

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 1.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 7.—**2nd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. v. 1; John i. *Evening*—Isa. xl. 10 v. 11; or Isa. xxiv.
- 14.—**3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. xxv.; 2 John. *Evening*—Isa. xxvi., or xxviii. v. 5 to v. 19; John xx to v. 19.
- 21.—**4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isa. xxx to v. 27, or Job xlii. 10 v. 7; John xx. v. 19 to 24. *Evening*—Isa. xxxii., or xxxiii. v. 2 to v. 23; John xiv. 10 v. 8.
- 25.—**Thursday, Christmas Day.** *Morning*—Isa. ix. 10 v. 8.; Luke ii to v. 15. *Evening*—Isa. vii. v. 10 to 17; Titus iii. v. 4 to 9.
- 28.—**1st Sunday after Christmas, Innocent's Day.** *Morning*—Isa. xxxv.; Rev. xvi. *Evening*—Isa. xxxviii., or xl.; Rev. xviii.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"A MERRY Christmas" to you,
For we serve the Lord with mirth,
And carol forth glad tidings,
Of a gracious Saviour's birth.
So we keep the olden greeting,
With its meaning deep and true,
And wish "A Merry Christmas"
And "A Bright New Year" to you.

A WORD OF GREETING.

ONLY a few prefatory words are necessary in offering the first number of PARISH AND HOME to the public. There is an increasing call for Parish magazines, and it has been thought that one, specially edited to satisfy the requirements of this country, would meet with acceptance. The aim of PARISH AND HOME will be to furnish simple and interesting spiritual teaching in an attractive form, and thus to aid the clergyman, the district visitor, and the Sunday school teacher in their work. Especial care will be taken that the paper is scriptural and evangelical in its teaching, and all controversial topics will be avoided, so that clergymen can place it in the hands of their parish workers with perfect confidence. The editor believes that the artistic appearance of the paper will commend itself to its readers, and that in this respect PARISH AND HOME will be superior to most, if not all, of the parish magazines offered at

the same price. He looks for a cordial support to this new effort to place helpful reading in the hands of church people. A prospectus will be found on page 7.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer:
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known,
Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair:

The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done:
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE TROUBLE AT ST. JUDITH'S.

THERE was trouble at St. Judith's. It was not that anybody had quarrelled. The choir was doing well, and there was no fight with the organist. The churchwardens and the rector were on good terms. Everything had gone smoothly at the last vestry meeting. There was a small balance on the right side, and complimentary resolutions were passed in abundance. Still, there was trouble at St. Judith's. The rector did not suspect it; the churchwardens said that everything was "all right." Was not the clergyman's stipend paid regularly? The last six months' interest on the debt had been met promptly,

and some money had been paid before it was even due. The organist, for instance, was too musical to be practical, and had got into debt. He had come to Mr. Strongbow, the churchwarden, in great distress, and Mr. Strongbow had, just for this once, paid his quarter's salary in advance. There was money in hand to meet even this extra call. "What more could one want," said Mr. Strongbow, excitedly, when old Mr. Blackwell talked to him about what he called "the trouble." "If this church is not prosperous, show me one that is! Why, we let three new pews last week, and there are only four unlet pews in the church, and they are where no one can see or hear," and Mr. Strongbow poured the collection from the plates out upon the vestry table, in order to count it, with a gesture that indicated that the subject was not one open to discussion.

Old Mr. Blackwell walked out through the vestry door, past the side entrance to the church, and so out to Markdale St. and turned down it homeward. Mr. Strongbow was a very decided man, and poor Mr. Blackwell quite lost his power of speech when the churchwarden spoke in that vigorous way. "After all," thought Mr. Blackwell, "is there anything in the church to complain of? The singing is good, the Rector's sermons are said by so many to be 'capital.' Though!" sighed Mr. Blackwell, "I cannot always understand them. I suppose it is because I never studied Hebrew. Then nearly all the pews are rented"—but again Mr. Blackwell could not help thinking that they were nearly always half empty—"and I am sure," he thought at length, "we ought to be very thankful that we are so prosperous, especially with our heavy debt. Perhaps I am wrong in thinking there is 'trouble.'" and Mr. Blackwell turned into his house and sat by the fire, and read the *Illustrated Christian Comforter*, until he nodded over it.

If Mr. Blackwell did not quite know his own mind, there was a lady in the parish who knew hers. The very next day Miss Stringham was presiding at a meeting of the Women's Missionary

Co-operative Council, and found occasion to express her opinions. There were only six ladies present. Missionary effort had somehow never flourished at St Judith's. The ladies for the last half-hour before separating, were having a little talk over the church's affairs. Miss Stringham managed the Mother's Meeting, and had made a success of it "I declare," she said, vehemently, as she spoke of her work. "I lose all patience with the Rector. I ask him to go and see a sick woman; he says he will, but forgets it. Then I ask him again and he promises, but it is usually about a week before I can get him to go. I can't see how a man can be so careless. I am sure I had to ask him three times before he went to see that poor Mrs. French who died last week."

"I do wish the Rector were a little more practical," said little Mrs. Henry Hodgetts, "but you know he says he has no gift for visiting the poor, and I am sure they couldn't hear him preach with any pleasure. I think that high-pitched voice of his is excruciating."

"But," said Miss Stringham. "Why doesn't he try to improve it, and what is the good of a church to which the poor can't come? I don't know what that verse means about the poor having the Gospel preached to them, if it does not mean that such men as our Rector are to do it. I think his sermon last Sunday, on 'The Measurements of Heaven,' was just dreadful. I couldn't understand a word."

"Oh, I think it was beautiful," said Mrs. Langburn, who was a little rhapsodical.

