

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 12.

## CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

### LESSONS.

- 1—**All Saints' Day, 23rd Sunday after Trinity.** Morning—Wisd. 3 to v. 10; Hos. 14. Heb. 11, v. 33 to 12, v. 7. Evening—Wisd. 5, to v. 17; Joel 2, v. 21, or 3, v. 9; Rev. 19, to v. 17.
- 8—**24th Sunday after Trinity.** Morning—Amos 3; Heb. 1. Evening—Amos 5 or 9; Luke 24, v. 13.
- 15—**25th Sunday after Trinity** (Coll., Ep., and Gosp. for one of Sundays omitted after Epiph.). Morning—Micah 4 and 5, to v. 8; Heb. 9. Evening—Micah 6 or 7; John 4, v. 31.
- 22—**26th Sunday after Trinity** (Coll., Ep., and Gosp. for 25th Sunday after Trinity). Morning—Eccles. 11 and 12; James 1. Evening—Haggai 2, to 10; or Mal. 3 and 4; John 7, v. 25.
- 29—**1st Sunday in Advent.** Morning—Isaiah 1; 1 Peter 2, v. 11 to 3, v. 8. Evening—Isaiah 2, or 4, v. 2; John 11, v. 17 to v. 47.
- 30—**St. Andrew, A. and M.** The Eve of St. Andrew, or any day of the week in which the Festival of St. Andrew falls, will be Day of Intercession for Missionaries. Morning—Isaiah 54; John 1, v. 35 to 43. Evening—Isaiah 65 to v. 17; John 12, v. 20 to 42.

### HE LIVES

"As if life were not sacred, too,"

—George Eliot.

"SPEAK tenderly, for he is dead," we say;

"With gracious hand smooth all his roughened past,

And fullest measure of reward forecast. Forgetting naught that gloried his brief day." Yet when the brother who, along our way—

Prone with his burdens, heart-worn in the strife—

Falters before us, how we search his life, Censure, and sternly punish while we may.

Oh, weary are the paths of earth, and hard, And living hearts alone are ours to guard. At least, begrudge not to the sore distraught The reverent silence of our pitying thought. Life, too, is sacred, and he best forgives Who [says]:—"He errs, but—tenderly! He lives."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

WHAT is a Boy? Professor Drummond gives the answer in a word. The boy represents "Capacity." He is raw stuff, —often very raw,—clay, putty, dough, anything that will take a shape from

what impresses it. He may be clean, or he may be dirty, but in either case he has capacity for being good or bad, and he will be what he is made. The boy moves quickly, and one must look sharp if one would catch him. It doesn't take him long to work his way out of the Sunday School, and when once free of it, you might as well try to catch birds by sprinkling salt on their tails, or fish with a bare hook, as to bring him back by the enticement which the half hour's lesson on Sunday afternoon offers. He has burst these bonds and they will not hold him again if he can help it. Proof? The scarcity of boys between fifteen and twenty in our Sunday Schools.

What are we going to do about it? Let him go, and say "Good riddance!" Perhaps we feel like that sometimes, for he is restless and fidgetty, and a terrible nuisance. But again that disquieting thought—this Boy represents Capacity—capacity for something very bad, if I do not catch him and make the putty take a good shape. His parents are as wise as he is—and no wiser. He does what he likes; runs the streets, smokes, swears, listens to filthy talk; and they usually cannot, and sometimes will not try to, stop him. He must be caught and taught, but is as shy as a deer when you speak of such a thing. How are we going to catch him? He will not come near if he sees you too anxious to have him. He will tell you that the Sunday School is played out—though it isn't by any means played out except in the crooked vision of a vagabond like himself—that he has heard all that before; and he will ask you with a half wink, to "give him something fresh." Happy thought! Suppose we accept his invitation and give him something fresh! Instead of making things easy for him, suppose we try making them hard! Turn him into a soldier, drill him, work him hard, tire him; if he has a dirty pair of hands or unpolished shoes scold him sharply, sternly, and check his nonsense before it has had time even to bud. And, strange freak of Nature that he is, the boy will like it; but only on one condition—that, in-

stead of calling him a Boy you call him a Soldier. He must be Tom Jones no longer, but Private Jones.

There, the secret is out. This is the way it is done. Get a hall or some large open place. Tell the boys that at least thirty must turn out next Thursday night, or you will send home those that come; and tell them, too, that you won't allow a single boy younger than thirteen or older than seventeen in the hall. You will have all the boys you want clamoring at the door for admission long before the hour has come. Let them in in such a way as to show that they are the favoured ones, not you. Have with you some militia officer who understands drill. If you can have a supply of cheap round forage caps, some belts and canvass knapsacks—each outfit costing about fifty cents—array each boy in a set of these. But if you like, this uniform can come later, and perhaps you can make the boys pay the cost by small instalments. Draw them up and drill them for an hour; work them hard. Appoint, as soon as you can, non-commissioned officers from among themselves, and be sure that merit is the only claim to promotion. If your discipline is firm and just, the stricter you are the better. The boy that chafes under a half discipline submits willingly to a thorough and peremptory one.

What is it all to lead to? That is in your own hands and you must choose. If you are the right man for the work, the drill makes the boys ready to obey you in anything. Talk to them on higher things for a quarter of an hour after the drill has ended. Have a Bible class, and make sure that every boy who is admitted to the drill comes to the class too. But one need not dwell upon what you are to do with the boy. He represents Capacity—and you—well you are the mould by which this soft clay is to be shaped.

"We understand that information regarding the Boys' Brigade may be had from the Brigade Secretary, 68 Bath street, Glasgow, Scotland or from the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A. 107 Hazen street, St. John, N. B.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### Notes on the Calendar.

St. Andrew, November 30th.

It is easy to see why Christian young men, banded together to work for their brothers, should have chosen the name of St. Andrew as that by which to be known.

Andrew's renown and the inspiration of his name do not spring from the fact that he was Simon Peter's brother, but rather from the fact that he was the means of laying the foundation stone of Peter's true greatness, and that to him, through Peter, can be directly traced back, the grand results of the work wrought for God by the great Apostle.

The few words written by the Evangelists about St. Andrew give us an insight to his character, and make his very name full of meaning to all who are interested in the work of man for man.

It is at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, that Andrew first appears in Gospel story. John was baptizing there, and among the multitudes who had come together from Judea and Galilee to hear his words and to be baptized of him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, a fisherman from the Galilean lake. One of John's disciples he is called, and so was standing near on the day after the baptism of a brother Galilean greater even than John himself, and heard the Baptist cry as he pointed to Jesus, walking near him, "Behold the Lamb of God." He looked and followed Jesus.

It is not this ready and instant following of Jesus that marks out Andrew for us, but rather, that, when he followed Him and knew Him, he went straightway to his brother Simon, for testimony to Christ, and "brought him to Jesus." The results of that work only he can estimate who can count the blessings that brother brought to the world of Jew and Gentile. St. Matthew in his gospel, mentions Andrew's special call to the work which we have seen him begin to do so well. The two brothers were out on the waters of the lake plying their trade, for they were fishers, when the voice of Jesus came to them. "Follow me," he said, "and I will make you fishers of men," and they straightway left their nets and followed Him.

