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DIocese OF FREDERICTON.

Vol. III.

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(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

REV. CANON MEDLEY. REV. J. R. DEW. COWIE.
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Our Magazine.

EVENTS have justified the action of the Deanery in continuing the K. D. M. It was thought by some that the publication of a Diocesan Magazine would so interfere with the circulation of the K. D. M. that it would not be worth while to continue it. From the sample copy of the "Chronicle of the Diocese of Fredericton," which has been received, we feel sure that there is room for both.

The Chronicle is well put together, — well printed, on good paper, and reflects credit on those who have had it in hand. We wish the committee success in their work, and hope that the "Chronicle" will find its way into every Church Family in the Diocese. But the new publication need not and should not interfere with the circulation of "Our Magazine," inasmuch as each has a distinct character of its own. The "Chronicle," in introducing itself, says that it is issued "In order that all may know the amount and character of the work being done, and all consider one another to provoke unto love and good works," and the object of the Magazine is said to be, "to give the fullest information possible on the work of the Church in the Diocese and the needs of the Diocese." That is to say the Magazine is to be what its name implies a "Chronicle," or "Historical narrative of events."

But the character of the K. D. Magazine is very different. True, it gives items of interest from the various Parishes in the Deanery, and also scraps of news from different parts of the Diocese, but this is not intended to be its chief feature by any means. It sends forth in its pages original articles on Interesting, Doctrinal, and Practical subjects, and also circulates the "Banner of Faith," in which appears from time to time, good sound reading for Church folk, that thus, by these means, it may help to build up our people in their Holy Faith.

While we cannot but think that it would have been wiser to have enlarged the K. D. M., and adopted it, — under its present management, and in its present character, as the Diocesan Magazine, still, — for the reason above stated, — we do not see why both Publications should not, in their respective spheres, do a good work for the Church.

In "Our Magazine" for this month will be found, among other subjects, a continuation of the Papers on "Mis-Readings of Holy Scripture," "Some account of the Parish of Gagertown," in the Deanery of Kingston. An introduction to "Papers on Infant Baptism," will appear next month.

We gladly accept the suggestions of a correspondent on the subject of collecting subscriptions, and will try to act upon them.



Mis-Readings of Scripture.

II.

THERE can be little doubt that the Bible is the hardest book in the world to read properly. It therefore demands, if but for this reason only, all the more attention at the hands of those who attempt to read it in public. The difficulty of reading it arises no doubt in part from the character of the book itself, in part from the archaic language of much of the authorized version. There is a necessary awe and reverence connected with the Book of books, which naturally oppresses the conscientious reader with a nervous sense of responsibility attaching to his office. There is, however, some little difficulty about the use of obsolete words; and some difficulty about the obscure meaning of whole passages. It is the same as ever about God's word. When in the Temple on the Tuesday in Holy Week, God's word was revealed by a voice to our Blessed Lord, "the people that stood by said that it thundered; others said an angel spake to Him." Our Lord knew what the voice said. So it is now; the careless curious people hear and read God's word, and it seems like a noise in the dark, a matter of interest and perhaps curiosity, but without much special meaning—"it thundered"—others again with reverent mind recognize a voice from Heaven articulate with meaning but do not understand. Some there are that hear and receive and understand the message. All readers of the Bible in public should endeavor that if his hearers are not of the last named class it is no fault of his own.

Before we pass on to consider some other points which are apt to mislead, some further remarks may be made about printers' errors. One Bible is known as the "printers Bible" because of a remarkable misprint in the sixteenth psalm 161 verse, which read "*Printers* have persecuted me without a cause." It may be that it represents a grim irony of the compositor who recognized how he had persecuted the poor authors and readers; or it may have been an unintentional slip. Be this as it may, while printing has increased knowledge, it has occasionally stereotyped error.

There is one advantage now-a-days; the long *s* has dropped out of fashion, and almost all the Bibles in our Churches have the modern printing, so that no warning in that respect is necessary. But a few years back we heard a layman read without misgiving on his part, though not without giving pain to others, "All the people that came together to that *fight*, smote their breasts." (Luke xxiii. 48.)

In one passage a mistake has been stereotyped which might now be remedied, though perhaps many would be astonished if not

scandalized at first. The passage in S. Matt. xxiii. 24. should run "which strain *out* a gnat and swallow a camel." The misprint is due to the authorized version in 1611. Before that date Tyndall, Crammer, and Geneva all had "strain *out*." The idea is well expressed in the Homilies "they would, as it were, nicely take a fly out of their cup, and drink down a whole camel." (Of Good Works, pt. 2). It would help the understanding of the passage if the error were corrected.

In the extremely useful "Parallel Bible" (as it is called) the Authorized and Revised Versions are printed side by side. In the Old Testament the editor has taken great pains to mark in the margin all deviations (except in mere matters of spelling) from the real Authorized Version of 1611; in the New Testament the editor has not been so careful. We proceed to point out some errors in printing which should be taken heed to.

From some perverseness the printer or editor has been pleased to alter the word of conscious virtue, "shamefast," to the word of conscious guilt, "shamefaced": it is hard perhaps to imagine a greater mistake. Thus in II. Tim. ii. 9, the printer makes S. Paul say that women "should adorn themselves with *shamefacedness*"!! To be "shamefaced" is to show conscious shame for having done wrong. The good old English "shamefast" implies the instinctive avoidance of anything unseemly; the nearest approach to its meaning is in the word "modest." In reading, therefore, the reader should be careful to pronounce as it was printed in 1611, "shamefastness."

The same verse is fruitful in traps for the reader. First the word "women" should be emphasized, as marking the first subject of the Apostle's injunctions. In verse 8 read with emphasis on the word *men*, "I will therefore that *men* pray everywhere"; that is, as the Apostle is speaking of public worship, none but men are to pray aloud in public, women are to be silent in Church. The Greek word is *men* as distinguished from, and not including, women. In verse 9 the Apostle passes on to speak of women. A little stress, therefore, should be laid on the word, as marking the new subject of the address. Then the printers have played havoc with "broided hair," that is, "braided hair"; some Bibles have "broidered hair." Fancy embroidering the hair on the head!

Another misprint is found in some Bibles in I. Cor. xii. 2, which is not of so much importance. The true reading is "I knew a man in Christ *above* fourteen years ago," when some printers have *about*.

But worse difficulties have arisen from mistakes in punctuation, whether by omission or wrong position of stops; and from the modern

division into verses; while some have been perplexed by the italics in the authorized version. The italics for the most part mark words that have been inserted to make the full sense, there being no exact counterpart in the Greek. In reading the Bible, therefore, no stress whatever should be laid on the words in italics. The custom of showing emphasis by italicizing did not exist in 1611, when the Authorized Version was completed. In passing we may remind our readers that throughout the Old Testament small capital letters always mark the word which represents the unspeakable Name of God. For example, in Ezekiel xxxvi. 23 we read, "The heathen shall know that I am the LORD, saith the Lord God," where the capital letters shew that LORD and God both represent the Great Name of God, which some erroneously pronounce Jehovah. This is true wherever in the Old Testament either of these two words are printed in capital letters.

We have often heard young unwary readers caught in the trap by the unnatural division into verses of sentences in the Bible. An instance of this is seen in Genesis xxiii. 18, where there is not the slightest pause to be made at the end of the verse. The whole passage is of great interest to lawyers, as being part of a conveyancing deed nearly four thousand years old. The division of the verse with a capital letter beginning the next verse has proved a snare to many a careless reader. Similarly little pause should be made at the end of the 52nd verse of S. Mathew xxvii. The rising of the saints and their coming out of their graves both took place "after the Lord's Resurrection"—Though "the rocks rent and the graves were opened" at the moment of His death. Perhaps the best way to read this passage would be to place a full stop in the middle of verse 52: after this manner—At His death "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened. And many bodies of the Saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves after His resurrection." The other division, as we know, has perplexed many faithful souls, who thought the passage at variance with S. Paul's statement that our Blessed Lord was "the first fruits of them that slept"; whereas indeed the same truth is enunciated in both passages.

One other instance of the snare of this verse division will suffice to set readers on their guard. This time it shall be an instance where much too often the sense is carried on from one verse to another, instead of a full stop being made at the end of a verse. Reference is made to Heb. xiii. 7. At the end of this verse some printers have placed a comma, leading the sense on to the next verse; others have a semicolon, and generally a colon. But

of late we are thankful to see a full stop has been adopted in most editions. The mistake has arisen from two causes; first, the misunderstanding the words "end of their conversation," and secondly, the absence of any verb or copula in the next verse. The whole passage reads thus: "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow considering the end of their conversation. JESUS CHRIST [is] the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever: be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines." Some editions have a comma after *conversation* as if our Blessed Lord were the end or object of their manner of life. This is a most popular error with devout but inaccurate minds. It has been cut as a text upon tombstones, and has been enlarged upon in sermons. But a glance at the original Greek would have shown such a meaning to have been impossible. The Apostle (for it can be no less) calls upon the Hebrew Christians to consider or remember how their teachers sealed their faith in their death. The Epistle was written after the martyrdom of S. James the brother or relation of our Lord, who had presided over the church in Jerusalem. The Apostle points to this in the words "considering the end of their conversation," which means nothing more nor less than "the issue (or end) of their life," in other words, their death. The Revised Version has "considering the issue of their life imitate their faith." It is very much to be wished that the little word *is* could be introduced in its proper place in verse 8. John Wesley in his useful commentary on the New Testament introduced it, the revisors have introduced it, and it is necessary to make sense. The verse is really the beginning of a new paragraph, and gives point to the following exhortation. Your master is ever the same, do not you therefore allow your doctrine to vary. "JESUS CHRIST is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever: don't you his disciples be carried about with divers and strange doctrines."

We have no more space to consider the question of punctuation in this paper; it must be left to the issue of next month to consider the matter further.

Diocesan News.

We congratulate His Lordship The Metropolitan of Canada on the attainment of his 81st birthday, and pray that he may yet be spared many more years of life and health in which to rule the Diocese, and minister to the wants of the members of the Church.

The meeting of Rural Deans to which we referred in our last issue was held at Fred-erickton, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of January,

and we hope in the future their deliberations may prove of some service to the Church in the Diocese. The Bishop Coadjutor presided at the several sessions, and was only too kind and thoughtful for his guests.

We are very sorry to hear that Rev. A. V. Wiggins, the hard working Rector of Westfield, has felt compelled to resign his charge of that Parish, but we trust he may find some other sphere of labour in our midst which will be more within the compass of his strength.

