

Parish and Home.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 3.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

LESSONS.

- 1.—**Sexagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. iii.; Mat. xviii. to v. 21. *Evening*—Gen. vi. or viii.; Acts xix., v. 21.
- 2.—**Purif. of Mary the B. Virgin.** *Morning*—Ex. xiii. to v. 17; Mat. xviii. v. 21 to xix., v. 3. *Evening*—Hag. ii. to v. 10; Acts xv. to v. 17.
- 3.—**Quinquagesima.** *Morning*—Gen. ix. to v. 20; Mat. xxii. to v. 15. *Evening*—Gen. xii. or xiii.; Acts xxiii., v. 12.
- 11.—**Ash Wednesday.** P. Pss. M, 6, 32, 38; E. 102, 130, 143. Com. Ser. *Morning*—Isai. lviii. to v. 13; Mark ii., v. 13 to 23. *Evening*—Jonah iii.; Heb. xii., v. 3 to 18.
- 15.—**1st Sunday in Lent.** Ember Coll. daily. *Morning*—Gen. xix., v. 12 to 30; Mat. xxv., v. 31. *Evening*—Gen. xxii. to v. 20 or xxiii.; Acts xxvii., v. 17.
- 18.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxiii., 14; Mat. xxvi., 57. *Evening*—Ex. xxiv., 10; Rom. ii., v. 17.
- 20.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxviii., v. 29 to 42; Mat. xxvii., v. 27 to 47. *Evening*—Ex. xxix., v. 25 to 30, v. 11; Rom. iv.
- 21.—**Ember Day.** *Morning*—Ex. xxxi.; Mat. xxvii., 57. *Evening*—Ex. xxxii. to v. 15; Rom. v.
- 22.—**2nd Sunday in Lent.** *Morning*—Gen. xxvii. to v. 41; Mat. xxviii. *Evening*—Gen. xxviii. or xxxii.; Rom. vi.
- 24.—**St. Matthias, A. & M.** Ath. Creed. *Morning*—1st Samuel ii., v. 27 to 36; Mark i., 21. *Evening*—Isaiah xxii., v. 15; xxxvi., v. 8; Rom. viii. to v. 18.

* Note that the forty days of Lent are appointed to be observed as days of fasting or abstinence. Ash Wednesday Collect to be used every day in Lent.

THE TEMPTATION.

He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head;
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with bread,

Would not one meal unto Himself afford.

Twelve legions, girded with angelic sword,
Were at His beck, the scorned and buffeted;
He healed another's scratch; His own side bled,
Side, feet and hands, with cruel piercings gored.

Oh, wonderful, the wonders left undone!
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought.

Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought!
To have all power, and be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, which felt alone
For needs of others, never for its own!

—Trench.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Church Chats.

THE Saturday Night Club was a place intended for the exchange of opinions. The bright rooms on Charles street were

usually filled with animated groups each Saturday evening, and many an acute opinion, not always expressed in polished language perhaps, could be heard there. Two well dressed men are sitting in the far corner together over their coffee. Let us draw near and hear what they are saying.

"Do you still go to St. Mary's, John?"

"Yes, I do, though to tell you the truth I am going to try the Methodist church to-morrow morning," was the reply.

John—"Why, how is that? Are you not satisfied with your own?"

James—"Well no. I can't say that I am. Somehow or another the Church of England service seems so formal to me. And then I don't think it is right to have prayers read in church; they don't seem to come from the heart as the others do, and then they are not as it were your own ideas and prayers, but made up for you. They are always the same too, and sometimes even in one service you say the same prayer three times over. That can't surely be right, and they never do anything like that in the other churches. I don't know how it is, but I don't feel quite comfortable in using them all the time. The Rector is a very good man, and the way he visits among the poor and sick just puts those other ministers to shame, and then he does read so earnestly too—but then—well I don't like written prayers."

John—"You rather surprise me, James, for I have never heard you talk this way before. But really, as far as I am concerned, I can't say that I feel that way, for when I join in the church service I just try and forget everything but the one thing that I am now in the presence of the Great and Holy God and must worship him in spirit and in truth. I don't look at the minister, and don't think whether he is reading or reciting. I just try to pray with all my heart, and all I know is that my heart burns within me as I confess my sin and plead His love, and go over those grand petitions in the Litany, and those words of Jacob seem to be so real:

'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' You know, James, I think if we try to find objections like that we shall never be done complaining or picking out things to make one miserable, though really I don't think you have the slightest reason for complaint.

James—"I am glad you enjoy the service so, John, you were always good and true. But after all you have not answered my objections. Now tell me, don't you think in your heart that it is wrong to have written prayers in church?"

John—"Well, James, as you ask me, I candidly tell you that I don't. I have been thinking of the matter a good deal of late, on account of the way that energetic minister over at the Flat Street Tabernacle has been trying to get people out of the English church into his fold, and the more I think of it, the more I think, not only that their objections are based on a very small foundation, but that the very arguments they use against the Church of England prayers may be used against theirs."

James—"What do you mean? They don't have written prayers, or use other men's ideas, or go over the same ground again and again. They never read a prayer out of a book as if it were just an exercise to be done. You surely are mistaken, John, when you say these objections can be made to the prayers of other ministers."

John—"I have not been of course a regular attendant at the Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist churches, James, but when there has been no clergyman at our own church I have gone to other places of worship—especially the Presbyterian—for I think it is much better to go to them than to go nowhere, and whenever I have gone I have always heard enough to convince me that extempore prayer is no safeguard against either formality or vain repetition. What struck me most was the painful and laboured effort of the minister in prayer. I could not help thinking that there was a kind of set formalism in those sentences which

rolled so mechanically from the lips, and that when I was there before I had heard just the same petitions, uttered in just exactly the same tone of voice. The prayers seemed to go over just the same ground too; only with this difference from the prayers in our church, that our prayers are simple and short, and in the very language of Scripture, and theirs often long, and wearisome, and rambling. I like a prayer that is connected, and simple and devout, and I like when I pray to know what is coming. But when I am there my mind is all the time in suspense, and as it were on the strain to catch on the fly what the minister says, and to follow his random utterances."

