

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 10.

## CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

### LESSONS.

- 6—15th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 15, to v. 35. *Evening*—2 Kings 19, or 23, to v. 34; Mark 7, v. 24 to 8, v. 10.
- 13—16th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—2 Chron. 36; 2 Cor. 5. *Evening*—Neh. 1 and 2, to v. 9, or Neh. 8; Mark 11, v. 27 to 12, v. 13.
- 16—Ember Day. *Morning*—Daniel 4, v. 19; 2 Cor. 8. *Evening*—Daniel 5, to v. 17; Mark 13, v. 14.
- 18—Ember Day. *Morning*—Daniel 7, to v. 15; 2 Cor. 10. *Evening*—Daniel 7, v. 15; Mark 14, v. 27 to 53.
- 19—Ember Day. *Morning*—Daniel 9, to v. 20; 2 Cor. 11, to v. 40. *Evening*—Daniel 9, v. 20; Mark 14, v. 53.
- 20—17th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jeremiah 5; 2 Cor. 11, v. 30 to 12, v. 14. *Evening*—Jer. 22 or 35; Mark 15, to v. 42.
- 21—St. Mat. A., E. & M. *Morning*—1 Kings 19, v. 15; 2 Cor. 12, v. 14 and 13. *Evening*—1 Chr. 29, to v. 20; Mark 15, v. 42 and 16.
- 27—18th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*—Jeremiah 36; Gal. 5, v. 13. *Evening*—Ezek. 2, or 13 to v. 17; Luke 3 to v. 23.
- 29—St. Michael and All Angels. *Morning*—Gen. 32; Acts 12, v. 5 to 18. *Evening*—Daniel 10, v. 4; Rev. 14, v. 14.

### "WHOM SHALL I SEND."

"Whom shall I send?" He saith:  
"What servant shall it be?"  
His faith's strong voice that prayeth,  
"My Master, O send me!"  
Send me to tell Thy story,  
Abroad or here at home,  
Send me, O Lord, before Thee  
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Send me, for I have known Thee,  
I would Thy witness be;  
To speak Thy message only,  
My Master, O send me,  
Send me to speak of Jesus,  
Of what my Lord hath done—  
His finished work most precious  
Of this and this alone.

To bring the lost and sinning,  
To Thee the Sinless One,  
To speak sweet words and winning,  
Of Christ, the Father's Son.

Send me to darkest places,  
To many a shadowed home,  
Where with Thy shining graces,  
Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come.

Send me to work appointed,  
But, Master, let me be  
By thine own power anointed,  
Then, Master, O send me!  
Not unto us the glory,  
When lost ones find their home!  
We only go before Thee  
Where Thou Thyself wilt come!

—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates,

For PARISH AND HOME.

## Notes on the Calendar.

St. Matthew, September 21st.

We are so accustomed to think of St. Matthew as the Evangelist, that we are apt to overlook him as an Apostle, as one of the twelve. He and John alone of the evangelists shared that honour, and they alone wrote as personal eye-witnesses of the events of Christ's life. We know little about him except that he was a publican, a tax-gatherer, one of those who were almost universally hated and despised by the Jews, owing to their work for the Roman conqueror and to the extortion they generally practised in forcing the tribute money from the subject people.

Matthew, who was also called Levi, was the son of Alphaeus, and lived in Capernaum. He was apparently a man of means, having probably amassed wealth in the profitable situation which he still occupied.

But the turning point of his life came, Jesus passing by when he was at the receipt of custom, said unto him, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed Him, leaving all, wealth position and everything behind him, as Luke tells us. Before departing from Capernaum, the new apostle gathered together to a feast to see Jesus and no doubt to hear Him, his old companions, a great company of publicans and of others, "publicans and sinners" as the Pharisees scornfully called them.

Faithfully did he follow Jesus all through His ministry, and faithfully did he write of Him for his fellow Jews, after the time when Jesus was taken up. In addition to this scanty history there is one well marked feature of St. Matthew's charactershewn in the Scriptures, his modesty and humility. The other writers of the New Testament, in telling the names of the apostles, always write "Matthew and Thomas," while he himself writes "Thomas and Matthew," and he alone describes himself by that despised name, which one might think he would soonest wish to forget, and calls himself in all humility Matthew the Publican.

Two sterling Christian virtues does St. Matthew show, virtues none of us can too closely follow, humbleness of mind, and readiness to follow Jesus at once, whatever the cost, leaving all behind for love of Him. H.

## CHINESE POVERTY.

A PAPER read before the Shanghai Missionary Conference, by Mrs. A. H. Smith, on "Domestic Life in China," published in the *Advance*, drew some striking pictures of Chinese poverty and the hardships imposed on women:

The second obstacle to woman's education we find in the pinch of poverty. As the Chinese proverb says, "Even a child may not eat ten idle years of food." The mother must work to keep the wolf from the door, but why may we not have the little, useless children to train? "Because," the mother replies sadly, "I cannot afford to have the children study. The boy, though small, can rake fuel for the fire and manure for the field. My wee girl can already spin, mind the baby, and wait upon me." If little hands drop their small work, older ones must take it up; and so sharp and cruel is the haste with which in this poor family consumption treads upon the heels of production, that little jaws must cease to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labour. "Well, we will feed your children while they study." "That is very kind of you," she says, "but they have no decent clothes. Every one will make fun of them if they go in such tatters to school."

Some of the poorest of our Christian widows hire themselves out to work for rich families by the season. They dare not miss one day from the harvest, or from the cottonfield, for their coveted meeting and lesson, lest their places be filled by others, and they lose the chance of gleaning at the end of the season. We know of doors where the only weapon to keep the wolf at bay is the little shining needle of the mother. She must have her stint done to-night. You speak to her,

she answers you without looking up; for, as the saying runs, "You raise your head, you lose one stitch; you lower your head you lose another." How fast her needle flies, though night has come, the children are all curled up fast asleep, and it is so piercingly cold her hands are numb. It seems a marvel each time she sees to thread her needle. Her lamp! let us rather say her corner of Egyptian darkness! Her eyes are fast giving way under the continual night work and the daily smoke. Some melancholy day will see her quite blind. Then poverty will hold the family in a still firmer vise. Pray, where is her education to come in?

The possible depths of Chinese poverty may be shown by two examples: one of a family where the wedding of their son found them too poor to buy a fifteen-cent mat for the k'ang of the bride. They borrowed one. The new wife, who had a comfortable bed-quilt as a part of her dowry, felt guilty to be warm while her new mother-in-law shivered under a tattered excuse for a comforter. After the rest were asleep, the bride would steal out to the other room, put her nice warm covering over her new mother, and go back to her own comfortless bed to shiver. In another village, a dispute as to who should bear the expense of less than two cents' worth of oil an evening, has been known to break up a religious meeting. "But the people are not all as poor as that," says your new missionary, whom no doubts appal and no facts suppress. Unwittingly she thus brings you to the third obstacle:

The multiplication of manual labour. Rightly to understand Chinese life we must turn our backs on the great facts of political economy, and move the hands of the world's great clock back to the times of our great-grandmothers. We long to give our Chinese sister a Christian training. Christian training is instruction, or building up. It is first, as a preparation, intellectual. Even a divine Christ must be intellectually apprehended to be revered. We must wake up our sister's mind; but that is a work of time, and her time, alas! has already so many calls upon it. "Why, how is that?" says the new missionary. "With such a small house, no elaborate cooking, no fussy dressmaking and millinery, no pillowshams and no church fairs, one would think she might have oceans of time."

