

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filimage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pages 43-48, 53-56 are missing.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>									



St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.

Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a.m.; every other Sunday during Lent at 8 a.m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

FRIDAYS.—Litany at 5 p. m. during Lent.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. E. Sydney-Smith. Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods. Mr. S. R. Hesson. Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson,
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec.—Treas., Mr. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson.

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

Any persons who receive this Magazine but do not wish to subscribe to it will kindly notify
Mr. Thos. Plummer, manager Bank of Montreal. Subscription Price—5-cents
per copy or 50-cents per annum.

Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Miss Irvine. No. of members, 31: Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Lawrence; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Dent. Members of the local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of members, 27.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Mr. Chris. McLellan; Secretary, Mr. Marchant; Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Copus; Chairman of Reception Committee, Mr. Alf. Johnson. Time of meeting, the first and third Monday in the month.

DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss B. Hesson; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss S. Watson. Executive Committee, Misses Purritt, Spencer and Kuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p.m.

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 27. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

Jan. 14, Anna Irene Tobin, Ontario st.
Jan. 21 Elizabeth Sophia Dompsey, Ellice.
Jan. 21, Daniel Leslie Dempsey, Downie, Gore.

MARRIAGES.

Cox-Sayers: On Jan. 31st, Frederick William Cox to Margaret Isabella Sayers, both of this city.

BURIALS.

Jan. 9, Henry Newcombe, Romeo st., in Avondale Cemetery.
Jan. 17, Henry Edward Macfarlane, William st., in Sherbrook, P. Q.

General Parish News.

We are glad to welcome among us Mr. E. C. Dean, who has been engaged on the staff of THE BEACON. Mr. Dean has already joined our choir, is a member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and generally a good worker in the church.

On Tuesday, Jan. 30th, the choir was hospitably entertained by Mr. W. C. Young, the Choir Master.

The music throughout January has been exceptionally good in all our services. We are only voicing the sentiment of the congregation in expressing both to Mr. Young and the choir our appreciation of their labor of love.

A very pleasant surprise awaited the Rector and the District Visitors in the offertory on Tuesday, Jan. 28th. It was an anonymous donation of \$10.00 to the Poor Fund. Here was a truly Christian spirit.

The Sunday School still continues to make, on the whole, satisfactory progress. The attendance has been very good—always above 270, once 291. But as yet we have not reached the 300.

Mr. Yorick has kindly consented to train the children in appropriate Hymns and Chants for Easter Day, when their next quarterly service will be held. The practices will be on Wednesdays, in the Chapel, from 4:30 to 5:40 p.m., and on Sundays at 2:30 p.m., before Sunday School.

We are glad to announce the accession of Mr. Wilkins, of Albert St. to the staff of the Sunday school. May he be blessed in his work, and may many others follow his example. We still want four MEN in the Sunday school, before our school can be considered well-equipped with teachers.

After the very disastrous month of December, we are glad to report much less sickness throughout the parish for the month of January.

The anniversary of the establishment of our local circle of King's Daughters will be held on Feb. 22, when Mrs. Tilley, of London, Dominion Secretary of the Order, will be present to address them and the public upon matters connected with their work. We hope our congregation will show their appreciation of the admirable and unselfish efforts of our own circle by coming in large numbers to this anniversary.



“HALLOWED BE THY NAME.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THIS is the first thing our Lord teaches us to pray for. It is characteristic of His teaching that it should be so. With Him elevation of character is the highest aim. He does not seek to make men rich or prosperous, but holy. The highest aim He puts before His followers is, “Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.” Similarly, He teaches us to pray to Him who is our Father, and to say, “Hallowed be Thy Name.” The first of all needs is the bringing of the hallowing influences of the Divine Name upon the world, or, in other words, that the likeness of the Divine and holy Father of all should be seen in the sons of men, His children.

I. It is a Father's Name which we pray should be hallowed.

The revelation of the supremest love becomes the reason for the deepest reverence. It is not a modern thought that the realisation of God as “our Father” should be followed by a profound feeling of awe. With us (perchance too much) the sense of a relationship of love weakens the sense of reverence. We love, and the kinship of love seems to carry us away from the region of deeply respectful regard.

But from the beginning it was not so. The idea of “Father” was one which appealed with unspeakable force to the feeling of unspeakable reverence. If life was a sacred gift, with what sanctity of feeling should we not regard One to whom we owed life itself. This was in the prophet's mind. “A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a Father, where is Mine honour? and if I be a master, where is My fear?” (Mal i 6) There was, in olden days, a reverence first, out of which grew the affection which could develop into a passionate loyalty. The first steps were taken under the guidance

of reverent fear. “The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom.”

God is our Father. We had fathers of our flesh; we gave them reverence, for they were the authors of our being. Should we not yield reverence to Him who is the Eternal Author of all life—the Father of our spirit?

In deep reverence for Him, in whom we live and move and have our being, we may pray, “Hallowed be Thy Name.”

But the relationship is not merely one of origin; it is that of the strong towards the weak. The feebleness and inexperience of the child, joined to its waywardness and frivolity, expose it to danger. With tender eyes of watchful regard the Father sees the child as it passes through the stages of its growth. He watches; He does not always put out His hand to stay the foolish act. Experience must have its share in education. But He stands near at hand. The child will learn its weakness. It will discover that the Father is wiser and stronger. It will turn to Him with a reverence born of pain and failure. The knowledge of our own folly and feebleness teaches us to pray to Him who is wise and strong, “Hallowed be Thy Name.”

The relationship is one of affinity. It is fit that the child should grow up like the Father. We find how good He is who does good to the unthankful and to the unholly. We desire to be filled with the Spirit of Him whose love flows forth with such noble impartiality. We long to do good, never despairing, though no good seems to come of it. We long to be like Him. We long that His Name should be revealed in our lives—“written in our foreheads” as the Apocalypse expresses it (Rev. xx. 3, 4). This longing is a prayer, and this prayer is, “Hallowed be Thy Name.”

II. It is the fitting preface of all the petitions which follow. The realisation of holiness is the needful condition of

all the rest. We must realise holiness at the root of all things before we can dare to pray, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done."

Who would desire the kingdom to come unless the King be a King of holiness? The complaints of earth, the failure and miseries of this world's kingdoms, are due to the unrighteous elements at work in them—the greed, rapacity, oppression, selfishness, which neutralise every effort after theoretical good, and frustrate every beneficial law. But there is a holy Name. He who is King is holy. We may be glad. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness." His Name is holy. "Holiness becometh His Name for ever." We may without fear, and even with joy, pray, "Thy kingdom come."

We need not dread His will if He is holy. Only those who do not hunger and thirst after righteousness need hesitate to say, "Thy will be done." Only those who desire to feed on earthly luxuries will fear to put the sustenance of their lives in His hand. Those who know that the Holy One will always feed them with food convenient for them will trustfully pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is the realisation

of our Father's holiness which gives depth to our cry for pardon. We are the unworthy children who should have glorified His Name by our resemblance to Him in love, in purity, in single-mindedness, in fidelity. We are not worthy to be called His sons. We know it; and knowing it, we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Similarly because He is holy we pray to be preserved from the temptations which we know not, and to be delivered from the evil which we know.

Thus, the meaning of all the later petitions of the prayer Christ taught us comes, into clearness in the light of the first. As the Lord our God is holy, and as without holiness no man shall see the Lord, so without the hallowing of His Name the prayer is stripped of its ethical force and value.

Therefore let this first-taught petition be often in our lips and always in our hearts. Let us give thanks in this evil world at the remembrance of His holiness. Let us keep in mind that the aim of life is to be like Him. Let us seek the strength of His transforming Spirit. The fruition of life is only then when we wake up after His likeness; for then only shall we be satisfied.

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 III.

FRIGHTENED AND MISERABLE.



MEANWHILE Guy Ryder's anxieties and worries were already upon the increase.

Short as had been the time that had elapsed since Jack's departure, the Clives—for so the brother and his widowed sister were popularly known—had entirely recaptured their old outposts, and were indeed laying siege to the citadel of Mrs. Brookes' confidence and purse more openly than ever. To the watchful curate, uneasily awaiting the development of events, Kingston Villa never seemed free from their odious presence.

All his life Guy had been accustomed to come and go as he chose in the home of Jack and Stella. When, in bygone days, a brass plate, bearing the inscription "Keith Ryder, M.D.," adorned the door of a tall London house, the dwelling upon the opposite side of the way belonged to the then extremely wealthy soap manufacturer, Thomas Brookes.

And though there was never much intimacy between the elders of the two families, the children walked together in the parks, played together in their respective nurseries, and grew up close friends. It was a very natural arrangement, since Jack and Guy were almost exactly the same age; and though Mary was five years the senior of either Stella or Wynne, she was adored by both, and altogether included in their vows of eternal friendship.

