

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 13.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

LESSONS.

- 6--and Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah 5; 2 Peter 3. *Evening*—Isaiah 11, to v. 11, or 24; John 15.
- 13--3rd Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah 25; 1 John 5. *Evening*—Isaiah 26, or 28, v. 5 to 19; John 19, v. 25.
- 20--4th Sunday in Advent.** *Morning*—Isaiah 30, to v. 27; Rev. 6. *Evening*—Isaiah 32, or 33, v. 2 to 23; Rev. 7.
- 27--St. Thomas, A. & M.** *Morning*—Job 42, to v. 7; John 20, v. 19 to 24. *Evening*—Isaiah 35; John 14, to v. 8.
- 25--Christmas Day.** *Morning*—Isaiah 9, to v. 8; Luke 2, to v. 15. *Evening*—Isaiah 7, v. 10 to 17; Titus 3, v. 4 to 9.
- 26--St. Stephen, the First Mart.** *Morning*—Gen. 4, to v. 11; Acts 6. *Evening*—2 Chron. 24, v. 15 to 23; Acts 8, to v. 9.
- 27--1st Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—Isaiah 35. *Evening*—Isaiah 48 or 40.
- St. John, A. & E. Morning**—Exod. 33, v. 9; John 13, v. 23 to 36. *Evening*—Isaiah 6; Rev. 1.
- 28--Innocents' Day.** *Morning*—Jer. 37, to v. 18; Rev. 16. *Evening*—Baruch 4, v. 21 to 31; Rev. 18.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

"ALL honour to him who shall win the prize,
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies
I give great honour and glory and tears.

Give glory and honour and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with time in advance of time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Notes on the Calendar.

WHEN on our guard against giving too much attention to events in the life of Christ and His Apostles, which are rather incidental than essential to the Gospel of Salvation, it is most helpful for us to have certain days to recall to our minds events, for even though some of these events may be minor, they always carry with them practical lessons which we do well to consider.

The great festival of Christmas upon

which we celebrate our Saviour's Birth, rightly occupies the chief place in the calendar for this month. The mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, must ever stand in the fore-front of the message of salvation. For it is through "The Man Christ Jesus," that we have received our highest revelation of God the Father. He is "the image of the invisible God." It is "The Man Christ Jesus," who is the one only mediator between God and men. The atonement was rendered possible by the Incarnation. Our union with God is rendered possible through the Incarnation and atonement of Christ Jesus our Lord.

Following close upon Christmas, however, there are three days appointed to commemorate minor events.

December 26th, St. Stephen, the first Martyr.—Here we have martyrdom of the highest kind, both in will and deed. The day of martyrdom was to St. Stephen the birthday to a higher life. He saw the Heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. May we, like Stephen, be "full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

December 27th, St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.—Here we have martyrdom in will, but not in deed. While St. Stephen soon followed our Lord to glory; St. John had to wait and serve long after the other apostles were at rest. We cannot rely entirely upon the traditions concerning St. John, but there seems little doubt that he lived on to an extreme old age, and was the last inspired writer of the New Testament. Without his writings our Gospel would indeed be incomplete. May our hearts be enlightened by the deep truths which he taught concerning the Son of God.

December 28th, Innocents' Day.—Here we have martyrdom in deed, but not in will. Probably the number of baby boys slain on this occasion has been greatly exaggerated as Bethlehem was but a small town; there is, however, something extremely touching in the thought of the suffering of these little ones, unconscious though they were of the cause. Every true mother will especially sympathize with those Jewish

mothers, whose sorrow is depicted in language of exquisite beauty:—

"A voice was heard in Ramah,
Weeping and great mourning,
Rachel weeping for her children
And she would not be comforted
Because they are not."

A custom has arisen in many churches of setting apart Innocents' Day for the children. Coming soon after Christmas, it is a most suitable day for a children's Service, with offerings brought by the children for other children—the sick and the poor. Even children can soon learn that, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." F. H. D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

THE TEMPLE.

As we study the Temple built by Solomon at the Lord's command we become impressed with the thought that it was intended to be to the Jews a great object lesson. It expressed in visible form great spiritual truths which at first could only be slowly learnt. It was not, however, only symbolical, it was also typical; it pointed forward to something which was yet to come. Its mission would be over when what it typified was no longer future but had actually come to pass.

Amidst a multiplicity of details, we are in danger of becoming bewildered. Let us seize upon one central idea. Of the temple, when giving instructions concerning it, the Lord said: "Thy name shall be there." Though the heaven of heavens cannot contain the Lord, He was pleased to make the temple in a special sense His dwelling place. Within the veil of the Holy of Holies the children of Israel knew was the ark of the covenant, overshadowed by the Cherubim. On the mercy seat between the Cherubim was the symbol of God's presence. At the dedication of the temple, that the priests and people might realize most vividly the presence of the Lord in the temple, we are told that "when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by

reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord."

It is true that in the Epistles to the Hebrews, the Holy of Holies is taken as representing heaven itself, where God dwells, and that the high priest who alone could enter the Holy of Holies once a year, "and not without blood," is taken as a type of Christ, who having made atonement for us once for all by the sacrifice of Himself, has passed into Heaven now to appear before the face of God for us. This is a most precious truth which alone explains many of the details of the temple worship; but viewing the temple as God's special dwelling-place upon earth, we see that it was grandly typical of the Incarnation of Christ, which we at this season celebrate. "Destroy this temple," the Lord Jesus said one day to the Scribes and Pharisees, "and in three days I will raise it up." "He spake of the temple of His Body." Within this temple was the Holy of Holies—His Soul, where dwelt the Presence of God. The veil that concealed this Presence from the people was His Flesh. Immanuel was His name, "God with us." Christ has ascended in Body, but He has poured out upon us His spirit, and now our bodies have become temples of the Holy Ghost.

Of Solomon's temple God said:—"Thy name shall be there."

Of the Lord Jesus Christ God said:—"Thy name is in Him."

And now as Christians we bear the name of Christ. His presence dwells within us. Jesus said:—"If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make *our abode* with him." "Abide in Me and *I* in you."

F. H. DUVERNET.

IT WAS HIS CUSTOM.

We are all familiar with the saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." But the literal following out of this advice would be extremely unpleasant in some cases. It is better to be honest with ourselves, as the pious farmer in the following:—

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening, and took a seat at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter.

The old man bowed his head, and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing, "I have beefsteak,

codfish balls and bull heads." Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head.

The young man turned the colour of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants."

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and the son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fishball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.

CARL RICHARD, one of Britain's peers,
Is lord of many a mile
Of thrifty English soil, and lives
In proud baronial style.
He has his castle famed in song,
His parks and garden fair;
And every Sunday in his hall
His chaplain kneels in prayer.

