

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

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No. 9.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

LESSONS.

- 2-10th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 12; Rom. 2 v. 17. *Evening*—1 Kings 13 or 17; Matt. 17 v. 14.
- 9-11th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 18; Rom. 8 v. 18. *Evening*—1 Kings 19 or 21; Matt. 21 v. 23.
- 16-18th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Kings 22 to v. 41; Rom. 13. *Evening*—2 Kings 2 to v. 16, or 4 v. 8 to v. 38; Matt. 25 to v. 31.
- 23-13th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 5; 1 Cor. 4, to v. 18. *Evening*—2 Kings 6, to v. 24, or 7; Matt. 27 v. 57.
- 24-St. **Bartholomew A. & M. Ath. Cr.** *Morning*—Gen. 28, v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18 & 5. *Evening*—Deut. 18, v. 15; Matt. 28.
- 30-14th **Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Kings 9; 1 Cor. 10 and 11, v. 1. *Evening*—2 Kings 10, to v. 32 or 13; Mark 4, to v. 35.

MY HEART IS RESTING.

My heart is resting, O my God
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of ev'ry precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love;
And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth,
To long loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.

A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

—A. L. Waring.

For PARISH AND HOME.

Notes on the Calendar.

AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO,
AUGUST 28th.

THERE are two Augustines in our Church History, the one, a missionary sent from Rome to Saxon England in

597, A.D., and the other, who died a century before the missionary's birth Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, who was born at Tagaste, in the north of Africa, and died at Hippo, not far away, when the first wave of barbarian invasion had spread over the Western Empire, over Rome, through Gaul, Spain and North Africa.

This latter Augustine is the famous bearer of the name, the greatest and best of the western theologians in the early Church, the staunch opponent of heathenism, heresy, and needless schism.

It is not necessary to say that there was a time when Augustine was not a wise and learned divine, but we have also to say that many years of his life went by before he became an earnest Christian, or indeed a Christian at all. He gives us in his *Confessions* a sad picture of his early manhood, when he lived a life of open sin, and in the foolishness of his human wisdom scorned to be a believer in Christianity.

But there was a mighty power working, though all unseen, for the young man's eternal good, the earnest, faithful prayers of a Christian mother. "Go thy way" said a pious man to the good Monica when she asked his counsel about her son, whose godlessness rent her heart, "live thus; it cannot be that the son of these tears shall perish."

And so she prayed in faith; and loved, and worked, and waited, until in God's providence, the time came that Augustine began to see his sins in their true light, and to long for a peace which he could not find in the world around him.

While walking in his garden at Milan, with this agony in his soul, there came a voice saying to him, "Take up and read, take up and read." Forthwith he opened the Bible which was near at hand and read, "not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

By accepting the message he became a Christian, and found in Christ the peace he had formerly sought in vain,

found it so completely, that years after he wrote with the experience before him of his whole past life, both heathen and Christian. "O, God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and man is restless till he rest in Thee."

Monica's prayers were answered, her life's work was done, what more had she left to wish for, her son was a Christian. Only a few days after that talk with her boy at Ostia—where they were waiting to be carried back to their native Africa—that loving talk of kindred spirits about things not of this world, when it seemed as if some rays of Heaven's own glory and joy entered into their souls with the brightness of the setting sun, Monica was carried home to a truer fatherland than Africa had ever been.

"The greater the sinner, the greater the Saviour," is a true saying, it sometimes happens that the greatest sinner makes the truest saint, and it was so in Augustine's case.

None knew better than he the power of sin and the helplessness of man, and none better than he the might of God to save; and with this best knowledge at the back of his great natural gifts, now consecrated wholly to the service of God, he became a mighty instrument in His hands, for the defence of the faith and for the conversion of the unbeliever.

No writers have been busier with their pens than he; none have been more constantly engaged in religious discussion, and yet, in all this labour he never forgot, as presbyter and as bishop, his personal work as shepherd of his own flock. No picture can be more instructive than that of the greatest theologian of his day, dealing out simply and plainly the bread of life to the fisherman and sailors of his seaport town, or busily engaged in attending to the temporal wants of the sick and needy.

It is impossible for men to do deeds that are truly great if they neglect the little duties that be around them.

But death comes to us all, whether good or bad, slothful or diligent, though

by no means alike to all. It came to Augustine in the ripeness of age. He was taken away in God's mercy from the evil that was fast coming on his diocesan city, for in the year 530, when Hippo was surrounded by the Vandales—his country's foes—that Augustine, then seventy-six years of age, was stricken with fever, lingered some days, with the penitential Psalms—in large characters—hung up before him, so that his failing sight might read them to the comfort of his soul, and then passed away to be forever with the Lord he so dearly loved and had so faithfully served. H.

ANECDOTE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

Now that the rector of Trinity church is so prominently before the public in his position as candidate for the bishopric of Massachusetts, a little anecdote which was published in the *Boston Gazette*, some time since, will be ill-timed. It is this:

"A lady was travelling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they had arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion, that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavoured to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceeding intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eye he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble; may I help you?"

As soon as he spoke she felt perfect confidence in him. She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her and whispered something in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston.

Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage; received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said, "Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service may I know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away—*Golden Rule*.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

THAT there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent seems to be an idea which some very good people have failed to grasp. The Mongols illustrate this thought in a story that runs thus:—

"Two geese, when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle.

"In this manner the three were making the journey successfully when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The frog opened his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

"Do not let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent."—*Golden Rule*.

WHERE TO BEGIN IN BIBLE STUDY.

IN the old days of the south, a negro slave, who was called a negro preacher, had a infidel master, and the master said to the slave one day, "You are a preacher, Sam." "Well, I tells about Jesus some, massa." "Well, if you are a preacher you ought to understand the Bible. Now, tell me what does this mean?"—and he opened the Bible and read—"And whom He did foreknow them He did predestinate"—words that have puzzled wiser heads than that of the poor slave. "And,"

said the slave, "massa, where is it?" "It is in Romans," said the master. "Oh, my dear massa! I will explain dis 'ole business to you. It is very simple. You begin with Matthew and do all the dear Lord tells you to do there; and then you go on to Mark, and Luke, and John, and when you get to that place it is easy enough, but you can't begin there." And so, dear friends, with this poor aching heart, lock up to Christ, the perfect Saviour, and begin there, and all else will be simple.—*Bishop Whipple*.