The time was come for the ladies to separate. A quiet, little lady, Mrs. Bellwood, had as yet said nothing. She was dressed in mourning, and had a pale, thin face. The ladies were always attentive when she spoke, but she was usually silent during their discussions. Only six months ago she had lost a little boy, four or five years old. As they were rising, Mrs. Bellwood said, timidly, "Don't you think we could do something to make things better?"

"I am sure I am doing all I can," said Miss Stringham.

"After my little boy died," said Mrs. Bellwood, "my husband felt very bitter about it and would not come to church. The day after the funeral, my eldest daughter and I were reading a chapter together, and she read aloud, 'Ask, and it shall be given unto you,'

The next day, when my husband talked so hardly about God's dealings with us, I thought of those words. The same afternoon my daughter and I knelt together, and asked that he might see God's hand in our trouble. We have done the same every day since. Last Sunday he came to church with us for the first time since the funeral, and this morning he asked me if there is to be Communion in the church next Sunday."

Mrs. Bellwood was quite breathless, after what was for her a long speech. The ladies had by this time reached the door of the school house. There they separated, each to go her way. All were conscious that there was trouble of some kind at St Judith's, but Mrs. Bellwood seemed to be the only one who quite saw how it was to be ended.

G. M. W.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ADVANCEMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHY do some Christians advance so slowly and others so fast?

Here is one reason:—

Some take a round-about road, others a short cut. Some pray for more peace, more strength, more joy, their mind fully occupied with those blessings. This is the round-about way.

Others think of Christ first, they want to know Him better, love Him more. This is the short cut, for the more we possess of Christ, the more joy, and peace and strength we shall have.

"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in Him ye are made full."

Here is another reason:—

Some keep holding back making excuses, saying: "There is no harm in this," or "That is being too strict." Such cannot advance. Others without hesitation give themselves unreservedly to Christ to do His will. "All for Jesus" is their joyful cry. Leaving behind them the dark mists which overhang the Valley of Self-Will up the mountain heights, they press into the sunshine of their Redeemer's abiding Presence.

F. H. DU VERNET.

LORD, THOU ART MINE.

LORD, THOU ART MINE,
Send help to me!
Christ, I am Thine,
Deliver me!

Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King."

Mercies are thine,
Remember me!
Sad sins are mine,
Oh pardon me!

Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

Goodness is Thine,
Lord, pity me!
Evil is mine,

Forsake not me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

All light is thine,
Oh, shine on me!
Darkness is mine,

Enlighten me!
Then I shall praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

True life is Thine,
Breath it on me!
All death is mine,

Oh, quicken me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
"My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

NEARLY every one has heard or read a great deal about the buried city of Pompeii, and the perfect picture of ancient life which it gives, now that the lava has been dug away, and the streets and houses laid bare to our view. While so many have heard much of Pompeii, very few have heard much of another buried city that has also been brought to light. This buried city is a city of the dead—the Catacombs of Rome, whither long ago in the early years, when persecuted by heathen emperors in Rome itself, the Christians brought their dead and buried them. When the barbarians from the north overran Rome, the Catacombs were filled with ruins and rubbish, and forgotten for more than a 1000 years. In the seventeenth century they were for the first time rediscovered, and now we have an old Christian city of the dead fresh and unaltered as Pompeii is. Those were sad old times when these Christians lived. No doubt the living laid the dead here, often with their own lives in peril. But when we learn the story that the inscriptions and the carving of the Catacombs tell us, we find that it is not one of sorrowful heaviness, but of joy. There are no gloomy cypress trees in emblem here; no burial urn with a sorrowful veil thrown over it; no figures of weeping parents or children.

Even the cross is not found here, nor is the crucifix. Instead there are flowers, wreaths of roses, children playing, and inscriptions expressing exulting, bounding, gladness. Joy is the key note of these memorials of early Christian life. They buried their dead not as those who sorrow without hope, but as those who rejoice in the blessed promise of the future.

And among these inscriptions one figure is to be found very often. In the earlier Catacombs it is the one sign of Christian faith and life. The figure is that of a young and lusty shepherd. In one hand is a crook or shepherd's pipe, and on his shoulder he carries a lamb, which he holds with the other hand. We all know who he is. This was the thought that brought joy to those early Christians in the midst of their sufferings and sorrows:—the Good Shepherd has found the lost sheep, and is bearing him home on His shoulders. This was the old time Christmas spirit.

Long centuries have since come and gone. Our own churchyards now, with their cypresses, and veiled urns, and mourning figures, perhaps tell the story that sorrow has drowned the joy in many of our lives. But it need not be so. The Good Shepherd beareth His sheep. He calms their fear and trembling. He fights their foes, and wishes their mournful cry to be silenced in the comfort of His presence. G. M. W.

THE JOY AT BETHLEHEM.

In the inn of Bethlehem there were many going to and fro, and much hurry and disquietude, while caravans were unloading or making up their complement of passengers, and the divan presented a spectacle of many costumes, and resounded with wrangling and bawling and merriment. But in a stable hard by there was a tender joy too deep for words, and a stillness of adoration which seemed to shut out the outer world; for Mary had brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in the manger, and her heart and that of Joseph were full of overflowing, and angels were gazing down from above on the mystery of the Holy Incarnation.

The soul of man is a noisy hostelry, full of turmoil and disquietude, and giving entertainment to every vain and passing thought, which seeks admittance there. But when Christ comes and

takes up His abode in the heart He reduces it to order and peace, and though it may move amid the excitements and confusions of life, yet hath it an inner stillness which they cannot disturb or destroy, for the King of Peace is there, and Peace is the purchase of His Cross, and the last legacy of His Love and His ancient promise to his people, for so it is written:—"He hath made peace through the Blood of His Cross" "Peace I leave with you. My Peace I give unto you" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee"—*Dean Goulburn, in Thoughts on Personal Religion.*

SINS OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun,
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which every one may find—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—*Christian Leader.*

A FATHER'S PRAYERS.