Twice again does Andrew appear in the Gospel story, [and on both occa-

sions he is instrumental in bringing others to Christ, for Him to use and Him to help, each time telling Christ about them as well, no doubt, as telling them about Him. The starving multitudes, weary and far from home, are all around him, perplexed with Christ's questions of how to feed them. Andrew says to Jesus, "there is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many." But with those loaves and those small fishes the multitude was fed. Again, when some Greeks, who had come up to the feast, longing to see and hear and know the great Prophet about whom they had heard, tell their wish to Philip, he the cautious, calculating Apostle goes to consult with Andrew. There is no hesitation in such a cause with him. Straight to the Master he goes, to tell their wish to bring them to Him if He will. "Andrew and Philip tell Jesus."

What a model, as far as human models can go, for every brother of St. Andrew, for every man, following Jesus one self first of all whenever He is shewn us, whenever he calls, then bringing our brothers to Him, and always telling Him with His heart of wisdom, compassion, and love, all about them, with their need of Him and His need of them. Consecration, service and prayer. H.

#### LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,

When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;

Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,

And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."

—W. W. Campbell, in Century.

#### BUSY AND CROSS.

Not long ago, a mother, who often apologizes to herself and her little ones for her fretfulness by the excuse, "I am so busy," went to make a farewell visit to a friend who was preparing herself and a family of small children for a long journey. At the tea table, relating the incidents of her visit, she remarked "Mrs. M. was very busy." "Ma, was she cross?" immediately asked a little three-year-old. The family about the table were astonished

and amused at the question, but the mother was conscience-stricken. Had "very busy" and "very cross" come to be synonymous terms in the thought of such a child?

Ah, mothers, how keenly do the children watch your looks and ways; how quickly they draw conclusions and form opinions! And how watchful should you be of your words and tempers.

Ought a mother to be too busy to be amiable? There are times, says one, when the pressure of care and duty very severe; we cannot avoid such seasons of extra business, and the strain on our nervous system is too great; we are overcome.

But is there a moment when we, of necessity, get out of the circle of God's grace? Has He not said He will "not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear"? Has He not promised "always, all-sufficiency of grace for all things"? Has He not invited: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"? If tired mothers and busy housekeepers will only keep in their Hiding-Place, these storms of temptation would beat and break on the outside of the fortress, and not disturb the serenity of the soul within. The mother who abides in Christ is always calm and equable. "None of these things" move her. The duty of the present moment she attends to promptly and never worries about the duty of the next. She has time for everything, since she has all the time God wants her to employ, and He does not require more duty put in than it will hold. The moment needed to speak the gentle word, to do a small kindness to her little ones, God gives her for that and for no other purpose.

The serene face, the loving smile, are always there and go a great ways towards securing peace and harmony in the home group. The happy faculty of assigning to each one a part of the work according to ability, is a help to mother and children. And so, with grace in the heart, grace on the lips, grace in the countenance, grace in the manner, the busy mother need not be cross.

If mothers only knew how they are watched and copied! Did you ever think, dear mother, of your little ones as mirrors in which you could see yourselves. Forget to find fault some-

times; yes, stop your work and watch your children just to see how they reproduce you, your language, your tones, your manners. Then if you see anything wrong find fault with yourself, not them; labor to correct yourself, not punish them; do this as much as you please and it will amaze you to perceive in how short a time their faults, which have tried you so much, will begin to disappear. It is an experiment worth trying.

"Oh, I cannot help being irritable; it is my natural disposition; I shall always be just so," one may say. We have known mothers to come to this hopeless conclusion, but we always say in reply, "That is just what grace is for, to give us a new nature which shall be quiet, sweet, tender, loving." "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ!"—*Selected.*

#### THE PATIENCE OF HEAVEN.

My little maiden of four years old—  
No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—

Came quite in disgust, one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm  
(As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her),

She cried,—“Oh, mother! I found on my arm  
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,

Yet a look, in its daring, half-awed and shy,  
She added, “While they were about it, mother,  
I wish they’d just finished the butterfly!”

They were the words to the thoughts of the soul, that turns

From the coarser form of a partial growth,  
Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns  
With an unknown glory to crown them both!

Ah! look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
On whatso’ beside thee may creep and cling,  
For the possible beauty that underlies  
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God’s great angels, whose waiting love

Beholdeth our pitiful life below,  
From the holy height of their heaven above,  
Couldn’t bear with the worm till the wings  
should grow!

—*Selected.*

For PARISH AND HOME.

#### WILLIAM SAWTRY.

A NAME little known to most of us. The bearer of it lived five hundred years ago. He was neither a great statesman soldier or scholar, only an ordinary parish clergyman who laboured first in a little town of Norfolk,

afterwards in the city of London. Why then rake this name out of the dust of the past? Simply to mention the fact recorded in history but often passed over without a thought that William Sawtry (or Sautre) was the first person burnt in England for heresy.

It was early in the year 1401 in the reign of Henry IV, that Parliament, influenced by Archbishop Arundel and others in authority, passed that statute against heresy which is memorable as being the first legal enactment of religious bloodshed which defiled the statute-book of England. This statute provided that those who were certified heretics by the bishops, if they refused to recant, or if they relapsed, should “be caused to be burnt in some conspicuous place.”

It was only sixteen years since Wycliffe had died. His vigorous protests against the high-handed claims of the Pope of Rome and the corrupt morals of the clergy of England, above all his constant appeals to the authority of God’s Word, which by his translation he had put within reach of the English people, combined with the social and political circumstances of the time, caused the rapid spread of Reformation principles. In these principles there was no doubt a revolutionary element, the overturning of things long established. It is not to be wondered at that a movement like this could not always be kept within proper bounds. Those in authority either unable or unwilling to distinguish between the religious and the social and political elements in Lollardism, had no doubt some cause to strive to maintain the order of the realm but nothing could justify the cruel statute of 1401 against heresy. This statute was hardly passed when William Sawtry, rector of St. Osith, London, became its first victim.

He had already two years before this been charged by the Bishop of Norwich with teaching false doctrine. Let us hear what this heresy was. He taught that it was not lawful to adore the cross, but only Christ who hung upon the cross, that he would rather adore a temporal king than a wooden cross, rather honour holy men than even the actual cross upon which Christ suffered; that if one had vowed a pilgrimage better to expend the money it would cost upon the poor than perform the vow; that priests and deacons are

more bound to preach than to say the canonical hours, for Christ has charged them to preach, while they have only bound themselves to their Hours by a law of their own making; that after consecration in the Eucharist there remains bread of the same nature as before.