We will invite her to come and study with us a month.

Intense longing and regret flit across her face. Her "Outside," as she quaintly calls her husband, "needs a new blouse." "Well, bring the shears and we will help you. Fie upon such a miserable little obstacle as that, to blockade the way to the kingdom of heaven! Here is the sewing-machine all threaded; bring us the cloth."

Nay, softly, O sanguine Occidental! The cloth is out there in Nature's lap, tucked away in the cotton-pods. The woman brings it in, four catties of cotton, a great lapful of hard, white wads. Her skilful fingers and feet are soon flying at the cotton gin. After four hours of hard work the seeds are disposed of, and the gin goes back to its corner. Next comes the musical clang of her bow. A whole day of patient, steady labour is needed to reduce those little hard wads to a snowy, fleecy mountain of picked-up cotton. Next comes the cheerful hum of her little spinning-wheel. She is never idle, seek her when you may. But five days slip by before the thread is all spun. We watch and sigh. Next, out comes the clumsy old loom. How monotonous the click-clack of its cradle! How slowly the shuttle goes, though our friend is reputed a good weaver! Five days more have glided away into the eternal past, when a piece of cloth, twenty-five feet long, poor, coarse and narrow, drops from that antiquated loom. Eleven days and a half out of her month gone, and we have only just got to the shears! Another day sees the garment done.

The new missionary cannot sew for all the Chinese women, furnishing time and foreign thread; but she means to see this one experiment through. The woman is a bright one; her mind is being wasted. We will polish it, quicken it, set it fermenting with new ideas; in short, make yeast out of her, with which to leaven the great mass. Then no one will begrudge the day's work and the foreign thread.

"Come and begin to-morrow," she says, as the woman sews on the last button.

"Thank you so much, I should be so glad," says the woman, "but I cannot possibly. My mother-in-law needs a new quilt, my boy has no stockings, my two little girls have no wadded

drawers, and my father-in-law needs a new pair of shoes."

"How long does it take you to make him a pair?"

"Five days."

"And you make the shoes for the whole family?"

"Of course," replies the woman, wondering if the queer new teacher supposes that shoes grow.

"How many pair will keep all seven of you shod for a year?"

"About thirty."

"And how many wadded garments do they need?"

"Good years we have each of us two, that is fourteen in all; and it takes me a month of steady work, with four or five days more for the bedding, and half a month for the summer clothes."

"Over two hundred days of clear, solid sewing!" ejaculated the new missionary, "even if you never had an interruption! And the cloth for all these jackets and drawers, comforters, stockings and shoes, does it all lie out there, eleven days away from the shears?"

"Why, yes; where else could it be?"

The wind is all out of that missionary's sails. They only flap dejectedly, "Time?" she thinks, "Time? Why one person ought to be appointed to eat for a Chinese woman, and one to sleep for her, while a third does her breathing! What a mistake to have an 'Outside' at all! One should be all kernel, and no shell. Oh, for the freedom of those happy lands, where one might at least find an old maid to educate!"—*Northern Messenger*.

#### "WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE OF THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY."

I WONDER if all of you have heard the story of the sailors who were in a ship, off the east coast of South America, when their water gave out. Nothing more terrible can happen on board ship except fire.

The men made a' sail they could, and steered due west. Their thirst became fiercer every hour. The hot, tropical sun beat down upon the deck until it almost blistered their bare feet to walk upon it. Their throats became parched, and when the second morning of this dreadful suffering dawned, they could barely speak.

Suddenly one of the crew, staggering to the bulwarks, pointed and cried hoarsely, "a sail!"

Oh, how they watched that speck of gleaming white, growing larger and larger. They hoisted their flag "union down," as a signal of distress.

At last the strange ship came near enough to speak to them.

"What's the matter?" called out the captain of the new-comer, when he had thrown his vessel up into the wind to stop its headway.

The poor, thirsty, dying fellows could not answer. They tried in vain with their swollen tongues, to call out "Water!" They could only show by desperate motions of their hands to their lips what they wanted.

And then, oh, how cruel it seemed! the other ship braced her yards, and filled away on her course again. But as she passed the stern where the staring, desperate sailors were gathered, the captain called out once more, pointing downward to the sea as he did so:—

*"Dip, and drink!"*

It sounded like terrible mockery. Drink that salt sea itself! One of the sailors, with a bitter laugh, let down a bucket, and drawing it up full, placed it recklessly to his lips.

Then what a cry of joy he gave! The water was as sweet as that which used to come dimpling up from the mossy well on the old home farm. The others crowded around, hauled up gallons of the glorious dancing water, and drank again and again, until life, and strength, and hope came back.

Without knowing it their ship had brought them into the mouth of the mighty Amazon, so wide that its banks were out of sight on either hand, like the shores of the ocean. The fresh water was all around them and they were saved.

So do people find themselves weary and distressed and perplexed in this life; until God calls them:—

"Poor little child! My love is what you are thirsty for! The happiness of knowing you are My child, and doing My will is what you need. Lo, it is all about you. Dip and drink!"

And then we hear the sweet words of Christ echoing down through all the centuries:—

*"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall*

*be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."—Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### SIR JOHN'S FAVOURITE POEM.

THE following poem by Rev. Father Ryan, the poet of the Confederate States, who is now dead, was the favourite poem of Sir John Macdonald:

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed—  
And I desire, what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow—and never garner grain,  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer.

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till, and 'tis hard to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,  
So heart oppressed;  
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,

And cares infest

My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so, when but a child I laid  
On mother's breast

My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed  
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;  
For, down the west

Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### SEEING IS BELIEVING.

MANY people think that if they could only see God all doubts regarding Him would forever vanish, and in a sense they are right; but what is meant by seeing God?

Startling as it may seem to us at first, it is nevertheless a profound truth, that no one has seen any person. What a man is, his thoughts, his affections, his desires, all that makes up his personality, in a word, his character, cannot be seen by the outward sense.

Our eye rests upon the well known features of a friend, we see his outward form, but this is not he. Were his spirit, which is invisible, departed, we should speak of his body as "it."

And yet we doubt not that we know our friend. Through his looks, his actions, his words through all the mani-

festations of his character we have learned to know who he is and what he is. Our soul has seen him, though our bodily eye has not seen and cannot see him.