It was when the lads were about nineteen and the two younger girls twelve that misfortune overtook both families. Dr. Ryder died but a month before the day when Thomas Brookes was left a widower, with the knowledge—for the moment confined to his own breast—that his once huge fortune, supposed by the outside world to be as substantial as the rocks, had, like those same rocks, little by little all crumbled away. If, without touching his late wife's money, he would be able to meet his liabilities, it was as much as he could do. Happily, in spite of Mrs. Brookes' fortune having been entirely in his hands, he had safely invested the twenty-four thousand pounds which had formed her dowry outside the soap manufactory. If he could save this sum as a support for himself and his family he determined to retire upon it—a determination which the old man ultimately carried out.

Finding himself in a slightly better position than he had feared, and even able to secure out of the general wreck a few hundreds over and above this invested capital, he bought with the salvage Kingston Villa, which thus became the sole tangible result of almost half a century of toil. Thither he carried off Mary and Stella—Jack was already in the navy—and after taking up his abode in Shingleby speedily chose a second wife. Within a year he died, killed, as maliciously disposed persons were prone to declare, by the exceeding activity of the new Mrs. Brookes' tongue.

At Kingston Villa, however, the girls continued to live, with their step-mother—to whom their father had left his every possession—until Mary, in her turn, married. Then Stella would indeed have experienced solitude had not Guy, shortly afterwards, accepted the curacy of St. Olave's, with the expressed resolve to be near the too frequently absent Jack as often as he was ashore; possibly, too, with the unexpressed resolve of

seeing much more of Stella than had of late been within his power.

To Shingleby also Wynne's ideas turned when the desire for independent work entered her head, although in truth the girlish friendship between herself and Stella had not proved as absorbing as the affection existing between Jack and Guy. But Mrs. Ryder, who had passed all her life in London, and could on no account reconcile herself to living in any other place, stayed on still in the metropolis.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, the visits of Guy to Kingston Villa were not likely to cease merely because Jack had sailed. Even before enlightenment came to the sailor concerning his friend's love for Stella, the young clergyman was certainly the person to whom he would naturally have confided his fears concerning Mrs. Brookes' rashness, and to whom he would have entrusted the task of watching over the interests of his sisters and himself.

Hitherto, moreover—in fact, until after the advent of the Clives—Mrs. Brookes had herself encouraged Guy's visits, showing every sign of liking the tall, good-looking curate. Lately, however, Guy had begun to fancy that the new infatuation was giving her a distaste for his society, that Caryl Clive was exerting an unseen though perceptible influence of opposition, and that the welcome which Mrs. Brookes still extended by word of mouth was wanting in heartiness. And within one short week of Jack's farewell suspicion changed into certainty, her civilities almost entirely ceased, and he received more than one broad hint that his calls might, with advantage, be less frequent. This was a state of things by no means encouraging to the man who, besides being conscious of the responsibility of Jack's charge, was perfectly aware that Stella regarded him merely as a brother, and that with himself it rested to win the far different position in her heart which he coveted. Were his opportunities to be curtailed just when he most desired their extension? Small wonder that he became uneasy and restless.

It was at the wedding of Dr. Stanley, one of Stella's many friends, which took place in Shingleby upon the day previous to that on which poor Tom Beresford met with his accident at Thetfield, that Guy first discovered that Stella was as fully alive as he was to the treatment which her step-mother was meting out to him.

"Guy, I want to speak to you," she said, whilst they were standing amongst a group of gaily-dressed guests, upon the hall steps, watching the bride and bridegroom depart. "Don't go directly, will you?"

"All right," in the brotherly tone that he always adopted to her, and which was not half as loverlike as she had known Jack's voice to be. But, rightly enough, Guy judged that to alarm her by any pressing forward of his own hopes and wishes would be but to hinder their fulfilment. "Come out into the garden. I declare there's enough rice scattered here to make ten puddings! I wish I'd had it for my poor people!"

"It would certainly have done more good, Mr. Ryder," laughed his hostess, who had overheard. "But see—I'll send you in quite a big bagful to-morrow, then you will think more leniently of our waste."

"You are very good," he answered, with a smile that lighted up his face, the smile that had more to do with his popularity than he perhaps guessed. "I am taking Miss Brookes to inspect the roses."

"Then please don't. Why, my dear Stella, ours are rubbish—mere rubbish to the Kingston Villa display."

To which protest Stella only replied by a nod over her shoulder, and a merry laugh. She knew that Mrs. Stanley's gardens were well worth seeing. Added to which, she cared not at all, at the present moment, whether they were so or not. All that she wanted was a quiet word with Jack's old chum. But not yet were she and her escort to escape.

Down the centre of the path leading from the rose beds another pair were advancing, a pair who served certainly as a most perfect contrast each to the other. For the lady, short, stout, and speaking in a loud and dictatorial voice, was old, and dressed, besides, in a manner that emphasised not only her age, but the redness of her complexion, and all the indescribable vulgarities of her appearance; whilst the man, who was stooping to listen to her, displaying a flattering air of deep attention, was tall and well dressed, with a pale face and clearly-cut features, which accorded well with his somewhat languid and careless movements.

"Mrs. Brookes and her friend," laughed Guy, though, as a matter of fact, he felt in anything but a laughing humour. Thus to be hindered at every step when

he was longing to ascertain what Stella had to say was too provoking.

"If only we had gone the other way," sighed the step-daughter undutifully. "But now——" she had not time to finish the sentence.

"Ah, Stella! and where have you been 'iding, I should like to be 'informed? 'Ere 'ave Mr. Clive and I bin 'unting for you 'everywhere!"

From which lavish displacement of aspirates Miss Brookes understood at once that wrath was brewing. The lady was not at all times equally original.

"Only in the drawing-room and the hall, mother," she answered, so quietly that Guy was conscious of a strong desire that she would be less meek. "Do you want me?"

"Not I, 'indeed!" with a toss of her iron-grey head that sent her flower-bedecked bonnet a good inch out of the perpendicular. "But Mr. Clive has been saying 'ow much 'e should like to show you the La France roses. Weren't you?" turning a much more elaborate smile upon the gentleman than that usually accorded to anybody else. But Guy replied, whilst the other was still fidgeting with his eyeglass,—

"Ah! We are on our way now. But Mrs. Stanley assures us that her roses do not at all equal yours, Mrs. Brookes."

"She hasn't a Debarr," purred the lady, pacified for an instant by the compliment. Then adroitly readdressing herself to the charge, "But it's lucky we met you. Mr. Clive, don't let me trouble you to come further. Guy Ryder will kindly take me 'up to the 'ouse, whilst you and Stella——"

Guy interrupted very quietly, even with a smile, but very decidedly too.

"Excuse me, but I fear I must deny myself the pleasure. I am already engaged, am I not, Stella? You are not going to throw me over, I hope?" For already, though her expression had grown very blank, he saw that she was upon the point of moving towards the expectant Caryl.

"Not unless——" she began. Then stopped, scarcely knowing how she intended to end.

"Unless nothing. I shall not release you, so there! I'll bring her back in a little while, Mrs. Brookes."

With which he passed on, Miss Brookes beside him, leaving Caryl with a rather incomprehensible smile hovering about his lips, and Mrs. Brookes almost speechless with indignation.

"Hit's halways the way with that feller," she said furiously, when she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak. "Such cool kimpidence I never did be'old! I'm really downright ashamed, Mr. Clive, that you should see my silly daughter so bemean 'erself!"

"Miss Stella is too sweet ever to behave unkindly to any one," he answered quietly. "Pray don't distress yourself. I scarcely see how she could have done other than she did. She is not made up of fighting materials, my friend. It is for her always to yield so prettily."

He spoke, as usual, with something of a foreign accent. Whether affected or not, opinions differed, though the general impression prevailed that Mr. Clive was not quite an Englishman. The slight mystery so created rather added to the interest which Shingleby took in him, an interest not likely to be dissipated by explanations upon his part.

"It's very good of you, I'm sure, Mr. Clive," sighed Mrs. Brookes, without indicating in what direction the goodness was to be found. However, she undoubtedly looked relieved, and as they were by this time in the midst of the guests the subject dropped; more quickly, indeed, than was the case with Stella and Guy.

"There!" the girl exclaimed, with her colour rising, as soon as they were out of earshot. "Now you can see for yourself! Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you didn't give me up to him! That's always the way they are going on now, and it makes me so wretched."

Mr. Ryder had quite grasped the situation by this time, helped thereto by Stella's blush. Enlightenment came indeed as a most unpleasant shock. This was worse, far worse, than anything either Jack or he had imagined.

"You don't mean that she tries to throw you two together? To make you care for that ape?" Not quite polite language, perhaps; but then Guy was naturally annoyed, and this was a matter upon which he was likely to feel very strongly indeed.

Stella nodded and blushed again.

"Oh! Guy, don't think me horrid, but I must speak out," she exclaimed desperately. "You are almost as good as a brother to me"—poor Guy!—"and Mary and Jack are so far away. It isn't only mother. It's Mr. Clive, too, And Helen—she's always chanting his praises, and asking me—oh! all sorts of things.

It's only since Jack went; but that seems about a year. And now that mother is behaving so rudely to you you'll stay away from the house. And—oh, I'm so miserable!"

There were tears in her eyes, tears that made it doubly difficult for him to maintain the *role* of brother, which she had but that moment so innocently and frankly assigned him. But the unselfishness of his nature helped him. Not for the world would he, at such a moment, have frightened or embarrassed her.