For holding and teaching these views he was pronounced a heretic. When first charged with heresy, he seemed to have been somewhat timid but his courage rose as his convictions deepened until at his last trial before the Archbishop, he was not afraid to stand firmly by what he believed to be the truth. On February the 26th the royal writ for his execution was issued and he was led to the stake at Smithfield where he suffered with great constancy. His spirit returning to God who gave it, and his poor body crumbled into ashes in accordance with that infamous statute only at most a few days old. “*Caused to be burnt in some conspicuous place.*”

The noble army of martyrs is so great that it is well for us occasionally to recall from its honoured roll some obscure name. Among such is the name of him who though by no means the first British martyr was the first Englishman burnt in England for heresy according to law.—F. H. DU VERNET.

#### THE TONGUE.

“The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill,” declared the Greek.

“The tongue destroys a greater horde,”  
The Turks asserts, “than does the sword.”

A Persian proverb wisely saith,  
“A lengthy tongue—an early death.”

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
“Don’t let your tongue cut off your head.”

“The tongue can speak a word whose speed,  
Say the Chinese, “outstrips the steed.”

While Arab sages this impart,  
“The tongue’s great storehouse is the heart.”

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,  
“Though feet should slip, ne’er let the tongue.”

The sacred writer crowns the whole,  
“Who keeps the tongue doth keep his soul.”

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

## THE ROAD TO INFLUENCE.

It is a noble ambition that makes a man desire to exert a strong and good influence on the men about him and those who shall come after him. Not the consciousness that such an influence exists, nor the reputation of having it, but the fact of the influence itself, is worthy to be prized. To be a man worthy of confidence and following; to be looked back upon as we look back on the toilers who have wrought out our civilization, the unknown freemen who have won our liberty, and the countless hosts of believers who have handed down our faith and moral standards; to be counted, though unnamed, among those who have in their station and as God called them helped to set men forward,—this is the high calling and worthy ambition of a Christian man.

This direct, personal influence over others is not to be gained by effort. It is not to be brought about, any more than happiness, by consciously seeking after it. For, as a discerning thinker has recently said: "A man may strive for influence and miss it. But let him grow within himself,—in self-control, conscientiousness, in purity and submission,—and then he will not miss it. The road to influence is simply the highway of duty and loyalty." Let a man grow within himself, if he would do his work well. The most strenuous efforts to help other men without the strength of a virtuous manhood, triumphant over temptation, will avail, something it may be, but very little. If one desires the true success of a good influence, let him forget all about it and simply try to live in obedience to the moral law for its own sake and in conscious following after the example of Christ. Other men will find in such a one the inspiration they need, and will grow stronger because of his unconscious example. They will follow the Christ that lives in him, and in them, too, He will live. Influence will have been reached along the highway of duty.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

## FALSE PRETENCES.

"If any imagine that they can obtain lasting honor by pretence and inane ostentation, such persons do vehemently err, for true honor strikes its roots down and grows; but all false pretensions, like flowers stuck in the ground, decay." These words are as

true and as applicable to our days and society as they were to the time and place where they were spoken nearly two thousand years ago, and yet how do men and women disquiet themselves in vain that they may seem to be that which they are not and to possess that which they have not. This habit of life and mind, if persisted in, appears to destroy all true nobility of character. Men and women seem to grow unreal under the blight of this vain shadow, and, as it were, to turn into phantoms who wonder and worry through life, vainly craving their fellow creatures to believe them to be something quite different from what they really are, winning, for the most part, nothing but contempt from that world which they so desire to please.

Too often, in order to win the attention and praise of the world, they are ready to offer soul and body in sacrifice to the two other partners in the firm, the flesh and the devil. Such is the singular power of this demon of false pretence that it will compel its votaries to pretensions which they must know can impose on nobody.

I was once present at a little gathering where were reunited a number of people who had, in bygone years, resided in the same little country town, and the original way of life of every person was perfectly well known to every other person, yet these were the conditions that one member of that little group selected to exhibit herself in an utterly false light, which she must have known could deceive no one.

Some inquiries were made concerning an old acquaintance who lived in the town where Mrs. X—— then resided. Mrs. X—— said she had once been to call on this lady and had found her "actually sweeping out her own hall," and she then went on to proclaim her own utter ignorance and innocence of all household affairs.

Now there was not a soul in that company who did not know that for the greater part of her life Mrs. X—— had done all her own work, that she was a very accomplished housekeeper and had been most particularly given to cleaning and scrubbing. She went on, however, airing what she supposed to be her own extreme gentility, until the rest did not, as the saying is, "know where to look," so painfully ashamed were we for her who felt no shame for herself.

In a Canadian paper the other day I read a story which the writer declared to be true. A young woman in England married a man somewhat above herself in rank. He turned out a very worthless fellow and she toiled to support him till he died. This did not, however, prevent his family from looking down upon her and suffering greatly in their distinguished feelings from the degradation of such an alliance.

They were willing, however, to take their son's only child, a daughter, and bring her up, and, "for the child's good," the poor mother, then keeping a little shop, parted with her only one. The daughter grew up and married a man of some rather exalted official rank. At stated times the mother was allowed to visit her daughter, but on condition that she always went to the servants entrance and was passed off before them and the world "as an old nurse." The poor soul was willing to submit to this treatment as long as she could see her child. Do you suppose that any one was blinded by this mean and wicked pretence? In all human probability every servant in the house was fully aware of the fact that the old lady who came so regularly at one season was "Missus' mother." Very likely in every family in the neighbourhood this woman's folly and sin were known, ridiculed and despised.

The world—using the word in the Bible sense—in the bottom of that place where its soul would be if it had one, knows pretty well what its own good opinion is worth, and despises its own votaries. Those who live in a false pretence live in a lie. Their earthly dwelling place is a house of cards which at any time a breath may shatter above their heads. What shall they do in that day when the Lord shall visit them?—*Graham in Parish Visitor.*

## SONG TO A CHILD.

Thou little blossom in God's world  
Thou child of spring-time suns and showers,  
Whose thoughts as white and pure are whirled  
About thy soul as leaves of flowers.

Shun not caressing heads, that fain  
Would bless the gold about thy brow,  
Nor slight the love that longs in vain  
For such a gift of God as thou.

Be loving, as thou lovely art,  
To all who kneel at childhood's throne  
For, oh, how lonely is the heart  
That loves, and cannot love its own!

—James Buckham, in *Harper's Weekly.*



## A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART XI.

WHEN the new plan had been working for about six weeks Mr. Somers called one afternoon to see Mr. St. George. The old gentleman was not looking well, and his manner as he shook hands was languid and depressed.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Somers. "You look as sad as a rainy day."

"Oh, I am very well," said Mr. St. George, evasively.

"Come, come, this will never do," said Mr. Somers. "Here is a man engaged in one of the best and happiest works that a human being could have, and yet he has a face as long as a telegraph pole. You have happy faces about you, and you may also enjoy the cheerful reflection that it is you who have made them happy. Why, this old house is brighter than I ever saw it before. Listen to that!" he said suddenly, and in the pause that followed a merry peal of boy's laughter came down the stairs. A noisy clatter of feet followed, and while Mr. Somers still stood at the study door, a boy came sliding head-first down the balustrade of the stair-case. He dropped off in an instant on the outside and made a dash for the dining room door. But another boy was after him, and the second one was the quicker. He captured his victim directly in front of the study door. The pursued made frantic struggles to get away, and reached out to grasp anything that he could cling to. The leg of the hat-rack happened to be within his reach. Each boy gave a great tug. Something must yield, and horror of horrors, it is the hat-rack! It toppled a moment, and then over it came with a tremendous crash of broken glass, and the boys, the hats, the broken glass and the piece of furniture rolled on the floor in a confused heap.