"And then as to coming from the heart, James, that depends entirely on the devotion and earnestness of him who prays. An extempore prayer may be the driest of dry forms, and the prayer that has been repeated a thousand times before may just come out as fresh and full of power as if never uttered before. From the heart? Yes our prayers are from the heart; from the heart of God's inspired saints like David! from the very heart of our Lord Himself, as in the Lord's prayer."

James—"Well, John, there is truth in what you say, and I never thought of that before. Of course it is possible to repeat in an extempore prayer, and to be hearty in a written one. And now you remind me of it I remember how last Sunday when the parson was repeating the General Thanksgiving, and came to the words 'that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives,' that I was so touched that I resolved there and then to consecrate myself anew to Christ, and serve Him with my heart."

John—"And as to what you said, James, about going over the same words, it depends a good deal on what kind of words we go over. Our blessed Lord repeated a prayer three times, saying the same words, Matthew xxvi, 44, and it is surely right to follow His example, especially when we use the very prayer He taught His disciples to use."

James—"Well, I never thought of that before. Really, I think I will go with you to church to-morrow."

John—"Do, and some other time I will tell you a few things that will really show you that we ought to be thankful to God for our Church of England

Liturgy. Why it was a Baptist minister, Robert Hall, who said: 'I believe the chastened fervour of its devotion, the majestic simplicity of its language, and the evangelical purity of its sentiment have combined to place it among the very first rank of uninspired compositions.'"

Halifax, N. S.

DYSON HAGUE.

CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW.

He hides within the Lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But waits the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide world's echo—
See how the lily grows!

Thy yearnings of the savage
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!
—William C. Gannett.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

"In fastings often" ST PAUL.

ERE the half of February has run its course we shall enter once more upon the solemn season of Lent. Our thoughts are in a minor measure at this season. For forty days of solemn fasting we go with our Lord to the desert. The church year is arranged on the principle of having special seasons for special purposes. One day in every seven is a happy feast day—Sunday. It seems but a few days since our thoughts were centered on the birth of the child Jesus. We have rejoiced with the shepherds of Bethlehem. Soon we shall meet with the women who, with bursting hearts beheld the bitter agony of the Cross. But the grief shall be short lived. The brightness, the

hope of Easter shall follow soon and the deep shadow of the Cross be turned to the joyous sunlight of the Resurrection.

All these seasons are associated with Christ. They commemorate important incidents in His life. We welcome the joyous seasons—our Christmas and our Easter. Yet mingled joy and sorrow were His portion. The more closely we follow Him the less shall we shrink from the shadows that fell upon Him. A deeper shadow has fallen upon us. He mourned for no sin which He had committed. If we rejoice often over what He has done we must sometimes weep over what we have done. We feast often, but we must fast sometimes.

The best test of the Christian life is the measure of realization of the depth of sin. At Christmas time we think of our many blessings, of the peace and good will which Christ has brought. In Lent we are intended to think of our own shortcomings, to peer bravely into the darker corners of our hearts and find what is there. Repentance is the one thought of Lent. The poor human copy is put side by side with the Divine original that a just estimate may be made of the value of each. A Lenten custom in the early church might well be revived. We sometimes mourn that the good will and charity of the Christmas season pass away so soon. In the olden time Lent too was a season for special exercise of charity and mercy. It was a time of comparative rest and liberty for servants. Criminal cases were suspended and no punishments were inflicted in Lent. Easter week was a time of especial liberality. Those who in this season of solemn self-discipline had seen their own sin and folly, were disposed to look kindly upon their sinning fellow men and to help them.

The Church of England calls the forty days of Lent "Days of Fasting or Abstinence." This is the extent of her definition. Each person is left to judge for himself what form his abstinence shall take. The one purpose of the season is to lead men to see their need of a Saviour. The happy few may be living so near Him throughout the whole year that every day is a fast and a feast, full of abstinence and full, too, of joy. Few of us are, however, living so near that we might not live nearer, and the season of Lent is God's call to us to make a special effort to put away

anything that comes between us and Him. Both pleasures of society and pleasures of meat and drink may be doing this. The Lenten season demands 'abstinence.' Each must, alone with God, decide in what the abstinence should be. Only let us be watchful, that when we fast we so do it that we appear not unto men to fast. "He that fasts," said Chrysostom, "ought above all things to bridle his anger, to learn meekness and clemency. . . . to set the watchful eye of God before his eyes."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A NOBLE DEED.

"WHEN poor Joe is found his hand will be on the air brake." These were the words of the fireman of the Montreal and Toronto express as he spoke of the dead engineer, Joseph Birse. On Thursday morning, December 4, 1890, there was a blinding snow storm, and the express left Montreal five or six hours late. At Lachine, only a few miles out, the switchman, thinking it was the local Lachine train which was due about that time, opened the switch to the Lachine wharf on which the local train would stop. Joseph Birse, the engineer, did not notice the mistake until the train was some distance past the switch. The darkness made such a thing quite possible. As the train drew near the wharf he saw what had been done. Then he reversed the engine and grasped the lever of the air-brake. The train slowly stopped; but not soon enough to save the locomotive. It plunged over the end of the wharf and into the water, while the rest of the train remained on the rails. The engine was found overturned, and under the coal was the body of Joseph Birse clinging to the air-brake. The dead hand still clutched the lever so tightly that it was removed with great difficulty. So died Joseph Birse. His heroism in clinging to the air-brake saved the whole train from plunging into the water with its hundred passengers. He only did his duty. Perhaps it was partly his fault that the mistake was not observed sooner. Yet in the moment of trial he stood by his post and he paid for his faithfulness with his life. There were a few short lines in the newspapers. A few people realized that an act of heroism had been performed, and now the waves of oblivion will close over his memory as the waters closed over his body.

A similar incident has been clothed by Whittier, in the poetic words that this deserves:—

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom
came,

Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped, just where he
stood

To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a brave man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their
tears

On that poor wreck beyond all hopes and fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again;
"Put out the signal for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh! grand supreme endeavor! not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows
wave,

Obedyed the warning which the dead lips gave,
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the last life *was* saved; he is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his
head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside,
God give us grace to live as Bradley died.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

THE programme of the meetings of the coming Convention of the members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Canada, to be held in Toronto, Feb. 7th, 8th and 9th, has been issued.

