

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, MAY, 1891.

No. 6.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

LESSONS.

- 1—**St. Phillip and St. James, A & M.** *Morning*—Isa. lxi.; John i., v. 43. *Evening*—Zech. iv., Col. iii. to v. 18.
- 3—**5th Sunday after Easter.** *Morning*—Deut. vi.; Luke xxii., v. 31 to 54. *Evening*—Deut. ix. or x.; Col. iv., v. 7.
- 7—**Ascension Day.** *Pr. Pss.* M. 8, 15, 21; E. 24, 47, 108. *Ath. Cr. Morning*—Dan. vii., v. 9 to 15; Luke xxiv., v. 44. *Evening*—II Kings ii. to v. 16; Heb. iv.
- 10—**Sunday after Ascension.** *Morning*—Deut. xxx.; John i., v. 29. *Evening*—Deut. xxxiv., or Jos. i.; II. Thes. ii.
- 17—**Whitsunday.** *Pr. Pss.* M. 48, 68; E. 104, 145. *Ath. Cr. Morning*—Deut. xvi. to v. 18; Rom. viii. to v. 18. *Evening*—Isa. xi., or Ezek. xxxvi., v. 25; Gal. v., v. 16, or Acts xviii., v. 24 to xix., v. 21.
- 18—**Monday in Whitsunday Week.** *Morning*—Gen. xi. to v. 10; I. Cor. xii. to v. 14. *Evening*—Num. xi., v. 10 to 31; I. Cor. xii., v. 27 and xiii.
- 19—**Tuesday in Whitsunday Week.** *Morning*—Joel ii., v. 21; I. Thes. v., 12 to 24. *Evening*—Micah iv. to v. 8; I. John iv. to v. 14.
- 20—**Ember Day. (F.)** *Morning*—I. Kings xi., v. 26; John vi., v. 41. *Evening*—I. Kings xii. to v. 25; II. Tim. iii.
- 21—**Ember Day. (F.)** *Morning*—I. Kings xiv., to v. 21; John vii., v. 25. *Evening*—I. Kings xv., v. 25; Titus i.
- 23—**Ember Day. (F.)** *Morning*—I. Kings xvi., v. 8; John viii., to v. 31. *Evening*—I. Kings xvii.; Titus ii.
- 24—**Trinity Sunday.** *Morning*—Isa. vi. to v. 11; Rev. i. to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. xviii., or Gen. i. and ii. to v. 4; Eph. iv. to v. 17, or Matt. iii.
- 31—**1st Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—Jos. iii., v. 7 to iv., v. 15; John xii., v. 20. *Evening*—Jos. v., v. 13 to vi., v. 21, or Jos. xxiv.; Heb. vii.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meek-
ened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all foot steps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I
forgave!

—Whittier.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Church Chats.

III.

John—"You see, James, the very same defects that are so often charged against the Church of England can be urged against extempore prayer; but,

on the other hand, the merits of our form of public worship cannot be claimed by those who use the other. If you will listen I will try and show you this."

James—"But you haven't yet answered the objection about the liturgy being formal and incomplete in its range."

John—"Well, I'll do that first. A liturgy is not necessarily formal. It may become so, but it is not necessarily so. As much life and fervour may be thrown into it as into any extempore prayer; far more, indeed, for the people know what is coming, and can join in with intelligence, whereas in extempore prayer they can only follow the leader with effort. No kind of prayer can escape the danger of formality. It depends altogether on the spirit of the minister and the people. Extempore prayer becomes, after a time, just as formal as the most barren of all mechanically-uttered prayer forms. Only there is this difference, the extempore prayer may not be only formal as to matter, it may be barren and bald as to matter; whereas as in our liturgy, no matter how formal the utterance, there is always the fulness of sound scriptural teaching."

James—"There is truth in what you say, John, to be sure."

John—"As to the objection that our prayers are incomplete in the topics they cover. Why that's the thing we find fault with in theirs. Their way is cramped and one-sided. The liturgy is a perfect marvel of comprehensiveness. I was reading not long ago the forms suggested by Richard Baxter and those prescribed in the Presbyterian Book of Common Order, a directory for the public worship of God. They are wearisome in length, and have no redeeming simplicity, beauty and adaptation to the wants of all sorts and conditions of men. On the other hand, our prayers are so comprehensive, orderly, and scriptural. We have confession of sin, ascriptions of praise, humiliation before God, thanksgivings, supplication for daily, and personal, and nation-

al needs, for kings and all in authority, the sick, the poor, the sailors, travellers, and prisoners, etc., etc. All comes in due and edifying order. The more one uses it the more is one struck with its beauty. Poor and rich, ignorant and educated alike, feel it meets their needs. As an old woman once said, 'I do so like going to the English Church, for they always prays for my boy at sea.' Her prayer, poor soul, when the minister asked blessing for those at sea, always rose up specially for her son, and not only she, but the whole congregation, prayed for him in words at any rate. I heard, too, not long ago how, in a mining town, the clergyman was told by one of his parishioners who had loved ones working down in the darkness and danger of the mine, how dear those prayers were that we say morning and evening. 'Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger,' and 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night.' Yes; that is the reason we love our church and the prayers. They suit us all.

James—"You put it all in a new light to me, John. Certainly I never thought in this way before. Still it seems to me there are a great many things we ought to pray for that we don't. We pray for the Prince of Wales, for instance, but not for foreign missions."

John—"Oh, James, you surely are mistaken, not pray for foreign missions!"

"To say nothing of those glorious petitions in the liturgy—"That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred," (Romanists, members of the Eastern Churches—see Art 19), and *are deceived*," that is all Mohammedans and heathens

"That it may please Thee to have

*A fact. In the mines at Springhill, which I lately visited, holding a mission there, it is the custom for a large number of men to work nearly all night, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening. The suitability of this prayer is at once seen when this is understood.

mercy on all men." There is one grand prayer which is always to me the grandest of all missionary prayers, and every Sunday we are obliged to use it."

