

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

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No. 2.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1—Circum. of our Lord. *Morning*—Gen. xvii, 9; Rom. ii 17. *Evening*—Duet. x, 12; Col. ii, 8 to 18.
- 4—*and Sunday after Christmas.* *Morning*—Isa. xlii.; Mat. iii. *Evening*—Isa. xliii. or xlii.; Acts ii, 22.
- 6—*Epiphany of our Lord. Ath. Creed.* *Morning*—Isa. lx.; Luke iii, 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isa. xlix., 13 to 24; John ii, to v. 12.
- 11—*1st Sunday after Epiphany.* *Morning*—Isa. li.; Mat. vi., 19 to vii. 7. *Evening*—Isa. lii., 13 & liii.; or 54; Acts vii. to v. 35.
- 18—*and Sunday after Epiphany.* *Morning*—Isa. lv.; Mat. x., 24. *Evening*—Isa. lvii.; or lxi.; Acts x., 24.
- 25—*Septuagesima.* *Morning*—Gen. i. & ii. to 4; Rev. xxi. to v. 9. *Evening*—Gen. xxiv.; or Job. xxxviii.; Rev. xxi., 9 to xxii., 6.
- Conversion of St. Paul.* *Morning*—Isa. xlix. to v. 13; Gal. i. 11. *Evening*—Jer. i. to v. 11; Acts xxvi. to v. 21.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

To know with surest inner sight,

The love that passeth being known,—

To know that this the Infinite—

Is yet forevermore our own.

Wider than heaven's blue arch, above

The stars that most remotely shine,

Nearer than human looks of love

That are but gleams of the Divine :

New as each opening day is new,

Old as the eternal years are long,

Gentle as is the falling dew,—

Stronger than mightiest waves are strong.

To know that love—most tender, true—

Dearer than earthly ties are dear,

—This be the blessing, ever new,

To gladden this and every year. —Fiddis.

KINGSTON.

FOR PARISH AND HOME

On Epiphany Thought.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT,
IS COME."

THE words had never attracted her attention before, though she had heard them year after year as long as she could remember. She had attended the Epiphany service, and from her own particular seat in the family pew had listened, or thought she had listened, while the clergyman began the first lesson with "Arise, shine for thy light is come." And yet it was only now when

the light seemed to have almost gone out of her life that the words were really heard.

They quite startled her, too, whether it was by something in the tone of the reader's voice, or from something in her own mind, she did not know at the time, but it just seemed as if he were saying directly to her "Arise, shine for thy light is come."

She could not get those seven words out of her mind, they would come over and over again, even through the prayers and hymns and the sermon, which happened that morning to be, in accordance with the season, a careful exposition of the Wise Men's offering of "gold, frankincense and myrrh," the only words she caught being "money," "prayer," and "service," "which," the speaker incidentally remarked, "had been symbolized by the gifts of the Wise Men, according to the interpretation of some old-fashioned divines."

Still less was her attention claimed by the collection, which that day was for the organ fund, as the parish was too poor to give anything to missions. And after the verger, for lack of any other man in the congregation, had noiselessly walked with the plate along the well carpeted aisles, and the benediction had been pronounced, she went back to the lonely house, wondering what the words meant and what they had to do with her.

When she reached home, almost unconsciously she went up to the room where her mother's sick bed had been tenderly watched through the long weeks, and just as she entered a sudden ray from the January sun flashed through the window, falling on the carpet and the dark oak wardrobe, lighting up the shadowy corners and making everything bright.

It may have been this that brought to her mind how her dear mother had brightened and cheered her in the day of sickness with the words of Jesus and His love, of Jesus who had come and was coming again so that their sorrow was not to be as that of others who had no hope. It may have been the sun-

light that made her remember too how she had learned to love that Saviour whom her mother had loved, and He had given her His peace even at the time while she saw that He was taking her mother away from her; a peace that she had forgotten in the blow long expected and yet so sudden, that came with the dying year.

But now, when the light of her mother's face, and the joy of her mother's words came back to her memory as she sat there in the room, the forgotten peace came back, and the light still shining in the dark corners of the room went further still, and filled her heart. She knew then what the verse meant. She had not forgotten it when I met her some years after; at all events she practised the words even if she did not always think of them.

Her Sunday-school class after that day could not tell what had come over her, but they liked her better than ever before, and listened with open ears and hearts to her words, for they seemed so true now, and some of them said if they could only be as happy and bright as teacher, they would like to be Christians. In time they, too, became Christians, for she showed them the way.

She saw a great deal of her dear old rector that year, for he often came in to comfort her father, and she used to talk to him about the verse and the way it had come home to her and the happiness it had brought. And she would tell him how much she wished and prayed that the light might shine in all the dark places of the world, to her sisters and brothers who were without the hope and knew nothing of the light that had gladdened her dear mother and had brought such a blessing to her.

I did not hear whether that was the reason or no, but the rector preached a missionary sermon the following Epiphany from the text "Arise, shine for thy light is come," and what is stranger still, the collection taken up was for Foreign Missions. It was not large, it is true, but it has kept on growing ever since, and yet the organ has not suffered, and the parish poor are happier

and warmer and better fed than ever before.

When her father died three years after, it seemed to her that her money and her prayers were not all she ought to send to help those who were in darkness and the shadow of death, but that God wanted her own self there to give light for Him.

That is why she is now in India working among her poor hopeless sisters in the Zenanas, letting her light shine where such light was never known before, and that light has already reached some hearts there.

She thinks now that it was not the tone of the reader's voice that had attracted her attention, but perhaps it was God himself that spoke to her so clearly on that Epiphany morning, "Arise, shine for thy light is come."

H.

THE NEW YEAR.

MINGLED the voices of praise and prayer,
Wafted to heaven on the midnight air;
Praise—for the mercies of the past,
Prayer—as on God our care we cast
Without a fear.

Asking that Jesus would guide us still,
Seeking for strength to do His will
In the New Year.

Pleading in joy or care or sorrow,
God, our own God—bless Thou our morrow.
—E. E. H.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

RESTING.

