

"His uncle might help him if he would."

"Ay. But old Mr. Stanley is too fond of his money to part with any of it. Beside, he was as bitter as he could be because Mr. Raven spent his wife's fortune as well as his own. You know Mrs. Raven was Mr. Stanley's only sister, and the marriage was sore against his will, for he was her guardian."

"If Mr. Stanley won't lend money on the property he might buy it, and leave it back to Mr. Richard when he dies. He is not likely to marry at sixty-five, and his nevvie is his next-o'-kin," said Susan.

"Folks might do many a thing they don't do. It's my belief that Mr. Stanley is just the man to hunt up somebody as rich as a Jew and leave the money to him, just because he doesn't want it," replied Ann.

"One has heard of such doings; and as to Mr. Richard, he'll never hang after his uncle for the sake of his money. He's not that sort."

"Uncle and nevvie are just black and white, as one may say. And," continued Ann Jackson, with a look which conveyed more than her words, "it's my belief old Stanley will be right glad when Mr. Richard's well out o' the country."

"Out of the country!" exclaimed Susan. "You don't mean to say that Mr. Richard is going to forrin' parts again?"

"I do mean to say it, and it's true. But you must wait a bit till I run in home for a minute to see if those children are out o' bed, then I'll come and tell you how I got to know."

(To be continued.)

## SOMETHING ABOUT SAINTS AND SAINTS' DAYS.

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I AM often asked to explain the meaning of certain very queer-looking words in the Calendar which is to be found at the beginning of our Prayer Books; and I am not ashamed to confess that I find it sometimes very hard to give the explanation required. The truth is, that there are few subjects which present more difficulties than those which beset us when we begin to study the Calendar. The difficulties are not only historical, but they have to do with a great deal else than mere history. They begin actually with some abstruse problems of Astronomy, and end I scarcely dare to say where. The early Calendars all took for granted that the Sun moved round the Earth in the course of a

year; and it is most wonderful, all things considered, that the old astronomers were so nearly right in their calculations as to the time which this revolution was assumed to occupy—so nearly right when they ought to have been so entirely wrong. But they *were* nearly right for all that; and because they were so nearly right, they managed somehow to get along with a kind of rough-and-tumble Calendar for many hundreds of years, and to divide the year into months and seasons (you must be good enough not to ask me what that word *seasons* means, for that is a perplexing word, and we do not much want it), and to calculate the changes of the moon, and even to predict eclipses of the sun, and to do a great deal else that they had no business at all to know anything about, because they started on a wrong assumption, and so might have been expected to end only in a hopeless tangle of error and confusion. (I mean to preach a very instructive sermon on that subject one of these days, but I must put that sermon off for the present!)