

Parish and Home.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1891.

No. 4.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

LESSONS.

- 1.—3rd Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xxxvii.; Mark iv., v. 35 to v., v. 21. *Evening*—Gen. xxxix., or xl.; Rom. xi., to v. 25.
- 2.—4th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Gen. xlii.; Mark viii., v. 10 to ix., v. 2. *Evening*—Gen. xliii., or xlv.; 1 Cor. i., to v. 26.
- 15.—5th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. iii.; Mark xii., v. 13 to 35. *Evening*—Ex. v. or vi., to v. 14.; 1st Cor. vii., v. 25.
- 22.—6th Sunday in Lent. *Morning*—Ex. ix.; Mat. xxvi. *Evening*—Ex. x. or xi.; Luke xix., v. 28, or xx., v. 9 to v. 21.
- 23.—Monday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. i., to v. 15.; John xiv., to v. 15. *Evening*—Lam. ii., v. 13.; John xiv., v. 15.
- 24.—Tuesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iii., to v. 34.; John xv., to v. 14. *Evening*—Lam. iii., v. 34.; John xv., v. 14.
- 25.—Wednesday before Easter. *Morning*—Lam. iv., to v. 21.; John xvi., to v. 16. *Evening*—Dan. ix., v. 20.; John xvii., v. 16.
- Annunciation of Virgin Mary.—*Morning*—Gen. iii., to v. 16. *Evening*—Is. lii., v. 7 to 13.
- 26.—Thursday before Easter. *Morning*—Hos. xiii., to v. 15.; John xvii. *Evening*—Hos. xiv.; John xiii., to v. 36.
- 27.—Good Friday. Pr. Pss. M. 22, 40, 54; E. 69, 88. *Morning*—Gen. xxii., to v. 20.; John xviii. *Evening*—Is. lii., v. 13 & liii.; 1 Peter ii.
- 28.—Easter Evening. *Morning*—Zech. ix.; Luke xxiv., v. 40. *Evening*—Hos. v., v. 8 to vi., v. 4.; Rom. vi., to v. 14.
- 29.—Easter Day. Pr. Pss. M. 2, 57, 111; E. 113, 114, 118. *Morning*—Ex. xii., to v. 29.; Rev. i., v. 10 to 19. *Evening*—Ex. xii., v. 29 or xiv.; John xx. v. 11 to 19, or Rev. v.
- 30.—Monday in Easter Week. *Morning*—Ex. xv., to v. 22.; Luke xxiv., to v. 13. *Evening*—Cant. ii., v., 10.; Mat. xxviii., to v. 19.
- 31.—Tuesday in Easter Week. *Morning*—2nd Kings xiii., 14 to 22.; John, xxi., to v. 15. *Evening*—Ezek. xxxvii., to v. 15.; John xxi., v. 15.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"He Saved Others."

WHEN scorn, and hate, and bitter envious pride
Hurled all their darts against The Crucified,
Found they no fault but this on Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches
knew;

On withered limbs, they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew;
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou can'st not raise them to Thy thorn crown-
ed brow,
Nor on them Thy parched lips or forehead bow.
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had
stirred,
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they
heard,
For every woe it had a healing word;
"He saved others!"

For all Thou had'st deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitied'st all, doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the
skies,

One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie:
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.

—Mrs. Charles.

For PARISH AND HOME.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THE central point, the stronghold of
our Christian faith is that, which those
who are outside of Christianity often
think its greatest defect.

"We preach Christ crucified" wrote
St. Paul "unto the Jews a stumbling
block, and unto the Greeks, foolish-
ness."

"If you could only keep in the back-
ground the fact that the Founder of
your religion was tried as a malefactor,
condemned and crucified; if you could
speak of Him only as one born into the
world, as one who overcame death, as
one who ascended to the heavens, then
you might make some progress with
your Christianity," is often the thought,
if not the word, of the world that
knows nothing of the essence of the
Christian faith. It is the Crucified
Christ that is the 'stumbling block to-
day, as He was 1800 years ago. Now,
as then, a Crucified Saviour is the scof-
fer's jest.

A few years ago the ruins of a school,
built in Italy in the third century, were
excavated and cleared of rubbish. Scatched
on one of the walls was found a
school-boy's scrawl, a man with an ass'
head hanging on a cross with a worship-
per at its foot, and underneath the words,
written in Greek, "Alexamenos wor-
ships his God." No one can tell how
many similar taunts Alexamenos, the
Christian lad, had to put up with from
his heathen school-mates on account of
his worship of a Crucified Redeemer;
and no one can tell how much of the
world's opposition to-day is due to
that same passion and death.

"Alexamenos is faithful," was the
school-boy's reply, scatched on the
wall over against the sneer, and faith-

ful should we be, not merely in be-
lieving, but in proclaiming the truth of
a Crucified Saviour. Better even than
Christmas or Easter, or than any other
day of the Christian year, does Good
Friday represent Christianity and its
spirit.

Ashamed of the Crucified on the
Cross! It was for us, in our stead, that
He hung there, wounded for our trans-
gressions, bruised for our iniquities.
Ashamed! Rather glory in it, and it
alone, if you are saved by the Crucified
One.—"God forbid that I should glory,
save in the cross of my Lord Jesus
Christ." H.

"O FATHER, HEAR MY CRY!"

A Hymn of Penitence for Lent.

"I will arise and go to my Father."
"A broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not
despise."

My God, I kneel before Thy throne,
And all my guilty story own:
On Thee I call, with Thee alone—
O Father, hear my cry!

I was Thy child, I bore Thy Name;
But now the past is sin and shame;
Mine is the guilt and mine the blame—
O Father, hear my cry!

I was Thy child; in other days
I loved the hour of prayer and praise,
I walked in pure and peaceful ways—
O Father, hear my cry!

But now my love is dead and cold;
My feet have wandered from the fold;
I cannot trust Thee as of old—
O Father, hear my cry!

So lost I am, I scarcely dare
To utter any words of prayer;
My burden is too hard to bear—
O Father, hear my cry!

And yet amid this agony
I hear a voice say, "Come to me;
I gave my Son to die for thee."
O Father, hear my cry!

Almighty, canst Thou pardon all?
Dost Thou Thy long-lost child recall?
Lo, at Thy feet I prostrate fall—
O Father, hear my cry!

Why should I doubt? Thou wilt not cast
Thy child away, though dark the past;
I hope—I trust—I know at last
That Thou hast heard my cry.

—A Non.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Church Ebats.

II.

James—"Well, John, have you been thinking over that matter we were talking of last week? You remember that you promised to tell me some more about our Church service and the reasons why you think it is so good. I always thought the objections to forms of prayer were too serious to be refuted."

John—"Of course there are objections, James, and we ought fairly to face them. There is the objection, for instance, that the repeating of the same words, Sunday after Sunday, engenders formalism and indifference, so that to many the reading of the prayers has no more heart and soul than the ringing of the old church bell. Then there is the cramping of the mind by the form prescribed, and the fettering of liberty so that one cannot go beyond the cut and dried channel. The soul has to go along the same track, just as a train on an iron rail. You must always pray for the same things, and in the same way."

James—"Yes, that's just what I think. There seems to be no liberty at all, and then the prayers are long and dry and dead. The fact is the objections are more serious when you come to look into them, than at first sight."