JOHN G. PATON, missionary to the New Hebrides, whose interesting autobiography has been published recently, gives the following account of his father's prayers:—

Their home consisted of but three rooms, one of which was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table and a chair. . . . This was the sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and oftentimes a day, generally after

each meal, we saw our father retire, and 'shut to the door,' and we children got to understand, by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old, by the High Priest within the veil in the most Holy Place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to step out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know, but we knew whence came that happy light, as of a new-born smile, that always was dawning on my father's face. . . . Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that sanctuary closet, and hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal: "He walked with God, why may not I?"

THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night,
And the hush is never broken*
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
In the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,—
This it never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still,
For peace and home may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

THE use of love increases love, for it develops its power. The more we love, the more we are able to love; the wealth of love increases tenfold to the holder by his distributing it. Not so with worldly wealth. The loaf of bread once used is gone. The earthly store decreases, and is not renewed without great effort. Love increases in the act of distribution. What accumulated wealth is here for those who seek it!

PRAYER does not change God's purpose. It is the means by which His purpose is accomplished. If I pray that He will save a certain man, I do not by my prayer make Him willing to do it. The willingness on His part already exists. My prayer is the means God Himself has chosen to make the willingness effective.

To love, to be unselfish, is to be self-oblivious, self-burying; and that which is true of the unselfish one's thought of himself, is also true of others' thought of him. The unobtrusive one is forgotten, except when some service is required. It is not the unselfish, but the selfish and exacting that receive the most attention in the home, whose comfort is most thought of, and wishes most studied. Some day there is a gap. The mistifering one has gone. God has taken him. Then, and only then, do we realize what he was to us, and mourn with bitter sorrow that it is too late for us to show our full appreciation of his love.

TRUTHS grow and fructify gradually. Some seeds are planted. The earnest few throw their heart's convictions out before the world. They are received coldly and seem to accomplish nothing. Yet some have been, perhaps half unconsciously, influenced by these. From one to another the influence slowly passes, until some day the world awakes to find that a new truth has grown and blossomed in the moral night of its indifference, to remain now in eternal bloom. What matter if the few who sowed the first seed have passed away, and been forgotten by men? So must it ever be. From death, life; from self-sacrifice, blessing. "That which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except

it die, and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain; . . . but God giveth it a body, even as it hath pleased Him." G. M. W.

FIELD FOR INDIVIDUAL WORK.

BISHOP POTTER writes earnestly and strongly in the New York *Tribune* for March 16th on the "Rural Reinforcements of Cities." "The drift from the farm to the town," he says, "is one of the most marked characteristics of our American life." "That drift increases instead of diminishing, until it comes to pass that a very considerable element of the activity of almost any large community in America is composed of those who are not native to it." The increasing demand for young men in all great cities is met by boys bred in the country. And so the Bishop goes on to plead that provision be made for physical, mental and religious culture in rural districts,—recognition having been made of "the close and vital relation between the better life of our great cities, and the purifying and enriching of those streams which from villages and hamlets and homes all over the land are perpetually pouring into them."

That the young men of this country are constantly on the move is a statement that will be verified by any one's observation. Probable permanence of residence cannot be safely affirmed of a young man. In this fact lies the root of problems that force themselves upon the attention of the church. For in the change of residence, particularly if it is a first change, there is generally involved a change of habits. The habit of church-going is so bound up with a particular church building and a particular congregation, that in the change of abode it is likely to be weakened or destroyed. So it is that the church loses the young men.

The problem will in part be solved by careful work with the boys in the home parish. The work of the country pastor becomes noble and important. The streams must be purified at their source.

Prompt work and careful attention is necessary at the time when the change of abode and of life is effected. No man who has once come under the influence of the Church should be lost through human neglect. A careful system of

reference is necessary, and no one should be allowed to move from one part of the city to another, from the farm to the town, or from city to city, without a letter in his hands to the rector in his new neighborhood, and without care to inform the new rector of his removal and present address. The Brotherhood offices should be utilized by Chapters in this direction. They have done good work of the kind before, and are to some extent continually doing it.

Individual work, be it remembered, means not only work by individuals, but also work for individuals. Careful attention to each boy and each man is needed. The Church of God, it has been suggested, should work as hard for the one man as the politicians do for the one vote.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

"PEACE ON EARTH! GOOD- WILL TO MEN."

ERE the old year descends his throne,
And lays his crown aside,
A holy Festival he keeps,—
The joyous Christmas tide.
And far and near the bells we hear,
Throughout the Christian land,
Kinging the tidings which all hearts
Should know and understand.

O happy Christmas-tide, which helps
Us feel how near and dear
To human lives and human hearts,
Though life be bright or drear,
The blessed Saviour loves to be,
And bids us trust His love,
E'en though all crowned with majesty,
He reigns in heaven above.

O, are there hearts where strife has lain?
Or lives by malice marred?
Have there been words and deeds unkind
Are tender memories scarred?
Then hearken to the Christmas bells!
What message do they give?—
'Tis "Peace on earth! Good-will to men
And by it men should live.

Dear Lord, with close of Christmas-tide,
The dear old year must die!
What record, Saviour of mankind,
Must go to Thee on high?
Forgive the past, let peace unite
All hearts in truth and love,
The while the Christmas cheer shall teach
Thy message from above.

MARY D. BRINE.

No Christmas thought can equal the sublime words of St. John, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

TEN MINUTES LATE.