The circular of invitation calls upon all churchmen as well as members of the Brotherhood to join in making the Convention a means of blessing.

Perhaps it would be well to notice that much of the programme is devoted to spiritual upbuilding and intercessory prayer, while only a comparatively small space is given to the consideration of schemes of work.

This is as it should be. The Brotherhood say by this, "we trust God more than our organization or its efforts." It aims at the deepening of the spiritual life of its members until they feel themselves constrained by the love of Christ to go out and, like St. Andrew, bring their

fellows one by one to Jesus. The plans, as far as the united work is concerned, are left in the hands of the rector; whilst the individual work is carried on as the members have opportunity.

The rules of the Brotherhood have been so fully kept in mind by the Convention Committee that I submit them to the reader's attention:—

"The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men, and, to this end, every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two: the Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men, and for God's blessing upon the labours of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in Young Men's Bible Classes."—
Extract from Constitution.

Fellow churchmen! these young men, banded together for the sole and express purpose of leading their fellows to the Lord Jesus Christ, ask you to meet and intercede with them.

Is your excuse "I am afraid I shall not agree with all that is said"? If so, pray that God may rule and guide the speakers. Go and pray with them that His Kingdom may come. Have faith in God. Pray for our young men, expecting large things and not "limiting the Holy One of Israel." Listen and hear the Master say as He said to Martha, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God." K.

PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson.

FIVE words describe the biography of women in eastern lands: *unwelcome* in birth, *untaught* in childhood, *uncherished* in widowhood, *unprotected* in old age, *unhumbled* when dead.—*Piercer*

INSTANT IN PRAYERS.

Of Stonewall Jackson it was related that, using the phrase "instant in prayer," he was asked what he meant by it. "I have so fixed the habit in my mind," he replied, "that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing upon it; I never seal a letter without putting a prayer under the seal; I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward; I never change my classes in the lecture-room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in." "And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" "I think I can scarcely say I do," was the answer, "the habit has become as fixed almost as breathing."—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea;
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.
But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise;
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach;
Oh, for the power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow,
Tender hearts grew cold with dread,
As the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"

Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the waves,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? *Firstly? Secondly?* Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in this awful hour of woe:

So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"

And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of My soul!'"

And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll,"

Strange indeed it was to hear him: "'Till the storm of life is past,"

Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge: "'Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:"

Leave, ah, leave me not—'" The singer dropped at last into the sea,

And the watchers, looking upward through their eyes with tears made dia,

Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn,"

—*Marianne Farningham in Episcopal Recorder.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AN UNRECORDED PARISH INCIDENT.

SOME years ago in a parish situated in a good farming district of Canada this incident occurred.

It was Christmas time. The village church had been beautifully decorated by some of the younger members of the congregation who enjoyed this opportunity of meeting together, the young men breaking the hemlock branches into small twigs for the young women to twine into wreaths. The choir, under the direction of the clergyman's daughter, who presided at the organ, had taken great pains with the special anthem. On Christmas Day sleigh after sleigh drawn by pairs of fine horses dashed up to the church door, and from the buffalo robes emerged happy men and women with merry boys and girls. The church was well filled. The clergyman preached an earnest sermon appropriate to the season, pressing home the question, "What think ye of Christ?" The offertory, according to the Bishop's pastoral letter, was to supplement the clergyman's stipend. After the service was

over and the people had exchanged greetings, the church warden, as was his custom, took the offertory home to count it and make a note of the amount in his book before handing it over. It happened that his wife was taken suddenly ill that day and the kind-hearted rector's wife at once came to see her. On coming downstairs from the sick room the rector's wife met the churchwarden who called her into his parour and in a hesitating, half apologetic way said, "I do not know whether it is worth while handing you over the Christmas offertory it is so small, only a dollar and eighty-five cents." The rector's wife usually so patient and uncomplaining, on the spur of the moment answered with a feeling better imagined than described, "Scarcely, for it was I who put the dollar bill on the plate." D.

THE CALL OF LOVE.

ALL God's love to a world of perishing sinners is concentrated in that one word "come," sin separates, love invites. No sinner could or would approach a Holy God if it were not for that call of infinite Love—"come." Think of it! the great God of heaven in the person of Jesus Christ stretches out to you His arms and says, "Come unto me and I will give thee rest." He who has saved multitudes of the lost is tenderly pleading with you:—"Come unto me for I am the way to God, the way to pardon, peace and life eternal," "Come, for all things are now ready, the atoning blood has been shed for thee; the Holy Spirit is waiting to create in thee a new and contrite heart." "Come and I will in no wise cast thee out."

"It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne." —D.

RICHARD BAXTER said a faithful preacher would make the people quarrel either with him or with their sins. It is to be feared that some of us do neither. Christ's ministry was a sifting ministry. On the day of His greatest popularity He preached His severest discourse, uttering truths so stern that "from that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."—*Parish Visitor.*

IT requires far more grace in the heart to do little, than great things, to the glory of God.—*Anon.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A Child's Mission.

A STORY.

PART II.

WALTER NEWCOMB was described by all who knew him as clever. Bidmore was not a large place, and every person there had a very good general idea of the affairs of all his neighbors. Walter Newcomb's affairs were of a nature to attract even less watchful eyes than those of Bidmore, and he furnished the topic for many a cosy gossip at the Church Sewing Club as well as at more private and less kindly hearths. The last word in nearly all these discussions was the half apologetic, "Well, after all, he's a clever fellow, isn't he?" followed by the general murmur, "Indeed he is."

If the stranger who heard Walter described thus, asked what he had done to gain such a reputation, the answer was usually as vague as the statement itself. "Had he distinguished himself at college?" "Had he written a book?" "Had he made any scientific discovery?" "Had he done anything remarkable as a physician?" The answer to most of these questions was "No." But the tone of the answer implied a limitation to the "No" which meant "He could have done all of these if he would." The truth is, Walter was a good looking young fellow with a frank hearty manner and an air of confidence in himself that inspired others with trust in him. He had been practising only two years in Bidmore, but already was looked upon as the physician who should be called in if anything really serious was the matter. There was a saying around Bidmore which was now often on people's lips. It told volumes both as to Walter's character and habits; "I had rather have Dr. Newcomb drunk, than any other doctor in town sober." The saying, it is true, seemed a stronger one than it really was. The "any other doctors" were limited to two. Poor old Dr. Langdale never had been very bright, and now in his old age, was less so than ever, and "Dr." Sangster was a vulgar quack, who inspired a fitful confidence in those of his own class only—the vulgar and ignorant—and even this confidence was in inverse ratio to the serious character of the illness.