John—"No, I hardly think that. On the contrary, a closer acquaintance sometimes removes prejudices. There is a story told of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, that once he took up a Prayer Book when in a room at Cambridge, and finding it open at the 25th article, he began reading:—'*Those five commonly-called Sacraments, that is to say, Confirmation, Penance,———*' He impatiently threw down the book exclaiming—'*Why what have you got to do with Penance! and where do you find five Sacraments in the Bible?'*'"

"Read on a few words more, if you please," he was told. So he did.——"*are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel.*" Of course there was a laugh, and Morley, laying down the book, acknowledged the folly of his prejudice, by joining heartily in it. Now I think a good many are like him. They are prejudiced, because they are ignorant, and have never looked seriously into the reasons that cause so many myriads of Christians to love the Prayer Book."

James—"That's not a bad story, I'll admit. So, before judging finally, I'll hear what you have to say."

John—"In the first place then, I would say with regard to the extempore method of prayer in church, that it is not necessarily either true, acceptable or profitable. It may be egotistical declamation, or ignorant rambling, or wearisome repetition. It may be an exhibition of the speaker's praying powers to an audience, listening to hear how well the preacher can pray, or the exposure of the listeners' sins under cover of an address to Almighty God. It may be an 'elegant prayer offered to an audience,' or it may be only a flowery and beautiful arrangement of petitions without any prayer at all, or, it may be the most formal of all formalisms. In fact the ministers of Churches that have not a liturgy are exposed constantly to three great dangers.

"1. The danger of affectation and egotism. The speaker is always liable to thoughts of self and thoughts of his audience.

"2. The danger of ignorance and shallowness. The spiritually minded and deeply taught can pray always to edification; the illiterate and empty frequently to no profit.

"3. The danger of platitudinizing."

James—"What's that?"

John—"It means saying over and over again a flat and dull and stale form of words, as if one were repeating from memory a lesson learned before, without any heart, or life, or power in it. Surely you have heard ministers who pray like that."

James—"Yes, I have. Have heard them often too."

John—"And then, in addition to the dangers from the minister's side, the extempore method of prayer in church has three great practical defects.

"1. It is uncongregational. That is, it has the tendency to make prayer the offering of one man, instead of the whole congregation. I don't say that is the intention of it, but it certainly is the tendency, for the people don't know what's coming and, therefore as I said before, in their curiosity to hear, personal devotion may be swallowed up.

"2. It is wanting often in breadth and fitness. The subjects prayed for are liable to be few and oft repeated. Seldom would you hear, for instance, prayers for prisoners and captives,

travellers, those who slander us, or the heathen. These we pray for always in the Church of England, besides all the reasonable wants of all sorts and conditions of men. And the fitness of the prayer is often as faulty. Grammatical errors or personal mannerisms may spoil it.

"3. It has a tendency to produce irreverence. I am told that it is really distressing, where you go to one of the services of the other religious bodies, to see so many people sitting bolt upright during prayers, without even bending down and closing their eyes, to say nothing of kneeling, just as if they were listening at a lecture."

James—"That's a fact, John. Of course I have always been accustomed to kneel at prayer, and it surprised me, not a little, at the Baptist Tabernacle, to see all the people sitting when the minister began to pray."

John—"Well, it's a very serious thing, and I think, a tendency of the method of prayer they have, as the people don't seem to realize, that it's their prayer, not only the minister's.

"But how the time has gone. I think I'll have to finish some other time."

Halifax, N. S.

DYSON HAGUE.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND LIBERALITY.

THERE are two things that it is well for every Christian to know; first, that there is such a thing as a Church Universal, the great congregation of all who love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ; that above and beyond the minor points of difference that separate the various folds of Christ's disciples, there is a higher unity of life and hope and destiny embracing all. Christian unity is not a mere sentiment, but a spiritual fact, as real as the unity of the body.

The second thing that a Christian needs to know is his proper place and sphere in that Church.

A great deal that is said about Christian unity is foolish and destructive to Christian usefulness. "I believe most firmly," said a recent speaker, "in Christian unity, a unity which is not necessarily uniformity; a unity, which like that of the noble forest, with its exquisite blending into one harmonious whole of a thousand varying forms of life, may be manifested in diversity. But I do not

believe in, protest against that pseudo-liberalism which makes a man everything and nothing, that is liberal as a sponge is liberal in absorbing all it can from all religious sources and helping none; which says "I am no bigot, we are all travelling the same road, all Churches are alike—it makes no matter what you are," and then lives up to its creed by being nothing and doing nothing and giving nothing to any." And yet this concentrated selfishness that would starve every church out of existence if it had its course, is stalking through every Christian community and calling itself Christian liberality. If this is the road that "we are all travelling," surely it is time for those who would be saved to "take to the woods," like the African brother whose pastor told his people that there were but two roads, the road to destruction and that to perdition. Who after all are doing the work of the Church Universal? Not rolling stones, not non-descripts, not spiritual sponges, but, as a rule, those who recognizing the higher unity of the Church Universal, are faithful and loyal members of the special branch with which they are identified.

One can be loyal to his own Church without being a bigot, and he can be liberal in his ecclesiastical views without being a latitudinarian. E. D.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

NOT AS GOOD AS OUR BOOK.

A BRAHMIN is said to have written to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not as good as your Book. If your people were only as good as your Book, you would conquer India for Christ in five years."

Isn't that true of Christians the wide-world over? We often puzzle over the questions: Why does not Christianity make greater headway? Why cannot the Christian Church conquer the scepticism, the heathenism of our own lands let alone that of foreign countries? Sometimes we are almost tempted to ask if there is any defect in Christianity itself.

The Brahmin, watching the struggle from a distance, looking at it as an outsider, sees what we often do not see, that the great hindrance to Christianity lies in Christians themselves. We "are not as good as our Book." The defects lie, not in Christianity, but in our

Christianity, they lie, not in Bible Christianity, but in our lack of it, where we profess to be guided by its maxims.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

No anxious thought have I—
No terrors to oppress—
And grief and pain but multiply
My songs of thankfulness.

One day at once I live—
I know my times are in
My Father's hand—and He will give
No needless discipline.

Upon my daily need,
He lays no hopeless tax—
He will not break the bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.

The cup may bitter be—
Joys wrecked, or hope deferred—
In a dark and lone Gethsemane,
My midnight cry is heard.

And the light of living peace,
Descends on dove-like wings,
And holy strength and tenderness,
To heart and home it brings.

And so I tread content,
The pathway Jesus trod—
My strength, the Lord Omnipotent—
My trust, the Living God.

—W. Wetherald.

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."

THERE is no question as to whether or not missions are binding on Christians. Missionary effort is not a matter of choice but of obligation. Indeed, it is as much an obligation as Baptism or the Lord's Supper. Christ gave very few detailed instructions for the guidance of His Church. He left her policy to be shaped by the Holy Spirit, but one definite injunction He did give, and that His last, as the risen Saviour: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." This is not merely a commission to baptize. It is the outline of a policy—the missionary policy of the Church. It presents to us a command, a duty, a statement of the principal object of the Church's existence, with the encouraging promise, in view of the immense obligation, of power commensurate with the task. "Lo, I am with you always." *Missions are not optional.* "Make disciples of all

nations" is as binding as, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Unless you find in the Gospel something which makes it worthy of being preached to all men, you have not found in it that which makes it of any worth to you; you have missed its meaning; you do not know its power. *The root of unbelief in foreign missions is want of faith in the Gospel.*

If the Church can do nothing for the conquest of the world in Foreign Missions she will soon begin to die at home.

The more we spread religion abroad, so much the more we have remaining, and so much the more richly does it flow back.

Duty is ours; results are God's. We are not responsible for conversion, but we are for contact. We are to go everywhere and preach the Gospel. *All are to go, and to go to all.*—Selected.