What shadows of doubt would flee away if we only always remembered that we can only see God as we see other persons, through regarding all the manifestations of His character. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." All God's dealings with men as recorded in history help to make known His character. But in infinite love God has revealed Himself in the same bodily form as that in which we know other persons. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

A person upon whom our outward eye rests may be daily in a thousand different ways manifesting to us his unselfish character, and yet blinded with prejudice we may miserably fail to understand him. We see him not. On God's part a full manifestation of Himself has been made in Christ, but the veil must be taken from off our hearts before this becomes truly a revelation to us. When this veil is removed, and the eye of the soul rests upon the image of the invisible God, "seeing is believing." F. H. D.

#### "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

The writing of this hymn is thus described in "Duffield's English Hymns":

"A royal letter had been issued calling for missionary collections in aid of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' on Whitsunday, 1819. Rev. Reginald Heber was then visiting Dean Shirley at Wrexham, and was to take his share of the Sunday evening lectures just established in that church.

"On the Saturday evening previous, he was asked by the Dean to prepare some verses to be sung at the closing of the morning service. The poet sat down at the window of the old vicarage and in a short time produced the hymn, all but the lines, 'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,' these he wrote just afterward. He would even have added another stanza, but the Dean was now positive that anything more would spoil the unity of the piece. Only one

change was made in the copy, 'heathen' being put instead of 'savage' nations, and the manuscript was hurried off to the printer."

#### SECRET PRAYER.

*What are we to think of as the Special difficulties of Secret Prayer?*

I WOULD say first, the peculiar temptation to laxity and indolence in the practice, just because it is secret. In the case of public, and social prayer, the fact of association brings of course a certain aid in this direction. We are constrained by it to keep time with others, at least to some degree, and to behave ourselves as men under the eyes of others. But we may shorten our time of secret prayer, we may thrust it into a corner, we may lie late in the morning, or sit up comfortably late at night, and we are seen by no eye that we can see, and we have no congregation to be offended by our absence, lateness, or carelessness. I am sure my reader knows, or has known, the reality of at least some such temptations. The warm bed when we wake, the bright fire in the late evening, the allurements of book, or conversation, or whatever it is that *must give way*, if we are to set ourselves to seek the King's face before we sleep, the specious excuses and palliations of the heart. These things are real, and they are peculiar hindrances to the full exercise of regular secret prayer.

We intend to be up betimes, to meet God before we meet man. But perhaps our first meeting with man will be at family worship in the home, or at the chapel service in the college, and something whispers that this will do instead of the "morning watch" alone. It will not do so. But alas, it is very easy to think that it will.

Then, for some doubtless, there is a difficulty in the way of honest weariness. You work hard all day in one labour or another. You feel it in the morning, you feel it at night, a very different thing from the indolent liking for mere unearned comfort. You hardly trust yourself to pray; sometimes your head is bent, and almost at once you sleep, to wake doubly weary, you know not when.

In another direction, again, lies the difficulty, greater for some than for others, doubtless, but felt by most, how to use with true economy the precious secret season, as a time of deeply

reverent yet truly free and personal outpouring of heart before the Lord. The very essence and speciality of secret prayer, so it seems to me, is that it should express most freely whatever else it deals with, the movements of the individual spirit, confessing inmost personal sins, giving praise for personally received mercies, both of Providence and grace, worshipping in view of personal insights into the Lord's great glory, supplicating regarding the deepest needs and the simplest needs of the individual man, and interceding for individuals in the freest detail and name by name. All this brings with it the question how best to combine and adjust it all in some such reverent order as that in our unwatched secrecy there shall be no mere idle waste of thought and word.

Akin to this is the question how to secure in that unwatched secrecy the deepest and most recollected reverence of address, and even of attitude towards the Holy One, who there, as much as anywhere, is Master and King, as well as Friend.

It is well, thus, to reckon them up, and to look steadily at them, and then, on the other hand, to remember that for them all a gracious guidance and a loving remedy is to be found in Him who heareth prayer. And whatever they are, they leave untouched the fact that regular and real secret prayer is an absolute, a vital necessity for the believer's life and walk.—*Extract from "Secret Prayer," by Rev. Principal Moule, M.A.*

#### "HE COULD NOT BE HID."

IT never can be kept quiet long when Jesus gets into any house. He cannot be hid. The neighbours will soon find out that He is there. The people cannot keep the secret. They will let it out in many ways. They will show it in their faces. Those who have Christ in their homes do not look like other people. There is a radiance or sunniness about them when they come out that tells of an unworldly source of joy. There is something about their spirits too that lets out the secret; they cannot help talking about their Guest. Fragrant flowers cannot be concealed, and there is a fragrance about Jesus that always reveals His presence. Love itself is invisible, but wherever it dwells it produces such effects that its presence soon becomes known.

It makes people gentle, kindly, thoughtful, unselfish, and fills them with new desires to do good and to serve and bless others. And wherever Christ is love is in all its pervasive, transforming influence, and from a home where Christ abides there always goes forth a fragrant influence, and a loving, helpful ministry.—*Word and Work.*

#### "BUT IF NOT."

"OUR God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—*Dan. iii, 17, 18.*

*THE seas are calm, the winds are fair,  
No rocks are near; thou hast no care,  
Thou bearest home a cargo rare.*

*But if the seas thy bark assailed,  
And stormy winds that wreck prevailed,  
And all thy strenuous striving failed?*

*Thy strength exulteth in the sun,  
Thy limbs are fleet the race to run,  
And many a work thou boastest done.*

*But if thy joyous strength decay,  
Thy task be patience all the day,  
And death the fleetest in the way?*

*Now "troops of friends" thy steps pursue,  
One common aim appears in view,  
Their life gives thine a ripper hue.*

*But if perchance thou stood'st alone,  
The measure of thyself unknown,  
And hadst no virtues but thine own?*

*Now clear the lights of science shine,  
And wisdom hastes with smile benign  
To guide thee up the heights divine.*

*But if thy knowledge ceased to teach,  
And truth should lose her tranquil speech,  
And thy research no answer teach?*

*Faith has its visions pure and high,—  
Of mystic succour surely nigh,  
And land that knows no fear or sigh.*

*But if not angel wing should gleam,  
No crystal fountain's healing stream,—  
If earth be real, and heaven a dream?*

*Thy God delivers from the flame;  
"But if not,"—were it still the same?  
What saith the Cross of death and shame?*

*"Yea, though he slay me I will trust,"  
—Soul, this is life—and God is just,  
On all the rest is "dust to dust."*

—W. S.

NOTHING can be great which is not right.—*Dr. Johnson.*

GREATNESS lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

## A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

### PART IX.

ONE morning Dorothy was sitting with Mary Newcomb in a little work-room, which had been set apart as a school-room. As Dorothy grew older Mary's position had slowly altered, and it was now more that of governess than nurse. It was nearly 12 o'clock and Dorothy's eyes had wandered off a dozen times in the last half-hour to the large clock that ticked slowly on the mantel. The lessons are to be over at twelve. Dorothy yawned, then made a determined dart at reading, but soon the restless fingers were playing with the book leaves and the eyes wandered aimlessly about the cover of the desk. At last the warning whirr of the clock announced that it was about to strike. Dorothy's book was shut in an instant, and she started up.