"In former years," said the Rev. Mr. — "I held service once in four weeks in the town of S—. There were very few members of our Church there, but among them was Mrs. L., a good and devout woman, whose sorest trial was that her husband, once in the faith, had become an utter infidel, scoffing at the very name of religion, and throwing every possible obstacle in the way of her attendance at the services of her own or any other church.

"I had made many attempts to approach this man, but all in vain.

"He was, as are a large proportion of men who adopt infidel notions, extremely ignorant, and he added to ignorance rudeness and insolence to such a degree that feeling that I was only making matters worse for his unfortunate wife, and doing him no good, I was forced to leave him alone, praying that God would enlighten him.

On one Sunday I missed Mrs. L. from church, and heard that her husband was very ill of a disease from which there could be no hope of recovery. My heart ached both for the wife and husband, and I desired a member of the church who knew him to go to him and say that if he objected to seeing me as a clergyman, I would come as a friend.

"It would be no use," said the man, "he is worse than ever set in his foolishness, and nothing is too bad for him to say of the Church and all belonging to it."

"Never mind," I said, "just give him the message."

In a few minutes my friend returned.

"It's no use," he said.

"Was there no answer?"

"Well," said my friend, "he said you were to mind your own business and when he wanted a priest he'd send for one. Mrs. L. says it would be better not to try and see him, for he is only worse every time the subject is mentioned."

I cou'd do no more, and I went home with heavy heart, leaving word that any time he would send for me I would come.

Shortly before the time for the next service came round, very early in the morning, a man came to my door driving at full speed. It was the friend whom I had sent with my message to Mr. L.

"For God's sake, sir," he said, "make haste and come with me. Mr. L. has but a little while to live, and he rous'd up his wife and bade her send for you. He is in an agony of terror and distress of mind. I doubt if he lives till we get back."

I left everything else, and we drove over to S.— as swiftly as a fast horse could carry us.

As we stopped at Mr. L.'s door his wife came out with the tears running down her face. "Oh, sir," she sobbed, "It's just too late. He died just ten minutes ago, crying for you with his last breath."

This is an "o'er true tale," and has a parallel in the experience of many a minister of religion. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—*Parish Visitor*.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson*.

I LOVE those passages in the Bible which speak of this universe as being created by the WORD of God. For the Word is the expression of the thought, and the Visible universe is the thought of the Eternal, uttered in a word, or form, in order that it might be intelligible to man.—*F. W. Robertson*.

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

AN Irish lady sends the *St James' Gazette* a story which illustrates a favourable side of Irish character. She writes:—In a cabin on a sunny hillside overlooking the Bay of Dublin dwelt a middle-aged brother and sister. The man was a helpless cripple, entirely dependent upon his sister's exertions; and on her death a car was sent from the poorhouse to bring him thither for shelter. The poor wretch clung to the only home he had ever known, and utterly refused to leave it, crying that he would die if deprived of his "say-air and shut up within prison walls." His loud lamentations had brought the priest and some of the neighbors to his side, and one of the latter, Maggie O'Flynn, felt a deep impulse of pity towards the unfortunate man. She was a single woman of about fifty-five, of weather beaten and certainly not attractive appearance. She acted as herd on the estate of a gentleman close by, to whom her services were invaluable. "Hould hard," she said to the workhouse officials; "It's not Maggie O'Flynn that 'ull see a poor craythur taken to the poorhouse when she can give him a shelter. It's a corner and a welcome in me own cabin Mick Costiloe shall have." But here his reverence interposed, and vowed he would allow no such scandal in the parish as an unmarried man and woman sharing the same dwelling, cripples or no cripples. "Shure, Maggie, you won't go back of your word?" implored poor Mick. Maggie hesitated a moment, then turning to the priest said, "If there's no other way to save him from 'the house,' your riverince, I'll marry him, an' sorra a haporth will any one be able to say agin it thin." It was in vain that his reverence pointed out the terrible burden Maggie was taking upon herself. "It's for the love of God I'm marryin' him, an' not to please meself," was the answer she returned. The marriage took place, and until his death, several years later, the kind-hearted Maggie O'Flynn carefully tended and supported the poor helpless cripple in her own cabin.

SINCERITY is like travelling on a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.—*TILLOTSON*.

DON'T FORGET A WORD OF PRAISE.

How much better the world would be if only people were a little more generous of praise! Let no one suppose that we are speaking of flattery—we mean simply praise, or, as Webster gives it, "Honour rendered because of excellence or merit." How easy it is to find fault when everything does not run smoothly—when anything is omitted which ought to have been done! Why should it not be just as easy to give commendation for the right done?

The day is drawing to its close, and the wife and mother, weary with household care, sits for a moment waiting the sound of the home-coming feet. The door opens quickly and they have come. "How bright and cheery you look here! But you always make home look like that!" and the husband's kiss on her cheek brings back the girlhood days, and life looks suddenly bright again.

"The boys wanted me to stay all night, mother, it was stormy; but I thought I would rather come home, and I am glad now I did!" and the boy glanced around the pleasant sitting-room with a look that told plainer than words how attractive the spot was to him. The mother's weariness had gone like the shadows before the light.

How many homes are rendered unhappy by too much fault-finding and too little just praise! And if one cannot praise—what then? Whittier, in his beautiful poem—"My Birthday," says:

"Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow at least to blame."

Yes, one can always be "slow at least to blame." The fact that little faults try and vex us, in those dear to our hearts, only goes to prove that the general character is good, and there is much to praise. The whiter the snow the darker look all objects against it. Why not admire the whiteness which forms the background?

Then, if we look within, if we see with impartial eyes the shortcomings of our own lives, will we not be slower to notice flaws in others! Shall we not say, in the words of Shakespeare, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults!" If then we are so frail, so weak ourselves, so dependent on the

kindness and forbearance of others, shall we not do the little we can to make the world brighter in turn for them?