WARNING.

By keeping our eyes open, and judging things upon Scriptural principles we may often be forewarned in our dealings with certain characters. One man cannot see further into a millstone than another, and yet shrewdness sees where the ordinary observer is in the dark. A prudent man, with the fear of God before his eyes, is almost a prophet. Two or three instances are before our mind at this moment.

A man who stood high in the city observed, with great satisfaction, that he had in a single morning cleared £30,000 by speculation. A brother merchant remarked that he ought to be very grateful to Providence for such good fortune, whereupon the successful merchant snapped his fingers and said, "Providence! pooh! that for Providence! I can do a great deal more for myself than Providence can do for me." He who heard the observation walked away, and resolved never to deal with such a man again except upon cash principles, for he felt sure that a crash would come sooner or later. Great was the indignation of the man who stood high in the city when he was told, "If you and I are to have dealings, it must be on strictly ready-money terms." He was insulted; he would not endure it; he would go to another house. That other house welcomed his custom, and in due time it was repaid by losing many thousands.

A tradesman chose a shopman from seeing him pick up a pin; Rowland Hill would button up his coat when he heard a man swear, for he did not want his pocket picked; thus, for good or for evil, little things may be tests of character. To deal with persons who have no respect for the Sabbath is always risky, to marry a man who can repeat a lewd story is eminently perilous; to buy goods of tradesmen who are "really giving them away" is to invite deception; and to trust those who flatter you is to court delusion. Do you meet with one who tells you many of the secret faults of others? Mind that you show him none of your own which you would not wish to publish. Does he tell you what others have said of you? Then say nothing of others which you would not wish him to report; for as sure as you live he will report all that you say, with additions. All dogs that fetch will carry.

By observing such things as these, men may be saved from deceptions. The difference between one man and another in point of prudence mainly arises from the fact that one man learns from his blunders and another does not. When we are once taken in by a person we ought to take his measure so exactly that he will not be able to do it again. No mouse can be excused if it be caught twice by the same cat. Yet as long as the world stands there will remain some in it who can never see further than the end of their own noses.—*Spurgeon*.

"STRONG AND FREE."

SUCH were the words I noticed beneath the picture of a noble eagle with outspread wings soaring upwards to the sky. It was the motto of an Athletic society, and when I saw it, it was upon a placard announcing certain athletic sports to be held in the neighborhood. These words form a suitable motto for young men.

There could scarcely be a better illustration of a high and glorious course than that of the eagle, strong and free, mounting higher and higher. Nor is it a life beyond young men.

A gracious promise tells how it may be attained. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint,"—*Isa. xl, 31*.—*Rev. Geo. Everard*,

RECIPE FOR UNHAPPINESS.

IN the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself. Don't care about any one else. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off than yourself; think unkindly toward them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest someone should encroach on your rights. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct. Then you will without fail be as miserable—as you desire to be! —D.

A MAN'S WORK,

WHAT'ER thou dost, do well; it may not stand
An hour; it may for centuries endure;
But thou shalt have performed thy Lord's command,
And thy reward shall be for ever sure.

It may not be a palace thou dost rear,
It may be but a cottage for the poor;
No matter, 'tis the Lord's; be of good cheer;
Palace or cottage, thy reward is sure.

Here thou must learn to work; earth is God's school;

Let not thy hours in idleness be spent;
Bow thy stiff neck, thy stubborn spirit rule.
What thy Lord sets thee, do, and be content.

When he has tried and fully proved thy worth,
Found thee obedient, diligent and true,
Then he will take thee from his school of earth,
And in His heaven-world give thee work to do.

—*Sir Philip Perring*.

Do you not know that if you are full of joy you will be turning the charming side of religion where men can see it? I should not like to wear my coat with the seamy side out; Some religionists always do that. It was said of one great professor that he looked as if his religion did not agree with him. Godliness is not a rack or a thumbscrew. Behave not to religion as if you felt that you must take it, like so much physic, but you had rather not. If it tastes like nauseous physic to you, I should fear that you have got the wrong sort, and are poisoning yourself. Believe not that godliness is akin to sourness.—*Church Advocate*.

HOW TO KILL A PARISH.

ABSENT yourself from morning service; it takes a very dull and careless minister to stand up against empty pews.

Stay at home whenever it rains on Sunday, or is too hot or too cold.

Never let the rector know if he has ever done you any good.

Take a class in the Sunday school, and be in your place about three Sundays in five, and late of these two.

Attend no church gatherings if you have an opportunity of going anywhere else.

If a stranger be near you in church, never hand a Prayer Book or hymnal.

Never speak to any one whom you see there Sunday after Sunday unless you have been regularly introduced.

If you are ill, do not send word to the rector, but let him find it out for himself. He will then probably call by the time you are well enough to go out and spend the day. In the meantime, take every occasion to tell other church people that you fear the rector is not much of a pastor; that he does not seem to know who are sick; that he has not been to see you for weeks, and all the time you have been so miserable.

If times are hard, at once diminish or withdraw your subscription for fear lest, when you have paid for your cigars, ribbons, jewelry, etc., you may have nothing left for your holiday.

Always grumble at the sermon, and fear that you cannot stand the draughts much longer.—*The Church News*.

BEREAVED.

LET me come in where you sit weeping—ay,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck—the hands
you used

To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew,
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*.

NEARNESS of life to the Saviour will necessarily involve greatness of love to Him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of the various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections toward Him.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART III.

A GROUP of eager gazers on the quay at Cap Rouge. The steamer is coming, and it is, as usual, late. Most of those who come down to meet the boat are, to tell the truth, rather glad when she is late. The current of Cap Rouge life is not boisterous, and the coming of the steamer three times in the week is always a great event. There is a pleasant flutter of expectation about it, and this does not suffer by being a little prolonged.

All faces are turned westward. There is only a slight cloud on the horizon, but every one knows that that is the steamer, and that within half an hour she will be here. Half of those who are looking so eagerly are not expecting any friends. Is it idle curiosity or kind unselfishness that makes them take such a warm interest in seeing their neighbours' friends arrive?

Cap Rouge is only a summer resort, and the common commercial saying that "Time is money" has been left behind with the city dust and heat. Sunshine has value at Cap Rouge, for much can be done with it, and it is often found in limited quantities, but time by and for itself has no value whatever. Like water and air it is useful, but like those gifts of nature it is too abundant to have any market worth.

And so the watchers sit and wait on the quay. There are many bright, laughing faces. These and the bare hands of the ladies are sunburnt, for Cap Rouge is rustic. Nature's voice seems louder here than in the din of the city, and her summons to obedience receives better attention. Broad-brimmed straw hats and simple cotton dresses with very few flounces and ribbons are the fashion at Cap Rouge. There is a tradition that the only summer visitor who ever found it possible to die here in this life-giving air, was the lady editor of a fashion magazine, who died of ennui, there being an absolute dearth of material for what she was pleased to call thought.

Among the gazers at the steamer, whose outline is now faintly visible, are faces we have met before. Dorothy Forsyth is here, and Mary Newcombe her nurse is with her. This is the fifth summer that Mary has been

with her charge at Cap Rouge. Dorothy's tiny figure has grown marvelously. Five years change us all, old and young, and Dorothy has changed with the rest. She is nine now, and talks gravely with her nurse. It is a sweet thoughtful face that she raises to look into Mary Newcombe's eyes when she asks a question. Mary Newcomb, too, has changed. Her burdens have not been light enough to keep the wrinkles from coming in the forehead. There are two or three permanent lines there now. The face does not tell all the secrets of the heart, but it is a more refined face than nurses often have, and many would have looked into it closely for that reason alone.