Walter Newcomb had a wife and a son. A bright cheeked English girl of

three and twenty had come with Walter to Bidmore two years ago as his bride. Their one child, whatever his future possibilities may have been, was as yet only a cooing mass of fat, six months old. He was Walter too, and Mary Newcomb found that the loneliness of her new home suddenly ceased to be irksome, when she had to bury herself from morning to night with the care of this sturdy infant.

Walter Newcomb had come to Bidmore fresh from his college course in England. There, too, every one had said that he was clever and that he could have taken first-class honors and, perhaps, a double first at the University. Before giving up he had intended entering an honor school, but when in residence at St. Vincent's he soon had many engagements, and the one thing he could not find time for was hard study. So Walter took his pass degree and then began his medical studies. He soon learned to take a real interest in this work, and for once he did what his friends had always said he could do. He passed a brilliant examination and a future full of promise seemed to open before him.

Most men with Walter's abilities would have looked and waited for an English opening. He was, however, impatient; he was poor, and he was in love. These two things made him anxious to establish himself quickly. What could be better, thought he, than to go to the New World and there find fame and fortune rapidly? The trusting girl was ready to go anywhere with Walter Newcomb, and so the wedding tour was the voyage across the ocean. The one thing that Walter must do was to get into a paying practice quickly. He had himself alone now to look to for support; nothing could be expected from the English relatives.

It was uphill work in the great city in a new land. Walter took a small house, and soon the public was informed by a large plate on the street door that "Dr. Newcomb's" office hours were from 9 to 11 a. m. and from 4 to 6 p. m. The public, however, showed little inclination to take advantage of this important information. It was their fault, of course, if they persisted in throwing away opportunities, but they seemed inclined to do so, and, meanwhile, Walter Newcomb's funds were getting low. It is almost incredible, but it is a fact that during his two months

of city practice he had but one patient, and from this one he took no fees.

One morning a timid ring at the door bell came at breakfast time. The only maid was busy in the kitchen and Walter went to the door himself.

"Please, mister, would you look at my foot," were the words that greeted him. A small, ragged, barefooted news-boy stood at the door on one foot. As Walter looked at him the boy made a mute appeal by stretching out the other foot towards him. It was covered with blood, and Walter saw that he must have met with an accident.

"Come in my boy and let us see what is the matter."

The boy limped to the study door, and Walter knelt to look at the foot. The cut was a deep one.

"Why, how did you get such a cut," said Walter.

"Oh, I was runnin' to catch a street car an' steal a ride just now. I guess it must 've been a broken bottle that I stepped on."

The boy almost gasped the last words. He was, evidently, in great pain. Soon the wound was being cleansed with warm water. As Walter wrapped a bandage around it the boy said half apologetically:

"I saw you were a doctor by your door plate; I'll pay if you give me a little time."

This was Walter's first and only patient in the city. The boy did pay in a sense. A week afterwards he came with the foot still wrapped up in the bandage, and offered twenty-five cents on account. Walter refused to take the money.

"Can't I pay you in work then?" said the boy.

"Oh, well, when your foot is better you can come and take the ashes out of the cellar."

The boy came when he was needed. Mary Newcomb spoke kindly to him and asked about his home.

"I ain't got any," said the boy.

"But, where do you live," said Mary.

"Anywhere," was the brief but comprehensive answer.

Jack Sadler was, in short, a waif. In the winter when it was cold he went to the Home for waifs. As soon as the spring came, however, he abandoned the Home; the restrictions were as irksome to him as those of civilization are to the savage. So in the spring and summer he slept in empty freight cars

or in any other place where there was any protection. The wild freedom of the life had a rough charm of its own, and Jack was, perhaps, more cheerful when homeless in the summer than in his winter 'home.'

But Walter Newcomb could not make a living from such patients as Jack Sadler. He had had the idea that gold was easily found in the new world. Others that he had known had succeeded very soon in establishing themselves. He too might have gained a city practice in time, but he could not wait.

After a few weeks he saw in the Medical Journal that a practice at Bidmore was for sale. The price was just within his reach. It was a struggle to leave the city prospects behind, but Walter must do something at once. So he established himself at Bidmore, and soon, as we have seen, made a certain local reputation.

His departure from the city caused little attention or regret. One person, however, was extremely sorry, and that was Jack Sadler; he had been touched by the kindness shown to him, and had sworn eternal friendship for Walter Newcomb and his family. Future years were to show how he would keep his word.

This is how Walter Newcomb became a country doctor. There was nothing very remarkable in the circumstances which we have described, and yet, as we have seen, he was much talked of by the gossips at Bidmore.

The truth is, that Walter had got into dissipated habits. The idle time at college had done him no good. The few idle weeks of restless hope when he made his first attempt to get a practice had developed the store of bad habits. Now, in the country he took long drives and often on the cold winter days the potions for keeping himself warm were frequent and not small. There was a certain picturesqueness in those long winter drives. The lonely country road had a beauty of its own. High snowdrifts almost covered the fences at the road side. These zig-zag rail fences themselves were a study, and Walter at first thought them picturesque, but they soon grew monotonous. The farmers' houses spoke of comfort unknown to the English peasant. On the winter days the heavy mantle of snow seemed to muffle all sound. Walter grew quite fond of the typical winter scene of a

farmer's house darkly outlined against the light background of the cold gray wintry sky and the snow white earth. The trees, too, coated with ice as they were sometimes, were unspeakably beautiful.

But Walter's artistic feelings grew gradually colder. Country life in the new world is after all not an artistic life. There is no leisure class. Just as the Swiss villager is unmoved by the magnificent views that enrapture the visitor, so have the rustic toilers little leisure for the cultivation of the beautiful. For five years in all Walter lived here and worked, and yielded to his sin. Everyone liked him. Many trusted him still. Those who three years before had called him 'clever' still spoke of him as such, but the conversations usually ended now with "Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him."

