

# Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1891.

No. 5.

## CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

### LESSONS.

- 5.—1st Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xvi., to v. 36; 1 Cor. xv., to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xvi., v. 36, or xvii., to v. 12; John xx., v. 24 to 30.
- 12.—2nd Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xx., to v. 14; Luke xi., to v. 29. *Evening*—Num. xx., v. 14 to 21, v. 10 or 21; Gal. iii.
- 19.—3rd Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Num. xxii.; Luke xiv., v. 25 to xv., v. 11. *Evening*—Num. xxiii or xxiv. Eph. iii.
- 25.—St. Mark E. & M. Isaiah lxii., v. 6; Luke xviii., v. 31 to xix., v. 11. *Evening*—Ezek. i., to v. 15. Philip. ii.
- 26.—4th Sunday after Easter. *Morning*—Deut. iv., to v. 23; Luke xix., v. 11 to v. 28. *Evening*—Deut. iv., v. 23 to v. 41, or v. Philip. iii.

### TWO SONGS.

THE sun is gone from the valleys,  
The air breathes fresh and chill;  
On the barn roof, yellow with lichen  
A robin is singing shrill.

Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,  
Like a dead leaf is his wing;  
He is glad of the coming winter  
As the thrush is glad of the spring.

The sound of a shepherd's piping  
Comes down from a distant fold,  
Like the ripple of running water,  
As tuneless, and sweet, and cold.

The two songs mingle together:  
Like and unlike are they,  
For, one sounds tired and plaintive,  
And one rings proud and gay.

They take no thought of their music,  
The bird and the shepherd-lad;  
But the bird-voice thrills with rapture,  
And the human note is sad.

—Graham R. Tomson, in "Longman's Magazine."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

It has been said, that "earth knows nothing of its greatest men;" this assertion would be equally true, if the word "women" were substituted for "men." It is astonishing how few know anything of the subject of this sketch, perhaps the most remarkable woman this continent or century has produced—remarkable, not so much for intellectual ability, although she possesses intellectuality in a marked degree, as for her work for afflicted humanity.

Dorothea Lynde Dix was born at Hampden, Maine, April 4, 1802. Her

early life was so unhappy that she never referred to it. When she was ten years old, she ran away and sought refuge with an aged lady—a relative in Norton, who received her kindly. At fourteen, she commenced to teach school for a livelihood. She was in very delicate health—in fact, all her life-long she was little better than a confirmed invalid—yet, after her regular hours of teaching, she instructed the children of the very poor, in a loft she rented for the purpose.

Through the death of her benefactor, she inherited an income sufficient to meet her necessary wants, and after a trip to England, undertaken for her health, her life-work was accidentally revealed to her. Visiting an asylum in Norton, she, for the first time, learnt of the inhuman treatment of the insane.

The theory then pervading the United States was, that lunacy was a form of demoniac possession, and that the sufferers were not to be pitied, but to be scorned as allies of the powers of evil, and that it was hopeless to attempt a cure. All that could be expected was to control. She found one lunatic in an iron cage, a few feet square, an iron collar around his neck chaining him to the floor. He was left without light or fire. His food was thrown to him as if he were a mad dog, who for some reason or other was suffered to live.

Nor was this an exceptional case. All over this continent the care of the insane was sold to the lowest bidder; there was no supervision by the State, and their sufferings were simply harrowing.

The famous Bethlehem hospital of London, England, popularly known as "Old Bellam," where the inmates were placed on public exhibition, was a fair sample of its day.

Miss Dix visited almost every state in the Union. She personally interviewed the leading legislators. She was ridiculed, vilified, opposed, as even few reformers have been; yet, this feeble woman succeeded in procuring proper provision for the weak in intellect, and soon, wher-

ever she went, revolutionized the treatment of the insane.

She next visited England, where she succeeded in securing a royal commission on lunacy, and her work received due recognition in the House of Commons from the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, who, however, could not help regretting that this needful reform "was due to a foreigner and that foreigner a woman." At this time her health was very precarious; to quote her own words, she was "very feeble, not helpless, never hopeless."

She visited Rome and found to her amazement, that nowhere were her proteges worse maltreated than under the very shadow of the Vatican.

Through her persistency she obtained interviews with Cardinal Antonelli and Pius IX. His Holiness was so impressed that he at once took steps towards a reformation, and thanked Miss Dix for crossing the sea to call his attention to "his ill-treated sheep."

Our heroic heroine went from Rome to Constantinople, thence to St. Petersburg, all through Greece, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Germany. She travelled alone. She knew nothing of the language of the lands she visited, yet everywhere success attended her efforts, and the humane usage of the insane throughout the world to-day is almost entirely due to her superhuman labours.

We have by no means exhausted her work.

On her return to the United States, the Civil War was at its height, and she became the chief of the staff of nurses, emulating the role of Florence Nightingale.

At the close of the bloody conflict, she refused to accept anything for her services save her nation's flag, so one was specially made and presented to her by Secretary Seward.

Time and space cannot be given to her subsequent history. Her establishment of life-saving stations, the erection of drinking-fountains for man and beast, the reconstruction of the asylum

system in the disorganized South are only some of the varied good works she effected.

Enough, we trust, has been said to interest our readers sufficiently to lead them to peruse for themselves the life of this nineteenth century saint. She died, full of years, at Trenton, New Jersey, on July 17, 1888.

She sleeps in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Norton, and there, hushed by the lullaby of the sad Atlantic's waves, she awaits the Archangel's voice. But when the books are opened, when all are rewarded according to their works, we question it many, if indeed any, at the hands of Him, who went about doing good, will receive a richer recompense than Dorothea Lynde Dix.

Chatham, Ont. N. H. MARTIN.

#### A LOST LEGEND.

ST. WILFRID ONCE, aware of love grown cold,  
And faith but luke-warm in his northern fold,  
While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriv-

ed  
Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit  
Heaven.

Announced for an approaching festival,  
Tidings of infinite import to all,  
And when the close-packed church expectant  
stood,

Down from its place he threw the Holy Rood,  
Crying: "My brethren, know that Armageddon  
fought and lost. The saints of God, though  
led on

By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown,  
And Satan occupies the heavenly throne.  
All is reversed: 'tis sinners who will dwell  
Henceforth in Heaven, while saints must burn  
in Hell.

Myself, alas! Too zealous have I striven  
On the Lord's side No hope for me of  
Heaven.

But you, my brethren, I have little doubt  
May yet find entrance, if you turn about.  
Only be speedy; for I have sure word

That Judgment Day will be no more deferred;  
And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind  
Whomever in the House of God they find.  
Go, sin, while there's time! forsake the church,  
And leave me as your scape-goat in the lurch!"  
All stared astonished; and on many a face,  
Young, smooth and sanctimonious, a grimace  
Grew slowly, while the open sinners' laughter  
Rang loudly from the rood-loft to the rafters.  
Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened  
heap,

Or from the open pin-fold rush the sheep,  
Forth streamed the congregation, thick and  
fast,

Each only fearing to be found the last.  
The church was empty, and St. Wilfrid stood,  
Most grimly smiling by the fallen rood;  
When in a darkened corner he was ware  
Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer,  
"O Dear Lord Jesu! I have followed Thee  
So long, and Thou hast loved me. Let me be  
Where Thou art, Jesu! Rather will I dwell,  
Than with Thy foes in Heaven, with Thee in  
Hell!"