In the January number of K. D. M. we made two errors which we desire to correct, viz., that appointments had been made to St. Martins and Richibucto. It is true two gentlemen have been elected by the Churchpeople of these Parishes, but neither of them at present have obtained the Bishop's License to work in those spheres, nor have they been instituted to those cures of souls.

With great pleasure we insert the following account of Christmas Work in the new Parish of Fairville, "The First Christmas Choral Evensong was held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, on Christmas Eve. Candles on either side of the Arch illuminated the Chancel. Conspicuous among the decorations were a star, heart, cross, and cross and anchor, all the work of Captain Hamlyn and his family. The Rev. J. C. Titcombe gave a Lection from 1st Cor. xi, 24-30, on the Holy Communion, in which he pointed out two things; viz., 1st, the danger of not coming at all to Holy Communion; 2nd, the danger of coming unworthily. He exhorted all to examine themselves, whether they repented them truly of their former sins, having a lively faith in God's mercy through CHRIST, with a thankful remembrance of his death," and to come to this holy Sacrament on the day of the Commemoration of His Nativity.

On Christmas Day at 11 a. m., the Holy Communion Office, with suitable music, was celebrated, and that with more than usual grandeur. In a brief address the Rector gave his flock great praise for their hearty co-operation and assistance since he had come amongst them. As the fruit of their zeal he alluded to the beautiful decoration of the House of GOD, and urged those who had been negligent to begin with the New Year, and take their part in the work of the Church. He said he would not distinguish between high and low Churchmen, but saw a marked distinction among the members of the Church, which he would represent as capital C churchmen, and small c churchmen. The former were Churchmen on principle; they gave liberally, knelt when prayers were being said, and they were always at Church. The latter were Churchmen from choice; they did not give liberally, and withdrew their support to the Church if they did not like the parson;

they stayed at home upon the slightest excuse, and rarely knelt at the time of prayer. In concluding, the Rector wished all his people a pleasant Christmas and a Happy New Year."

At this Service there were 63 Communicants, a number which has not been exceeded at one Celebration for years, if at all.

At 3 p. m. there was a Service for the children, who filed into Church from the school room, and after a short office were addressed by the Rector on the birth of JESUS CHRIST. Some very useful and practical remarks were concluded by his asking the whole school to follow the Apostle Saint John's advice, "Little children love one another."

The "Parish Monthly" for the Parishes of Woodstock and Richmond is, we notice, to be discontinued. It was a very useful Parochial Magazine, which we shall much miss as an exchange. We presume "Church Work" of Carleton, and the Fredericton "Church Work" will do the same. No doubt this will give an advantage to the "Chronicle" in the way of a good list of subscribers, at which we shall rejoice, although, for the present we feel bound to continue as an independent periodical for our Deanery.

There seems good prospect that within a short time a New Mission will be opened at McAdam, in conjunction with work at Vanceboro, in the Diocese of Maine. Every true Churchman will hail the news with delight. There are said to be 250 men in the N. B. Railway works at that place, and there are also some people to be looked after at St. Croix. The B. H. M. has made a conditional grant of \$200 for this new Mission.

Parochial Items.

JOHNSTON:—The Church has been given possession of the old Temperance Hall, in English Settlement, and many willing workers and givers have, by their united efforts, made the Hall quite a respectable one. It has been lengthened ten feet, newly roofed, floored, and plastered, and in other ways improved. It will be called in future the Guild Hall, and will be used for Guild meetings and any innocent public purposes, that the Corporation may give their consent to.

The opening event in the Hall was a practice of the Johnston Fife and Drum Band—for we have a musical Society with that title started here, which we think will in due time be a success.

The next event was the annual Christmas Sale held by the ladies of the Sewing Circle, who have been very industrious through the



THE
Banner of Faith.

FEBRUARY 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER II.

THEY were startling words truly. What! give up home, and the old house, the City life, and the City streets! Two, out of the three gathered in that room, said quickly in their hearts Nay to the idea.

They could not give up the old life. And then Jonas uttered a groan. For was not the old life gone from him already, now he had lost his wife? What would the old house be without her presence? And how could he be out all day and leave two young girls alone? He could not shut them up. The old house was not a prison. And then, as to himself—he had lots of strength left and energy, but that night tramp was getting over-much for him. The doctor had warned him in his last attack of bronchitis that it must be given up in the winter, or he might seriously endanger his health.

It was impossible to come to any conclusion that day, or, indeed, for long after. Still Aunt Miriam had sown a seed, and it would spring into life by-and-by.

Jonas went back to London for the present, taking his girls with him. 'I won't bind you to any promise,' said Aunt Miriam, as she stood at her house door to bid them good-bye. 'You are all I have to call kin, and if you don't come back I must just sell the goodwill of the shop and settle the money

on the girls. But I shall make no change till the spring.'

She looked wistfully after the car that carried them to the nearest station.

Hope's heart relented then. 'Good-bye,' she cried, leaning forwards; 'you will see us back, Aunt.'

And they came back. Jonas Halliwell had a bad winter, with cold and rheumatism; and whenever he felt a twinge of any sort he thought of his girls only half provided for, and repented that he had not agreed at once to accept the generous offer of their old relative.

So the plunge was taken, affairs were wound up in London, and Jonas bade good-bye to his employers. One of the firm, to his great surprise, visited him in his little cabin, and, in the dry business-like fashion which had characterised all their dealings with their old servant, counted out to him five crisp ten-pound notes, as a small recognition of his faithful service.

Faith folded a leaf of the dear old tree in her prayer-book, and Hope, strange to say, wandered into the Cathedral that last evening to wonder over the coming new life. A sort of consecration of it, the poor girl meant the visit to be. God would bless it perhaps after that—give her father renewed health and happiness, give her power to do the best for him and Faith. This was Hope's vision for her future life, to tend and care for those

she loved. She could even sacrifice herself for them, she thought. She would do this, if need be, for father and Faith. Aye, even for Aunt Miriam! And such self-sacrifice would be happiness, for they would love her, and lean on her, and look to her for everything.

Aunt Miriam was very glad to welcome the three. She appeared little changed, and she was greatly pleased by the zeal and energy with which Hope and her father applied themselves to the business of the shop. Jonas was to fetch all the supplies from Conway, Hope to be head shopwoman, Faith to be housekeeper. The old lady took infinite pains to instruct the trio in their business.

'Yet she looks as if she was good for many years still,' said Jonas privately to his girls.

But Miriam Pryor was allowed more truly to anticipate the future.

A very few weeks after the new family had settled down in charge of 'the English shop' at Abermawr, its old mistress slept herself away into the long rest that awaits all workers.

She left a simple will which made all smooth. Everything she possessed was to belong to Jonas Halliwell, and after his death to his daughters—a larger portion being allotted to one if the other married within three years of the testator's death.

This last clause was Aunt Miriam's own idea. Three years would doubtless endear the house and business so much to the girl (Hope, she thought, or rather desired, to be the one who would not marry early) that she would not be able to bring herself to leave it at all. The place, you see, was dear to Miriam Pryor, and though she could calmly resign it herself in hopes of a better inheritance, she did not quite like to think of it passing into the hands of strangers.

Perhaps the three years following Miriam Pryor's death were as cheerful years as any Hope could remember. Jonas Halliwell's nature was very elastic; he had the simple joy of a child in a bright day, in the stir of work, in the comings and goings of the little world of Abermawr. He did not miss the busy streets of London when he was

jogging on Aunt Miriam's old pony round the headlands into Conway, with the blue Irish Channel below him, nor when he was chatting across the counter to some one from 'over the mountain,' come for a half-pound of tea for the Missis, and worsted to knit stockings for his own use.

Jonas rather enjoyed being the best-informed man on general subjects in the village, while he delighted in the discovery that pretty pink-and-white Faith, and straight, wellgrown Hope were certainly the bonniest girls.

Then, on Sundays, who prouder than he walking between his girls to the distant little church, where his wife and baby Charity slept? There was no church actually in Abermawr village, nothing but a tiny barn-like chapel, visited once on the Sunday by a preacher from Conway. Long years of sleepiness on the part of the Church had lost her many of her flock in Abermawr. All the elder folk frequented the chapel because it was so handy, though they had been baptized and many of them married in old Abermawr Church, four miles distant.

In vain, however, his Welsh neighbours recommended Jonas to worship in the chapel. He shook his head. The church might be distant and in want of repair, and with his English ears it was hard to understand the Welsh tongue, but still it was *his* church, where the same psalms were sung and the same prayers lifted up as in the mother Church of the land—his own S. Paul's Cathedral. *He had no desire to forsake it.* It would be mean to do so, he felt—aye, and wrong too, deserting his colours.

So the 'English family' passed the chapel every Sunday, smiling greetings to the folk standing at the door, and toiled cheerfully up the stony, slippery mountain road towards old Abermawr and its sloping churchyard, the sheep roaming quietly out of the gaps in the broken wall as they approached. Jonas had fenced in *his* graves, but the world was not awake enough in this far corner to give reverent care to the whole plot of God's acre.

Sometimes Faith rode the old pony, and

then Hope and her father followed more slowly, yet always keeping her in sight.

Once Hope made the remark that it was convenient the Morrises living so near the bad bit of the hill, for now instead of Faith getting out of her saddle and making her way on foot for a tiring half mile, James Morris, who stuck to his church through all inconveniences, would come out and lead the pony.

'But James won't always be at hand,' said Jonas. 'Faith had best learn to stick to her saddle like a country-born mountain

Faith was nineteen now—still fair and delicate-looking, but strengthened by sea breezes and country life. She had the making of a capital young house mistress in her.

Jonas felt her loss very much; for she went away to the Carnarvon farm immediately on the marriage, and there was little chance of meeting for some time. Hope, too, carried awhile a sense of loss about with her, but she had her father, and he soon became all in all to her—nay, she even hugged to her heart the idea that now she



woman; Morris tells me he has all but settled to let James have his mother's little farm for his own.'

'The Carnarvon farm?' said Hope, who knew the affairs of the country side as well as her father. 'Oh! I'm sorry! He's a pleasant fellow is James.'

And Faith thought the same. It was not such a surprise to her, though, as to her father and sister, when James Morris dropped in late one evening, ostensibly to buy—well, he had forgotten what—but ended in asking for a gift—that of an English wife.

should be everything to him, and that with no one else should she share the dear task of caring for him. *She* should never wish to marry and leave him, she said, with a flood of passionate love swelling in her heart.

Never had the shop had such a good year as that preceding Faith's marriage. Jonas was popular, and he was clever too in all he undertook; selected goods of excellent quality at Conway, and ordered others from London, asking only a fair price for them all. Then he was sociable and generous, always ready to do a kind act.