RESTING IN GOD

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be:
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.

Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness:

If He wounds thy spirit sore
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst understand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear.
In His love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearst thou at times thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore whatsoever betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love, for He provideth
Good alway.

Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful, wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace, at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care.
Ask Him not, then, "when," or "how,"
Only bow. —*Selected*.

If we just thanked God for every mercy and pleasure received, we should find no time to complain of our ills.

THE WILL OF GOD.

At one of the closing meetings of the Northfield Conference in 1888, Prof Drummond said:

"In a few hours we shall all be off the mountain top and down again into valley, and I remember that mountain tops were never made by God to be inhabited. They are places to go up to and have a look around, and rest a little, and take a good view, and get near Heaven, and then come down again. The use of a mountain in nature is to send streams down into the valleys, where are villages and towns, and cities, and that is the use of a conference like this. What we are to take with us is some running stream of this mountain, that it may refresh and satisfy the body of the world that God has given us to influence. But for the most part we shall have to go and live commonplace lives. Most of us will not have to go home to pulpits, but to household duties and business, and professional cares. I shall have to lay down my Bible, and take my geological hammer, and open my closet and take out my fossils and skeletons. Is it a down-come, or all the same to God? The answer is contained in the words which I have read to you.

"I wish that we could all get into our minds one other little principle: What is the end of life? The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individual, the answer to the question, 'What is the end of life?' is, To do the will of God, whatever it may be. Spurgeon replied to an invitation to speak to an exceptionally large audience, 'I have no ambition to preach to ten thousand people, but to do the will of God,' and he declined. If we could say, 'I have no ambition to go to the heathen, I have no ambition to win souls, my ambition is to do the will of God, whatever that may be,' that makes all lives equally great or equally small; because the only great thing in life is what of God's will there is in it.

"The maximum achievement of any man's life, after all is over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon can have done

any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report and ill, through temptation and prosperity, and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you, who are going to Africa, may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist, may have to go into business; and you, who are going into business, may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life till that principle is taken possession of.

"How can you build up a life on that principle? Let me give you an outline of a little Bible reading:

"The definition of an ideal life: 'A man after my own heart, who will fulfil all my law.' The object of life: 'I come to do Thy will, O God.'

"The first thing you need after life is food: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.'

"The next thing you need after food is society: 'He that doeth the will of my Father in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister, and mother.'

"You want education: 'Teach me to do Thy will, O God.'

"You want pleasure: 'I delight to do Thy will, O God.'

"A whole life can be built upon that one vertical column, and then, when all is over, 'He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

When the morning paints the skies,

And the birds their songs renew,

Let me from my slumbers rise,

Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above

Day by day my pathway strew,

Is it much to bless thy love,

Father? "What would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task

And the round of toil pursue,

Let me often brightly ask,

"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile

Whispering thoughts and words untrue,

Let me to his subtlest wile

Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide

Mirth and sunshine from my view,

Let me, clinging to thy side,

Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,

Fill my spirit through and through,

Treading where my Saviour trod,

Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

—Bishop Bickersteth.

A CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, and cheerily singing his melody.

"You are well off, old man," said the king. "Does this one acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plow by the day for wages."

"How much do you get?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen (about twenty cents) a day," said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king: "can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something to spare."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said:

"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife, with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children that they may receive instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with this answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I can not unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his

royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming :

"The coin is genuine, for it also came from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."—*Sabbath Visitor*.

WORK FOR CHEERFULNESS.

To keep the face cheerful, the voice cheerful, to do good like medicine, we must keep the heart cheerful. This is not an easy matter. One does not simply have to say, "I will be cheerful," and then have it so. He has to work for cheerfulness, just as he works to be honest, or kind, or brave, or learned. He must be looking out for bright things to see and do. He must deliberately, yet quickly, choose which things he will think about, and how. He has to shut his teeth, as it were, sometimes, and turn away from the gloomy things, and do something to bring back the cheerful spirit again. If we are cheerful for others, we are doing for ourselves. Good given means good sent back. Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habit sometimes helps us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said :

"How good the pine boards smell !"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river !"

"No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give, nor can poverty take it away.—*Miss Muloch*.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A GREAT deal of unhappiness in home-life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident, or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it might strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods or attribute to our kindred motives which

have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or the impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin in embarrassment, or indiscretion. At all events, life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavour to understand his or her neighbour in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best, and not at the worst valuation.—*The Young Churchman*.

THY WORK.

LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.

Oh, send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

—*Young Men's Era*.

A CHARITY SERMON.

ABOUT 150 years ago, Saurin, an eminent French Protestant pulpit orator, preached a sermon on charity. It exercised so powerful an effect upon the hearers, that, at its conclusion, the men who were present placed all the money they had with them in the collection plates, and the women took off their jewelry and gold and devoted them to the use of the poor. How had the preacher roused his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm? He had simply treated of the poor laws of the Bible; of the tender care enjoined therein for the needy, the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless. He had spoken of the rules concerning tithes, the forgotten sheaf, and the gleanings of the field, and eulogised the spirit of benevolence which these several enactments had engendered in the Jewish character.

"WHEN YOU ARE OLDER."

WHEN I was a little girl I had a sovereign given to me. If it had been a shilling I might have put it in my own little purse, and spent it at once; but, being a sovereign, my dear father took care of it for me, and I expect I forgot all about it. But one day when I was quite grown up, he called me into his study and gave me the sovereign, re-

minding me how it had been given me when I was about as high as the back of a chair. And I was very glad to have it then for I understood how much it was worth, and I knew very well what to do with it. Now, when you come to some saying of the Lord Jesus that you do not understand, or see how to make any use of it yourself, do not think it of no consequence whether you read it or not. *When you are older* you will find that it is just like my sovereign, coming back to you when you want it and are able to make use of it.—*F. R. Havergal*.

"UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVER-LASTING ARMS."

"THANK you very much; that was such a help to me," said a sick woman as she dropped exhausted on the pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be lifted or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by her.

"I did nothing to help you, dear. I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without touching you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."

"That was just it," said the invalid, with a bright smile; "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear, nor feel you. I knew I was safe, all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms, if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added—

"What a sweet thought this has brought to my mind! It is the same with my Heavenly Friend. 'Fear not for I will be with thee,' is the promise, and, thanks be to God, I know He is faithful that promised. I can neither see, hear nor touch Him with my mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are 'the Everlasting Arms.'"—*Episcopal Recorder*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART VIII.