Then cried St. Wilfrid, "Blessed be thy name,  
Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame!  
I thought but to convict the careless herd  
Of vain religion by an empty word  
But now, of thy example will I make  
A lesson, that all sinners' souls shall wake,  
All saints rekindle, and that word of thine  
Shall to the world in golden letters shine."  
He stepped towards the woman; the white  
head

Lay on the withered hands; she knelt there  
dead.

—F. W. Bourdillon, in the "Spectator."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### ST. AMBROSE.

IN the Church calendar will be found  
after April 4th, the words, St. Ambrose  
Bishop of Milan

The visitor to Milan in modern times  
is shown the fine porphyry tomb of St.  
Ambrose in the church of that name,  
and is reminded in many ways that the  
greatest name Milan has given to his-  
tory, is that of her noble bishop.

Our own church has wisely preserved  
the names of many of the heroes of the  
Church Universal in her calendar. It  
is not that we may show them undue  
reverence or believe that they were  
faultless. In our own times, what an  
inspiration is the memory of the mar-  
tyred General Gordon, Bishop Patteson  
and others! The remoter past too, has  
its heroes. Their names are brought  
under our notice that we may be in-  
spired by what was noble, brave and  
pure in their lives.

Few heroes of the past are more  
worthy of commemoration than is St.  
Ambrose. He was born about 340, A. D.  
and died in 397, having been Bishop of  
Milan for twenty-three years.

Ambrose was of noble birth, his fa-  
ther being one of the four chief officers  
in the Roman Empire. He was left an  
orphan when only twelve years of age.  
He had one brother, Satyrus, and one  
sister, Marcellina.

The family was very wealthy, and  
Ambrose was brought up in the state  
suited to his high rank. As a boy, he  
led a pure and earnest life and had a  
Christian training. When he was only  
thirty years old, he was appointed Gov-  
ernor of the two Provinces of Liguria  
and Aemilia, in one of which Milan is  
situated. In 374 the Bishop of Milan  
died, and an assembly of the people  
was called to elect a new bishop.  
There was conflict between the Arian  
and Orthodox parties and Ambrose, as  
Governor, presided over the meeting to  
preserve order.

Both parties respected Ambrose as  
firm and upright. It is said that a little  
child called out in the crowd which  
stood around the Governor's seat,  
"Ambrose, Bishop!" The crowd took  
up the cry and Ambrose was forced to  
accept the office.

It was as if a governor in our own  
country was suddenly called upon in a  
Church assembly to take the office of  
bishop. Ambrose was a layman and  
without special theological training.  
But this made no difference. Within  
eight days after his baptism he was con-  
secrated Bishop of Milan.

Ambrose thus was a bishop, who had  
received a secular education and who,  
while thoroughly in earnest in his spiri-  
tual work, was a practical man of busi-  
ness. The combination is too rare now  
and Ambrose's remarkable success is  
no doubt partly due to the varied train-  
ing he had received.

St. Augustine has given us a delight-  
ful picture of Ambrose's daily life. He  
ate nothing until the evening on every  
day of the week but two. After his  
private devotions he took the Holy  
Communion each morning. He then  
seated himself in the great hall of his  
residence. This was open to the public.  
Any one could come and speak to the  
great Bishop. A book lay open before  
him. This he put aside the moment  
anyone came to speak to him. Every  
spare moment during the day he de-  
voted to reading, though always ready  
to be interrupted. He was the stead-  
fast friend of the poor.

Those were stormy days. The bar-  
barians were crowding in from the  
north, and many Romans had been  
enslaved by them. Ambrose spent  
large sums in redeeming these captives  
and no doubt, as he sat in his hall,  
many a poor mother pleaded for her en-  
slaved son; many a family was made  
happy by the generosity of the large-  
hearted bishop.

When evening came, Ambrose took  
his meal and then he devoted himself  
for the greater part of the night to lit-  
erary work, writing sermons and books,  
and pleading with God for his people,  
his work and himself. It was the custom  
in these days for an author to dictate  
his works to an amanuensis. Ambrose  
refused to do this. He did not think it  
right to keep others awake for the  
greater part of the night and so he  
wrote everything with his own hand.

Ambrose practised liberal hospitality

and usually had his house full of guests. It is delightful to find in those stern, cruel, bloody days, the tender affection which existed between Ambrose and his brother and sister. Satyrus, his brother, was a brilliant lawyer at Rome, and had already been Governor of a Province. A great career opened before him. Yet, when Ambrose became bishop, Satyrus gave up everything to come and look after his brother's temporal affairs at Milan. Such a tender sympathy existed between the brothers, that one suffered with the other. If Satyrus fell ill, Ambrose fell ill too. If they were separated from each other it was noticed that the feelings of the one seemed to be communicated to the other by a secret sympathy and, though parted, they rejoiced and sorrowed together.

The tender Ambrose was also brave and firm. We shall, at some other time, perhaps, speak of his conflict with the Emperor Theodosius and of the firmness with which he excluded the blood-stained Emperor from the church until he had done penance for many months.

A saying has come down to us, which shows that Ambrose was large-hearted as well as brave. It is the common one, "When you go to Rome, do as the Romans do." Some questions arose as to whether they should do at Milan, what was done at Rome. The question, related to a non-essential, hence Ambrose's saying. Had his principle been carried out by all, we should have fewer quarrels and heart-burnings over trifles, and more sympathy with and appreciation of others' work.

#### BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

A LADY makes a suggestion that we should like to see the Chapters of the Brotherhood take into consideration. She writes (we quote from the *St. Andrew's Cross*):—"Everywhere I heard the same story of the need of men, and I could not but turn over in my mind the thought how that need is to be supplied. And so the idea occurred to me that this might be one great work lying before the Brotherhood of St Andrew. It seems to me that in almost every Chapter there may be one young man fitted by his religious character and his natural gifts to enter the sacred ministry who has been deterred because he had not the means to

do so. Perhaps he has never thought of being a clergyman, but if the thought were put into his mind, it would take root there and spring up and bear the fruit of resolve and of endeavour. Now why should not every Chapter have such a man, the picked man from among them all, who shall be their substitute and representative in the ranks of the Church's ministry? If he needs means, why should not they supply them, so long as he gives brains and heart, and life, and self?

"It may be there are objections to the suggestion I have made which have not occurred to me. I make them with diffidence, but with the hope that the Brotherhood is to have some part to take in the restoration of a permanent and active diaconate, and the increase of a truly devoted ministry."

#### BRAVE LOVE.

[James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, was recently asked to name his favourite poem, and responded by giving the following bit of fugitive verse, written many years ago, and the author unknown]:—

He'd nothing but his violin,  
I'd nothing but my song,  
But we were wed when skies were blue  
And summer days were long  
And when we rested by the hedge  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold,  
We sometimes supped on dewberries,  
Or slept among the hay,  
But oft the farmers' wives at eve  
Came out to hear us play  
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes,  
We could not starve for long  
While my man had his violin,  
And I, my sweet love song,

The world has aye gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one—  
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes—  
It long ago was done,  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for kine,  
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and  
sere,  
And love and beauty tine,  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear  
When you had but your violin,  
And I a song, my dear.