No earl am I; I have no lands;
A man of low degree,

No liveried servants doff the hat
And bend the knee to me,
And yet, though boasting no estates,
And though my purse is light,
I have my chaplain, too and he
Prays for me every night.

He is a little fair-haired boy,
That scarce five years hath seen,
With dimpled cheek and melting eye,
Fond voice and winsome mien.
And when he dons his robe of white,
Ere lying down to sleep,
He folds his sinless hands and prays
The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain. None but God
Knows how I love the boy,
Each day that dawns, each night that falls
He floods my heart with joy.
Oh I have been a better man
Since he to me was given;
His simple trust and guileless ways
Have drawn me nearer heaven.

—*Wide Awake.*

SAFE IN PORT.

PERHAPS you have stood upon the wharf and seen a storm-torn ship come to its anchorage. It has been out tossing upon the deep for many a weary month. The wind has bleached its sails and chafed its shrouds and stays. The salt spray has discoloured its hull,

and the rocks have grazed and bruised its sides; but it has outlived the tempests, and, under the favouring breezes, it has at last reached the lower bay, and, with every inch of its ragged canvas carefully spread to catch the wind, it is now coming majestically along the winding channel of the inner harbour. The bows are filled with the ardent seamen, tearful that their feet are so near the steady land. The officers utter their orders in quick tones, as if they could hasten the slow-moving ship, and the ropes glow through the rattling blocks, as one after another the sails drop to their rest; and then the clanking of the chain, the whirl of the capstan, and the plunge into the water, tell you that the anchor is dropped; and the ship gently rocks with the mimic ripples, as it rides safely by the side of the sunlit land of home.

After such a manner, but with surpassing moral beauty, does the Christian come to anchor in the haven of holy rest. His head has been bleached by many a wintry year. His limbs have been crippled by many a hard toil. Afflictions have marred his beauty. Temptations have drawn him amongst the rocks, and his eyes have dimmed with watching for the lights of the far-off shore.

But now at last he is coming into port. The last howlings of the storm are dying away. Its last billows have been passed, the waves ripple musically beneath him, and the celestial land is fair before him. His anchor of hope is cast within the veil, and the hands of love and faith are warping him in. Every moment shortens the cable. Still and serene he drops his last sail, bids adieu to his shattered but faithful hulk, and steps on the shores of heaven. There friends long before arrived gather around him, and angels rejoice to guide him up to the city of the great King with songs and everlasting joy upon His head.—*Mortimer Blake.*

STRONG IN THE LORD.

It was "when we were without strength," "that in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" It was when the world was at its latest gasp, helpless and Godless; when *society* was breaking down beneath the burden of its own corruptions, rotten to the core with its own pollutions, and when art, science, poetry and philosophy had

tried their best, and had utterly failed to redeem or elevate humanity—it was then that Christ came into the midst of this world and died for the ungodly.

There had been plenty of men who could say fine things, but here was some one who could *do* the things that needed to be done. They could advise, He could help. They could counsel, He could save. They could discuss the question of the life to come, He could say, "I am the resurrection and the life," and could call forth the dead at His word.

"When we were without strength," and when the world was "without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," and taught men the great lesson of self-sacrifice, and the still greater lesson of that divine power which He alone possessed, and without which men can never be redeemed.

To-day the world is as weak as ever. Weak in virtue, weak in integrity, weak in will, weak morally, mentally and physically, doomed to die, and utterly helpless to avert the fatal blow; they have counsellors in abundance, men who say much and do nothing; men who have no power with which to resist evil or triumph over death. The need of this world to-day is the conquering power and abiding Presence of the victorious and immortal Christ; He who has done the things which no other man ever did, and who is still strong to redeem and mighty to save. In His strength we can be strong. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength;" and if we are "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," "through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."—*The Christian*.

"LOVE CANNOT FAIL."

"Love cannot fail" when joy grows pale,
And Hope's blithe heart forlorn;
When Sin makes black the shining track
Below the hills of Morn;
When Faith is weak, and dare not seek
The Soul's abiding-place;
When Doubt doth lift, from Time's dark drift,
A wan, bewildered face;

When Pain's keen blade deep wounds has made,

From which we vainly shrink;
When life burns low, with flickering glow,
Above Death's sombre brink;
When Earth's ast light fades into night,
"And all is said and done,"—

"Love cannot fail," and must prevail,
For God and Love are one.

—William H. Hayne.

THE AFRICAN AND HIS DOG.

"ONE day," said an African missionary, "as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important but least attentive of my congregation, this exclamation, 'Oh, what a misfortune!' pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear. Quite concerned, I pushed open the door and went in.

"'What is the matter, Tamra,' I said. 'What misfortune has happened to you? Neither your wife nor your son ill, I hope?' 'No,' he replied, 'there's no one ill in the hut.'

"'Well, what trouble are you lamenting?'

"The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air. 'Why, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible you gave us.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the loss is not irreparable; I may be able to replace the leaf.'

"'Ah, but,' said the man, 'my dog is spoiled. He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I bid him. He will become as gentle as a lamb, as all our warriors do now who read that book. I tell you what, missionary, my good dog is ruined, and and it is all your fault.'"—*Selected*.

OPPORTUNITIES.

BUSINESS men train themselves to watch for opportunities. Long experience has made many of them quick to detect momentary changes, and fortunes are made through sagacious forecastings. Away off our coasts, tugs lie in wait in the track of homeward-bound vessels, and those who put furthest to sea have often the best chance. If they lie in harbour until signalled for, their gains will not be great. Christian workers should also be on the alert. We are to pray to the Lord, but we are also to watch the opportunities He gives us. He is constantly among us, although unseen, and is working out His gracious designs. He has pieces of service for each of us to do, and has at times laid the burden upon us and given us splendid opportunities; but Jonah like, we have disobeyed His call and have run away from work which would have blessed others and enriched ourselves. If the Lord calls us to any special labour He will not fail us in it, and our highest wisdom is to watch His guiding hand at all times. Our hearts too often wax

gross and our ears are dull of hearing, and when He speaks we do not hear His voice. Were we wise we would ever have our ears open to catch His faintest whisper. An instructed and experienced heart is responsive to the slightest promptings of the Spirit. It has its secret communings with Him and is led to many quiet pieces of work careless Christians know nothing of. In the office, on the street, in the train a word may be dropped which may set a soul at liberty, comfort the sorrowing, or bring hope to the despairing. If we watch as those who watch for the morning we will continually see traces of our Lord's goings, and will often be lost in admiration at His marvellous wisdom, and at the greatness of His goodness to those who follow Him fully. It will become our chiefest delight to give ourselves over daily to be used by Him, and if we do so in humility and faith He will soon give us plenty of opportunities.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine*.

AS CHILDREN SEE US.