THE following hymn which occurs in "Hymns for a Parochial Mission," has a peculiar interest to many Canadian churchmen through its association with the memory of the late Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, of Kingston. It was the favorite hymn of the mission held in his church during Advent, 1884. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the work, yearning with the loving tenderness of father and friend over his people's spiritual welfare. At the closing service of the mission, a few days before Christmas, while speaking of the great blessing many had received, his face lightened up with an expression of heavenly joy as he quoted a portion of this hymn, emphasizing the line, "We are *finding out* the greatness of His loving heart." At the early communion on Christmas morning he fainted and was carried home. He had been exposed the day before for several hours to a bitterly cold wind while attending a funeral at Wolfe Island. It was his last illness. During his suffer-

ings he frequently asked to have this hymn repeated. With the dawn of the New Year his spirit entered into the perfect rest of God. A solemn hush came over the congregation at the funeral as this hymn was sung with deep emotion. Many have since asked for both the words and music. The words are by Jean Sophia Pigott, the music, which is most exquisitely appropriate, is by J. Mountain in his collection of "Hymns of Faith and Consecration."

Jesus! I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee
And Thy beauty fills my soul:
For, by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

Oh, how great Thy loving kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness
Lavished all on me.

Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as *Thou* art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless;
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings
Thine is love indeed.

Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee,
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee:
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me trusting, keep me resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

F. H. DU VERNET.

A MODEL TEACHER.

THE following traits of character and incidents connected with the Rev. C. P. Golightly as told by Dean Burgon will be of interest.

Earnest practical piety had been always Golightly's prevailing characteristic. The Rev. T. Mozley (who is not promiscuous in his bestowal of praise) acknowledges the greatest of obligation to him. "Golightly," he says, "was the first human being to talk to me directly and plainly for my soul's good, and that is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences can efface; no, not eternity itself." On which Dean Goulburn remarks, "But this was what Golightly was always doing, and for the sake of doing which he cultivated the acquaintance

of all undergraduates who were introduced to him, showed them no end of kindness, walked with them, talked with them, took them with him for a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toft Baldon." He delighted in teaching in the village school and certainly he had the art of making his ministrations popular in the parish church. The children were required to commit to memory certain pithy proverbial sayings which had the merit of wrapping up divine wisdom in small and attractive parcels. "Is that one of your boys?" asked a lady with whom he was taking a drive near Oxford, pointing out a lad who passed them. "I'll tell you in a moment. Come here, my boy." The boy approached the carriage. Golightly, leaning earnestly forward, "Rather die—" "than tell a lie," was the instantaneous rejoinder. "Yes," (turning to his companion), "it is one of my boys."

THE SHEPHERD-LORD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want."—Psalm xxiii. 1.

THREE thousand years have passed away since the sweet singer of Israel first sung this psalm about the shepherd-care of God. Thirty centuries! It is a long time! And in that vast abyss, all the material relics of his life, however carefully treasured, have mouldered into dust.

The harp, from the strings of which his fingers swept celestial melody; the tattered banner which he was wont to uplift in the name of the Lord; the well-worn book of the law, which was his meditation day and night; the huge sword with which he slew the giant; the palace chamber from which his spirit passed away to join the harpers harping with their harps—all these lie deep amid the *debris* of the ages.

But this Psalm, though old as the time when Homer sang, or Solon gave his laws, and though trodden by the myriads of men in every succeeding age, is as fresh to-day as though it were just composed. Precious words! They are the first taught to our children, and perhaps the Holy Child Himself first learned to repeat them in the old Hebrew tongue beside his mother's knee in Nazareth; and they are among the last that we whisper in the ear of our beloved ones standing in the twilight between the darkening day of earth and the breaking day of heaven. The suf-

ferer in the sick chamber; the martyr at the stake; the soldier on his sentry duty; the traveller amidst many perils; the Covenanter, the Huguenot, the Vaudois—these, and a multitude that no man can number have found in these words a lullaby for fear, an inspiration to new life and hope. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—*F. B. Meyer, B.A.*

ONLY.

ONLY a word for the Master

Lovingly, quietly said,

Only a word!

Yet the master heard,
And some fainting souls were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,

Sorrowful, gentle and deep,

Only a look!

Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion

Willingly, joyfully done,

"Surely 'tis nought."

So the proud world thought,
But yet souls for Christ were won.

Only an hour with the children,

Pleasantly, cheerfully given,

Yet seed was sown

In that hour alone,

Which would bring forth fruit for heaven,

"Only," but Jesus is looking

Constantly, tenderly down,

To earth, and sees

Those who try to please,

And their lives He loves to crown.

—Selected.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE IMAGE OF THE INVISIBLE GOD.

WHEN the sculptor was making the model for the statue of a military hero which now stands with uplifted sword in the market-place of one of our Canadian towns, it is said that though he could secure many likenesses to guide him they were all from one point of view, showing always the same portion of the face. This must have taxed his skill to the utmost, as he had to complete in rounded form the representation.

St. Paul tells us that Christ is the Image of the Invisible God. To Philip's question "Lord show us the Father and it sufficeth us," Christ replied, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is "in the face of Jesus Christ" that we behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God." But how can we behold the face of

Jesus Christ? Eighteen hundred years have passed since the clouds received Him. We cannot pierce the veil and see Him on the throne. How can we behold the Image of the Invisible God? In the Written Word, the Holy Scriptures we have His likeness carefully drawn and preserved. In the four Gospels we have four distinct pictures of Him taken from different points of view, presenting different sides of His divinely human character. In the Acts of the Apostles, in the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude, in the Book of Revelation as well as in the types and prophecies of the Old Testament, we get further precious glimpses of what He is.

Surely, then, with all these various representations of the Lord Jesus Christ, as we prayerfully study God's Word, we shall have no difficulty in beholding the Image of the Invisible God, and as by faith we behold and strive to copy, we are transformed by the Lord, the Spirit, into the same Image.

F. H. DU VERNET.

OLD AGE.

ROWLAND HILL, himself a very old man, said that he heard of one who was asked what age he was.

He answered: "The right side of eighty."

"I thought you were more than eighty," said the enquirer.

"Yes, I am beyond it," he replied, "and this is the right side, for I am nearer my eternal rest."

A man once said to Dr. Rees, "You are whitening fast." The doctor answered him in a sermon which he preached immediately after: "There is a wee white flower which comes up through the snow and frost; but we are glad to see the snow-drop because it proclaims that the winter is over and the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and frosts of the earth, and that my summer, my eternal summer, is at hand."

To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world."

"Fear it, sir!" he replied. "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it—I hope it."

