceremonies. Among those who came up to shake hands with him was a wealthy manufacturer named Hendrick. Quoth he, after the usual courtesies: "Mr. Stanley, one of the things in your book, *In Darkest Africa*, that interested me most was your vivid account of the sufferings of your party in 'Starvation Camp'; but one thing I never could understand. When your men were dying for want of food, why didn't they fish, since they were so near the river?" Mr. Stanley's face was a study. He looked at his questioner as if dazed by a blow. "Why!" he exclaimed, and then hesitated in evident surprise and consternation for

several moments: "why I don't believe anyone ever thought of it!" The reply suggested to the American manufacturer the caustic remark, "Mr. Stanley, the next time you form an exploring party take a Yankee with you."

HUMBOLDT says: "God ever wills that man should merit his blessing by his own exertions; we cannot say 'earn' and 'deserve,' for the human can never in this way attain the heavenly. It is with the seed that produces the fruit of the Spirit precisely as with that which springs from the earth, or at least in quite a similar way. The fruit is not immediately from God or from nature; it must go through all the processes necessary to bring it by degrees to maturity; and if a man, under the most favourable sky, and in the most fruitful soil, wishes to be sure of the harvest, he must bestow his labour and the sweat of his brow. This is still more the case with the fruit of the Spirit and of the heart, but the certainty of the harvest is still greater."

HE who delays repentance is strengthening sin and hardening his own heart. The longer the ice freezeth, says an old writer, the harder it is to be broken; the longer a man remaineth in impenitency, the harder will he find it to repent. A gospel accepted melts the heart. A gospel rejected turns it to ice. Therefore "To-day, saith the Lord, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

THE spiritual man is not merely the natural man improved, but a new creature, a new creature in Christ Jesus. Not Nicodemus made a little more moral, but Nicodemus born again and brought to life by God the Holy Ghost. Not only, says Matthew Henry, has he a new name and a new livery, but a new heart and a new nature, old things are passed away, old thoughts, old principles and old practices, and he is a new man in Jesus Christ.

"WHAT hath Christ ever done for you?" said a heathen tyrant to a Christian, while he was beating him to death. "Even this," said the Christian, "that I can forgive you no matter how you abuse me." Surely this is the spirit of Him who hath said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and

persecute you." Reader! let this spirit be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

"The only occupation in America that is not overdone is the occupation of serving Jesus Christ and saving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian cannot serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the Gospel ministry, but I do affirm that the ambition for worldly gains and worldly honours is sluicing the very heart out of God's Church, and drawing out to-day much of the Church's best blood in their greedy outlets." These are the words of Dr. T. F. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and they are too true. Very few of our best men are going into the Christian ministry. Men who say they want to serve their country and not themselves flock into political life. Can a man serve his country better by making good, and sometimes we fear bad, laws, or by helping to form strong holy characters in men and women in his work as a Christian clergyman?

THIS is the way a stranger writes of a church he went to in an American city.

"I had scarcely entered the door when an usher presented me with a card giving his name and address, and offered to show me to a seat. As I entered the pew he handed me a prayer book and hymnal. The service was a revelation to me, and was so full of earnestness and dignity, that it could not fail to make a deep impression. After the service, I was met by the same usher, who asked me if I was a stranger, and if I would like to be introduced to the rector. Well I thought he had mistaken me for a western Bishop or some other dignitary. However, I said that I was a stranger, and was accordingly introduced to the rector, with whom I had a few moments pleasant conversation. I am not much of an enthusiast in Church matters, but I must confess that I was never so interested and impressed as I was by the service at St. Mark's, and the attention I received that evening touched a spot in my heart never before reached."

We wish a similar description could be given of more of our churches.

It is related that the Earl of Shaftesbury lost his watch while walking in the New Cut, a neighbourhood infested with vile characters. He advertised his loss. Within twenty-four hours his

household was aroused by a ring at the street door, and the wheels of a vehicle were heard rapidly departing. On opening the front door, a sack was found filled with something that moved. On investigation, a boy of the Artful Dodger class was found in it, bound hand and foot and gagged. Round his neck was the missing watch, and underneath was a placard with the words: "Lock 'im up, Mi lord, he's a disgrace to ourn Prefe'sion, he order known as how yer lordship was Free of the wud; giv' 'im five Years 'ard. Yer friends." The earl kindly went to work to reform the young thief; and eventually he became an honest member of the London shoe-black brigade. Even thieves honoured the man they knew to be their friend.