"You are eager to get away to-day, my dear," said Mary quietly.

"Oh, I'm so tired with lessons. Can't we go out for a walk?"

"I have to do a little shopping, would you like to come out with me before luncheon?"

"Oh yes, do let's go now" said Dorothy eagerly.

A few minutes later they were on the street. The shopping was not very extensive and when it was finished they walked slowly homeward. Dorothy had been talking almost ceaselessly, asking all kinds of questions about the different things they saw on the street. Suddenly Mary said almost abruptly "Dorothy!"

Her tone was very grave and the child was startled by it. She looked up quickly into Mary's face.

"Dorothy dear, do you know that I am going to leave you for a time?"

Dorothy's face fell. "Why, where are you going?" said she quickly.

"Oh, I am going away for a while" said Mary evasively.

"But you won't be gone long, will you?" said Dorothy.

"You will see me again very soon, dear," this hesitatingly. "I have spoken to your mother about it and she thinks I ought to go."

"But who will hear me my lessons?" said Dorothy.

"I don't know" said Mary half

sadly. Then she added brightly. "Perhaps mamma will."

"Oh, that will be lovely" said Dorothy delightedly.

And that was all they said of it at the time. But during the next few days Mary Newcomb found herself caressing the child more frequently and more tenderly than usual. Dorothy did not question her as to where she was going. She relied on Mary's assurance that she would see her again soon, and the novelty of having her mother to teach her, when Mary was gone, diverted her mind.

A week later, a cab stood before the door and Mary's trunk was put outside and she herself got in and drove away. Dorothy shortly afterwards disappeared; when her mother went in search of her she found her lying on the bed in her room. She was sleeping, but the red eyes and tear-stained cheeks told that the child had sobbed herself to sleep. Only once before in all the years that Mary had been with her had they been separated.

The next morning came a note from Mr. St. George, addressed to Miss Dorothy Forsyth. Her mother handed it to her at the breakfast table with a smile. Dorothy read it eagerly. It was written in a round, clear hand, in Mr. St. George's very best manner. He was having "a few young friends" at tea on Thursday, would Dorothy come and help him to entertain them? There would be someone there that he was sure she would be glad to meet.

"Well," said Mrs. Forsyth, watching the child's face as she read the note. "What is it?"

"An invitation from Mr. St. George" said Dorothy proudly, handing her mother the note.

"Of course you will go" said her mother as she read it.

"I should think so" said Dorothy. "Won't it be delightful?"

She had not long to wait, for the party was only two days off, Mrs. Forsyth left the child at Mr. St. George's at precisely six o'clock. The servant showed her upstairs to take off her hat and wraps "just as if I were a real grown-up person" as Dorothy said afterwards to her mother. Then when the maid had helped her to arrange her hair, she marched primly down to the drawing-room. There were only two persons in the room as Dorothy entered, a lady standing looking out of

the window with one arm thrown around the neck of a boy who stood by her side. Dorothy, who had of course, expected to see Mr. St. George went timidly towards the window where the lady stood. The footstep made her turn, and then Dorothy with an almost startled cry ran to her quickly and threw her arms around her. It was Mary Newcomb. After two or three hugs Dorothy said "How in the world did you get here?"

"Didn't I tell you you should see me again soon dear?" said Mary.

The boy who had stood by Mary's side watched the scene, looking awkward and rather out of it. Mary now turned to him "Don't you remember my boy Walter?" she said to Dorothy. Of course Dorothy did remember him and she held out her hand. Then the three sat down together, Dorothy asking many questions. But she had only begun when Mr. St. George entered. Then three more boys came in, Dorothy remembered their faces for they had been among the guests at her own little dinner-party.

The tea bell rang and Mr. St. George led her by the hand into the dining-room.

"We are going to put you at the head of the table" he said to her kindly, "and you must pour out the tea."

"Oh may I?" said Dorothy, with a child's delight at being allowed to do what grown-up people usually do.

"You know you are our only guest, and one does not usually ask the guest to pour out the tea" said Mr. St. George, "but I feel that this is your tea-party."

"I the only guest?" said Dorothy in amazement. "Why, what are all these others?"

Mr. St. George only smiled. Then they sat down at the table, Mr. St. George at one end and Dorothy at the other.

It was a very proud and happy little girl that peeped out over the top of the tea-pot at the company. Mary sat at her right hand to help her in case of need, but Dorothy made the tea as deliberately and as well too, as a little old grandmother could do it. Two boys sat on each side of the table, Mr. St. George did not talk much, but the conversation did not lag, for Mary seemed to understand the boys and

make them feel at home. They talked quite freely to each other and though still a little constrained in Mr. St. George's presence they were perceptibly beginning to feel at home. One of them, Fraser, was a larger boy than Walter Newcomb, but the other two were about his age.

Dorothy had not heard any of the boys' christian names, excepting, of course, Walter Newcomb's. She did not like to call them by their surnames and say "Fraser, will you have another cup of tea?" and Mr. St. George smiled quietly to himself as he heard her say timidly "Mr. Fraser will you have some more tea?"

There was a very steady demand for her supplies, but even hungry boys are satisfied sooner or later, and presently every one had finished. Mr. St. George had been fidgetting nervously with his watch chain and looking uncomfortable for some minutes. Now, when he saw that the meal was ended, he rose nervously from his chair and with a wave of his hand asked for silence. "My boys," he said slowly, "Now that we are just beginning our life here I want to say a few words to you while we are all together and in the presence of this young lady"—with an inclination of the head towards Dorothy. "I am a crusty old fellow, as some of you know already, and you will all know it before you have been long in the same house with me. I have lived alone in this house for thirty years, and now when people are beginning to speak of me as "Old St. George" I am making a change that will cause my friends to think I am mad. If you ask me why I am making this change I ask you to look at that little flushing face behind the teapot there, and you will see the cause. It is she who has done it boys, and I want to tell you now how it has come about; then you will understand me better. She has been my pet ever since she was born, as her mother was before her. If it had not been for them both I should have been a more hardened old heathen now than I am. Do you know what that little girl taught me to do five years ago when she was so small that I could dandle her in the air with one arm? Boys his voice fell and the words came slowly and solemnly. "Boys, she taught me to pray. Yes, she taught me. I carried her, baby as she was,

upstairs to bed and she made me kneel down by the bedside with her and her simple little prayer made me pray as I had never prayed before."

He spoke even more slowly now and with the hesitation that a reserved man feels in speaking of sacred things.