Then, still young, Walter Newcomb died. He had been careless about getting money due to him, and about incurring debts to others. Mary Newcomb bravely faced the wreck of her life and tried to meet all that was owing: She had her boy, now nearly four years old, and must do something for him. The small life of Bidmore had little to offer her by which she could earn a living for her boy. Nothing could be hoped for from England. She must stand or fall alone. The city, with all its sufferings and danger had yet more promise than the country. She came and tried to get something to do. She applied for many places as governess, but what was to be done with her boy? She could not have him with her. She was too poor to pay for him elsewhere. If she put him into one of the charitable homes she would have difficulty in being received as a lady governess. She soon came to a decision. She would put her boy in a home and would herself take a place as a nurse. The position was less false than the semi-genteel one of a nursery governess, and Mary Newcomb had common sense. She could at any rate see her boy often.

This is how Mary Newcomb came to be Dorothy Forsyth's nurse. It was her voice that had so disturbed Mr. St. George on the night of the bear game. Poor Mary had many bitter moments in her new life. The other servants were coarse though kindly. The coachman sat at the meals, often without any coat, and smelling dreadfully of

the stable. But she strove to conceal any feeling of superiority to those with whom she must associate on terms of equality, and she succeeded fairly well. Sometimes, however, in the nursery when little Dorothy's soft breathing was the only sound to be heard in the stillness of the night, another low sound was added to it. It was Mary Newcomb's smothered sobs as she looked up through the darkness of the earthly night and told her tale of sorrow to her Father. W.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN HELPERS.

BROTHER or sister, the Shepherd "Whose own the sheep are," knows best how much help it is well for you to have. He cares for you and knows your circumstances. By Him the very hairs of your head are numbered. He will supply all your need. Perhaps it is better for you not to have a human hand to lean on; you might lean on it too hard, and relax your grasp of the "everlasting arm. Perhaps it is well that none but Himself should understand your difficulties. He and you will thus have more secrets together—He and you with no one between. Sometimes the tender plant needs an earthly stay; if so it is surely given to it. Sometimes its strength is brought out by having to battle by itself with the thorns infinite wisdom arranges for you. Thank your God for the stay if He puts it by you, but do not murmur if all alone under the stars of heaven you have to battle with the elements. He is making you brave and strong. He is teaching you self reliance in its only true form—reliance on the help and sympathy of the Most High. If your Lord gives you the help of human sympathy and wise, loving human advice, take it and use it as a precious gift from Him; if he gives it not, be sure he can lead you better without it. Whether you have it or have it not, let your prayer be: "Nearer My God to Thee, nearer to Thee." So I go, at God's bidding, to the way that seems to be in many respects, desert indeed. "Anywhere with Jesus" is to be our motto; and thus I move forward; better to walk in the dark with God than to go alone in the light. The way is not a very long one after all, and it leads surely to the light and the presence of the King in due time.—*Achilles Daunt.*

Parish and Home.

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We should like all the readers of PARISH AND HOME who are pleased with the paper to do all they can to see that their friends get it too. We shall be very glad to send sample copies to any address sent us. Any person can get up a club at special rates on application. Even if the minister or members of a church do not see their way to localize it, they may yet like to have a paper that we are sure will be found helpful. Our club rates can be taken advantage of by all, young and old. We would ask Sunday school superintendents to make a special effort to use the paper. The success of the magazine has been very gratifying. We have received many kind words of encouragement.

THE season of Lent begins on February 11th. We append the Collect for Ash Wednesday to be used daily throughout Lent, and recommend the thoughtful consideration and devout use of it to our readers. It breathes the spirit of deep and humble penitence that is the proper frame of mind for sinful man in approaching God. To repent of our sin is not to despair of ourselves. Many a man who has been guilty of a great sin lets the memory of it haunt and cast a shadow over the remainder of his days. This is not true repentance. We repent, and because God is faithful, our repentance is followed by free pardon. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." See how beautifully this truth is expressed in the Collect.

"Almighty and everlasting God, who hastest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging

our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

A Word For Fathers and Mothers.

CONSISTENCY IN GOVERNMENT.

IF ever consistency is a jewel it is when adorning a mother's crown. Few of us, until we enter this new life of motherhood, realize the sublime difficulty of being like our great example, "The same yesterday, to-day and forever." And yet who can measure the effect of this firm, consistent government upon the characters of our little ones? What can a mother who has no control over her own moods and temper expect, but a very imperfect and fitful obedience from her children?

Two-year-old Johnnie feels the sting of injustice as well as an older child when mamma scolds or whips him to-day for the very thing that yesterday or to-morrow would not be noticed, because her mood is different. His mamma has told him, perhaps, that he must not run outside the gate, and has punished him repeatedly for doing so. Then she announces in his hearing that it is of no use to punish that child; he will run away, and she can't do anything with him. Liberty for Johnnie for several days without protest. Then comes an unexpected trouncing when mamma's nerves are unstrung, or the disobedience brings about some specially trying result. Or little Alice may be distinctly told that if she cannot eat her meals without whining or teasing for forbidden articles she is to leave the table at once. She teases until mamma tires of the tears and of the disorder, when very possibly she was just on the eve of success. Then indulgence is tried for a while: "There! Take the pickle and hush your crying, anything to stop that noise." "That noise" is unfailingly resorted to as the surest road to victory. Then suddenly a pent-up chastisement breaks loose, and nearly takes the child's breath away.

These are only examples, but they teach the children just this: If mamma is in the right mood they can have and do about what they like; and sometimes the poor little things guess wrong.

In a recent article on "Home Government," Edward Everett Hale writes: "If you grant, grant cheerfully; if you

refuse, refuse finally." This means that your children are to understand that you have not given your directions thoughtlessly, and that importunity, or what they would call "teasing," is not going to change the decision. As you watch the children on a hotel piazza in summer, in their intercourse with their mothers, you can tell in a minute whether the mothers live by this rule or do not. One set of children will expect to carry their points by making fuss enough about them, while the other set will accept the inevitable at once, and make their arrangements accordingly. The latter set, it may be said in passing, are not only the better children of the two, but they are, in fact, the happier; they get a great deal more out of life.

