

## Sunday School Lesson.

6th Sunday after Trinity. July 9th, 1893.

### THE CHURCHING OF WOMEN.

Of all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, one of the greatest and the most common is that of human life. Though men, women and children are constantly dying, yet all the time others are born, and so the great tide of human life is constantly ebbing and flowing.

The birth of children, therefore, is a very important, and, if we view the matter aright, it ought to be regarded as a very sacred matter.

The union of men and women in holy matrimony is the fundamental law of our social life; matrimony is an estate ordained by God, and sanctified by the Christian religion; on it the existence of the family as a social organization depends; and this is the keystone of our whole social system. But for the family, what would our social life be? The older we grow the better we are able to appreciate all the blessings and benefits which spring from it, and especially where the family is knit together in Christian love, and governed by Christian principles. In youth we accept all the blessings and benefits which come to us as members of Christian families, never thinking any more of them than we do of the pure air we breathe, or of the sunshine in which we delight, and without which we could not live at all.

This union of men and women in holy matrimony is the means which God has ordained of peopling the world. Children, we are taught, are "an heritage and gift which cometh of the Lord" (Ps. cxxvii. 4.) Therefore, whenever a child is born, a great event has happened in the family; and the Christian mother in this service is enabled publicly to give thanks to Almighty God for His mercies.

A somewhat similar rite was observed in the Jewish Church, and it was on the occasion of the Blessed Virgin's fulfilment of it, in coming to offer the accustomed sacrifices of a pair of turtle doves and two young pigeons, that the aged Simeon, recognizing in the Infant she bore in her arms the promised Messiah, uttered those words which we sing in the Evening Service. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," etc. S. Luke ii. 29-32.

Gratitude for God's mercies is therefore the keynote of this service.

We remember a striking instance in one of the miracles of our Blessed Lord, both of gratitude and ingratitude. The healing of the ten lepers, of whom only one returned to express his gratitude, and he a despised Samaritan.

So it is with too many of us at the present day. We are willing enough to receive God's blessings, but how often do we forget to return to Him those thanks which are due to Him for His goodness towards us.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you?

## Family Reading.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

NUMBER 5.

With a beating heart, Stella took her music and obeyed the summons. Somerset was standing there dressed for the evening party to which he was engaged; and Lora beside him, all in white, looking radiant and very lovely. Notwithstanding the perturbation of her own spirit, Stella thought on Captain Flamank, and felt sorry, though why she scarcely knew. She looked even upon Lora's loveliness through the coloured mirror of her own resentful feelings.

"Do you know it?" her brother asked, in his usual calm easy voice.

"Yes, Somerset," Stella replied.

"Well, Lora will play it with you, I dare say; and I expect my ears will be more pleasingly affected than they were this morning."

Lora smiled, and, throwing aside her white opera-cloak, seated herself at the harp. There was a loud knock at the door just at that moment, and Lora started and flushed a little, but no one came in.

It seemed very hard to Stella that they should treat so lightly and easily what had brought such trouble and misery to her; but Somerset was placing the music; and for the time her thoughts had to be concentrated on that.

"Well, you have not lost your time," was her brother's comment when the task was ended.

"How long have you been practising?"

"All day," said Stella, in a low tone.

"Very well. This is the first and last time I must hear of anything like last night's performance."

I should think you had better go to bed now."

"May I?"—Stella began, half-turning towards Lora, but the remainder of the request died away upon her lips.

"Here, Somerset, help me, will you?" Lora said, taking up her cloak. "I suppose the carriage is waiting."

Stella walked slowly from the room, and still more slowly up the staircase, feeling very wretched, and with that dreadful choking in her throat which she had felt in the morning. She had gained the second landing, when her name was called from below, in a loud cheery voice that was not Somerset's. She retraced her steps, but with only sufficient alacrity to meet the caller half-way. There he stood on the landing, where she had encountered Lora the night before, in the splendid full dress of the hussars in which he was an officer, and with a face which seemed to Stella more beautiful and handsome than she had ever before considered it. She had never seen Captain Flamank so magnificent before; and she felt a little timid and abashed, especially when she recollected her plainness of speech that afternoon. But his friendliness soon reassured her; and, when she looked into his bright kind face, and the quiet grey eyes which had such power over her sister met her own, she actually smiled with a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

"Only just one moment, Stella. I heard you play—you and Lora, only I would not come in for fear of startling you. It was splendid; Somerset said so. And now you want to go to Tracy, don't you?"

"O yes."

"Well go."