The apostle Paul was an old man;

but, happily for him, he was no agnostic, and so he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and that He will keep that which I have committed to Him until that day; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

But for old age to be happy it must be a time of acceptance. Old age fought against is miserable; old age accepted is calm and peaceful. Enamelled wrinkles dare not smile; the honest wrinkles may even laugh. To be living in a mistake is to be living in a false position, and in all false positions there is weakness, and discomfort, and misery. The way to be happy in your old age is to consider that you are not in a false position, but in a right one—in the one which God has ordained for you, and therefore in the one which contains blessings, its own peculiar blessings. Where you meet with disappointment it is in expecting from it what does not belong to it, and what would not be blessing if it did.—*Church Advocate.*

TELL JESUS ALL.

WHEN thou wakest in the morning

Ere thou tread the untried way

Of the lot that lies before thee

Thro' the coming busy day;

Whether sunbeams promise brightness,

Whether dim forebodings fall,

Be thy dawning glad or gloomy,

Go to Jesus—tell Him all.

In the calm of sweet communion,

Let thy daily work be done;

In the peace of soul-outpouring,

Care be banished, patience won;

And if earth with its enchantments,

Seek thy spirit to enthrall,

Ere thou listen, ere thou answer—

Turn to Jesus—Tell him all!

Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,

Thou wilt blessed guidance know,

Thine own burdens being lightened,

Thou canst bear another's woe;

Thou canst help the weak ones onward,

Thou canst raise up those that fall:

But, remember, while thou servest,

Still tell Jesus—tell Him all.

And if weariness come o'er thee

As the day wears near its close,

Or if sudden fierce temptation

Bring thee face to face with foes—

In thy weakness, in thy peril,

Raise to heaven a truthful call,

Strength and calm for every crisis,

Come—in telling Jesus all!

—Old Hymn.

"DANIEL," says Mr. Moody, "had a kind of religion that would bear transportation; it stood the journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, and was just as good abroad as at home."

ON MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

READ over the subject of your meditation, either in the Bible or whatever book you may be using. Pause after a verse or two, to follow out such reflections as God may suggest. Consider how Jesus Christ practised the truth or the precept which he is teaching you; how those faithful souls whom you yourself know are practising it; how the world neglects it how you have departed from it, and why. Then lay your shame before God, prostrating yourself before Him in the solitude of your closet. Then reflect upon the occasions which cause you to commit these faults, and the best means of avoiding and remedying them: what the Lord justly requires of you that you may keep from such falls, and repair the past; pray Him to fill your heart with all that He would see in it; ask Him to strengthen the determination to improve which he has given you; trust in His goodness and in His solemn promises never to forsake us in time of need; and rest in the hope that He will finish the good work which He has begun in you.

Do not trust to your good intentions if they are barren and without result. Labor bravely to become gentle and humble of heart. If something is done amiss which only effects you personally, and what is due to yourself, bear it without saying anything. If any hasty word has escaped you, after inward humiliation for it, make amends by speaking kindly, and doing some little act of kindness, if possible, to those you have treated rudely. Never forget how God has dealt and does deal with even you continually, how gently and patiently. Let that be your example, learn from Him how to deal with others.—*Fenelon Letter to the Duchess de Beauvilliers.*

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

LET us take our lamps and go forth to meet the Bridegroom. To meet the Bridegroom? Yes, He is coming. Let it be no scorn to any of us to avow and to act on this simple belief. Let others search and calculate, and let us reap all lawful fruit from their discovery of truth, knowing that all truth is God's. But here we take our stand; we know that that glorified form of the Son of Man, and the Son of God lives

and upholds all things by the word of His power, and is waiting to visit this earth in His person. This knowledge, this hope, we will yield for no man; persuaded that when all other knowledge fails, it shall stand; when all the rest of human hopes are disappointed, it alone shall end in perfect fulfilment.

This coming of the Bridegroom is the most joyous day for Heaven and earth, the most joyous for the church the most joyous for every faithful soul. All nature has been earnestly expecting it; for then, first, shall the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose; then none shall hurt or destroy, but the redeemed of the Lord shall come with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

The Lord will come in person to this earth; His risen elect will reign here with Him. This is my persuasion, and not mine alone, but that of Christ's waiting people, as it was that of His primitive apostolic Church, before controversy blinded the eyes of the fathers to the light of prophecy.—*Dean Alford*

BEYOND.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years,
The echo may ring upon our ears.
Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.
Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven,
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is Eternity,
And the here is over there,
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

—Henry Burton.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

I ATTEND church on rainy Sundays because:

1. God has blessed the Lord's Day and hallowed it, making no exceptions for rainy Sundays.
2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he were to stay at home for the weather.

3. If his hands fall through weakness, I shall have great reasons to blame myself, unless I sustain him by my prayers and presence.

4. By staying away I may lose the prayers which may bring God's blessing, and the sermon that would have done me great good.

5. My presence is more needful on Sundays when there are few than on those days when the church is crowded.

6. Whatever station I hold in the church my example must influence others. If I stay away, why may not they?

7. On any important business rainy weather does not keep me at home, and church attendance is, in God's sight, very important.

8. Among the crowds of pleasure-seekers I see that no weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, the party or the concert.

9. Among other blessings, such weather will show me on what foundation my faith is built. It will prove how much I love Christ. True love rarely fails to meet an appointment.

10. Those who stay from church because it is too warm, or too cold, or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on fair Sundays.

11. Though my excuses satisfy myself, they still must undergo God's scrutiny, and they must be well grounded to bear that.

12. There is a special promise that where two or three meet together in God's name He will be in the midst of them.

13. An avoidable absence from the church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples who first follow Christ at a distance, afterward, like Peter, do not know Him.

14. My faith is to be shown by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.

15. I know not how many more Sundays God may give, and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sabbath in Heaven to have slighted my last Sunday on earth.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

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

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART I.

On a bleak December night Mr. St. George sat down as usual to eat a solitary dinner in his comfortable dining-room. Mr. St. George's dinners were now nearly always solitary. When he was younger he had friends dining with him frequently. He rather liked to entertain in those days, but he had been slowly growing older as we all do, and one by one his old friends had died or gone elsewhere, and now there were very few whom he cared to ask to dine with him. So he lived a lonely comfortable old-bachelor life, and between the newspapers and reviews and his well lined book shelves, managed to spend his leisure hours very pleasantly.

