

the invention of printing made its multiplication easy, and yet the Church survived; and that there are even at the present day multitudes of languages spoken by Christians into which the Holy Scriptures have never been translated; and moreover, that it was not by a book but by oral teaching that the Apostles planted the Church all over the Roman Empire—the statement is seen to be the merest truism. The writer would, then, do well at this Divine Love, to pray for a little share of that charity which "thinketh no evil."

Notes and Queries.

SIR,—Be so kind as tell us: 1. Is it correct for a layman to take the Burial service at a funeral?

2. Specially, should a student, where a clergyman could without difficulty be had, be sent by a rector, who is slightly on the sick-list, to officiate at a funeral?

3. Is there any sacerdotal function that a theological student may not perform?

LAYMAN.

Ans.—1. As the officiator at a funeral is uniformly called in the rubrics "Priest," which the American Prayer Book has changed into minister, and as there appears to be no relaxation contemplated by our diocesan synods, a layman is not eligible for this service. The guiding idea probably is for a celebration of Holy Communion taking place. In Edward VI.'s First Book there was a service provided for this celebration.

2. A student is no more than a layman, and the preceding must apply.

3. Most of our priests can do nearly all, if not quite all, that a Theological student can do!

SIR,—Who wrote the hymn, "When Morning gilds the Skies," and is anything known of the writer?

LOVER OF THE HYMN.

Ans.—It is a Lutheran hymn belonging to the last century. The translator was the late Rev. E. Caswall, a well known hymn-writer, who was a perpetual curate near Salisbury, and seceded to the Roman obedience in 1847. He was soon after received in Dr. Newman's Oratory at Edgbaston and died there in 1878. The hymn is a very beautiful one, and the original is *Beim frühen Morgenlicht*.

Sunday School Lesson.

2nd Sunday after Easter.

May 1, 1892.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Whom does the Church commemorate to-day? Who were they? Two of our Lord's Apostles. St. Philip, after the dispersion of the apostles, is supposed to have carried the gospel to Northern Asia, and to Russia; while St. James was first bishop of Jerusalem, and presided at the first Christian council. (Acts xv. 13.) (St. Philip, it is supposed, was crucified and stoned upon the cross, while St. James met his death by being beaten with a club, after being thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple in Jerusalem.)

The Church observes Saints' days, in order to remind us that (1) the Church is one with the Church of former days; (2) to keep before us the examples of men of like passions with ourselves, who, by the grace of God, have triumphed over the power of sin and of Satan; and (3) to remind us that those who have died in the faith, still live "in Christ," and that "in Him" we are one with them.

The observance of Saints' days reminds us of this Article of faith.

"I believe . . . in the Communion of Saints." Let us see what this means.

I. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

We speak of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion. We read "The Communion of the Holy Ghost." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) At the end of Matins, Evensong and Litany, we say "The fellowship of the Holy Ghost." "Fellowship" and "communion" mean the same thing, "being one with."

The word "Saints" strictly means persons "set apart," as in Holy Baptism, persons "set apart to be holy," and thence "holy" persons. All the baptised unfortunately are not holy. But they are members of the Holy Catholic Church—whose Head, Jesus Christ, is holy; and in the Church, God the Holy Ghost, who is holy, dwells. The Church is, therefore, the assembly of the Holy ones, the Saints. The Saints are all over the world. The Church is Catholic (universal.)

II. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Good saints (those really holy) have communion with God (1 St. John i. 3.) (1) In obedience and sub-

mission to His will. (2) In prayer. (3) In Holy Communion (1 Cor. x. 16.)

III. COMMUNION WITH EACH OTHER.

St. Paul tells us how one with each other (Eph. iv. 3-6.) (1) One body, Body of Christ, i.e. the Church (Eph. i. 22, 23.) (2) One Spirit, "God the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God." (3) One Hope (Titus i. 2.) (4) One Lord (1 Cor. viii. 6.) (5) One Faith (St. Jude 3.) (6) One Baptism, water in the Name of the Holy Trinity (St. Matt. xxviii. 19.) (7) One God and Father of all. This communion not broken by death, as the observance of Saints' days reminds us.

IV. THE BENEFITS OF THIS COMMUNION.

(1) In heaven there is strength (Eccl. iv. 9-12.) Communion of Saints a help in fight against Satan.

(2) Being one with holy persons, living, and departed, incites us to holy living.

(3) Man does not like solitude, he loves sympathy. Happier when others with him. So remember that we are not alone in the struggle, but one with the faithful departed who have fought and won, and one with those still struggling on earth against the world, the flesh and the devil, makes us far happier than we could be were we alone in the struggle, and how much happier to know that we are one in Christ with our departed friends.

The Communion of Saints is good for help, good for holiness, good for happiness.

"Oh, blest communion! fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,

Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia."

Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

CHAPTER XIX.

MISSIE'S FLIGHT.

Missie's brave heart was not a little cheered by that Sunday's service; it gave her something to think of for days, for it reminded her again of many of Jem's hopeful words, and her spirits rose; she felt too she had other Sundays to look forward to; she would go to church again. But on the next Sunday, and for many that followed, they were some miles from a church, and she had to give up her plans; it would never do, she knew, to make Joe angry by being out late. She must wait.