"But I must not. I am in disgrace, and Lora"—

"I wish you would give Lora credit for a grain of common sense, if nothing better, you distrustful, unbelieving child," said the Captain: "you have my permission, and Lora's too, if one is not sufficient. Good night."

The great brown moustache brushed her cheeks in a rough but kindly fashion; a great glitter of very splendid gold lace on sleeve and epaulette flashed before Stella's eyesight for a moment, and then Captain Flamank was downstairs.

"He seems to think it obligatory upon him, having fallen in love with one, to do the same by the whole of the feminine household," remarked Somerset, as Captain Flamank approached the carriage with Lady Trevannion on his arm. "You will have enough to manage with Lora, Flamank, I assure you! Stella into the bargain will drive you fairly demented."

The Captain laughed, but said nothing. He saw that effectually to carry out the friendly intentions he entertained towards his future sister-in-law, he must act quietly and with caution.

Nurse met Stella at the door of Tracy's room: her finger was raised warningly.

"What is it, nurse?" she asked, in a hushed tone of anxious impatience.

"I think perhaps you had better not go in, Miss Stella, my dear. He took his medicine and has just fallen to sleep; and sleep is like life to him now, poor darling! after last night."

"Oh nurse, nurse!" gasped the anxious sister. "What shall I do? I can't bear it much longer—indeed I can't."

"There, my poor darling, don't take on so, don't!" said the nurse, leaning the fair head which had dropped against the door upon her shoulder, and smoothing down the curls. "He'll be better to-morrow, I dare say."

"But I haven't seen him all day, and scarcely yesterday; and I am so miserable; and they are so unkind and selfish. O nurse, what shall I do?"

"You must have patience, my lamb; and 'twill come out all right. 'Tis very hard for you, surely enough; and how any one can be hard upon poor motherless children like you is a wonder! And that I've often said; but you mustn't take on so, indeed you mustn't."

"May I just come in and look at him? You know I never wake him, nurse," asked Stella, to whom nurse's soothing, though not always of the same judicious character, generally brought more consolation than anything else could.

"Yes, just come in and look upon him, and then you must go to bed yourself, my dear. You look tired enough, any way."

Stella stood for some moments with suppressed breath, watching her little brother, as he lay on the bed very pale, and with that suffering look in sleep which it is so painful to witness on the face of a little child. She could scarcely keep back her sobs: one or two silent tears did drop; and at last she was obliged to turn away, for she felt that she could not watch him unmoved any longer. On the table lay the book of pictures she had drawn, and which had been bound very beautiful for Tracy's pleasure; and the large nut-shells were ranged beside it, but untouched as yet. Master Tracy would not let her begin them till she had been consulted, nurse whispered. "And I will put you to bed, my dear, while Clarice sits here, if you like," continued nurse; an arrangement with which Stella very willingly complied. It was some comfort to be able to have nurse all to herself, and hear every little particular of how Tracy had been, what he had said, and what he had done, all day; though nurse, in her own love for Stella, forebore to say how the child had wearied and longed for her, asking many times during the long dull day when his little sister would be likely to come. Nor did she confess to Stella, what she had been sorely tempted to do to Dr. Argyle, that much of the child's restlessness and increased suffering arose, she believed, from the constant longing, for ever repressed and disappointed, for his sister's presence and society. The repeated weariness of hope deferred in a matter which, to that little child, was the one great sunshine of existence, was telling surely and certainly upon his frail constitution; nor could the advice and medicine of any physician, however skilled, remedy what appeared to nurse a daily increasing evil.

But to Stella she wisely refrained from saying anything that would cause further trouble or vexation, and left her at last a little more comforted and satisfied with a promise that, if Tracy awoke in the night, and asked for her, she would say that nothing should hinder his sister's seeing him in the morning, or from fulfilling her promise of the evening before in coming to have tea with him, and making it all herself. And not five minutes after nurse had left the room Stella fell asleep, and slept heavily till morning.

(To be Continued.)

A man of one idea, and that idea to be cured of Dyspepsia by the use of K. D. C. is the man who succeeds. Make this your idea and try K. D. C.

—The fortunate find of a freely flowing spring of one of the most delicious mineral waters yet discovered, and found at our very doors, is arousing unusual interest. Islington will yet be famous as the source of supply of the successful rival of the famous Appolinaris water. O'bico is the name of the new water. Competent physicians and chemists are sounding its eulogies, and to the general public it is proving itself to be a cool, refreshing and most healthful beverage. Messrs. Hooper & Co. have it on draught.

The endowment fund of the Bishopric of northern and central Europe has now reached the sum (paid or promised) of nearly £8,000.

—A good way to find out how much religion people have is to watch them when they can't have their own way.