"And then there's the money! Those two are always at mother, morning, noon, and night, trying to make her sign a big cheque for the payment of their horrid shares! And when I remember all that Jack said I get quite frightened."

"Frightened and miserable! Poor little woman!" with a cheerfulness that Stella found more reassuring than would have been the case had she been aware that it was all assumed for her benefit. "But we mustn't have that sort of thing continue, you know. I believe, after all, you'd better go and look after Mary and her babies."

The brightness of the glance with which he was rewarded showed how great would be the relief and pleasure. But she shook her head.

"After Jack telling me not to desert the ship? I scarcely think I'll be quite such a coward yet. Only don't you feel like talking to mother? At any rate, about the money, Guy. She won't listen to me in the least. I did try, but I gave it up directly, for she only laughed."

"That's what she'll do when I interfere. However," with an air of heroism, "I'll sacrifice myself, and be jeered at if necessary. Only don't be surprised if I fail."

And failure was indeed the certain result of his mission. For when, upon the following morning, he paid a visit to Kingston Villa, he could think of no better way to broach the subject and warn the intended victim than by attacks against every gold mine, sundry and particular, that ever had been started. To all of which Mrs. Brookes listened with the blandest smile, being for some unknown reason in a specially good humour, after which she herself proceeded to the root of the matter with a directness that he found actually appalling.

"Most kind of you, Mr. Ryder,"—it always used to be "Guy,"—"to take so

deep a *h*interest in my business. Of course I comprehend your *disinterested*," with a sneer, "*h*object in all this. Come to consider though, doesn't it *h*appear to you that I am *h*able to manage my *h*own *h*affairs? I *o*pe you don't suppose that I'm in my second child'ood yet, or got softening of the brain?"

The real question in his mind was whether she ever had had any brain at all. But how to say so? However, the lady proceeded, the pink rose in her cap nodding an emphasis to her words from the position it had taken up over her right ear (it was one of Mrs. Brookes' singularities that her headgear was always crooked, invariably gaudy, and very often rather dirty.)

"If I *ad*, you see," with rising temper, "there are *h*other *h*advisers to 'om I should go than you, Mr. Ryder. Clergy-men ain't supposed to compre'end figures, and I don't doubt that you're *h*only ekill to the rest in that. Now please take it from me once for all——"

"Good-morning! And who is it that is bothering the good friend at this time of the day, when one ought by rights to be still invisible? Surely I never overheard the commencement of a business discussion?"

And with the greatest coolness Caryl Clive slipped into an armchair, and fixed his glasses at a convenient angle for the inspection of the curate. He had altogether the air of being so very much at home that Guy experienced an unpleasant shock. But Mrs. Brookes showed no surprise. Instead, she recovered her temper upon the spot, and began to laugh.

"Oh, Mr. Clive, 'ow you startled me! But I'm glad you've come. Mr. Ryder fears that I *h*am a person no longer to be trusted with the control of my *h*own little money," she explained merrily. "Yet there 'ave been times when you 'aven't suspected me of squandering it?—eh, Mr. Ryder?"

The allusion was pointed. Up went Guy's shoulders in that familiar shrug.

"If parochial charities are under discussion—but pardon me, Mrs. Brookes. I see that you are determined not to listen. I only hope that all may turn out as well as you anticipate. I suppose that I shall find Stella in the drawing-room?"

And he waited for nothing further, but was already out of hearing before Mrs. Brookes could shout his name after him. "Mr. Ryder! Mr. Ryder!"

Clive, who had followed the retreating form with a frown, rose deferentially.

"You want him? Permit me to summon him."

But she shook her head.

"No, no. It don't signify now, Mr. Clive. You stop 'ere and tell me about the last returns from the Zarina. It was only that I won't 'ave 'im a-'unting *h*up Stella like this. *H*after what you said to me a Toosday, I look on 'er as 'alf your wife a'ready. So——"

"Helen is with Stella," he returned significantly. "Still I can but thank you for your great kindness. And now as to the Zarina. By the way, the shares are being snapped up in the most marvellous manner. If you really want some I should not recommend much further delay. A certain return of sixteen per cent. is not to be obtained safely every day."

And so their talk proceeded, whilst Guy was each moment becoming more and more convinced that he would have no opportunity to-day of informing Stella of his ill success. For the Countess Helen had entirely taken possession of Miss Brookes, and appeared by no means desirous of relinquishing the charge.

Her lank, thin arms were clasped round Stella's waist as Helen knelt in front of the girl, and her long, pale, and singularly plain face was raised towards Miss Brookes' rather disgusted visage when Guy entered the room. With a sigh of relief Stella seized the chance to free herself from that clinging embrace by rising to shake hands with the curate.

"Our dear Stella is not looking quite herself of late," the Countess remarked, as a promising opening for conversation. "You agree with me; is it not so? I have been trying to persuade her—ah, so hard!—to let me take her a little trip. Variety, alteration of air and scene, don't you call it? And the dear Madame, she thinks quite as I do."

Perhaps it was owing to her longer residence abroad that Helen's speech was even more decidedly foreign than that of Caryl. But that was a speculation that at present did not interest either Stella or Guy. She was feeling too much alarmed lest such a scheme should actually be carried out. And he was no less startled by the idea of the possibilities which it afforded. Happily, however, he was a man of resource.

"I quite think Miss Brookes needs a change," he said. "Indeed, only yesterday I was urging her to accept Mrs. Jaxon's invitation to Thetfield. Have you written yet to tell them to expect you, Stella? You know, Countess, I am a kind of relative, being so old a friend, and have to look after her in her brother's absence."

Helen's eyes, full of a look of baffled anger, were fixed upon him. But she said nothing, only subsided upon a low stool, and took up the exquisite embroidery which—as she never tired of explaining—she had learned to do in Russia.

"No," from Stella timidly. "But—"

"Then I would write to-day." And his significant smile added strength to his words. "Suppose you scribble a little note now, whilst I talk to the Countess? How soon can you be ready to start? By to-morrow? Wednesday is a very good day for a journey, I always think."

His brotherly manner was just what it ought to have been, just too what Stella needed to support her. She walked across to the writing-table with animation.

"I'll post it," declared Guy, taking possession of the note when finished. And thus the die was cast.

Only even as he walked to the pillar-box, with the envelope still in his hand, he found himself wondering whether he had done wisely in thus acting upon the spur of the moment. Certainly some sort of deliverance was necessary for Stella. But whether the visit of a friend to her might not have been a better arrangement than this virtual capitulation he could not determine.

Yet the letter travelled to Yorkshire by that night's mail. He found it impossible to suggest any disappointment which might again cause a cloud to gather upon Stella's face.

As to Mrs. Brookes when she heard, first from Helen and then from Stella, of the bold way in which matters had been brought to a crisis, her indignation rose high, higher indeed than was quite compatible with caution. For she gave Stella a broad hint of what, at present, she had not meant to tell her.



"HELEN KNELT IN FRONT OF THE GIRL."

"Just when you 'ave such a chance, too, a chance that don't come twice in a lifetime," she grumbled. "To marry 'iinto a fambly like theirs! A countess for a sister-in-law, and a real gentleman for a 'usband! You sha'n't blight your 'own prospects, so there! You'll stay at 'ome along o' me, miss!"

But that was a speech that roused even Stella to protest.

"Nothing in the world would induce me to accept Mr. Clive," she said. "And Mary will expect me now. If I don't go I'm sure she will come and fetch me herself."

This, as Mary Jaxon was no favourite with her step-mother, had the desired effect.

When, however, only two or three days after Stella's departure, Guy's conscience imposed upon him the unpleasant duty of calling upon Mrs. Brookes and personally observing how affairs were going on at Kingston Villa, he did begin very gravely to regret the impulse which had moved him to despatch Stella to her sister. For he found that in her absence the Clive interest was flourishing fast and furiously.

"It was quite too sad to think of our dear Madame all by herself; so lonely, so *triste!*" said Helen, a malicious gleam of triumph in her expression. "So we, Caryl and myself, we have given up our rooms next door, and come to look after her. It was wise? You agree with me?"

Which he certainly did. Very wise—for them.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY'S "LANES."



IN the morning following her arrival at Thetfield Stella of course took the opportunity of pouring into Mary's ear the story of her own grievances, and of Mrs. Brookes' foolishness.

"Altogether you can understand how uncomfortable it has been for me," she concluded. "Without Guy, indeed, I don't know what I should have done. But he is just the same as he always was, and as good as a second brother."

"As perfect as Jack, in fact?" Mary insinuated slyly. But that was a heresy by no means allowed to pass unrebuked.

"How can you? Nobody ever has been, or ever will be, my boy's equal. And don't you think that he's growing quite handsome, Mary, lately? Really, since his moustache has come——"

"You absurd child!" her much-amused sister broke in. "You couldn't think more of Jack if he were your husband!"

"Husband indeed!" with the contempt of the unattached maiden for that, as yet, unknown article. Then, with a change of tone, as she glanced out of the window, "Here comes *your* husband, though, and his brother with him. They're not one scrap alike, Mary. What a nice man Dr. Jaxon is!"