"She asked for God's blessing on me, I never felt before that I needed anything more than I had, but I felt it then and I have since never ceased to feel it. I have been practising what she taught me. I have been praying, and I have felt new desires growing slowly in me. Old men require a long time to make up their minds—and I am old. My lonely life here has not satisfied me for some time, and two months ago this same little messenger—I think she is pleased though her face is soured—drew me out to what she called a "dinner-party." It was the strangest dinner I was ever at, but I hope to have some like it here. It made me see what it was that I could do. I did not want to do it a bit, I tell you that frankly, but I could not silence my conscience and now you see I have made a beginning. This is your own home boys as I have already told you. But there is one thing I have done about which I am a little uneasy. I have robbed this same little girl who has taught me so much. You know that Mrs. Newcomb is the mistress of this household, so far as you are concerned, and I have had to rob Miss Dorothy Forsyth of Mrs. Newcomb.

One thing more, I am a crusty old bachelor, and such I shall be to the end of my days, and the old bear must have a den to which he can retire. My study is my den and I will chase intruders out of it mercilessly—this was said with a very determined look—But the rest of the house is to be used by you as your home. Mrs. Newcomb manages everything. One of you is her own boy. She will, I am sure, be a real mother to the rest too."

Mr. St. George sat down for a moment and wiped his face. Then he felt a pair of little arms around his neck. Dorothy had run quietly around the table and now climbed up to his knee.

"Dear, good, Mr. St. George" she said, giving him a great hug. "How can you say that I did it?"

"It was you, my dear," he said, as he took her to the drawing-room.

"You first made me realize that a man cannot be happy without childlike trust in God and without love. You little witch, I don't know what you'll be making me do still."

Dorothy's heart was very full as she drove home that night. She burst into her mother's room and poured out the whole story into her sympathetic ears. Of course Mrs. Forsyth had known what was going on, both she and Mr. Somers had been consulted by Mr. St. George, and it was by her consent that the arrangements for Mary's leaving had been made. But the secret was kept from Dorothy, that the joy of actually seeing with her own eyes what Mr. St. George had decided to do might soften the grief at Mary's loss.

(To be Continued.)

### "O FATHER, SAVIOUR, COMFORTER DIVINE."

A MISSION PLEA.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

O FATHER, who hast given Thine Only Son  
To ransom the whole world from Satan's  
thrall,

For all the perfect sacrifice of One,  
And life, through One who died, made free  
for all;

O hear us now, while we Thy children plead  
Thy boundless mercy and our brethren's need.

O Saviour, dost Thou bid the weary come  
And lean their weariness upon Thy breast,  
Not only the sick souls of Christendom,  
But all who crave and have not found Thy  
rest?

Hear Thou our prayer in this memorial feast,  
Who art for all the Offering and the Priest.

O Spirit of the living God by Whom  
The spirit of all flesh alone can live,  
Souls cry to Thee in anguish through the gloom;  
Lord, when Thou hearest their dumb cry,  
forgive;

And draw them to the wounded feet and side  
Of Him Who lives for all, for all who died.

O Father, Saviour, Comforter Divine  
All hearts are open to Thy searching glance;  
Lift up upon this darkened world of sin  
The light and glory of Thy countenance,  
Till love its final victory hath won,  
And, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done.

I HAVE NO manner of doubt that half of the poor untaught Christians who are this day lying prostrate before crucifixes, Bambinos and Saints are finding more acceptance with God than many Protestants who idolize nothing but their own opinions or their own interests.—*John Ruskin.*

## Parish and Home.

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

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THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED),  
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THE publishers of PARISH AND HOME are in need of a number of copies of the January issue of our magazine to make complete sets. As there are doubtless many subscribers who have now no use for that particular number, the publishers will feel much obliged if those who can will forward copies of that issue to the publishing office, 58 Bay Street, Toronto, where they will be made useful. The publishers will make good the postage or any other expense on returned copies of the January number when so desired.

WE have no need to be surprised at the fact that whatsoever we ask in the name of Christ we shall receive. There is nothing too great for that name to bring, everything necessary for our bodies and souls will be supplied through it, not merely the ordinary needs of daily life, but even the greatest of all needs, pardon for our sins, salvation for our souls. It is His name that will bring all, not the way in which we ask, not our worthiness, not our good deeds, only His name; no matter what we are if we present our requests with that name they will be granted. See that tattered, poverty-stricken man walk up to the bank counter in one of our cities or towns, where he presents a crumpled, dirty piece of paper. The teller does not bother about the man's appearance, does not scornfully throw back the paper but looking at the name signed on it, passes gold or silver or bank-notes to the claimant, not for his sake but for the name's sake. No

petition that is truly up in the name of Christ ever goes unheeded, can go unanswered.

AMONGST the most readable and helpful of the many booklets published to-day, are two by Rose Terry Cooke, each of which would occupy about ten columns of PARISH AND HOME. The one is called "The Lay Preacher" and tells in a pathetic way of the blessings brought to a minister and his family by a simple-minded servant whose only store of knowledge was Bible texts, and whose reason for everything was "Bible says." The other is "The Deacon's Week," the teaching of which, though given in a somewhat humorous vein is very practical. The pastor of a country congregation decides to try the experiment of changing the annual week of prayer into a week of practice, and the book gives the difficulties and troubles of Deacon Emmons, and the blessings that came to him and others from his honest endeavours to help on the experiment. No one will regret reading these two booklets.

THERE is such a thing as wasted sympathy in the world, the other day as two of us were rowing on the lake we saw a number of what appeared to be the bodies of insects floating on the water. "The poor things have been drowned" said one of us quite regretfully, but a closer examination showed that instead of that the floating objects were only the outward shells from which May flies had burst forth leaving a watery home to fly around in the warm summer air. We sometimes forget the far-sightedness that God's word gives us, and as we stand near the open grave of a Christian, say to ourselves or those around us as we look at the lowered coffin, "poor man," and then on our ears there fall the truer words, written in the firm belief of the resurrection life of glory: "We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world."

NONE of us can be too careful as to what we say. We are masters of the word unspoken, once passed our lips it is entirely beyond our control. An old writer gives three sieves through which he says we should pass all our words before we speak them. The

first is "are they true?" if not then let them be unsaid. The second is "will they do harm?" if they will, whether true or no speak them not. The third is "will they do good?" and if they will not do good, even though they are true and may do no harm, say them not, they are at best but idle words.