And now the steamer is so near that figures can be seen on the deck. The white-capped waves are dancing merrily, and a fresh puff of wind makes the ladies cling to the wide-brimmed hats with both hands. Those who expect friends on the steamer are trying to find them, with the aid of a glass in some cases.

"Oh, I see him! I see him!" shouts Dorothy, as she looks through the glass. "There he is waving a handkerchief. Look, nurse!" And Mary Newcomb takes the glass and soon finds the figure they are seeking. It is that of Mr. Forsyth, who is coming to join his family at the seaside. The people on the quay are in a flutter of excitement, some, because they have seen the friends they expect, and some because they have not yet found them. The boat makes a wide detour. The tide is running out very fast, and she must come in against the current. She draws into the wharf slowly. A rope is thrown; the somebody who always happens to be on a steamboat-quay to catch this rope, draws up the great loop and puts it over one of the wharf posts. The passengers on the deck exchange greetings with those on the quay. In a moment the gang-way is put out, and the steamer pours out her load of passengers and freight. Dorothy is waiting eagerly for her father. She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him again and again. Then he shakes hands with Mary Newcombe with a little hesitation in his manner, as if he thought of saying more to her than he does. The people are streaming away from the quay now, and as soon as the orders about the luggage have been given, Mr. Forsyth, hand in hand with Dorothy, and followed by Mark New-

comb, walks up quickly to the pretty cottage on the hill.

Two hours later, Dorothy is playing on the beach, and her nurse is sitting quietly in the shadow of the great overhanging rocks watching the child and reading a book at the same time. One of the servants comes from the cottage and tells Mary that she is wanted there. The messenger has been told to stay with Miss Dorothy while Mary is gone. Mary hurries up to the cottage wondering what the cause of the summons may be.

Mrs. Forsyth is waiting for her on the verandah, and comes forward to meet her at the steps.

"My husband wishes to speak to you, and I thought he should send for you at once as soon as I learned what he had to say."

The words are spoken gravely, and Mary Newcomb grows pale, for she feels that something serious is to follow. Mr. Forsyth is sitting in the little study off the verandah.

The floor is strewn with the contents of the trunk and bags he brought with him on the steamer. He rises as Mrs. Forsyth leads Mary in.

"I am a messenger of bad tidings, I fear," he said. "But you must sit down," he added, noticing Mary's pale face.

"Is it about my boy?" said Mary, eagerly, and yet dreading the reply.

"It is," said Mr. Forsyth. "He has disappeared from the Home in which you placed him. A messenger came to my house the night before last with a letter for you. I questioned him and learned what had happened. Your boy was missed that morning. Several of the boys have run away lately, and it is thought that he has been led away by these bad companions."

"And had nothing been heard of him?" says poor Mary. She is quiet and calm now, but deadly pale.

"I of course did what I could at once. I sent to the police office immediately."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Mary.

"The officers promised to spare no pains to find the boy, and there is no doubt he will soon be found. I left home last night, and enquired at the office just before leaving. Nothing had been found yet, but do not fear; boys often run away, and are almost always found soon."

Mary Newcomb went to her room, and was alone for a time. What should she do? It would drive her mad to stay at Cap Rouge and wait quietly for news. She must go to the city and learn what she could. Mrs. Forsyth was kind and sympathetic, and Mary was as much a friend as a servant. The boat would leave in an hour. Mary's mind was soon made up. She would go at once. She sought Mrs. Forsyth and told her of her plan. She approved of it and thought it wise. A hasty packing of a portmanteau, and a change of dress, and Mary is ready. It is but a few steps to the quay. Dorothy is on the way home with the servant who has taken Mary's place.

"Why, where are you going?" asks Dorothy.

"I must go to the city, darling to find my little boy" says Mary, almost bursting into tears, and then she tells Dorothy hastily what has happened. The child's eyes fill with tears in sympathy with Mary's. The boat whistles and Mary hurries on board. As the boat moves off, Dorothy stands on the quay and waves her tiny handkerchief. The little white fluttering thing is still waving when Mary Newcomb turns away from the stern of the vessel and hurries off to her stateroom to save herself from breaking down in the presence of others. She has a sleepless night, and early on the following morning a woman's figure hurries up the streets of the great city to Mr. Forsyth's house. There is but one servant in the house, and the place seems lonely and deserted.

Mary's first eager enquiry is, "Has any message concerning my boy come?" There is none. Then she tries to rest for an hour to collect her scattered thoughts, and to decide how to begin her search.

(To be continued.)

BREATHING.

If we do not get breath it matters very little what else we get. Food, warmth, sleep, are of no avail if we cannot breathe. The entering into the presence of God and communing with Him is the renewal of our spiritual atmosphere.

Set before your mind the case of the diver who has to go down to work in the depths under the sea. The water is the breath of the fish, but it is death

to him. The condition of his life is that the air of this upper world be pumped down to him. Then he goes down without fear, careful before hand to see that all is right with the atmosphere above him, and careful, however deep he goes, or however busy he is, to keep the communication open with that upper world to which he belongs. He is not always thinking about his breathing, but he cannot do without it for a moment, and he knows better than to suffer any trifling with the apparatus that secures that.

So are we in this world; the atmosphere is too dense for our new life. And yet our duty lies down here. Well-fear not, go down; only, first of all be sure about the communication with that higher life to which we belong. If that be broken off or neglected, we die. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me! is a cry for every life, and this hiding of ourselves with God in prayer is the adjusting of the apparatus with that source whence comes the breath of life to us.

Nothing can take the place of this quiet walking with God. It were a mad folly to try to live without sleep or food; but what of the man who tries to live without breath? That he does who suffers prayer to dry up into a mere set of phrases, which are gone over without any thought or heart. Wandering thoughts in prayer time! Is it any wonder? They have nothing else to do.

Prayer is more than a kneeling and asking something from God—much more. It is more than expecting and claiming that which we ask. What we need is to get into the presence of God. We want the hallowing touch of God's own hand, and the light of His countenance. Tarrying in His presence we must have the breath of God breathed into us again, renewing the life which He created at the first.

This is the first, the great need of the life of holiness, without which nothing can avail us anything.—*Mark Guy Pearce.*

JESUS hath now many lovers of His heavenly kingdom but few bearers of His Cross. He findeth many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence. All desire to rejoice with Him, few are willing to endure anything for Him.—*Thomas à Kempis*, (died 1471).

A KITTEN'S MOURNERS.

THE dear little Maltese kitten was dead;
Jack and Elsie had buried it
In a cigar box, softly lined,
And the place of the little grave was signed
With a stone at the foot and a stone at the head,
"In memory of Kit."

Elsie and Jack, the sister and brother,
Shed many tears for their dear dead pet—
The grief of a child is an April shower,
But its smile comes forth like an April
flower—
They sat with their arms around each other,
Till the sun was set.

They saw a gray shape, in the twilight air,
Rise with the beat of a feathered wing—
An owlet it was, but they never shall
know:—
"O Elsie, look, see our kitty go
To heaven; and the angels will take good care
Of the dear little thing!"