"Thanks, dear, for the compliment to Walter." Then, seeing Stella's face of dismay, she laughed. "Silly girl! Of course I understand. For one thing, Harry isn't a quarter as good-looking as my man, are you, Harry?" as the pair entered.

"Not a quarter," he responded with readiness. "Oh yes; I distinctly caught your civil speech whilst I was in the hall," in answer to her stare of surprise. She had not bargained for such quickness of hearing. "But where are the bairns? I promised May to bring some 'shoc'let cweams' as she calls them, and I should like her to appreciate the manner in which I keep my vows."

He was already depositing various bags, each containing about half a pound of goodies, upon a neighbouring table, whilst Mary regarded him with smiling eyes. His was indeed a pleasant face to look at, with its broad brow, and clever, keen expression. But the features were too strongly marked for beauty, and beside the tall figure of the vicar he looked, as indeed he was, distinctly short, far below even middle height.

"I trust you don't intend to give that solid mass of indigestion and general seediness to my youngest born, Hal! And you a doctor, too, who ought to know better," remarked Mr. Jaxon, as the sound of chattering voices outside became audible. "Why, May would gobble the lot up in five minutes, and never dream of the consequences. However, you'll be on the spot to physic her for nothing, which is an undoubted consolation."

"Only he never considers any less abstruse subjects than nerves and brains worthy of men," interposed Mary. "Come, my darlings. Why, May, what's the matter?"

For that young person had paused in the middle of the carpet, with large round eyes fixed upon Stella's face, whilst every sign of trouble was written upon her own. Finally the tears rose, and began to roll silently down her cheeks.

"My pet, what is it?" from the anxious young mother. "See what uncle has for you, May. Don't cry."

The sound of rustling paper had an undeniably cheering effect, and one glance inside the packet offered readily by her devoted relative banished the yet remaining gloom. It was not until after a very large chocolate oystershell had disappeared that May was able sufficiently to disengage her mind from her appetite to remember her sadness again. Then, however, heaving a big sigh, she remarked, "May fought it was Godmovv."

Ivy chimed in there, her silvery little tone of explanation not untinged by contempt.

"Yes! Isn't *that* May a goose, Granny?" she remarked from her post upon the grandmother's knee. "She thought that Auntie Wynne was here as well as Auntie Stella. And she *wouldn't* believe when I told her that she was entirely mistaken," pronouncing the big words with a delicious air of satisfaction.

"And I do *want* my Godmuvvy!" from May, with whom Wynne was an immense favourite.

"So do I!" echoed Stella. "You wouldn't believe, Mary, how little we do see of each other at Shingleby. I *wish* you could ask her. Her holidays begin to-day, and as Guy can't get away they are not going anywhere. By the way, we could put off the Lazenby expedition until she was here, couldn't we?"

"But I haven't a spare corner. This house is as full as it will stick already, isn't it, Walter?"

"Nonsense! She shall sleep with me," declared Stella.

"And me, and dollie!" added May.

But though that fir' amendment was not carried, a letter was written, conveying the pressing invitation of all concerned; much to Stella's gratification.

"I'm so delighted that I'll actually be kind enough to come and take that Miss Radnor's place at the night-school this very evening, though I don't know in the least how I shall manage your ruffians, Mary. There, just as if I had not stated at breakfast that nothing should induce me!" the girl remarked, as soon as the note had been despatched.

"Oh, I was sure you'd not hold out," said Mary, with a comfo. table confidence in her own powers of persuasion. "Where are you going now, Walter?"

"It's my day for the hospital, dear. Don't wait dinner if I'm late." And with a parting glance at his wife, "Be sure that May says grace in my absence."

Mary looked up with a warning "Hush!" However, finding that May was far too much occupied with "shoc'lets" to be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake, she added explainingly to Stella, "It is brief if not satisfactory. Just 'Amen.' I'm afraid she can't be a very good child, for she does so object to more."

Walter was late, just as he had expected to be, in returning from his visits to those bedsides of suffering, and he looked tired and worn by the time that

he re-entered his home. Mary, as usual, met him upon the doorstep, and, having hung up his hat for him, slipped her arm through his in silent sympathy, to lead him to the dining-room where food awaited him. She understood a little of the hopeless, helpless feeling engendered by the sight of pain, for which there is no present alleviation, and was accustomed to the task of cheering her husband upon such occasions as the present, by talking upon any and every subject that came uppermost. But to-day, after she had attended to his wants, and filled his plate, words seemed to come less readily than was their custom.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Walter asked at last, leaning back in his chair, and looking at her grave face. He himself was already beginning to feel revived and refreshed by the food and rest.

"Am I too sedate?" with a little start and a laugh. "Well, to tell the truth, I have my lesson for to-night, my 'talk' to the boys, you understand, running in my head. Don't you think, Walter, that it is strange how little people think about Our Lord having died to save body and brain, as well as soul? One hardly ever hears a sermon about it; and I don't fancy that most folks even believe that it is true."

He nodded rather thoughtfully.

"I began to tell the lads something of it on Monday, and promised to explain more to-night. I wonder if I shall ever make it clear to them."

"At any rate, there is a tangible basis," returned the clergyman. "The body is distinctly visible, whilst as to the soul, I imagine that most of your lambs would only have the vaguest ideas concerning it. By the way, haven't I heard you mention a Tom Beresford—a young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts—who attends the class?"

"Yes, and quite one of the nicest members. He is always attentive, though not half so clever as Stacey or Furniss. Why?"

"He's had an accident this week, poor fellow," said her husband. And Mary, who comprehended a little of what that might mean, sighed and shrugged.

"What is it? Serious?"

"I'm afraid so. He was splashed with the Bessemer steel, and burnt a good deal besides. The doctors don't give much hope of him."

"Shall I go and see him this afternoon?" she asked eagerly. "I'm sure he'd like it, if he is strong enough."

"He wouldn't recognise you, dear. Wait for a day or two, and I'll be sure to tell you when it would be of use. It is such a tremendous walk for you, down that hill and up again. No good to waste your energies."

After such news it was with rather a saddened heart that Mary that evening started upon her pilgrimage to the schools, though it was pleasant enough to have Stella to enliven the ten minutes' walk by her account of Shingleby doings and sayings, as well as by various inquiries upon the subject of Mary's own work and interest.

was well aware how greatly the nerves of even the strongest workmen will sometimes suffer after they have been spectators of such a calamity. But she went up to him later on, and bent to look at his writing.

"Very good, in spite of the bad arm." Then, after a pause, "Have you heard how Tom is to-day, Charley?"

"He wor main and bad yesterday," in a low tone. Then, "We wor a-talkin' o' yow joost as it coom."

"Yes? And what were you saying?"

"About oor bodies. Yow mind what yow said last Moonday? And Tom,



"THE SISTERS ENTERED THE SCHOOLROOM TOGETHER."

Charley Furniss was in his place as usual when the sisters entered the schoolroom together.

The young man had his left arm in a sling, and looked paler than when last his teacher had seen him.

"Have you hurt yourself, too?" she asked, as she handed round the copy-books to her class.

"Joost a splash o' steel, ma'am. It fell on me same toime as Beresford got burnt."

No more was said then. She saw, from the change upon his countenance as he spoke, how great had been the shock to him of his friend's misadventure. Nor was that any surprise to her. She

he'd joost bin axing me ef I thowt Christ coom t' save oos fra gettin' hurt."