I WISH to speak, not of truthful children, but of the necessity of truthful parents—a necessity that, it seems to me, is largely overlooked. Unless we stop to think about it, a great many of us, who are earnestly trying to do right, never realize our danger of telling downright falsehoods to our children. For my own part, I had always thought myself a scrupulously truthful person, with no temptation to the vice of lying, until I caught myself on the very verge of it, more than once, with my own child. I remember one morning she came and asked if she could wear a certain dress in the afternoon, and I said "yes," and forgot all about it, and so did she. When the time came for her walk she was about to leave the house, when she remembered what I had promised, and came flying down the hall in delight, to get me to tell her nurse to undress her again, and put on the favored garment. I was in a great hurry for some errands to be done down town, the stores closed at six o'clock, and there was barely time, if the nurse hurried. For a moment I felt as if the child should bear the penalty of her forgetfulness, and go as she was, but one look into the bright little face settled that; the idea that I could break my word had never occurred to her, and I determined it

never should. So the errands were laid over to the next day, and the baby went to walk with an unshaken trust in her mother's word. It seems like such a trifle that one might think it a waste of words to tell of it, but I believe it is by just such trifles that children learn to tell the truth or to tell lies. If the mother is not careful, why should the child be? I know a child whose mother would go through fire and water for her children, who is yet training them up to have no conscience, whatever, on this subject. She insists that the bitter medicine tastes sweet. She sips it and seems to enjoy it greatly. "Oh, no, she coaxes, it doesn't taste a bit like that I gave you yesterday;" and the poor little victim, who somehow clings desperately to some shred of belief in her mother's honour, opens her mouth, and in goes the great bitter dose before she has time to shut it. Kisses and sugar follow, and the mother congratulates herself on the case with which her children take their medicine, and says she never could have the heart to order and force them as some people do—coaxing may take time, but it is better. I called at this house one day, and found the mother in great distress because her four-year-old daughter had told a dreadful lie. The child had gone to a neighbour with an alleged message from her mother, the like of which the latter had never dreamed of, and yet which was "just one of those things," the angry neighbour said, "which no child would invent." The bitterest part of the mother's mortification was that her child should do such a wicked thing. But hadn't she taught it to regard untruthfulness as a trifle? It is no wonder that a year or so afterwards this same child was found peeping through a key-hole; and shortly afterwards was heard urging a little playmate to "do it anyway, while nobody was looking;" or that the grown people about her are beginning to look on her with suspicion; and yet she is naturally as sweet and good a child as ever lived. The means by which we are apt to get into trouble, is our rashness in making a great many promises and then honestly forgetting them. One day my three-year-old daughter suddenly dropped all her toys and broke into sobs and cries. "You said you'd let me go and play with Abby to-morrow," she railed, "and to-morrow's

all gone away and you didn't do it." Sure enough I had, and "to-morrow" was now yesterday, and it was too late. Of course she could go to-day, but it never did get right in her mind as long as she remembered it. Since then I have made almost no positive promises, and the few I make I am exceedingly careful to keep. If the baby comes with "May I go out and play to-morrow?" And you say "yes," you may find it rainy to-morrow, and then an "Oh, I didn't know it would rain," will not satisfy the baby brain, which is so sure that its mother knows and can control all things; if the child is very young explanations seems hopeless, and one can only resolve to say, "If it's a bright day you may," next time. In one sense these things are the merest trifles; but one cannot look at the constantly increasing array of defaulters, untruthful business men and respectable robbers without feeling that there has been a terrible inattention to trifles somewhere. If a child grows up and goes out into the world without the consciousness of a home life of faultless truthfulness in his soul, he is not apt to stand blameless in these days of short cuts and overreahings in business circles. Of all the good things that I remember in my happy life, the very best is that the lightest word my mother ever said was as sure to me as if God himself had spoken it. I think one way—the best way—of making children truthful, after they have learned to trust the mother perfectly, is to let them feel that the mother trusts them. When I went out of the room there were one or two things that my little girl would do; no talking or punishment did any good. Finally I tried putting her on her honour. As I go out I say, "Mamma is going out for a moment; can she trust her little girl to behave just as if she were in here?" "Why, yes mamma," the ready answer comes, and I have never once known her to fail. Of course, when I come back she is petted a little, and told how glad I am that she can be trusted; and, baby though she is, I think the idea that her mother trusts her is one of the proudest and happiest that she has.—*Lily Hardy Hammond in Babyhood.*

"For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds."

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Wethink that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one
place:
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my
face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in his purple wrapped, receive me, Lord;
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws
down.

—*John Donne.*

A CHILD'S FANCY.

It was the strange fancy of a little child, writes George Macdonald, as he stood on a summer's evening, looking intently and thoughtfully at the great banks of clouds piled like mountains of glory about the setting sun:—"Mother, I wish I could be a painter." "Why, my child?" "For then I would help God paint the clouds and the sunsets."

It was a strange and beautiful aspiration. But our commonest work in this world may be made far nobler than that. We may live to touch hues of loveliness in immortal spirits, which shall endure for ever.

Clouds dissolve and fade away. The most gorgeous sunset and splendors vanish in a few moments. The artist's canvas crumbles, and his wondrous creations fade. But work done for Christ endures forever. A life of simple consecration leaves a trace of imperishable beauty on everything it touches. Not great deeds alone, but the smallest, the obscurest, the most prosaic, write their record in fadeless lines.

We need to have but the one care—that we live our one little life truly unto the Lord.

A HERO HE.

A HERO he at labours heat
Who toils his best courageously,
And fails, yet somehow braves defeat.
A hero he.

When skies are flecked with cloudlets free,
And life lies rugged, incomplete;
When bitter sweet blooms waywardly,
And Cressus bows at others' feet,
That man, embittered not, we greet:
A hero he.

—*Anna M. Williams.*

For PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART XII.

MANY winter winds have whistled around Mr. St. George's old square stone house, since last we met him. Fifteen years, make a change in anyone's life, and these fifteen years have brought Mr. St. George to a very ripe old age,—an age beyond the measured three score and ten years.

The snow was flying up and down the street outside, giving rude kisses to those who passed along. It was again a cold bleak winter night, with its wildness and darkness outside; with its cheery firesides and happy family life within. A bright fire burned in the grate of Mr. St. George's study. The old gentleman was sitting by it dressed for dinner, as primly as in days gone by. He held his watch in his hand and looked at it every minute to make sure that the dinner bell should not ring too early or too late. Mr. St. George has a secret conviction that the consequences to the whole community might be serious if the bell did not ring at the exact moment!