It was all done so quickly that neither Mr. Somers nor Mr. St. George had had time to interfere. Now they both rushed to the fallen boys who were crying out as lustily as if they had been badly hurt. They were set on their feet, and showed no signs of injury, though both were greatly frightened. But the floor was strewn with fragments of glass from the hat-rack and the rack itself looked considerably shaken by the disaster.

"Come now boys, stop crying. Run up stairs to your rooms," said Mr. Somers, as he saw Mr. St. George silently looking on. His brows were knit darkly, but he did not speak. He only looked a great deal, and Mr. Somers felt instinctively what his thoughts were. The boys went off up stairs sobbing. Mr. St. George looked down upon them as they passed him, but still said not a word. He watched them go up the stairs, and his face all the time was a study. Mr. Somers looked at him half awed by his silence. When the boys were gone the old gentleman walked quickly to the fireplace in his study, and rang the bell. Then he turned and stood in the doorway and waited for the servant to come. Lovatt, in the seclusion of the servant's quarters, had not heard the crash of the fall, and now, when he came in response to his master's ring, he stood in blank amazement waiting for an explanation and instructions.

"It is only the boys' play," said Mr. St. George, in a bitter tone. "Clear it up as well as you can. I will see to the repairs myself."

Lovatt was not a willing worker at anything that concerned the boys, and for the first time in his life he grumbled out loud in obeying his master's orders.

"Little beggars. I'd like to smash them!" he muttered. Mr. St. George motioned to Mr. Somers to enter the study, and followed and shut the door.

"You think this gloomy old house is so very cheerful, and that I ought to be a happy man, with all this brightness and sweetness about, eh?" They sat down in front of the fire, and Mr. Somers knew that an explosion was about to follow. Mr. St. George looked at him steadily until their eyes met.

"Look here, Somers, I'm an old fool," he said, "and it's about time this little bubble burst. I'm too old a man for a game of this kind. But there's one comfort, I won't last long if it goes on." His tone was that of a thoroughly discouraged man, who had lost heart in the work he had undertaken. Mr. Somers saw that the best way to cheer him would be to lead him to tell all the troubles that the presence of the boys in the house had brought.

"Why, I thought everything was going on beautifully," said the clergyman.

"Yes, finely!—for the boys! I dare

say they never before in their lives had such a good time as they have had in the last six weeks. The fact is, Somers, the more one does for the little beggars the more one may. I never saw such an ungrateful lot. There's that little Newcomb. One would think that with his own mother to teach him, he at least would know how to behave himself. But the young rascal is in every kind of mischief. Noise, noise, noise, from morning to night. Do you know that one of them actually left his cap right here on my study table yesterday. I found it when I came in, and the precious little dear must have been in here while I was out, rummaging among my books and papers."

"Well," said Mr. Somers, inwardly amused at the serious distress of the old bachelor at petty annoyances that a man of family has every day. "This is very serious. But is there anything more?"

"More," said Mr. St. George, excitedly. "Why, I haven't told you anything yet."

"All right, let's have it all. I know something about boys, perhaps I can help you."

"You heard Lovatt grumbling there in the hall just now. That is the first time I ever allowed a servant to do anything of the kind in my presence without reproof. But really, I cannot blame him. His life isn't worth living with these boys. They seem to feel instinctively that he is their enemy, and I believe they have plotted together to annoy him. At any rate, they do annoy him persistently. When he speaks to them they laugh at him, and they do more than laugh sometimes. They might have killed him the other day. Actually, one of them stole to Lovatt's bed-room, sometime during the day, and turned back the bed clothes and emptied a jug of water on the mattress. Then he put the dry bed clothes back again neatly. Lovatt went to bed, but of course, hadn't been there two minutes before he felt the chill, and jumped out, and soon found what was the matter. Next morning he came to me and told me what had happened, and that the chill had brought back his rheumatism."

"This is serious," said Mr. Somers.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Do! What could I do? I marched the four young scoundrels in here in

short order, and stood them up in a row there. Then I had Lovatt in, and made him tell me again what had happened. By the time he had repeated his story I was feeling pretty warm about it all, and gave the boys a piece of my mind. Then I said, "Now, I want the boy who did this to confess." Not a word from one of them. I repeated my demand as sternly as a judge addressing a criminal. Still not a word. Then I asked them one after the other 'Did you do this?' and each one answered as cool as you please, looking me straight in the face. 'No!' One of them lied, of course, but which one? There the matter stands. I am watching closely, but I haven't found a thing that would help me to discover the culprit."

"I suppose this is the worst thing that has happened?" said Mr. Somers, in a reflective tone.

"Yes, perhaps the worst, but not the only thing. I hope I don't lose heart easily, but I do cast a longing glance back to my past quiet—to what I suppose you would call the flesh pots of Egypt. But you must hear the rest."

And then followed a long list of offences of which the boys had been guilty, and which the old gentleman had been brooding over. Mr. Somers saw what the whole trouble was. The boys were real boys, with none of that ideal gratitude to their benefactor that one reads of in fiction. They were no more grateful to Mr. St. George for doing what he had done than they would have been to their own parents, if they had done their duty. They were, in fact, unconscious of any need of feeling grateful. They accepted and enjoyed their good fortune, and thought simply nothing of the means by which it came to them. Mr. St. George, on his part, had not yet learned to manage the boys in the right way. He was always grave and checked sternly any faults he saw. But the boys knew instinctively, that he did not understand them, and as a consequence, though they respected him, they did not love him. They understood his self-sacrifice, for their sakes, as little as he understood their feelings as boys.

"Well!" said Mr. Somers at last, with a sigh of relief, when it had all been told to him. "What next?"

"I leave that to you to suggest," said Mr. St. George.

"But you do not think seriously of giving up this work?"

"What can I do? I don't seem to be accomplishing anything."

"My dear fellow, what has that to do with it? Are you not doing the duty that God has called you to? I have been working in the material of human nature for a long time now, and know something about it. I find that a great many people are all zeal for some new enterprise until it is tried, and then if it is not a brilliant success at once, they drop it, and say it's no good trying, that you won't accomplish anything. Did it look very much as if Jesus Christ had accomplished anything, when he was on the cross?"

As Mr. Somers lifted his eyes they fell for a moment on the book shelf opposite to him.

"Why, here's just the thing for you," he said, rising and taking from the shelf a volume bound in dark red. He turned over the pages quickly until he found the place, and then he read.