THE difference between a true and a false religion is that one is a religion of principle and the other a religion of policy. The subject of the one inquires what is duty in his relations to God; the other asks how he can promote his selfish interests. There are other respects in which the true and false religions are unlike, but these are essential characteristics. The true believer is animated with a sincere desire to honour God because this is right and fit, because he owes to God his best service; the hypocrite and the self-deceived professor are supremely solicitous to escape the consequences of their sin, or to secure some personal or selfish end.—*Selected.*

### MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"I HAD one evening a proof of what a surprise will do in the way of disconcerting lions. It was about ten o'clock at night; I had gathered the whole company around the fire for worship. Just as I was about to commence, we heard very distinctly, close to us, the kind of convulsive hiccup which the lion makes as he creeps towards his prey ready to spring. Instinctively, or rather inspired by God, I started a hymn, the air of which was brisk and lively. The men at once caught it up, there was quite a fusillade of voices—contralto, tenor, bass—nothing was missing, and we have already said what the Hottentot lungs are capable of. After it was over we listened, but nothing was heard. We armed ourselves with firebrands and scoured the neighbourhood of the camp; the brute had disappeared. Perhaps we had deceived ourselves and there had been none after all. The more experienced of our party, however, persisted we had been in great danger. In fact, the next day we discovered, twenty paces off, the still fresh track of the formidable paws which had already been bent to spring upon and tear us."—*Missionary Review of the World.*

### "LEANING ON THEE."

LEANING ON Thee, my Guide, my Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:  
Though weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith  
To Thee the future I confide;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,  
Though faint with languor, parched with heat,  
Thy will has now become mine own,  
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain  
With patience Thou my soul dost fill;  
Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"  
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort break—  
"Be of good cheer!"

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;  
I feel the Everlasting Arms—  
I cannot sink.

—Charlotte Elliot.

### THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

I WANT to say a few kind words to young men who are going into the battles of life. You cannot swing through life in a hammock, or escape fighting if you try; and you cannot hire a substitute. Success or failure—one or the other—is inevitable. You may have critical conflicts with sickness and suffering; you will have mental conflicts with adversities and disappointments and the unkindness of ungrateful people. Every one of you has to contend with certain weaknesses and besetting sins. You cannot avoid that old and never-ending contention which Paul so vividly describes "between the law of God and the law of sin in your members."

As if these internal foes were not enough, you are surrounded with forces that are hostile to both happiness and holiness. Evil fashions and customs must be encountered, and many a pathway is mined underneath with explosives that are as deadly as dynamite. In these times there is no little malaria of skepticism in the air. But in spite of all these enemies, internal and external, you may come off conqueror if you will adopt one principle and stick to it. A certain glorious old field marshal of the Lord condensed it into one line when he wrote to a young man, "fight the good fight of faith!" Don't misunderstand this injunction. Paul did not exhort the youthful Timothy to do battle for the system of faith in

Christ, although that was to be a part of his high calling. Chiefly Paul meant to impress upon the young man's mind that faith was to be the actual weapon, and faith was to be the *fighting force*.

Even in the secular affairs of life, faith is a prodigious power. It has been well described as "winged intellect—the human mind at its best and bravest." All the greatest deeds have been achieved under its inspiration.

What is the mightiest of all forces? I answer that it is the Christ-faith in a human soul. It is invincible simply because it puts the Lord Jesus Christ into your soul, as an abiding presence and an almighty power. I do not mean "faith" as a mere belief in the Bible, or Christianity. That is only an opinion that may not be more than skin deep. By faith I mean now that personal loyalty to Jesus as Saviour and Lord which grows out of the fact that He has entered into your soul and abides there. Then you can truly say:

"I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." The man who originally wrote this could also say: "I know whom I have believed;" for the Son of God had actually entered into the man of Tarsus as a supernatural force. When I was a boy it used to be said of a person who was converted that he had "experienced religion." It was too good a phrase to be dropped; for a religion that is not actually a heart experience is not worth the having. If some church members in these days had ever experienced the incoming of Jesus Christ into the core of their hearts, and experienced a genuine new birth, they would not so easily topple over into worldlings, and money slaves, and fashion worshippers, and often into disgraceful defalcations of character. Empty bags cannot stand upright. An invertebrate religion is worse than none at all; for it exposes you to certain conflicts, with the certainty of being discomfited. Perhaps you have been brought in contact with some of these pious shams, and have been disgusted into a distrust of genuine Christianity.

My young friend, if you will only honestly try the Lord Jesus Christ for yourself—if you will only admit Him into your heart, if you will let His Spirit live in you and rule over you, then you will not only be born to fight, but bound to conquer. Let me tell you some of the victories which this faith

will give you. It will "overcome the world." That is, it will lift you above the authority of this world's opinions and customs and fashions; better yet than being "your own man," it will make you Christ's man. You will not depend on circumstances for either your happiness or your usefulness. Instead of being the slave of the seen things, you will live for the unseen things—which are the only solid and enduring things. The faith, in the next place, will overcome the fear of man, and give you true courage. The majority of young men who fail, go down through cowardice. In all the hard battles of business life, social life, and of innermost heart life, they are pitifully vanquished, because their spears are made of soft pine, and their backbone is all pulp. How many thousands of these have to be picked up mortally wounded, and carried off on stretchers into the hospitals, or else left to die on the field!

If you will look into the oldest book of biographies on the globe, you will find that the men who have conquered the strongest temptations have had not only the courage of their convictions, but have had the indwelling power of God. Joseph, spurning a tremendous temptation, not because Potiphar saw him, but because God saw him; Daniel, facing both a laugh in the palace and the lions in the royal park; Paul, defying Nero because "the Lord stood with me and strengthened me,"—these are the models for your imitation. Good impulses are abundant and cheap. They will never hold you in a sharp fight unless you have the staying power which Christ imparts. To stand the sneers of scoffers, to resist the sudden rush for wealth, to conquer fleshly appetites, to hold an unruly temper under control, to keep base passions subdued, and to direct all your plans and purposes straight toward the highest mark requires a power above your own. Christ's mastery of you will give you self-mastery; yes, and mastery over the powers of darkness and of hell. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the battle of life ends, you will stand among the crowned conquerors in glory.

Perhaps, my young friend, you have been infected with the prevailing skepticism of the times. What is skepticism? It is simply not believing. It is denial, negation, darkness. There is

only one cure for darkness, and that is coming to the light. If you will persist in putting your eyes out, or in barring God's daylight out, there is no help for you; you must die in the dark. Sin has made your soul sick, and if you will not even try Christ's medicine, then the blood poisoning of infidelity will run its fatal course. If you will produce a better rule of life than my Bible (perhaps your mother's Bible also), if you will find a holier pattern of living than Jesus Christ, and a surer Saviour than He is, I will agree to foreswear my religion for yours. But what is your "I do not believe" in comparison with my positive "I know whom I have believed?" What is your denial in comparison with my personal experience of Christ? Skepticism never won a victory, never slew a sin, never healed a heart-ache, never produced a ray of sunshine, never saved an immortal soul. It is fore-doomed defeat. Don't risk your eternity on that spider's web.

The faith fight is a "good fight," because it is for the best objects; it insures a clean heart, a pure conscience and God's approval. It is a good fight because God supplies you with weapons. It is a winning fight, because the omnipotent Christ takes you into His own keeping, and neither man nor devils can pluck you out of His hand. When the Son of God is conquered you will be conquered, and not before.

"Faith is a living power from heaven,  
It grasps the promise God has given;  
Securely built on Christ alone,  
Your soul can never be o'erthrown."