WHILE we were commemorating the crucifixion, and celebrating the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour—the true Paschal Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world—our brethren the Jews, were at the same time celebrating their Pesach, the feast of the Passover, which extended over a period of seven days, from April 23rd to the 30th. From a Jewish exchange *The Sabbath Visitor*, we clip the following verses, full of interest for those of us who are praying for God's ancient people, believing as we do in a glorious 'destiny' for them fore told in Scripture:

PESACH HYMN.

ARISE and sing!
Thy tribute bring
To Him who reigns on high!
In gladsome lay
This festive day
Our Father glorify.

For freedom won,
For wonders done,
Loud swell our songs of praise!
O Grant us grace,
And turn Thy face,
On these our later days!

Thine, only Thine,
The power divine,
To shape our destiny!
May Israel
Forever dwell
In peace and harmony!

A TRUE MAN.

READERS of *Tom Brown's School Days* will remember the fine description of the father of Arthur, Tom Brown's friend. We reprint it, not because most of our readers have never seen it, but because we feel that it will do them good to read it once more.

"Arthur's father had been the clergy-

man of a parish in the Midland Counties which had risen into a large town during the war and upon which the hard years which followed, had fallen with a fearful weight. The trade had been half ruined, and then came the old story of masters reducing their establishments, men turned off and wandering about, hungry and wan in body and fierce in soul from the thought of wives and children starving at home, and the last sticks of furniture going to the pawnshop, children taken from school and lounging about the dirty streets and courts, too listless almost to play, and squalid in rags and misery. And then the fearful struggle between the employers and men; lowerings of wages, strikes, and the long course of oft repeated crime, ending now and then with a riot, a fire, and the country yeomanry. There is no need here to dwell upon such tales; the Englishman into whose soul they have not sunk is not worthy of the name. Into such a parish and state of society Arthur's father had been thrown at the age of twenty-five, a young married parson, full of faith, hope and love. He had battled with it like a man, and had lots of fine Utopian ideas about the perfectibility of mankind, glorious humanity and such-like, knocked out of his head; and a real wholesome Christian love for the poor, struggling, sinning men, of whom he felt himself one, and with and for whom he spent fortune, and strength and life, driven into his heart. He had battled like a man, and gotten a man's reward. No silver teapots and salvers, with flowery inscriptions setting forth his virtues and the appreciation of a genteel parish; no fat living or stall, for which he never looked and didn't care; no sighs and praises of comfortable dowagers and well gotten-up young women who worked him slippers, sugared his tea, and adored him as a devoted man; but a manly respect, wrung from the unwilling souls of men who fancied his order their natural enemies; the fear and hatred of every one who was false or unjust in the district, were he master or man, and the blessed sight of women and children daily becoming more human and more homely, a comfort to themselves and to their husbands and fathers. These things, of course, took time, and had to be fought for with toil and sweat of brain and heart, and with the life-blood poured out. All that Arthur's father had laid his account to give and

took as a matter of course; neither pitying himself nor looking upon himself as a martyr when he felt the wear and tear making him old before his time, and the stifling air of fever dens telling on his health. His wife seconded him in everything. If her husband's living had been amongst green fields and near pleasant neighbours she would have liked it better, that she never pretended to deny. But there they were; the air wasn't bad after all; the people were very good sort of people, civil to you if you were civil to them, after the first brush; and they did not expect you to work miracles, and convert them all off-hand into model Christians. So he and she went quietly among the folk, talking to and treating them just as they would have done people of their own rank. They didn't feel that they were doing anything out of the common way, and so were perfectly natural, and had none of that condescension or conciseness of manner which so outrages the independent poor. And thus they gradually won respect and confidence, and after sixteen years he was looked up to by the whole neighbourhood as *the* just man, *the* man to whom masters and men could go in their strikes, and all in their quarrels and difficulties, and by whom the right and true word would be said without fear or favour. And the women had come round to take her advice, and go to her as a friend in all their troubles, while the children all worshipped the very ground she trod on. Then a desperate typhus fever broke out in the town; most of the other clergy and almost all the doctors ran away; the work fell with tenfold weight on those who stood to their work. Arthur's father and his wife caught the fever of which he died in a few days and she recovered and was able to nurse him to the end and store up his last words. He was sensible to the last and calm and happy, leaving his wife and children with fearless trust for a few years in the hands of the Lord and Friend who had lived and died, for him, and for whom he, to the best of his power had lived and died. His widow's mourning, was deep and gentle; she was more affected by the request of a freethinking club established in the town by some of the factory hands (which he had striven against with might and main and nearly suppressed), that some of their number might be allowed to help bear the coffin, than by any any-