If there is anything to admire or praise—and there is always something—speak the word now; it will brighten the weary hours, it will prevent, mayhap, a failure to-morrow—a failure caused by discouragement and pain. Oh, there is no time like *to-day* for speaking the words of praise; and the to-morrow may never come.—*The News*.

"PRAY, ALWAYS PRAY."

Pray, always pray: the Holy Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee; tell Him all thy needs.

Pray, always pray; beneath sins heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that
flow'd.

Pray, always pray: though weary, faint and
lone,
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering
throne.

Pray, always pray: amid the world's turmoil,
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for
toil.

Pray, always pray: if joys the pathway throng,
Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angels'
song.

Pray, always pray: if loved ones pass the veil,
Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot
fail.

All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
Prayer grasps eternity; Pray, always pray.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

PEACE MUST PRECEDE WORK.

"PEACE be unto you; as My Father hath sent me, even so send I you" (*John XX. 21*). Peace is the starting point of work. And if it be so, then there is no work which is worthy of the name apart from the possession of peace. The personal appropriation of the manifold blessings of redeeming love in Christ precede the personal adoration of God by the Christian. Sonship is anterior to service. Devotion, whether active or contemplative, must have as its preliminary peace with God.—*Dean Lefroy*.

A SECRET SIN

THERE stood one, on the southern peak of the Isle of Skye, and watched the eagles as they soared in the deep blue far above his head. Suddenly he saw one hesitate, tremble, begin to descend, close its wings and fall, dead, a

mere mass of feathers, to the ground. Out from beneath its body crept a tiny weasel, which it had captured as its prey and holding which in its talons it had soared aloft. True to its nature the weasel had writhe from the eagle's talons, and fixing its teeth into his life blood had brought him to the ground. Thus has many a noble young life full of promise been crushed and ruined by a secret sin; lightly treated, lightly feared, it has sucked the life blood of the soul.—*Canon Wilberforce*.

"YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

THE Church can never light the world except by keeping up a Christianity visible and recognizable in the world's darkness. If a Christian's lamp is not bright enough to light others heavenward, it will fail to keep the Christian himself in that direction. If the example does not shine, the life itself is lacking in light. Badly lighted churches are not always those where the gas is dim, but often they are those where the members fail to be apparent.

"I READ too much," writes Pulsford: "I think too much, I do too much. I am too much. In this MICHNESS the devil has his castle. God is for quality; the devil for show and quantity. God commends to me 'the little child;' the devil commends to me the great man. The learned man, the talented man. God commends to me the little flock; the devil tempts me to join my soul to some great Babylon."

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings away;
There's the song of the lark when the sky is
clear,
And the song of the thrush when the sky is
grey.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree,
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirps the whole night
through

The buds may blow, and the fruits may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sore;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There's ever a song somewhere, my dear.

J. W. RILEY.

Parish and Home.

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In the January number of PARISH AND HOME will be begun an interesting serial story, which will be continued through several numbers.

GOOD old Bishop Jeremy Taylor gives these general directions for the conduct of the Christian life. The first is, Watchful care of the time. Let there be no loose ends and have a time for everything, and do everything at its right time. The second is, See that your intentions are pure. Stop from time to time and ask yourself why you are doing this or that. Is your motive selfish or unworthy? The third rule is, Live in realization of the presence of God. God is in all things. Realize that he is there. If you are ashamed to do in the presence of others what you often do when alone, stop and remember that God is always with you, and that his piercing eye beholds all you do.

HE who receives but does not give is like the Dead Sea. All the fresh floods of Jordan cannot sweeten its dead, salt depths. So all the sweet streams of God's bounty cannot sweeten a heart that has no outlet; it is ever receiving, yet never full and overflowing.—*Yosiah Strong.*

A HINT TO GRUBLERS.

"WHAT a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss. What do they do it for?" "Oh, just to amuse themselves!" answered a little field-mouse. "Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?" "It's the music they like the best," said the mouse. "And those grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?" "Oh, they are so happy they can't help it!" said the mouse. "You find excuses for all, I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises." "Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."—*Christian Commonwealth.*

A LESSON.

A DYING butterfly cried to the sun:
"What am I good for? What have I done
To make life worth the living?
You hang aloft in the great blue sky,
Lighting the world with your one big eye,
And you—you are always giving,
But I bloom here in the meadow grass;
The babies smile on me as they pass,
But my life will soon be done, alas!
And what was the use of living?"

The sun looked down on the little sun
That shone in the grass; it was only one
Among a great many others.
Said he: "It is wrong to thus despair,
The great All-Father placed you there,
You and your little brothers;
He meant you should blossom there in the grass
For the babies to smile on as they pass,
Or to be in the bunches that each small lass
Carries to tired mothers.

"God hung me here in the great blue sky
To light the world with my one big eye.
And show men how they're living;
But he put you down in the meadow lot,
The earth is fairer than if you were not;
Beauty and joy you're giving.
I must see to the work he has given me;
You do what the dear Lord asks of thee;
Then all will be as it ought to be,
And life will be worth the living."

Harper's Young People.

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

THE average of cats is 15 years; a squirrel or hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7 years; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 to 16 years; lions are long lived the one

named Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known to live, it is asserted, to the great age of 400 years; pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20 years; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62 years but the average is 25 to 30 years; camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10 years; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier thinks it probable that whales sometimes live 100 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30 years; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100 years; swans have been known to live 200 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan who lived to that age. A tortoise has been known to live to 107 years.—*Selected.*

ACTIONS WITHOUT WORDS.