James.—"I am sure I have never heard it."

John.—"The grandest of all missionary prayers. Listen! 'O God, the Creator and Preserver of *all mankind*, we humbly beseech Thee, for all sorts and conditions of men, that Thou wouldst be pleased to make Thy ways known unto *them*, (*i. e.* to *all mankind*), Thy saving health to *all nations*.' Incomparable petition! so brief, and yet so full, so comprehensive. Why, James, nothing could exceed in grandeur and simplicity such petitions as these. It is impossible for any man to cover always the whole field of supplication just as it is impossible for any man to preach the whole gospel in one sermon. Something must be omitted, something included, but it is hard to conceive of any kind of prayer which would cover a greater field, and express the cravings of a greater number in a better way than the prayers of the Church of England."

Halifax, N.S.

DYSON HAGUE.

RECONCILIATION.

In thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet
The dead face and the living, fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet!"
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

—*Century.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME

ASCENSION DAY.

THE beautiful Scriptural teaching of our Church service is never more apparent than on the occasion of some great festival of the Church year.

As Ascension Day is not generally regarded as a holiday, and many in consequence may be debarred from attending church, it may prove helpful to point out how the services of the day bring before us this last and crowning fact in our Lord's earthly life—His exaltation to Heaven.

In the Psalms appointed for the day

we find expressions, which, though they have a lower and more general application, apply most beautifully in their highest sense to the humiliation and exaltation of the Son of Man. For example, in the Psalms for the morning service we find expressions such as these.—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him; and the Son of Man that Thou visitest him? Thou madest him lower than the Angels to crown him with glory and worship." "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle; or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life; and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart. He that is lowly in his own eyes." "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord. Glory and great worship shalt Thou lay upon Him."

In the Psalms for the evening, we have further expressions of triumph. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; or who shall rise up in his holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart." "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? the Lord Strong and Mighty, the Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory." "O clap your hands together all ye people. The Lord is gone up with the sound of the trumpet. God sitteth upon his holy seat." "Thy truth, O Lord, reacheth unto the clouds."

In the lessons from the Old Testament, we behold in the morning as in a vision, the Ancient of Days upon His throne of fiery flames, and One like the Son of Man coming with clouds, and brought near to the throne and given dominion and glory. We hear, in the evening, the record of the typical ascension of Elijah, who went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

In the lessons from the New Testament, we listen, in the morning, to the brief but touching account of the Ascension, given in St. Luke's gospel. "Jesus led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven." Instead of mourning over their loss, the disciples, we are told, "worshipped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." Their faith fully established in their Risen

Lord by His visible exaltation to heaven.

We are reminded, in the evening, that "there remaineth a rest for the people of God," that "our great High Priest has passed into the Heavens," that "he was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," therefore we should hold fast our confession, and come boldly to the Throne of Grace, since our High Priest in Heaven is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

In the Epistle for the day we have read to us St. Luke's second and fuller account of the Ascension. From it we learn that our Lord while blessing the disciples, also solemnly charged them to wait for the promise of the Father, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; thus they would become His faithful witnesses. We learn further that the Ascension took place forty days after the resurrection; that it was from Mount Olivet; that it was while the disciples were looking that He was taken up, and that a cloud received Him out of their sight. Then the final touch to the picture—so perfectly harmonious with the rest of that wonderful life. "While they were looking steadfastly into heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven.'"

In the gospel for the day, we have our Lord's last ringing command to His Church:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature." "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them."

After hearing this unmistakable testimony of Scripture, we declare in the creed with renewed fervour our belief in this crowning fact in our Lord's earthly life—"He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

In the Collect, we pray that we may "in heart and mind thither ascend and with Him continually dwell." In the proper preface in the Communion Service, we recall the comforting truth, that Christ "ascended into heaven to

prepare a place for us, that where He is, thither we might also ascend and reign with Him in glory."

The appropriate hymns for the day enables us to express in song the same blessed truth:—

"The head, that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow."

Surely the whole service of this day is most inspiring, helping us to seek the things that are above, "where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."

F. H. DUVERNET.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAY.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's fortune,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet.
I have always enough to keep me,
And "Life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But the Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small we are never forgotten,
Though weak we are never afraid,—
For we know our dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest;
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
But I know that wherever I fly,
The Father will guard and watch me,
Have you less faith than I?

—Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THE MISDIRECTED LETTER.

MR. ARVINE in his well known collection of "Moral Anecdotes," relates the following story, which is not without

its lessons. The Rev. Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester, was famous in his day as a sage counsellor and peace-maker. A Church in his neighbourhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions which the congregation were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkley for his services, with a request that he would send them his advice in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened, that Mr. Bulkley had a farm in an extreme part of the town upon which he had a tenant. In addressing the two letters, the one to the Church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the Church. The Church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The chairman read as follows:

"You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull."

This mystical advice puzzled the Church at first, but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said, "Brethren this is the very advice we most need; the direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take heed to godly discipline and sound doctrine, watching against error and inconsistency in our lives; and we must, in a particular manner, set a watchful guard over the Devil—the old black bull—who has done so much hurt of late." All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was that all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long afflicted Church.

How many Churches, not only in the country, but in the towns, might take a lesson from this misdirected letter; how much more peace and harmony there would be if discontented and divided congregations would see to their fences and take special care of the *Old Black Bull*.

—E. D.

For PARISH AND HOME.

SAVED BY A LIGHT.

It was a cold and stormy winter's evening. The express train was crossing a long, high, trestle bridge in a wild part of the mountains.

The engine-driver had just remarked

to his companion that there was great need of caution, for nothing would be left of them if anything went wrong; when, looking ahead, he saw in the darkness a faint light flash across the track and then disappear.

There could not be a light there without there being something wrong, he reasoned with himself, and at once he put on the brakes and reversed his engine.