But he was not alone. Mary Newcomb—a middle aged lady now, was sitting by the writing table turning over the leaves of an illustrated magazine in the superficial way that people do when they are expecting a summons every moment. Two chairs were drawn up on opposite sides of the fireplace. Mr. St. George sat in one with head bent forward towards the fire. In the other was a young lady—probably a young mother, for she was engaged upon one of those mysterious bits of crochet work that young mothers make for young infants, who, judging from the size of the garment, must be of impossibly small dimensions. The head was bent down over the work and one could only see and admire its pose and the rich mass of hair that crowned it.

There was a long silence.

"Walter is late to-night," said Mr. St. George, looking at his watch, "we must go in without him." Suddenly the marble clock on the mantle began to strike the hour and before it stopped the dinner bell began to ring.

The head that was bent over the work so diligently was raised quickly. Mr. St. George arose slowly and stiffly

from his chair. One's bones at seventy-five are not moved as freely as they are at twenty-five.

The two ladies arose also. Mr. St. George offered his arm to the elder with the stiff grace of a gentleman of the old school, and the party passed into the dining room.

There was now a younger successor of Lovatt, where the old servant had stood, behind his master's chair, during so many years. Lovatt was dead—a faithful devoted man, with his own oddities and quirks like the rest of us.

The dinner had hardly begun when the street door was heard to open and some one entered the house.

"Here he comes now and he will have cold soup as a reward for being late," said Mrs. Newcomb.

The younger lady had left the table as soon as she heard the footstep and now came in leaning on the arm of her husband. The curly hair on his forehead was moist with the drifted snow, and he wiped it away with his pocket handkerchief as he entered the room. There they stood, man and wife. We have seen them before, but it is many years now and we may be pardoned for not recognizing them. This is young Walter Newcomb—a practising physician now—and who should the sweet wife leaning so trustfully upon his arm be, but our own bright happy Dorothy, Dorothy Forsyth no longer, but Dorothy Newcomb now; and thereby hangs a tale which must be told.

Notwithstanding Mr. St. George's gloomy fears expressed to Mr. Somers, Walter Newcomb had proved to be a steady hard working boy. He had shown a decided taste for his father's profession and Mr. St. George had determined to educate him as a physician. The boy had not only shown mental capacity, but, under his mother's gentle influence, had also been led to take an interest in the study of a higher kind of medicine than that which heals the body, and when only sixteen or seventeen years old he had begun to take a warm interest in Christian work among the poor. Perhaps the memory of the short time that he himself had been a waif tossing about on the stormy sea of city slum life, had filled him with a longing to save others from what he knew took place there. He threw himself into rescue efforts with whole souled earnestness, and his interest deepened as he grew older.

What more natural than that he should talk to Dorothy, a frequent visitor of his mother's, about the work he was engaged in? And what more natural, too, than that Dorothy's tender heart should go out in sympathy to him and that she, as she grew old enough, should desire to help in the good cause?

And so it came about so simply that on the Sunday afternoons they walked together to the poorer part of the city, and, of course, they did not walk without talking together and the talking led to the better understanding between them, and each found, half unconsciously, that the Sunday afternoon walk made one of the brightest spots in the week. Then there was week-day work going on and Dorothy must help this with her presence and winning confidence—inviting ways. Mary Newcomb went with them to these meetings. But sometimes she could not go and then to the utter consternation of all the proprieties, Walter and Dorothy would go off alone. They never thought about it at all, it seemed so natural, and so they could never have thought it improper. And thus each grew into the other's life and did not know at all what had taken place, until Walter was obliged to go away to study for a year, and Dorothy, as she thought of the days before her and how bleak and cheerless many of them would be without his presence and his enthusiastic companionship, felt that much of the sweetness had gone out of her life. He, too, learned, when absent so long, to understand his own heart better and with the man's quicker and firmer self analysis, he found that his life was incomplete without her. And thus he learned to know that he loved her, and when they met again after a year's separation his manner, instead of being the free and open one of former years, was awkward and self conscious. There were long pauses in their conversation and a reserve that was new to both of them. But this passed off as they met each other more frequently, and soon they seemed to be on the old terms.

But during these years Mr. St. George had changed his plan for carrying on the work for boys that he wished to do. It had never been entirely satisfactory. The old gentleman was, in fact, not suited by temperament for doing it in the way he had planned. Old age was bringing with it weakness

of body, and he could not himself order the affairs of such a household.

The quick brain of young Walter suggested what proved to be a way out of the difficulty. Why not take a modest house and put a firm loving Christian woman in charge of the boys there? Mary Newcomb expected that she should do this work, but this was not to be. Mr. St. George had become too accustomed to her skilful management of his household to part with her, and so it happened that she and Walter remained in the old house and made up, with Mr. St. George, a happy little family party. More and more the old gentleman turned over his affairs to Walter, until, when he had completed his studies, he had the entire administration of them in his own hands.

After some difficulty in finding a suitable lady to take charge of the house that had been secured for the boys, the new plan had been found to work admirably. Instead of four boys eight had been taken. The training had been the training of a home and the relations between the boys and the lady of the house were as nearly as possible those which would exist between boys and their mother. Eight boys are a large family and it proved no easy task to manage them. But then what mother has an easy task? And at any rate the boys looked upon the place as a home. It was not a public institution. There was no sign over the doorway to tell the public what was being done in the house. There was no annual report, no annual meeting, no quizzical board to enquire into the government of the place, often with no very sensitive regard for the feelings of the inmates. Mr. St. George was the Board of Management and Walter Newcomb was his adviser-in-chief and there was the same watchful care over this house that there was over the one in which they themselves lived.

And the number of the houses had increased. Mr. St. George's means were ample and the cost of keeping up one of these houses was not one-tenth of that which the average well-to-do householder thinks it necessary to spend annually. And so another house was taken and then another and another, until now there were four.

The one difficulty in the work was the getting of suitable ladies to manage the houses. Mrs. Newcomb and Walter were the ones who were obliged

to find these. How many unmarried ladies or childless widows were wasting their lives for want of an object upon which they could lavish the pent up affections of the heart! And here was an opportunity for some of these to save, not only others, but to save themselves from the narrowing chilling effect of a life with no outlet for the deepest and most expansive longings. The majority of these ladies whom Mrs. Newcomb knew were unwilling to accept so humble a task as that of taking charge of orphan boys. Others were glad of an opportunity to be useful. All the willing ones were not competent to perform such exacting work. But four had, at last, been found and each one of the houses was now a well managed and happy home. There was very little running away from these places by the boys for the soft cords of love and family interests bound them to what was a real home. And for his share in searching out these ladies with his mother Walter Newcomb came to be known as the Searcher out of Old Maids. He always made a mental note whenever he heard of one, in order that he might have some from which to choose in case of a vacancy.