"I KNOW now," said a lady not long ago, "that my mother loved me tenderly, but during all my childhood I doubted it. If I were really dear to her, I queried, why did she never tell me so? Why did she never caress me and assure me of her love? She thought her actions spoke loudly enough without words. And so they did; but I could not comprehend the language they spoke. I could not understand then as I can now, and how I longed to hear her call me loving names and to have her lap me in the sweet embrace of a mother's love."

Many a little heart aches as did this lady's for the spontaneous utterances of maternal affection. These can make it happier than gifts of beads, or dolls, or fine clothes, or costly toys. As house plants cannot flourish without sunshine so children cannot thrive and be happy without love. Children who grow up in this constant atmosphere of love, are rarely mischievous, never vicious. The mightiest of all agencies to lead the young in paths of virtue is in the hands of parents, and to command this agency they need but to give expression to the natural overflow of their hearts. Children to be happy need encouragement and praise. Let us give to those darlings of our hearts the sunniest, warmest spot in the household, and we shall see them grow up in symmetry to be fair women and brave men.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE CHURCH AND THE CHILDREN.

ONE of the brightest beams of light that flames from the cross, illuminates the path trodden by the feet of children. Christianity is conspicuous for its care of the little ones; to work and plan for their welfare is its joy and glory. It is a labour of love, for the objects of tender solicitude cannot make return therefor, or even fully appreciate what they receive. The display of such unselfish care is a potent factor in winning the hearts of parents. A Japanese mother, whose infant daughter had been cast out of doors by the unfeeling father, said to a missionary: "Please do take little baby; your God is the only God that teaches to be good to little children."—*Church Advocate*.

THE TWO FOXES.

IN the depths of the forest lived two foxes who had never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language:—

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh! it cannot be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways; but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we'll quarrel, and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, "you are welcome to them!"

"But we'll never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play this silly game again.

Perhaps we might learn a New Year's lesson from the two foxes. Yielding is often the way to conquer, and in any case it "takes two to make a quarrel."—*Home Words*.

"A PAIR O' SHOON."

THE following story is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland. Thirty years ago a bare-foot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner, and asked for work as errand-boy.

"There's a deal o' rinning to be dune," said Mr. Blank, jestingly, affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your first qualification would be a pair o' shoon."

The boy with a grave nod disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes; then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning and held out a package.

"I hae the shoon, sir," he said, quietly.

"Oh"—Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstance—"you want a place? Not in those rags, my lad, you would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse, but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy these clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy closely, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country and found work in stables near to a night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said, briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer said years afterwards, "with the conviction that in process of time he would take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman."

Thoreau says to a young man, "Be not simply good; be good for something."—*Selected*.

It appears to me that, in this age of mechanics and political economy, when every heart seems "dry as summer dust" what we want is, not so much, not half so much light for the intellect, as dew upon the heart.—*F. W. Robertson*.

"JESUS ONLY."

A SPANISH artist resolved to paint "The Last Supper," as the supreme work of his life. It was his wish to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master. But he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to observe the picture on the easel every one said "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake. These cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer," and he took his brush and rubbed them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be seen as it should.

Among those who visited Dr. Carey in his last illness was Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary. On one occasion he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, until the dying man whispered, "Pray." Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said "Good-bye." As he passed from the room he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and turning, found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard with gracious solemnity: "Mr. Duff you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. When I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot.—*The Church*.

COURTESY.

"OH, she is too much the lady to be perfectly sincere!" I heard a young girl say. And a girl that I know always excuses her own rudeness by saying, "Well, I was perfectly truthful." I wonder how many of you girls think with them, that to be truthful one must be rude, and to be lady-like one must be untruthful?

Two young girls where I was visiting had each received a pretty chair for Christmas, and soon after my arrival I inadvertently sat down in each of them.

"I believe I have taken your chair, Lucy," I said in the first instance.

"I don't care if you have; I can take another," she replied.

But when I said, "Why, Sally, I am

taking your chair," she said shyly. "You may sit in it because it is mine."

Both girls were perfectly sincere in wishing me to sit in their chair, but one reply was rude; the other so charmed me that I have remembered it for years.

A little country girl was helping prepare lunch with a friend in the city; they were making milk toast with an insufficient amount of milk, the girl thought, but knowing her friend must practise strict economy, she said, "Shall I moisten the toast first with hot water? You have so much toast." Would any of you have said: "You have so little milk?" Either way was truthful, but the former held the essence of Christian courtesy.

We hear about and meet, so many disagreeable Christians; and some people believe that it is their Christianity that makes them rude: Did Paul teach rudeness? Did Jesus Christ? When we are self-absorbed, and inattentive to the comfort of others, when we go about thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, and despising others for their little acts of self-forgetful kindness, let us not console ourselves with the thought that we are sincere.

"Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

and everything that is unkind is un-Christian.—*A Country Woman in Advocate and Guardian.*

THE STAY-AWAYS.

PLENTY of them everywhere, little and big, old and young. Here are some of their reasons:

1. "Don't like the preacher." Well, my friend, if you were a preacher somebody wouldn't like you. Strange to say, some don't like Christ. Read 2 Thess. iii. 1, and 1 Tim. v. 17.

2. "So and so is a hypocrite; I won't go where he goes." Then you should by all means prove that you are not. 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'

3. "Wife don't go; husband won't go; don't like to leave wife or husband home alone."

No husband or wife has the right to be a bad example to the other. Marriage is "in the Lord." God never meant marriage to justify a bad example.

4. "I've been snubbed." Then why not quit all business? If being snubbed

is a valid reason for quitting the Lord's business, it is an equally valid reason for quitting your own. Why don't you close your shops and stores, and leave your offices, and throw down your tools? The world is full of snubbers and the snubbed. Christ endured the contradiction of sinners; so must you and I. Kindle anew hot fires of love to God and men.