The train came to a stop, and creeping along the high bridge, he came upon the section man lying on the track in a faint. The truth was soon learnt, the section man, who was well on in years, had fought his way that evening against the storm, almost to the end of his beat. Through some mistake there was not sufficient oil in his lantern, and his light was going out. Suddenly he heard an awful crash close by. A huge boulder had come down the mountain side and lodged between the rails just where the high bridge ended. He knew if the express train struck it, all would be hurled into the depths below. The howling storm rendered any explosive signal useless; it would not be heard by the engine-driver. What was to be done? He suddenly thought of a piece of candle in his pocket and an old bottle; he knew that with the air in the bottle the candle would burn steadily for a moment, but only for a moment; if then he could light it and wave it across the track when the train was in sight, the engine-driver might see it and stop. Hurrying along the trestle bridge towards the train, this is what he did. This was the explanation of the faint flash of light. When he saw that it was seen and the train was saved, he fainted and fell.

Owing to the strict rules of the railway company few have ever heard of this thrilling incident and the noble way railroad men do their duty.

The heroism of that old man, and the quick intuition and prompt action of that engine-driver, saved all on the train from being hurled to destruction. Saved by a light, the faint gleam of a candle!

In our journey across the mountains of life, there are numberless dangers to be encountered, but there is One who has gone before us, who, looking back to us says, "I am the Light of the World, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."

—F. H. D.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

THERE are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought. Two equalities—the false, which reduces all intellects and all character to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; the true, wherein each man has equal power to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more. This is the Divine equality which the Church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does. Two brotherhoods—the false, where a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; the true, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they are all alike. The Church has three special possessions and treasures: The Bible, which proclaims man's freedom; Baptism, his equality; the Lord's Supper, his Brotherhood. — *Charles Kingsley.*

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

AND Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untried,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

—*Longfellow.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"IN a pottery factory here," writes William C. Gannet, in "Blessed Be Drudgery," "there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his 'wee lad' as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give colour to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole

shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning-time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it.

"And, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind; and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on a sanded bank to dry, so that he should come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave half a day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had even seen."

A CURE FOR A "BIG HEAD."

THERE is a very prevalent disease known as *caput magnum*, but the popular name for it is "big head." It is rarely fatal, except to the reputation of the diseased person, and to the comfort and goodfellowship of those who have most to do with him. Still, it is a very annoying and unpleasant malady, and calls for prompt and radical treatment, since it rapidly grows worse if left to itself. It is not confined to any one age, but is more apt to first manifest itself between the years of fifteen and twenty, and is said to be more common among males than females. Strange to say, it does not result from any known predisposing cause; anyhow, those who have the least reason to be conceited are most apt to be afflicted by this undue cranial development, while those who, through their

attainments and services to mankind, have some reason to think well of themselves, are seldom troubled by this malady in any of its forms. Several remedies have been recommended, but perhaps the following are the most successful. Prescription I.:—Reflection on the following topics: (a) The fact that the world got along very well before the patient came into it. (b) The fact that it will get along quite as well when he leaves it. (c) The readiness with which every vacancy is filled, and the facility with which the world forgets its idols. Prescription II.:—A thorough study of biography, which will show—(1st) How influential in their own generation really great men have been. (2nd) How little one's achievements look when placed beside theirs. (3rd) How modest and unassuming the said great men were in spite of their achievements. Prescription III. is the *most efficacious of all*, and was prescribed by one Paul, an apostle: "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."—*The Young Man.*

SECURE.

THE winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of his hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waters upright stood;
And He whose power controlled that raging flood
Still succours helpless men.

He knoweth all; the end
Is clear at the beginning to His eye;
Then walk in peace, secure though storms
roll by;
He knoweth all, O friend!

—*Selected.*

It is said that a person who was hesitating about 'verting to Rome once called on Lidden for advice—"Read no controversialy for a year," said the 'little Doctor'; "read the New Testament only, and take no step until the year is ended." The result of this advice proved its wisdom.—*Church Advocate.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART V.

THE house was well known to him. There was a large room up-stairs in which the lodgers slept. Jack moved softly towards the door. The figure at the fire did not stir. He passed the door in the hall, and again heard the low moaning. Then he crept up the stairs, across the passage, and to the door of the room he sought. He paused for a moment, and then pushed the door open quietly and entered. The room was partially darkened by torn paper blinds that hung over the one window opposite the door. Jack's sharp eyes could, however, penetrate to every corner. At first sight there seemed no human being in the room. It looked like a large store room in which packing cases, some small, others larger, were arranged in two long rows, with a passage down the centre. This was all that was to be seen. But as Jack stood for a moment and listened, one could hear the sound of heavy breathing as of many persons sleeping. Jack goes slowly along the passage, peering anxiously now to one side now to the other. Each packing case has something in it—a human sleeper, each man's packing box here being the substitute for a privateroom. The sleepers have no covering over them, and Jack can see their faces distinctly. Some are curled up, some stretched out at full length. In the shorter boxes are boys, and Jack looks at these anxiously.

Nearly all the sleepers have rolled up parts of their clothing and put it under their heads for pillows. Now Jack comes to a little boy and his heart beats faster. Little Walter Newcomb's photograph is in Jack's hand. The boy turns restlessly in his sleep and Jack sees his face. It is not Walter Newcomb. Jack goes on, but sees no more boys small enough.

There are but two more boxes, one is small, the other large. Jack peers into the small one. It's inmate starts up. "Who is that?" asks a frightened child's voice. Jack Sadler catches a glimpse of the face. It is enough. He runs swiftly to the door, down the stairs and out to the street. He dashes along the street as fast as he can. It is a long way to the shop where he works,

and the bells are striking seven as Jack, breathless, rushes in, just in time.