I believe that punishment of an offence should have but one aim and object, and that is to prevent a similar offence occurring again. And if all parents, before they raised their hand or their voice in rebuke, would stop a moment and think what would be the wisest way to send that lesson home to the child's heart, there would be fewer ungovernable children in our land. There are parents who do this; the behaviour of their children testifies for them. *Such parents do not scold.*

I admire the mother whose voice is always lowered instead of raised when a disturbance arises. A child quickly learns to govern itself accordingly, and will check its storm of wrath to catch the quiet words which are to be few and guarded. But where there are two who are willing to hold themselves in check for the good of their child, there are ten who will make use of whatever punishment affords greatest relief to their own feelings at the time being. As I heard a youngster exclaim not long ago, "There! If that whipping didn't do you any good it did me—So!" We do not all give our children credit for half the far-sightedness they really possess. A very small child knows by the simple look in a mother's eye whether she means exactly what she says or not. The look and the words of an ungoverned temper will fill the little soul with either fury or fear; while he will take instant advantage of the yielding look which says: "Oh dear, I suppose you will have your own way whatever I do." Another look is hailed with triumph by the youthful offender. It is the look of unwise ad-

miration which says: "That is very naughty of you, but you do look too cute for anything." A few months ago an acquaintance came to a friend of mine and confided, with tears in her eyes, that her darling boy, not yet five years old, was learning to swear. She supposed he caught the habit from the boys playing out-of-doors, and she had tried everything to break him of it, but all in vain. What should she do? My friend was much troubled by the dilemma; but her sympathy changed to opposite sentiment when the next day she was greeted by the grief-stricken mother with the following words: "Oh, I must tell you what Ralph said just now. I was sitting here at my work and he was strutting about the room in his lordly style when he spied a wooden tooth-pick on the floor. What did that child do but strike an attitude and exclaim in a most tragic tone: 'My God! Here's a tooth-pick!' It was dreadful, I know, but I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks." Comment is unnecessary.

If any mother would see herself as others see her, in the government of her children, let her watch her little girl while governing her doll. If the child scolds and shakes and spans and uses abusive words, let the mother for the cause, "inquire within." I heard to-day a little three-year-old, not knowing she was listened to, say to her doll: "Dear, mamma must punish you; you have said naughty words and must have some soap on your tongue, and when your hands do naughty things mamma must tie them. But mamma loves you just the same. She has to punish you to make you good." I thought the mother of that child might well rejoice that her little daughter had so early learned the lesson of trust and obedience. It is not easy, in all cases, to know just the best thing to do; but in puzzling over the best way to control our little ones, do not let us forget that our own wills and tempers and tongues must first be controlled, if we would be really consistent fathers and mothers.—*A. D. T. Burns in Babyhood.*

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

AND remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, are digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction-bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look

around, my son, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, my son, and take off your coat and do something in the world. The busier you are, the less mischief you will be apt to get into, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burdette.*

I do not ask Thee, Lord, to be explaining
The many mysteries of my life to me;
I only ask Thee, Lord, for grace sustaining
To bear the burden which seems fit to Thee.

I am content to trust thy loving leading;
It were not trust, if I could trace the way,
No good Thing shall this life of mine be
needing;
Thou wilt provide the manna day by day.

ILL TEMPER.

THE peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men that are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but have an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

The truth is, there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body, and sins of the disposition. The Prodigal son may be taken as a type of the first, the Elder Brother, of the second.

Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worst. Its brand falls without a challenge on the Prodigal.

But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and

to the eye of Him who is love, a sin against love may seem a hundred times more base. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the Elder Brother, moral, hardworking, patient, dutiful, let him get all credit for his virtues; look at this man, this baby, sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of all. Judge of the effect upon the Prodigal, and how many Prodigals are kept out of the kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside? Analyze, as a study in temper, the thunder-cloud itself as it gathers upon the Elder Brother's brow. What is it made of? jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness. These are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper.—*Henry Drummond.*

JOINING IN THE SERVICE.

If one wants to disturb those about him, he whispers. If he does not want others to know what he is saying, he whispers. If he does not want the patient to know how very ill he is, he whispers. But can anyone tell why whispering has been introduced into the worship of God? Does the Churchman who whispers his responses fear he will disturb the minister and the choir with his praises? Or does he fear the angels will be attracted to look into his heart and see there what he is trying to hide from himself? There must be good reason found out by modern Christianity for subduing the voice in public worship. What is it? Perhaps a clue may be found in the question of a Bishop, who, beginning the Creed and hearing only his own voice, stopped to ask, "Am I the only one present who believes in God the Father Almighty?" Whatever be the cause, the fact is one that takes the life out of the service and the clergyman.—*Rev. Melville Moore.*

Boys and Girls' Corner.

In order to encourage thoughtful reading and observation among young people, it is intended to offer prizes for the best work done on subjects announced by PARISH AND HOME from time to time through the year.

The conditions of competition will be as follows:—

- (1). Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.
- (2). Must be bona fide scholars in a Sunday school of a parish in which at least twenty-five copies of PARISH AND HOME are taken.
- (3). Must send in at each competition certificates from their clergymen as to age and Sunday school attendance.
- (4). Must perform the work without the aid of others.

In accordance with these conditions short essays of not more than 1,500 words are asked for, which must reach the editor before February 15, 1891.

The subjects, and prizes offered are as follows:—

- 1.—Biblical, "The Boy Samuel."
PRIZE—*St. Nicholas* for one year.
 - 2.—General, "Why birds and their nests should be protected."
PRIZE—*Boy's Own or Girl's Own*, for one year.
- Essays, etc., to be addressed
THE EDITOR PARISH AND HOME,
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada

TOMMY.

THE morning papers contained among their casualties the following paragraph:

Run Over.—Yesterday afternoon an unknown boot-black, aged eight, was run over at the corner of Blank Street, City Hospital.