But, meanwhile, he had, two years before this stormy night, launched out as a physician in the great city. When he had just started in this way Mr. St. George had called him into his study one day, and nervously and hesitatingly had read to him from a large document which he held in his hand. It was the old gentlemen's will, and Walter Newcomb then learned something, the suspicion of which had never crossed his mind—that he was to be Mr. St. George's heir and that the only condition of the will was that he should continue and extend, if possible, the work for boys that had been begun.

"God bless you my boy, I hope you will marry soon and before I die let me see you with a wife whom I can trust as I can trust you." Mr. St. George had said this and Walter Newcomb's heart leaped as the words were spoken.

And this is how it came about, that not many days after this he went to Dorothy Forsyth's father and told him simply and frankly, his position and his hopes, and Mr. Forsyth, like a wise man, told him that he must find out what Dorothy thought about it all. And blushing, happy Dorothy knew quite well what she thought about it.

And soon everybody else knew what they both thought and there was a wedding, and the old stone house welcomed a bride within its doors. Nothing could have pleased Mr. St. George better. Here was his old child teacher, his real adopted child and an inmate of his own house.

But Walter and Dorothy have been standing by the dinner table while we have been looking at them and thinking all this about them. Thought, however, is rapid and they have really stood only a moment. Now they sit down and Walter tells what he has been doing; how he has visited many patients and gone to each of the houses for the boys, and so filled up a busy afternoon. And Mary Newcomb, as she looks at him, thinks of the Walter who is gone and the sadness of all the years of painful struggle is crowded out by joyful pride in this, her son, and his manly goodness. And Mr. St. George, whose thoughts turn now very often to the time when his chair shall be vacant, feels that he can go as soon as God wills, for his house is in order.

And these two young hearts. What do they think? Only this, that they are very happy and very anxious to live earnest, useful lives. And we, who think we are wiser and who are perhaps sadder than they are, know they will have sorrows as well as joys. But we know too—if we have learned the deepest secrets of the heart—that the alchemy of love turns all things to gold, and that before them now is a golden future.

THE END.

THE late George Jones, editor of the *New York Times*, was once offered a bribe of five million dollars if he would refrain from the publication of certain information, of which he was the sole possessor, exposing the corruption of the "Tweed ring" politicians. His reply to his tempter was short and decisive; "I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that. I cannot consider any offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

—Tennyson.

Parish and Home.

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

50 Cents per Annum in Advance.

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PARISH AND HOME is a church paper consisting of short articles fitted to stimulate Christian life, and designed especially for parish circulation. It can be localized as a parish magazine with little expense and trouble. Full particulars regarding localization, etc., may be had from the publishers on application. Address all business communications to

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (LIMITED),
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. PUBLISHERS.

DECEMBER is an eventful month in the Christian year, full, as it is, of reminders of the past to be used by us as incentives for the future. Martyr, Apostle, and Evangelist, St. Stephen, St. Thomas, and St. John tell us what they have suffered, and said and done for the Lord and Master, both theirs and ours. His own first coming, brings home to us His great mercy and goodness and love filling our hearts with joy and gladness, and sending us forth to gladden others. While first of all there comes the thought that the Lord, who thus loved and came, whom those who have gone before, so loved and served, is coming again to take to Himself those who are His own. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

"HERE are two young men," said one of our Toronto Clergymen the other day. "The one a Christian, a true Christian and the other not, and yet from their different natural dispositions the unbeliever judged, by the people around him, to be worth far more than the other, because he far excel him in amiability, in brightness, and in all those qualities that attract one man to another. Why are we Christians to reverse the decision of the world? There are two watches, side by side, the one cased in jewelled gold, the other in plain nickle. Which is the better watch? Do not judge hastily, examine them closely; at first sight there seems to be no comparison, no

one could hesitate, and yet, look again, more carefully still, the plain nickle case has a main spring and is going, the other has none and is useless and dead. That is the difference between the two men, one has life and is useful to God and to his fellows, the other with a fair exterior is dead, and for the true purpose of mankind useless."

CHURCH, in his Oxford movement, quotes a wise saying of Hurrell Froude. "The sin of the clergy in all ages was that they tried to make out that Christians were many when they were only few, and sacrificed to this object the force derivable from downright and unmistakable enforcement to truth in speech or action." How often is it the case that the clergyman speaks from week to week to his congregation as if they were all Christians, as if all of them needed nothing but stirring up to a greater earnestness of life, as if his work were to teach them and nothing else. All the time the preacher ought to be conscious and ought to give expression to the consciousness that there are men and women before him who are not Christians at all, who need not merely a reformation of life but a change of heart, who are not merely not quite all that they ought to be, but are nothing that they ought to be because lost souls in the sight of God; to whom the mere preaching of goodness, reformation, earnestness, is an evil and not a good, since they are led by it into believing that this is all they need.

THE *Rock* quotes the saying of a former Church Missionary Society Secretary, that whenever he went to a missionary meeting as a deputation he always looked at the bonnets and musical programme, knowing that if these were very grand the collection would be very small. There is often more truth in this conclusion than people willingly believe, especially if we mean small compared with the wealth of the congregation. Sometimes, indeed, it is not only comparatively but absolutely true. It is true not only in connection with the bonnets of the worshippers, but sometimes also with the fabric of the Church. The principle that impels a congregation to give \$8,000.00 for a tower and bells and \$80.00 a year to preach the Gospel in the Domestic and Foreign Mission Field is not peculiar to anyone congrega-

tion in our Canadian Church. We are not condemning indiscriminately either fine bonnets or beautiful churches; "let everything be done decently and in order." But it does seem out of place for us to spend one hundred times as much on the "decently" as we do on the thing itself. There is something out of balance.

THE *Missionary Review* of the world gives a striking illustration of the need of faithful working in the mission field, whether there are visible results or not. Said a gunner of Waterloo, when asked afterwards by Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, what he saw when standing on an exposed knoll in the very thick of the fight, "Saw? Nothing but a cloud of dust and smoke." "What did you do?" "STOOD BY MY GUN." He had been placed there by his commander and there he stayed, and there he fought whether he saw any result or not. It was by such faithfulness that Waterloo was won. A command is given to us by our Captain, His last command, it is "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Our duty is to stand by our post, to be faithful to our Commander, and then, though we may not see it, but the result, the victory will surely come.

AN ADVENT QUESTION—ARE YOU WORKING?

"BLESSED is he," says Carlyle, "who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness." My brother, I want you to enter into this blessing, therefore suffer the question, "Are you working?"

Work for God solves the problem "Is life worth living?" To work for God is man's privilege, man's duty, man's destiny. Is it then any wonder that I ask, "Are you working?"

In secular matters the rule is, if you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired do nothing. A lady was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never-slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. The lady was sorry for him, and said sympathetically, "How tired your foot must be!" The man raised his eye, and said, "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands! that's it."