Twice he had given the chapel preacher a bed on a rough night when it was almost dangerous to traverse the high, unsheltered coast road on his way back to Conway. And Hope provided the guest with an excellent supper, which he ate to the tune of Jonas's recollections of by-gone Cathedral services, and wonders that Mr. Price didn't get his people to make the chapel look a bit more like a place of worship.

'What are walls and material buildings?' put in Mr. Price at this crisis. 'It's the spirit that matters, Mr. Halliwell; church or barn, all is one to me.'

'Aye, aye, aye,' returned Jonas, 'but the outside dress does mean something, my friend, or you wouldn't be wearing your sleek black, as preacher, instead of the good rough frieze on my shelves.'

'Well, you see, as a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Halliwell, I'm bound to do honour to my profession in this poor way.'

Mr. Price looked down on rather a thread-bare sleeve.

Jonas, however, hadn't done yet. 'And why don't you Chapel-people do honour to the Gospel by turning out something better than a barn or a good-sized dog-kennel to say your prayers in? What! bed-time already, Hope!' For Hope, with a sense of protecting hospitality towards the poor little preacher, had put a shining brass candlestick on the table. 'Now, sir!'

And the two men mounted the stairs, Hope smiling to hear her father carrying the argument right up to the front bedroom door.

Then she and Mari, the silent Welsh-woman, cleared the table, saw to the doors, and went to bed too.

Life at Abermawr now suited Hope exactly. She had plenty to do, real hard

work, too—the shop, the garden, and the poultry yard all falling to her share. Mari managed the kitchen, and Jonas rode into Conway most days. The Halliwells did not seek lodgers now, but very often the house was brightened by some merry little children and their nurse, some of Aunt Miriam's old stock of visitors, or by a delicate young Chester clergyman, who found Abermawr air reviving. Jonas immensely enjoyed these chance comers, and perhaps Hope felt the nearest approach to a spasm of jealousy, when she found her father one day with a sweet little ten-months-old lodger in his arms. He was singing to it in his cheery way, as Hope knew he used to do to his own little girls; but his eyes were glistening.

'It's got a look of little Charity, Hope,' he said.

'I don't see it,' she answered rather drily. Why was this strange child to stir her father's heart, of which she liked to have sole possession?

Hope didn't quite fancy the serious talks Jonas had, too, with the Rev. Mr. Allison, the delicate curate, but she did not interrupt them, although it vexed her to find that her father could be interested in subjects which she rather shunned.

Of course Mr. Allison, who was so often ill, must think of another world very often, but no need for her father, who, in spite of his years, was hale and well, to take up with fancies. Yes, Hope called them *fancies*, those eager stretchings out towards the great Beyond.

And yet, poor child, it was she who was contenting herself with what was unreal and misty, hugging to herself joys that must fade, a happiness that a breath of chill air might blast any moment.

(To be continued.)



Heroes of the Christian Faith.

II.—BLANDINA AND PERPETUA.

THE second century was drawing to its close; Ignatius and Polycarp were dead; when the storm of persecution moved slowly westward and settled over the fair city of Lyons, in the south of France. Lyons is now a large and busy commercial town; then it was small and insignificant, but not too small to possess a little Christian Church with a bishop of its own.

Both before and since the martyrdoms I have been describing, Christianity had been making rapid advances throughout the world. It was already firmly rooted in France. The Apostle Paul had in all likelihood planted it in Spain.

Even Britain, it was asserted, had bowed to the yoke of Christ. It is true indeed that of a race so far removed from civilisation, and itself so barbarous, little was known. 'Yet divided from the world as they are,' wrote an early Christian Father, 'they are united even with the Moors of the distant south in the worship of the One God.' It is almost certain that ere this, Christian missionaries from Asia Minor had pushed with the banner of Christ through many a thick forest and over many a wild region as yet untrodden by the Roman soldier.

If we would trace the source of our own and Gallic Christianity we must look somewhere in the direction of the Seven Churches of S. John.

Have you ever thought why the influence of the primitive Church was so strong and far-reaching—why the teaching of an Ignatius and Polycarp was so widely accepted? Did not their strength lie in their complete self-abandonment—in the joy with which they surrendered themselves to be torn to pieces in the arena, or to perish at the stake? It was that they refused to conform to the world's standard—that they would not allow their religion to be one among many. They stood by principle rather than expediency.

They rejected compromise, they worshipped truth. It was thus they won their way among men. 'They were tortured, not accepting deliverance.' And the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church.

Yet how easy would it have been to have accepted deliverance. All that was required of them was that they should cast a little incense into the fire burning upon some heathen altar, or modify some article in their creed, or speak a light word of their Saviour. Then life, and comfort, and freedom from annoyance would have been theirs. Little enough it seems to us. 'Little enough,' Satan whispered in timid ears. 'Little enough and meaningless too. There can surely be no harm. And at least there will be time sufficient for after-repentance.'

The temptation was strong. Some fell; and who will wonder? Even without the fire and the cruel death, and the dungeon and the torture in the background, are we quite sure that we should have stood firm?

Have we not known of a boy afraid sometimes to kneel at his prayers in his dormitory, because comrades laugh around? Do not men shrink from rebuking a foul-mouthed mate? Does it not require a great deal of courage to read our Bibles openly?

Are we never now in danger of denying Christ? Our own conscience and God alone can tell. There is much for us to learn from such as Ignatius and Polycarp. At least let us note this. It was not their own power that prevailed. It was the Lord who stood with them and strengthened them. Theirs was the same stay as long before supported those three Jewish martyrs who, as they moved in the flames, communed with a fourth. 'And the form of the fourth was like the Son of God.' 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'

Now it was not to men alone in these early times that the crown of martyrdom

was awarded. God called also weak women and even helpless children.

At Lyons the brightest feature of the persecution was the devotion of a poor slave-girl.

Blandina (for such was her name) belonged to a Christian mistress. Often had she attended her to the little place of worship in which the faithful were wont to meet; often had she listened to the bishop's words of holy wisdom. She had joined in the Christian songs of praise; she had learnt to adore the crucified Saviour; she knew not that she was soon to die for Him, but so had God ordained. The trial of persecution approached, and the Church of Lyons braced herself to meet it.

Pothinus, the bishop, now upwards of ninety years of age, and enfeebled with sickness, gathered around him his little flock. He besought them—in what words we know not—to stand fast in the Lord. Had he not at all times taught them to live as those who were watching for His coming, with their lamps well trimmed? Had he not warned them that that day would come upon them unawares—that it would be even like the breaking in of a thief in the night? At any rate the seed he had sown had sunk deep into the hearts of this little Christian community, and not least into that of Blandina. The day of the Lord broke suddenly, fiercely. But it found them at their posts firm and unflinching. They were watching as men waiting for their Lord.

Oh! happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

The first to suffer was the bishop himself. The shepherd, like his Master, gave his life for the sheep. He was taken, dragged before the heathen tribunal, beaten, and pelted by the crowd—was carried back to prison to die from his injuries within two days. The sad tale sent a thrill of horror through the little band of the faithful. Whose turn would it be next? A search through the city was to be made, and woe

betide the Christian who fell into the hands of the persecutor!

And now it is rumoured that Attalus has been seized—Attalus whose rank and influence, men thought, should have saved him though a Christian. But he is not spared. Even an honourable death is denied him. He is condemned to be placed in a heated chair for his obstinacy in refusing to sacrifice to the gods. Fainting from the pain, he is thrown, all unconscious as he is, to the wild beasts. O Attalus, you have made a good exchange! Your earthly honours, your rank, and your wealth have been taken from you; but you have gained a kingdom and a crown which fadeth not away.

And so the persecution proceeded. And those of the Church who still remained met day by day to bless God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear—especially for His martyrs Pothinus and Attalus, whom He had so recently taken to Himself. And then how fervently would they pray for grace to follow their good examples. It was all they could hope for, all they could expect. And then it came to Blandina's turn—Blandina the poor slave girl. For her, humble though her station was, God had reserved the crown with the brightest lustre. Every kind of torture was tried upon her to no purpose. Her endurance outlasted even the malice of her tormentors. Her mistress stood by trembling, fearing every moment lest her constancy should fail. To the taunts of her enemies she had but one reply: 'I am a Christian, and among us no evil is done.' Faithful, indeed, unto death, she obtained the crown of life.

A young boy of scarce fifteen, Ponticus by name, was brought each day to witness her sufferings. The sight nerved him to undergo a like trial. He died speedily, overcome by the pain. Ah! among the white-robed army of martyrs that gather round the throne (think of it, toiling women! think of it, ye in lowly station!) are most assuredly the slave-girl Blandina and the boy Ponticus.

On the seventh of March (so says our

Calendar) we shall be called to commemorate the life and death of another noble martyr—Perpetua. She was a lady of high rank and influence, and, though young in years, was already a widow. When in the year 202 the Emperor Severus issued an edict against the Christians, Perpetua was living at Carthage, on the coast of North Africa. The persecution was carried on with great severity both in Egypt and at Carthage, and among the first to be thrown into prison were Perpetua and her companions.

Deeply touching is the description she has left behind her of her sufferings. She had an infant a few months old; and while her mother was a Christian, her father, whom she dearly loved, still remained a heathen. Again and again did he visit her, entreating her to renounce her faith, and purchase her liberty by worshipping the false gods. On one occasion, pointing to a vessel which stood near, she inquired of him whether it could be called by any other than its proper name. On his replying that it could not, 'Neither,' said she, 'can I call myself other than what I am—a Christian.' After this she was removed into a dark and dreary dungeon, in the vain hope that this might so tell upon her spirits that she would yield to her persecutors. Accustomed to the refinements and comforts of her own home, 'I was tempted,' she confesses, 'for I had never been in such darkness before. Oh! what a dreadful day.' It was soon after this that her infant child was brought to her through the interest of friends, when she exclaimed in her joy, 'The prison all at once has become like a palace to me, and I would rather be here than anywhere else.'

But yet again a painful scene awaited her. It was the last, the most heart-breaking visit from her father. With no angry or reproachful words, but with bitter tears, he besought, he implored her to live for the sake of her child—for the sake of all who loved her. He threw himself at her feet. He conjured her to have compassion upon his grey hairs. Alas! he did not understand the nature of Christianity. He knew not that it was written, 'There is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife or children for the kingdom of God's sake who shall not receive in the world to come life everlasting.' It was for Perpetua a choice between these and her Lord, and though with a breaking heart, she could not but remain constant in her allegiance to Him.