When she at last tried to slip away without his notice he followed her, and when she returned after a service, which had not helped her like the last, for she had understood nothing of the sermon, she found him in one of those blind furies which she had learned to dread with only too good reason.

Jenny had already suffered severely—it was so easy to find occasion of anger against Jenny—and when after a search she discovered the poor child bruised, shivering, and sobbing behind a bush, and she wailed out pitiful entreaties to Missie not to go away again or "father 'ud kill her," she snatched her gloves out of her pocket and threw them as far as she could. She too was in a passion, a passion of rebellion restrained only by pity for the sobbing child at her feet.

Joe raved all that evening of what he would do next time Missie went to church, and she heard now for the first time that the lady at Southampton had attempted to befriend her, that her pitying words had really meant something, and the knowledge that the "kind lady" had not really forgotten her, that she had wished and also been able to help her, cheered her now when her courage had fallen very low. She had then at least one friend in the world, and she saw at once what had made Joe Lovell so angry.

He was, of course, afraid, she told herself, of her making friends, for he kept on making threats of what he would do if any "gentlefolks or parsons" came "poking their noses round" his van.

After her passion was over, and she was able to think calmly, she stored all these words in her heart, and patiently began to make preparations to fulfil an idea which had suddenly taken full possession of her mind. From this time she steadily collected and secreted pence, carefully watching her opportunity of turning these into sixpences.

There was one way, at any rate, she told herself, that she could escape from Joe: if she had money enough she could go by train back to South-

ampton. It would be cruel to leave mother and Jenny; but if Joe touched her she would go. He could not beat Jenny more when she was gone; he seemed now often to beat the blind child just on purpose to spite her, and mother would take care she had enough to eat.

At times she was tortured by the thought that she was forsaking Jem's mother, when she had promised to stand by her; then, again, the longing for better things overpowered her, and she told herself she would grow just like 'Lisbeth and Ellen if she stayed with Joe, and Jem would not have wished that.

October found the family again in the neighbourhood of Guildford, where Nance had many old acquaintances, and one of the first things she did was to inquire at the post-office, as she had done so many times in vain, for a letter from her sister, but only to meet again with disappointment, one in which Dorothy alone shared.

Poor Nance was fast growing soured and depressed, a very different woman from the Nance of even a year ago, for Joe's tyranny was crushing her down, and his power of making her suffer through Missie both tortured and cowed her.

Soon after this the wail of an infant was added to the other sounds in the caravan, and another human life began, with nothing to welcome it; but in a few days poor Nance's maternal instincts revived, and she clasped her infant daughter with all the love which had been lavished before on others, nor was Dorothy long either in responding to this fresh claim on her affection; all helpless, ill-treated things had a place in her heart.

If Joe had welcomed his little daughter with any paternal affection, Missie might have found the baby a grievance; as it was, a few cruel words from him, and it became an object of her tender care—it was mother's baby. She named it Violet, and Violet the tiny black-eyed morsel of humanity was called. Soon Missie began to think it the most beautiful baby in the world.

"Couldn't we take it to church and have it christened?" she asked Nance eagerly one day. "Last time I went to church I saw a baby christened; I had seen it somewhere before. Ar'n't rich folk's babies always christened?"

"Yes, and Jem was christened too," replied Nance. "Where I come from all the folk's children were christened, rich and poor, and I thought 'an' my Jem thought, as how it might do our poor little Jem good, so he were regular christened in church, 'an' he lived and the others died."

"Perhaps that's why he was so good," said Dorothy. "I should like Violet to be christened."

"P'raps, there's no telling," said the poor mother, sadly. "I should like it too, but there, Joe won't hear of it; he don't want the baby to live, not he!" she added, bitterly.

"Do you think I was christened, mother?" asked Dorothy presently. "It was not often now that her thoughts went back to the romance of her early grandeur, but they did now, and she pictured herself a baby as small as the one she held, but decked in all the glory of fine clothes."

"Yes, for sure you was," said Nance, confidently, "but I don't know what they called you—some fine name very likely."

For some weeks little Violet was some solace to Missie, and then she began to be a fresh bone of contention. She was an ailing, fretful little creature, and her wail often made Joe savage.

Nance was soon much stronger than she had been for some time, and with her helpless infant to fight for, her courage came back, and she was inclined to stand at bay. The quarrels in the van soon became awful to witness; to subdue his wife's brave spirit, Joe again began to threaten Missie.

On leaving Guildford they had wandered into a part of the country which was strange even to Nance, and he loudly assured them that for the future they should go where he liked, which they knew meant that they should not even have the comfort of chance meetings with old acquaintance.

One evening in November Nance was feeling very despondent, with her baby in her arms, beside the stove, expecting the return of her husband, when Missie, who had long ago hung up the curtains round the van and gone to bed with Jenny and Prince, suddenly stood before her.

Her eyes were flashing with a fierce light, and her hands were trembling; she had hardly spoken