Congenial work is rest. Wise people rest themselves in changing their work. Brother, is your work congenial? Are you working for God?

Perhaps you say, "I am so absorbed by the cares and pressure consequent on a busy life, and upon a continual hurrying to and fro, that I have no time to attend to the claims of personal religion, still less to work for God." Brother, I can sympathize with you and your daily pressure. The plea you urge is plausible. But, forgive me if I say that, plausible though it appears, it is a pitably poor plea. Our Lord said in view of such a plea, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." We are not to labour *exclusively*, or *excessively*, for mere bodily wants, and neglect the more important interests of the soul. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Moreover, in the Bible we have accounts of men in almost every line of occupation, who nevertheless found time to worship God and to work for Him. Isaac was a husbandman, Jacob was a shepherd, Moses was a ruler and judge, David was a king, Joseph was a carpenter, Simon of Joppa was a tanner, Luke was a physician, Zenas was a lawyer, Paul and Apollos were tent-makers, some were members of the military profession, one who was converted at Philippi was a jailer, and Lydia was a seller of purple. Nevertheless, all found time, whilst pursuing their daily duties, to worship God, to call upon his name, to rejoice in the covenant blessings which flowed so freely from the fountains of His love, and to work as unto the Lord and not unto men.

So let it be with you. In that position in which it has pleased God to place you see to it that you are diligent. Consider your present duty as your chief work for God. Man is prone to shirk his chief duty and to prefer duties of less obligation. Let your first care be to adorn the position of everyday life. Endeavour faithfully to fulfil your duties. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." We are apt to encourage

"The restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know."

In the faithful discharge of your daily duties, be assured, lies your first work for

God. The secret of a happy life lies in the resolution that whatever you undertake shall be done "not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God."

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee."

My brother, my sister, are *you* working? The call is not to some far-off mission field or distant parish, but at your doors, in your homes. St. Anselm said, "God often works more by the life of the illiterate seeking the things which are God's, than by the ability of the learned seeking the things that are their own." And we may say God is often more glorified in the simple round of common duties performed as in His sight by the humblest servant than by the most eloquent sermons of some mighty preacher. By the quiet and unassuming performance of practical Christianity in the home and in the business, you will speak to hearts that no preacher's voice can penetrate, and your life will become visible rhetoric.

Are you working? Though I have laid stress on Christian effort at the centre, in the home, on the primary duties of life, yet this need not be the limit of our influence. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." In helping others we often help ourselves. God gives a reflex blessing to each and all who try to scatter blessings. When Elijah begged a morsel of bread from the poor widow she said, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruise." Yet she shared her scanty provision with Elijah; "and she, and he, and her house did eat many days; and the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail."

In one of the Arctic expeditions two men had fallen away from the exploring party traversing the ice. Some distance from the ship, they were trying to overtake the ship's party. In their condition the effort seems hopeless, and now they stumble across the prostrate form of one who frost-bitten, has fallen asleep on the ice. What shall they do? Tired and numb with the frost-chill, their only chance of life seems in overtaking the scouting party. But not for a moment do they hesitate. They begin to rub the frozen body of their colleague, and by degrees the friction restores him to his former self. The efforts they put forth to save him gave to

themselves fresh heart and strength, and they are thus enabled, all three, to push on with fresh vigour and overtake the others. Their care for the fallen saved them from falling. This is one of the laws of the spiritual life. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." Brother, are you working?

Can you not strengthen the hands of your pastor by prayer, and by active personal help? Is there no class in the Sunday school where you could be useful? Can you not comfort some poor invalid, or cheer some bereaved and sorrow-stricken heart, by your occasional presence and your prayers, or by a word spoken in season? Even the cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, is not forgotten by Him with whom we have to do. By cottage lectures, by open-air services, by tract distribution, and in a variety of other ways, you may be a fellow-worker with Christ for the extension of His kingdom and the glory of His name. Brother, are you working?

Heaven below is not a place of retirement from the world, but of action in the world.—*British Messenger*.

CALL NOT PAIN'S TEACHING PUNISHMENT.

CALL not pain's teaching punishment; the fire
That lights a soul even while it tortures
blesses;

The sorrow that unmakes some old desire,
And on the same foundation builds a higher,
Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces

Ah, darkness teaches us to love the light;
Not as 'tis loved of children, warm abed,
And crying for the toys put by at night,
But even as a blinded painter might
Whose soul paints on in dreams of radiance
fled.

—*Audie Rivers, in Harper's Magazine.*

HUMILITY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

OVER all the Church the prevalent tendency upon the part of lay members is to shrink from the exercise of their gifts in the Master's work. And the plea is unfitness, want of ability. Classes go untaught in many a Sunday school, and there are thousands of children that ought to be gathered in and trained. Meanwhile, there are large numbers of Christian men and women in the churches with abundant ability for such service, but who shrink from it, and try to satisfy their own uneasy consciences by humbly pleading unfitness for the delicate duties.

There are urgent necessities for work in every line of Christian enterprise. There are fields that need only reasonable culture to render them fruitful. There are cries of human distress and want that are forever coming to our hearts with their urgent appeals. But amid all these opportunities for usefulness, these waiting, clamorous duties, and these pathetic pleadings for help, gifted men and women sit with folded hands.

It is not because they have no interest in the Master's work, or are insensible to the calls of duty and the cries of distress. It is because they are unconscious of their own power.

They do not believe that they have the ability to do the things that need to be done. They think it would be presumption for them, with their weak and unskilled hands to undertake the duties that solicit them. So they fold their talent away and bury it, and think that they have acted in the line of a beautiful and commendable humility, in modestly declining such important responsibilities. It does not occur to them that they have grievously sinned.

Our humility serves us falsely when it leads us to shrink from any duty. The plea of unfitness or inability is utterly insufficient to excuse us. It is too startlingly like that offered by the one-talented man in the parable, whose gift was so small that there seemed no use in trying to employ it. The lurid light that the sequel to his story flashes upon us, should arouse us to read the meaning of personal responsibility, and to hasten us to employ every shred of a gift that God has bestowed upon us.—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

LET US WITH THE CHILDREN LIVE.

A MOTHER once said: "My whole life is lived for my children," and there was nothing ever too great or small for her to do for her children. But in her great anxiety and desire to do for them she was forgetting to live with them. The father may make a slave of himself in his business, working from morning till far into the night, all for his family. He may build a beautiful home, and give them every luxury that money can buy, satisfying every extravagant craving, and go to his rest at night with pride in his heart that he has lived for his children. Does the father suppose this

slavery is appreciated in after years? No; had he spent more time in developing the powers of his children, had he played, worked, lived with them, no power on the face of the earth could make them do other than that which would add to his happiness.

