

bread which is to sustain us for the day that is upon us. It seems so little, and yet how much is included! So little, for there is not one word of the luxuries and comforts of life, things which because they are so common we have got to view as necessities. There is no part of the Lord's Prayer which I suppose means so little in the lips of many. They know they are sure of their daily bread, and would be ill-content if it were bread and nothing more. They have been used to these good things all their life; they come unasked; probably they include them all in an indefinite way in the words "our daily bread." The words have different meanings in the mouths of the Divs and Lazarus of to-day. Yet surely that parable may remind those of us who fare if not sumptuously, yet at any rate comfortably, every day, that it is mockery to ask our Father to give us our daily bread, if we never think that what we have is His gift, and if we are careless and indifferent about sharing these gifts with others who have them not. What a privilege to be able to be the channel

by means of which our Father's gifts are distributed!

I have hardly alluded to the many other deeper meanings included in the words, "our daily bread." I am sure that, though these other meanings are truly to be found there, the simplest is the truest. Our Father cares for these bodies of ours; we are meant to keep them in health; we are right in including their wants in our prayers. The Lord's Prayer would not be a perfect prayer for human beings if there were no mention of their bodily wants. But how small a portion of the prayer is devoted to them, and yet how large a portion of our daily thoughts and aims is centred on them! And even in this one petition the prayer goes beyond the needs of the body. Surely we pray also for that heavenly food, of which the elements in the Holy Communion are the sign, means, and pledge, which we need continually to strengthen and refresh our spirits in the daily battle against temptation, and which will preserve both soul and body unto everlasting life.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

Author of "Black or White?" "Less than Kin," "Held to her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A DARK HOUR.



"It is a most unfortunate thing, the way in which Mr. Ryder has allowed himself to be mixed up in the matter. Of that there is no doubt—though I myself," said Mr. Keen, the lawyer, "quite exonerate him from all blame."

"But this is terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Jaxon, at the same moment that Mary passionately declared that she would trust Guy's word against the world.

"Has he any idea that suspicion rests upon him?" the clergyman inquired.

Mr. Keen, who, at Stella's earnest request, had remained at Kingston Villa until the arrival of the travellers, shook his grey head dubiously. But it was Mary who spoke. Mrs. Jaxon could be impulsive upon occasion, and was the hottest of partisans—as any one who had ever heard her enter upon a defence of her "lamb" could testify.

"It is far too ridiculous a notion to have come into his head without some one having put it there in so many words," she said hotly. But though Walter smiled down at her, he did not look convinced.