"We think a few charitable efforts are to succeed at once, and undo the accumulated vice of years. I knew a young lady whose views on this subject were the most naïves I ever heard. She went down once to — and lectured the poor wretches on their dirt and their uncomfortable habits and houses, and—hear it, earth and heaven!—they did not repent them of their evil ways, and reform at the voice of that angelic visitation. It is just possible that, never having *seen* cleanliness or comfort, they did not know what she wanted them to aim at, or how to begin. Mrs. Fry would have bought them a bit of soap, and washed a child's fingers with her own hands as a specimen, and drawn out a little set of rules, and paraded the family once a week, half in fun and good-humoredly, to see that her orders were obeyed, and she would have gone on for a year, and if at the end of a year she saw a little dawn of improvement, she would have thanked God, and taken courage. But fine young ladies think that an eloquent cut of a riding-whip through the air in the last Belgravian fashion, is to electrify a Celtic village, and convert a whole population of savages to civilized tastes and English habits."

"There! that says it better than I could," he cried, putting the book down. Mr. St. George sat with bowed head. Every word of the passage read

had come home to him. Old man as he was, he was as inexperienced as a child in the work he had undertaken. Others then had met with discouragements and had not lost heart. Others too, had thought their work fruitless, but had kept on bravely. Mr. Somers saw that the words had had their effect, and all that he said was, "I think we had better kneel down and pray over this!" And they did.

(To be concluded in next number.)

#### A BURIED CITY.

Down, down beneath the water's ebb and flow,  
A buried city lies with homes and towers:  
There, when the sun has set and winds are low,

I rock and dream for hours;  
And softly floating on the dusky tide  
In listless twilight rest,  
I hear far chimes of buried belfries glide  
Along the water's breast.

At times, methinks, when from the quiet sky  
A cloudless moon in silver glory peers,  
Its streets and gabled houses met mine eye,  
As in the by-gone years;  
The murmurings of many voices rise  
In solemn mystic strain,  
And vanished faces under brighter skies  
Return to smile again.

The voices of my childhood's happy days  
Come stealing upwards through the hush of night;

And through the lonely, long-deserted ways  
There streams a flood of light.  
But ah, it is a dream, when winds are low—  
Too dear a dream to last;  
And mournfully the waters ebb and flow  
Above my buried past.

—New England Magazine.

#### A SENSIBLE INTERPRETATION.

THERE is quite a sermon in this one, told me by an old Scotchman who happened to be seated in the same carriage with me. A Dundee navy, on awakening one morning, told his wife of a curious dream that he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw a big fat rat coming toward him followed by two lean ones, and in the rear one blind one. He was greatly worried over it, and swore that some great evil was about to fall upon him. He had heard that to dream of rats foreboded some dire calamity. In vain did he appeal to his wife, but she could not relieve him. His son, who, by the way, was a bright lad, hearing the dream told, volunteered to interpret it, and he did it with all the wisdom of a Joseph. Said he: "The fat rat is the mon who keeps the public house where ye gang to sae aften, and the twa lean ones are me and me mither, and the blind one is yersel', father."—Selected.

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THE attention of our readers is called to the reduced price of PARISH AND HOME, as shown in the scale of prices [above]. We wish as many as possible to begin taking the magazine before the end of the present year. Sample copies will be sent free on application to the publishers.

MISSIONARIES in the Diocese of Algoma, and also in our Canadian North-West, have asked if something can not be done to give them PARISH AND HOME, either free of charge, to distribute among their people, or at a price lower than the regular one. We have many pressing calls for good wholesome literature, among people who are able to buy simply nothing. Probably few people in the more settled parts of the country realize the absolute dearth of reading matter among these poor settlers. Some kind friends have urged that we ask for donations for the free distribution of PARISH AND HOME in Algoma and the North-West. We now invite contributions for this purpose, and ask our readers to remember what a great boon a small sum spent in this way will purchase for many families. Mrs. Du Vernet, 619 Church street, Toronto, has kindly consented to act as treasurer of the fund and contributions in money or stamps may be sent to her.

WE wonder if many clergymen realize the number of their people who are half asleep during the sermon! The one thing that is wanting in the average

sermon is liveliness, movement. There is nothing more lively or racy than spiritual truth. It touches that in which all men have the keenest interest. "You are wrong there," a reader at once says. "A great many people are not at all interested in spiritual truth." The objection is true so far—that many have no interest in spiritual truth as ordinarily taught. But even a bad man is interested in the spiritual dissection of his own soul, and if the clergyman can do this as Jesus Christ did it, the cold Sadducee, the proud Pharisee, and the wicked Publican will be intensely interested in his words, though they may refuse to follow his teaching. We ask our clergymen to crowd all possible animation and intensity into their words on the most vital of all subjects. Perhaps they will take to heart this little verse, slightly adapted, notwithstanding its strong American flavour:

When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day.  
When your tale's got little in it,  
Crowd the whole thing in a minute;  
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—  
Don't waste so much sermon paper!  
Boil it down until it simmers;  
Polish it until it glimmers.  
When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day!

A GREAT many men are trying to slip into the Kingdom of Heaven hid behind the skirts of their wives. It is often the wife who has all the responsibility in connection with the religious life of the home. She conducts family prayers and gives the children whatever religious teaching they receive. She takes them to church, and represents her husband there, while he stays at home and reads his newspaper or novel and smokes his pipe. The man thinks his whole duty is done when he pays the pew rent. But even a good wife cannot drag a husband into the Kingdom with no effort on his part. He must alone with God settle the great question. Jacob sent his wife and children and servants over the brook Jabbok. They were safe in the land of promise, but he himself stood alone on the far side; and only after a severe crippling conflict did he cross over too. We cannot be Christians by proxy.

WE remember once hearing a number of persons discussing success in Christian work. One man spoke of bright services, another of paying great attention to preaching, another of

frequent visiting in the parish. When nearly every one had given his opinion, one, who had as yet been silent, rose slowly, and said, "No man can possibly succeed in Christian work who is not an earnest student of the work of God. The less a man studies his Bible the more original he may be. The more consuming a man's eloquence is the greater the danger that it will consume his ideas and have the people wondering what he means. What this weary, sin-burdened world wants is not human originality and eloquence, but the originality of God's love and the eloquence of Jesus Christ's passion. Do not merely swallow a lot of texts as the Hottentot swallowed the hymn book, because he knew it was a good book, but read, mark, learn and inwardly digest God's word. Think upon it, turn it over and over, let its ideas pass into the very fibres of your mental being, and you need not be anxious about success." The speaker sat down and every one felt that his were the best words spoken.

DON'T make up your mind what you are going to do, and then come to God and ask Him to endorse your decision. If prayer means anything it means that we come for guidance to One who is wiser than we are and sees much farther. If some prayers were spoken in the language of the heart, and not of the lips, we should hear this: "O God, I want to have this very much, and I have made up my mind to have it. Don't oppose me in getting it, but tell me that it is your will as well as mine that I should have it." A clergyman was "called" from a poor to a rich parish. He asked that he might have a month for prayer and consideration. During this month a friend asked the clergyman's son if his father would accept the call. "I don't know," said the boy. "Father is still praying for light, but most of the furniture is packed."