"Come let us live with the children," let us find their individual traits of character, restraining and developing as seems best; let us be one with them, otherwise we cannot know them.—*The Kindergarten.*

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

LORD, for the lonely heart
I pray apart.
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this to-morrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word!

For lives too bitter to be borne,
For the tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, Peace, this Christmastide.

Into the desert trod
By the long sick, O God;
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain
Of all neglected most—be fain
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray,
For those who cannot sleep
A watch I keep.
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed, and fed again;
At Thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest!

I see the vacant chair,
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour:

For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the handclasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear, and how to bow,
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the New York Independent.*

SELF CONTROL IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

THERE is no more important factor in the household than self control; and its value is seldom rightly estimated until a threatened danger is promptly averted, or some dire consequence follows from want of its possession. A scene in my childhood stands out in bold relief as I write these words. I was about eight years old, and my mother had taken me to visit a friend where there were several children, one an infant in arms, and as night came on, the half-grown nurse girl took a lighted candle into an adjoining room, put the baby in its crib, and left two other little ones asleep on the bed, both bed and crib protected by closely drawn mosquito netting. All was quiet, when suddenly a bright blaze shot up from the inner chamber, and in an instant my mother's hand on my shoulder pressed me down in my seat, and the tone I never disobeyed whispered, "Keep still until I come back." The next moment she was standing by the crib, tearing down the blazing net that covered the sleeping babe, and which had already set fire to the bed net. Mrs. T. gave one horrified glance and went into a fit of screaming hysterics, utterly incapable of being of any use, and wakening the two elder children, who added their terrified cries to the confusion. In less than five minutes the danger was over, and the only damage done was the loss of the netting and some burns on my mother's hands. But the contrast between the self-control of one woman and the helplessness of the other left an indelible impression upon my mind. At an early age I was taught to exercise self-restraint, and I am now trying to impress its value upon the little ones of my own family, and thought the task may not be easy, especially with nervous, highly strung temperaments, yet it can be done. A child may be taught at an early age that its wants and feeling are subservient to its will, and then half the lesson is taught. I have seen my little girl stand quiet while a wasp or a bee took a walk on her arm and shoulder, and once I heard her explain to a companion who was bobbing from side to side at the approach of such an insect, and who wondered at her being able to keep still, "why, it won't sting me if I let it alone and don't move; but if I went fussing round as you do

I should expect it would!" When only six years old she had to undergo some exceedingly painful treatment, and, though the tears rolled down her cheeks each time, she would clench her hands and never move until told she might. And yet she is so nervous and excitable I am often surprised that she can exercise such a degree of self control. Nor is the physical the only or most important side of the question. The boy who learns to control his appetite in early years, whether it be for the sweets that are unwholesome for his body, the literature that is poison to his mind, or the passions that sully his soul, will seldom, if ever, yield to the temptations that throng his manhood's path; and the mother who would impart this valuable lesson must do so as much by percept and example as by word of mouth. She must keep watch and ward over her own life, that the wise, tender counsel be not lost by her own shrinking from painful duty or the giving way of undue passions; for children are keener observers of mental forces than we think. One of the highest compliments I ever heard was paid a mother by her little boy who was being tempted to evil by an older companion: "My mother wouldn't do that, so I won't," and he walked away, proudly conscious that he had acted exactly as his mother would have done in his place.—*Nelly H. Cameron in Babyhood.*

Boys and Girls' Corner.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind and true.
Do what mother bids me do,
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.
Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house,
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?
Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away,
Thou my little prayer doth hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

APRON STRINGS.

"I PROMISED my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings."

"My mother doesn't wear aprons, said the first speaker, with a laugh, except in the kitchen, sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any apron strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy! said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys."

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron-strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut loose from the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said, thank you, at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball-grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron-strings out of my mouth again.—*Harper's Young People.*"

ONLY A GRASP OF THE HAND.

"Jack, I am glad to see you here."

"Thanks. Here is Rob, too."

"So I see. It was very nice in you to come to the social to-night."

A few moments' pleasant chatting, then a thought struck the lady.

"Jack, there is a Bible-class forming for young men, with a delightful teacher. Can't both of you boys join it?"

"I think not," said Jack. "We are a little tired of Sunday-school."

"Oh! you are not going to give it up?"

"Well, Mrs. Graham, you see that our class is broken up, Mr. Everett gone, and I guess I will go around a little and see other schools."

Mrs. Graham rapidly thought "Their parents don't attend this church. If they begin wandering, it will end in their going nowhere; they will get out of the habit of church attendance."

The church had been without a pastor for a while, dissensions had arisen, but now a warm, earnest, devoted servant of God had been called to the empty pulpit, and the people took courage.

"Jack, have you ever met Dr. Merle, the new pastor?"

"Yes; I see he is here."

Mrs. Graham crossed the room.

"Dr. Merle, there are two boys here I want a hold kept on. Will you come and speak to them."

"With great pleasure."

A warm grasp of the hand, and a little pleasant conversation, showing that he was really interested in the boys, and their hearts were won.

The next Sunday found them in the new Bible class, where they were regular attendants.

Soon the moistened eye and the serious face of Jack showed to the teacher deep feeling, and he won him to acknowledge that hereafter Christ was his leader, and he was willing to confess him before men. But God had other plans for Jack. Before that time had come, a heavy cold, on a frame weakened by overwork in a press of business, and pneumonia had him in its fell grasp. With no strength to re-

sist, a few days of feverish pain, and then, as the sorrowing father bent over the bed, the heavy eyelids raised, a smile of angelic beauty passed over the face, and with the words, "Father—Jesus," Jack was in the presence of the Lord, whose dear name was the last on his mortal tongue, to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Mary Gray in S.S. Times.*

WHO FILLS THE STOCKINGS ?

Look where the stockings hang in a row !
 Least and greatest, how plump they show
 Let lispers and toddlers still believe
 Lapland Kriss on a Christmas eve
 Lowers himself through the chimney black,
 Lades each sock from his well-filled sack,
 Leaps on his sleigh—and his reindeers go
 Lightly over the frozen snow !
 "Likely story!" you cry, and you
 Laugh with your lips and your eyes of blue
 Look sharply now—and now look again—
 Lesson in primer was never more plain :
 Long stocking, short stocking, all show the
 same
 Large letter L, which stands for a name !
 Love left his monogram written here—
 Love fills the stockings, O children dear
 —*Edith M. Thomas.*

A STREET INCIDENT.

A REPORTER called to a little boot-black near the City Hall to give him a shine the other day. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out, another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the one aside, said :

"Here, you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of bullying, and told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh! dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he has been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can!"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the small boy,

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned, even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and help him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep of it?"

"I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy—I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying:

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents, and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim!"

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

OBEDIENCE.