That day seemed very long to Jack. He hoped that he might be sent on an errand to the neighbourhood of Mr. Forsyth's house, and so have an opportunity of seeing Mary Newcomb, but his errands were provokingly in every other part of the city but that. At last, however, evening came. It was after seven before Jack's work was done. He hurried away as soon as he could, but it was eight o'clock before he reached Mr. Forsyth's house. He found the street number, but was awed when he saw the large and handsome house at which he was to call. Jack was not accustomed to making calls at handsome residences, and he trembled a little as he rang the door bell. There was a long pause before the servant came to the door, and in it Jack had time to remember how he should ask for Mary, "The Doctor's Missus," was what he called her in his own mind, but he felt that some other title would be necessary here. So he was all ready when the servant opened the door to ask:

"Is Mrs. Newcomb in?"

"Yes," said the servant, "do you wish to see her?"

"If you please," said Jack, very politely.

The servant left him standing in the hall and went to tell Mary of her visitor. She hurried down stairs eagerly the moment she heard that a boy was waiting to see her.

"Have you any news?" she said anxiously, as she shook Jack's hand.

"Yes ma'am, I know where he is," said Jack.

"He isn't here?" said Mary, half hoping that Jack had left the boy outside the door while he made his announcement.

"No ma'am, but I'll take you to where he is if you can come."

"Just wait a moment, Jack, please," said Mary hurrying away up the stairs.

She was gone only a minute or two and returned with her bonnet on ready to go out.

It was still daylight. The boy and the anxious woman walked down the street. From many a balcony the perfume of rare flowers penetrated even to the street. The sound of voices and sometime of light laughter, from figures half concealed in the foliage of the balconies, reached them as they walked past the fine residences. Gar-

deners were sprinkling many of the lawns in the cool of the evening.

"It is a long way," said Jack, as they reached a cross street. "Hadn't we better take a car?"

"If it will take us faster," said Mary.

The car carried them a great part of the way. Then Jack, who seemed to know every corner, led Mary down narrow streets, and around corners to the right and left. The narrowest streets seemed to be full of children playing on the cobble stone pavement. Untidily-looking mothers stood in some of the house doors watching the children play and sometimes calling out to them in shrill tones. Men stood in groups near the corners smoking their pipes lazily, and here and there a dog snarled at Mary and her guide as they passed by.

It was quite dark when they stood before the house that Jack had visited in the morning. They paused for a moment. Now for the first time Jack thought of the best way to get the boy. It might not do for him to lead Mary in at once. They stood opposite the house and observed it. The front door was wide open. Soon they saw three or four children come down the street and go quietly into the house. They could see figures in the hall—figures of women.

"I wonder what's the matter," said Jack. "I never saw so many women there before."

"Perhaps we had better go in," said Mary.

They crossed the street and stood at the front door of the house. No one noticed them as they stood and looked into the hall. Four or five women were there, talking in hushed tones. Something unusual had evidently happened, Mary and Jack walked in quietly. The boy remembered now that he had been told in the morning that some one was very ill in the room off the hall.

He now saw among the women the one he had then spoken to.

"How is she?" he whispered.

"Dead," said the woman, scarcely looking at him. Mary went forward a step or two to follow Jack and heard the short answer which he received.

The door of the room at the left of the hall was open, and she looked in almost involuntarily. The room was lighted dimly, and seemed half filled with children. There was a bed opposite the door, and on this lay a figure

covered with a white sheet—the figure, no doubt, of the dead woman. The children were moving in a row up to a point which was out of Mary's view, but she felt that they were looking in turn at the features of the dead. As a doctor's wife she had been often in the house of death, and she knew of that strange curiosity which the old, and especially the young among the poor, have to look at a dead person.

Jack moved on past the women and stood for a moment at the door of the room in which he had waited in the morning. Mary followed. She now became aware of a low droning sound that was evidently an attempt at singing. The song was not loud, and it was broken and without tune, more like a rambling monotone than a song.

Jack pushed the door open quietly and Mary followed him without a word. One tallow candle glimmered in a corner of the room. At first they heard only the singing and could see no one. The sound came from the corner where the fire-place was. Mary peered through the half darkness and saw the figure of a man swaying backwards and forwards and from side to side. The movement of his body kept time with the low droning, which was a drunken attempt at singing. The dim light, the bare room, the ghastly figure which she had seen in the next room, filled Mary with an unspeakable sense of horror. She looked hastily about the room. The miserable man before the fireplace started at the movement which she made. The song ceased. He tried to rise, and struggled to his feet. But he could not walk. A step towards them and he fell headlong on the floor. Two or three frightened women rushed into the room and bent over him with Mary. They heard a low murmur for a few moments and then a heavy breathing. The man who had sworn to love, honour and cherish his wife lay in a drunken stupor in one room while she lay dead in another.

"For God's sake, Jack, let us go," whispered Mary, half fainting and scarcely knowing what she said.

"But we haven't found Walter yet," said Jack, less sensitive than Mary to such scenes. "He must be up-stairs if he is here."

Jack took hold of Mary's hand and led her out to the street door.

"Wait only a minute or two, please," said he.

He went as quickly as he could up the dark staircase, and Mary leaned against the side of the doorway and waited, listening.

Jack crept to the door of the room in which he had seen little Walter in the morning. The door was closed. The house had been solidly built and scarcely a sound reached him through the closed door. He could, however, hear low voices inside. He opened the door softly and stepped inside. The room certainly presented an appearance different from that of the morning. Nearly all the packing boxes had been turned bottom upwards. Some of the largest ones were high enough to make rough tables when thus turned and the smaller ones served as seats. A flickering candle stood on each of these improvised tables. At one of them four men were playing with dirty, greasy looking cards. At others games of dominos were going on. All the players were intent on what they were doing and scarcely noticed Jack's entrance. They either did not know or did not care about what had taken place in the rooms below. There was a sprinkling of boys among the players, and some smaller boys stood about the boxes and watched the games. Jack's quickeye swept over the various groups. He stepped forward a little and looked again, closely. Walter Newcomb did not seem to be there. One of the men struck a match and re-lighted his pipe with it. As the light fell upon his features Jack recognized a man he had seen here before. Perhaps he could tell him something of the boy. He made his way quietly around the boxes to the other side of the room. As he did so he saw that some of the boxes that lay on the ground were not overturned, but had occupants as in the morning. Jack looked to the spot where he had seen little Walter in the morning: just then he heard a smothered sob.