The wind whistled and shrieked around the corners of Mr. St. George's great square house on this December night. Snow was drifting in clouds along the empty streets. Now and then a dark muffled figure passed under the gaslight in front of the door, and disappeared again rapidly in the darkness. The merry bells of a passing sleigh occasionally gave cheerful signs of life and, perhaps, of happiness. Now one draws up at the house opposite. The bells cease jingling, the door is open, there is a flood of light, a sound of laughing, welcoming voices. Dark figures pass into the light rapidly, the door closes, and the street is dark and bleak again.

Mr. St. George sat at his well-furnished table, and settled himself more comfortably in his large cushioned arm chair as he heard the wind roaring outside. Though he lived quite alone he always carefully dressed for dinner and had the same number of courses that he would have had at a dinner party.

"A man living alone would become a savage if he did not watch himself," said Mr. St. George, and to prevent this relapse into barbarism his shirt front was more spotless, and his remaining hair was brushed even more carefully when he dined alone than when he had others with him.

Mr. St. George's butler stood behind his master and ministered to his wants. Lovatt had done this for well nigh twenty years now, and had the proud consciousness that Mr. St. George's

tastes and habits were thoroughly known to him.

There had been a long silence broken only by the slight rattle of the knife and fork on the plate. Lovatt had by diligent practice acquired the power of sleeping when standing behind his master's chair, and was exercising his accomplishment.

"Lovatt!" said Mr. St. George suddenly and in a tone that meant something important was to follow.

"Yes'r," said Lovatt, in the startled tone of a man suddenly awakened.

"Ah! sleeping again Lovatt. You'll fall some day and crack that skull of yours," said Mr. St. George.

"Yes'r," said Lovatt in a deprecating tone.

"Lovatt, I am going away to-morrow for a short visit. I shall be back in ten days. You will know what to do about the house while I am away."

"Yes'r," said Lovatt, throwing into this servant's monosyllable as much intelligence as it could express.

Lovatt had been expecting an announcement of this kind. For the past five years Mr. St. George had said the same thing in almost the same words, on the evening of the twenty-third of December and certain Christmas festivities had been planned in the servants' quarter on the basis of the master's usual absence.

"You have the written directions I gave you last year as to airing the house and covering the furniture. Please do the same this year."

"Yes'r," said Lovatt.

"And, Lovatt, I have ordered the usual provisions for the poor people who come for them at Christmas time. You know the ones I give to. Have the provisions done up in parcels ready. Those who have the largest families of course get more than the others."

"Yes'r, and shall I give hanything to that Mrs. Binnie, you remember, sir, as you found out drank, sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. St. George, "poor creature!" The remembrance was not pleasant. The woman had come a year ago with a pitiful tale of misery and starvation. Down under Mr. St. George's spotless cambric shirt front beat a heart that had its warm impulses. Touched by the woman's story, he had driven to the address she had given and had found misery and suffering enough—children starving and half clad. Mr. St. George said afterwards that the

scene of misery had haunted him for months, and that he would not go again to such places, as his heart was too tender and he was too much affected by such sights. The reasoning was but poor but Mr. St. George acted upon it. One day the woman came as usual for help, and the butler reported that she had been half intoxicated. Since then no assistance had been given, hence Lovatt's question.

"Poor creature!" said Mr. St. George. "Yes, Lovatt, this is Christmas time. Give her something if she comes."

"Perhaps she'll not come again, sir, as we've sent 'er away so hoften," said Lovatt.

"Ah! well, look her up, look her up, Lovatt, if she doesn't come."

Mr. St. George had had one very intimate friend. Six or seven years ago he had died, and Mr. St. George was left the sole executor of his estate. It was on the arm of her dead father's friend that the only daughter had walked up the church aisle five years ago to be married. Mr. St. George felt that she was nearer to him than any one else in the world, and after urgent entreaty on her part had consented to spend ten days at Christmas time in each year in her house. So on the day following his announcement to Lovatt, wrapped in the beautiful fur robes of his sleigh, he drove to her house for his visit. Her husband was an active business man, and they had but one child, a little girl, now more than four years old.

Christmas Day, with all its perils to digestion passed pleasantly. Little Dorothy was overwhelmed with presents and could scarcely be got to sleep for excitement. The next day Mr. St. George was drinking afternoon tea with Mrs. Forsyth in the drawing-room.

"I fear my husband and I are thinking of doing a very rude thing," said she. "My sister-in-law sails on the 30th for Europe, and our only opportunity of seeing her is to run down there for a day. We think of going on Monday just for one night. Will you excuse us if we go? am very sorry that it happens to come just at this time."

"But, muzzer, who will take care of me?" said little Dorothy, who was playing about the room and had stopped to listen.

"Why, I shall, of course, my dear," said Mr. St. George, "won't we have a jolly time together?"

"But I want Muzzer," said the little one, pouting, and not too sure of the brightness of the prospect.

It was, however, arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth should go, and they left on Monday morning. Mr. St. George sat reading in the library in the afternoon, when Dorothy came in. The child seemed lonely and disconsolate, and Mr. St. George's kind heart prompted him to try to amuse her.

"Well, Dorothy, you know I'm to be both father and mother, so come let us have a story together." He took the child on his knee. The long golden hair pressed against his cheeks as he held her in his arms and tried to tell her a story. He did it awkwardly enough but he improved as he went on, and at last the child grew interested and when the first story was ended asked for another. The demand almost bankrupted Mr. St. George's resources, but he struggled on and managed to weave bears and lions and chickens and children together into a story that at any rate held the child's attention.

Fearful of a further demand upon his powers of narrative, he said as soon as the story was ended, "Let's play a game now."

"Oh, 'es," said Dorothy, "You be a bear."

"Oh, no, I can't, you hide and I will find you."

"I don't like 'at. You be a bear like Daddy," said Dorothy.

Mr. St. George had a man's horror of a child's crying. The nurse had gone to the kitchen, and he must amuse the child until her return. He had seen the game of bear. In it Dorothy's father drew a bearskin rug over him, and then on all fours pretended to chase the running child. It was a struggle for Mr. St. George to put off his prim dignity and play such a game, but he had promised to be Dorothy's father and must do his best. Anyway there was no one but the child to see. So he pulled the bearskin over him and the game began. Through the hall, around the library and back to the drawing-room they went. The child was charmed with the novelty of a new bear. More than once Mr. St. George, panting and perhaps blushing, too, at his position, proposed a halt. But the child was eager for more, and the partially bald head appeared out of the fur covering of the body in wild pursuit of the delighted child.