Hand in hand to the house they came,
Serious yet, but not wholly sad;
They whispered together, the wise little
elves:
"Some day we shall go to heaven our-
selves,
And if kitty comes when we call her name,
Won't we be glad."
—*E. Cavazza, in Portland Transcript.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

A SUNDAY school teacher's position is a voluntary one, but it is none the less a position of personal responsibility. Indeed, there is a sense in which it is true that the obligations of a purely voluntary position are more binding, within their scope, than the obligations of a paid position. Services that have a recognized money value can be yielded by the yielding of their cash equivalent; but services that are promised on one's honour, are not so easily cancelled. A Sunday-school teacher ought to come to Sunday school well prepared for the work of teaching; but, in any event, a Sunday-school teacher is bound to be in his or her place at the hour of school session, or to have a suitable substitute for the day in that position. Yet there are Sunday-school teachers—there actually are—who do not hesitate to absent themselves, on an occasion, from their Sunday school, without providing a substitute, and without even notifying the superintendent, in advance, of their inability to be present. And not all of these teachers would be willing to have it said of them that they are neither faithful nor honourable.—*Sunday School Times.*

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.

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.

MANY of us have day dreams of what ought to be done and what we are going to do in the future. When we make up our minds that this or that ought to be done, and that we shall do it, we often talk of it as if it was already accomplished. "See what a splendid plan I have. What a grand work I am going to do." Be careful. Don't talk about the work until it is done. Planning and doing are unhappily not the same. The brain may be very fertile to plan, but the hands and the feet must be active too in doing what is planned, or the imagination will make shipwreck of the life.

THE *New York Churchman* calls attention to the large number of clergymen who can get no employment. The reason cannot be that there are no fields of work requiring to be opened up. There are such fields in abundance, requiring energetic, self-sacrificing clergymen to fill them. The reason in many cases is that men are in the Christian ministry to-day who were never called to it by God. Their reasons for entering the ministry have been, perhaps, those of the coloured brother who, looking at his cotton patch, said despairingly "De cotton grows so slow and de weeds grow so fast, and de sun am so hot, and de red bugs so plenty, dat I feel as how I had a call fum de Lawd to go to preachin'."

FIND out your work and then do your work and nobody else's. Your work may be to bear some other person's, burdens, but that is because God has made it your work to comfort and help them. If we were all intended to do the same work we should have the same

talents with which to do it. Some men have the gift of public speaking; others think that they can do what anyone else can, and that they too can speak in public. Their audiences, however, often think otherwise. Some can sing, others do not know one note from another. Let us in honest heart searching, find what we can do for our Master, and then do it faithfully. No gift is too trifling to be used for Him. A man in New York has found that his gift is to play the trombone at religious gatherings. It is all he can do, but he does it joyously. He writes "my health is poor, sick most of the time. Some days last summer I played at five meetings a day. Got tired; but God is good."

"THE TABLE OF THE LORD."

For the Easter Communion.

AROUND a Table, not a Tomb,
He willed our gathering place should be;
When going to prepare our Home,
Our Saviour said, "Remember Me."

We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

Nay! sculptured stones are for the dead:
Thy three dark lonesome days are o'er;
Thou art our Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore.

Of no fond relics, sadly dear
O Master! are thine own possess —
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay! relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn:
Art Thou not with us to the end?

Thus round Thy Table, not Thy Tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee,
Until within the Father's Home
Our endless gathering place shall be. — *A non.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

EASTER.

"CHRIST hath overcome death and opened unto us the gate of Everlasting Life." This is the key-note which the collect for Easter day strikes. It is a note of subdued, yet fervent Christian joy.

Three months ago, with the thought of the Infant Saviour filling our mind, we entered into the festivities of Christmas, merrily playing with the children, cheerfully gathering around the family board. There was joy, but not the subdued joy, not the deep spiritual joy, which steals into our souls this Easter

morning. During the forty days of Lent there was great searching of heart. Our sins stood out vividly before us. During the week past and especially on Good Friday, our mind was fixed on that stupendous mystery of love—the all-atoning Sacrifice of Christ. "God commended his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Who his own-self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." But while our hearts are still subdued with the thought of our guilt and what it cost, there falls upon our ears this morning the joyful news, "The Lord is risen"—and so the words of the Easter Anthem spring to our lips. The first note of this song is one of thankful remembrance. Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." The atonement of Christ is the ground of our peace with God. Let us see to it that our rejoicing to-day is sincere, and that it springs from this hidden source.

The next note in our Easter song is one of triumphant praise for a blessed fact, "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more." The fact of Christ's resurrection is the great rock upon which rests the whole of Christianity. It is the supreme attestation of the truth of all that Christ taught. It is the seal of divine approbation upon the completed offering of Christ's atonement. No fact of history is more firmly established than this. The empty tomb and the linen clothes, friends and enemies, the very existence of Christianity, all proclaim "The Lord is risen."

"He liveth unto God." Christ at the right hand of the Father ever liveth, not only to make intercession for us, but to fill us with the Spirit of His life. He is our head, we are His members. Let us then reckon ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus. Risen with Christ, let us seek those things which are above, where Christ is. Let there be a spiritual resurrection now in our daily lives.

The last note in our Easter song is one of certain hope. "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." The first sheaf of glorified humanity now stands in full view of God the Father. By and bye will come the great Harvest Home. Our loved ones, who died in the Lord, have been laid to rest "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal

life through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body." "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Death is swallowed up in Victory. This is the highest note in the triumphant strain of our Easter song.

Jesus lives! No longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us.
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia. D.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

ON March 12th, you will find in the Prayer Book Calendar, in plain black letters, the word "Gregory." This was the name of a great churchman, commonly known as "Gregory the Great." It will be of interest to hear something about his history at this time.

Gregory the Great was well born, his father being a man of position and his mother remarkable for her intellectual qualities. He was educated at Rome for the law, but on his father's death, the comparative insignificance of the earthly, as compared with the spiritual life was so borne in upon him that he gave up his office of praetor of the city. Having built and endowed seven monasteries he, at the age of thirty four, retired to one of them, giving his fortune to religious uses and his time to prayer and works of charity.

A year or two later his well-known meeting in the market with the lovely English slaves occurred, which led him to resolve to gain England for Christ. That his wish—"Non Angli sed Angeli," might be realized, that is that they might be not only Angles but Angels, he requested to be sent to England as a missionary, but the then Pope refused him permission. Sorely disappointed he submitted, though he never relinquished the project which had taken such a strong hold of him. He was sent to Constantinople on a diplomatic mission. Here he remained three years, showing great capacity for affairs and finding time for literary work, part at least of his exposition of the Book of Job, being written at Constantinople.

Some years later the Papal Chair being vacant, much against his will Gregory was elected Pope. A letter he had written to the Emperor Maurice,

begging him to refuse to ratify the nomination, had been purposely kept back by the city praetor.

Gregory was now about fifty. The next fourteen years were marked by extraordinary vigour and business capacity. While abuses were reformed in the Church in Italy and France, successful missions were sent to England, Spain and parts of Africa.

As members of the Church of England, we are most interested in the mission to England, which was the fulfilment of Gregory's dearest wish, laid aside in obedience to his superiors, but never forgotten through the long years that had come and gone since the golden hair and fresh young faces of the English children had arrested his attention.

In the year 597 Augustine, a monk of the same monastery in which Gregory himself had spent the earlier years of his religious life, with forty companions, landed in England on the very spot where the heathen Saxons had first set foot on English soil.

King Ethelbert, whose queen was a Christian, treated him honourably, assigning him a residence at Canterbury, and promising the new religion a fair hearing. By his persuasive eloquence, and the earnestness of his life, Augustine won first the king and later the nobles and people to Christianity, transforming their idol temples into churches of the one God. For his share in this great work, Bede calls Gregory the Apostle of the English, though this title is generally given with more appropriateness to St. Augustine.