ONCE a month Mr. St. George performed the intricate task of making up his accounts. He was a methodical old gentleman, and, though his income was ample, liked to know exactly where he stood. An account that had remained unpaid for more than a month troubled his mind more than the country's debt weighs down the mind of the nation, and we find him now on the day of Dorothy's party going through what he called his monthly penance over his account books. He made the series of entries, and then according to his custom turned over the page to compare this month with the last.

"Whew," said Mr. St. George with a prolonged low whistle. "Butcher twice as much as last month."

He went on a little farther, then there was another low whistle.

"Wines this month \$110.00. Nothing last month. Dinner parties did that," murmured Mr. St. George to himself.

This comparison was soon finished. Then he closed the books and put them away carefully in their place.

"I've a suspicion that almost amounts to a conviction that I'm a fool," he said to himself as he went to his room to put on evening dress. "Here are my expenses increased by three or four hundred dollars this month and what good has it all done? Some stupid people came and ate and drank much more than was good for them. They bored me and each other nearly to death for three hours at a time, and now I pay for my 'pleasure.' If this is enjoyment life would indeed be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures. I don't care for the money, but I hate waste. Never mind, I'll go and help with other people's 'enjoyment,'" said Mr. St. George, grimly, thinking of the dinner at the Forsyth's to which he was going. "I wonder who'll be there."

He finished his dressing and then sat down and read the newspaper leisurely until the butler came to tell him that the carriage was waiting for him. The November day was bleak and chilly and Mr. St. George wrapped himself up warmly and drove to Mr. Forsyth's. He had had no intimation of the char-

acter of the party and expected the usual company of well dressed and well fed people. What was his surprise on being ushered into the drawing room, to find half a dozen boys sitting awkwardly about the room. Mrs. Forsyth came hastily to meet him and there was a half apology in her tone. The only other persons in the room were Mr. Forsyth and Dorothy and Mr. Somers. There was a slight irritation in Mr. St. George's voice as he greeted Mr. Forsyth. It seemed to him that some kind of trick was being played upon him. Mrs. Forsyth's quick woman's instinct detected at once what was in his mind. She half whispered:

"This is Dorothy's 'Dinner.' She must apologize. Children you know may take liberties that older people dare not."

And there was Dorothy standing beside him lifting up her sweet little face to be kissed. Mr. St. George's irritation almost vanished when he looked at her. It quite disappeared when she said "Oh, everybody has been waiting for you. I've been telling two or three of the boys about you and they know that you are just the kindest man in the world."

Mr. St. George stooped and kissed her again. The boys who had heard what she said wriggled awkwardly on their chairs, and then they all went to the dining room.

At the meal Dorothy sat on one side of Mr. St. George and on the other was a little boy whom she introduced as "Walter." For a time there were long pauses in the conversation at table, but Mr. Somers who sat between two of the most awkward boys, bent his mind to the task of drawing them out, and through them the rest of the company. "Yes" and "No" was the limit of the boys rejoinder for a time, but these monosyllables were received so heartily and sympathetically that the unaccustomed appreciation soon began to make them feel confidence in themselves and talk freely. The ice was thus broken and when this stage was reached the party was an assured success.

Mr. St. George, though a stiff old gentleman, was withal fond of children. Stimulated by Mr. Somers' efforts he began to feel that he must try to do something with the quiet boy that sat beside him. Dorothy was at his other side to turn to if any awkward pause

came, and he never felt bored with her. He was as yet ignorant of the circumstances of the boys who sat at the table. Though all looked decent they were somewhat shabbily dressed and their appearance and bearing were not those of the boys with whom Mr. St. George usually came in contact.

"And do you go to school my boy?" said Mr. St. George, trying bravely to begin a conversation with his neighbor.

"Sometimes," was the laconic answer of the boy.

Mr. St. George's firm sense of discipline was shocked at the idea of a boy's going to school only "Sometimes."

"But what does your father say to that?" he said.

"Haven't any father. He's dead," said the boy half resentfully.

This was certainly a damper upon further conversation. Mr. St. George turned to Dorothy. She had heard the short conversation and whispered:

"His father was a doctor but he's dead. His mother is my nurse."

Here was a complication for Mr. St. George's mind. A boy whose father had been a doctor and was dead, and whose mother was now a domestic servant. But he was happily relieved from any further effort to entertain his neighbour. Through Mr. Somers' efforts the boys had become engaged in a conversation that interested them all, and to which each had some item of information to add. The subject was the engrossing one of base-ball. The boys were all eagerness when this subject was started, and Walter Newcomb, much to Mr. St. George's relief, was drawn into the general conversation.

The meal came to an end and they went again to the drawing room. Here under Mr. Somers' inspiration they played blind man's buff and bean bags and any other games that his fertile brain suggested until it was time for the boys to go. They were all so interested now that it would not have occurred to them that it was time to go. But Mrs. Forsyth sat down at the piano. The boys were invited to gather around it, and Mr. St. George was surprised to find himself in the very centre of the group as much interested as any of them. Then a hymn of praise and thanksgiving went out from the company to the loving Father of all, and Dorothy's long looked for party was over.

Mr. St. George lingered for a moment after the boys had gone.

"Not a bad dinner party, eh!" said Mr. Somers with a twinkle in his eyes.

Mr. St. George said nothing.

"Oh! I think it was just lovely," said Dorothy enthusiastically. We must have another, and you'll come again, won't you, Mr. St. George?"

"Perhaps," said the old gentleman smiling, and then he said good-night.

"Not a bad dinner party indeed," he thought to himself, as he walked home. "I don't believe I yawned once. And I daresay the after effects, financially, are not very disturbing to the conscience. Cost little; pleasure given great; nobody bored." He summed up the result of the evening in his abrupt business way and all the time there ran in his mind the story that Mrs. Forsyth had told him during the evening, of Mary Newcomb's life, and of her perplexity about the future of her boy. He let himself in at his door and having taken off his great coat, sat down before the bright fire that had been kept burning for him. Herubbed his hands before its cheerful glow, and fell back into the comfortable arm-chair that was drawn up before the fire.