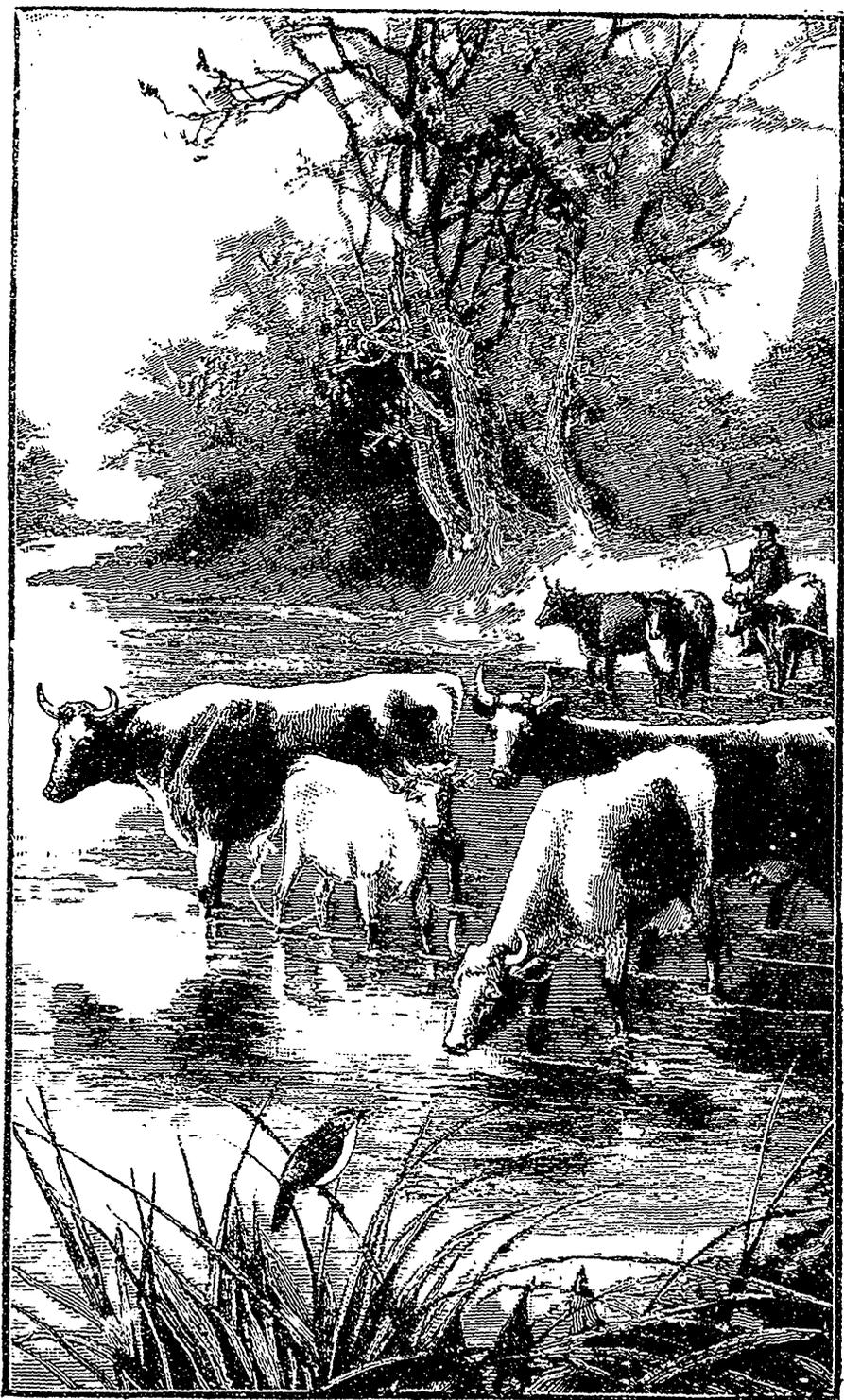
"Poor fellow!" with tears in her eyes. "Well, you'll hear more about it to-night, Charley, by-and-by, I hope."

She looked grave and a little troubled when the time came for her to speak, however. The lads had a very real hold upon Mrs. Jaxon's affections, and the idea of Beresford upon his bed of suffering weighed on her generally high spirits. But in the hush that succeeded to the clatter of clearing away slates, and scrambling for fresh places well in front of the desk, she began at last to speak.

"I hope that every one who has heard of Beresford's accident has offered a short

PAGES

MISSING



Drawn by A. F. LYDON.

"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

[Engraved by G. LYDON.]



A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,

Author of "Denis O'Neil," etc.

ONCE upon a time a great trouble was brought into a house in the shape of a new inmate.

The house was a very pretty one. Lace curtains hung in the windows; there were new carpets on the floors, and pictures on the walls; flower-pots stood on the window-sills, and a canary sang in a cage all day long, filling the house with music.

A husband and wife, whose names were George and Kate, lived there, and they thought that there was no place like it all the world over. When they went out for a walk together they used to look at all the houses they passed, but they never saw any to compare with their own little home. George went to work every day, and while he was gone Kate swept and dusted and

washed and cooked, and when he came home in the evening she sat down to her needlework, while he rested in his arm-chair and read aloud to her. It seemed as if two people had never been so happy before!

But all this was quite changed when the new inmate came to take up his abode with them. George gave a start when he saw him first; he really was dreadfully ugly! He was very bald, he had a mottled red face, which he was always screwing up into all kinds of odd shapes, and, as he had no teeth, some of the grimaces he made were terrible.

Then, too, his manners were decidedly odd. When he first saw George he doubled up his fist and hit out at him, and if George

had not stepped back hastily he must have had a blow right in his eye. But he did stranger things even than this. When people go out to stay they always take their luggage with them; but this queer inmate came without anything at all; and more than this, he seemed to expect that everything he wanted could be provided for him. The more trouble he gave George and Kate the better he seemed to like it, and always appeared to think that they ought to be ready to wait upon him. He used to begin shouting for his breakfast about five o'clock in the morning, and if Kate did not get up to prepare it at once he made such a commotion that you would have thought the roof must come off. He never seemed to remember that George worked hard all day, and that he ought to have a good night's rest, or that he wanted to have his breakfast before he went out in the morning.

Nor did he behave any better after George had gone. He would wait till Kate had just poured the water into the wash-tub, or till she was in the middle of making something for dinner, and then he would call for her so long and so loud that she was obliged to leave what she was doing and run to see what he wanted. It was really very tiresome.

But perhaps what was most vexing of all was the way in which he spoilt their quiet time in the evening. George would come in feeling very tired and pull off his boots, and just as he settled himself by the fire in his warm slippers and began to read aloud to his wife, there would come a shout and a scuffle in the middle of the most interesting part, and down would go Kate's work, and her thimble would go one way, and her cotton reels another, and off she would have to fly.

But there was one thing about him that was more strange than all the rest. If

people are obliged to give a great deal of trouble they generally try to repay their friends for it in some way; but this curious person never seemed to think about it at all. He did not once offer to pay for his board and lodging, nor for the many things that were got for him; not even when George had to take to working over hours to be able to pay for them. He never said he was sorry when he called them up in the night, or when he wanted things done for him in the day; in fact, he appeared to think that he had a right to all.

It seemed very strange that George and Kate did not tell him that he really must go, and send for a policeman to turn him out if he refused; but they did nothing of the sort, and, what was even more wonderful, they really did not seem to mind his way of going on. Some of the neighbours told Kate when he came that her husband would go out in the evenings now, and that he would not care to be at home if he could not be first in his own house; but their words were quite untrue, for George seemed more pleased than ever to come home when his work was done, and Kate, instead of growing cross and ill-tempered with all the extra steps she had to take, laughed and sang as she went about the house, and looked brighter and happier every day.

What could be the explanation of such a mystery?

Were George and Kate out of their minds?

Not at all. And did they not grow tired of their troublesome guest? No; on the contrary, he became dearer to them every day, and they declared to all their friends that they would not know what happiness was until they had an inmate like theirs, for, in spite of all the work and worry that he gave them, there was nothing in all the world they loved so well as their precious little baby!

A FEW WORDS ON CONFIRMATION.

"The doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands."—HEB. vi. 2.

BY THE REV. CANON BURBIDGE,

Vicar of St. Michael's-in-the-Flamlet, Liverpool.



OUR Church, in the arrangements which she has made for the benefit of her members, has retained the ancient rite of Confirmation. It is the necessary consequence of her views on Infant Baptism. It is evident that she does not consider Baptism as complete without Confirmation. She regards the latter, as Dean Goulburn calls it, as "the complement of Baptism." Here are the words of the Rubric attached to the Service in the

Prayer Book: "There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or be ready to be confirmed." None, therefore, can doubt that the Church of England attaches great importance to Confirmation.

Yet the language she uses concerning it implies the conviction that, if not commanded by the Word of God, it is in accordance with it. After the Bishop has laid his hand upon the persons he says in the prayer he offers: "We make

our humble supplication unto Thee for these Thy servants, upon whom, after the example of the holy Apostles, we have now laid our hands."

Here is a direct appeal to the Scriptures of the New Testament, reminding us of the words which stand at the head of this paper, "*The doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands.*"

That this is the origin of the rite there can be no doubt. Bishop Titcomb, in his *Church Lessons for Young Churchmen*, says of it: "It takes its rise from an old practice of a similar kind which we find in the Acts of the Apostles. It appears to have been a custom of the Apostles, after certain intervals of time, to revisit the infant churches which they had planted for the purpose of looking after their converts, of cheering and encouraging them, and establishing them in the faith of Christ. On such occasions they laid their hands upon them."

"*The doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands.*" This is certainly a strong passage in support of the rite of Confirmation. Calvin, the great continental reformer, thought so much of it that he said: "If there were no other text this is sufficient to prove Confirmation the doctrine of Scripture."

Be this as it may, we, who are members of the Church of England, are not afraid to appeal to the New Testament. In Acts viii. we read that Philip the Deacon went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ to the Samaritans. We further read: "When they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God, and the Name of Jesus Christ, they were baptised, both men and women." Then we have the following record: "Now when the Apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Word of God they sent unto them Peter and John, who, when they had come down, prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost (for as yet He was fallen upon none of them, only they were baptised in the Name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

And it is very important to see that the practice of laying on of hands upon those who had been baptised did not cease with the Apostles. We have abundant proof of this on the page of early Church history. Thus Tertullian, who lived only about eighty years after St. John, writes: "After Baptism succeeds the laying on of hands by prayer,

calling for and inviting the Holy Ghost." Cyprian, who lived in the next century, writes concerning the record of Acts viii.: "The same thing is practised among us—that they who are baptised are presented to those who preside over the Church, that by their prayers and laying on of hands they may obtain the Holy Ghost and be perfected with the seal of Christ."