Her father and her mother forsook her, but the Lord took her up. Joyfully she passed with her comrades to her martyrdom. And as the people pressed round, one of the sufferers rebuked them sternly, saying, 'Mark our faces well that you may know us again at the day of judgment.' But Perpetua was silent, save during the last few moments, in which she was heard singing psalms. It is needless to describe her last sufferings. Indeed she appeared not to suffer. A heavenly calm had already taken possession of her, and her earthly trials were soon at an end. Long was she revered in the Church of Africa, and for us she remains as an example of how lightly earthly honours, and comforts, and (if need be) affection should sit upon the Christian soul.

I. H. M.

'Home-Chiming.'

(A TRUE STORY.)

I AM so happy. My happiness surpasses all earthly happiness!

I wonder what made Tom so happy?

Let me tell you a little more about him.

I will tell you where Tom was at the time when he said the words, 'I am so happy.'

To begin with, Tom was in a tiny room, lying on a bed from which he knew he could never rise again.

He had lain there in suffering month after month, year after year, till every joint was stiff, and every touch gave him pain. He had become so deaf that his loving, patient mother had to shout into his ear when she asked him a question.

Kind neighbours, who looked in to try and amuse him, went away with sad hearts, feeling that there was nothing they could now do to help him on this earth.

Tom had been to many hospitals, but no doctors could cure or help him, he only grew worse day by day. Most piteous was it to think of possibly a long life still before him, utterly helpless, nothing to do, but alas! plenty to suffer. Think of what that means. At last his friends got into the way of saying, 'It is of little use to go and see him, for he cannot hear a word we say.'

Others persevered in their kind visits, and sometimes played at quiet games with him that whiled away a few suffering hours.

At one time Tom could colour outlined texts, but at last his fingers were unable to hold the brush; he could then do nothing, only endure, and this he did with patience.

Some wondered why a loving Father should leave this young man to suffer so long, whilst other men, happy and useful, were called away. I said so one day to a good clergyman, whom I was conducting to his house. His answer was, 'We do not know what deep work God may be doing in his soul.'

That was in January; six months later he was much worse; pain had become almost torture. Yet still he lay patient and good, so far as our eyes could see. But God sees deep. He sees the very root of our sins. And He loves us so much that He will purge them thoroughly away by the power of suffering, as well as by the love which gave itself to wash away our sins.

So Tom lay on that bed of pain for three months more, and it was when we should have thought he could bear no more, that one day he burst out into singing praises and hymns, and kept repeating, 'I am so happy; my pains are nothing to me.'

Wonderful indeed!

About that time I received a letter, which

I will quote: 'I want to tell you about poor Tom. I went to see him a few days ago, and was quite touched by the poor fellow. He lies there in an awful state, bodily, but as happy in mind as possible, in constant communion with God. His joy surpasses all earthly happiness. He takes hardly any food, only grapes and eggs. I hope he cannot last much longer. He said, "You will tell the lady, won't you? I want everyone to know how good God is, and how happy I am."'

A few days later I got another letter, saying, 'Tom is much changed, but looks very peaceful, and says over and over again, "I am quite happy, for the Lord is with me." He fears not death, but waits patiently for the blessed call.'

Ten days later he was still alive. He asked for the Holy Communion for the last time.

'Poor fellow, nothing can be more terrible than his condition; he does not even take the milk and eggs now, but is still in the same happy state of mind.'

Just then a young man, but little older than himself, died after three days' illness.

What a contrast! When would poor Tom be taken?

The last food he took was the Blessed Body and Blood of our Lord in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

I saw him *eight days after that*. Some flowers were standing by his bed. He had asked for them from the home of one who had been very kind to him, in order to be ready to put into his coffin.

He had told his mother he should go when they "'home-chime" for the young man just dead.' They call it 'home-chiming' in our parts when the passing bell rings.

And that day Tom's words came true. He too went home.

His last words to me were of his Lord. 'I cannot see Him, but He is always there. He helps me to bear my pains.' He spoke to every visitor of this comforting Friend. To some he said, 'You don't know what He is; go to Him now.'

Yes, Tom had 'found the Lord,' and that was why his joy surpassed all earthly joy.

He was going to his Father, and his Saviour was with him. The Angels of God would sing for joy. What a home-coming! His funeral bell was truly a 'home-chime.'

What *we* saw was only a poor suffering body; what the *Angels* saw was a ransomed

soul made white in the blood of the Lamb—an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ, going home to receive his inheritance. He was happy in the expectation of that joy, but what must the reality be to him now! Ah, none of us can realise that bliss. 'For ever with his Lord!

Carlotta.

HAVE you ever been in Italy? Can you realise that there are men and women there—working men and working women, poor and rich, great and humble, good and bad, just as there are in any part of our own country? Lives may be somewhat different, but hearts are the same.

Here are two gentlemen walking leisurely home from their offices in a great Italian city. They do not look very unlike Englishmen—a little darker in hair and complexion, a little brighter in dress and livelier in manner, but after that, much like two well-dressed men in London streets.

What are they saying to each other? They look very earnest. Let us listen.

'What is the use of religion?' says the one whom his friend calls Antonio; 'I would certainly like to have your faith, old fellow, it seems to make you so comfortable. But there! I haven't got it; I have never been able to believe that which you believe, and when I begin to think of such things, I only involve myself in a sea of doubts, so I just let things be. I say the prayers my mother taught me as a child from force of habit, and there it all ends. What matter? God won't punish a man for not being able to believe.'

Francis, a fine broad-shouldered man of middle age, turned a serious face towards his friend. He loved Antonio; it was a grief to him that with the honest, pleasant fellow, he could only speak happily of the things of this life.

'Look here, Antonio,' he began, 'you were born with a good head and fair abilities—I

should say God gave you them; but never mind that, you weren't born a fool, were you? Well, then, you ought to use your intellect for the best purposes, and that seems to be the seeking out the things of religion. Not sitting down calmly saying, I can't believe, and so I won't try, and yet God mustn't blame me. That is sheer wilful laziness. Of course it will be toil and labour to read, and compare, and search into the foundations of the faith, but you should do it because of the enormous importance of the matter.'

'Aye, that life after death is a poser,' said Antonio, with a sigh. 'As I said before, I would willingly have your religion, Francis, but after thirty years of unbelief and indifference, it will take a miracle to make a Christian of me. Why, it's coming on to rain, heavily too; here is a restaurant—shall we step in and have something while the shower lasts?'

While Antonio ran through the list of dishes Francis walked to the window. He seemed to be looking at the rain-washed street, but his thoughts had gone higher than earth, right up to heaven.

'O Lord,' they said, 'this my friend needs Thee, needs Thy help. Teach him that no trouble is too great to gain faith. I do not ask a miracle of Thee for his sake; but, if it seems good to Thee, show Thyself to him now in this our common life, and call him to Thy faith and fear.'

Often and often had Francis sent up such short prayers to heaven for his friend Antonio; they had seemed hitherto to have been in vain, but he remembered that his Blessed

Lord prayed thrice for a comfort which yet seemed to be denied Him; so he prayed on.

Then he returned to the table, his face cheerful and untroubled.

The meal was over before the rain; it still fell heavily. Antonio was paying the bill when the door softly opened, and the sound of a clear young voice was heard—a small street singer.

‘Be off with you! no beggars here!’ It was the landlord’s voice, rough and harsh.

Antonio loved music; he was touched by the melody of the childish voice, and his kindly heart rebelled at the rough tones of the master.

‘There, there,’ he said; ‘let the child be; I like her song—it pleases me.’

‘Certainly, sir,’ replied the host, obsequiously; ‘but our rules do not admit of beggars in the dining-room. If you choose to have the girl sing in the smoking-room, there is no objection.’

‘All right,’ said Antonio, carelessly. ‘Come in here, little one; at least you are best out of the storm.’

And with the ready goodnature which made him friends wherever he went, he drew into the warm room the ill-clad, pale-faced singer. A pretty child of twelve or thirteen, but barely looking nine—with her tiny pitiful face, and small limbs trembling with cold.

‘Now you can sing for us undisturbed, little maid,’ he said kindly, ‘these gentlemen permitting.’

The other inmates of the room making no objection, the little girl sang very sweetly and simply, yet in so clear and firm a voice as to indicate much talent, her little song:—

Far in the chilly night
The little lamb would stray,
The Shepherd sought it out,
And brought it on its way.
That wandering little lamb was I;
The Shepherd near, no more I cry.

During the singing there was a general hush; the players ceased their games. At the close there was a burst of applause.

Bravo, little one, bravo!

But Antonio looked sorrowful. ‘Poor

child,’ he said, ‘she looks starving, and those wretched little bare feet, I can’t stand them. Wait a minute, Francis.’ And he slipped out of the restaurant, returning very shortly with a pair of strong shoes.

‘There, child, put them on; at any rate they will keep you out of the mire. By the way, what do they call you?’

‘Carlotta, sir,’ said the bewildered singer.

‘Well, Lotta, and where did you pick up your song?’

‘In the school, sir.’

‘And you fancy that you are the little lamb of which you sing. Well, if so, your shepherd treats you badly; you are cold, you are hungry, you had neither food nor shoes till I gave you them. It is not your imaginary Shepherd who has pitied you and cared for you, but I.’

The little girl’s pale cheeks flushed, the bantering talk puzzled and distressed her. She could not let the slight cast on the Good Shepherd pass; and yet this gentleman had been so kind!

‘Sir,’ she began, ‘thank you so much for the shoes and the food.’ Then she paused, and, blushing more deeply, said, ‘But my Shepherd brought me to you. He gave me my voice which you praise and which pleases you. He put it into your heart to be good to me.’

‘Who told you these things, little preacher?’ asked Antonio, half amused.

‘My mother, sir. She told me that God does not show Himself now to us, and though He still gives us good things, it is by the hands of other people—rich people, kind people—like you, sir.’

Little Carlotta meant no flattery: it was out of a grateful heart she spoke.

‘It makes two people glad,’ so continued Lotta, ‘—the one that gives and the one that takes. Mother told me that too.’

‘Your mother is a wise woman. I should like to see her.’

‘You can’t see her yet,’ said the child gravely; ‘she has gone to the Shepherd herself.’

‘Dead?’ questioned Antonio.

The little one nodded her head.

‘And your father?’

'He is ill. First he was a bricklayer, and fell off a house and broke his leg. Then he got an organ and played in the streets till he was too weak to stir from the house.'

'And this is the fate of the religious,' said Antonio, turning to his friend. 'Mother dead, father lame and sick, child wasting with cold and hunger. I am an unbeliever and rich. Will you not rather change with me, little Lotta?'

The child looked up as if uncertain whether the question was put earnestly or in jest.

Antonio repeated. 'Choose honestly, little girl,—my lot or yours.'

