

"MY MOTHER CHURCH."

BY M. F. MAUDE.

Author of "Thine for Ever, God of Love."

"The prayers of my mother, the Church of England, what prayers are like them?"

Life of George Herbert.

"When he called for prayers, the question was asked, 'What prayers?' 'Always the Church prayers,' was his reply. I never before realised so fully that prayer of our Church, 'Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.'"

Life of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott.

MY Mother Church! Thy holy prayers
I lisped with infant breath;
And oh! I hope that they will rise
From my cold lips in death;
For from the very Fount of Life
Thou drawest undefiled
The pure, sweet waters of the Truth
For every thirsting child.
By Thee upon my infant brow
The holy sign was set,
That marked me for the coming strife,
Unconscious babe, as yet;
But willingly, in riper years,
I heard Thy call to stand,
Grasping the Banner of the Cross
Thou gavest to my hand.

And oh! if many faithless prove
In an unfaithful age,
Let me but cling with deeper love
To my sweet heritage;
Still, though of youth and vigour shorn,
Let me that standard clasp,
Until by stronger hands 'tis borne
From my last dying grasp.
Then, in Thy fold, with "voice from Heaven,"
Oh, lay me down to sleep,
Close to the dear and faithful dead,
Where angels vigil keep;
Till the last trumpet's thrilling blast
Shall pierce the upheaving sod,
And the glad wakers rise and spring
Into the Light of God.

TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Lew Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

II.



ES, Mr. Timmins," said Jessie, "I'll have my bank book." "Very well," said the postmaster. "Now please to state your Christian and surname."

"Jessie Driver."

"Occupation?"

"Kitchenmaid."

"Place of residence?"

"Do you mean where mother lives?"

"No; where you are now."

"I'm at the Rectory."

"This must be witnessed by some one.

Let me see; some one known to me, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish, or by a justice of the peace."

"I'm not a justice, nor a churchwarden, nor a parson," said Tom Nayles; "but Mr. Timmins knows me very well. I'll witness the signature."

He did so.

Jessie was about to depart when Tom called, "I say—one good turn deserves another. Will you witness for me? I was going to have half a pound of tobacco, but now I don't think I will. I'll have a bank book instead."

So Jessie waited in the shop.

"Name, if you please?" asked the postmaster.

"Tom Nayles."

"Tom or Thomas?"

"Well, I believe I was christened Thomas, but folks always call me Tom."

"Thomas it must be then. Occupation?"