Again, in the next century, we find Jerome writing: "If you ask where Confirmation is written, it is written in the Acts of the Apostles; but if there were no authority of Scripture for it, yet the consent of all the world upon this particular would be instead of a command." We see, then, that the rite of Confirmation has its origin in a practice of the Apostles themselves, and, further, that it has prevailed from the days of the Apostles down to the present hour in a large section of the Christian Church.

Our Church—true to the spirit of moderation which distinguishes her—does not claim for Confirmation any Scriptural command, but she sees in the record of the primitive Church a practice suggestive of it; she notifies the fact that the practice was observed after the Apostles had passed away, and, therefore, claiming the right of appointing her own ceremonies and institutions, she has retained it for the benefit and blessing of her children.

But, whatever doubt may be thrown upon the position which the Church of England takes in this matter, we may safely contend that Confirmation may stand firmly on its own intrinsic merits. No sincere Churchman will be found who is not sensible of its inestimable value. We are quite sure that no conscientious clergyman could be found who could question its importance. The preparation-classes bring him into connection with the young members of his flock, and supply him with one of the most interesting engagements of his ministry.

It affords him an opportunity of dealing with souls which the public services cannot provide. And to the devout mind what can be more impressive than the scene presented on "Confirmation Day"?—"*Do ye here in the presence of God and of this congregation renew the solemn promise and vow that was made for you at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all these things which your Godfathers and Godmothers then under-*

PAGES

MISSING

at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the Parish Church or Chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled there unto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word, and to pray with him."

We find, then, that the clergy are required, under ordinary circumstances, to say Prayers daily. They may say the services either privately at home or in church. Unless there is some real hindrance, they are instructed to follow the latter course, and are to remind the congregation, by the ringing of the church bell, that it is their privilege also to join in the service.

This, I think, deals with the objection to the "daily offices" on account of the smallness of the congregation. There may be many present, or there may be none. But this in no way affects obedience to the rule laid down.

The motive for the Rubric is to show that the Parish Church is the real spiritual home of all the parishioners; that provision is made for any who will to worship daily in God's House; and that, whether they are able or not to join in the prayers, they can at least feel that intercessions are being offered up by the clergy on behalf of those over whom they are appointed to have "the cure and government of souls."

We know how easy it is to find reasonable and convenient excuses for not availing ourselves of the frequent opportunities of worship which are placed within our reach. Sometimes they are generous; and sometimes the reverse. In many cases, no doubt, the ties of family and household duties, in many the requirements of daily work, make it an impossibility to take part in the daily services. But a favourite excuse is often made—viz., that the use of the same form day after day is wearisome and monotonous. This is not altogether accurate, for the Psalms and the Lessons are different each day; while the experience of many will bear me out in saying that in the case of the Church Offices, as in the case of private prayer, familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, endears the collects and prayers to the hearts of those who offer them with earnestness and faith. If any reader of these lines doubts the truth of my statement, let

him (or her) make the experiment, and attend the daily services regularly for two or three months.

The clergy are fully alive to the fact that, for the reasons given above, only a *small* proportion of the parishioners have the time or opportunity for joining morning and evening in the services. If they can attend they are heartily welcome. If they are prevented, let them at least abstain from censuring, or objecting to, those who take part therein.

But, because participation in the daily tribute of prayer and praise in God's house is impossible to many, this is no reason why occasional week-day attendance may not be practised.

There are very few churches now which are rigidly kept locked and barred from Sunday evening until the following Sunday morning. In those that are not open daily for public or private prayer there is generally one or more week-day service—usually a Wednesday evening service and sermon; and the great increase in daily services in Lent, both in town and country, has been most marked in recent years.

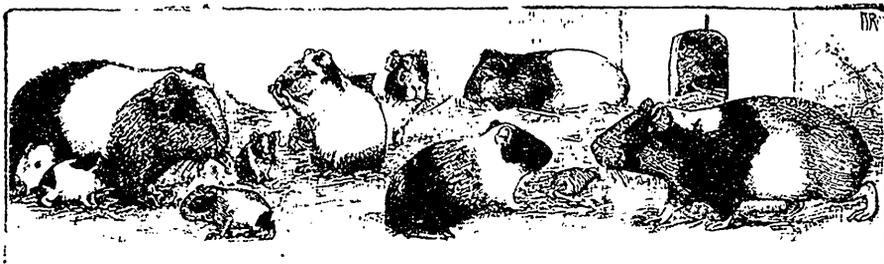
Here is an excellent opportunity for religious-minded people to cast aside, for a brief space, the cares and engrossments of business or pleasure, and, in accordance with Christ's command to His Apostles, in the midst of their pressing duties, to "come apart and rest awhile."

There never was a time when men needed spiritual rest and refreshment so much as they need them to-day. The worries of life—social, commercial, private—are continually on the increase. One engagement follows another with startling rapidity. People are coming and going, so that we have no leisure so much as to eat the spiritual food provided for us on every hand.

The opportunities of private communing with God—of the invigoration of the soul which comes from gathering together in the House of God in Jesus' Name, and, where possible, attending a week-day celebration of the Holy Communion—are very helpful and very strengthening.

How peaceful and happy are those who can say with the Psalmist: "Oh! how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God."

RICHES without charity are nothing worth; they are a blessing only to him who makes them a blessing to others.—FIELDING.



ENGLISH SHORT-HAIR CAVIES.

A TINY CHAT ABOUT CAVIES.

BY A. RUSDEN.

I THINK I hear somebody say, "What are cavies?" Well, Cavies (*a* pronounced the same as *a* in Cave) are nothing more or less than guinea-pigs; but as they are not pigs, and do not come from Guinea, they are now called Cavies at all the leading shows.

There are at present three distinct varieties of the Cavy—namely, Peruvians, Abyssinians, and English Short Hair.

Peruvians have long, straight, silky hair, falling well over the nose in front, and straight down the sides, without any curl or twist.

Abyssinians have moderately long hair, but it is twisted and wiry and distinctly rosetted on the sides and head. The difference between the two varieties will be seen at once on referring to our illustrations.

English Short Hair is the ordinary smooth "guinea-pig." The colours of each variety vary considerably.

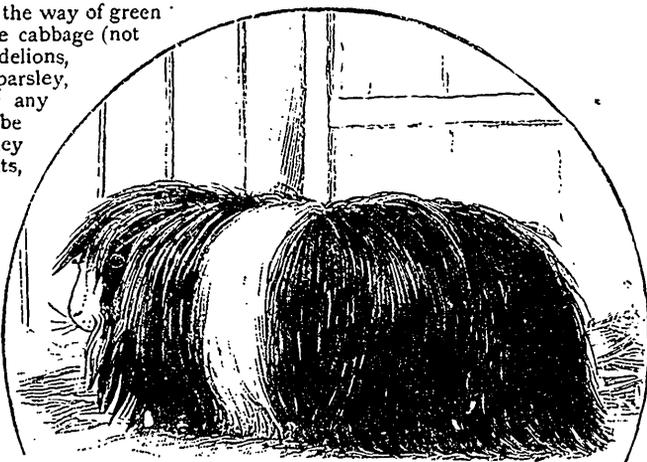
Cavies are specially to be recommended as pets for very little folks, as they do not often bite, as rabbits sometimes will, and they are not so heavy and strong to carry about. When lifting a Cavy take it up round the neck. This will not hurt it. And do not be tempted to lift it up by the tail, because if you do—well—you will soon see what will happen. The male and female and young can be left together all the year round with no risk of their fighting or quarrelling, so that one hutch will do for all the family. The young are very precocious. They learn to walk when a few hours old, and can take care of themselves after the first day or two.

I have been told by those who have Cavies that they do best when kept on the ground, and this saves a lot of cleaning out; but the run should have a roof to keep it dry. They are very hardy little things, and will thrive anywhere and eat



ABYSSINIAN CAVIES.

almost anything. In the way of green stuff they should have cabbage (not too much), carrots, dandelions, chicory, celery, cow-parsley, carrot-tops, grass, or any green stuff that can be got conveniently. They should also have oats, hay, bran, or soaked bread, to which may be added water to drink. Change the diet as often as possible. It does not do them any harm to be handled now and then; in fact, it is rather good for them; as when they are never touched Cavies are apt to grow wild, so you may nurse your pets occasionally, but don't begin before they are a week old.



PERUVIAN CAVY.

I may add that there is some little difficulty in keeping the coat of the Peruvian from becoming clotted and entangled, so it should be well brushed and combed daily.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)

Quinquagesima Sunday. (Psalm xix.)

1. With what expressions in Gen. i. and Isa. xl. may the language of verse 5 be compared?
2. Of what one word in 2 Tim. iii. may the beginning of verse 11 remind us?

First Sunday in Lent. (Psalm lvi.)

1. What illustrations of the second half of verse 2 may be found in Psalm iii., Psalm xxvii., Chron. xvi., and elsewhere?
2. How many points of resemblance can be found between the language of this Psalm and that of Psalm cxviii.? Can anything similar to one of these be found twice over in Psalm xlvi., and once in another form in Rom. viii.?

Second Sunday in Lent. (Psalm xc.)