'I shall be rich some day,' she said, 'and live with a King and wear a crown; but your riches will be of no use to you when you die. Father says we needn't envy rich people. And mother is quite glad and happy now, though she was poor.'

Carlotta had evidently counted the cost. Antonio had not expected to find so steady a mind in the little pale-faced girl.

He laughed. 'This is a real little Christian,' he said. Then addressing the room—'Friends, we cannot buy her over to think with us; and perhaps it is well so; but we can give her of our superfluity. Shall we make a collection for our little singer?'

The Italians love music and are tender-hearted to children, so very soon the child's plate was full of silver and copper coins.

Tears of joy filled Carlotta's dark eyes. She turned to Antonio, her first friend. 'Thank you, thank you, sir,' she cried gratefully. 'I am glad my Shepherd brought me here to-day.'

And then she hurried out into the wet, anxious to take the good news to her father.

'A happy little fanatic truly,' commented Antonio.

A week or two later, as Antonio and Francis were again strolling out together, the former said abruptly: 'Here is the street where Carlotta said she lived; shall we see how it fares with her and her sick father?'

He had said little to anyone concerning his thoughts of late, but they had run very much on the strange content of the little beggar maid.

Poor, starved, despised, she was yet happy. And why? 'Because she has religion,' Antonio could not help answering to himself. 'She has that strange, wonderful thing called faith. It must be a good thing to have, for Francis is glad to own it, and I, —well, I am restless, to say the least.'

Here a broken staircase jutted out on to the street. It was the way-mark by which Carlotta said her dwelling might be found.

The friends carefully mounted the rough steps, finding at the very top of the house a garret-room open to the rafters. The small barrel-organ at the entrance assured them that they had come to the right spot, even if they had not seen the sick man lying on a sack of straw in the corner, with Lotta by his side.

She sprang up with a cry of joy at sight of the visitors. 'Father, here they are! You wanted to see the gentlemen who were so good to me.'

Such a gaunt form raised itself from the wretched couch, such hollow eyes were turned towards the well-dressed, well-fed men!

Poor, sick, starved brother! Antonio's pitiful heart went out towards him.

'God bless you, sir!' cried the poor man. 'God give you my peace and rest, when you come to die, for your goodness to my little daughter.'

Peace and rest on that miserable wind-blown bed of straw!

'You are wonderfully contented amidst your pain and poverty, my friend,' declared Antonio. 'I fear I should not have your cheerful spirit in a like case. But, at least, as a return for any pleasure I may have afforded to our little friend here, give me your recipe for patience in suffering.'

'Sir,' said the sick man gravely, 'I have no recipe. I believe in God, in His promises. He cares for me; why should I be uneasy, whatever happens?'

'Who taught you this?' asked Antonio, much interested. 'It is a wonderful creed.'

'It is the creed I learned as a child,—the creed of our holy faith.'

'Have you ever proved it—proved it true,

I mean?' stammered Antonio, somewhat—he knew not why—ashamed of the question.

'Proved it! Yes, sir, every day. I trust God: He keeps me.'

'I meant scientific truth, logical truth,' said Antonio, forgetting to whom he was speaking.

'Sir, I am not learned,' said the poor man. 'I could not explain how I breathe; but I know I do breathe, because I live; and it is the same with my faith. I cannot speak of it, but it is in me, and makes me live and rejoice.'

'Yours is a grand faith, friend!' said Antonio, his eyes turning towards the scanty furniture, the ragged child, the poor surroundings.

'It must be; it is faith in a great God,' was the reply, and then the sick man lay back exhausted.

'I wish I had your religion.' The words were forced, as it were, from Antonio's lips. The dying man heard them, smiled, and opened his eyes. 'Read this,' he said, drawing an old Bible from under his pillow, 'and just ask God to give you faith, as I ask Him for daily bread and someone to look to Carlotta when I am gone.'

Antonio walked away mechanically with the book in his hand. Francis had given Lotta some money, but he had hardly noticed the child this time; he was so full of thought about this strange trust in God, which was soothing the dying bed of a beggarman.

'I need not, however, deprive the poor creature of his most valued possession,' he exclaimed when the friends reached the main street. Here is a bookseller's shop; I can buy a Bible and return this one presently. I tell you what, Francis, that scene in the garret has made more impression on my mind than a thousand arguments in favour of Christianity.'

'Very likely,' smiled Francis, 'because it was faith in action.' He said no more aloud, but to himself he cried, 'Thank God, He hath done this. He will not leave so loving a son without real faith in Him.'

Exactly a week from that day Antonio set out alone to return the Bible. He had read a good deal of the holy book. He now

wished to converse on the subject with his sick friend. He could not help feeling that, ignorant as he was of this world's learning, he had a wisdom far greater.

Two men were on the broken stairs carrying something heavy on their shoulders. A coffin!

'Aye, the old chap's gone,' they said, in answer to a question of the gentleman.

'And the child—the little girl—where is she? I am interested in her,' cried Antonio, much disturbed.

'She's dying, too,' was the reply.

Greatly shocked, Antonio hurried on after the poor coffin. On gaining the attic he passed by the still figure, stretched out on a few planks, to the corner where little Lotta was lying. She was pale but smiling; surely she was not so very ill.

'Cheer up, little singer,' said Antonio, taking her small hand; I am come to take care of you—you shall not die. Yes, I know poor father is gone, but he was old and in pain; you are young, and ought to live many years yet.'

'Thank you,' said the poor child. 'But I am quite content to die. The nurse, who came to poor father, says I must. It is consumption I have got. All the rain and cold of this winter have been too much for me. There will be no rain and cold in Paradise where father and mother are gone. I should like to go to them. I shall live for ever there.'

'How do you know that, child?'

'My father and my mother told me so, and God told them, in His Book, by His Church. Sir, you know all that better than I do.'

Little Lotta could not grasp the idea that this kind rich man was not a hearty believer. Still, as Antonio did not speak she went on. 'God always tells the truth, sir, and you know He promised us eternal life, because of His dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ.' The young head bowed at the Holy Name. He died for us, and He promised His disciples to go and prepare a place for them in heaven. Oh, you have father's Bible there, I can find you the place.' And the weak fingers fluttered over the leaves.



'Yes, I will read it when I go home,' said Antonio. 'But now, little Lotta, tell me. How is it you believe and are happy, and I am uncertain and not content? How came you to find and trust this Jesus, who now seems to comfort you so?'

'I never found Him, He came to me,' said the little girl.

'Then why does He not come to me?' pursued Antonio.

'He does come—He wants to be good to you too. Father says He knocks at the door of all men's hearts, but some won't listen. He wouldn't listen once—he was too proud, he said; but he listened afterwards, and now I know the Angels have taken him to live with Jesus.' She glanced quite without fear—nay, with a certain rapture—at the quiet figure in the dark shade of the rafters.

Antonio looked too. Then he said, 'Child, you must not stay here. I will have you moved to a nice bright place—a hospital—where they will nurse you back to health, for you must not die. I want you, my little teacher.'

Carlotta smiled—a pretty, shy smile. But she shook her head. 'Nurse is coming back soon, she will tell you I must die, perhaps to-night. The doctor said it was hardly worth while moving me, it might stop my breath at once.'

Poor little girl! she was breathing painfully now. The nurse came in—a rough, coarse woman. 'If the gentleman means to stay awhile, I might do another errand,' she said; 'I'm driven here, there, everywhere. I hardly thought that child would have lasted so long.'

She looked as if she would have hurried the breath out of poor little Lotta.

'Wait here ten minutes,' said Antonio, slipping money into her hand, 'and when I come back, you may go for as long as you like.'

He returned very shortly with Francis. The friends would watch by the side of the dying child.

The nurse went gladly back to her family. Carlotta seemed to be asleep. The men conversed in low tones by her bed.

'I would give all I possess to have the faith and confidence of that little creature,' said Antonio. 'She is absolutely fearless of the future, nay, rapturous concerning it.'

'You need only give one thing—your will,' returned Francis. 'Bend that; do not resist grace.'

'Am I a subject for grace? Does not God turn His face from one like me?' asked Antonio.

'No, no. He is working now. He gave you the compassion for that poor child. You did what you could for her; she prayed for you; you are moved by her faith and love. That is no common feeling. Do not harden your heart now.'

'I will not,' was Antonio's answer. And then little Lotta woke with clear eyes and a smile for her friends.

'How nice! Lift me up,' she said. Antonio put a strong arm round the wasted form.

Very soon she turned her eyes towards the dark rafters; they could see her face shining with happiness.

'It is heaven!' she whispered rapturously; 'it is open—I see Jesus!'

And so, like the first martyr Stephen, this happy spirit passed away.

Antonio could hardly bear to loose his hold of the poor little body. He had never been so near heaven before, he felt.

It was Francis who laid the little corpse down on the hard bed.

Then Antonio broke out with his first prayer, 'O God, give me faith!'

A. WATSON.



In Thankful Remembrance.

I.

‘**I**F there’s one thing in the world I hate more than another, it’s ingratitude; and if there’s one person in the world more ungrateful than another, I can put my finger on the man.’

‘Hullo, old fellow! What’s up? Some one you’ve befriended turned round and given you the cold shoulder?’

‘No, it’s not that. I don’t believe I should have cared so much if it had been myself who had been insulted. It’s an older and a better man, who lived and died heaping benefits on a young fellow I know, and now the wretched lad is shaking off the very memory of his benefactor before the grass is green on his grave.’

‘You mean Matthew Cherry, poor old Walter’s adopted son. I know him by repute, nothing more.’

‘I know all about him,’ said young Arthur Denton, the first speaker, to his friend, Joseph Freeman; ‘a destitute orphan, rescued from misery by the old man, put to a good school by him, started in life, and finally left a third of his property—why, the young fellow owes him everything, and repays him by utter carelessness of his memory, utter forgetfulness of all benefits received.’

‘That sounds bad; but how do you know it is true, Arthur? You cannot believe all that the world says.’

‘I mayn’t believe the world, but I can believe my own eyes. He’s a thorough scamp.’

‘Nay, nay, Arthur, you are hard on him. If I’m rightly informed, young Cherry is going on very steadily and quietly, doing all the old man would have desired in his work. What more would you have?’

The younger man stood upright and confronted his friend. ‘Look you here, Freeman,’ he said hotly, ‘if you had done me heaps of kindnesses, making me im-

measurably your debtor, shouldn’t you have expected me cheerfully to perform any little service you might ask of me in your last hours, aye, even if it were to cost a little trouble in years to come?’

‘Yes, I should think you’d be glad to have this way of showing your gratitude.’