SUBMISSION to proper authority is one of the cardinal points of Christian duty. Christ even told His hearers to observe the ordinances of the scribes and pharisees because they sat in Moses' seat. There are many, however, who profess to see in obedience a loss of independence and manliness. They would yield obedience to none. They forget that there can be no such thing for man as absolute independence. He must, by his very nature, render obedience to some power. He has no choice in the matter. But it is given to him to choose whom or what he shall obey. He may, as he thinks, cast off all restraint and do only what he pleases. But this involves a greater loss of independence than submission to the laws of truth and right. For let him but try to turn in his course and he will find upon himself the chains of habits it is well nigh impossible for him to break. In seeking freedom he has become enslaved. On the other hand the servant of the truth has the divine promise that by the truth he shall be made free.

Again obedience implies self-control, and self-control is simply the expression of the highest manliness. The conqueror of a city ranks second to the conqueror of self. Let those who think there is anything weak or unmanly in obedience to righteousness and truth, think of Him, whose whole life, from the day when He went down to His parents' home at Nazareth and "was subject unto them," to the day when "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," was a life of constant and cheerful obedience and, withal, a life of the strongest manliness.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES.

You may have heard that famous story of Gulliver? He was a giant, they say. He lay down to sleep one day amid the pigmies. They began binding their little threads around his fingers. He said:

"This is fun: I can break that at any minute with this great muscle of mine. I can break a hempen rope, and can I not break a spider's web?"

The little pigmies tied another finger; he laughed. By and by they tied another and another, until both his hands were tied and fastened down to the ground. He could have broken off then, for they were only gossamer tissue—only spider's webs, that's all. But they bound another around his waist, another around his arm, another around that wrist and that arm, and one around his body, so that little by little they climbed over his knees, over his breast, on his face, and then upon his nose. He was looking at them, and said:

"My dear boys, I am bigger than you are; go ahead."

By and by they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise but didn't rise. He didn't laugh any more; they laughed that time. He did not look at them with a twinkle out of his eye, saying: "My muscle is big;" but he looked as much as to say, "Whatever has been done to me?" There he was tied fast and absolutely helpless.

Now, so it is, dear young people with indulgence in any wrong habit. For instance, it is not one drink that kills a man; it is not two drinks that destroy him. These are only little threads, each one a thread, and you laugh to

yourselves and say, "I can break off at any time, I can take care of myself; I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by and by when you try to do it, you find that it is utterly and absolutely impossible. It cannot be done without the help of Heaven, and it requires a large measure of that.—*Selected.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT'S the use of fretting?
What's the use of crying?
What's the use of dreading?
What's the use of sighing?
What's to come will come—
Now that, there's no denying;
And what is past, is past,
To that there's no replying;
To make the present beautiful,
Is what we should be trying,
In kindly words and noble deeds
With one another vying;
So let's have smiles instead of sighs,
And all our tears be drying.

—*St. Nicholas.*

BOOKS AS FRIENDS.

"WELL, I don't keep bad company if I do sometimes read a cheap novel. Some of the stories are so exciting."

I chanced to hear two boys talking not long ago, and this was the remark one of them made. As I thought it over afterwards, a story came to my mind.

A gentleman received a call one afternoon from a lad of twelve. The conversation soon turned on books, and together they examined the gentleman's library.

It did not take long to discover that the lad's taste led him to select a trashy kind of fiction that was untrue and misleading.

"I should like to have you feel free to use my books, Harry, and I don't think you can complain of any lack of interest in this book," said the host, selecting one of a series of young folks' histories, and reading a page or two as a sample.

Harry listened with open ears to the story of the battle of Marathon and the overwhelming defeat of the Persians by the brave little band of Greeks, "Yes, I think I shall like that," he said, thanking his host when the reading was finished.

In less than a week he returned for another volume, and did not stop until he had finished the series. By that time he had acquired the habit of reading, and he continued the course in history that he had begun.

It was a small thing that turned this

boy from the companionship of dangerous books to that of interesting and at the same time instructive books. It certainly is true that you can form "bad companionships" in your books as well as in your friends.

Beyond all question, a low, disreputable book does more injury than we think. Somehow the printed page carries with it the feeling that what is said by it must be true. It is this subtle influence that does the greatest harm.

There is no need to despair, however, for the charm of a good book is keenly felt by young readers. It is a duty we owe ourselves to make as wise a choice of the books we read, as we would of the persons that we call our "friends."—*Sunday Afternoon.*

MOTHER'S TURN.

"ITS mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for those upselfish words? Too many mothers, in their love for their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think that there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence. Girls, take care of your mothers. Coax them to let you do some of the work.—*The Jewish Visitor.*

THE NEXT THING.

JACOB ABBOT tells a story, boys, about Alphonso, who, when he went to help to bring wood reached down to the bottom of the pile and selected the largest stick he could find. Consequently, his work being four times as difficult for him as there was any necessity for, he soon gave out and was useless for the rest of the work.

That is a great mistake, boys, that of always looking out for "big opportunities." The small opportunities and their

proper grasping is what makes men of use to themselves and others. The one grand thing in the world is to be of use, the very best use you can with the opportunities and talents God gives you. Do you know, have you any idea what an art there is in being able to grasp the opportunity of doing the "next thing," and not waiting for something that requires heroic action on your part? It is by doing the little things that we become strengthened to accomplish big things. You have all heard, no doubt, of the man who began carrying his weak little calf to pasture every day, till one day he was surprised to find that he was carrying a cow; while the animal grew, his strength grew to meet the burden.

No one expects a boy to do cube root before he can do addition, but if he sticks close to the principle of accomplishing the "next thing" to hand, he surely will arrive at cube root some day. *Festina lente*, say the Italians, and a good saying it is—"Make haste slowly."

Boys, when you do anything put energy into it by all means, but let it be steady energy, not this fitful, false sentiment that burns like a raging fire for a little while, and then dies down almost as suddenly as it springs up, leaving only discontent of unfinished work. The desire to "do big things," the distaste for little things, has done much to wreck the lives of our boys and men.

Boys, the proper thing to do always is the next thing—remember that.—*Selected.*

FUND FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF "PARISH AND HOME."

AMONG OUR SETTLERS IN ALGOMA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

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C. H. M., 50c.; F. H. D., \$1; F. H. F., \$1; Rev. B. Bryan, 50c.; Mrs. Yates, \$2; G. M. W., \$1.

As a beginning we are sending the Rev. R. Sims, of Cook's Mills, Algoma, fifty copies for one year, he collecting from the people 10c, a copy per year. This fund being responsible for the rest.

Mr. Sims writes that he could make use of a hundred copies. We trust more donations will be received towards this fund. Now is the time to help in this matter. The long winter evenings are here and our settlers will now most appreciate good reading matter.