—*Urbana, Ohio, Journal.*

HE who wants to be led of God, will be sure to find God ready to lead him. But he who is led of God, must go as God leads. He must not choose his own way, and then expect God to go with him.—*S. S. Times.*

#### A DIAMOND LESSON.

LET me give you an illustration which has helped me greatly as to the value of the human soul, and the right way of dealing with it. The other day I was admitted to that part of a great jewelry establishment, in this city, where they polish the diamonds. As I stood over the master-workman and watched him carefully, he taught me, in ten minutes, some of the most precious lessons of my life. I noticed his fingers as he wrought upon the brilliant diamond, that they were marked by large lumps near the ends. I asked him what was the reason of it. He said, "We have so constantly to press the diamond in polishing it, that these lumps are forced out upon our fingers. The lumps are the result of years of patient pressure upon many a polished diamond."

I thought at once, we, too, as Christian workers on the diamonds of human souls, must bear in our bodies the marks of our labour. We also must show the scars of the conflict through which we have gone in trying to prepare souls for God's presence. I asked him where the diamonds were found. He said, "In Africa, deep down in the mines, in a certain kind of clay or mud, and they are found by those who seek them on their knees. They are brought up in the mud out of the mines, placed in the sun, which dries the mud, and then they are washed and carefully preserved." I need not tell any Christian worker here, what thoughts these facts suggested to me, nor how essential it is, that we should get low down, in every sense, if we are ever going to lift men up to God.

He also told me that the negroes who got the diamonds out of the mud, seldom or never used a pick, or sharp instrument, for fear of injuring the precious gems; and, as I heard him say this, I prayed that I, as a worker, might have the wisdom, and avoid the use of a hard, sharp word and severe measure, and might be forgiven for mistakes made, and rough treatment in the past.

The next point that he gave me was, that one diamond can only be polished by another. That no other material than its own can have any effect upon it. And I thought again, how true it is, that only the human heart can deal with the human heart—only a man with men. Only one who is of the

same nature, of like passions, and liable to the same temptations, and, perhaps, who has fallen under the same sins, is able to understand rightly and deal wisely with his fallen and yet precious brother.

One question more I asked him, 'How long do you spend in polishing one diamond?' 'Sometimes weeks,' he said, 'and no work in the world demands more patience, keener sight and better judgment than in dealing with these gems.' Once again I saw my lesson, and tried to learn it. I thought if this workman does not tire, when, for weeks he bends over one single diamond, why should I tire of dealing with the human soul? That on which he wrought will perish like the dust of the earth; that on which I work is to be eternal as God. 'But,' said he to me, 'when I see one of these diamonds after these weeks of labour, with its many sides exquisitely polished, and each reflecting in a different way, the light of the sun, glistening as the centre of some brilliant necklace or costly coronet, on a fair lady's neck or head, I forget all my labour, my trial of patience, and the weary hours I spent, in the joy of seeing the fruit of my labour, giving a new glory to God's most beautiful piece of workmanship—the human body.'

And so, I thought as I left him, when I see a soul (if only one) which I have been enabled to lift out of the mire of sin, washed in the blood of Christ, polished and shaped by patient hands strengthened by the life of God—when I see that diamond of a precious soul, not upon the necklace of a human being, or in the tiara of a mortal, but as one of the jewels in the crown of the King of kings, then I shall forget all my toil, labour, disappointment, vexation, in the glory of that sight, and bless God forever for choosing me to be one of the lowliest of His diamond workers.

I will be like the dear old man of God, who was jeered at by a young atheist, for his want of success in the ministry. 'You have nothing to show for all your years of labour, but one man—one soul converted.' 'Have I one?' said the old man. 'Yes,' was the reply: 'I believe there is one man whose life has been changed through your influence.' 'Well,' said the old man, 'praise God for that. It took me twenty years, you say, to save that

soul. Here goes twenty years more, if God spares me, to save another.'—*Christian Alliance.*

#### ROCK OF AGES.

*"Rock of Ages, cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee,"*  
Sang a child the livelong day,  
In a joyous, thoughtless way;  
Sang and recked not of the prayer  
Uttered in her childish glee;  
Sang without a thought of care,  
*"Rock of Ages cleft for me."*

*"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling,"*  
Sang a maid with heart opprest;  
Sigh'ing, sobbing to be blest.  
Sang when days were dark and drear,  
On Life's gloom-o'-ershadowed sea;  
Sang, though filled with doubt and fear,  
*"Rock of Ages cleft for me."*

*"While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death;"*  
Sang a mother, near the goal  
Of each weary, waiting soul;  
Sang (and smiled at sorrows past)  
*"Let me hide myself in Thee,"*  
I am nearing home at last,  
*Rock of Ages cleft for me."*

—Edmund York.

#### AN IRISH PEASANT'S TESTAMENT.

In the County of Cork, when copies of the Scriptures in the native language were a novelty and a rarity, a Protestant peasant learned that one of his neighbours, a country gentleman, owned a copy of the New Testament in Irish, and went to ask the loan of the book.

"What would you do with it, my man?" said the gentleman kindly, but in some surprise. "I would rade it, sir; and if ye'd let me have it that long, I'd write it off, an' be kapin' a copy o' me own." "Why, how could you possibly do that?" exclaimed the gentleman, still more surprised. "I can rade and write, sir." "But where would you get the paper?" "I would buy it, sir." "And pen and ink?" "Faith, I'd buy them too, sir." But you have no place nor convenience to do such work,—how will you manage that?" "Ah, then, where there's a will there's a way. Maybe your honour wouldn't be willin' to lend the book!"

"Well, well! really, my man, I don't know where I could get another copy, and should feel reluctant to let the volume go out of my possession for so long a time. You might come to my house and read it, you know."

The poor peasant was evidently disappointed, but he made one more appeal.

"Beg pardon, yer honour, but if ye'd jist allow me to sit in yer hall, now, I cud come up, whin me wurruk's done in the day, and write it off in the evenin's."

The gentleman was so struck with the pious sincerity of his humble neighbour, that he was granted his request; and for months a candle and a place in his hall was allowed the poor man, till he had actually copied every word of the New Testament.

Years afterwards, a printed New Testament was presented to the Christian peasant, when he gave up his manuscript copy to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has since kept it as a relic.

#### PRAYER.

PRAYER is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. Oh, blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-during joy, the mother of philosophy. The man, who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all beside; whilst the wretch, who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as monarch of nations, is, of all men, most destitute.—*Chrysostom.*

"WHAT are you going to do?" said an elderly friend to a young man, who was just entering upon life. "I hope," was the answer, "to complete my education at the University." "And what then?" "I shall learn a profession and I shall devote myself to it." "And what then?" "I shall marry as soon as I can afford it." "And what then?" "No doubt, then I shall have enough to do in educating and providing for my family." "And what then?" "Well, of course, in time, I shall get to be an old man." "And what then?" asked his persevering questioner. "In time, I suppose—well, I suppose, I shall die." "And what then?" There was silence. The young man had never looked so far ahead as that.—*Hebrew Christian.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

**A Child's Mission.**

A STORY.

PART IV.