‘Just so. Now you’ve hit it off. Poor old Walter had a fancy for having his grave kept nicely, and decked with flowers on certain days. On his deathbed he laid this charge on Matthew Cherry. For a few months the fellow faithfully performed the trust; but now he has tired of it, and the grave is so neglected as to be a disgrace to the churchyard. An ungrateful wretch I call him. I may be none too good a man myself, but I couldn’t do as Cherry has done, receive a man’s bounties, and then after his death utterly forget him, and neglect his dying injunctions.’

‘It’s a pity someone shouldn’t give Cherry a friendly hint. It may only be a matter of carelessness, or perhaps he may have been laughed out of his duty. I don’t think the lad’s a bad fellow in the main.’

‘It’s a thankless task to tell a man of his faults,’ said Arthur.

A thankless task! The words weighed on Freeman’s mind. He was a thoughtful, Godfearing man, his cheery, happy disposition drawing round him younger friends and associates, who always found him ‘good company.’ For some time he had longed to speak seriously to young Denton on a subject very near his heart, but the fear of seeming to find fault had debarred him, and now here was the lad himself discouraging the attempt.

Still, because a duty is disagreeable is no reason for giving it up. Freeman bided his time, and the next evening when he and Denton were strolling out together after work-hours, he began—

‘I’m sorry about young Cherry. I saw

the grave as I came by. He ought to know better than to forget past favours.'

'Of course he ought,' answered Arthur. 'I don't understand him; he may not be a downright bad fellow, as you say, but his ingratitude passes my comprehension.'

'And yet, Arthur, that sort of forgetfulness, or ingratitude if you choose to call it so, is a deal commoner than we are apt to think. Look at ourselves; are we grateful in everyday life—we are always receiving favours?'

'Perhaps not; but—Freeman—think of putting on one side and forgetting the last wish of a dying friend—think of—'

Freeman stopped him by laying a firm hand on his arm. 'My dear lad,' he said gently, 'you're on very slippery ground. Excuse me, but I must say a word to you.'

'Go on,' said Arthur, somewhat surprised. 'If you've anything against me, have it out; I hope I can bear a word from a friend.'

'I *am* your friend, you speak truly,' returned Freeman, 'and so I will dare to ask you—Are you not acting to a benefactor in the same way as the man you blame? You are a Christian, Arthur?'

'Of course I am,' the young fellow replied hastily.

'A child of God, heir of Christ's kingdom; He has asked you with dying lips to do a certain thing in remembrance of Him. Have you done it?'

There was utter silence.

Then the elder man continued: 'You accepted His favours, you promised to obey Him; yet before your manhood has reached middle age, you have ceased to remember your Saviour in the way He Himself asked you to do. Are you careless, Arthur, or are you ungrateful?'

It was an uncomfortable question. The young man tried to parry it.

'Ah, you've caught me there,' he tried to say carelessly; 'I know I ought, by rights, to be a communicant. I did receive two or three times after my confirmation, but that was some years back.'

'Yes, like Matthew, you began well. He attended to Mr. Walter's wishes for a few months, and then ceased to observe them.'

'I don't think you can compare the cases,' said Arthur; 'Matthew's charge involved nothing but a little trouble to himself. Now, to be a communicant brings great responsibilities, and I couldn't face them.'

'Why not? Was it too much trouble? Would it cost you more pains and care than you choose to give?'

'No, no,' returned the young fellow somewhat impatiently; 'can't you see, Freeman? I'm not good enough for such holy things. I'm not ungrateful. Don't accuse me of that. I wouldn't lead a sinful life, or neglect Church, or bring shame in any way on the name of a Christian. I keep myself respectable, aye, and religious too, no one can say I don't.'

'I believe you, Arthur; but still are you not in just the same case as Cherry? He is steady and honourable, and does not disgrace the name or inheritance of his benefactor, though he does neglect his dying command.'

'Did I say the cases were the same? My boy, yours is ten thousand times the worst; for your neglected friend is your Saviour, to whom you owe a lifetime of service and gratitude.'

They were close to the town now—no longer alone. There was no necessity for Arthur to answer his friend; but the words sank into his heart, and waited for him again in each waking moment of the night that followed.

(To be continued.)



Our Mother Church of England.

'Which is the Mother of us all.'—GALATIANS IV. 26.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE LATE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Words by REV. BASIL EDWARDS,
Blaisdon Rectory, Newnham-on-Severn.

Music by REV. S. G. EDWARDS,
Luton, Suffolk.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system is the main melody. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and ends with 'A - men.'.



OUR Mother Church of England
A faithful witness bears,
'Midst peace and happy sunshine,
Or strife, and storm, and tears:
The world may rage around her,
Or Tempest's voice may roar,
But one who stills the tumults
Is with her evermore.

Built on the sure foundation
Of Christ th' eternal Word,
She shows the need of cleansing
By water and by blood:

Taught by the sacred pages,
She holds the Orders three,
That those who preach glad tidings
May serve in just degree.

Within her grand Communion,
Throughout the ages gone,
The noblest hearts of England
Have rested, one by one:
Her very dust is sacred,
Her very stones are dear,
Her hallowed shrines have witnessed
The prayer, the praise, the tear.

Within her walls, our fathers
Have often knelt in prayer,
And mothers for their children
Have softly pleaded there:
Voice after voice grows silent,
Age after age goes by,
And still our lips are breathing
The same sweet Liturgy.

The Battle-cry is sounding,
Sad schism holds her tryst,
And hell makes fiery onslaughts
Against the fold of Christ.
But like her glorious Master
She scarcely deigns reply,—
And while her foes malign her
She lifts the cross on high.

There may be foes around her
Who make an angry stir,
But thousands more would offer
'Their hearts' best blood for her:
It is not yet extinguished—
The ardour of our sires,
The faith that trod the scaffold
And fed the martyr-fires.

Our Mother Church of England,
O Saviour, keep her pure!
O Holy Spirit, guide her;
And lead her evermore!
O Triune God, defend her
Till earth's long night be past,
And o'er the seething waters
The day-break stream at last!

S. Paul's Cathedral.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT IT.

THIS, the great Cathedral Church of the metropolis, is the third church which has stood on the same spot. The first was built A.D. 610, and was burnt down the year that William Rufus came to the throne.

The second church, called 'Old S. Paul's,' was then built. Poor Old S. Paul's, it had a changeful story! Pious people decked its walls and altars with jewels and hangings, but the State of that day filched the wealth, and Henry the Eighth helped to spend it.

By-and-by came Oliver Cromwell and his soldiers, making sawpits in the body of the church and stalling horses in the chancel, the soldiers thinking they were doing well when they broke the statues and the beautiful carved work of the house of God.

Well, those were rude times. Then came the great Fire of London, and Old S. Paul's lay a heap of blackened ruins on the ground.

Now we come to our S. Paul's, built by Sir Christopher Wren.

The Cathedral took thirty-five years in building, under one architect, one master mason, and one bishop!

I do not know what architects get nowadays for their work, but I am very sure they would decline to enter on any contract on the same terms as Sir Christopher Wren did. 200*l.* per annum only he received during the building of his Cathedral; and 'for this sum he was contented to be hoisted in a basket

to the top of S. Paul's three times a week, at great hazard.'

We all know, however, what it is to love our work, whether well or ill paid, and this architect loved his. He lived to be ninety years old, and his greatest pleasure in his old age was to be carried now and again to look at his cathedral.

Possibly it looked less grim and smoky in its young days than it does now!

A few words put on paper by Sir Christopher Wren more than 150 years ago will interest our readers now. It seems that he was ahead of his day and objected to pews in churches. This is what he says:—

'Since Providence in great mercy has protracted my age to the finishing of the Cathedral Church, S. Paul, I shall briefly communicate my sentiments, after long experience. A Church should not be so filled with pews but that the poor may have room enough to stand and sit in the alleys, for to them equally is the Gospel preached. *It were to be wished that there were no pews, only benches, but there is no stemming the tide of profit and the advantage of pew-keepers.*

As we are only saying 'a few words' about S. Paul's to-day, we will stop here; just adding that if the good old architect can now look down on his dear Cathedral, we think he must rejoice over the ample accommodation provided within it for both rich and poor without distinction.

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

A LETTER FROM KAFFIRLAND.

WE have received a letter from S. Peter's, Butterworth, Kaffraria, thanking us most heartily for a grant made to the church there in 1884, and pleading for further help in a season of much distress which now prevails.

Some extracts taken direct from the letter will, we are sure, go far to interest English people in the settlement.

'At this place, where the parsonage hut stands, we have managed to build the nave of a little stone church—"the best built church in the diocese," says our bishop. Although it is so very small, it is the parish church for this whole enormous district.

'The Europeans are now so poor that they cannot, I fear, this year, raise even our salaries, so that we have very little hope of doing anything for the church for some time to come.

'The fact is that the whole country is apparently on the verge of starvation. The drought is so bad that the Butterworth River has not been running this year. There is a tradition that it was about as bad in 1862. *Thousands* of cattle have died. In one magistracy 10,000 hides have been bought by the traders during the last few months. Cattle disease has spread all through the lower districts, and now small-pox, which has hitherto been partly kept in check, is beginning to alarm the doctor by its fatality. It is getting quite beyond his power to attend the calls made upon him.

'The crops have been very poor for two or three years, and this year there were scarcely any. Many of the natives have nothing, and when the proceeds of the hides have been eaten, I do not know what is to be done.

'In this parish there are 100,000 inhabitants; in S. Mark's nearly as many.

'The native church-people are supposed to pay the native deacon's salary, but at the end of the June quarter we owed 40*l.* I managed to get a grant of 30*l.* from the Finance Board for present necessities, and sent it to Mr. Boom.

'He writes back in an ecstasy of gratitude. His little girl, he says, danced round and round the room for joy. "Now, father," she cried,

"you can get me some food. I had no tea last night, and nothing all to-day." But it was too late that evening to get anything. His wife nearly died last week for want of nourishment—a young baby in her arms.

'I am constantly being applied to for help which I cannot give, for I have to meet the salaries of the teachers every quarter, and they exceed the grants. We are greatly puzzled and perplexed how to get on at all.

'Our out-stations want so much. Some pictures you sent out gave great pleasure, relieving the bareness of the walls of some of our little mission rooms and churches.

'I am writing to-day from Willow Vale, near the coast. Here the tribe, the Gasekas, are "red," and very heathenish. They rarely show any desire for Christian teaching, therefore it grieves me all the more when I am obliged to refuse any advances from them, because I have no teacher to send to them, and no money to pay one. But there are many locations of Fingoes here, and they are making great progress. They are the hope of this part of South Africa—loyal to Government; and though the number of heathens among them still far exceeds that of the Christians, they keep the heathen element well in the second place.