thing else. Two of them were chosen, who, with six other labouring men, his own fellow-workmen and friends, bore him to the grave—a man who had fought the Lord's fight even unto the death. The shops were closed and the factories shut that day in the parish, yet no master stopped the day's wages, but for many a year afterwards the town-folk felt the want of that brave, hopeful, loving parson and his wife, who had lived to teach them humble forbearance and helpfulness, and had almost at least given them a glimpse of what this old world would be if people would live for God and each other instead of for themselves."

OUT OF THE WAY.

JAMIE'S feet are restless and rough,
 Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
 Jamie can never make noise enough,
 Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
 Out of the way with his games and toys,
 Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
 Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
 Out of the mother-care, into the throng,
 Out of the way of fret and complaint,
 Out of the fold—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
 Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
 Out of purity into the night—
 Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into the darkness, crime and woe!
 Mother, why do you weep to-day?
 Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
 You who sent him out of the way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
 And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
 For he is out of the way to Heaven—
 Yes, he is surely out of the way!

—Selected.

THE SCOLDING HABIT.

SCOLDING is mostly a habit. "There is not much meaning to it." It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all times becomes addicted to it, and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall to scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely

disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than the people in town. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more confined in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general, and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. One cause of irritability is the drinking of tea, coffee, beer, whiskey, and other stimulants. Another is that of indigestion and dyspepsia. But "bad air" is undoubtedly to be held as the cause of many scoldings, which would never have occurred in well-ventilated apartments. If the reader has acquired the habit of scolding, and really wants to be rid of it, he should try to remember each time he feels provoked that it only makes him look foolish in the eyes of the person spoken to, and those around him, and is the source of discomfort and unhappiness to himself. By getting into the way of kind words, which never die, and seeking to benefit rather than wound others, he will escape much displeasure, and in time entirely lose the practice of speaking harshly.—From "Healthy Life."

WAIT ON THE LORD.

Wait on the Lord;
 No earthly joy so sweet
 As lying passive, at the Master's feet.

Wait on the Lord;
 And, waiting, be at peace:
 Bid every inward thought and planning cease.

Wait on the Lord;
 Then, if thus speaks His voice—
 "Choose between these and Me"—make God
 thy choice.

Wait on the Lord;
 Nor blush to speak His name:
 Who waits on Him shall ne'er be put to shame.
 —A. H. Irvine.

THE SOLDIER'S OFFERINGS.

"I HAVE sometimes thought," said the vicar to some friends one day, "of setting aside the practice of requiring the children to learn some lesson—the collects for instance. Do you find any of your scholars keep away on that account?"

"I have sometimes found a few of the most careless absent themselves

in a morning because they have not learned the collect; but I am happy to say it seldom occurs now; they seem to learn them with pleasure."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the vicar, "for whilst in London a little incident occurred which has entirely changed my views, and nothing now could induce me to give up the good old custom. I had been in London a fortnight, when a friend informed me by letter that the Sunday but one following was the day on which the annual sermon for his Sunday-school was preached, and asked me if I would kindly preach it for him. Knowing it was only right it should be preached at the proper season I consented. Notice was given, and bills were posted, and when the day arrived the sermon was preached and the collection made."