MARY NEWCOMB sat in her room and thought and thought what she should do. She lay back in her chair and rested her tired head. Soon her hands fell by her side and she was asleep. It was a restless sleep, and the working of the careworn face told the observer of the dreams coursing through the brain. She awoke after a few minutes with that dull sense of brooding misery that haunts the sorrowing. She must be up and doing. She smoothed her hair hastily, and started out. Whither should she go? The best place she could think of was the police headquarters. And so down the long, hot street she walked. It was mid-day now, and the hot sun beat down upon the city street with relentless force. Oh ye hot city streets on a summer day, what prison is worse than you are? A glaring sky above; the air between, trembling with the intensity of the heat; a glowing fiery pavement below, and high brick walls on either side. The very green of the trees is turned to brown with heat and dust and drought, and the imprisoned body pants for green fields and running water and the changing shades and colours of far-off hills, as the tired heart sighs for the rest of Paradise.

Poor Mary hurried along as quickly as possible. Of course "everyone" is out of town in the summer, but still an insignificant ninety-nine thousand out of each hundred thousand remains in town to look after the houses. To Mary the streets seemed as full as ever. She threaded her way in and out among the people. Now she turns off from the main thoroughfare to go down to the police headquarters. The street is quiet and empty. Mary is not quite sure of her way. She sees a boy coming towards her and stops him to ask the way. The boy stares at her when she speaks to him.

"Police office, ma'm? I'll show you, ma'm."

He turns to lead the way. Mary has scarcely looked at him, but now as he walks before her she looks more closely. His face seems familiar, and yet she cannot remember where she has seen him. They are now near the police

building, and the boy points to it on the other side of the street.

"There's the p'lice office, ma'm."

Mary offers him a small coin. The boy draws back his hand and looks at her.

"A'nt you the doctor's missis?"

"What do you mean?" says Mary.

"Don't you remember me?" says the boy.

Then Mary does remember. This is the boy whose foot Walter Newcomb had dressed long ago. He has grown, but it is the same face, sharper and keener than ever.

"Why, it's Jack Sadler!" says Mary offering him her hand.

Jack shakes hands and then, after a few words of kindly inquiry, Mary turns to go, eager for, and yet dreading her inquiry at the police office. She has taken only a step or two, when a thought strikes her. She turns quickly, but Jack is already off. She runs after him, but he moves faster than she. Then she calls out loudly, "Jack! Jack!"

The few people on the street stare at her. Jack turns around and hurries to her at once, when he sees that she is waiting.

"Do you know Jack, that I have lost my little boy? Perhaps you can help me to find him."

Jack looks at her surprised. Her face is earnest and anxious. Then poor Mary tells her story rapidly. Jack is not used to being a receptacle of female confidences. He stands restlessly first on one foot, and then on the other. He scarcely knows what to say when Mary has finished, and so says nothing.

"Do you think you can help me, Jack?" says Mary eagerly, "perhaps you know some of the boys that he has gone away with?"

Jack shakes his head. "I don't know ma'm. This is a big place and there's lots of boys here, but I'll try."

"Oh thank you, thank you!" says Mary.

"Have you got a picture of him?" says Jack.

"Oh yes." She has brought it to leave at the police office. Jack gets Mary to tell him her address two or three times, that he may not forget it, and then hurries off to complete the errand on which he was going when Mary met him.

Mary learned at the police office that nothing had yet been heard of her boy. When she asked about him, the clerk

looked up the name "Newcomb" in an index and then turned over the pages of a big book until he came to the entry he sought.

"Nothing turned up yet ma'm," he said, in a short business way to poor Mary, and closed the book sharply. Mary longed to ask him if they were really trying to find the boy; if they knew how serious the case was, how great her fears. But she knew that the search for a boy is only a matter of routine business at a police office, and that it was hopeless to expect others to be as anxious as she. She turned away half despairingly. She could do nothing more, and so she walked slowly homeward. Every small figure on which her eyes fell gave her a start. It might be Walter! But it was not.

The street seemed still hotter now, and poor Mary could scarcely drag herself up the steps when she reached home. It was a long and weary day, and before she lay down to restless sleep, the widow's prayer went up to Him, who cares for the widow and the fatherless.

"Thou too mournest for lost children, O Lord. Thou canst comfort, for Thou hast suffered. Pity the lonely widow's sorrow. Thou did'st give the widowed mother of Nain her lost one back again. Look upon me. Thou dost love. Wilt Thou comfort! Wilt Thou restore!"

In the dark places of the dark city that night, the figure of a boy moved quickly from street to street. Here and there he entered a small shop or a house. At the houses he rarely knocked before entering, and his stay was never long. On and on the figure flitted. The moon rose late, and when she was high in the heavens, Jack Sadler crept up-stairs to his garret room to bed, tired and heavy at heart, for his search had as yet been fruitless.

He did not sleep long. The daylight was streaming through his window before many hours and he awoke with a start and jumped up.

Boys of Jack's training have usually no great passion for cold water, and, at any time Jack managed to get along without applying much of it to his person. This morning he applied less than usual. He was in regular work now, and must be at the shop at seven o'clock. The Cathedral clock struck five as he dressed. He had some biscuits in his pocket, and he munched one of these as he hurried down stairs and

out to the street. Jack, notwithstanding his modest remark to Mary Newcomb as to the size of the city and the difficulty of finding a lost boy in it, had not been looking after himself for so many years without getting a good idea of the haunts of boys of his class. His search on the previous night had been in houses where he thought the boy might possibly be. There were still a few places that Jack wished to go to and he must do it before he went to work. So on he trotted, turning corners sharply right and left.

"Little beggar," soliloquized Jack. "What business have boys like him to run away? He doesn't know when he's well off, I'll choke him if I catch him."

Jack, with the lofty unconsciousness of the past that some of the virtuous attain to, forgot perhaps, how often he had not known "when he was well off" himself, and had preferred the wandering street life to a "Home" however comfortable.

Now he turns a corner sharply and stands before a shabby red brick house.

It is one of the "has-seen-better-days" kind. The windows are dirty looking, and the blinds are down. Jack tries the door, but it will not open. It is still too early for the inmates to be about. There is no bell, and Jack is afraid to bang at the door until the place is opened, so he sits down on the door-step to wait. His observant eye looks up and down and then across the street. A dissipated cat is crawling along the eaves of the row of dingy-looking houses opposite. Jack looks at the cat and then down at his feet. A stone is lying there. The combination of idle boy, stone and cat is too striking to be neglected, and so in an instant, the stone flies through the air, the cat leaps for life, and the rattle on the tiled roofs tells that the stone has, at any rate, hit something. Just as Jack is composing his features to their wonted innocent look, and sitting down on the step again, he gets a great shove from behind, that sends him out sprawling on the pavement.

"I'd like to know what your doing here with throwin' your stones," says an angry voice, and as Jack slowly rises, a woman holding a broom in her hand threatens to sweep him off the pavement.

"I was only waiting till you was up," says Jack, rubbing his shins.

"Waitin' is it, and what business have you to be waitin', I'd like to know?"

"Don't you know me, Jack Sadler, Martha," says poor Jack beseechingly.

"Yes, I know you for a mischief," says the woman. She is softened, however, at recognizing Jack's face.

"And what is it you want?"

"I want my breakfast," says Jack, afraid to tell his real errand.

The house is one of those so numerous in the poorer streets of our large cities, where meals and lodging are furnished at fabulously low prices.

"You'll have to wait, it's too early."

"All right," says Jack, "I'll come in and wait."