THERE is no better expression of what a man is than the opinions of men and things which he utters. If these are cynical, is he sees no good in any one, if all is dark and gloomy, the man stands before us self-revealed. Here is a soul with no "sweetness and light,"—probably an impure soul; for, as was said by a great and good man, "The soul spreads its own hue over everything." It is quite true, as Browning once said,



that Christianity, by teaching "Original Sin—the Corruption of Man's Heart"—shows that it comes from God. But it opens new fountains of goodness too, from which many thirsty souls drink. Instead of turning our blind eye to the goodness, let us turn it to the sin sometimes.

#### A SONG OF REST.

O WEARY hands! that all the day  
Were set to labor hard and long.  
Now softly fall the shadows grey,  
The bells are rung for even-song:  
An hour ago the golden sun  
Sank slowly down into the west;  
Poor weary hands, your toil is done;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile  
Have truded along a stony way,  
At last ye reach the trysting stile;  
No longer fear to go astray.  
The gentle, bending, rustling trees  
Rock the young birds within the nest,  
And softly sings the quiet breeze,  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

O weary eye from which the tears  
Fell many a time like thunder-rain—  
O weary heart! that through the years  
Beat with such bitter, restless pain—  
To-night forget the stormy strife,  
And know what Heaven shall send is best!  
Lay down the tangled web of life;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!  
—*Florence Tyler, in Chambers' Journal.*

#### IT LASTS.

The peculiarity of Christianity is the strong personal tie of real love and intimacy which will bind men to the end of time to this man that died nineteen hundred years ago. We look back into the waste of antiquity; the mighty names rise there that we reverence; the great teachers from whom we have learned, and to whom, after a fashion, we are grateful. But what a gulf there is between us and the best and noblest of them. But here is a dead man who to-day is the object of passionate attachment and a love deeper than life to millions of people, and will be to the end of time. There is nothing in the whole history of the world the least like that strange bond which ties you and me to Christ, and the paradox of the apostle remains a unique fact in the experience of humanity: "Jesus Christ, whom, having not seen, ye love." We stretch our hands across the waste, silent centuries, and there amid the mist of oblivion, thickening round all other figures in the past, we touch the warm, throbbing heart of our friend, who lives forever and forever is

near us. We here, nearly two millenniums after the words fell on the nightly air on the road to Gethsemane, have them coming direct to our hearts. A perpetual bond unites men with Christ to-day; and for us, as truly as in that long-past Pascal night, it is true, "Ye are my friends."

There are no limitations in that friendship, no misconstruction in that heart, no alienation possible, no change to be feared. Why should I be solitary if Jesus Christ is my friend? Why should I fear if he walk by my side? Why should anything be burdensome if he lays it upon me and helps me to bear it? What is there in life that cannot be faced and borne—aye, and conquered—if we have him, as we all may have him, for the friend and the home of our hearts.—*Dr. Maclaren.*

#### A MORE COSTLY GIFT.

A DONOR of \$20,000 to the work of foreign missions was being spoken of as a most munificent giver. "Not quite so," was the answer. "I know of at least one more generous giver." "Really?" "Well, that gift is known to very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me, with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary work in a far away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God to such service, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back?' said the old man. 'I had prayed nearly all my life, "Thy kingdom come," "Send forth laborers into Thy harvest," and with all the pain of parting with my boy, in the certainty I shall never see him again on earth, there is a deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake.'—*Bombay Guardian.*

#### REFLECTIONS.

SOMEBODY smiled and the world was gay,  
For joy will gild e'en the roughest way,  
And merry-words, with jest and song,  
Swift swung the hours of the day along.

Somebody frowned and the way grew steep,  
Dark lagging hands o'er the dial creep;  
The sun is clouded and wind and rain  
Dash in a face paled o'er with pain.

Ah, true, a cloud in a loved one's sky  
Will dim the light of your flashing eye,  
And more than real heart-woes your fear  
Reflected shadows from hearts grown dear.

—*Selected.*

#### A MAN OF PRAYER.

DANIEL was a very busy man. He was a man holding a most responsible office. He was a prime minister of the then greatest empire in the world. He had to direct and control a thousand conflicting interests, to shield the wronged, the helpless, the oppressed; he had to keep clear of the perpetual intrigues and jealousies which are the plague of the Oriental court; to guard himself from the contamination of heathen vices, and from that low standard of morals by which he was constantly surrounded, and against which even the best of men find it so hard to struggle single-handed. And he did this. He was active, he was honored, he was trusted; above all he bore a noble testimony for God in the midst of sin and profligacy and idolatry, because he was a man of prayer. Business he discharged, temptation he surmounted, duties he fulfilled, because three times a day he kneeled in his chamber, and prayed, and gave thanks before God.—*Bishop of Worcester.*

#### NEVER HEARD BEFORE.

A MISSIONARY lady was staying at a guest-house by the wayside, ready to speak to any poor woman who came to her, as many were passing by on their way to a native fair.

Many of them seemed quite eager to learn about the message of salvation, and when their companions urged them to hurry on to the fair instead of stopping, they still lingered near the Mission lady, and one of them answered:

"I have seen the fair many a time, but these things I have never heard before."

"Never heard before!" Ah, my readers, she would not have said that if you and I had been more earnest in passing on the light of truth which we enjoy, to those dark places of the earth

WE don't like to talk about our troubles to everybody, nay, our deepest ones we care not to tell to anybody, prefer, in fact, to keep them to ourselves. But let us not brood in our hearts alone; rather, where even no human sympathy can enter, let us unlash the door to Him, who will make our sorrows His; and pour into our wounds the oil and wine of His love and pity.



THE BATTLE-SONG OF THE CHURCH.

FEAR not the foe, thou flock of God,  
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod,  
Fear not the foe!  
He fights in vain who fights with thee;  
Soon shall thou see his armies flee,  
Himself laid low.

Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight;  
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;  
He leads thee on.  
His sword shall scatter every foe,  
His shield shall ward off every blow;—  
The crown is won.

His is the battle, his the power,  
His is the triumph of that hour;  
In him be strong.  
So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,  
So shall the victory be thine,  
And thine the song.

Not long the sigh, the toil, the sweat,  
Not long the fight-day's wasting heat;  
The shadows come,  
Slack not thy weapon in the fight;  
Courage! for God defends the right;  
Strike home! strike home!

—Bonar.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with.

There is a family in this city who are dependent upon a little child for the present sunshine of themselves. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlour, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then came the question among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. No!—there was only one other and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely,—

“Is mamma doin’ to die?”

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbours were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother’s pillow.

“Mamma,” he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, “Is you ‘fraid to die?”

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

“Who—told—you—Charlie?” she asked faintly.

“Doctor, an’ papa, an’ gamma—everybody,” he whispered. “Mamma, dear, ‘ittle mamma, doan’ be ‘fraid to die, ‘ll you?”

“No, Charlie,” said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; “no, mamma won’t be afraid!”