Indomitable energy and unflinching perseverance were the foundations of Gregory's character. The furtherance of Christianity was his life's work. It cannot be denied that he sometimes confounded the interest of the Church with those of Christianity.

He died March 12, 604.

A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

THE *Church Missionary Gleaner* tells of three sisters living in Edinburgh, whose missionary spirit had the ring of true metal. One was a milliner, another a teacher, and the milliner and the teacher together sent out the third sister as a foreign missionary, the two by their work paying her travelling expenses and supplying her salary while in the field.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grains at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair," saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain
Though the breath of these flowers sweet
to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;

It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where He was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—Longfellow.

WHAT, INDEED?

A RECENT convert from the most virulent infidelity told me that in his soberer moments he had been often affected by the words of one of their female lecturers on her death-bed. Her friends had been urging her to hold on to the last, when the dying woman said, "Yes; I have no objection to hold on, but will you tell me by what I am to hold on by?" Ah, there is the fatal want. Infidelity gives nothing to hold on by—no mighty arm to lean on—no gentle hand to grasp—no loving bosom on which to rest an aching head—no "mouth most sweet" dropping its honied words of comfort, and sweetening the bitterness of death with the blessedness of a heaven begun. No, no, infidelity has none of these, and offers no substitute for them. It mocks the needy soul by giving it simply nothing. Alas, that men can be found so insanelly wicked as actually to prefer the cold and cheerless delusion to all the joyous realities of a heavenly Father's love.—*Church Advocate*.

FEAR nothing, blame nothing, flee nothing, so much as thy vices and sins.
—Thomas à Kempis.

A GOOD COURSE IN THEOLOGY.

DEAN BURGON in his "Lives of Twelve Good Men" speaks as follows of an interview he had at the beginning of his theological studies with the venerable Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. He inquired what I read. "Eusebius, Hooker and Pearson, very carefully." He nodded. The gravity, which by this time his features had assumed, was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sunk forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes, I think, sir" (said he, after a long pause, which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner), "I think, sir, were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel, according to St. Matthew." Here he paused, "and after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St. Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate), the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel of St. Luke, sir." (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker was reconsidering the matter) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three Gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on, to read the Gospel according to St. John."

A "JUST BEAST."

THE Bishop of London declares that a Rugby boy paid him the greatest compliment he has ever received in his life. When Dr. Temple held the head mastership of Rugby this lad came up before him for some breach of discipline. Facts seemed rather against the boy, who was in imminent danger of being expelled. He had a defence, but being neither clear-headed nor fluent in the presence of the head master, he could not make it clear. He therefore wrote home to his father, detailing at length his position and his explanation. His father very wisely thought the best thing he could do was to send the boy's letter as it stood to Dr. Temple, merely asking him to overlook any familiarity of expression. Apparently the father

had not turned over the page and seen his son's postscript, for there Dr. Temple found the following words: "If I could explain it would be all right for though Temple is a beast, he is a just beast."—*Rock*.

BABY'S FIRST PRAYER.

LITTLE fat fingers crossed meekly,
Mimicking patient mamma;
Gracie looks up to our Father;
Charmingly lisping "Tab, Tab."

This is the whole of her worship;
Yet He who promised to bear
Wee little lambs on his bosom
Listens to baby's first prayer.

Sweet little picture of heaven!
Well did the Good Master say,
"They must be like little children
Who would My Father obey."

*Baby knows nothing of doubting,
Dark unbelief and despair;
All these she leaves to grown people,
Baby knows only her prayer.*

So let it be, gracious Father,
All through her life's blessed day;
When clouds and darkness oppress her,
Teach her, great Teacher, to pray.

—*Picture World*.

WORDS TO PARENTS.

You are redeemed for service, you and your children. Is not this the reason that so many a parent has prayed for the salvation of his child and been disappointed? The prayer was utterly selfish; it was simply the desire to see the child happy, without any thought of the glory of God or of consecration to His service.

We have no conception of the extent to which self-interest enfeebles faith and self-sacrifice emboldens it.

Example is more than precept: being more than teaching; what I am and do, more than what I tell him to be or do.

Let not our words but the whole spirit of our life and prayer and education, make the child feel "I am the Lord's." As often as the work of instructing the children upon earth threatens to become a burden or a weariness, thou mayst be sure it is a token of something wrong within; the love to God in heaven, or the delight in His word, has been fading—*Murray's Children for Christ*.

If thou consider the worth of the giver, no gift will seem little, or of too mean esteem. For that cannot be little which is given by the Most High God.—*Thomas à Kempis*.

ADD TO YOUR FAITH VALOUR.

TO-DAY religion is not so much a battle-field as it is a hospital for sick and disabled folks; it is very often only a round of poultices and plaister and nourishing diet, where the talk is of troubles and trials and what we have to go through. I have met religion looking very unlike the warrior of the maiden martyr. A poor thing, coughing a feeble apology for its existence, and timidly promising not to get into anybody's way if we will only let it alone; that shuts its eyes for fear of seeing what is wrong, and holds its tongue for fear of giving offence; a poor, sick, sighing thing that can do nothing in the world but sit by the fire nursing itself, creeping very occasionally into the sunshine when the wind is not in the east. We do need to add to our faith virtue—to keep alive this spirit of daring—fearless, outspoken, determined. We want a religion that is a thorough nuisance to those who want to wrong; with an eye like an eagle's for anything that is not straight, and making a hideous noise about it such as will set the Pharisees grumbling indignantly. A courage that can die, but cannot be put down; that can be laughed at, and starved if need be, but cannot do other than right and speak other than the truth. There is much faith to-day, but we want this courage to go right out to live and dare and endure—in one word, we want a *great enthusiasm for Jesus Christ*—*Church Advocate*.

"JESUS answered, are there not twelve hours in the day."—*John xi., 9.*

THERE are twelve hours in our day. Let us see that we fill them all profitably. "There is room enough in every life for that life's work." All the twelve hours of the day must be filled up. Not one of them, or one minute or second in any of them can we afford to throw away or lose. Christian waiting is not idleness, but a kind of busy waiting. There is an end to these hours, and it is near at hand.

There are *only* twelve hours; they are all short, and very often darken over in early youth.

They end always at the Bar of a most solemn judgment; where small and great, those that die young, and those that die old stand together before God, and the Book of Remembrance is opened, and all are judged out of the Book—*Selected*.

BE BRAVE.

Oh, heart, be brave!

And, though thy dearest, fairest hopes decay,
Hopes all fulfilled shall crown another day:
Thou shalt not always grieve beside a grave.

Oh, heart, be strong!

Be valiant to do battle for the right;
Hold high truth's staff, and flag; walk in the light
And bow not weak to the rule of wrong.
—Whittier.

HOW DR. JOHNSON SPENT SUNDAY.

BOSWELL tells us that Dr. Johnson, at the age of forty-seven, drew up the following scheme of life for Sunday, "having lived not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires":—

- "1. To rise early, and in order to do it to go to sleep early on Saturday.
- "2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.
- "3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week, and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.
- "4. To read the Scripture methodically with such helps as are at hand.
- "5. To go to church twice.
- "6. To read books of Divinity, either speculative or practical.
- "7. To instruct my family.
- "8. To wear off by meditation any worldly dross contracted in the week."
—*The Rock*.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in the field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes, or what if it mars:

But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows gay
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.
—*Selected*.

AN OLD-TIME HOMILY.