"Stop that sniffing, will you, youngster," said one of the men who were playing cards, looking angrily towards the box in which Jack had seen the boy.

Jack could see into the box now, and his heart jumped as he saw a little boy lying there. He had apparently cried himself to sleep, and was now sobbing restlessly.

The men were impatient of noise, and Jack must get the boy out as quietly as possible. He gave him a gentle shake and the child started up.

Almost before Jack knew it he had reached the door with the boy in his arms. He heard curses hurled after him as he pushed the door open with his foot. He was not big enough to carry the boy far, and he put him down outside the door and gave him a good shaking to awake him thoroughly. The child began to cry.

"Come along; here is your mother!" said Jack, hastily seizing him by the arm and leading him to the stairs.

Mary Newcomb stood at the door waiting, half dazed at the dreadful surroundings in which she found herself. There is a step at the foot of the stairs. She turns hastily and sees Jack at her side with her boy.

"My darling," is all the mother says as she clasps her boy in her arms and bends her head over his. There is a long silent pause, and then Mary says brokenly:

"A cab, Jack, please." There on the step the mother holds her child while Jack brings the cab. He is not gone long. He comes back sitting on the seat with the driver. He jumps down, and in a moment Mary and her boy and Jack are driving hastily away in the cab. Jack sits quietly in a dark corner and thinks over all that has occurred. He has read fiction of a certain kind, and who will blame him if, in the thoughts of that proud moment, he compared himself to some of the brave knights of whom he had read, who, with grandiloquent phrases rescue distressed ladies and children from captivity and danger.

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE PROVES ITSELF.

THIS has been for some thirty years a deep conviction of my soul—that no book can be written on behalf of the Bible like the Bible itself. Men's defences are men's words; they may help to beat off attacks; they may draw out some portion of its meaning; the Bible is God's Word; through it, God the Ho'y Ghost, speaks to the soul which closes not itself against it. —Pusey.

BETTER is it to have a small portion of good sense with humility and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency. Better it is for thee to have little, than much of that which may make thee proud. —Thomas à Kempis.

Parish and Home.

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WE know of students and others who will be doing summer work in remote districts where the people read almost nothing. Some of these tell us that they could use many copies of PARISH AND HOME to great advantage. Possibly some of our readers would like to help in this real missionary work. We shall be glad to receive any donations, large or small, for carrying it out. If each worker in these remote fields could feel that a paper, such as this, would be received and read after he had come back from his missionary district, he would have the comfort of knowing that a silent voice was still pleading with the people he had sought to win.

WHATEVER we may find it necessary to say or do, as Christians, let us at any rate be real and manly in our utterances. It is often noticeable that the moment people begin to speak on religious matters their eyes fall to the ground and their words become constrained. It is true that some people speak of religious matters with the glibness and ease of a discussion on the weather. Others, alas, never speak at all on these subjects. If we avoid both extremes and speak always with due reverence, yet simply and naturally, of these solemn questions of life, our testimony will be respected and heeded.

THOSE who are doing most are always the most ready to undertake new work. The reason is simple. A multitude of duties makes it necessary to be systematic. Some very busy people

accomplish little or nothing in the course of the day. They are so busy that they have not time to do their real work. To be busy without being systematic is to be busily idle. "I have wasted my life in busily doing nothing," said poor Grotius on his deathbed. Know what you are to do and how you will do it. Many of us waste much time in finding out what we ought to do next, and the opportunity for doing it is gone while we are making up our minds.

MODERN social effort proceeds largely upon the idea that perfect organization will remove the ills of society. Organization will do much, but it will not make a bad tempered man sweet tempered. It will not make a man, full of lust, pure; it will not bring peace and rest to a troubled heart. The very best machinery will not produce love, yet we crave for love, and without it are unhappy in the midst of every comfort. And God is love; Christ is God, and He came among men to win them by personal contact and loving, helpful sympathy. The restless heart of the world needs Christ. No other balm will heal its wounds. His is the only "Gospel." And He was simple and unconventional. He gave us no elaborate mechanism of a life, but the sweetness of a Divine and holy character, and no work is strong or secure that is not based upon His character.

If we are doing anything, it is worth while to do it thoroughly and exactly. If we are telling anything, it is worth while—nay it is necessary to our reputation—to relate exactly what occurred. It is so easy to round-off a story by adding a little here and there for the sake of proportion. People quickly detect this habit in any one, and soon when one of these rounded-up stories is told they say, "Oh, well we know that A. is not very careful about what he says." He is, in short, a liar. Ericsson, the great inventor was a model of exactness. His designs were accurate to the minutest detail. Once a workman was endeavoring to put in the engines of a steamship, and found great difficulty with a small connection which is described as being "crooked as a dog's hind leg." Finally he went to Ericsson, and informed him that the rod could not be put in place.

"Is it right by the drawing?" was the query.

"Yes, sir."

"Then it will go in."

And on another trial, it did. Accurate thinking, accurate speaking, accurate working are all necessary to the man who would earn the respect of others.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WHITSUNDAY AND TRINITY.

THE month of May is always full of interest to the churchman. Among other festivals we celebrate in it this year the feast of Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday. We shall look at these two great feasts together, for they are closely associated. "It is expedient for you that I go away," said Jesus in anticipation of his ascension. His disciples did not understand the meaning of his words when they were spoken, but they learned it later. The Comforter came as His gift; Pentecost came because Christ had ascended, and with the gift of the Spirit at Pentecost the cycle of God's revelation was completed. We celebrate after it Trinity Sunday, for in the Trinity is summed up all the truth He has taught us.