“Jus’ shut your eyes in ‘e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an’ when you open ‘em, mamma, it ‘ll be all light there.”

When the family gathered awestricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

“H-u-s-h! My mamma doin’ to sleep. Her won’t wake up here any more!”

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said,—

“It was all light there.”

DON’T STOP AT THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the Conductor, most surely;  
Why millions and millions before  
Have made this same journey securely  
And come to that ultimate shore.  
And we, we will reach it in season;  
And ah, what a welcome is there!  
Reflect then, how out of all reason  
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion  
Of little black water have we  
As we journey from ocean to ocean—  
From sea unto ultimate sea—  
To that deep sea of seas, and all silence  
Of passion, concern, and of care—  
That vast sea of Eden-set Islands.  
Don’t stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,  
Go forward, friend-led or alone;  
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow  
Or fen, in the night and unknown—  
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you  
From angels, all waiting you there!  
Go forward! whatever betide you.  
Don’t stop at that station Despair!

—Joaquin Miller.

THE HORSE’S SENSE OF SMELL.

DID you ever watch a horse feeding at pasture? How he works his lips like fingers, picking a tuft here and there and leaving others. He does this by scent, which in the horse is most exquisite. My riding horse one day sud-

denly shied and jumped to the other side of the road. On looking about I saw a rattlesnake sleeping on the bank fifteen feet away. It was quickly killed, but the horse passed the place with suspicion for weeks afterwards. A horse will smell a snake a long distance. This acute scent serves him in all his feeding. He picks over his hay and rejects any not pleasing to his sense of smell, and rejects water from a bucket in which milk has been carried. He finds his way in the darkness by the same sense, and so acute is this that he can recognize his companion by the odor of the tracks along a road or a pasture. For these reasons we should be most careful not to foul hay in the making or gathering, but to keep it as clean as one would keep his own food. Thus, to squirt filthy tobacco juice over the hay is an insult to the more civilized animal.—*New York Tribune.*

LEARNING BY HEART.

WE plead for a revival of the habit of memorizing the Scriptures. It is a shame for an intelligent Christian not to be able to repeat a single psalm or chapter. The richest sections of God’s Word should be known by heart. Its sweetest promises should live in the mind. Its greatest truths should abide with us to encourage and inspire life. Let the young people move strongly and unitedly in this matter, and soon it will become the style throughout the Church.—*The Epworth Herald.*

CULTIVATE consideration for the feelings of other people if you would never have your own injured.

“CONSCIENCE,” said a little girl one day to her mamma, “is God whispering in our hearts.”

“THE secret of Christian living,” says one, “is to sit still without being idle.” It is the blending of the service of Mary with that of Martha. Mere activity and restlessness, in the best of causes, has slight worth, unless it is the outflow of a spiritual life nourished by close fellowship with Christ. There have been ages in which the secret fellowship was thought enough, and there was no marked expression of it in action. Let us see to it that we do not make the opposite mistake of useless activity.

THE best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with our own conscience.

THE human soul cannot pant for a spiritual communion with God that is to last only seventy years and then cease forever. Every spiritual desire and aspiration has in it the element of infinity and endlessness.—*Prof. W. G. T. Shedd.*

A MAN'S prayers for others are a very fair thermometer of his own religious condition. What he asks for them will largely indicate what he thinks best for himself; and how he asks it will show the firmness of his own faith and the fervor of his own feeling. There is nothing colder than the intercession of a cold Christian; and, on the other hand, in no part of the fervid Apostle Paul's writings do his words come more winged and fast, or his spirit glow with greater fervor of affection and more holy desire than in his petitions for his friends.—*A. Maclaren, D.D.*

THE saloon must have boys or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted—2,000,000 boys," is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year. Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grind up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply.—*Fernald's Economics of Prohibition.*

MOST people have a wrong idea as to what constitutes real education. A man may know a great deal and not be educated. His load of knowledge may be so great that he cannot handle it. The educated man is the man who has learned discipline. He has control of his body and its lusts and passions. He knows how to use his mind and can keep it from wandering over the whole created universe, when he has a definite mental task to do. And this is a discipline so severe that Demosthenes

used to retire to a dark cave when he wished to think out a subject, and to have his mind free from distractions. But above all, the educated man has a character that is obedient to the highest ideal. In a word, the educated man is the Christian who brings body, mind,—himself to the obedience of Jesus Christ.

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

### WORDS.

KEEP A guard on your words, my darlings,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.  
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut, in the strife of anger,  
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged  
If their errand is true and kind;  
If they come to support the weary,  
To comfort and help the blind.  
Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,  
Under bar, and lock, and seal;  
The wounds they make, my darlings,  
Are always slow to heal.

—*Selected.*

### THERE IS A BOY I CAN TRUST.

WE once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.—*Selected.*

### PATIENCE.

"BE YE PATIENT."—*St. James 5, 7.*

WHAT is patience? It is bearing unavoidable evils with cheerfulness—without fretfulness or complaining.

Mind, I say unavoidable evils. There

is no sense or virtue in sitting down content with evils which can be helped. I have seen a man bear for weeks with the nuisance of a door off one hinge, which he could have mended in half an hour. That was not patience—it was laziness. He was one who prided himself on "taking things easy," as he said; and, as usual, other people had to take them hard in proportion.

Let me illustrate what I mean by a little story. Jack and Dora were invited by an uncle to take a short railroad journey and visit a pleasant summer resort. It chanced that the train was crowded, and the only seats to be had were on the sunny side of the car; of course this was not pleasant, but Dora made the worst of it.

"Dear me, have we got to sit here and be baked? How perfectly horrid! Can't we go into another car?"

"All the cars are full," replied Mr. Bruce; "we are lucky in getting seats at all."

"Never mind!" said Jack. "Perhaps someone may get out at the next station. You can take the inside seat if you like and I will sit by the window, or I can put down the blind."

"Yes, and then we can't see at all, I might as well be at home."

"Better, I think, if you are going to fret all the way!" said her uncle dryly. Dora was silent for a few minutes, and happily the sun went under a cloud. Presently a little child began to cry.

"How very disagreeable!" said Dora. "Why can't people have sense enough to stay at home with their babies, and not annoy everybody?"

Jack quietly abstracted an orange from the lunch-basket, and put it into the baby's lap, which at once became deeply interested in the attempt to put the big yellow globe into its mouth.

So it was all day. If the sun shone, Dora found it unbearably hot. If it was cloudy, she was sure it was going to rain. She knew she should be afraid if she went on the water, and yet she would not be left on shore, and so on to the end of the chapter. The next time Mr. Bruce invited a party of his young friends to a pleasure excursion, Dora found herself left out, and her uncle plainly told her the reason.

"You take no comfort yourself, and you spoil that of everyone else. Until you can conquer this habit of fretfulness you must be content to stay at home."

Believe me, there is no evil which is not made worse by impatience. I know very well that is impossible not to complain of pain at times. I have seen a brave soldier cry like a child with the pain of a wounded hand. He was weak and worn out with suffering. The same man was quite ready to talk cheerfully and make the best of things when he was a little better.