When the game was at its height a voice near Mr. St. George said, "Now,

Miss Dorothy, it is bed time." He almost sank through the floor at the thought of being seen by anyone in such a position. The nurse had come in unnoticed in the tumult of the bear game to take Dorothy to bed.

Flushed and almost angry Mr. St. George put the bearskin in its place.

"You must carry me upstairs," said Dorothy, "Daddy always does."

Mr. St. George felt that this was a pleasure compared with what he had been doing, so he mounted the child on his shoulder and carried her upstairs. He put her down when they reached the landing.

"But who'll have my 'ittle p'ayer with me," said Dorothy, as he seemed to be going down stairs again.

"I don't understand, my dear," said Mr. St. George.

"Muzzer always has a 'ittle p'ayer with me before I go to bed," said Dorothy.

Then Mr. St. George understood. The child's mother had taught her a prayer and knelt with her each night to repeat it. Mr. St. George's instincts were too good to allow him to send her to bed without prayer. He led her into her mother's room and there they knelt by the bedside. It was a touching picture: this prim, elderly man kneeling side by side with the little child.

Dorothy repeated "Now I lay me," and then said more timidly, "And oh, dear Lord! bless Muzzer and Daddy and Mr. St. George and all the servants and 'ittle Dorothy, too, for Jesus' sake." There was a long pause. Mr. St. George did not rise from his knees as the child made no movement. Soon she turned her head and looked surprised. He said nothing. Then Dorothy whispered, "Don't you p'ay, too? Muzzer always does."

Mr. St. George had never prayed aloud in his life, and indeed for many years had not knelt down in private prayer. He thought the church was a good institution that ought to be encouraged and supported, and there his religion ended. Still the child waited. At last Mr. St. George murmured, scarcely knowing what he said, and startled at the sound of his own voice, "Oh, God! bless this little child, bless me and make me pure and trustful, too."

They rose from their knees and there were tears in the old bachelor's eyes as he kissed Dorothy good-night. He felt so nervous that he put his great coat on and went out for a walk. As he stepped out

of the door he started back. A brilliant glow in the western sky threw out the forms of the towers and spires of the city in bold relief; then the glow quickly died away and the city was in darkness. Mr. St. George often thought in after years of the events of that evening, and of the sunset light that seemed so bright and died away so soon. W.

(To be Continued).

A PRAYER TO CHRIST.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face
By faith and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why.
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not why;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell;
The mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster; we are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear
But help Thy foolish ones to bear
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

—Tennyson.

It may be your prayer is like a ship, which when it goes for a long voyage, does not come home laden so soon, but when it does come home has a richer freight. Mere "coasters" will bring your coals or such like ordinary things, but they that go afar to Tarshish, return with gold and ivory. Coasting prayer such as we pray every day, brings us many necessities, but there are great prayers, which, like the old Spanish galleons, cross the main ocean and are longer out of sight, but come home deep-laden with a golden freight. —Spurgeon.

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We are gratified at the hearty reception which has been given to the first number of PARISH AND HOME. The Magazine has already been adopted by a good number of important parishes; and we hope that many other parishes now without the great stimulus which the parish magazine offers will soon have one. Efforts to improve PARISH AND HOME will be constantly made. We have pleasure in announcing a series of short and interesting articles on "Our Church," her history, services, beauties, etc., by the Rev. Dyson Hague, rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax. We shall also aim to publish articles in each number adapted to the church's year. This will, of course, include sketches of Bible characters. We shall also publish a series of short biographical sketches of churchmen living and dead.

A SMALL pipe filled almost to bursting will throw a stream of water a great distance; a much larger one only half filled will send the water but a few feet. A Christian with very few talents used to the utmost will be much more effective than an abler Christian only half in earnest.

"I AM the Life," said Christ. How many-sided is life. What variety is

there in the life of Nature! The great flaring pœnie seems far removed from the quiet, delicate, fragrant violet. Yet each has life; each has a place in God's world. We may prefer the violet, but we can at the same time understand that some should prefer the pœnie. Christ is the life not the organism. The same upholding principle of activity may work through an endless variety of forms. The secret mysterious life, all pervading, yet invisible and incomprehensible, is the one great reality in a world of shifting appearances. This is changeless, eternal, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and lo! it is not a blind instinct but a person—Christ.

DIVERSITY OF SERVICE.

No one follower of Christ should condemn the other because the other's spiritual life is not of the same stamp as his own. Let not Martha, wearied with her much serving, running everywhere to missionary meetings, or to visit the sick and the poor, find fault with Mary in her quiet devotion, peaceful, thoughtful, gentle, loving, because she does not abound in the same activities. Nor let Mary, in her turn, judge Martha, and call her piety superficial. Let each of these follow the Master closely, see as much as possible of the infinite loveliness of His character, and copy all she can see into her own life, but let her not imagine that she has seen or copied all of Christ, and let her look at every other believer's life with reverence, as bearing another little fragment of the same divine likeness. Let every man do earnestly and well the particular work which he is fitted and called to do, but let him not imagine he is doing the only kind of work which Christ wants to have done in this world. Rather let him look upon every other faithful servant who does a different work as doing a part equally important and equally acceptable to the Master.

The bird praises God by singing. The flowers pay its tribute in fragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze. The tree shakes down fruit from its bending boughs. The star pours out its silver beams to gladden the earth. The clouds give their blessing in gentle rain. Yet all with equal faithfulness fulfil their mission. So among Christ's servants, one serves by incessant toil in the home, caring for a large family; another by silent example as

a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another with the pen, sending forth words that inspire, help, cheer and bless; another by the living voice, whose eloquence moves men and starts impulses to better, grander living; another by the ministry of sweet song; another by sitting in quiet peace at Jesus' feet, and then shining as a gentle and silent light, or pouring out the fragrance of love like a lowly and unconscious flower. Yet each and all of these may be serving Christ acceptably, hearing at the close of each day the whispered words, "Well done."—*Selected.*

WHERE SHALL I FIND IT?

ONCE I went forth to look for *Repentance*. I sought her day and night in the City of Mansoul. I asked many if they knew where she dwelt and they said they had never seen her. I met one, grave and scholarly, who told me what she was like, and bade me seek her earnestly; but he did not tell me where she was to be found. Then, all sad at heart and wearied with my search, I went forth within the city walls, and climbed a lonely hill, and up a steep and rugged way, until I came in sight of the Cross and of Him who hung thereon, and lo! as I looked upon Him there came one and touched me. Then instantly my heart was melted, and all the great deeps of my soul were broken up.