'What with whites, red men, and Fingoes, there is plenty of change in my work. The Europeans display a wonderful interest and liberality, though they are mostly very poor; and the natives, many of them, are so much in earnest that work amongst both parties has been a great pleasure. It makes sturdy Christians, this living and standing alone among heathen neighbours, not only not losing ground, but, in some cases, Church people actually winning over heathen neighbours to the Faith.'

Now who will help this much tried worker, Mr. Coake, with his white and his native flock? Nothing will come amiss. Money to pay his teachers, or to send new ones to the poor red men, or to find actual food for the mission band and its little ones, is sorely needed.

Mr. Coake adds, 'I do not at all doubt that God will take care of His own work, but you will allow that I have reason to plead for your help in this time of distress.'

All contributions, small and large, most thankfully received for S. Peter's, Butterworth, by the Secretary of the C.E. A.,

MISS H. WETHERELL,
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.

SOMEBODY'S WALK THROUGH THE SNOW.

'SOMEBODY' came to see 'Nobody' once,
—'Nobody's' poor, you know;
And 'Nobody's' old, and 'Nobody's' sad,
So 'Somebody' came through the snow.
'Nobody's' days are a little dark,
Like Autumn days with rain;
When 'Somebody' came it was sunshine
showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

If 'Nobody' dies before 'Somebody' dies,
And goes to the Land of Light,
The story of all that 'Somebody' did
Will be told in that region bright:
And then, when it's 'Somebody's' turn to go,
What music sweet there will be,
Of 'welcome, welcome,' sounding from far
Like church bells over the sea.

And oh! the gladness, and oh! the joy
When 'Someone' and 'No-one' meet,
Where the pleasant paths of Paradise
Are instead of the wintry street:
For the kindly deeds which are done on earth
Are remembered there, as we know;
And just such a story as angels love
Is 'Somebody's' walk through the snow.

AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

WHAT TO DO IN TROUBLE.

THOSE who pray do work for God—first, because they are doing that which He would have done; and, secondly, because the influence and efficacy of a simple prayer is spread by God's wonderful ordering far beyond the aim of the petitioner.

I was walking one day near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health—this meant for me loss of work, and consequently straitened means, and possibly *debt*.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower-girls, who were seated on a step arranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace till I had passed them. This is what I overheard.

'Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stands there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?'

'Don't I jest!' returned the other, emphatically.

'Don't you feel as if you could jest sit down an' have a good cry?'

'Ay, that I do!' responded the younger girl, 'only I knows it would be no use.'

'What does you do when you feels like that?' asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

'I does this,' replied the other girl, promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—'and I says, "O God! please send somebody quick," and *somebody always comes*.'

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, 'I does *truly*.'

I heard no more, for the girls rose and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

OUR JOURNAL was crowded out of the January BANNER, and this accounts for many late acknowledgments of kindnesses. While on this subject, we may say that frequently a letter will arrive, giving no address, and saying, 'I shall look in next month's Journal to see if you have received this.' Perhaps the enclosure is money, or it may be some article of clothing, or work for our sales, and we are very sorry that the kind sender should not see the expected acknowledgment. The explanation of our apparent carelessness is this—

The BANNER OF FAITH is now circulated largely as a parish magazine in various parts

of the world, and it must be ready almost a month before publication in order that it may reach distant parts of North America and South Africa in time; India, New Zealand, and Australia receive it a little after date. Therefore we are obliged to send to press about two months before our magazine is published.

In looking over our Journal we find that the poor and the children are foremost; as, for instance, a poor invalid sends us from his bed, on which he has lain these six years, 3s. 6d., collected for the Convalescent Home, and, 'please God,' he means to try again.

A Workhouse Nurse has gathered 3s. 11d. A poor servant 6s. Another servant 6s. for the Orphanage. She says, 'A fellow-servant promises to help me to send more. We both know how nice it is to have a good home, and can feel for the poor little children without homes.' A kind note encloses 2s. 6d. from a soldier's wife. She and her husband know how to make the best of their money, for she writes, 'My husband says for every shilling he gives away he gets two shillings for it.' Let us recommend their investment.

From Great Totham we have a nice hamper containing pears and blackberries.

From many parishes we have hampers of vegetables and fruit sent after Harvest Festivals, and, in addition to what had been offered in church, many a kind friend found a corner for some useful gift—in one a pot of lard, with 1s. 6d. 'to buy flour to make pie-crust for apple-tarts for the orphans.' A friend who sends one of these hampers writes: 'One and another came up with, "Can you put in this cake?" "I should like this pot of real country jam to go." "Here is a quarter of a pound of tea, not forgetting the sugar. I have often wanted for a quarter of tea myself; and perhaps they will send this to another old lady."' (We wish she could see the other old lady enjoying it.) A vegetable-marrow is sent by a little boy, who begged a corner of his father's garden to grow it in for our use.

Our little convalescents are remembered by Elsie, Mary, and Vernon. They send a dozen soft balls and some violet cuffs.

A little girl, K. R., sends 1s. 'Please accept this,' she writes, 'because it is the first one I have earned.'

The little daughter of a station-master—four-year-old Maggie—has collected 8s. 6d. from railway passengers, and sends it, with her best love, to the poor little boys and girls. A

little boy cannot say how sorry he is 'for the poor Willie of our collecting paper;' so he sends his shilling.

Aunie and her mother send us 2s., collected in pennies, and some clothing.

Then we have a pretty, carefully written letter from a little girl, who has been to the Coatham Convalescent Home, and now, being so much better, would like to help other convalescents. Indeed, her 12s. collected for us is a nice help.

We have so many interesting letters this month, we must just go on quoting them. They are to our readers' taste, we are sure.

'I know what it is to be out and alone in the world. I have no father and mother. God bless those who help such as me. I send you 1s.'

'I close 5s. for the Orphanage. May the Great Shepherd help you in your work amongst His lambs. I have a dear little one who has lost its mother.'

'I send you 2s. 6d. to help to send some poor little girl to a Home for change, and some clothing for her, which belonged to my dear little maid now in heaven, and sixpence in the frock pocket, which I should like the little sick girl to have.'

'Five shillings for the Orphanage, please. It is a thank offering to God for His help in making me so successful this year.—KIRRY.'

'Accept 10s. for the Convalescent Home, as a thank-offering for my dear brother's safe return from the Goudan War.—J. P.'

'Please use this 30s. for the Convalescent Home. It is from a loved little one's money-box.'

'Five shillings for the poor little convalescents, from a Herefordshire Mother.'

'This 1s. for the Orphanage is part of the savings from a beehive.'

'I enclose you 1l. Of this 10s. is from the sale of pence jugs, and please say if half-worn clothing would be of any use? Yes, indeed, we are very grateful for gifts of this kind. We dispose of such clothing at low prices amongst the poor. They are very thankful for the opportunity of buying it, and we make a nice sum for our Homes.'

Our old friend the Footman, who made and sold fifteen gallons of ginger-beer last year for our benefit, this year began his good work earlier, with the result of disposing of twenty-four gallons. For this he took 1l. 11s. 7d., which, with 4s. 5d. collected, produced us 1l. 16s. He has added to his kindness by

furnishing us with the recipe for our Workmen's Restaurants.

We were sure that this popular ginger-beer must be of a good make, and we are always glad to add a very useful recipe to our collection. Time and space fail us; so we must chronicle no more to-day, as far as English friends are concerned. E. M. S. D. is assured that the garments she sends are very useful.

From Brisbane, Australia, an orphan boy, who happily has a good master, sends us 11., which he has collected for our children. And another 11. comes from the Sunday School children of S. Michael's Church, Mitcham, South Australia, collected chiefly in pennies for the little starving children's breakfasts, they tell us.

And now we come to the missionaries' letters, always so full of interest. The first—from a rough mission in Ontario—thanks us for a little help we were able to send in the way of Church needlework, books, &c., and says:—'Last year I travelled 6,000 miles over rugged roads. Our people are poor and scattered, but willing and self-denying, that they may have "wherewith to serve the Lord, and not come before Him empty." Last summer one little girl walked more than twenty miles with a basket of strawberries, for which she got 1s., which she gave to mission work.'

From Zuurbraak, South Africa, we have a letter of warm thanks for timely help sent by BANNER OF FAITH friends, and for a parcel from the C. E. A. The letter speaks of the delight with which the parcel was unpacked and the contents distributed, and then goes on to say: 'What it will be to be able to leave this Hottentot hut for a habitable mission-house I cannot tell you. We have done what we could out of our little stipend.'

This was barely sufficient for ordinary wants, and those who helped to give this good family

a lift into better quarters, where they might defy colds and rheumatic pains, did well.

Again, our old friend Mr. Sheldon, the medical missionary, writes from Port Essington. He rejoices in having been enabled to drain and fence-in the church and parsonage—pools of water used to settle under. 'We have done it now,' he writes, 'and hope to be able to finish all this winter—four hundred dollars would pay for everything. The people are steadfast and quietly increasing. There is a good foundation laid, and I hope a true and living Church will be built on it. The men are getting up a subscription for your Orphanage.' He writes gratefully about some necessaries and medicines we had been able to send him from the C. E. A. For tooth-forceps, which put him into the position, it seems, of being an almost universal benefactor, he is most thankful. "Lorne Creek, whence I have just returned, is a very rough place, with immense boulders, steep canons, and a wretched "trail," one part of which is a mere foot-hold eked out by a few sticks, which the miners call Jacob's Ladder. It was hard work to get up and down, knowing that the least slip would send one down the canon side into the creek. Yes, the country is rough enough, but the men are worse. I never heard so much profanity in my life, nor saw so much open wickedness. There is a great deal of sickness amongst them too—mountain fever. One man, a butcher, whom I pulled through a bad bout, gave me a hundredweight of corned beef.' The Rev. P. Harding and the Rev. E. Pentreath return grateful thanks to the friends who so kindly send them 'Our Work' and several copies of the 'Banner of Faith.'

Here we must leave off, just adding that any help for the objects named in these jottings may be sent to

Miss HELEN WETHERELL,
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.



The Apostles' Creed.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

By Rev. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany (FEBRUARY 14).

—Of The Virgin Mary—*The Mother of GOD.*—S. John ii. 1-13; S. John xix. 25, 26, 27.

A. I. Honour paid to The Virgin Mary:—

1. By GOD THE FATHER—in choosing her out of all women to be the Mother of His Son.
2. By GOD THE HOLY GHOST—in sanctifying her for her high Vocation.
3. By GOD THE SON—in submitting to her, as her Child.
4. By the Angel Gabriel—'Hail, thou that art highly favoured.'
5. By all generations—who call her 'Blessed.'