Be patient with the faults and weaknesses of others, remembering how long your Heavenly Father has borne with you. Do not notice every little slip of temper, every inconsistency or oddity. Above all, never tease a companion to make him angry. That is doing the devil's work in good earnest.

Not long ago I read of a great ocean steamer which was caught in a heavy gale. The winds lashed up the waves to fury, and the boat was in great danger. What saved her? The captain filled two thick bags with oil, made a hole in each, and hung them over the vessel's bow, so that the oil fell drop by drop on the wild water. The drops spread, and in a few minutes the vessel was sailing in a smooth path of her own, while the waves raged about her, but could not reach her. Patience is the oil on the troubled waters. Let us pray to God to give us this precious oil, that we may safely pass the waves of this troublesome world, and anchor in that heavenly harbor where storms never come.—*Parish Visitor.*

### GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are very cheap; they do not cost money and they will come if you call for them at any time and in any place; they only require a little care.

Salute your acquaintance when you meet them. A cheerful "Good morning" or "Good evening" gives pleasure. Avoid rudeness to passers-by in the street; do not stare at them; do not run against them. Always make way for aged and infirm people, and never stand on the foot-path talking to others so as to stop up the road. In the eagerness of your play at ball, hoop or marbles, be careful not to annoy others. Never deface walls or door-steps by writing on them, and the benches in the parks or other public places, as rude people do by writing or cutting their names on them. If in a

steamer, a railway carriage or any public conveyance, be always observant of your fellow travellers and do not in any way annoy them. Do not selfishly look out for the best seat or refuse to accommodate another; at the same time, if you find any person who offers you civility be careful to acknowledge it. Do not annoy others with your boxes, baskets or parcels, or lean on your next neighbor, sit on their clothes or tread on them. Be courteous at all times and to everybody.

"Politeness," says a celebrated writer, "is a coin that enriches not only him who receives it, but him who gives it." What is it that gives value to these small civilities? It is that they express kind-heartedness. These courtesies should come from the heart; for remember that the worth of good manners consists in their being the sincere expression of our feelings. Like the dial of the watch, they should show that the works within are good and true.—*Southern Churchman.*

### THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea, "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be! A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth, For he did not like the vessel, or the dizzy rolling berth, And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight, But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right, And so he journeyed on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say, But always found the people dull, and longed to get away, To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go; But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent, On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent; For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### WORK.

JANE DEWEY, said the old village pastor, came home from boarding-school when she was nineteen years old. She had been absent several years, for her father was in quite ordinary circumstances, and not able to bring her home in vacations. She was a pale, worn-looking girl, cold and reserved in manner, and evidently carried some burden of grief or anxiety. After a few weeks she brought it to me, asking my counsel.

"I became a member of the church this spring," she said. "How can I be cheerful or laugh like the rest? I must save my soul. I am full of faults. When I count them, and pray over them, I am miserable."

It was her habit, she told me, to keep a record of all her sins. A certain hour each day was given up to this work.

"But have you nothing to do for others?" I asked.

"Others! Is not my first duty to endeavor to overcome my own faults?" she retorted, irritably.

After this she visited me frequently, and wrote me interminable letters, all in the same unhealthy tone. One day she was sure she had committed the unpardonable sin. The next she had doubts concerning some theological doctrine. The third her "heart was cold." So she grew all the time more morbid, and gloomy, and selfish.

I said to her, "You say you have given yourself to Christ? By this you mean, or ought to mean, that you have given yourself to His service. Instead of this perpetual misery, you should be glad and thankful that he has accepted your service. But what service do you render Him? None. The work which He means you to do for others would strengthen and uplift your own soul more than all this morbid introspection."

But she was deaf to all suggestion or argument.

During that summer her mother died, and afterwards her father was thrown from his horse, and confined to his bed for many weeks. The charge of the house and five children was thrown upon her.

As the busy, anxious weeks passed, she grew, strangely enough, plump and ruddy and cheerful. She came to me for advice, sometimes; but it was to know how to enliven her father, who



was sinking into dull despair, or how to keep David and John away from bad company. The little children, too, required constant attention.

"If mother was only here!" she said. "I am so ignorant! I do all I can, and in my prayers look above for guidance."

"And about yourself, Jane?" I asked.

She blushed. "I have no time now to think of myself," she said. "I must trust Christ for His promised acceptance notwithstanding my errors, while I do this work which He has given me."

Many well-meaning Christians actually nourish faults in themselves by unhealthy broodings over their own condition. The best remedy is active work for others.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### RIGHT AND WRONG AMBITION.

"THERE!" said a little shoeblack boy to me one day, as he gave a last touch to my boots, and stuck his brushes into each other with a look of triumph. "there they can't shine more." This boy had succeeded in life, and was at the top of his profession. Without striving to force himself into some position for which he was unfitted, he had aimed at succeeding in his own line. This is the right sort of ambition, and it is one that we can all gratify.

We may be sure that he who cannot play well a subordinate part in the drama of life, will do no better if given a higher *role*. The great natural philosopher Faraday, who was the son of a blacksmith, wrote, when a young man, to Sir H. Davy, asking for employment at the Royal Institution. Sir H. Davy consulted a friend on the matter. "Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution. What can I do?" "Do? put him to wash bottles. If he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing." Faraday washing bottles would be quite as successful a man as Prof. Faraday lecturing at the Royal Institution, if both kinds of work were equally well done. The carpenter who makes good chairs and tables, better deserves a crown than a king who cannot govern. We must all admire and consider successful the crossing-sweep-

er whose honest pride it was that he could do "an ornamental piece of sweeping round a lamp-post!"

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
Should mend an old kettle like me.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is the motto of noble ambition. The other day I asked a young officer if he played polo. "No," he said, "I do not, for I have not time to practise it enough, and I hate doing anything badly." This is the feeling of a man who is ambitious in the best sense of the word. He hates doing anything badly.

The late celebrated head-master of Uppingham School used to say that every boy is good for something. Probably we who are grown up are all good for something, and would excel if only we would try to do so in our own line. This, however, is what we do not do. Each man wants to boast in another man's line. He thinks that in order to "get on" and be successful he must leave that state of life into which he was called by God.

We speak of a man's "calling" in life, implying by our words a belief that God calls each of us to his own place; that is, to the place which he is capable of filling with the greatest credit. By giving to us certain tastes and capacities, God calls us as certainly as if we heard a voice from Heaven. False ambition says, "Leave this calling as soon as possible, and force yourself into a position which is more 'genteel,' into one which is presided over by 'the bestial goddess of comfort and respectability.'" From this false ambition come jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the torments of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental sufferings—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity. They are griefs of a kind to which a man who is ambitious in the best sense of the word, should not fall a prey. There need be no disappointed ambition if we set before ourselves the true aim in life, which is to amend ourselves, and do our "level best" in whatever sphere we are called upon to work.

"All service is the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first,  
There is no great, there is no small  
To the Soul that maketh all."

—United Presbyterian.

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