He followed the woman through a dim hall, large enough to show that once it had been more pretentious.

"Don't make any noise, the missis is very sick," said the woman. As they passed the half-open door of the room at the left of the hall, Jack heard the moaning of a person in great pain.

"What's the matter?" he whispered.

"Dying," said the woman, putting her finger to her lip.

The room they now entered had evidently been the dining-room of the house in better days, and it was still used as such. The floor was bare. Running down the centre of the room was a long pine table, without any cloth upon it. A pine bench on each side of the table, and a few chairs were the only other articles of furniture. There were two windows, but the house had evidently had no other house near it when these were put in. Now, however, the windows were faced by a dead wall only a few feet away, and the room was dark and cheerless. A fire, which had evidently been lighted in the night when the air was chilly, smouldered in the one grate, and before it, a man sat with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands. His back was towards the door, and as Jack and the woman entered he looked around at them for a moment. His face was covered with a rough beard, and all that Jack could see in the dim light was the beard and the sodden eyes that told that the man had been drinking.

"Don't say anything, he's at it hard," whispered the woman. The man still looked at them. Suddenly he turned without a word, and again buried his face in his hands before the fire.

The woman left the room and Jack crept quietly into a corner. There was perfect stillness. Jack sat for a while and thought what he should do. Was Walter Newcomb here among the lodgers? Jack was afraid to ask. The house was not very respectable, and the enquiry might arouse suspicion, and keep him from being allowed to see the boy. He waited what seemed a long time, and still there was no stir.

"Now's my chance," thought Jack, "I'll go and look for myself."

*(To be continued.)*

ARCHDEACON PEROWNE relates a remarkable incident told him by the late Earl of Harrowby:—

"A few months before the death of the late Lord Lyndhurst, I had the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with that remarkable man. I found him sitting, in extreme old age, in his arm-chair, with many books lying on the table before him. He said, 'I have been reading many of these discussions about the Old Testament; I do not know how to meet all the difficulties, and I cannot struggle with these points.' All I can say is this: My Saviour said, 'He, who will not believe Moses and the prophets, will not believe a man, who has risen from the dead.' That is enough for me, I do not trouble myself with these discussions."

"According to this master of evidence, the Word of Christ was sufficient to settle a question for all time. Hence it follows, as the next step in the argument, that when we have thus accepted Christ for our teacher, our estimate of the Bible must be what His was."—*Church Advocate.*

A GREAT German defined the difference between Socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram:—Socialism says, "What is thine is mine." Christianity says, "What is mine is thine." The difference is infinite. But the epigram needs correction. Christianity teaches us to say, "What seems thine is not thine, what seems mine is not mine; whatever thou hast belongs to God, and whatever I have belongs to God; you and I must use what we have according to God's will." We need a revival of the doctrine of Divine Stewardship.

## Parish and Home.

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We have lately seen a good receipt for "touchiness." Touchiness is self-love inflamed to the acute point; conceit with a hair trigger. The man who is touchy must be thinking only of himself. If he were thinking of his work, of others, he would have no time or thought for working out the covert meanings, the implied insults that his ingenuity manages to detect in the words of others.

We are pleased to see that the story, "Black Beauty," the autobiography of a horse, is being widely circulated. Already 371,000 copies have been printed on this side of the Atlantic, and the publishers are arranging for 400,000 more copies. It is a touching story of the sufferings, and enjoyments too, of a horse. President George T. Angell, of the Boston Humane Society, deserves the greatest praise for the enterprise he has displayed in circulating this interesting and at the same time instructive book. Its fruit is sure to be greater care for and thought of dumb animals.

There is, perhaps, no greater temptation to young Christians than that of using religious phrases without realising their true meaning. Others use these phrases, and young Christians think there is something wrong about their own lives if they do not use them too. The result is in one word—cant. Professor Drummond's definition of cant is very good:—"Cant means anything unreal or exaggerated; any ex-

aggerated expression of religious feeling; anything untrue to the nature of the man who speaks it. A young man has a religion that is his own. An old woman has the religion of an old woman. When you find a young man imitating the religion of an old woman, that is cant."

A GREAT many very good men pride themselves on taking no interest in politics. They say politics are too impure, too degraded for men of clean hands and pure lives to take part in them. There is, perhaps, no better test of a nation's faith than the state of its politics. If politics are degraded and degrading it is because good men are holding aloof from them. We doubt if there is any sphere in life, except, perhaps, that of the Christian ministry, in which good men have greater opportunities of usefulness than in politics. They will need courage and steadfastness. They must be ready to face apparent failure—but that is what their Master did before them.

If we are willing to work, let us see that we have a definite purpose in our work. A great many people begin Christian work because their consciences are not quite easy. They have no definite end in view, no goal towards which they are working. If the business man went to his office every day, just because he felt he ought to go, and without having a definite aim before him, his business would soon be wrecked. The true business man schemes and plans to effect his end. The end is always the same—to succeed. But his methods vary. If one plan fails, he tries another. Christian workers, let us have more enterprise. If we are not succeeding in one direction, let us try some other plan. The end remains the same—bringing light to others. Try some new method if the old ones have failed.

THERE probably never was a time when men were more willing to adopt new methods than now. A church on wheels would have been something of a surprise to our forefathers. Yet we have not only a church, but a cathedral church, that moves from place to place. The *St. Andrew's Cross* says:—"The cathedral of North Dakota has been completed, and is now in use. Bishop

Walker's cathedral is a church car, by means of which the Bishop will be able to visit and hold services in a large number of towns in his immense jurisdiction. The car has been neatly fitted up as a church, with organ, font, lectern, bishop's chair, and table. A double row of chairs down the length of the car will seat about seventy people. One end of the car is partitioned off to serve as robing-room, office, and sleeping-room. The car is named 'The Church of the Advent.' It will, without doubt, be a very useful means in extending the church in the great North-west. *Puck* makes its own application of the idea:—"In North Dakota (*it was Sunday morning*)—"What are all these people standing here for?" asked the stranger. "They are waiting for church to come to them. The cathedral is delayed by a washout on the track two miles back."

### TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions! O my friend, I cannot answer them. In vain I send My soul into the dark, where never burn The lamps of science, nor the natural light Of reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern The awful secrets of the eyes which turn Evermore on us through the day and night, With silent challenge and a dumb demand, Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown, Like the calm sphinxes, with their eyes of stone, Questioning the centuries from their nests of sand! I have no answer for myself or thee, Save that I learned beside my mother's knee "All is of God that is, and is to be; And God is good;" Let this suffice us still, Resting in childlike trust upon His will, Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

—Whittier.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### LIFE A VOYAGE.

REV. HAY AITKEN traces out in one of his sermons the points of likeness between a ship setting out on a voyage and a soul starting for Eternity. It is an interesting study and one full of suggestive thought.

What, says Mr. Aitken, should we think if we found a vessel out in mid-ocean drifting aimlessly about? To the hail "Whither bound?" the reply comes "Anywhere that wind or tide may take us." We should fancy there was something radically wrong. No ship ever leaves port on such an indefinite errand. Yet many a man goes through life freighted with an immortal soul with

no definite idea about the port which he intends to reach; and yet no soul ever got to Heaven by accident.