Everyone who has attempted that most difficult of feats - to persuade men to give up some cherished plan and adopt one contrary to their inclinations and apparent interests,—knows how feeble human words are. An unseen barrier is between our mind and that of the man we would convince, and the words strike feebly against this and fall to the ground. Passion, lust, desire, master most of us at times, and the quiet voice of protest is unheeded.

Here, as in so many other situations in life, our weakness is God's opportunity. We know that we speak the truth to our erring friend, yet our warnings are fruitless. We cannot touch the necessary spring of his heart. A wiser Workman than we must do this delicate work. And this is the mission of the Holy Spirit—to make men willing to learn, to make the teacher apt to teach. He who is without the aid of the Spirit in his Christian work, is without the only key that can unlock the door of men's hearts. A blind man trying to "unlock" a solid brick wall is not an exaggerated illustration of a Christian teacher without the guidance of God's Spirit.

O weary, discouraged Christian work-

ers, who see no fruit of your labour, come and prostrate yourself before God and ask for the gift of His Spirit. Years of labour have passed, apparently barren of result. Are you sure that you have brought your work to God and pleaded with him for those you would bless? Ask yourself this question on Whitsunday, and let God's Spirit whisper the answer of reproof to your heart.

And Trinity Sunday reminds us that the truth which God's Spirit reveals to man is boundless and immeasurable. It must be so to satisfy us. Could we understand all, we should soon weary in the search for truth. But in the fathomless mystery of the Trinity there are always depths that we have not reached. Thank God for the fullness, richness of His Being as it is expressed in the Trinity. A mysterious yet real Power, revealing a mysterious yet real and loving God—this is what Whitsunday and Trinity suggest to us.

ALONE.

THERE is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.
"There is not one who really understands.—
Not one to enter into all I feel."
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wander in a "solitary way,"
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.
And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart he wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret key himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary soul which comes to him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to me,"
And every time we are "not understood"
It is a call to us to come again,
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul;
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a "solitary way."
And when beneath some heavy cross you faint
And say, "I cannot bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which "no one understands"
Conveys a secret message from the King
Entreating you to come to him again.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well;
In all points tempted he can feel with you.
You cannot come too often or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace;
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with him from day to day
Can never have a "solitary way."—*Selected.*

"HE RESTORETH MY SOUL."

CHRIST uses many *restorative ministrations*. Sometimes it is the word of a friend or minister. Or it may be a hymn, breathing the fragrance of a holy heart, and speaking of a happier past. Or it may be a paragraph, a sentence in some biography or religious treatise. Not unfrequently it happens on this wise. You are away in the country, walking solitary and moodily, when there is a burst of sunbeams, or of song-notes from the brake; or, without any natural cause, you are suddenly aware of the gentle, thawing, all-persuasive influence of the grace of God, which touches the deepest springs of the heart and softens it, and leads it to contrition and prayer. Is not this experience something like that resulting from the look which Jesus cast at Peter, and which sent him out to weep bitterly, and was the first stage in his restoration?

Let those who want to understand the whole philosophy of restoration read the marvellous story of the way in which the Good Shepherd restored the soul of His erring apostle. We can only enumerate the stages here. He prayed for him and warned him. From the midst of the rough crew that did their will on Him, "He turned and looked at Peter,"—not angrily nor harshly, but with the tenderest reproach. He gave a special message to the angels that they should bid the women summon Peter amid the rest on the resurrection morning, showing how constantly he had been in the Saviour's heart all through His sorrows. He met him alone on the world's first Easter-day, and permitted him to pour out the story of his sorrow, unrestrained by the presence of any beside themselves. He gave him an opportunity of thrice attesting his love, to wipe out the memory of the thrice denial. And this is not more than He will do for any of us.

Oh, do not wait for days or weeks to elapse ere you apply to Him for His restoring grace! But just as you are, dare to trust Him to do it now. Whilst the throb of passion is still beating high, and the deed of shame is recent, look up to Him, and claim forgiveness first; and in the same breath ask Him to put you back immediately in the very place which you occupied before you fell. And then, though as yet no answering joy thrills your heart, you

will be able to exclaim, in the assurance of faith: "He restoreth my soul."

Yes, and for those who dare to claim it, there is another promise still more reassuring, which tells us that "He will restore the years that the canker-worm has eaten"—giving back to us opportunities and privileges which we may seem to have forfeited for ever.

—F. B. Meyer, B.A.

PATIENCE.

"The God of patience." (Rom. xv. 5).

OH, to be patient! How often has this cry risen from your weary spirit, and much-worn frame! At first when laid aside, did it not seem as if some strange and fiery trial awaited you? "Lord, what is this?" you said. "I am afraid." As the days went on, "Oh, for relief from pain!" was the prayer—"relief even for a little, Lord Jesus!" "Not yet, my child," was, it may be, the answer. Then, slowly and imperceptibly, the plea came to be, "Give me, oh, give me to be *patient!*" As the weeks passed, did the suffering seem less, or the nights shorter, or the weary days easier? Ah, no! you did not get *accustomed* to the pain, but you learned to bear it quietly.

Sympathy is sweet from some, very! You have felt grateful for it from any; thankful to God for the least expression of it by act or word. But the words, "How patient you are!" words meant in kindness, fell like *unrefreshing* balm; the hot, restless spirit within cried, "Thou knowest, Lord, I am not patient; I am not like Thee! Thou GOD OF PATIENCE."

Have you taken comfort from that wonderful name? Did you ever really think of *His* patience, or have you merely wished for and looked for *your own*? "Looking unto Jesus," beholding and dwelling on his patient endurance of suffering—upon the "*long-suffering*" of our gracious God with us, surely we shall grow in this fruit of the Spirit.

Dear sufferer, and (still more tried in some ways than others), dear convalescent friend, let the thought of the God of patience calm you, and when the countless petty trials of day worry and vex you, and your spirit is fretful in your weakness, have *patience with yourself*, and look up and rest in the patience of Christ.—M. R. in *British Messenger*.

WHO MADE IT ALL?