Only one short, sharp cry, followed by the hoarse shouts of several men, that was all. They carried him to the sidewalk, and, as the crowd gathered round him, some one coming by stopped and asked: "What is it?" "Only another boot-black hurt," was the careless response, and the questioner passed on. The ambulance came. The crowd made way, then separated, and the little incident was forgotten. Nobody knew him, nobody cared. The hospital slept, all but one silent watcher, who kept her vigil beside one little cot, rising at intervals to scan the little pale face that lay on the pillow. No sound but the breath-

ing of the patients and the monotonous tick-tick of the great clock broke the stillness. Sleep had granted a respite from suffering and care. Presently there was a movement, and the little white face turned its eyes toward the watcher, and a feeble voice asked: "Say, where be I?" "You are in a good place, child." It was still again for a moment, and then: "Say, Missus, where's my box?" "I don't know; I expect it was lost." "Lost! Oh yes, now I know I was runned over, wasn't I?" "Yes; what is your name?" "Tommy." "Tommy what?" "Jest Tommy." "But you must have another name?" "No'm, I aint," "well, what is your mother's name?" "I aint got no mother; I had one once, but she's dead." The kind face bent down to kiss him, and he murmured, "She used to do that; say, I'd like to see her again." "Well, perhaps you will; but there, don't talk any more." A short silence followed, but presently he inquired: "Kin she come back?" "Who?" "My mother?" "No, she can't do that, but maybe you will be able to go to her." "When?" "Pretty soon." He dozed again, and the hands of the great clock dragged themselves wearily on. In his sleep he was again with his mates. Now he was calling, "Shine!" Now he was counting his money, laughing with his comrades, and eagerly plying his trade, happy in his humble box as lordly princes on their jeweled thrones. O Sleep, truly it is you who lifts from us our cares and sorrows. The hands of the clock had barely passed the hour of two when he awoke "Missus!" "Yes dear." "Won't you kiss me agin? It seems as though my mother was close to me when you do that." She kissed him, and he dropped off to sleep, but not for long. The minute-hand had not reached the half hour when he awoke with a cry and start. "Say, what makes me feel so queer?" "I feel (and the words came with more difficulty) as though—sometin'—heavy—was—restin'—on—me." The lights were turned up, and noiseless feet hurried to and fro, while willing hands raised the little form from the pillow. Brighter grew the eyes, as they seemed to gaze at something toward which the little yearning arms were outstretched. Fainter and fainter came the breath, feebler and feebler grew the voice. "You—was—right,—Missus." They raised him higher, and he whispered: "You—was—

right; I kin—I kin—go." "Where dear?" "You—said—I—could, and—I—kin go—to—" The little outstretched arms fell, and that last loving word was spoken on the other side of the great river.—*The Home Visitor.*

RUTH'S BIRTHDAY.

My little girl is eight to-day,
That is, she's just twice four;
Or four times two, perhaps you'll say,
And maybe that's a better way
To make my loveseem more.

For when my pretty Ruth was two,
Then she was just half four;
It seemed as if the love I knew
Had grown—or as she'd say, "had grew,
Till it could grow no more.

She was a little midget then,
When she was only two,
And used to say, "Dear Lord, Amen;
Bress papa, mamma 'n' me again,"
'Twas all the prayer she knew.

And now she's four times two, dear me!
And writes a big round hand;
And when they're passed a cup of tea
She makes her dolls exclaim "Merci!"
Which French dolls understand.

Then eight? or two? I scarcely know
Which birthday I would choose;
At eight I'd have, keeping her so,
Four times as much to love—but oh!
Four times as much to lose.

At what age did she seem most dear?
Ah, well, to tell the truth,
A different blossom bloomed each year;
They all seemed sweet; but this one here,
You know, is really Ruth.
—N. P. Babcock, in *St. Nicholas.*

HOW THREE TOTS WARMED THE CAR.

It was a very cold, raw, foggy morning, and the passengers on No. 12, west-bound, were shivering in coat-collars turned up to their ears, and, some of them, trying to warm their bodies by the hotness of their temper against the brakeman and the railroad company for having no fire in the car heater.

Everybody looked very glum, and all out of humor; and when the fat travelling man tipped the fashionably-dressed young fellow's silk hat down over his eyes in lifting his luggage into his seat, the latter turned and glared at him angrily, at which the travelling man said, "Beg your pardon" in a tone icy enough to congeal his breath, and a straggling beam of sunshine that had thought of trying to shine in darted back behind a cloud. I just know neither one would have acted so on a balmy June morning, and I know that the lady behind the mother with a sickly, fretting babe would not have snatched her things up so impatiently and banged them

down in another seat as far up the aisle as she could get, or the old gentleman in a white tie and glasses would not have said, "Go 'way!" so roughly to the newsboy, or the brother and sister would not have quarrelled and pushed over their seat, or the through passenger piled his luggage up in one end of his seat to keep others out. *Maybe not.*

But pretty soon the car got warmer, and in a very funny way. The door pushed open slowly and by spasms, as though very weak, small hands were behind it. It creaked and stuck as though it were mad, too.

"You just have to storm this fort to take it," piped a shrill, cheery voice. "Hurry right in, Maysie and Edie, and I'll shut the door quick and keep Jack Frost out. My! what a nice place this is! Don't the red cushions make it look warm though?" And a wee mite of a red-cheeked boy gallantly held open the door for two rosy little travellers in the cunningest of cloaks and hoods, beaming with the exercise and fun of a brisk walk, the smaller of the two holding fast a bisque doll, almost as large as herself, with one arm, the other hand tight in her sister's clasp.

"And wasn't it more fun to come all alone than to have aunt Rachel bring us and bother her morning's work so, when her girl's gone?" laughed the little girl called Maysie.

"Pshaw! we don't need no auntie to go 'long and take care of us," said the little fellow manfully; "the conductor'll take care of us."

"And these nice people won't let us get hurt," put in Maysie.

"An' Dod," suggested Edie reverently.

The fastidious lady thawed out enough to smile a faint smile of amusement. The man in the white necktie lowered his homiletic magazine, elevated his eyebrows, and stared over his glasses.

"Here, you take the window seat, Maysie; it's nicest. Edie can sit between."

"An' I'll hold dolly on my wap, so's see won't crowd Ned."

"And we'll be as snug as can be in this nice big seat," said Ned.