"I've been getting some rather hard knocks lately," he thought "there's Somers's sermon which somehow sticks and now this party and that widow and her boy. When I put 'em together I don't feel very comfortable." The wind whistled outside and now and then he heard the creakings and rustlings that we all hear when we are alone and silent on a windy night. "This is a big house," he said, half startled by a sudden gust of wind that rattled the Venetian, "and it is lonely too."

His head fell upon his breast and he sat and thought and looked into the fire for a long time. The flames gradually died down. Then there was left a glowing bed of coals. Soon this too was covered with a grey coating of ashes.

Mr. St. George suddenly started.

"I'll do it," he said decidedly, and he turned out the gas and went to bed.

(To be Continued.)

A GOOD deed is never lost: he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

BEFORE a man can make an ideal husband he must be a good son. He must learn to obey before he can rule; if he does not honour his parents, he will not be able to make his household honour him. He must be a God-fearing man, strong and active in body and mind; unselfish and unassuming, and yet possessing a firm will; good-tempered and warm-hearted, so that he may be a good father. More than this, he must love his home better than any place in the world, or he can never be really happy in it, nor make it happy.

—*The Young Man*

TRUE BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment for moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those which go On kindly ministries to and fro, Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.

—*Churchman's Magazine.*

THE SPIRIT OF OUR WORK.

LET us do the little portion set us of the world-wide and age-long work of God, and then fall asleep in the spirit of one who wrote these last lines in his diary the night before he was suddenly called home to be no more seen: "There are works, which by God's permission I would do before the night cometh, but, above all, let me mind my own personal work, keep myself pure and zealous and believing, labour to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." Be this our spirit in life and in death, and toil itself shall be rest ere the long rest comes!—*C. J. Vaughan.*

CHEAP PLEASURE.

A PIEDMONTSE nobleman, weary of life, was hurrying along a street to the river, purposing suicide, when he experienced a sudden check from the pull of his cloak by a little boy, who unceremoniously wanted to gain his notice. He thus accosted him: "There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food."

The nobleman said to himself, "Why should I not relieve this wretched family? I have the means; it cannot detain me many minutes."

He went to the scene of misery—he threw them his purse—the poor people's burst of gratitude overcame him—it went to his heart. "I will call again

to-morrow," he cried, exclaiming, "Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where so much pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"

HIS LIFE FOR THE SHEEP.

A COUNTRY clergyman in Sussex writes to us about the recent blizzard: "A striking incident that might well adorn a tract or sermon took place in a parish not far off from this. A shepherd was found dead in the snow, with two lambs tucked up in his smock-frock. They were alive, and, as he was not very far from his home, we may conjecture that had he abandoned them he might have saved his own life. I need not make the application." No, indeed, but we hand on this touching story as a most beautiful one for many a Good Friday sermon. The Good Shepherd laid down His life for the lambs of His flock. Are the shepherds of His flock equally devoted to-day? And what about the poor sheep scattered away in heathen lands? Who will go and lay down life for them?—*The Rock.*

ROBERT HALL AND THE PRAYER-BOOK.

ROBERT HALL, the distinguished Baptist, said of the Prayer-Book:—"I believe the chastened simplicity of its devotion, the majestic fervour of its language, and the evangelical purity of its sentiments, have combined to place it among the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

OUR inmost hearts, the shrine of our deepest affection, cannot be left empty. It is there that man places his God, the object of his supreme devotion, which is his god whatever his lips may profess. That place cannot be left vacant. Take away from him his god and unless you give him the true God he will immediately set up a new idol and worship that with even more abjectness than the first. There is little use in a man's striving to abandon his sins and vices unless he gives his heart to Jesus.—*The Western Recorder.*

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then every day you shall wonder at yourself—the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Parish and Home.

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WE like to hear from our subscribers as to what they think of PARISH AND HOME, especially so when they think well of it. One gentleman writes us as follows:—"I think the last number (that of July) very good, I like the style of many of the articles. Our cook, who was ill yesterday, was very much interested in it, especially in the story about the pie. That is what we want, not a paper that can only teach the highly intellectual." Letters telling of any good done by PARISH AND HOME, would be a great help to the Editors who are giving a great deal of time to the work as a labour of love, and at the same time have to shoulder the burden of a serious deficit in its finances. We shall gladly do it all, however, if we know that PARISH AND HOME is appreciated and is proving a blessing.

It is quite a usual thing, now-a-days, for people to point to some inconsistent Christian, and tell you they do not think much of Christianity. While those very people will go down our electric lighted streets and, when they come to a lamp that has only a faint spark in it or no light at all, never think of saying they do not think much of electricity.

They will tell you, "Oh, that lamp has something wrong with it, or it is not connected with the current; don't you see the other lamps along the street shining out brightly, the current is all right."

There is nothing wrong with Christianity itself, whenever you see a pro-

fessing Christian living a life you would not like to live, doing things you would scorn to do, do not blame Christianity for it, but make up your mind that there is something wrong with the man himself, or that he is not a Christian at all

Do not let us forget, when we are enjoying our summer holidays in the coolness of the lakes or the seaside, that there are many who have no holidays and get little or no fresh air—the children and their mothers in the back streets and lanes of our heated cities. There are Fresh Air Lands in several of the large cities to provide poor children with a day's outing on the lakes or in the woods, and we can easily imagine the pleasure and health, too, that such an outing would give.

A donation of \$5 would give almost forty children a day's holiday with two substantial lunches, and by giving this, you yourself would enjoy all the more the fresh air and the cool breezes you are in the midst of. The Secretary-Treasurer of the Toronto Fund is Mr. J. J. Kelso of the Humane Society, who would gladly receive any donation, large or small.

WE read in one of our exchanges the other day that in the Bible warehouse at Oxford, there are huge piles of old sails that have battled with the storms of every sea, and are there waiting to be ground up into paper for the Oxford Bibles that are scattered all over the world. A glorious ending of a restless and troubled existence surely; picked in the fields of its southern home the cotton has been pressed and pulled, spun and woven, and then for year after year in sunshine and frost, in rain and storm it has weathered every clime and has done good service on many a sea at no small cost to itself; and, as if that were not enough, the climax is capped by its being torn into shreds and ground into pulp—a shapeless mass. Yet its highest destiny has only now come, and on its clean white sheets it receives the best message ever given to man, and goes the wide world over to bless with the true comfort that only God's Word can give.