"Ah, Repentance, I have been looking everywhere for you," I said.

"Thou wilt always find me here," said Repentance; "here, in sight of my crucified Lord. I tarry ever at His feet."

Again I went forth to look for *Forgiveness*. I knocked at many a door in the City of Mansoul and asked for her. And some said they thought she did live there *sometimes*; and some said she used to once; and some said she came there occasionally when the weather was fine, to spend a Sunday. Then up came one whom I knew by name as Unbelief, with a voice like the croaking of a raven, and he said that Forgiveness never was there and never would be; that she was much too fine a lady to live in so low a place as that and among such a set as they were. So I came forth wearied and sad; and as I reached the city gate I met again the brave scholar, and he gave me much account of her birth and

parentage, and he showed me her portrait, and told me of her gracious works, and he bade me seek her earnestly, but he did not tell me where I could find her.

So I went on my way looking, but well nigh in despair, when it chanced that I found myself again upon the high hill, climbing again the steep and rugged path. And I lifted my eyes and saw once more the Cross and Him who hanged thereon, and lo! at the first sight of my dear Lord Forgiveness met me and filled my soul with holy peace and rest like Heaven itself.

"Oh, I have had such a weary search for you," I said.

"I am always here," said Forgiveness, "here at my Master's feet."

Long afterwards I wondered within myself where *Holiness* dwelt, but I feared to go in search of her. I knew she would never be at home in the low lands and busy streets of Mansoul. All whom I asked about her answered doubtfully. One said that she had died long ago; indeed was buried in Eden before Adam came out. One said that she lived away at the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; her house was on the brink of the River, and that I must hope to meet with her just before I crossed it. Another argued almost angrily against this notion. "Nay," said he, "she lives further on, still; search as thou wilt thou shalt never find her till thou art safely across the River and landed on the shores of the Celestial City."

Then I remembered how well I had fared aforesaid on that Holy Hill and went forth again. So up the lonely way I went, and reached the top of it, and looked once more upon my blessed Saviour, and lo! there was *Holiness* sitting at the Master's feet. I feared to say that I had been looking for her, but as I gazed upon the Crucified and felt the greatness of His love to me, and as all my heart went out in love and adoration, *Holiness* rose up and came to me all graciously and said, "I have been waiting for thee ever since thy first coming."

"Waiting where?" I asked wondering.

"At His feet," said *Holiness*, "I am always there."—*Mark Guy Pearse* in "Thoughts on *Holiness*."

We must not stint our necessary actions, in fear to cope malicious censurers.

—*Shakespeare*.

A FATHER'S TALK WITH HIS CHILD.

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please me, it is sufficient to love much. Speak to me as thou wouldst to a mother, if she drew thee near to her.

Are there any for whom thou wouldst pray to me? Repeat to me the names of thy relations, thy friends; after each name add what thou wouldst have me do for them. Ask much, ask much. I love generous souls, who forget themselves for others.

Tell me of the poor whom thou wouldst relieve, the sick whom thou hast seen suffer, the sinners thou wouldst have converted, those who are alienated from thee whose affection thou wouldst regain. For all say a fervent prayer. Remember that I have promised to hear all prayers that come from the heart; and is not that a prayer from the heart which is offered for those we love and who love us?

Are there graces thou wouldst ask for thyself? Write, if thou wilt, a long list of all thou desirest, of all the needs of thy soul, and come and read it to me.

Tell me simply how proud thou art, how sensitive, egotistical, mean and indolent; and ask me to come and help thee in all the efforts thou makest against it. Poor child, do not blush; there are in heaven many saints who had thy faults; they prayed to me, and little by little their faults were corrected.

Do not hesitate to ask me for blessings for the body and mind, for health, memory, success. I can give all things, and I always give when blessings are needed to render souls more holy.

To-day what wilt thou have, my child? If thou knewest how I long to do thee good! Hast thou plans that occupy thee? Lay them all before me. Do they concern thy vocation? What dost thou desire? Dost thou wish to give pleasure to thy mother, to thy family, to those on whom thou dost depend? What wouldst thou do for them?

And for me—hast thou no zealous thought for me? Dost thou not wish to do a little good to the souls of thy friends whom thou lovest, and who have perhaps forgotten me?

Tell me in whom thou art interested, what motives move thee, what means thou wouldst employ. Whom dost thou wish interested in thy work? I am

Master of hearts, my child, and lead them where I will. I will bring round thee all who will be necessary to thee. Be tranquil.

Bring me all thy failures, and I will show thee the cause of them. Hast thou not troubles? Oh, my child, tell them all to me, fully. Who has caused thee pain? Tell me all, and thou wilt finish by adding that thou wilt pardon, thou wilt forget; and I will bless thee.

Dost thou dread something painful? Is there in thy heart a vague fear which is not reasonable, but which is tormenting? Trust thyself wholly to my care. I am here. I see everything. I will not leave thee.

Are there those near thee who seem less kind to thee than they have been, and whose indifference and neglect separate thee from them, while thou canst see nothing in which thou hast wounded them? Pray earnestly to me for them, and I will bring them back to thee, if they are needed for thy life's sanctification.

Hast thou not joys to make known to me? Why dost thou not let me share thy happiness? Tell me what has happened since yesterday to cheer and console thee. Was it an unexpected visit which did thee good; a fear suddenly dissipated; a success thou thoughtest thou shouldst not reach; a mark of affection, a letter, a gift, which thou hast received; a trial which left thee stronger than thou supposed? I have prepared it all for thee. Thou canst show thy gratitude and give me thanks.

Hast thou promises to make to me? I can read the depths of thy heart. Thou knowest—thou canst deceive men, but not God. Be then sincere.

Well, my Child, go now, take up thy work, be silent, humble, submissive, kind, and come back to-morrow and bring me a heart still more devout and loving.

To-morrow I shall have more blessings for thee.—*Selected*.

My tastes are with the aristocrat, my principles with the mob. I know how the recoil from vulgarity and mobocracy, with thin-skinned over-fastidious sensitiveness has stood in the way of my doing the good I might do. My own sympathies and principles in this matter are in constant antagonism.—*F. W. Robertson*.

THE SOUL AND GOD.

SPEAK to Him, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,

For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet his voice.

Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,

For all we have power to see is a straight staff-beat in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;

But if we could see and hear, this vision, were it not He?