"And aunt Rachel fixed us such a nice lunch; and isn't this the loveliest morning!" cried Maysie.

"Such soft cushions," added Ned, springing up and down to try them; so comfortable.

"Ess, so tum'fible," piped Edie.

"Evysing so tum'fible when children's is dood an' woves evybody, ain't it?" and the little philosopher settled back to enjoy precisely what other people had been thinking hard thoughts about.

And the brother and sister in the rear stopped crowding and nagging, and looked on in shame-faced wonder; and the fat travelling man began to look jolly, as he ought to; and the fashionably-dressed young fellow turned around and winked at him and nodded good-naturedly toward the three little tots cuddled up together and chatting like sparrows; and the through passenger lifted his luggage to the floor and made room for a lady who had just come in; and the poor mother's eye glistened with something wet at something or other it made her think of; and the fastidious lady became very motherly in her look, and said half aloud, "Bless the dear little things! They make me home sick to see my own." And then she came back to the seat behind the mother to hunt her rubbers she had left, and she clicked at the fretting babe and offered it a bon-bon.

Then the moist-eyed mother smiled such a sweet smile, as she thanked her for the babe, that she wondered she had not noticed before what a neat, pleasant-faced woman she was; and she finally reached over, half hesitatingly, and offered to hold the baby, asking:

"Is this your only child? She seems so poorly."

"The only one left," replied the mother audibly. "But the little darlings over there make me think of my own sweet Nora and Aleen, just their sizes, that we buried last week," and she gulped back a big sob.

Then the fat travelling man had to blow his nose, and the old man in a white necktie said "Ahem" very loud, and remarked to the through passenger that he believed 'twas going to clear away.

Just then a faint streak of sunshine did straggle in; and it was not frightened this time, for it saw a car full of pleasant-faced passengers.

"Nice morning, after all," they said, one to another. "Pretty comfortable travelling; bright children, those little tots."

And so the car got warm; but the ray of sunshine didn't do it.—*Rev. J. F. Cowan.*

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

HE cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books or men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,
Nor fever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse.
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile;
A despot strong through infancy,
A king from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother;
What can he mean? but, I suppose,
They understand each other.

In doors and out, early and late—
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like has his slaves to dress him;
His subjects bend before him too;
I'm one of them. God bless him.

—Selected.

"ONLY A BOY."

MORE than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said, "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is *only a boy.*"

The old minister listened, his eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it; but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon; "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems a rather slight evidence of true faith and zeal."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Ay, there you have it; 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious."

The old minister went into the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with living sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy; yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose, when he stood in public there was a deep silence. Princess stood uncovered before him nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of right intention are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"—*Youth's Companion*

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.—*Anon*

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-checked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought as I passed by;
'These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.

"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other,
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

—*Selected.*

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to \$350. Made into pen-knife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance wheels for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend

in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any interval for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

"IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

"It is not worth while to open the piano for ten minutes' practice, and that is all the time I can spare this morning," I hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted six times makes an hour wasted; and ten minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change my coat to perform this little work," says the careless boy; that is why he never looks so neat as his brother, who does not think it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

"It is not worth while to carry the tools back to their place now; next time I go that way will do as well," but they are forgotten, mislaid, and much time and patience expended in looking for them when needed.

"It is not worth while to mend that little tear, or sew on that button, no one will notice;" but some one did notice, and you gained a reputation for carelessness.

Is there anything wise or good, however small, that is not worth while?—*Christian at Work.*

"MOTHER," asked a child, "since nothing is lost, where do our thoughts and desires go?" "Into the memory of God," gravely replied the mother, "and there they remain forever." "Forever?" "For ever?" said the child with emotion. . . . He hung his head, and drawing close to his mother, he murmured, "I am afraid." Who of us has not uttered the same cry?—*Golden Sands.*

"GOOD ENOUGH BOYS"

"I MADE a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly. "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross-cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means no good at all."

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in a careless fashion.—*Christian Standard.*

TO THE CHILDREN.

OUR Bishops wish you all to do what you can in Lent to help tell about Jesus and his love to the men and women and children in the world, who know very little of Him or have never heard of Him. Our Bishops think, and we think too, that you could do a great deal of good, and shew a great deal of love in this way, that you could bring joy to others and blessings to you own selves. So they have written you a letter which your clergymen will read to you on Sexagesima Sunday, Febru-

ary 1st, telling you what they wish you to do, and how you can do it.

Listen to the letter and remember it so well that many people will thank God that the children of the English Church in Canada keep Lent.

Was not God good to you in sending Christ Jesus to be your Saviour? Is it not good of Him to let all those who love Him, who love Jesus, tell others about His goodness and His love? He too would like you to do so all the time. You can all do a great deal, and we think He wants you to begin now.

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His word,
Two little feet to walk in His ways,
Two hands to work for Him all his days,
One little tongue to speak his truth,
One little heart for Him now in my youth,
Take them, Lord Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to Thee."

LITTLE ROB'S FIRST DREAM.

I HAVE hardly ever seen or heard anything in baby annals much sweeter than my little Rob's description of his dream the other night. I think I should call it sweet even if somebody else's boy had said it. He had been crying very pitifully in his sleep, and I had to partly wake him to stop the sobbing. In the morning I asked him what it was for, and if he had been dreaming. His eyes grew big and dark. "Fy, mamma, was dat a dream? Is dat what dwears are? Fy, I sought 'tittle Ella fell vay, vay down in a deep, such a deep vell, and we toodent det her out—you, nor papa, nor anybody. And I didn't know what to do, and I cwied. And den I 'membered, and I wote a letter to Dod to help her, and he des flied down and took her wite out and dave her to us aden! Wasn't dat dood of Him, mamma.—*Minnie C. Hale, in Babyhood.*

A KIND friend one day penned the following lines to me, and as they express much in a few words, I pass them on to the readers of PARISH AND HOME:

"Seek to grow
Upward in Heavenly-mindedness,
Inward in purity,
Outward in usefulness,
Downward in humility." —K.

A VENERABLE observer, writing to an English magazine, says, "I never knew a case of a person or a parish warmly interested in missionary work, where larger blessings of spiritual prosperity were not returned, good measure pressed down and running over."—*Spirit of Missions.*

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