1. In what other Scriptures do we find ten spoken of as in verses 5 and 6 of this Psalm?
2. In which verse of Deut. xxxiii. do we find Moses offering a prayer like that found in the twelfth verse of this Psalm?

Third Sunday in Lent. (Psalm cxix. 33-40.)

1. What great truth is taught us both by the first verse of this portion of Psalm cxix. and by 1 Thess. iv. 9? See also Job xxxvi?
2. What reasons may be found in the Collect

for the Second Sunday in Lent, and in that for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, for offering the succession of prayers which we find offered in verses 33-37 of this Psalm?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a *Special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume* is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

2. REMARKABLE WOMEN.—The women here referred to were three in number, and were all famous (few persons more so) in the same excellent way. All are spoken of also—two of them with singular praise—by the greatest of men. For all this we only know the name of one of the three. There is reason to believe that two of them belonged to the House of Israel. We know that the third did not. The one named, we find, was blamed at first as much as she was afterwards praised. Also we know that in the case of one of the unnamed ones there happened a wonder which we only know to have happened in two cases besides. Where are these three women mentioned? How can that be verified which is said of them here? And what probable reference is there to one of them in Heb. xi.?

* * * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted from January to June inclusive; and Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. The winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. For example, the answers to the above questions for February must be sent in on or before March 1st. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, state their ages, and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—
"Sunday by Sunday," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE,
30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"MY MOTHER CHURCH."

BY M. F. MAUDE.

Author of "Thine for Ever, God of Love."

"The prayers of my mother, the Church of England, what prayers are like them?"

Life of George Herbert.

"When he called for prayers, the question was asked, 'What prayers?' 'Always the Church prayers,' was his reply. I never before realised so fully that prayer of our Church, 'Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.'"

Life of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott.

Y Mother Church! Thy holy prayers
 I lisped with infant breath;
 And oh! I hope that they will rise
 From my cold lips in death;
 For from the very Fount of Life
 Thou drawest undefiled
 The pure, sweet waters of the Truth
 For every thirsting child.
 By Thee upon my infant brow
 The holy sign was set,
 That marked me for the coming strife,
 Unconscious babe, as yet;
 But willingly, in riper years,
 I heard Thy call to stand,
 Grasping the Banner of the Cross
 Thou gavest to my hand.

And oh! if many faithless prove
 In an unfaithful age,
 Let me but cling with deeper love
 To my sweet heritage;
 Still, though of youth and vigour shorn,
 Let me that standard clasp,
 Until by stronger hands 'tis borne
 From my last dying grasp.
 Then, in Thy fold, with "voice from Heaven,"
 Oh, lay me down to sleep,
 Close to the dear and faithful dead,
 Where angels vigil keep;
 Till the last trumpet's thrilling blast
 Shall pierce the upheaving sod,
 And the glad wakers rise and spring
 Into the Light of God.

TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Lew Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

II.



ES, Mr. Timmins," said Jessie, "I'll have my bank book." "Very well," said the postmaster. "Now please to state your Christian and surname."

"Jessie Driver."

"Occupation?"

"Kitchenmaid."

"Place of residence?"

"Do you mean where mother lives?"

"No; where you are now."

"I'm at the Rectory."

"This must be witnessed by some one.

Let me see; some one known to me, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish, or by a justice of the peace."

"I'm not a justice, nor a churchwarden, nor a parson," said Tom Nayles; "but Mr. Timmins knows me very well. I'll witness the signature."

He did so.

Jessie was about to depart when Tom called, "I say—one good turn deserves another. Will you witness for me? I was going to have half a pound of tobacco, but now I don't think I will. I'll have a bank book instead."

So Jessie waited in the shop.

"Name, if you please?" asked the postmaster.

"Tom Nayles."

"Tom or Thomas?"

"Well, I believe I was christened Thomas, but folks always call me Tom."

"Thomas it must be then. Occupation?"

"Farm labourer."

"Place of residence?"

"Clover Farm."

"Now, miss, please witness the signature of the new depositor."

Jessie did as required, and then was leaving the shop, when Mr. Timmins called after her—"Stay! stay! you've forgot something. You're going off without that there 'umming bird for your 'at."

Jessie coloured and came back, took up her white card box, containing the rainbow-plumaged bird that was to cork-screw hearts out of the bosoms of all the parish swains, and departed.

Tom was going out quickly after her when Mr. Timmins shouted, "Stay! stay! you've forgot something. There's them brandy-balls you've left on the counter."

"To be sure I have!" exclaimed Tom, and came back for the little twist.

"Ah!" said Mr. Timmins, when his shop was clear of customers, "I shall give up the post-office with the precious savings bank. It don't pay; I lost a penny over them brandy-balls Nayles would have bought but that the girl repented of having took any; and I'll be bound 'f she'd had the savings bank book first I couldn't have got her to buy that there 'umming bird. And then I lost the price of half a pound of shag by that boy choosing to have a bank book instead. That ain't the worst of it. Saving is like drink; it grows on a party. It wouldn't be no good my laying in 'umming birds and 'baccy if all the gals went in for bank books and all the boys too. I'll give up the post-office and the savings bank; that spoils custom terrible—terrible—terrible! There ain't no call for pomps and vanities, and 'baccy, and pipes, and superfluities, when folks take to savings bank books. I'll give it up."

Jessie had not gone far before she found that Tom had quickened his steps and was at her side.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked.

"I'm going back to Clover Farm. And you?"

"Back to the Rectory. I've got the peas to shell for dinner."

"Then we both go one way."

"Well, I don't know; there's the private road."

"But you are not going that way?"

Jessie hesitated.

"One way is as long as the other," argued Tom, "and I'm terrible dull by myself. You'd better come my way,"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "I think I'll go by the private way."

"Then I'll go that way too."

"You can't, Tom."

"Oh! can't I? Just wait and see."

"I mean you mustn't; it is not a public road."

"I don't care."

"But I can't be walking with you on the private road as if I'd invited you to it; which I've no right to do."

"Then go with me the public way."

"If I can't help myself I must," said Jessie.

Presently they passed between high hedges full of red robin and bluebells.

"I say, Jessie, are you fond of brandy-balls?"

"Awful!" answered the girl.

"Then help me to eat mine."

"You bought them. Eat them yourself."

"I've a bad tooth. I can't take too much sweet stuff, or my tooth will ache. I wish you'd have half the lot."

"I couldn't do that."

"Well, sit down in the hedgo with me, and we'll go on till my tooth begins to ache."

"I've got the peas to shell."

"Well, when is dinner?"

"In three or four hours."

"There's heaps of time for sucking brandy-balls; sit down and help me. If I eat too many my tooth will torment me all night. Do, please, save me that."

Tom leaned against the hedge, among the red robin. He opened the paper screw, took out a brandy-ball, and gave it to Jessie.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Awful!" she replied.

"Then I'll have one," said he.

The two young people were silent for a minute, sucking brandy-balls. Every now and then they sighed. The delight was so exquisite.

Presently Jessie said: "Is your tooth jumping, Tom?"

"No, Jess. It is easy. Shall we have another?"

"I don't like to deprive you."

"Not at all. We will go on till my tooth begins."

"Tom," said Jessie, after an interval of a minute and a half, "what have you got in your book?"

"Look," said he, and extended his bank book to her.

"Two shillings! Oh my! I've only got one, and I might have had two but for the humming-bird."

"The what?" asked Tom.



"EVERY NOW AND THEN THEY SIGHED."

"Never mind; you weren't in Timmins' shop when I——" she was blushing now at the thought of having spent a shilling over the little made-up bird.

"I say, Jess, shall we run races?"

"Oh, Tom, you can run much faster than I."

"I mean run races with our books. When shall you be putting any money in again?"

brandy-ball; there are only two remaining."

"Is your tooth easy, Tom?"

"It's just beginning to be fidgety."

"And really I must go and shell peas."

"You will let me see your book, how it gets along?"

"Yes, Tom, and I shall like to see yours, how that gets along."

(To be continued.)

"That depends," said the girl. "I used to bang about the crockery—awful, when washing up the dinner things—and Missus said, if, at the end of the week, nothing was broke I should have sixpence. If I break nothing in next fortnight I shall put in a shilling."

"Is that your wages?"

"'Tisn't wages at all; it's an extra. I get my wages every three months."

"I get mine every month," said Tom. "No, I fancy it won't be fair; our books will not run even. Have another

A LONG TIME COMING.

T is an old saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Few, perhaps none, of the dwellers in — Square are aware that within a stone's throw in a back room at the top of one of the old houses in the rear of the square, may be found a brother and sister who are keeping their bit of a home together on eight-and-sixpence a week, the joint earnings of the pair. They belong to a small town in Lancashire, and have seen better days, but drifted up to London after the death of their mother, whose affairs were "all in a muddle," as a consequence of her desertion by a runaway husband. How wearily the hours go by for poor Mary, while Jack is in the city going his rounds with an evening paper. Until the very, very latest special edition has been sold out he cannot think of getting home, and Mary finds it hard to be cheerful. The little bit of sewing which the landlady of the house puts in her way is certainly occupation of a sort, but no wonder Mary's thoughts are often with those far-off days with mother, dear old mother, in their happy country home. And Jack, well,

he does his best to think of the future. "Cheer up, Mary; I'm sure I shall get something better to do before long."