REMEMBER, O man, thou art vanity, thou art dying every day, and every hour. As soon as we are born we begin to die; the very first hour that gave us life takes some part of it away. Death shares this day with thee. O, whatever thou dost, think of thy latter end. "The days of man are determined, the number of his months are with God, his bounds are appointed that he cannot pass." He cannot, alas! he cannot

pass. And not only that, but he cannot know how near he is to them. Wilt thou then be free from sudden death? Always let death be in thy thoughts. Learn to meditate continually on death. No one dies suddenly that does this. "Remember you must die."—*Jeremy Drexelius*.

Boys and Girls' Corner.

THE results of the competition for prizes, which closed on February 15, will be announced in the April number.

HINTS TO THE NEWLY CONFIRMED.

A DAILY PRAYER.

DEFEND me, O Lord, with Thy Heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine forever, and may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come unto Thy everlasting Kingdom. —Amen.

BE HUMBLE.

Endeavour to live in a deep sense of your sinfulness and weakness, and of the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ and the power of His Spirit.

Without Me ye can do nothing.—*St. John xv. 5.*

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. iv. 13.*

BE WATCHFUL.

Remember that the enemy of your soul desires its ruin. Resist the beginnings of sin, whether they come by evil thoughts, evil company, or idleness. In conversation ask yourself, Is what I am about to say *true*? is it *useful*? is it *kind*?

Be sober, be vigilant; . . . whom resist, steadfast in the faith.—*1. Peter, viii, 9.*

BE PRAYERFUL.

Be constant in your attendance at church and at the Holy Communion. Pray also when you lie down and when you rise up. Pray—where there is most need to pray—in your daily employments. Is anger rising? Pray. Are you inclined in the presence of others to be ashamed of Christ? Pray. Does temptation assault? Pray.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—*Ps. cxvii. 1.*

Pray without ceasing.—*1 Thess. v. 17.*

BE FAITHFUL.

"Be thou faithful unto death." Do all, "looking unto Jesus," and resting on His grace.

"And" the promise of the Lord is:—"I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

OLGA'S DREAM.

TOWARDS the close of a dull November day, Olga climbed into the big arm-chair which stood before the blazing wood fire. Marie was cross, and had a great pile of clothes to mend. The sleepy cat, stretched on the rug at her feet, refused to open her yellow eyes and play with the spool which Olga dangled enticingly over her paws. Papa wouldn't be back from the city till nearly tea-time; so, with a sigh, she cuddled into a little heap on the soft cushions, and watched the canary hopping about his cage. As she gazed dreamily at the pretty creature he vanished away, and she found herself in a large garden. Flowers grew on every side, and the air was filled with the perfume of roses. A little brook ran through the centre and made a silvery tinkling as it flowed over the pebbles. But what instantly attracted her attention were the birds of every variety which flew through the air or perched on trees and bushes. Tiny humming-birds, gaudy parrots, sober looking crows and noisy sparrows, were all there, with many others.

As Olga gazed about in a bewildered way, a blackbird, followed by three fledglings who were learning to take a few timid flights, came towards her, and much to her surprise, the mother bird said in a chirpy little voice, "I suppose you are wondering where all these birds come from and why they are here. This, you must know, is 'the bird's paradise,' and those which you see have been hunted down and killed for their beautiful feathers. Here we live our innocent, happy lives, where the cruelty of man cannot reach us and no one covets the glossy plumage with which our Heavenly Father has clothed us.

"I will tell you how I came to be here. It is a sad tale, but one which is, alas! only too common.

"One, bright, sunshiny day in early spring I was standing on the edge of my nest, which was in the branches of a lofty maple. Our little ones were very hungry, and my mate had gone to find some dinner for them. Just as he came fly-

ing towards us, carrying a large worm in his mouth, I heard a loud bang, and he dropped to the ground. As I stood there trembling with fear, another followed, and suddenly I felt such a sharp pain in my side that I loosened my hold and fell at the feet of a man who had a bag full of birds and bloody wings slung over one shoulder. He picked me up roughly in his strong, cruel hands, and tore first one wing and then the other from my body. Flinging me aside, he then did the same to my mate, who, fortunately, was dead, then threw them into his bag and walked away. Bleeding and racked with pain I lay on the hard ground listening to the heart-rending cries of my children, who were too young to fly, and must slowly die of starvation. As twilight came on I grew very weak, and felt that the end was near. One bright star shone above the tree top, and as I looked at it with eyes which were fast growing dim in death, a ray of light shot down between the branches which almost blinded me, and there, clad in dazzling white, stood a beautiful angel. Tenderly she lifted me and laid me in the folds of her robe. At the touch of her gentle hands all pain passed away, and I fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke, it was to find myself in this lovely garden, my mate and little ones by my side."

Olga smiled through the tears which had gathered in her eyes before the pitiful story had come to an end. As she wiped them away and turned to pick a large red rose which grew on a bush near by, she noticed a canary which peered at her curiously with his bright, black eyes from a neighbouring branch. "Tell me your story, too, pretty bird," she said, and moving a little nearer, he began:—

"For a long time my home was in the store of a bird dealer. He had a great many birds like me for sale, confined in wooden cages so small that we could scarcely stretch our wings. We were only given enough seed to keep us alive, and often our water-cups were empty all day. Some pined away and died, but though we were very uncomfortable, most of us lived.

"But one day a gentleman bought me for a birthday present for his son. My cage was wrapped in paper, and was carried what seemed a long distance. At last the paper was removed and I was put into a large brass cage. A tub of clear water stood on the floor, and

how I enjoyed splashing around in it. After taking a good bath I hopped on my perch and took a survey of my new quarters. I found I was in a large sunny room, and flowers grew by the window near which my cage was hung. While I was admiring them—for it had been a long time since I had seen anything but bricks and cobble-stones—I heard a faint sound from one corner of the room, and turning quickly I saw a boy lying in a bed at the other end of the room. Now, I never liked boys, with their rough ways, but this one didn't look like the ones I had seen. He lay there so quietly, and the big, dark eyes looked at me so kindly from his thin face, that I pitied him from the bottom of my heart and sang my prettiest song, and from that time we were great friends. My little master was, indeed, far different from many other boys, for he was motherless, and had never walked a step. Every luxury that money could buy was in that room, but it could not bring relief from the pain which so often tortured him. A few months before I was brought there, a sore trial had come to my little master; the tender mother, whose loving companionship had been his one solace, was called away. Near the bed hung a portrait of her, and often in his hours of pain I have seen his weary eyes turn to that lovely picture. As autumn deepened into winter, I saw with a sorrowful heart that my dear little friend grew weaker. His favourite books were laid aside, and he was seldom free from pain. Many physicians came, but they only shook their heads when they saw my little master. The end came at last; just as the faint streaks of dawn appeared in the sky, he fell asleep. The next morning he was taken away, and I was left forgotten in the desolate room. No one came to bring me food or water. My throat grew parched and dry; how I longed for just one drop of water."

Here he paused, and Olga heard someone say, "What is my darling dreaming about?" and, opening her eyes, she was surprised to find herself still in the big chair, the fire burning brightly, and puss still dozing at her feet. Perched on papa's knee, she was soon eagerly relating her dream, and finished with, "Oh, papa! how glad I am it was only a dream.

He listened with a grave face, and then told his little daughter that five

millions of song-birds were killed in one year to gratify woman's vanity. Olga listened with horror as he went on to say that the hunters start out when the nests are full of young. "What beauty is there," he said, "in a hat on which is perched a murdered bird, its sweet happy song forever hushed, its innocent life cruelly cut off. Surely on the hands whose money buys these, there rests a stain of blood, perhaps as deep as that on the hands which shot them down."