—Tennyson.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

"I CANNOT have Mary disappointed," said a devoted mother not long since, as she made preparations for a journey her daughter was very anxious to make. Finances were not in a favourable condition to afford the expense of that journey, and the mother had to devise ways and means, at a great sacrifice to herself and the rest of the family, to bring the desired result about. Mary took the journey and had a good time. She was so accustomed to being the first consideration in her family, that the pleasure of her visit was not in the least marred by a conscientious twinge about the sacrifice that had been made for her happiness. We good mothers naturally desire our children's happiness; we would shield them from the discomforts, the disappointments and trials of life, as far as in our power to do. We keep everything from them that would be a burden and a hindrance to a smooth journey, and bear the burdens ourselves. It is natural for us to say that our children can never be young but once, that the years to come will bring enough of sorrow and disappointment to them; we have had our day, as it were, and will sacrifice in every way necessary that our children may have a good time, untrammelled with any of the cares of life. But are we wise in these conclusions?

Will it not be harder for them by and by, when the trials and responsibilities that will inevitably come to them, must be met and borne?

Will it not be more of a struggle for them to say "Thy will be done," when they have all along had so much of their own wills and ways?

We have no sympathy with the father who took occasion to disappoint

his children, because he said they would have to be disappointed so often when they were men and women, that he wanted them to get used to it.

We would rather rejoice to have them saved all that is possible of such forms of happiness, but when necessary and inevitable disappointments come, we should show them how to meet them with strength and nobility of character.

We should teach our children from their earliest years to trust the Lord, and to have faith to believe that whatever trials come to them, they can rely on Him for comfort and strength, and that He knoweth what is best for them, and will bring them safely through all hard places; and that the discipline of life is sent to make us better, and to show us how to help our fellow-men, and be in sympathy with them. We forget that the hard places over which we have passed have led us up to smooth table-lands, from which we get a nearer view of the "many mansions" of our Father, to which we are journeying so fast. We would be glad to take our children in our arms, and carry them up to those table-lands with us, but that we cannot do. The Lord knows what valleys they must walk through on their way to Heaven. Their way to Heaven may be through the very valley we would shield them from. And you, young people, whose homes are being made so happy and bright by the good father's and mother's constant care for you, see to it that you are lightening the burdens of life they are carrying, instead of making them heavier.—S. T. P. in the Evangelist.

THE WAY TO CONQUER,

"I'LL master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavier on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike."

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; yet he curled gently round the iron, and

embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.—Mrs. Prosser, "Original Fables."

WHAT CAN I DO TO-DAY?

"WHAT can I do to-day?

Not praise to win, or glory to attain;

Not gold, or ease, or power, or love to gain;

Or pleasure gay;

But to impart

Joy to some stricken heart.

To send a heaven-born ray

Of hope, some sad, despairing

Soul to cheer—

To lift some weighing doubt,

Make truth more clear,

Dispel some dwarfing care,

To lull some pain;

Bring to the fold again

Some lamb astray;

To brighten life for some one,

Now and here,

This let me do to-day."

—Selected.

FAITH.

FAITH is the eye by which we look to Jesus. A weeping eye is still an eye; a dim-sighted eye is still an eye.

Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Jesus. A trembling hand is still a hand; and he is a believer whose heart within him trembles when he touches the hem of his Saviour's garment that he may be healed.

Faith is the tongue by which we taste how good the Lord is. A feverish tongue is nevertheless a tongue. And even then we may believe when we are without the smallest portion of comfort, for our faith is founded not upon feeling, but upon the promise of God.

Faith is the foot by which we go to Jesus. A lame foot is still a foot. He who comes slowly nevertheless comes.—H. Miller.

ICE-BOUND.

ALL through the summer the little brook had sung merrily, as it danced over the stones that shone so whitely through its pellucid waters, and now that autumn had come, it still sang its happy song unsuspecting of evil.

"Winter is coming," chirped the swallows, as they paused on their southward way; "we fly from his tyranny—but thou, poor brook, cannot escape his merciless severity. His harshness will hush thy happy song."

"Nay," sang the brook, "the secret of my happiness lies in the depths of my own being, outward circumstance cannot control it—I will sing always."

Then the crisp brown leaves floated down from the trees that bent above it, and rested on its bosom.

"Winter is coming," they sighed; "Its breath has touched us. Death will claim thee, glad brook, and thy happy song will be ended."

"Nay," sang the brook, "the source from which I draw my supply lies far above. Death has no power over me, I will sing always."

Then the chill winds moaned, as they swept over it. "Winter is coming," they wailed; "his frosts shall search thee, oh, brook, and bind thee with bands of iron, and thou wilt have power to sing no more."

"Nay," sang the brook, "the sun is my friend. We will break the frost chain with which winter would bind me. I have no fear," and it laughed in triumph as it sped upon its way.

But a morning came when the song of the brook was hushed. The inevitable law, to which all nature bows, had asserted its course, and it lay frozen and still—not dead—for the coming spring shall break its trance and send it forth upon its joyous way, and it shall forget the night of pain that benumbed it, and again its song shall arise, "I will sing always."

And thinkest thou, oh, happy soul, to whom all life has been as yet but summer-time, that thou shalt escape the inevitable pain that desolates the lives of all around thee?

Does thy glad song arise: "I will sing ever. The secret of my happiness is within me, naught outward can touch it. The source of my gladness lies far above this world of care, my supply is unfailling. God is my Friend, what can resist His power?"

True: yet thou are but human, and must bow to the stern decree that controls all human nature. Thinkest thou alone of all created beings to live untouched by the chill breath of sorrow that holds all else in its benumbing grasp—sorrow that does not oppose but fulfils God's will?

Let not faith fail then when its cold touch pierces to thy heart. Wait—patiently, trustfully—God will break the icy bonds that hold thee, and send thee forth again rejoicing upon thy way.

Thou wilt not forget the lesson, but again thy song shall be, "I will sing always," for thy cruel experience will have taught thee that no earthly grief can bind eternally that soul that holds within itself the secret of true happiness, that draws its supply of gladness from above, and that can look up confidently, saying, "God is my friend."—*Alix in Parish Visitor.*

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

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls have many temptations from morning to night, on every side snares are being laid for them and only the watchful can escape. These

temptations are of so many kinds that one can hardly give names to them all, but two or three are so prominent that they should be especially marked.