A GOOD way to find out for ourselves something of our own characters, is to observe the manner in which we take a reproof. Nearly everyone has a kind friend who will venture on frank criticism sometimes. The criticism is not always just, but that is not the point.

How do we take it? are we indignant with our friend for having misjudged us? Do we meet him afterwards with averted eyes and constrained manner? Or is there a hearty desire to know if we have been making a mistake and he is after all, right? These sometimes cruel words on the part of others are calls from God to self examination. Let us not repel them with the proud spirit of the Pharisee, but weigh them well that we may realize just how true they are. A reproof that has truth in it stings more keenly than one that is entirely unjust. In the latter case our pride sustains us in the assurance that we have been wronged.

Few of us know how to rest. The fevered patient tosses on his bed and cannot rest though he longs to do so. And many souls crave rest and yet do not know how to take it. To rest is to put off care, and we can only get rid of cares by trusting that all is well. The Christian alone can truly rest for he alone has a Guardian whom he has a right to trust. Yet it can be said of many truly Christian lives, that there is little or no rest in them. The most glorious are the most afraid of being false to their trust, and are restlessly active. Our Lord said, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and we need not even be troubled to whether we are doing our duty if we are trusting to Him to guide us. And this is rest.

It is not strange that some people's good looks strike one, whether their faces are seen or not, because the old proverb is quite true to-day, "Handsome is that handsome does." I happened to be coming up on a crowded street car the other night, and met with one of that description, at least it seemed to me so, nor did I judge from the straightforward tone in which she told her escort that she did not like tobacco smoke, but rather from the fact that, when she was comfortably seated, a shabbily dressed stout old woman came into the car, and the young lady was the first on her feet hanging bravely to the strap, while the newcomer sank gratefully down into the seat so kindly given, with a sigh of satisfaction. The Toronto street car is certainly a place to learn unselfishness, perhaps, one ought to say, to practise it. I daresay the lady did not think for a moment of her kindly act, but even

so it would do her good, as it certainly did to the tired woman and to me as well as to the other on-lookers in the crowded car

THE DURATION OF INFLUENCE.

TWENTY years ago, a very young lady had placed in her Sunday-school class an awkward boy scarcely younger than herself. He disappeared after a few weeks and, when it was discovered that he had been sent to jail for stealing some trifle, the lady visited him. The poor fellow protested his innocence, said he was arrested with the guilty parties, and had no opportunity to prove his honesty. Coming out of prison, he avoided companionship, refused to go back to day-school—in which he had been interested—but clung still to his Sunday-school, for the simple reason that his teacher had had faith in his innocency.

A sympathy then grew up between the two which was both strong and fruitful, and, though under religious instruction for a comparatively short time, he grasped the meaning of the essentials of Christ's teaching as many a privileged child fails to comprehend it. He visited his teacher after leaving the school, and, indirectly, she had opportunity to befriend him for several years,—until he was of age; in fact, when he found employment out of town.

This engagement did not last long, but from this period the teacher's effort to do him good ceased. He married a shiftless, ignorant girl, and into their poor home the helpless babes came but too rapidly. His friend of former days met occasionally a rough, unshaven man, whose dissipated habits were evident in his face. Only once within the twelve or fifteen years which rapidly passed did she come in contact with him.

The occasion of this one visit was to grant him permission to name his first child for her,—the request had been made on the ground that this lady was "the only friend" he had had in all his life. This Christian woman eased her conscience by sending old clothes, occasionally, or new, to the child, toys at Christmas time, and religious reading to the man. It was with surprise and consternation, then, that the teacher of twenty years ago heard that her former scholar stood at her door, and would not be sent away. Such a

wretch of a man as stood before her,—soiled and tattered in clothing, bloated in countenance! But avoid the affectionate greeting, the broken-hearted, weeping man who would tell his life's story, and cast himself upon her mercy,—avoid it she could not. He had forgotten, when in her presence, the flight of years; he went back to the old sympathy of teacher for pupil, never doubting that it was his.

At first she only tolerated his presence, and listened with an effort at patience to his vehement words. She was willing to help him get out of town to the employment which awaited him if only he had the money to pay his car fare; she was sorry for his hungry children, and was willing to feed them; she pitied his loss of faith in Christ and in Christians; she regretted that hard, unfeeling employers and his own habits had made him what he was; but get beyond the man—his degradation—she found this impossible, until her hard heart was melted by the realization that all through the years she had been the one star in his heaven; that he had longed, when passing her upon the street, for one word from her, one bit of sympathy and expression of hope. When her tears mingled with his, she got near enough to his condition to understand and sympathize. She felt, when thinking of it afterward, that she was never nearer Heaven than during the remaining hour of that intense visit. Then she saw why the Master sought, and, in turn, was sought by, the wretched, those conscious of sin and degradation,—the hungry, friendless men and women. They alone were waiting to welcome his salvation! It was with joy, and, at the same time, with consternation, that this woman realized her heaven-sent task to lift this soul up toward his Father's forgiveness.

Let us pass over the sacred scene which followed. A year has passed since that night's visit: but to-day he is an industrious, a sober, and a believing man. A weekly note and a supply of good reading have been sources of strength and comfort to him.

This instance is not cited to set forth the power of a true child of God. It is to me but one example to prove how blindly we may go through life, unconscious of our most glorious privileges and most pressing duties, thinking only of self, forgetful of our trust. Teachers,

are there none about us who once believed in God because he was our God, whose condition is too sin-weighed to be reached by the unsympathetic, and who are waiting for the expression of sympathy from us; who are waiting for us to get down from our self-consciousness into oneness with them? And, after all, when we do get where we belong, we shall find that the distance was not great.—S. S. Times

SONG OF THE BURDEN-BEARER.

Over the narrow foot-path
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before,
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of the morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word,
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And suddenly lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care
But I bore it now with gladness
Which comes of answered prayer
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will, Amen.

O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song!

—M. E. Saugster.

CONTENTMENT consists in thanking God for what we have, and not in having what we wish for.

PRAY SIMPLY.

SOME people pick out the longest and hardest words when they speak to God. Just talk to God as a child talks to its parents, in the simple language of your hearts. Tell God all about your needs and your troubles, your sins and your fears; make God your friend.

I remember being told by a relation that when he was living in chambers in the Temple, he used to hear an old lawyer saying his prayers in the next room every night. The lawyer was an old grey-headed man, yet he always said in his prayers, "Lord, make me a good boy."