But of the ships which leave port with a definite object in view not all succeed in reaching their Haven. Some strike rocks, some founder, some are overcome by fierce winds. Many more things are wanted beside a definite aim. We need a good captain, a good chart, a compass, an anchor and a crew. A great deal depends on the captain. He should be a very experienced man, who has sailed those seas before and knows the way; who has studied the chart and can recognize the places marked there. We, on the voyage of life, need Jesus as our captain. We must have a captain, and if we don't have Him some one else will ship aboard and gradually assume command. It may be passion, love of money, drink, or what not. Whoever he is, he is only an agent for a pirate king named Satan.

Then how much we need a chart. The Captain leaves the working of the ship to us, though if we are wise we shall be constantly advising with and consulting Him. And so He gives us a chart; marks the rocks and shoals to be avoided and gives directions how to avoid many dangers seen and unseen. The man that tries to go through life without studying the Bible is like the ship that keeps its chart hidden in the hold, to be hauled out in a hurry when the ship strikes a rock.

Most ships have a compass, but it is important to have a correct one, and so they have a brass pedestal on which they hoist their compass so as to remove it as much as possible from the attraction of the iron in the ship. "What!" says a green-horn, "do you trust to that little never-stand-still thing to guide you?" That little needle so lightly poised and so easily moved is the steadiest thing on the ship. The ship may head north, east, south or west, but the compass always points the same. It has been magnetized. Our hearts need to be magnetized with love for God so that they will always point to Him, and though the ship gives a lurch or veers round and carries the needle a little way with it, yet it soon springs back, magnetized by His goodness. No ship is allowed to go to sea without an anchor. We need an anchor too. In the Bible we read of an anchor within the veil. And Faith is the chain and Hope the anchor. We want to be an-

chored in Heaven and we are sure then to pull up there by-and-bye. And what about a crew? We want a willing crew, not a mutinous, complaining, grumbling lot that clog the working of the ship. Perhaps the crew means our members which must all be obedient. Take my hands, my feet, my voice, all I have. And let us choose our consorts carefully, friends who will not mislead us as we too trustingly follow them, but ships that have the same port as their destination, the same course, the same chart, the same Admiral of the fleet. If we attend to all this it will be no accident if by-and-bye we sight the port and drop anchor in Heaven's peaceful harbour.

—C. C.

#### COME TO JESUS.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in Heaven  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given

There is grace enough for thousands;  
Of new worlds as great as this  
There is room for fresh creations,  
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed.  
There is joy for all the members,  
In the sorrows of the Head.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,  
And, oh come, not doubting thus.  
But, with faith that trusts more bravely,  
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Faber.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### THE REASON WHY.

WE do not always go the right way to work in our begging sermons, in trying to induce people to give for charitable objects and missionary purposes, and that is why our efforts often meet with small results. A homely illustration will show what I mean. A cider barrel is tapped, the tap is turned and yet only a few drops flow; shake the barrel, beat it all you can and you will have but little results. Then the wise man comes with a gimlet, bores a tiny hole in the top of the barrel and the cider flows without an effort. The reason is we have let in the air.

Many a man well able to give, will not give, no matter how much force is used, but if we do so preach and teach that an entrance is made into his heart for the spirit of God, the money needed for the work will come without forcing.

Among the many reasons brought forward by those who do not give in aid of Christian objects set before them, the truest reason is seldom, if ever, mentioned. We hear "I have so many calls on me," "I have so many to provide for," "Times are so hard," and never, what is in nine cases out of ten the only true reason "I have so little Christianity, so little of the Spirit of God in me."

#### MISTAKES

STRANGE, that through all the earth, there should be no mistakes but those that are made by man, the created lord of all. The worm to dust, the eagle to the skies—all know their place, and only man mistakes his destiny. The stork, the turtle and the swallow, let not go by the season, in which alone, they can accomplish their passage to a fairer clime, and escape the rigours of a changing season. Man, the wise, the proud, the reasonable, loiters on his journey, or mistakes the way. He sees the times advance, every year he numbers, gives him fresh warning of the coming change, earth is gliding from beneath his feet, and heaven, for which he was created, lies before him, but no, he will not set out. He has built his nest on the earth, he persists in keeping it, till there is no more time ready for his flight. Designed for glory, formed to the enjoyment of celestial bliss, he takes the world to be his portion, and contents himself. What stronger proof could there be, that something must have happened since man was first created, to cause a confusion that has fallen on nothing else.—*Dr. Mackay.*

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT will have the sympathy of a large circle in the sad loss of her son Lionel, who had been ill for some time past. He was the original from which his mother drew the picture of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and he was as lovable a character as that of the boy hero of the beautiful story.



## "HE LOVED JESUS."

CONVERTS from among the heathen nations often shew a warmth and zeal that may well put to the blush those of us who have lived all our lives under Christian influences.

Dr. Gordon of Boston tells of a Christian Chinaman in that city who was asked by a country parson the way to a certain street. After politely giving the desired information he quite startled the parson by looking at him with Christian joy in his face and asking "Do you love Jesus?" And now another similar instance comes from far off Metlakahla in the north of British Columbia. Bishop Ridley of Caledonia, in his last letter to the Church Missionary Society, published in the *Gleaner* for March, writes:—"Just before my last long journey a Japanese called and asked to see me. I was occupied elsewhere and was not to be found. So he shyly told Miss Dickenson (the young lady trained as a nurse who has come out to help us without salary), that he loved Jesus, he belonged to Him as she did. Then he took \$2.00 from his pocket, and gave them into her hand saying, 'I am a poor man. I work to live. My money is few but I give this to you to help the work of God.' Then he went away. He was baptised by a missionary in Japan and since then came across the ocean for the same sort of reasons that induce the English people to emigrate."

## THE BANNER OF THE CROSS

Fling out the Banner! Let it float  
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
The sun that lights its shining folds,  
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,  
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the Love Divine.

Fling out the banner! Heathen lands  
Shall see from far, the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner! Sin-sick souls,  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner! Let it float  
Sky-ward, and sea-ward, high and wide;  
Our glory, only in the Cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner! Wide and high,  
Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours,  
We conquer only in that sign.

—Bishop Doane.

## INSTANT SALVATION.

WHILE we would lift a warning voice against putting off the day of repentance, the following testimony to the power of divine grace in the case of a dying penitent will serve to illustrate the glory of salvation through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some five years ago a messenger met me hurriedly as I was going out of church one Sunday morning, and begged me, that I would go across the street to see a man who had sent for me, and who was said to be dying. I passed across the street, entered the sick chamber, drew near the bedside of the young man, who, as a commercial traveller, had been passing through the city, and was taken suddenly and seriously ill. As I took him by the hand, I said, "You are very ill." "Yes," and with a pitiful look, he added, "the physician says I have but a few hours to live." I said, "Are you ready?" "Oh, no, no; I wish I had three weeks, and I could be ready." Said I "My dear friend, let me show you that you only need three minutes, in order to be ready, if you will do what God says." And then I opened the Scripture and showed him the Lamb of God, and how God had laid our sins upon Him; and I said: "Now the word is: 'Behold the Lamb of God; look unto Him, even with your dying eyes—it is enough—and say, 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, have mercy on me.' Cast your soul on Him." I asked, "Is not that plain?" "But, tell me how to do it." And so I turned to the tenth chapter of Romans and read: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Now," I said, "do you receive Jesus Christ?" "I do, according to the best of my ability." "Then just open your mouth and confess it, and God says you can be saved." It was all done in a few brief moments. I went my way.