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### FANCY RELIGION.

A SALVATION ARMY officer wanting to find out to what Church his soldiers had belonged is reported to have given the command: "Church of England to the right, Roman Catholics to the left, fancy religions to the rear."

While indignantly repelling the slur cast by this remark upon other Protestant bodies, we are impressed with the thought that in all our churches there is a great deal of what might very significantly be called fancy religion.

Fancy work is chiefly for show, plain work for use. Fancy religion is that kind which looks very well in church on Sunday, being well dressed, well behaved and highly respectable,

but which throughout the week is of very little practical use. It does not sweeten the tempers of those in the home. It does not help to turn out better work from the shop. It does not make more upright and honest the business dealings of the office. It is not a matter of the heart and conscience, but only of the fancy. Let us beware of a fancy religion. "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord," solemnly asks the Saviour, "and do not the things which I say?"

F. H. D.

#### NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

"No room for Christ." That has been the trouble in all the ages. The world has never had room for Him. Room for all unholy aspirations, room for self-seeking, room for pride, room for Satan, room for all the concerted passions of darkness, but no room for Jesus. I go into a store. I find its shelves crowded with goods, and the counter crowded, and the floor crowded. It is crowded even to the ceiling. They have left just room enough in that store for commercial men who come to engage in great mercantile undertakings, but no room in that store for Christ. I go into a house. It is a beautiful home. I am glad to see all those beautiful surroundings. I am glad to see that the very best looms wove those carpets, and the best manufactory turned out those musical instruments. There is no Gospel against all that. But I find no Christ in that household. Room for the gloved and the robed; room for satin sandals and diamond headgear; room for graceful step and obsequious bow, and the dancing up and down of quick feet; room for all light, and all mirth, and all music; but—hear it, O thou Khan of Bethlehem! hear it, you angels who carolled for the shepherds in Bethlehem—no room in that house for Christ! No room in the nursery, for the children are not taught to pray; no room in the dining-hall, for no blessing is asked on the food; no room in the sleeping apartment, for God's protection is not asked for the night.—*Talmage*.

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A LITTLE boy came to a city missionary, and holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:—

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

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly up turned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

The little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sunday-school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find in it, we hope, the Gospel of her salvation.—*Messiah's Herald*.

#### SORROW.

SORROW, my guide, my teacher, and my mate,  
To whose divine companionship I owe  
All that I feel and much of what I know,  
Think not thou scorn, O Sorrow, that my fate

Hath brought me nigh to such a potentate,  
Yea, such a king, as thou art. Men may grow

To love the cross they bear; and even so  
Should I love thee whose pomp of sombre state

Is with me always. I have seen thee send  
And pluck his morsel from the lips of Joy  
In mid-fruition: yet art thou a friend

Even to the bliss thou seemest to destroy.  
Thou art more tender far, and far more fair,  
Than she who else would haunt me—dumb  
Despair.

—Arthur J. Munby

#### THE COLLECTS.

ALEXANDER KNOX said of the Collects of our Church: "For twelve hundred years they had been as the manna in the wilderness to devout spirits, and are, next to Scripture itself, the clearest standard whereby genuine piety may be discerned." Whether we take the collects translated by the Reformers, or those written by them, the words used are the purest and best English known. Our language at the Reformation was in fact in full vigour, and just reaching its prime.

Much in little space and expressed in the plainest words was the rule

adopted. No single word can well be spared; and no word need be added to make the meaning clear, although each Collect is full of teaching. Like those small fragments of gold which are seen in the gold-beater's workshop, the Collects are only grains in size, but like the fragments of gold you may beat them out so as to cover a large surface of religious truth.

For this reason even our children learn them with profit, whilst the deepest thinkers and scholars will say with George Herbert: "There are no prayers like the prayers of the Church of England."

The word *Collect* means a gathering up or collection. Some say the Collect gathers up the teaching of Holy Scripture, and especially of the Epistle and Gospel for the day. Others think the word refers to the *collected mind* which we should possess when we worship God; and others take it to mean a short prayer provided for the *collected* people. Each meaning, no doubt, is true. The Collects are always the echo of some portion of Scripture—*words of man to God, based and built upon words of God to man*. And their brevity and fullness of meaning make them alike helpful to *collectedness* of mind, and to united and "agreed" public worship—representing the spiritual wants of all, and therefore offered by all in common.

It is deeply interesting to trace back to their sources the Pre-Reformation Collects, retained in our Prayer-Book. The Church of Rome did not depart from the truth by one great step, but error gradually crept in as the teaching of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans was either set aside or forgotten. The earlier Bishops of the Roman Church thus originated, or rather adopted from earlier existing prayers, some most Scriptural Collects. Bishop Leo (A.D. 440 to A.D. 460) was one of these. Although a man of towering ambition, seeking to "lord it over God's heritage," he had light enough to frame or arrange at a time when the Goths, the Huns, and Vandals were invading the Roman Empire, the Collect—so suitable in times of national trouble—"Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Fifty years later, Bishop Gelasius supplied other Collects. Most of these, evidently written or compiled at a time of political revolution and peril, contain references to "enemies" and "adversaries," "changes" and "hurtful things." (See Collects, Fourth Sunday after Easter, Eight, Sixteenth, and Twentieth Sundays after Trinity.) Gelasius, it is noteworthy, although error was now fast advancing, still taught that in the Lord's Supper "the elements do not cease to have the substance or nature of bread and wine,"—teaching which would have exposed him to the anathema or curse of the Council of Trent in later times. He also prohibited the reception of the Lord's Supper in one kind only, and declared the custom which is now universal in the Church of Rome to be "a great sacrilege, an unlawful putting asunder of things which God had joined together." Two other Collects we owe to Gelasius—that for the First Sunday after Trinity, and the Second Collect for Peace used at Evening Prayer. Both are full of Gospel truth, and happily show that all was not corrupt in these days, but that beneath the surface there were pious hearts feeding on "the Bread which came down from Heaven."

Gregory, called the Great, became Bishop of Rome A.D. 590. The darkness of superstition was rapidly deepening; relics began to be almost worshipped, miracles were invented, and ambition was no doubt at the root of much of his "zeal" in trying to extend the dominion of the Papacy. The mission which Gregory sent to England under the monk Augustine arose from his seeing two fair and handsome Yorkshire boys exposed for sale in the Roman slave market. Dr. Goulburn thinks this sight of the captive youths led to the introduction in one of our occasional Collects of the words, "though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us."

Our Easter Day Collect received an addition from Gregory, and other Collects were introduced. How far these were original or derived from primitive times, we cannot say; but we are thankful they found a place in the Roman Liturgy, and became, no doubt, to many humble souls helps to spiritual devotion.