To some this may sound ludicrous, to me it seems rather beautiful, for in a long and perhaps severely tempted life, the prayer which he never forgot was the simple petition of a child learnt at his mother's knee. Of all the messages which are sent to Heaven, the surest to get there are those spoken by childish lips, or by those whose hearts have become as the heart of a little child.—
H. J. Wilmot Button.

CHILDREN'S RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

WE take the following account of a Christian home from the *S. S. Times*, hoping that parents will try to give their children the same simple, natural, religious teaching:

A family of our acquaintance well illustrates the naturalness of such child-religion. The two little girls in it, of three and five years of age respectively, are quite too red-cheeked and robust to be either exotics or angels.

In the morning, before being dressed, they repeat with father and mother the familiar morning prayers:

"Father, we thank thee for the night,
And the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair,
Help us to do the things we should,
Be to others kind and good;
In our work and in our play
To grow more like thee every day.—Amen

"Now, before we work to-day,
We will not forget to pray
To God, who kept us through the night,
And wak'd us with the morning light,
Help us, Lord, to love thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work and in our play,
Be thou with us through the day.—Amen."

At breakfast and other meals the blessing is asked by each little one in turn. The variety and pertinency of

their prayers of thankfulness is surprising. This custom of having the youngest member of the family say grace is quite generally in vogue in Sweden and Norway.

After breakfast the family assemble for morning prayers. If hard passages in the Scripture are met with, these are explained to the little ones; and sometimes paraphrases are read to them in their own illustrated child's Bibles. In turn, every morning, each child is asked, "What shall we sing this morning?" Two or three hymns of their selection are then sung, without the piano, by all. But one new hymn, words and tune, is taught the children each week. This new hymn is taken, not from a collection of children's songs or Sunday-school melodies, but from the adult hymn-book used in the church, and is one of the hymns which, given out beforehand by the minister, will be sung in church on the coming Sunday morning. In this way the children are able, on Sunday, to take part in the worship in church; the home and church are linked together; and the standard hymns and tunes of the church, of musical and poetic worth, become the early possession of the children. During a daily service of ten minutes only a large number of the best religious composition have been memorized by them, and the taste of the children has been cultivated.

After the singing, the children repeat together, or are taught occasionally, one of the short psalms. Then all rise and repeat the Apostles' Creed. The golden text of the Sunday-school lesson of the coming Sunday is, or should be, taken up at this point, connecting home and Sunday-school. All next kneel for prayer, the children close to parents. The children repeat the Lord's Prayer, and if a special prayer follows, it is adapted in thought and language to be the children's prayer. On rising from the knees, kisses are exchanged among all the members of the family.

This household kiss is the lubricator of all unpleasantness, and the solvent of all hard feelings for the day.

In general, the morning-prayer hour is the happiest, for all, of the day. The children enter into it with love, enthusiasm and zest. Their interest adds interest in this service to their elders.

During the day, after any naughtiness, the children often come and say,

"Papa, mamma, I want to say a little prayer"

In joy, after happiness, they have exclaimed, "God is good to us." On Thanksgiving Day the oldest came downstairs in the morning with Psalm 100 upon her lips.

After their Christmas gifts they sang the long-meter doxology.

At night, with arms again around papa's or mamma's neck, and also around each other, they say, in concert,

"Now I lay me down to sleep"

To this each adds, in turn, a prayer of her own; this personal prayer includes confession, petition, thanksgiving. A long hug ends the day.

A REAL ENEMY.

FOR ten years in one city we saw much of the home life of Church members—visiting in the hovels of the poor, in the mansions of the rich, seated at the festal board, watching by the sick and dying, in the Sunday-school, in the society meetings, both public and private, yet we never found one woman who neglected her family to attend a missionary meeting. Grant that now and then you do find a perfect "Mrs. Jellyby." Does that prove that all women who "figure" in these meetings neglect their homes? We might as well say that all preachers are scoundrels because once in a while the sheep's fleecy frock is torn from a wolf.

No, no, it is not this class of women whose children grow up in "idleness and mischief." There is a greater foe to the home, the Church, than a woman's missionary meeting. It is the thing we call "fashionable society"; it is the goddess before whose shrine the Church must bow, and upon whose altar, time, talent and means must be sacrificed. It is this society that places the poodle in the carriage to be fondled and petted, while the child of our own flesh and blood is consigned to the baby-carriage, wheeled among the sloughs of vice by that ignorant and often vicious nurse. It is this society that takes mothers from home, spending their time at fashionable teas, theatres, and even horse-races. This society does not call for an hour a week, a few hours a month, or a few days in a year, but she demands your all. Your time must be at her command, your talent must be constantly employed to keep pace with her many

devices, your means must be lavished upon every freak that she may happen to introduce as the "newest thing out." Her devotees have no time to read missionary papers that tell of the trials and triumphs of the cross; not even a talent wrapped in a napkin have they, to return to the Master and no means to send the Gospel of peace to the benighted of earth. Hence our missionary treasuries are empty and our agents are constantly pleading for money.

If the shackles of this cruel bondage, which holds as the merest slaves so many misdirected women, could be broken, then the tone of whole communities would be changed. Not only time, talent and means would be consecrated to the Lord, but children would be dedicated to Him, and no longer would we hear the plea for more workers. From many homes would sons and daughters go forth to carry the unsearchable riches of Christ to heathen lands. Perhaps, if the author of this grave charge will study this side of the question as he has the woman who "figures in public meetings," he will find the true cause of neglected homes and children.—*Sallie K. Yancy, in Apostolic Guide.*

SOMETHING WRONG.

I CANNOT believe that we can have earnest piety amongst ourselves unless we feel that these blessings which we ourselves possess we must impart to others; and unless they are like fire in our bones that can set others alight with the same blessed fire—that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth. I believe that when a church renounces missionary work, or when a church is not expanding in missionary work, there is something fatally wrong in the heart.—*Archbishop Trench.*

FORGIVENESS.

NOTHING is harder than to forgive a malicious wrong, a harm done us, in a matter where we know we are right.

Sir Eardley Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader in social life, and a man of great personal dignity and force of character. Having been a distinguished chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas, he was often consulted by friends as to perplexing social questions.

On one occasion a statesman came to him, in great excitement over an

injury just inflicted on him by a political leader. He told the story with warmth, and used strong epithets in describing the malice which had inflicted the wrong.

"Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked, impetuously. "Will it not be manly to resent such an injury?"

"Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be God-like to forgive it."

The answer was so unexpected and so convincing, that the statesman had not another word to say. He afterwards confessed to a friend that Sir Eardley's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a different and a better man.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Boys and Girls' Corner.

THE NEWSBOY'S FORGIVENESS.

THE average boy, however rough he may appear, usually has a good big heart that will bring him out on the right side in the end.

He was a bit of a boy not over eight years old, but he followed me so persistently and kept up his cry of "Paper, sir!" so continuously, that I turned on him in a way I afterward regretted. He felt hurt and insulted, and as he disappeared in the darkness I heard him calling:

"Never mind, old man! I'll grow up and give you the awfulest licking a man ever got!"

We have met almost daily for the past year, and on each occasion there has been no evidence of unbending. A dozen times, at least, I have heard him remark in an aside:

"There goes a fellow I am going to lick if it takes me fifty years."

The other day I was surprised to receive a call from my young enemy. Although he looked no older or stronger, I was wondering if he had come to carry out his awful threat, when he extended his little "paw" and said:—

"Say, let's quit."

"I'm agreed."

"I said I'd lick you, and I meant it all along, but—but—"

"What's happened to change your mind?"

"Mother's dead—died Monday," he gasped, as he sat down, "and I don't

want to fight nobody nor nuthin'. If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you."

And so we shook hands and made up, and I know we both feel the better for it.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
We render praise;
We consecrate to Thee
Our youthful days;
Wilt Thou accept us now:
While we in homage bow.
Sealing our solemn vow.
Jesus, our Lord?

Jesus, we follow Thee.
O give us power,
That we may faithful be
In every hour;
Courage to do or dare,
That we a crown may wear—
When we Thy triumph share,
Jesus, our Lord.

Jesus, Thy grace bestow
On every heart,
That we thy ways may know
Nor e'er depart:
If Thou our hearts dost fill,
Gladly we'll serve Thee still,
Gladly we'll do Thy will,
Jesus, our Lord.

—*Golden Rule.*

THE LITTLE WALL FLOWER.

FLO JENNER came home from Amy's party with downcast eyes and a pensive little mouth. She walked silently home by Mary's side instead of dancing along, as she had done when the kind maid escorted her to Mrs. Green's at five o'clock.

Mary was privately certain that her pet had not been properly treated at Mrs. Green's. "An' sure," she said, it's hard-hearted they'd be that wouldn't be good to little Miss Flo, bless her."

The dejected face and drooping air were perfect tell tales to the keen observation of mamma, who generally read her darling's countenance without much difficulty.

"Didn't my dear little daughter enjoy herself?" inquired Mrs. Jenner, lovingly. "Wasn't the party a pleasant one?"

"Not very pleasant, mamma. The children at Amy's house were not very polite."

"Indeed! What did they do, dearie?"

"O, it wasn't so much what they did, mamma," confessed the little ten-year-old; "it was that they all knew one another and they didn't know me, and so they talked and played at games,

and everybody had somebody else to be with, and nobody knew me: so I just sat still and felt dreadfully lonesome."

"Didn't Amy introduce you to her friends?" asked mamma.

"Yes, mamma, but they just bowed; they didn't care for me, I was a stranger," said Flo, very soberly folding up her sash, and hanging up her best gown in the closet.

"You were a little wall flower, Flo," said mamma, feeling very sorry for her poor little maiden's disappointment. "It isn't a very pleasant experience to be neglected, but I can give you a rule which will prevent you ever being treated so again."

Flo's bright eyes sparkled. She had never yet known one of mamma's rules to fail, and she felt sure that if she took mamma's advice she would always be in the right.

"Are wall flowers anything horrid?" she inquired, anxiously. "Is it a disgrace to be a wall flower?"

"Not in the least, my dear. The disgrace, if there is any, is on the other side; it belongs to the people who invite guests, and then forget to see that they have a good time. I *never* allow any one whom I invite to be a wall flower even for five minutes. But lest you should happen to be one at the next little company to which you are asked in D——, let me give you my recipe."

Then the golden head nestled very close against mamma's bosom, and a charmingly confidential talk ensued, after which Flo said her prayers and her evening hymn, and went to bed.

The Jenners had not lived long in D——, a town which had lumber interests, and which had for this reason attracted Flo's father. Nearly all the older residents wanted to make Mr. and Mrs. Jenner welcome in the place, and the children were told to invite little Flo to the various merry-makings. But the D—— children were clannish, and I am afraid not very polite, as Flo had expressed it, so that she would have suffered more than once from homesickness but for Mrs. Jenner's sensible advice. Let us see if we can guess what it was.

A few days after Amy's party Laura Havens gave one too. She was a neighbour's daughter, and some years older than Flo. I am sorry to say she was rather a patronizing girl, who did not take much trouble to please anybody

except her own very intimate friends.

Flo found herself almost as great a stranger here as she had been before. The company, in groups of two's and three's, got together, whispered, chattered, laughed, and left our little lady out in the cold.

I am not making up this story, children. I am relating a real incident, which happened precisely as I am telling it.

"Look about the room," said mamma in the conversation to which reference has been made, "and see if by chance there is another wall flower present, and if there is, try to cheer her or him up: you can almost always do it if you try."

Flo glanced about her. The only person she saw who seemed in the same position as herself was a young lady in a black dress, sitting in a distant corner with sewing in her hands.

"I should suppose that young lady would speak to me first," said the bashful part of little Flo to the other part of herself which believed that mamma knew everything.

"She's a grown up lady, and she can't possibly be a wall flower, but I'm going over to see her, anyway," and Flo walked boldly the length of the parlour and took a seat by the lady. Almost at the same moment a big gray cat, with a red ribbon around his neck, came strolling in, and as though he knew that Flo adored cats, walked straight to her side, purring loudly by way of beginning an acquaintance.

"What a beauty!" said Flo and the young lady both at once, and with puss to help them talk, they at once plunged into animated conversation. Flo discovered that Mademoiselle was as great a stranger in D—— as she herself was, and that she couldn't speak English very fluently, and was therefore very happy in finding a little girl who had been taught to speak French.

"I have been very homesick," she told the first sympathizing person who had exchanged a word with her since she came to D——, and Flo felt very happy that she helped to make a stranger feel at home.