At six o'clock I returned, greatly anxious to hear from the young man. As I entered the house I met the landlady. I asked, "How is he?" "He is gone;" but, she added, "I wish you had been here and seen him die. I never witnessed such a triumphant death. It was amazing. After you went out, he sent for my husband, who had been for years a backslider, and had not prayed." He sent for this man

and said, "I want you to kneel down by my bedside and praise God, that he sent a man that told me how I could be saved in three minutes." The poor man said, "I do not know how to pray." "But you must." And there, in spite of his protestations, he compelled this backslider to get down on his knees to praise God that He saved him in three minutes. It was a new life for him as well as for the other. What did he do? Simply with his dying eyes saw the Lamb of God, believed on Him, confessed Him, and rested. That was all.

Six weeks ago, I, as it seemed, very accidentally, was called to preach in a strange place, and went, much against my will, as I was so busy I did not see how I could go. In the course of my sermon, I related the story of the young man who had been saved in three minutes. On Saturday following, I was asked to attend the funeral of a man who had died, and as I drew near the casket and looked into his face I said, "I know that man: I knew him fifteen years ago, when, week after week, his Christian wife used to rise in my meeting and request prayers for her husband. For years I have not seen him, but here I am called to attend his funeral." And while I was talking, a young man stepped up to me and said, "I would like to see you a moment. I heard you preach last Sunday, and tell the story about the man who was saved in three minutes. When I got home, I was so filled with it that I said, 'I will go in and tell this sick man.' I went in, sat down by his bedside, and just told the story as you had told it about the young man who had been saved in three minutes; and the gray-headed man said, 'That is remarkable, is it not? I think I could do that.' He did just the same thing; he confessed Christ, sent for his family, and they gathered around his bed; and there, with his dying breath, he too confessed Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God."

And so God used that word twice, and I have told it the third time this afternoon. Perchance, some careless one or some serious one; perchance, some worldly one; perchance, some thoughtful one, may just believe it, and in the silence of this hour lift the eyes to Him who hung on the cross, and is now on the throne, and say, "O, Lamb of God, I trust Thee, I take Thee."—*Dr. A. J. Gordon (New York Christian Advocate).*

## SOLEMN FACTS.

You may be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, as Dives did—and not be saved. You may rule vast provinces and command vast armies, as Pharaou and Nebuchadnezzar did—and not be saved. You may be fair and lovely to behold, as Absalom was—and not be saved. You may belong to a church, pure and simple, and apostolic, and blessed with holy ordinances, as Ananias and Sapphira did—and not be saved. You may live under the highest blaze of Gospel teaching, as Judas did; nay, you may bear witness to the truths of Jesus, as he did—and not be saved. You may be exalted unto heaven in privileges and opportunities, as Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum were—and not be saved. You may have the shrewdest intellect, as Ahitophel had—and not be saved. But you cannot believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and fail of salvation. The Word abides forever, 'Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' (John iii. 16). Let the rich man believe and he is saved. Let the poor man believe and he is saved. Let the old believe, let the young believe, let the wise believe, let the ignorant believe, and all is safe. Christ is theirs, and Christ is salvation.—*Dean Laro.*

## WHAT A SINGLE TRACT CAN DO

EVEN in China, towards making known the Gospel! At a village near Lin-yiu Hien, we were surprised to find the people had an intelligent knowledge of the outlines of the Gospel. I asked when they had heard, and they took me to see a tract, pasted on the wall of a temple. They did not know how it came there, but I afterwards learned, that Mr. Bland had passed through, early one morning, and not seeing anyone about, pasted up a tract, and went on his journey.—*Selected.*

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

WE have pleasure in announcing that the results of our prize competition are as follows:—

I.—Bible subject, "The Boy Samuel," Winner of prize (*St. Nicholas* for one year), Miss May Ritchie, 199 Pleasant Street, Halifax, N.S.

II.—General subject, "Why Birds and their Nests should be Protected." Winner of prize (*Girl's Own* for one year), Miss Mabel Smart, 21 Grange Road, Toronto.

The magazines will be ordered to be sent to the addresses named.

## TWO CARELESS BOYS.

ONCE a careless little boy  
Lost his ball at play,  
And because his ball was gone,  
Threw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing—  
You and I agree;  
But I know another boy  
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy—  
Old and wise as you—  
Yet, because he lost his kite,  
He lost his temper, too.

## TWO BOYS.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, and let off some fireworks contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender. "Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben. "Then why not say I did it?" "Because you said you didn't, and I didn't want to make you out a liar." The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school re-assembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs," and he burst into tears. The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy, smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud: "Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame." The loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down.—*Selected.*

FOUR elements of Christian life and experience: First, admit; second, submit; third, commit; fourth, transmit.—*Canon Wilberforce.*

## WHAT WILL YOU DO?

THERE are more than 300,000,000 children in heathen lands, who have no Bible and no knowledge of Christ.

Are you too young to help them?

Remember—

That Jesus was but twelve years old when He expressed a desire to be about His "Father's business."

That Samuel was a mere "child" when he "ministered unto the Lord before Eli."

That Queen Esther was but a girl, "in her teens," when she staked her life on an effort to save her people.

That Josiah was but eight years old when he became king, and that, at seventeen, "he began to seek after the God of David, his father."—*Foreign Missionary.*

## AWAKE AT NIGHT.

Is the dark and silent night,  
Little child, you need not fear;  
Just as much as in the light,  
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,  
Though no moon be shining clear,  
You may say in gentle tone,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start  
At some sudden sound you hear,  
Keep this thought within your heart,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with His arm,  
He is your own Father dear;  
He will keep you safe from harm,  
God is near you—God is near!

—*Hymns for the Little Ones.*

## BE IN EARNEST.

DURING the Crimean war, a young chaplain, newly arrived in camp, inquired of a Christian sergeant the best method for carrying on his work among men. The sergeant led him to the top of a hill and pointed out the field of action. "Now, sir," said he, "look around you. See those batteries on the right, and the men at their guns. Hear the roar of the cannon. Look where you will, all are in earnest here. Every man feels that this is a life and death struggle. If we do not conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest here, sir; we are not playing at soldiers. If you would succeed, you must be in earnest; an earnest man always wins his way.—*The Worker.*

WHATSOEVER we beg of God, let us also work for it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

## HOW TO MAKE BOYS USEFUL AT HOME.

AN impression seems to prevail among well-to-do parents of to-day, that there is nothing for a boy to do when he is out of school and at home. No idea which you can entertain, is more erroneous or likely to result more disastrously for your boy than this sentiment, which I have often heard from the lips of mothers themselves. I do not think the average boy will know, of himself, what there is that he can do about the home. You must set him to work. And you must begin when he is so young that the habit will be a fixed one before he is old enough to seriously rebel against your authority. A child can very early be taught to pick up his blocks and save his mother or nurse the trouble.

As soon as your boy has reached the age when he is allowed to go beyond the garden limits, or to venture upon the pavement unattended, know for a certainty, that if you do not keep him busy at home, he will find abundant occupation upon the street, and will seek his companions among the busy idlers there. The opportunity for influencing your boy is then lessened, and likely to soon cease altogether. There seems to exist some strong magnetic attraction for street life, which once entered upon is, with great difficulty relinquished. The home magnetism should be stronger than the magnetism of the street, and if it fails of being so, the mother has failed in an important part of her mission as a mother.