* * * * *

The better work was a long time coming, but it did come at last, and Jack and Mary are now comfortably settled twenty miles outside the great city. "He is the best under-gardener we have ever had; and as for Mary, she makes an excellent nursemaid, and seems as happy as the day is long," said Mrs. Belcher to the Vicar, when he asked how they were getting on.



"O God, our Help in Ages past."

Words by I. WATTS.

Music by J. KENDRICK PYNE.
(Organist of Manchester Cathedral and Town Hall.)

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
mf 2. Be - neath the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure :

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,
Suf - fi - cient is Thine Arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Service in a Kaffir Hut.

It must be a curious thing to hold service in one of those beehive-shaped huts which we have often seen in pictures. "Sometimes," says Canon Gibson, "it is almost impossible to see the words of the Liturgy, as the light that comes in at the four-feet doorway is blocked out by the crowd of worshippers who cannot find room inside. Often a dog or a fowl will force its way in, and have to be driven out again and again. The clergyman's head is bowed, not in reverence, but because the roof is so low he cannot stand upright; but as you look round at the congregation, and see this one who has walked eight miles that morning, starting before sunrise; as your eyes fall on a party who travelled fifteen miles on Saturday afternoon in order to be in good time for their Sunday communion, . . . above all, as you feel the wondrous hush—a silence that may be felt—that succeeds the consecration prayer, then you feel that 'God is in this place' as much as in the most beautiful cathedral."

A Blasphemous Edict.

The first missionaries who went to Japan were Jesuits, who mixed themselves up with political intrigues, for which they were eventually expelled and their converts persecuted. For two hundred and thirty years every village signboard in Japan bore the following edict: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be

so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head." In 1854 the first opening occurred, and soon afterwards the Gospel began to be preached in Japan. Now some twenty-seven missionary societies are engaged there, and more than 35,000 Japanese have become Christians.

A Service once a Quarter.

WHILE we remember the spiritual destitution of the heathen, we ought not to forget that our colonists, our own fellow-countrymen, are often in great need of the Gospel. The *Gospel Missionary* told us a little while ago of the visit of a clergyman to a pearl fishery station at Shark's Bay, Western Australia. He had to travel a long way to reach them, by steamer, sailing boat, and on horseback. He found that they had never had a clergyman before to perform Divine service or to administer the Holy Communion. They were delighted when he told them he would come *once a quarter* in future, gladly promised to pay a share of his stipend, and subscribed on the spot enough to purchase a harmonium to brighten the services. There must be great numbers of settlers in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, who are as badly off as the Shark's Bay colonists, and many, perhaps, far less able to bear the expense of helping themselves.

The Magazine.

The Magazine is published once again. Many have paid up their subscriptions, and in hopes that all will do so ultimately we venture to continue its publication. But we still urge all who have not yet paid to do so at once. We are responsible for the money to the English firm which prints the magazine. I am sure none of our subscribers would willingly allow us to be compelled to pay \$60. or \$75, because they neglected to pay their 50c. We therefore once more ask our subscribers to pay at once for 1893.

A Plan for Lent.

1. Begin and end each day with an examination of self, followed by a prayer for the pardon of sin, and for strength and guidance from God.
2. Read some portion, however small, of Gods Word each day, striving to learn its bearing upon our own life—its meaning for us personally; and endeavor with the same object to read through some one book of the New Testament—a Gospel or an Epistle—before the end of the forty days of Lent.
3. Dony ourselves some pleasures or habits to which we are now devoted. Mark out those which have obtained a greater or less control over our wills for especial discipline and subjection. The denial of them will strengthen our Christian character and enable us to rise above the attractions of sense.
4. Let us resolve to undertake some Christian work which we do not now perform. While we renounce a habit or work that has become sinful to us, we ought always to fill up the void in our life by undertaking some work that is new.
5. Attend as far as possible all the services of the church on week-days as well as Sundays.
6. Above all attend regularly the Holy Communion, especially the early Communion at 8 a. m. inasmuch as this requires a certain amount of self-denial. It is a test of how much of personal ease we are ready to sacrifice for the sake of our profession.

We would urge these rules to the earnest consideration of all our people. Were we all to adopt some such plan for the present Lent, no doubt the effect would soon be seen in a greater and deeper life in our church. One caution we would give to all. Do not treat Lent merely as a time in which we have to abstain from certain pleasures, but look upon it as a time for the formation of permanent habits. Whatsoever self-denial you practice, let it always be with a view to the ultimate adoption of that self-denial as the permanent rule of life. Of course, even a temporary self-denial of habits or pleasures which threaten to have the mastery over us is useful. It enables us to measure their power over us, and at least for a time to assert the supremacy of the spirit. But surely very little good has been achieved, very little difference has been made in the character if as soon as Lent is over, we rush back into the same old groove, and our life after Easter is marked perhaps by indulgence and indolence as if to make up for their temporary cessation during Lent. We repeat the caution, therefore, let Lent be undertaken with a view to achieving not a temporary, but a permanent improvement of character.

Liquidation of Church Debt.

Since the first notice of the above appeared in the Parish Magazine for January, a month has now elapsed—a sufficient interval to allow everyone to do all the thinking necessary for ascertaining how much each one can conscientiously give towards this purpose. Think of it well—think how much you ought with your means to give towards making your own house of worship free of debt. But it will greatly facilitate the canvass if all will do this before the Rector calls. Indeed unless this is done the work can hardly be accomplished before Easter. There are some 370 families owing allegiance to St. James' Church, and if each family will require one call as a warning to think and another to ascertain the amount of the offering, the work will be clearly impossible. We beseech all therefore to strive to be ready, whatever their offering may be.

The plan adopted will be as follows:—The Rector will call and ascertain the amount from each family and enter it in a book. At the same time he will leave a special envelope with the name of the giver written on it, which envelope the contributors will kindly place on the offertory plate on Easter Day. It is hoped that EVERY FAMILY, without exception, will give something. It is intended to be a universal free-will offering of the congregation.

Saints' Days and Holy Days.

Why should we have services on such days? We answer: (1) Because we find in these services truths and events of supreme moment in the life and work of our Lord and His Apostles hardly ever touched upon in the Sunday services. (2) Because we find the position the character, the importance, the turning points of the career and the life works of the various Apostles brought out with a clearness which we can find nowhere else. We have God's point of view in estimating their character and works. (3) The Church expects her clergy to hold services on such Days, and expects her children to attend them. Loyalty to the Church, therefore, should compel us to attend these services when we can. (4) Because of the good examples of life which are brought before us in the passages selected from Scripture for the Lessons, Epistle and Gospel. These are some among the many reasons why we should attend these services. And, as to the principle of Saints' Days services, as distinguished from Holy Days, the last paragraph in the "Prayer for the Church Militant" sets forth the principle of the Prayer Book authoritatively. There is no worship or adoration or prayer of any kind addressed to them; but "we bless God's holy name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear; and beseech Him to give us grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of his heavenly kingdom."

BANK of MONTREAL

Capital, \$12,000,000
Rest, 6,000,000

Savings Bank Department.

Deposits Received at Current Rates.

THOS. PLUMMER,
Manager Stratford Branch.

Tolton & Co.,

Are Universal Providers.

Before purchasing what you wear or use see their stock.

The people's verdict is that our goods and prices are right.

Shopping is a pleasure here, lots of light and room and perfect service.

Cash and one price only.

CHEAPSIDE, - ONTARIO-ST.

IF YOU
WANT
A NEAT

Pair of Shoes

the proper place to get
them is at

KNECHTEL BROS.

The Red Front Shoe Store,
Market St., Stratford.

.....GOOD AND CHEAP.....

NASMYTH & CO'Y,

Chemists and Druggists.

Perfumery, Toilet Articles, etc.,

MEDICAL HALL, 62 Ontario St.,

For upwards of twenty years the Headquarters for Pure Drugs and careful dispensing.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts a speciality.

Night Bell Attendance.

If you want the Finest
Quality of

GROCERIES

At the Lowest Price
Go to

A. BEATTIE & CO.

They are Direct Importers.

* D. A. HYSLOP *

—Importer of—

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

Market Square. Terms Cash - One Price.

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS.

Admitted to be the Best.

The Choice of the Best Musicians.

Ten Thousand Now in Use.

Sold in Stratford by

ROGER W. ROBERTS

Call to get Catalogue and Prices.

Jos. Rankin,

Bread and Fancy Cake Baker,

JOBBER AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Confectionery, Fruit,

Oysters, Etc.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

SKATES!

STAR skates are CHEAP; "Acme" skates are GOOD, and "Columbus" skates are THE BEST, - fitting any size of sole heel.

FULL ASSORTMENT AT

W. & F. WORKMAN'S,

CORNER EAST OF POST OFFICE.

BIBLES AND CHURCH BOOKS.

Largest and best selected stock in the country. We sell only goods manufactured by the most reliable firms in England. We sell at CLOSE PRICES.

H. G. SHAVER,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER, -- STRATFORD.