He paused, and deep in her childish heart, Olga registered a solemn vow, which has never been broken. *No murdered bird, with staring, glassy eyes, adorns her hat, a silent witness to the cruelty or thoughtlessness of the wearer.* In the endless variety of ribbons, laces and flowers, she can find enough to gratify her love of the beautiful without encouraging the sacrifice of harmless lives.—*Mary Craige Yarrow, in Our Dumb Animals.*

THE JONES BABY.

EVERYTHING in the Jones family centred around the baby. If baby was taking her nap, mamma mounted guard and kept the house quiet, for baby was easily waked in the daytime. If she was awake, everybody wanted her company. Even papa would leave his writing and come up to the nursery for a few minutes' play with the baby. Ethel would tip-toe in from school until she was sure baby was awake, and little four-year-old Charley learned to play quietly so that baby might wake up strong and happy. And what happy times that baby had! She never saw tears or sad faces, so she never cried. When Mamma Jones was a girl, she was very fond of repeating to her little friends the poem from "Baby Days."

"Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

"Mamma keep your eyes from tears;
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think it's raining."

So when Mamma Jones took care of her babies, she always left her troubles out of the nursery. There were troubles sometimes in the Jones family. One great one, years ago, when the darling boy, three years old, was taken from it.

Besides, there were the usual ill-

nesses, measles and whooping-cough, and the outside worries in the parish. Also a want of sufficient money to feed and clothe the little ones comfortably. You see, in a clergyman's home, money is just as much needed as in other homes. Mamma used to think, though she never said so, that if she only had a little more money she would be perfectly happy.

Papa Jones was always busy. He had his sermons to write and a large parish to keep in good running order. So papa must not be troubled because Ethel's boots were wearing out, or Charley needed a new suit, or because of baby's "dreadful looking" carriage. Papa liked to see his family well kept, but he must not know the worry of planning to provide for all the growing wants, in addition to the parish cares.

The Jones were a very happy family and took great interest in each other's joys. When Charley had a new suit he must show it to papa immediately, and the whole family would form an admiring group around the owner of the new suit. New suits were no: a common occurrence. Mother used to wish and wish that baby could have some new dresses, brother's old ones were so shabby, and as for the carriage, she did not see how it would hold together until baby could walk. But the baby did not care for torn frocks or a shabby carriage. She only wanted love and she had it.

One day in the spring when baby was nearly a year old, a lovely thing happened. Mother had bathed the baby and was dressing her, when papa came up with a letter. In the letter it said that an old friend of mamma's father had left her several hundred dollars. Such joy in that house that day! Papa should have his rubber coat and the type-writer table that he had needed for so long. Ethel should have the long-desired doll from Chicago, and a carriage for it. Charley jumped for joy at the promise of a velocipede and other longed-for toys.

And baby! Mother tossed her up and said, "Baby shall have a lovely new carriage and *every thing* she wants. And we will all go to grandpa's in the fall."

A few days later came another letter which was disappointing. The money could not be paid until all affairs were settled. Well, it was sure to come some day, so they all made the best of

it. For weeks this happy family hoped each mail would bring the desired letter. At last they gave up thinking about it. Baby did not care. She was just as happy as could be. She had some new dresses, and could use her own little feet, and holding mamma's hand could walk about the lawn and even on the sidewalk. The days were beginning to grow cool. Papa was home again after his summer rest. Ethel had started to school and Charley went each morning to the Kindergarten. Again a letter came, saying that if certain enclosed papers were signed and returned, the money would be paid immediately. Again excitement in the Jones' family. The wants were just as numerous now as in the spring, though of a different kind. But the children's promises still held good.

You may be sure that those papers were signed and returned in the next mail. Baby knew now what doll meant. When papa came home he had brought Ethel "The Eight Cousins," Charley, some reins and a whip, and baby a jointed rubber doll. Baby loved that doll and carried it about everywhere with her, even to bed. Ethel said, "And mamma, when we go to buy my new doll's carriage, with springs and a parasol, just like a real one, wont you buy baby one of those cute little ones for her doll and we can take our babies 'up and down' together?" And the loving mamma said, "Yes." Alas! The next day there was no talk or thought of money. The baby was ill. The strong, sturdy baby that had kept so well all through the hot summer, lay in mamma's arms, rarely taking her eyes from mamma's loving ones. Sometimes she would wake from a light sleep and feel stronger for a short time. Then she would hold up her doll to be kissed and say, "poo doll, poo doll." We said so often to her when she had had the whooping-cough in the spring, "Poor baby," that it was her favourite expression if she wanted sympathy. This baby was seventeen months old!

The next day the money came, and nobody cared. It might have been a fortune and still no one would have cared.

In the bright parlour, in her last white bed, covered with beautiful white roses, lay the still smiling baby.

Baby had everything she wanted for all eternity.—A. O. J. in *Parish Visitor*.

Advertisements.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON LEAFLETS. These *Lesson Leaflets* are used by nearly all the Protestant and Evangelical Sunday schools in every diocese in Canada. They are also used in very many of the largest Sunday schools in nearly every State of the American Union. Their success has been unprecedented. They contain a larger amount of useful matter than any other Church Sunday School publication. Only 8 cents per annum. *A separate leaflet for every Sunday in the year.* Send for samples. Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), 58 Bay Street, Toronto.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON HELPS. These "Helps" are for teachers and advanced classes of pupils. They are explanatory of the "Lesson Leaflets," and like the leaflets, they are based on the International scheme of Sunday School lessons. Only 12½ cents per annum. They are the cheapest Teacher's Helps published. Every Sunday School should subscribe for enough of copies to supply one to every teacher in the school. Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), 58 Bay Street, Toronto.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON CARDS. These "Cards" are intended for little children. They contain so much of the Sunday School Lesson as should be committed to memory. They are printed on Bristol board in different colored inks, and are very attractive. Young children like them. Give them a trial. Only 16 cents per annum. *A separate card for every Sunday in the year.* Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), 58 Bay Street, Toronto.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE PRAYER BOOK. This is an important new work by the Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., of St. Paul's church, Halifax, and lately of St. Paul's church, Brockville. It is a book which every Protestant Churchman should first read and then hand to his neighbor to read. The editor of *The Evangelical Churchman* says: "We heartily and earnestly recommend it to our readers, and urge upon them at once to procure a copy and read it for themselves." It is a handsome book, well printed and beautifully bound. *Sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of the price, \$1.00.* Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), Publishers, 58 Bay Street, Toronto.

THE IMPERIAL BIBLE DICTIONARY. This is the best Bible Dictionary for the use of earnest and devout students of the Bible (clergymen, Sunday school teachers and others), that is published. Commended and endorsed by the Right Rev. J. C. RYLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool, who furnishes an Introduction. Personally recommended by Dr. Sheraton, the learned Principal of Wycliffe College. We cannot further describe the work here. Send to us for full description. Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY, (Ltd.), Publishers, Toronto.

THE CONCISE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY. Taking it all in all, this is the best dictionary of the English language published. The best, because the most convenient and most authentic. It is now the standard authority of the education departments in nearly every Province of Canada. Only \$3.25 or \$4.50, according to binding. Send to us for descriptive circulars. This is a book you ought to have in your home. The Rev. Prof. Clark, of Trinity University, Toronto, says: "The best English dictionary in one volume which exists." Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), Publishers, Toronto.

STANDARD WORKS. We publish a number of other Standard Works which we should like to bring under the notice of the readers of *PARISH AND HOME*. We cannot describe them fully here. Kindly send to us for full descriptive circulars. Address THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Ltd.), Publishers, Toronto.