In a musical instrument, when we observe divers strings meet in harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician tuned them. When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under several colours, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general whose commands they are all subject to. In a watch, when we take notice of great and small wheels, all so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer. When we come into a printing-house, and see a great number of letters so ordered as to make a book, the consideration hereof maketh it evident that there is a compositor, by whose art they are brought into such a frame. When we behold a fair building, we conclude that it had an architect; a stately ship, well rigged, and safely conducted to the port, that it hath a pilot. So here: the visible world is such an instrument: army, watch, book, building, ship, as undeniably argueth a God, who was and is the tuner, general, and artificer, the composer, architect, and pilot of it.

And so, when we survey the bare outworks of this our globe; when we see so vast a body accoutred with so noble a furniture of air, light, and gravity; with everything, in short that is necessary to the preservation and security of the globe itself, or that conduceth to the life, health, and happiness, to the propagation and increase of all the prodigious variety of creatures the globe is stocked with; when we see nothing wanting, nothing redundant or frivolous, nothing botching or ill-made, but that everything, even in the very appendages alone, exactly answereth all its ends and occasions—what else can be concluded but that all was made with manifest design, and that all the whole structure is the work of some intelligent Being, some Artist of power and skill equivalent to such a work?

When Napoleon was returning to France from the expedition to Egypt, a group of French officers one evening entered into a discussion concerning the existence of a God. They were on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean Sea. Thoroughly imbued with the infidel and atheistic spirit of the times, they were unanimous in their denial of this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject,

who was standing alone wrapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand, and pointing to the starry firmament simply responded, "Gentlemen, *who made all that?*"—*Catholic T. A. News*

DILIGENT IN WORK.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.
Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

—A non.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF AGE.

WHILE the weight of years will of necessity impede many of the plans and objects that have governed through life, it is a mistaken idea that age presents no facilities for new achievements and success. In literature, science and politics the most important positions have been won after the competitors have reached the age of three-score years. Longfellow, in one of the happiest of conceptions, says:

"Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

The prizes of life are for the old, not less than for the young. President Woolsey conceived the idea of his great work on International Law after he had reached that period in life when most men discontinue the activities of a professional career. Milton was fifty-eight years of age when he completed the greatest of his poetic works.

Old age may be rich not only in opportunities, but also in joys.

The remembrances of the past will admit one into a realm of felicity that nothing else can inspire.

John Webster, one of the most brilliant and gifted dramatists of the Shakesperian era, expressed his idea of the old in the idiom of that period. "Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood-burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweet heart, are surest, and

old lovers are soundest." Goldsmith says: "I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." It was the conception of Shakespeare himself that "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends" should "accompany old age," and back thirty-eight centuries ago the promise was made to the founder of the Hebrew race that he should be buried "in a good old age." The thought of growing old should in no way be allowed to interfere with the work that has fallen to one's lot. The head "silvered with age," is the world's safest guide. "The hoary head is a crown of glory" is the Scriptural way of expressing the thought.—*The Ethna*.

THE BEGGAR'S FOUNTAIN.

THERE is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called "The Beggar's Fountain," and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well-dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortune.

There was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and it was the only one for miles; many a wayfarer paused to drink at it, but was never permitted to do so. A servant was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away. Now there had never been known before any one so varicious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellowman, and the angels, talking among themselves, could not believe it, and one of them said to the rest:—

"It is impossible for any but Satan himself! I will go to earth and prove that it is not true."

And so this fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, and to pause beside the fountain and to humbly ask for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot refused; but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven, went to

the master himself, and said, "I am as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor are my garments, how stained with travel. It is not easy at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink, and even if it is, I pray you bid him let me drink, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes, and said:—

"This is not a public fountain; you will find one in the next village."

"The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman and weak."

"Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly rags fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then with a gush of music and a flood of perfume she vanished.

The servant fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man trembled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul.

Almost instantly a terrible thirst fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherbets, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire now experienced the torture of an ever unsatisfied longing; but through his misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung a cup ready for anyone who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was not lifted.

The rich man—young when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And, at eighty years of age, bowed with years of infirmity, and weary of his life, he sat beside the fountain

weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar woman, hooded in black, and walking over the stones with bare feet. Slowly she came and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked.

"There is none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink, and pray for one athirst. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her lips she presented it to those of the old man. "Drink then," she cried, "and thirst no more."

The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh blessed draught! with it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised Heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall in pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as if in blessing, and then, rising, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring gushes, and it has been given to the poor forever. Such is the story of the "Beggar's Fountain."—*The Little Crusader*.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

PROBABLY nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn it to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be

courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.—*British Messenger*.

Boys and Girls' Corner.

JUST FOR A GOOD TIME.

LUCILE GREGG was a pretty girl, merry, and fond of a good time. Whenever there was any fun or mischief afoot, Lucile was a leader. She liked to do things a little daring, just a bit "shocking," and enjoyed seeing some of her friends open their eyes, and hear them exclaim, "O Lucile, how can you?"

"I'm not a Miss Prim," she would reply. "I'm not too strait-laced to have a good time."

Lucile had many admirers with whom she had what she termed "summery flirtations." "There no harm in it," she said. "It's just for a good time."

Last summer Lucile went to a fashionable resort in the White Mountains. While there she made the acquaintance of George Martin, a young man of good family in New York. He showed Lucile attention, and sometimes she thought, with a little fluttering of her heart, that this might be more than a "summery flirtation."

One day George was joined by his mother and two sisters, and Lucile looked forward with mingled pleasure and anxiety to meeting them; but a whole day passed, and George did not offer to introduce her to his relatives. Lucile was somewhat annoyed at this omission, but did not suppose it was intentional until, just at dusk, she was sitting alone in the sheltered corner of the balcony, when she heard voices in one of the rooms.

In answer to some question, she heard George Martin say, "Oh, that's Lucile Gregg."

"Why, then, she must be Belle Merrill's cousin," responded a lady's voice. "You must introduce us. You know Miss Gregg, of course?"