There was a little lame boy who could not join in the games, and had to be content with looking on. Flo presently asked him to come over to Mademoiselle's corner and lamp, and look over some photographs. Then Laura's father joined the group, and told the

most beautiful stories about the pictures, and finally wound up the music box, and set it to playing some of the most bewitching tunes, so that Flo was very much surprised to be told at last that her mamma had sent for her and it was time to go home.

Now, can any one tell me what was Mrs. Jenner's prescription against being neglected? It was simply this:

"Always make up your mind to be as entertaining yourself as possible, and never wait to be entertained. If you are feeling a little forlorn, see if there isn't some one else who feels forlorn, and try to be cheerful and to forget all about yourself. Then, if you have to be a wall flower, you will be such a sweet one that everybody will declare that the wall flower is as charming as the rose or violet, and you will be sure of a happy time."

The secret of this prescription is in a very old book, "In honour preferring one another."—*Harper's Young People*.

AN OLD PROVERB.

POURING, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is falling,
And drops are blurring the window pane
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together;
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"
—*Wide Awake*.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Street the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the on-lookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity

the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not the least bit afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we are doing it."

The man stood up, and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF LITTLE GRACE-BRINGER.

ONE of the dreadful things in China is the killing of girl babies. Some of the mothers try to save them, but sometimes even they are very cruel to them. Think of a mother trampling her own baby to death!

At one time, in a certain part of China, so many children were killed, that, to save trouble, large stone vaults were built, into which the babies could be thrown through holes in the top. Poor little things! No wonder Christian women long to save them.

Some years ago a poor little girl was born in Lilong, China, and her father and mother were heathen people, and when her father saw her he said he couldn't take care of girls, and she must be killed. This little girl, however, had a good Christian grandmother, who had learned that it was wicked and cruel to do such things, and she made up her mind to save the child. So she carried her off one day, and took her to a Missionary.

The Missionary took her from the old woman and put her in a foundling hospital, where they could watch over her and care for her. They had her baptized, and, because her grandmother wished it, they called her Kin-Kyan, or Grace-bringer. "Because," she said, "some day I want her to bring grace to her parents, and lead them to the Saviour." In a few months rather a strange thing happened; the parents began to want their little girl back again.

The Missionaries were very glad to send little Grace-bringer back to her parents, but you may be sure they did not forget her. They went to see her quite often, and talked with her parents about the true God. They carried her Bible pictures, and when she was old enough they taught her to read. Years went on, and the child grew to be a very good, useful little girl, and the family felt they could never get along without Grace-bringer.

When she was about nine years old Grace-bringer wanted to join the Church, and who do you think came to join with her? Her whole family—her father, mother, two grown-up brothers, and a sister-in-law.

"What has brought all this family to Christ?" asked the Missionary.

"It is Kin-Kyan," said her grandmother. "She has made good her name; she has brought grace to all her family."

The Missionary went often to the house while they were preparing to join the Church, and was much pleased to see that the father always held the little girl in his lap, and it seemed very wonderful when he remembered that, only a few years before, this very father had said she must be killed.—*Christian Mission News.*

A LITTLE girl came to her mother with the question, "Which is worse, to tell a lie, or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse. "Well, said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the child's face, "a lie is forever."—*Occident.*

THE PRIMARY LEAFLETS.

International Sunday School Lesson Series.

Prepared especially for very young Children in the Sunday Schools of the Church of England in Canada and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

At the request of a large number of Sunday School Superintendents, Teachers, etc., we have decided to discontinue the publication of our "Sunday School Lesson Cards," and to substitute therefor a *Primary Series of Sunday School Leaflets*. The objections to the "Lesson Cards" were: (1) That they were necessarily so small that not enough of reading matter could be put upon them to make them sufficiently simple for young children; (2) that for the same reason the matter could not be varied enough; and (3) that for most Sunday Schools the price was too high.

The *Primary Leaflets* now substituted for the "Lesson Cards" will be found not only to meet all these objections, but to possess several other advantages as well. They are so simply written that the very youngest children, even those that cannot read, will take pleasure in the instruction which they contain, and it is thought that by their help parents will undertake to assist their little ones to understand them, both by reading the lessons over to them and by assisting them to commit such portions to memory as may be assigned by the teacher. As they will harmonize in every particular with the lessons of the *Senior Leaflets* and the *Junior Leaflets* all the scholars of the school, the youngest as well as the oldest, will thus be pursuing the same courses of study, both in the Scriptures and on the Prayer Book, each one, however, according to his age and his ability.

We shall have much pleasure in sending inspection samples of these *Primary Leaflets* to any person desiring them, and invite most careful attention to them.

Special Notice to Superintendents and Teachers.

At the request of many of our patrons we have printed the *Primary Leaflet* upon paper of superior quality—much better than is now used for the *Senior Leaflets* and *Junior Leaflets*. For this reason the price of the *Primary Leaflets* will be somewhat higher than for the other two series, that is, they will be 10 cents each per annum. We are assured, however, that most schools will prefer to pay the higher price in order to secure paper of a substantial and pleasing character.

If your school is already a subscriber to our "Lesson Cards," we will send you the *Primary Leaflets* in place of the "Cards" for such extra time as the difference in price will entitle you to. If you do not already take our "Lesson Cards" we shall be pleased to forward you a month's supply of the *Primary Leaflets* for your young pupils free of charge (that is if you will kindly send us the number that you will require each Sunday), trusting that when you have once made a trial of them you will desire to make your order a permanent one.

Points to Remember about the Primary Leaflets.

- (1) They are based on *The International Scheme of Sunday School Lessons*.
- (2) They harmonize entirely with the *Senior Leaflets* and the *Junior Leaflets* as published by us and as used by so many thousands of Church Sunday School scholars, both in Canada and in the United States.
- (3) They are specially prepared for even the very youngest children of the school.
- (4) They are so written that parents will take pleasure in making use of them to help their children to prepare their lessons.
- (5) They contain not only the Scripture Lesson, with its Golden Text, but also the Prayer Book Lesson, the Lesson Prayer, and a Helping Verse.
- (6) They are printed on superior paper.
- (7) The price is ten cents per annum.
- (8) A full supply for four consecutive weeks will be sent to you free of charge, in order that you may try how they will work in your classes, if you will only kindly send us the number that you will require. Address, THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY (Limited), Church Publishers, 58 HAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.