"I was standing in the vestry, waiting until the amount of the sum was ascertained, when the gentleman who had been collecting at the western entrance came into the vestry followed by a soldier in his uniform. The gentleman handed the plate to the churchwardens who were engaged in counting the money, and then said to me, 'This man' (placing his hand on the soldier's arm), 'put a sovereign into the plate, and I, thinking he had made a mistake, tapped him on the shoulder, and told him what he had done. 'It is quite right,' he said, with a smile; 'so I asked him in here to inquire why he gave so freely; a sovereign is a large sum for a private soldier to give.'

"'You must know,' said the soldier, 'that I have only just returned from the Crimea—indeed, I have not yet seen my friends. As I was passing up the street I saw a bill which said the sermon to-day in this church would be for the benefit of the Sunday-schools. I entered, that I might give a small thank-offering to help you 'sow the good seed,' and I will tell you why.

"'After the battle of Inkerman I was left on the field for dead, having fainted from a wound received in the thigh. In the dead of the night consciousness returned, and by the pale light of the moon I was able to make out my real situation. I was on the battle-field, surrounded with the dead and dying; numbers of my poor comrades were stretched stiff and lifeless beside me; I might have been of their number. Imagine how I felt. I seemed to be alone with God. I tried to pray, but,

owing to the careless and sinful life I had led for years not a single prayer could I utter; they were forgotten.

"I sank into a sort of half unconscious sleep, and the history of my life seemed to pass before me. Again I was a boy—again I took my place in my class at the village Sunday-school, where the kind face of my lady-teacher seemed to call to my mind the beautiful collect for the fourth Sunday in Lent. I found I was able to repeat it. Collect after collect, prayer after prayer now rose to my lips; I felt comforted. It might have been said, "Behold he prayeth." Was a sovereign, then, too much to give for all the mercies I have received—a mere trifle to help to cast the bread upon the waters?"

"Here the soldier paused, and the gentleman who had brought him into the room, said, 'May I ask your name?' 'That,' said the man, 'must remain a secret.'

"All who had listened to his story were deeply moved. Not a word was spoken for some seconds; and the soldier, taking advantage of the silence, made a profound bow, and withdrew to mix again with the busy multitude of the great city."

Not a word was spoken by any of the party at the tea table. Mrs. B—, who had a son in the army, quietly turned away to hide her emotion, and rang the bell for tea to be cleared away. Teddy, who had been listening attentively to the vicar's story, drew his collect book from under one of his sister's music books, and quietly left the room. He went, I afterwards found, to learn the collect for the following Sunday.—
Friendly Greetings

ROBIN REDBREAST.

WHEN I see the redbreast Robin,
And his happy song I hear,
Telling us of life that's waking
And that springtime draweth near.

Then returns the story olden,
How the robins breast was dyed,
When the world's great springtime waited,
When the Lord was crucified.

Crown of thorns His head encircled,
Pressing cruelly His brow,
Mockingly the crowd about Him
Saw Him in his anguish bow.

But the little plain brown robin
Pity felt for Him who saith:
"Not a sparrow falleth earthward
But the Father noticeth;"

Straight, with wings the swifter speeding
For the pitying love she knew,
On the cruel thorn crown lighted,
Plucked a thorn, then backward flew.
Just a little was it lightened,
That cruel crown the Saviour bore,
And the little Robin Redbreast
Bears the blood-stain evermore.—S. H. B.

Boys and Girls' Corner.

BEAUTY IN THE HOME.

No, nothing is more lovely in a home than beautiful, delicate *cleanliness*.

I have seen little latticed windows looking a very jewel of loveliness, with the small diamond panes bright and shining, the honeysuckle or rose creeping round the frame, the clean white muslin curtains, and the flowering creeping plant in a bright red pot suspended from the centre. It was a lowly home, the father's earning not more than ten a week, and a lot of little ones to be fed; but it was very lovely to me. And the furniture too—old-fashioned, plain wooden furniture, of a straight shape, not an elegant curve or a cushion anywhere, but so shining! Not a greasy mark or black spot, but all kept beautiful by sheer rubbing, and nought else. And the ornaments—the bright tins on the mantle-shelf, the shining fire-irons—all reflecting in twenty different ways the sunlight or the firelight. And the fresh gathered flowers, perhaps only a bunch of primroses or cowslips, but surely very lovely. And all this loveliness I have seen brought about by a girl—a girl of fourteen, brave Nelly White, with a sick mother and five little brothers and sisters. I have gone into Nelly's home and have found her down on her knees in the little red-tiled kitchen. She had scoured the floor clean, and now she was rubbing it over with a piece of flannel and a little skimmed milk which she had begged from me to make it look polished and glossy. You would hardly believe the improved appearance of tiled floors served in this way. "Don't it make your arms ache, Nelly?" I asked. "Oh, ma'am, but see how lovely it looks," she answered.