"Yes, I know her," George answered, "but I don't believe you'll care to make her acquaintance."

Lucile ought to have left without hearing more; but the temptation to

learn more was too great, so, with burning cheeks, she lingered and listened.

"Why, she belongs to one of those old Boston families," the lady exclaimed, "and why shouldn't we care for her acquaintance."

"Well, she does well enough to talk with, and treat to ice-cream and confectionery, but she—well, she isn't the girl a man would like for a wife, or would like his sisters to choose for a companion. She's a little too loud—"

Lucile waited to hear no more. Hot with angry shame and humiliation, she fled to her room. And she had thought that George Martin esteemed her. She knew his real opinion of her now.

Wave after wave of wounded pride and mortification went over her as she recalled certain acts of her own; twice she had smoked cigarettes in George Martin's presence, and he had professed he had admired her "splendid independence," and all the while he was thinking her *loud!*

Lucile did not spare herself in this humiliating retrospect. "I never will do so again!" she cried, at length. "No one will ever have a chance to call me loud after this!"

Whether she keeps this resolution or not, Lucile Gregg will never think of certain events of that summer without a thrill of shame.

Without a thought of wrong, save in merry pursuit of a good time, many a young girl has been led to some foolish act which has left a stain on her reputation, and caused her hours of humiliation afterward.—*Youth's Companion*.

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet butter-cup;
Under the leaves, and the ice and the snow,
Waiting! waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Are under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about,
Under the leaves and the ice and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month, or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door—
Listen and watch and wait below,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing's so small, or hidden so well
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow.

—*The Kindergarten*.

SMALL CORNERS.

GEORGIA WILLIS was rubbing the knives. Someone had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for ever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "You in your small corner, you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can; that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again:

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If He knows about knives, it's likely He does about steak," and she broil it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased face, and then she told about the knives. Miss Emma was ironing ruffles. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she had said; "I'll hurry them over;" but, after she had heard about the knives, she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said; and Emma, laughing, answered, "That's owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged her to go with her somewhere. "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to the prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, I think I will with you;" and they went together to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what their minister said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be here."

"It was owing to little Georgia,"

said Helen: "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it was only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, and the man wouldn't listen to him; but to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives and her small corner; and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for Him."

The sick man was *Georgia's father!* Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, "She hath done what she could," and He gave the blessing. Her father's heart was reached.

But Georgia knew nothing about all this; and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

—*The Children's Messenger*.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

COME, children, gather close around me, for I want to tell you something about a little brown-eyed boy I saw the other day holding on to the hand of a great, tall, white-haired gentleman. That was all—

"Nothing very strange in that," says little Sam, "I hold onto my papa's hand lots o' times," and "I!" "I!" and "I too!" cry loving Bob and sturdy Sam and pretty Sue.

Yes, but children, I was going on to say that was all I noticed at first, but as the wee boy and the tall gentleman came along I saw that the big hand seemed to be holding on to the little one, and the little boy, instead of skipping and bouncing about as boys usually do when they *try* to walk, came walking beside the tall man carefully watching every step, and when they came to the steps of the grocery and fruit market the little boy said:

"Step up, father," in a voice so full of sweet tender care that it sounded just like the dear mother's voice.

They walked around among the fresh vegetables and fruit, the little boy pointing out and telling the tall man about them, and when they had come to where the red and gold apples

nestled together in the barrels, the little boy laid the tall man's hand upon them and his fingers fluttered over them and then on to where the frosty purple grapes lay so sweet and juicy in the white birch baskets.

"These are very nice indeed, father, I think you will like them," said the little child as he lifted his beautiful eyes to his father's face, who did not return the look, but smiled down upon him, which seemed to be just what the little boy expected. He took up the hand again and gently turned his father around where stood a waiting clerk, and while he was making his purchases I spoke to the precious little guide, and the gentleman hearing my voice, turned quickly toward where I stood, and reaching out and feeling for the brown head, said:

"Ah! yes, this child is all the eyes I have, he is my only light; his little feet guide my footsteps wherever I go. I do not know what I should do without him, and he is so patient, too; never have I heard him murmur to be taken from his play to serve me."

The little fellow's eyes shone with love as his blind father praised his faithfulness.

Just to think, little children, a wee boy of seven so necessary to a great strong man, and so ready and patient to serve the dear father, who was made happy and contented by his sweet service.—*Aunt Lida in The Kindergarten.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S COMPLIMENT.

THE accuracy with which children judge character is well illustrated in the following anecdote:—

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of the street, in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she

had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterwards told the story he said: "That little girl's trust is one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

That man was the great and good Lord Shaftesbury. He received honours at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honours conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when the little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

CHRIST AND THE LILLIES.

"Consider the lillies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—LUKE XII. 27.

SAID THE CORN TO THE LILLIES,
"PRESS NOT NEAR MY FEET;
YOU ARE ONLY LILLIES,
NEITHER CORN NOR WHEAT;
DOES ONE EARN A LIVING
JUST BY BEING SWEET?"

NAUGHT ANSWERED THE LILLIES,
NEITHER YEA NOR NAY,
ONLY THEY GREW SWEETER
ALL THE LIVELONG DAY;
AND AT LAST THE TEACHER
CHANCED TO COME THAT WAY.

WHILST HIS TIRED DISCIPLES
RESTED AT HIS FEET,
AND THE PROUD CORN RUSTLED,
BIDDING THEM TO EAT,
"CHILDREN," SAID THE TEACHER,
"THE LIFE IS MORE THAN MEAT."

"CONSIDER NOW THE LILLIES,
HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY GROW!
NEVER KING HAD SUCH GLORY,
YET NO TOIL THEY KNOW."
OH HAPPY WERE THE LILLIES
THAT HE LOVED THEM SO!

—*The Children's Messenger.*

IT is not by change of circumstance, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—*F. W. Robertson.*

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—*A. Lincoln.*

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