5. "The church isn't sociable; they are all icebergs."

Be sociable yourself, then. Their sin is no excuse for yours. Don't run like a coward to another church, because the battle is hard in your own.

6. "Don't like rented pews; don't like free pews."

Perhaps the real difficulty is that don't like to support any system. You are always welcome at the house of God, free pews or rented pews. And you will be there if your heart cries out for God.—*Selected.*

WHY THE LITTLE BOY WAS BORN DEAF AND DUMB

ONCE a minister paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of divine truth.

A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?"

The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The minister then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.'"

These are truly beautiful answers, especially the last. Many of us, I fear,

think much more of our tiny troubles, than did that dear boy of his one great trouble, of not being able to join in conversation with those around and hear what is said.

Oh! let us remember that nothing happens by chance to those who can call God their Father, and if trouble fall to our lot, say, like the deaf and dumb boy, "for so it seemeth good in Thy sight"—*Young Churchman.*

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand: "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you do not master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. One is my Master, even Christ. I work under God's directions. When He is Master all goes right."—*Bacon.*

THE LAMP AND THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A SCOTCH fisherman while out one night in his smack was overtaken by a terrible storm. He could not tell where he was or how to find his way to the landing place. At length his son caught sight of a small light glimmering through the wild darkness. He set sail toward the light and soon found himself right before his own cottage, which stood on a cliff above the sea.

When he got home he found that his little boy had set the lamp in an upper

window, by whose light both father and brother had been saved from shipwreck.

Every stormy night afterward that same lamp was set in the window to guide other fishermen who might be caught out in the thick darkness. By and by it was determined to build a lighthouse on the cliff. But the big blazing burner grew out of the little boy's lamp.

A poor child in Philadelphia, the daughter of a very poor widow, died a year or two ago. During her long sickness her heart was full of peace and the sweet love of the Saviour.

Just before she died she put into the hands of her minister a small paper box that had contained some of her medicine. In the box were fifty three cent pieces, which she had been saving up for a long time, and she had earned each piece by hard work. She said to her minister:

"After I am dead I want you to take this money and build with it a church for the poor people in this neighborhood."

The minister could not keep back his tears as the box was given to him; and I could not either when I saw it last summer.

The minister took the box of coins and showed it to a rich lumber merchant, who never cared anything about religion. The merchant at once offered to give lumber for building the church. Other people who saw the box and heard its touching history gave money, and very soon the pretty mission church will be finished. The poor Christian child's lamp will grow into a large lighthouse to guide many souls to heaven.

No person can tell how much good may come from loving, yet apparently insignificant acts. The lamp they light, even if it is small, may grow into a lighthouse, and shine long after they are dead.—*Youth's Companion*.

A FULL PRAYER.

"O LORD! I KNOW NOT WHAT I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I want; and Thou lovest me better than I love myself. O Lord! give to me, who desire to be Thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it be.

"I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart to Thee. Behold my wants, which I am igno-

rant of; but do thou behold and do according to Thy mercy. I adore all thy purposes, without knowing them, I abandon myself to Thee, having no greater desire than to accomplish Thy will."—FENELON.

A TALE OF TWO BUCKETS.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word, I'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—
However empty we go down, we come up full you see."

Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings day by day,
The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide,
Only the buckets FULL to count, and let the empty slide. —*The Churchman*.

MOTHERS, SPEAK SOFTLY.

I KNOW some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning to night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house, whose doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. When mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the *low, firm tone of the mother*, or a decided look of her steady eye is *law*, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a *low, sweet voice*. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, *speak low*. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own sake as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Kindergarten Magazine*.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, would learn
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet Will! —*Selected*.

THE condition of arriving at Truth is not severe habits of investigation, but innocence of life and humbleness of heart. Truth is felt, not reasoned out, and if there be any truths which are only appreciable by the acute understanding, we may be sure at once that these do not constitute the soul's life, nor error in these the soul's death.—*F. W. Robertson*.

THE WAYWORN FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are
sarly
Are what the men give when the meals are
late.

Oh, glorious colours the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the chair-
ing.

Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary—
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and winds go cheery!
But she must get dinner, and make her
bread.

The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call her shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just "on time."

And after the sweeping, churning, and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draw
nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and
hose,

For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of their children's
clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labour,
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbour;
Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest,
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

—Selected

Boys and Girls' Corner.

In order to encourage thoughtful reading and observation among young people, it is intended to offer prizes for the best work done on subjects announced by PARISH AND HOME from time to time through the year.

The conditions of competition will be as follows:—

- (1) Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.
- (2) Must be bona fide scholars in a Sunday school of a parish in which at least twenty-five copies of PARISH AND HOME are taken.
- (3) Must send in at each competition certificates from their clergymen as to age and Sunday school attendance.
- (4) Must perform the work without the aid of others.

In accordance with these conditions, short essays, of not more than 1,500 words are asked for, which must reach the editor before February 15th, 1891.

The subjects, and prizes offered, are as follows:—

- 1.—Biblical, "The Boy Samuel."
PRIZE—*St. Nicholas* for one year.
- 2.—General, "Why birds and their nests should be protected."
PRIZE—*Boy's Own* or *Girl's Own* for one year.

Essays, etc., to be addressed

THE EDITOR PARISH AND HOME,
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

LITTLE THINGS

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me,
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee,
Faithful in every little thing,
O Saviour, may I be!

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee,
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace,
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty great or small,
May I be faithful still.—*Observer.*

AN ANCIENT SCHOOLMASTER.