Another time I called, it was spring-time, and the young housekeeper had been in the woods with the little ones, and had brought home such treasures, primroses—dear primroses, blue and white violets, and delicate wood-anemones and tender green leaves, and she was making "a flower-cup" while the

little ones sorted the flowers into bunches of six or eight. The most splendid vase I ever saw, filled with the most costly flowers, did not present a more lovely sight than did Nelly's posy when finished. And what did she use? two old saucers—one larger than the other, and two cups without handles! She placed the largest saucer at the bottom, then stood a cup in it; placed the other saucer on that, and the other cup on the top of all; she filled the saucers and the upper cup with water. Then she arranged the flowers in wreaths. First a wreath of green leaves, then primroses, then blue violets, then primroses again, with here and there a wood-anemone between. This filled the bottom saucer, and quite hid the under cup. The second saucer was filled in the same way, while for the upper cup was reserved the blue and white violets only. "because," said Nelly, "they smell so sweet, and people always sniff at the middle."

Wherever you are, make your home lovely.

And then there is *the comfort*. Comfort means a great deal—pure air, good food, and warmth, all come under the head of comfort. So you must look to the *pure air*. Do you know that this is quite as necessary as good food, especially to those who have to work hard? Bad air is a slow poison, and bad air breathed at night is worse than bad air breathed in the day, because then we lie helpless and do not once move out of it.

If in the home there is a bad drain, too many in one room, a filthy corner, or general neglect of things to make bad smells and poison the air; and if there are stopped-up chimneys, nailed-up windows to prevent such air getting out, then all who live in such a home suffer. They go to bed at night hoping to rest, but they wake up in the morning feeling as tired as when they went to bed, their heads ache, their limbs feel weak, and they won't care whether they work or not. The poison of impure air has been busy all the time they slept, sapping their life and energy, and making them feel as they say, "no-how." Many a man who *must work* crawls from his bed in this state; mind, *he must work*, and he feels *he can't work*. When he passes by those shops that sell stimulants—drink that will appear to put new life into him, and make him feel himself again, is it any wonder that

he is tempted once and again to take that which appears to do him good? He does not stop to think of the dire mischief that this will lead to, he only hopes for present benefit, and it is in this way many thousands who die drunkards begin to drink.

And again, *comfort* means *nicely prepared food*. Even a young girl may become expert at preparing properly a few nice dishes, at least; and a poor man's meals should be as delicately and daintily prepared as a lord's. The more simple we live the better will be our health, but simple food need not be tough, or coarse, or without taste. To get nourishment out of our food we must enjoy it. And depend upon it there is nothing so affects the temper as this. Every one needs comfort, and every one ought to have comfort; and the comfort of the dear ones at home depends upon the woman within it.

Let me give you just one more hint. You know that every skilled workman prides himself on the number and suitability of *his tools*; he knows that his skill will go for nought without them. Now in seeking after either the beauty or comfort of your homes, try and get the proper tools round you. Spend your odds-and-ends in securing to yourselves proper tools for your work; get brooms and brushes, proper things for your cooking schemes—a flour dredger, a vegetable cutter, a few nice saucepans, etc.; they won't cost very much and they will be such a help to you in making things nice. I heartily wish that sets of such things were given as prizes to girls leaving school; it would go a long way in helping them to look after the beauty and comfort of their homes.—From "*Friendly Leaves*."

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

Look down in pity and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me, every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this,

Now, while I speak be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

—Ann and Jane Taylor.

THE BLACK LEOPARD.

