

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

"Behold I bring you Good Tidings of Great Joy."—Luke II: 10.

VOLUME I.

LONDON, ONT., JUNE, 1889.

NUMBER 3.

St. Matthew's Church.

REGULAR SERVICES every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
HOLY COMMUNION at Morning Service, on the first Sunday of each month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 3 p.m.

PASTOR.—Rev. W. Minter Seaborn.

WARDENS.—Thomas Clark and Geo. Minhinnick.

SIDESMEN.—John Isaac, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Henshaw, and R. Chadwick.

ORGANIST.—Mrs. Gray.

CHOIR MASTER.—Edward Gardener.

SEXTON.—P. Murch.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—H. Herbert.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Coutier.

Emmanuel Church.

REGULAR SERVICE—Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

WARDENS.—F. Fitzgerald and R. Shoebottom.

ORGANIST.—Miss McLeod.

SEXTON.—Edward Turner.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—Henry Shoebottom.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Powell.

TONY.

GRACE H. DUFFIELD IN S.S. TIMES.

"Mother!" Frank Benton's voice rang through the hall. "Mother, can you come down a moment? There's a very distinguished visitor here, and he inquires for you."

Mrs. Benton descended the stairs calmly; she was used to the young collegian's ways, and the prospect of meeting a distinguished visitor did not appall her in the least. But when she caught sight of him—well, she laughed, and so would you have done, could you have seen him. He was very small, very black, very ragged, and very grave.

"Where did you get him?" she asked, turning to Frank, but Frank had vanished. The small boy of Africa was regarding her seriously, and her unseemly mirth was quenched. She turned to him a face as grave as his own.

"Did you want me?" she inquired.

"Yes,"—with great solemnity.

There was a pause, and the loose patch on the back of the ragged trousers flapped dismally in the draught from the open door. Mrs. Benton's eyes twinkled, but she maintained a decorous demeanor.

"May I ask what you wanted?"

"Fi cents."

"And might I ask what for?"

"Pills."

"Are you ill?"

"Nope. It's mam."

"What's the matter?"—this with a touch of sympathy.

"Chills."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said the tender-hearted woman, taking ten cents from her pocket. "I hope she will soon be better. Run and get the medicine. What is your name? Perhaps I can help your mother."

"Tony," said the urchin, showing the whites of his eyes.

"What else?"

"I d'now."

Tony gravely took his departure, tightly clasping his ten cents.

"Well," inquired Frank's voice with interest, "have you sped the parting guest? And don't you think it would have been a good thing if some one had dipped him in Africa's sunny fountains? What's his name? Did he mention his residence or occupation?"

"Frank," said his mother reprovingly, but with a smile at the corners of her mouth, "don't torment. The poor little fellow's mother is sick, and he wanted some medicine for her."

"What kind of medicine?" Frank questioned skeptically,—"licorice?"

The next day Tony appeared on the scene again, as composed as ever Mrs. Benton inquired anxiously for his mother. She was well by this time, he guessed. Didn't he know? Well, no, he couldn't say that he did, exactly.

"What have you come for to-day then?" was the not unreasonable question.

"To bor' fi cents."

"What for?"

"To go to Milford."

"Why?"

"Somebody dead up there, shouldn't wonder."

That time the five cents wasn't forth coming, and the day following Tony called again. His errand was "to bor' fi cents to pay for his cuffs an' the laundry."

The day after he appeared once more.

"Got a job for me?" he asked, with nonchalance. "Do most anythin' for fi cents."

"All right," answered Frank, desirous to encourage so noble and ambitious a spirit. "Go out in the garden, and pick the apples that are on the big tree; and if they're all off by noon I'll give you five times five cents."

Tony scampered away, and the patch waved triumphantly as he ran.

A little before noon, Mrs. Benton, passing the window, looked into the garden, and caught sight of something which arrested her attention. It was Tony. He had procured a piece of rope, thrown it over a branch of the tree, and now sat in his extemporized swing, swaying gracefully back and forth and munching an apple, his whole expression bearing witness to a contented mind and a heart at rest. Every little while he raised himself by his arms, and then let himself down hard. Sometimes an apple fell as a result of this proceedings, but it made very little difference to Tony whether the apples came off or stayed on,—he was having a very pleasant time.

"Tony!" called Mrs. Benton, having tried in vain to find out what was happening. "Tony, what are you doing?"

"Pickin' apples," answered Tony cheerfully, pushing the swing with his foot, and tossing away his apple-core. "He's a gwine to gi' me fi' fi' centses."

Mrs. Benton looked visibly despairing, but she held her peace.

When Frank came home he laughed immoderately, paid his workman, and dismissed him. There were six apples on the table, all more or less battered; but Tony's pockets bulged, and his face wore the contented smile so characteristic of true worth.

But as, day after day, Tony appeared, vanished, and reappeared, with unflinching regularity, it became a little monotonous even to Frank, who had taken an unaccountable liking for the boy.

And Tony, poor, unloved, uncared-for, black wail, followed Frank always, with unquestioning devotion. The young man would have been more than human if he had not wearied of it very often. It was not pleasant to be chaffed by his classmates about his "shadow," but Frank could not find it in his heart to speak sharply to the child.

This devotion to something better and higher than he had known before, did not at once effect a radical change in Tony's nature. He was only a very loving little vagabond, after all.

By dint of much persuasion, and many promises of "fi cents," Frank induced him to enter the Sunday school class, and after that no one was more regular an attendant than he. Frank had always a cheery word for him; and the child's whole face changed when once or twice the tall teacher placed a kind hand on his shoulder.

He still demanded five cents, or even more on occasions. But often he might have been seen in the early morning, ragged and happy, holding the bridle of Frank's restless horse, and when at last the young man sprang into the saddle with a pleasant "Thank you, my boy!" Tony crept away quietly, with a strange glow at his heart, and no thought of payment for the service rendered.

One cold winter morning he stood in his accustomed place, the bridle in his hand, and all his ragged garments fluttering in the wind. He danced up and down to keep himself warm; and the droll childish figure looked smaller than ever beside the great bay horse, which was growing very impatient in the frosty air. Just then, something, no one ever knew what, frightened the animal, which made a terrible plunge. Tony tried desperately to hold on, but the horse shook off the restraining hand, and with a sudden forward movement threw the child beneath the upraised hoofs. One cruel blow, one faint