Dr. Goulburn, referring to the

history of these times, well says: "Never has the night of ignorance and superstition been so dark in the Church, either under the old or new dispensation, that God has not had His glow-worms to illuminate the darkness."—*Selected.*

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

### GOD'S LOVE FOR BOYS.

God wants the boys, the merry boys.  
The noisy boys, the funny boys,  
The thoughtless boys;  
God wants the boys with all their joys,  
That He as gold may make them pure,  
And teach them trials to endure;  
And heroes brave He'd have them be,  
Fighting for truth and purity;  
God wants the boys.  
—Churchman's Magazine.

### CLEAN HANDS.

"I say, Harry, what has made you take this wonderful clean fit all of a sudden?" asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. "This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes, it will; the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I'm sure it does, though," returned Harry, positively; "papa read it at prayers this morning: 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands; you are a silly boy. You have had your trouble for nothing."

"No, I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So, in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began: "Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have clean hands you'll be stronger?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford, smiling. "I see you remember what we read this morning, how Job said: 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There!" cried Harry, "I knew I

was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can't get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from those stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister; that made it far dirtier than if he had been making mud-pies for a whole day." Harry blushed, and his father went on: "When I was a little boy, I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing—picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you—like stealing lumps of sugar from mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed, she did; and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person?'"

"O, that was Pilate, papa," said Harry, "when he let the people crucify Jesus."

"Yes; but the stain of the sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great, we cannot get rid of them, or their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So, what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean, isn't it? because David said, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'"—*Selected.*

#### HOW HE GOT ON.

A POOR boy met an old captain one day on a tow-path on the Erie Canal; the captain recognized him and said:—

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt down upon the tow-path; the dear old man prayed earnestly for William and then gave this advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as anyone. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn make an honest soap; give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome, and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one tenth, I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord."

Having regular employment he soon became a partner, and after a few years his partner died, and William became the owner of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three tenths, then four tenths, then five tenths.

He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of William Colgate,

who has given a million dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—*Selected.*

#### WHAT THE LITTLE MINUTES SAY.

We are but minutes, little things—  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track;  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares;  
Take patiently the minutes of pain;  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes. When we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while you may,  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell,  
Who uses minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose  
—*Sailor's Magazine*

#### THE STORY OF KYING-MING.

BY ARCHDEACON MOULE.

IT is a spring day thirty years ago in Mid-China. The great plain of San-po, to the north of Ningpo, shone on by the warm sun, and swept by the breezes of spring, is fair and pleasant. The beans are in flower, and the wide breadths of these make the air fragrant. Large stretches of wheat are in ear. Here and there the rice seed-beds shine like patches of emerald. The clover in flower has just been ploughed into the rice-fields for manure; and these fields are dotted over with labourers breaking up the clods of earth with their heavy hoes. Suddenly there is a shout, and every hoe is thrown down, for the rumour of the arrival of a foreigner in the plain passes from mouth to mouth.

The foreigners have left their boat near a picturesque town at the foot of lofty hills, where the C. M. S. have now a flourishing school and a small body of Christians. Then, probably for the first time in their lives, these countrymen see with their own eyes the foreigner, feared, disliked, suspected and yet welcomed oftentimes on these journeyings. Now is this foreigner, they ask, in very deed a white demon—a foreign "imp"? Is he like some imaginary being, or one with flesh and blood like us? They crowd round attracted by the Western clothing and paler faces of their visitors. Some handle inquisitively the coats and umbrellas; some shout incoherent questions; some simply stare with open-mouthed amazement.

Amongst these eager gazers was a husbandman named Kyng-ming. "He took his eyes," as he said when describing the scene to me in after-years. He stared and glared; and the wonderful sight of the long-heard-of Western strangers rendered him deaf to their voices and inattentive to their message.

The preaching is over now. The Gospel has been proclaimed. Tracts are distributed to those who can read; and with many bows and farewells, the missionaries embark in their small boat and turn her head westwards towards Yu-yiao by canal, and thence by river to Ningpo. Kyng-ming goes back to his work. He picks up his hoe; and as he strikes the clods vigorously to make up for lost time, he shouts to his fellows, in the loud voice which these sea-side San-po men have acquired, his astonishment at the sight which has so stirred the plain to-day. What did the visit mean? Are these the foreigners who brought opium to China, and who extract eyes from the dying and dead? Yet they seemed to wish to be courteous. They were not overbearing or violent. They asked for no money. They brought no wares for sale. They actually distributed good books.

Days pass by. Most of the harvest is over; the wheat is long ago gathered, and the early rice cut and carried. The pleasant days of October have come with cool breezes, though the sun still blazes fiercely above. The cotton is ripe, and the fields are full of busy labourers again. Again the word is passed that the foreigners have come. Off runs Kyng-ming to gaze once more on the sight which had so fascinated him in the spring. But now he takes his "ears as well as his eyes." He listens as that strange figure opens its lips and talks. Talks! Yes, there can be no mistake about it. He is talking, not Western gibberish, but their own Ningpo speech! That discovery once more engrosses and absorbs the man's thoughts. He understands nothing of the text, the message, the argument, the invitation, the warning. He merely hears, and is amazed to hear, a foreigner talking Chinese.

The discourse comes to an end. The missionary enters his boat once more; and Kyng-ming goes home, astonished and perplexed, but wholly unenlightened and unmoved. Well was it for him, and well for the foreign workers,

that they were not content with one visit or two. They must go again and seek for Christ's sheep. So in the bright days of early December they were in San-po once more, before the great cold with frost and snow had set in. Kyng-ming is at hand once more, and now with eyes fixed and ears attentive, and with his heart opened by the Spirit of God to receive the truth, he hears, not the language only, but the message of salvation, and he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many years ago after this event I was preaching myself in that same beloved plain, with Kyng-ming as my helper. We had had a day of much discouragement; doors slammed in our faces; careless, frivolous, inattentive hearers; much scoffing, and no apparent reception of our message. As day declined, weary and sad, I proposed a walk up the hills overlooking the sea and the plain. As we mounted higher and higher, I spoke to my companion of our discouraging day. "Be of good cheer," he said, "I know this plain well. I was brought to God down there. I was once as deaf and as hard as the people seemed to-day. But we must go again and again to the same places. I should never have found the Saviour if the missionaries had given up the work in despair at our stupidity on their first visit. My eyes, my ears, my heart were opened one after another; and here I am to-day, helping you, sir, to preach the Gospel. Let us try again to-morrow in God's strength!"

A boy and his younger sister were one day the companions of Dr. Tregelles in a country walk. In a very narrow lane, near Plymouth, they were met by a loaded corn-waggon which seemed to fill the road, and apparently placed them in imminent danger. His sister was much frightened, but not so was the boy. He quietly took her hand, and leading her on towards the small place between the hedge and the waggon, said, "Don't be afraid, Edith; we are quite safe; for the Bible says, 'The Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand,' and the waggon is on our right hand, so God will keep us safe." His little sister was quite satisfied; and the infant believers of seven and five years were kept from harm.—*Northern Messenger.*

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