We will imagine a home where the children are out of school and busy with their several occupations. One girl is taking her music lesson, another reading an interesting book. A third is sitting on the floor making a dress for her doll. The mother is upstairs sewing. The one boy in the family, alone, has nothing to do. First, he stretches himself at full length upon the sofa, until finding this monotonous, he leans over the back of his father's chair and teases his sister, who is reading, until her patience is thoroughly exhausted. The music lesson over, he sits down and drums upon the piano until his mother, nervous and tired with sewing, calls to him from upstairs, that he must let the piano alone. Nobody hears his remark, that "there is nothing for a fellow to do," as he saunters to the window, with both hands in his pockets.

He looks idly up and down the street a few moments; then there is a rushing noise, a banging of the outside door, and tranquility pervades the house till tea-time.

The mother folds her work away at dark with the satisfaction of having accomplished so much that afternoon. Years after, when the children's work is all folded away, because the children have grown into men and women, many a mother, who thought she was doing her duty by her boys, sits and grieves over the disappointment of her life. She was always a good housekeeper. Her fall and summer sewing was promptly done. Her boys only have been failures. They have disappointed their parents and clouded their home horizon. Perhaps the mother's keenest grief consists in the indifference of her sons to the sorrow they have caused. But who cared for them in the best and truest way when they were boys at home? Mothers, teach and train your boys in useful employments, and when the world calls them for advanced work, their industrious habits and memories of the home they helped to make beautiful, will cling closely about them and follow them wherever they go.

There are so many ways in which a boy can help about the home, that I hardly know where to begin to enumerate them. If the mother wants her work-basket or a book from upstairs, why send the daughter on the errand? Why not rather send the boy, and so teach him his first lessons in gallantry? If you have a boy with any sort of mechanical taste, give him, if possible, some tools and a work-bench, and materials to work with, and a suggestion or two now and then as to something to make. If you have no room for a workshop, a corner in an attic is better than nothing. Is there a hinge or a lock out of order, a broken slat of a blind, or round of a chair that you have been trying to put in order so long, that there seems a fatality about its accomplishment? Let the boy do it. Give him a pot of glue, and let him understand that everything which can be kept in order with glue is his special province.

One resource for a boy to which I attach the utmost importance, is music. If he has any taste whatever, for any musical instrument, do, by all means, let him take lessons. His interest in

practising, boy-like, will flag a great many times. You must foster it by your interest. Sit down with him at the piano when he is a little discouraged. Praise him when he does well. Tell his father, when he comes home, how the boy is improving. Tell the boy, what a solace his music will be to him, when he is away from home; how much pleasure he will give, in time, to other people. Your boy will not know then, that you are thus winning him to home and its refinements, but he will know and thank you for it later. Boys should also be taught to read aloud to their mother while she is at her work. They can talk over what they read; and the mother must be quick to see if the boy is tired, and can often rouse his interest afresh by taking the book and reading a few pages herself in a bright way, and will make him a better reader by this method.

Boys are not such invariable rovers as many would have us believe. They are ready to love their home, and stay there, if the home is made loveable. Here lies, deep-seated, a reason for our wayward boys: Many mothers are absorbed in housekeeping, not *homemaking*. I hear them say it is so much easier to do a thing themselves than to teach their boy or girl to do it. What has ease to do with the future of our boys? It is well that sewing and sweeping be done; well that we have finely appointed houses and servants. But, if these come through neglect of our children's higher training, let us have fewer decorated houses, fewer dainty garments, fewer afternoon teas, and more time to develop useful and home-loving boys.

"My work at home lies with the olive branches  
Thou'st planted there.

To train them meekly for the heavenly garden  
Needs all my care.

I may not in the woods and on the mountains  
Seek Thy lost sheep;  
At home, a little flock of tender lambskins  
'Tis mine to keep.

Thou givest to Thy servants each his life-work;  
No trumpet-tone  
Will tell the nations in triumphant pealing,  
How mine was done;

But 'twill be much if, when the task is ended,  
Through grace from Thee,  
I give Thee back, undimmed, the radiant jewels  
Thou gavest me."

—Exchange.

### A LITTLE GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I HEARD a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who had two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbours, she looks so bright, and sweet, and good, that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white dress on, and perhaps a blue sash, and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say: "What a sweet darling!" or "What a sweet face, let me kiss it!" And so, she always has a nice smile on her face, and when she is spoken to, she says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought, and "Thank you," very sweetly, when anything is given her.

But do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all like the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just as she wishes, she will pout, and scream, and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then.

So you see, this little girl has two faces; one she uses before company, and puts it on just like her best dress; and the other she wears when she is at home alone with her mother.

I also know a little girl, who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble. — *Presbyterian Witness.*

### COURAGE.

DANIEL dared to be singular, both when he refused the king's wine-cup, and when he defied the king's lions. The young man who follows the fashions, and runs with the crowd, counts for nothing. When he turns around and faces the crowd for conscience' sake, he encounters some hard knocks, but he saves his own soul, and is in the right attitude to save the souls of others. Every young man who resolutely determines to keep a clean Christian conscience, and to walk according to Christ's commandments, will encounter either full-grown lions, or some very ugly cubs, in the course of his experi-

ence. In business, he must decide often between selling his conscience, or losing a sharp bargain; he must prefer to be poor, rather than to be a successful gambler. In social life, he must not be afraid of the nickname of "Puritan;" on such questions as theatre-going and wine-drinking, and club-life, he must be content to pass as a bit of a fanatic. In politics he must "bolt," as often as his party heads on the wrong track. I have watched the career of thousands of young men in two great cities, during a whole generation. The vast majority of all who have failed in life have been wrecked for want of courage. They had no fibre to face lions either large or small. Whereas, those who have had the conscience and the courage to take Daniel's course, have usually found that the lions were chained, or else "God had shut their mouths." Retreat always meant ruin. Taking your stand for God, "with your windows open" — not towards Jerusalem, but towards Jesus Christ — you are sure to come off conqueror. Never be afraid of but one thing in the universe, my young friend, and that is the frown of God. His smile is the foretaste of heaven; His frown makes the darkness of hell.

Some may hate thee, some may love thee,

Some may flatter, some may slight;

Cease from man, and look above thee.

Trust in God, and do the right!

— *Dr. Cuyler.*

### CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"OPEN your mouth and shut your eyes." —

Three little maidens were saying —

"And see what God sends you!" little they thought

He listened while they were playing!

So little we guess that a light, light word

At times may be more than praying.

"I," said Kate, with merry blue eyes,

"Would have lots of frolic and folly;"

"I," said Ciss, with bonny brown hair,

"Would have life always smiling and jolly;"

"And I would have just what our Father would send."

Said lovable little pale Polly.

Life came for the two, with sweetness new,

Each morning in gloss and in glister.

But our Father above, in a gush of great love,

Caught up little Polly and kissed her:

And the churtyard nestled another wee grave,

The angels another wee sister.

— *Gerald Massey.*

Give to a gracious message an host of tongues:  
But let ill tidings tell themselves, when they be felt.  
— *Shakespeare.*

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