First there is the temptation to be cowardly. A group of boys are together and one of them swears or uses impure language. As a rule the other boys laugh at this or join in it. Even the boy who has been better taught at home, and whose conscience secretly condemns such talk often joins in it because he is afraid to be unlike the other boys.

Girls, too, like boys, do not care to be laughed at. None of us like this. It wounds our pride or vanity and often we feel we must be like others, even though we are not quite sure it is right. Fashion is stronger than principle sometimes.

Now, boys and girls, this is all wrong. It is not fashionable always to do what is right; it is not fashionable to be simple minded and of pure lips. It never was fashionable to be meek and lowly in heart, but Jesus was all this and more. He looked upon the petty customs, the deadly sins of men, and saw right through them. He spoke out His mind and was not afraid to do so. Wicked men tortured and crucified Him, but He endured the cross *despising the shame*—despising the shame because He knew He was doing what was right. Let us be brave as He was.

Again, springing from this very cowardice, boys and girls are often *untruthful*. I asked a school-girl once what she thought was the greatest temptation that girls have in school. She replied at once, "To be untruthful. The teacher asks did you do this or that, and the 'No' comes to the lips very promptly, even though it is untruthful to say so." Boys have the same temptation too. Fight it as you would fight death. Loose statements and exaggeration are both forms of lying. It is mean, cowardly to lie; to try to put off, perhaps on others, what we should bear ourselves. There is a little verse that every boy and girl should learn and strive by God's help to live up to. It is this:

I'd rather die
Than tell a lie.

Lastly, boys and girls are especially tempted to be *selfish*. They have more time than others for amusement and pleasure-seekers are all apt to be selfish. It is painful to see a group of children

who should be bright and joyous, snarling and quarreling among themselves, because one wants to do or have one thing and another another thing, and one won't give in to the other. Try, boys and girls giving up something to each other, and see if your life is not happier and better when you do it, and try, too, to "help mother." You may not be able to do much but it will make her heart glad and lighten her burdens if she sees that you wish to be helpful. And now I am going to turn into a doctor before closing and give each boy and girl a prescription that will be very very good for their healths. I found it in a newspaper whose name I can't remember. It is called :

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man ?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick !
Do something for somebody, quick !

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl ?
Weary, discouraged and sick ?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick !
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forboding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick !
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick,
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl ?—
Do something for somebody, quick !
Do something for somebody, quick !

W.

APPRECIATION OF MOTHER.

An old Virginia minister said lately :
" Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. I have seen men die in battle, have seen children die, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as the death of an aged mother in my church, I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of joy and hope. She married, and had four children. Her husband died, and left her penniless. She sewed, she made drawings, she taught, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the advantages their

father would have given them had he lived. She succeeded. She sent her boys to college and her girls to school. When all came home they gave themselves up to their own selfish pursuits. She lingered among them some three years, and then was stricken with mortal illness brought on by overwork. The children gathered around her bedside. The oldest son took her in his arms. He said, 'you have been a good mother to us.' That was not much to say, was it ? It was much to her, who had never heard anything like it. A flush came over her pallid face, and with a husky voice she whispered, 'My son, you never said so before !' "

—Selected.

"I WAS GOING TO."

CHILDREN are very fond of saying, "I was going to."

A boy wets his feet, and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was "going to" do it, but did not.

A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it.

And so I might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman and boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a lounger and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.—
Selected.

A SUGGESTION.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite ;
To change their course, retard their onward way,
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait
E'er they can come to port, and if it be
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
The treasure ship to see.

—Anna Temple.

SELF-MADE.

A WEALTHY business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

" But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

" Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. " Are you not a self-made man ? "

" I don't know about that."

" Why, I've heard all about your early struggles ! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten—"

" So I did ! So I did ! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

" While you were there you studied by yourself—"

" O no, bless you, no ! Not by myself ! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burnt her hands in pulling it out."

" Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train ? "

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

" Yes," he said slowly, " and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual.

" They looked very well on the outside," I thought, and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone, I'll get some sound ones."

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in a twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned," said she, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those specked apples?'

"Se—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said promptly. 'O, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that?' Then she cried and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."—*Youth's Companion*.

PEEVISHNESS.

EACH little trifle puts me out,
And without knowing why,
Instead of laughing at a joke,
I feel inclined to cry.

I feel so very, very cross,
With everyone to-day;
I do not care to do my work,
I do not want to play.

And yet, because I feel so dull,
It surely can't be right,
That I should hinder all the rest
From being glad and bright.

One day I heard our mother say,
"If you are feeling sad,
Then go and do some loving work
To make another glad."

I think I'll call the little ones
To have a game of play;
They wanted me an hour ago,
But then I turned away.

And though I don't feel much inclined,
My brothers will be glad;
And I may find in pleasing them
A cure for being sad.

—*Chi. Ps World*.

LET boys learn that success costs something; that they must determine, in spite of weariness and disappointment to persevere. Teach them to have nothing to do with idlers and spend-thrifts and fast fellows. It is *application* that pays, in the long run. "Catch is a good dog, but *Hold-fast* is a better."
—*A. J. Symington*.

"MY CONFIRMATION DAY."

In July, 1854 Frances Ridley Havergal was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral. Her confirmation was indeed a reality, and is a profitable study for all who are contemplating this act of public decision for God and His service. We give the following extract, found in one of her "Sealed Papers":—

"While the solemn question was being put by the Bishop, never I think did I feel my own weakness and utter helplessness so much. I hardly dared answer; but 'the Lord is my Strength' was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart: 'Lord, I cannot without Thee, but oh, with Thy Almighty help—I do.'

"I thought a good deal of the words, 'Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling;' and that was my chief comfort. We were the first to go up, and I was the fourth or fifth on whom the Bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me: but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my fellow-candidates, of the many eyes fixed upon us, and the many thoughts of and prayers for me, alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was a solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner) I cannot describe, they were too confused; but when the words, 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever: and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom,' were solemnly pronounced, if evermy heart followed a prayer, it did then; if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words, 'Thine for ever.' But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing—'Oh that I desired this yet more earnestly, that I believed it yet more fully!'

The paper was not finished, nor can any account of her first Communion be found. In her manuscript book of poems she wrote:—

"THINE FOR EVER,"

"Oh! 'Thine for ever:' what a blessed thing
To be for ever His who died for me!
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I'll sing,
Nor cease my song throughout eternity."

In the Cathedral, July 17, 1854.

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