

But Stacey looked rather bewildered.

"I doan't joost mind," he said.

"Yes tha do," from Charlie, with a nudge. "Bout bein' baptised, worn't it?" to Mary, who smiled assent.

"I think I'd better explain what baptised means," she said. "Or you shall tell me."

"I've got t' marks on my arm," one of the youngest promptly asserted, at the same moment that Riley declared, "Moother 'ad t' babby's name wrote on'ey t'other day. Regestered she carled it." But the rest were silent.

Mary sighed, and felt very guilty. For three or four months now had she had to do with these lads, and still they were so ignorant. In truth, she was but a learner herself as yet, one who had still to gauge the depth of her scholars' ignorance. And until last Thursday it had not occurred to her how simple were the doctrines, how fundamental the truths that remained unrealised by those active brains.

"You can give me a better answer than that, Wilson?" For he was one of the few who had attended Sunday School as a child. Most of her "Lambs" were a grade below the ordinary Sunday scholar.

"Th' clergyman powes waater on yow, and gies yow a name. I wor dun soa, faither says, when I wor a babby."

"That's right." And then, little by little, partly by description, partly by drawing from the inner recesses of their minds long-forgotten memories, she presented to the attentive listeners the outward and visible aspect of the Sacrament, afterwards dwelling upon the spiritual grace which accompanies it. The whole account seemed to most of her audience like some new story.



"I WISHES HE WOR BACK!"

"Don't you see," she continued, "how this joins on to what we were speaking about at the night-school? Christ came to save our bodies. And it is, as I said then, upon our bodies that His mark is set, the mark which seals our souls as His own. That makes the bodies very important, doesn't it?"

Then there was a pause, which Furniss broke.

"Mrs. Jaxon," he said, "please will yow tell oos wot else but bearing pain Christ wants our boodies fur? Palfreyman, he said a Thursday as 'e didn't want to be saved for that, noways. And——"

Mary smiled at his hesitation.

"And you agree with Palfreyman? That shows, I think, that I did not make it all quite clear."

Then Mary, taking in at a glance the