You cannot afford to read a bad book however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see if it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright, and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. O touch not evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard.—*Tal-mage*.

WHAT WE MAY BRING.

The wise may bring their learning,

The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We too would bring our treasures
To offer to our King.

We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties

We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school at play;

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,

And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

—*Little Helpers*

JUST THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"MOTHER'S cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:—"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby." Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked out into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross;

and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back now; and I will." And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething boy. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and smiles dimpled the corners of his mouth. "Couldn't I take him out in his carriage, mother? it's such a fine morning," she asked. "I should be glad if you would," said her mother. The little hat was brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride. "I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired." The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered:—"Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning." What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. She resolved to remember and act upon her aunt's good words:—"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Churchman's Magazine*.

TEASING.

It seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease, is like living in a bramble bush, or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin pricks. To be sure, one pin-prick is not much, but when one has to bear ten thousand of them, it is quite another matter.

"Pshaw?" says the tease, "I did not hurt you. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was only teasing."

Exactly. And it is just because there is no meaning in it nor necessity for it, because it is only "teasing," that poor tormented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it. If the tease cannot find anything else to annoy, he will torment an animal or a little child, and he thinks it is fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful and most dangerous fun in the world.

I think that a genuine tease is always a coward, for he never attacks his equals; his victims are the helpless animal, the little child, the timid woman. If you will notice, it is never the smallest boy who teases the larger one. And then a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin.

But, really, the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of teasing has upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon physical or mental distress quite unmoved.

If there is a boy who reads these lines, who likes to tease his little sister until she runs in tears to her mother, or who torments some little fellow at school just to see him flush crimson and bristle with impotent rage; if you want to make a man of yourself, stop it. For it is a most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in causing pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than yourself.—*Selected.*

BROWN CHOCOLATE *versus* BROWN WOOL.

LAST autumn, a young girl was asking me how she could best make use of some clothing she had made for the poor, during some six or seven months spent at the seaside on account of her mother's health. Warm frocks of various sizes, strong petticoats, and comfortable, well knitted boys' socks, filled a good sized travelling box.

"I know a busy clergyman's wife, in one of the very poorest parts of L—," I said, "who will be charmed to give away these things, and will do it herself, so you may be sure they go to the right sort of people. But why do you always use brown material?" I asked, as I saw that all things were made of some shade of brown, varying from bright russet brown, reddish brown, or dark sepia tones of brown.

My young show-woman laughed heartily, as she answered, "You would never guess, I am sure. But to tell the truth, I have a sweet tooth, and though I am nearly seventeen years old, I am a perfect baby for chocolate. About Easter, I heard Mr. Arrowsmith say in an address to young people, that it grieved him to think how much the young spent on themselves, and how much of their pocket-money went for chocolate and such things." "And you felt that the cap fitted," I said. "I did, indeed," she answered. "I cannot tell you the other things that Mr. Arrowsmith mentioned, for I was so struck by that one word, 'chocolate' in the list, and remembering how much I spent on it, that I did not seem to hear the rest. But, as he told of some of the terrible suffering, last winter, amongst poor children in L—, I determined to do something for them. Result—the material for these things is all bought out of what I call my 'chocolate money,' and it is my fancy to always use brown that being the colour of chocolate, you know."

I wish you could have seen my young friend's bright face as she spoke; and then she merrily told me of her difficulty, at first, in denying herself the luxury in which she had so long indulged. "But I used to say to myself," she said, "Brown chocolate *versus* brown wool and winseys, which shall it be?" I am glad to say that the two w's gained the day. I leave you to point out the moral of this little story for yourselves, only begging that, if the cap fits, you will put it on.

If you do so, I feel sure there will be "chocolate-money" and "sweet-money" spent where "the returns" will yield far more pleasure and profit.

—*The Work at Home.*

THINGS are either possible or impossible in any given state of human science; you can easily determine which. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it. It may be "Utopian" to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery of your city; but the Utopianism is not your business; the work is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child in our land the knowledge of God from its youth; but the Utopianism is not our business; the work is.—*Ruskin.*

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 the only 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 eldest, will thus be pursuing the same course of study, both in the Scriptures and on the subject of 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.
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