In the buried city of Pompeii which is being gradually uncovered are found shop signs, which are so common a feature of our streets. Among these is a schoolmaster's sign. Perhaps some boy will say "Oh, I am sure it must be some hard Latin words." Not at all, my boy. There are no words in this sign. The sign consists of a picture, and the picture is that of a boy hoisted on the shoulders of another boy. This boy holds the arms which reach over his shoulder. Another boy

holds the feet of the victim, and the master who stands by is applying the birch to the boy's bare back. So in the old Roman days the schoolmaster was so proud of his flogging that he made it the sign of his business. Happily it is not so now. We have learned that love is stronger than brute force. No doubt some boys must be flogged at times, but the teacher who does not love much will not teach much.

ROBBIE'S FAITH.

By JEAN LAUDON. (From *Babyhood*).

GRANDMA on going out to find her little chickens one afternoon, was surprised to find five of them stretched out cold and dead. What could have caused their death? On examining them more closely she found they had been cut to pieces in various ways, some of them being split open and others with the legs and wings hacked off. It was clear they had been killed purposely.

Could it have been her dear little grandson, Robbie? She quickly called him, and he answered from the next yard: "Here I am g'an'ma." "Come over, I want to speak to you," she said. Crawling through an opening in the fence came three-year-old Robbie—a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, with a face which showed a great deal of character for such an infant.

"Robbie," said grandma, "did you kill my poor little chickens?"

"Yes g'an'ma, I cutted 'em open."

"Oh what a naughty, naughty boy! But why did you do it?"

"Why, g'an'ma, I only wanted to see how they were made, but I ain't a naughty boy; what makes you call me that?"

"Don't you know Robbie," said grandma, "that it is very wicked to kill anything? Only *very* naughty boys do such things."

"But, g'an'ma, I *saw* g'an'pa kill two chickens yesterday; he cutted their heads off with a hatchet, and they were big ones, too. Ain't it worser to kill big ones than 'little ones, and is g'an'pa a naughty boy?"

"But, my dear little boy, grandpa killed those fowls for us to eat, while the little chicks you have killed will never do any one a bit of good, and the poor mother-hen will feel very badly indeed to lose so many of her little ones."

Grandma said this because she felt

it would be difficult for her to explain to Robbie why killing chickens to eat was *not* sinful, while killing them "to find out how they were made" was.

The child thought earnestly for a few moments, then, looking up gleefully, he said: "G'an'ma, didn't God make everything?"

"Yes, dear," said she.

"Even 'ittle chickies, g'an'ma?"

"By Him was everything made!" quoted grandma, trying to fortify herself against Rob's logic.

"Well then, g'an'ma, can't we just ask Him to make these 'ittle chickies over again? If He made 'em once He can make 'em again, and I fink it would be easier to make 'em out of dead chickies than out of eggs, as you told me the other day."

Just then Robbie's mamma called him to supper, and grandma gladly hastened his going.

About two hours afterward she went into her son's house and found the little boy in his nightgown ready to say his prayers. Immediately on seeing her he shouted joyously: "Oh! here's g'an'ma, mamma; can't she hear me say my p'ayers? I have a 'ticular reason."

Mamma smilingly assented, he said his usual prayers, "Now I lay me" and "God bless g'an'pa and g'an'ma, and papa and mamma, and 'ittle sister and Robbie," then in an undertone so that only grandma and God could hear: "and don't let him *ever* be a naughty boy again, and p'ease, God, make the 'ittle chickies get alive again, for Jesus' sake. Now g'an'ma," said he, springing to his feet, "it'll be all wight now, won't it?"

"Yes, darling," she said, touched by his childish faith.

Next morning Rob, who was an early riser for so small a boy, rushed in while grandma was washing the breakfast dishes, shouting: "Oh! g'an'ma, g'an'ma, God's sent 'em already. There are five 'ittle ones, just like 'em I killed out there. Didn't he make 'em quick, though?"

Sure enough, grandma found just that number of newly arrived chicks in the coop, so she thinks Rob has reason to say his prayer has been answered; nevertheless, she cautioned him against trying to find out how any more are made, lest God should think he meant to be naughty, and might not make the chickens over for him.

Robbie nodded his head in a solemn

way, adding sagely: "'Sides, g'an'ma, I know how they're made now, so it won't be nessary."

A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"A" WRITES thus to *Babyhood*. "Last winter the writer had the pleasure of participating in quite a novel and very successful experiment in Christmas charity on the part of the little ones. Several ladies told all the little folks they knew that there were ever so many children who liked Christmas just as well as they did, but who were not likely to have any presents at all, unless the little folks helped to get them some. So they were asked to bring toys, picture books, clothes, cake, candy, fruit, money or anything else that would please children, to Miss A's. As many as wished were to meet there one afternoon each week to make picture scrap books, dress dolls, or trim with bright paper the twenty market baskets in which the presents were to be sent. The boys, who could print well, prepared large labels on brown paper in ornamental letters 'Merry Christmas, from Santa Claus,' and the younger ones colored them with crayons. The larger boys cut up two Christmas trees into twenty little ones each about a foot high, and stepped each tree firmly in a small block of wood. The girls adorned them with strings of pop corn and tinsel, and three or four little candles apiece, bought with money contributed by friends of the children. During this time the ladies, assisted by suggestions from the children, prepared a list of twenty poor families, with the names and ages of all the children in each. On the afternoon before Christmas a big farm sleigh was borrowed, and also the sleighs of some friends, and into these the children and the baskets of presents were packed, each basket surmounted by its tiny tree. Each driver was furnished with a list of the places where his load of baskets was to be delivered, and the children took turns in carrying them to the doors. The whole was a brilliant success which will long be remembered by the participants, and perhaps the most treasured article in every basket was the tiny tree, giving an air of true Christmas festivity to the whole."

How many of the young readers of *PARISH AND HOME* will help in this way to make a bright Christmas for others?

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