II. Dishonour paid to her:—

1. Through *neglect*—in not recognising her as 'Blessed among women.'
2. Through *worship*—in not magnifying her 'lowliness' as 'The Handmaid of the Lord.'

B. Imitate the Character of The Blessed Virgin:—

- I. *Purity.*—S. Luke i. 27.—'Blessed are the pure in heart.'
- II. *Humility.*—S. Luke i. 29.—'Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord.'
- III. *Faith.*—S. Luke i. 38.—'Blessed are they that wait for Him.'
- IV. *Charity.*—S. Luke i. 39, 40.—'Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy.'
- V. *Contentment.*—S. Luke ii. 7.—'Blessed are they that put their trust in Him.'
- VI. *Thoughtfulness.*—S. Luke ii. 19, 51.—'Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.'
- VII. *Submission.*—S. John ii. 4, 5.—'Blessed are they that put their trust in Him.'
- VIII. *Fortitude.*—S. John xix. 25.—'Blessed is the man whose strength is in Truth.'

- C.
1. Why is it necessary to call the Blessed Virgin—'the Mother of God'?—To proclaim the honour of her Son
 2. Who, then, is her Son?—THE SON OF GOD.
 3. What is This Son?—HE is One Divine Person with two Natures.
 4. What does Prophecy tell us of the Mother of God?—'Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His Name—Immanuel.'
 5. What did the Angel call the Mother of Jesus?—'Highly favoured' and 'Blessed among women.'
 6. What does the name *Mary* mean?—The same as *Miriam* or *Marah*—i.e. 'Bitterness.'
 7. How many Marys can you find in Scripture?

Septuagesima Sunday (FEBRUARY 21).

'Suffered'—*The Passion of Jesus in His Infancy.*—S. Matt. ii. 12-23; S. Luke ii. 21.

A. Jesus 'suffered' from the Manger to the Cross. Consider His sufferings as an Infant:—

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| 1st. At Bethlehem—Pain in His Circumcision. | 4th. In Egypt—Hardships in His Flight. |
| 2nd. At Jerusalem—Humility in His Presentation. | 5th. At Nazareth—Poverty in His Bringing up. |
| 3rd. At Bethlehem—Danger in His Epiphany. | |

B. It was necessary that Christ should suffer:—

- First. Because HE was 'Very Man' (Job xiv. 1). ∴ believe in His Incarnation.
- Second. As a Satisfaction for sin (1 S. Peter iv. 1). ∴ accept His Merits.
- Third. To purchase the joys of Heaven for HIMSELF and all mankind (Romans viii. 17). ∴ hope for His Salvation.
- Fourth. To learn Mercy for our Misery (Hebrews iv. 15). ∴ trust His Tenderness.
- Fifth. As our Example in our own sufferings (1 S. Peter ii. 21). ∴ imitate His Patience.
- Sixth. For His own Perfection (Hebrews ii. 10). ∴ glory in suffering.

- C.
1. Was the first Adam ever an Infant?—No, he was made full-grown man.
 2. Why did the Second Adam grow from Infancy to Manhood?—That HE might give His Sympathy and His Example to every age of life.
 3. Why did Jesus suffer as an Infant?—For our sins.
 4. Why do our newborn babes suffer?—Because they are born in sin.
 5. Why should they be baptised?—To wash away the sin of Adam, in which we are all born.
 6. What becomes of a baptised babe if it should die?—It is 'undoubtedly saved.'
 7. Can you be as sure about yourself if you were to die?

Sexagesima Sunday (FEBRUARY 28).

'Suffered'—*The Passion of Jesus in His Youth*.—S. Luke ii. 41-52; Lamentations iii. 27.

- A. The Sufferings of Jesus in His Youth:—
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| I. Subjection to His Mother and S. Joseph. | IV. Ignorance of His relations. |
| II. Roughness from the degraded people of Nazareth. | V. Long waiting for His Ministry. |
| III. The poverty, squalor, and toil of an Eastern peasant life. | VI. Knowledge of His Coming Sufferings. |
- B. The young Christian going forth into life should therefore learn:—
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| I. Dutifulness to Parents.—Ephesians vi. 1. | IV. To submit to be misunderstood.—1 Samuel xvii. 28. |
| II. Patience with inferiors.—Romans xii. 16. | V. To wait patiently.—S. Luke xxiv. 49. |
| III. To dread luxury.—S. Luke xvi. 25. | VI. To go forth bravely.—Exodus xiv. 15. |
- C. 1. What is the chief virtue of youth?—Obedience.
 2. To Whom was our Master obedient?
 To His Heavenly FATHER. To His earthly Mother. To His foster-father.
 3. Whom are you bound to obey 'in the Lord'?
 (1) Father and Mother at home. (2) Teachers at School. (3) Employer at work.
 (4) Queen and her authorities in the State. (5) Master or Mistress in Service. (6) Spiritual Pastors at Church.
 (7) All my Betters everywhere.
 4. Why should you obey all these?—Because they are set over me by GOD—to represent HIM.
 5. But if they bid you do what is wrong?—Then they no longer represent GOD—but Satan.
 6. How can you know when a superior is wrong?—When he goes against the Church, the Bible, and my conscience.
 7. When did Jesus disobey those set over HIM?

Quinquagesima Sunday (MARCH 7).

'Suffered'—*The Passion of Jesus in His Ministry*.—S. Luke iv. 28-44; Isaiah liii. 1.

- A. Sufferings of Christ in His Ministry. [Compare the Sufferings of a Minister of Christ—2 Corinthians xi. 23-33.]
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| I. Assaults of Satan.—S. John xiv. 30, who had only departed from HIM 'for a season.'—S. Luke iv. 13. | V. Insults of enemies.—S. Mark iii. 22. |
| II. Bodily weariness.—S. Luke viii. 23. | VI. Dulness of disciples.—S. Mark ix. 32. |
| III. Violence of persecution.—S. Luke iv. 29. | VII. Contradiction of sinners.—S. Matthew xxi., xxii., xxiii. |
| IV. Reproaches of friends.—S. Mark iii. 21. | VIII. Forsaking by Apostles.—S. John xvi. 32. |
- B. I resolve to suffer for and with my Master this Lent—by resisting Temptations:—
- First. Of the *Flesh*—by *Fasting*—so I will deny my body some food, and other pleasant things.
 Second. Of the *World*—by *Almsgiving*—so I will give the money and time thus saved to Jesus, through His Church, Poor, and Missions.
 Third. Of the *Devil*—by *Prayer*—so I will add to my prayers every day at Church, or at least at home.
- C. 1. What Sunday have we now reached?—Quinquagesima, which is exactly Fifty days before Easter.
 2. What is the use of these Seasons of the Christian Church?—To fit our lives year by year to the Life of Christ.
 3. What is the chief feature of the Life of Christ and of Christians here on earth?—Suffering.
 4. What Season commemorates the Sufferings of Jesus?—The Forty Days of Lent.
 5. What other Forty Days does the Church keep besides these Forty Days of Sorrow?—The Forty Days of Joy—from Christmas to the Purification; and the Forty Days of Glory—from Easter Day to Ascension Day.
 6. What are the duties of Lent?—Fasting, Almsgiving, and Prayer.
 7. How may a child keep Lent?

. The complete *SCHEDULE* of these Instructions on the Apostles' Creed, arranged for the Sundays from Advent to Trinity, is now printed. It is in the *Leaflet* form, price ½d., and can be had of the Publishers.

year manufacturing, by their persevering work, a great many things in the fancy and dry goods line. The Hall looked its best, and was quite attractive, with its nice white walls decorated in places with evergreens: with the long table covered with things to eat and to wear and to look at, and with the concourse of bright and cheerful faces. Several pieces of vocal and instrumental music were given through the evening, which helped much to enliven things, especially the instrumental music, which was given by a Trio from the Fife and Drum Band. The net proceeds, quite as much as was expected, were \$26.32.

Our two Churches were very neatly decorated for Christmas, and although the roads were not in good condition for driving, the Christmas Congregations were fairly large.

HAMPTON:—St. Paul's Church was beautifully decorated for the Christmas Festival. Mr. William Otty—who is always ready in every good work—did all the designing. A cornice of heavy wreathing runs around the Church, occupying the space where the finishing cornice ought to be. Around the windows and doors are wreaths of Hemlock. Between the windows are scrolls with suitable Christmas Texts in ornamental lettering. Across the front of the Chancel is a screen covered with Hemlock, and surmounted with a cross. The back of the Chancel is filled in with panels of evergreen. The Christmas Service, which was attended by a large congregation, was bright and hearty, and the choral part of the Service was well sung. The Anthem was No. 173 of the Parish Choir, "Glory to God in the Highest." The Rev. Canon Walker assisted at the celebration of the Holy Communion. There were 70 communicants.

St. Andrew's Chapel, French Village, was also tastefully decorated. Wreaths of evergreen are around the windows and doors, and the chancel is panelled off with light wreathing, the effect of which is very pleasing. A temporary Reredos has been placed at the back of the Holy Table, bearing the words, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour." Over the entrance to the Chancel is a star with a scroll, on which is the Text, "We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him." At the west end is a Banner with the words "Prince of Peace." There was Service in this Church on Christmas afternoon at 3 o'clock. The congregation at French Village is to be congratulated on the clean and neat appearance of their Church.

Service was also held on Christmas Day in the Hall at Smithtown.

On December 30th, a Christmas Tree was provided for the scholars attending the Sunday School at Hampton Village. On the tree was a present for each scholar. The Rector and teachers also came in for a remembrance. After the singing of a Christmas Carol around the tree, the gifts were distributed. The scholars then gave an entertainment consisting of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, etc.

On Christmas eve, when the Rector returned from his Service at Nauwigewauk he found a surprise awaiting him. Some kind friend, or friends, had left at the Rectory, on behalf of the Parishioners, a parcel containing a valuable and thoughtful Christmas remembrance. The parcel contained two beautiful sleigh robes, one black and the other grey, and also a warm mat for the feet. Another friend had left a whip, and another had sent a pair of wool lined gloves with fur cuffs, and still another had sent a silk handkerchief for the neck. Our Parson certainly has no excuse for remaining home when the cold winds blow.

One of the events of Christmas was the marriage of Miss Grace Caldwell to Mr. Edgar H. Fairweather of St. John. The marriage took place in St. Paul's Church on Wednesday, the 23rd of December.

A class of men and boys has been opened for the teaching of vocal music, there were 12 present on the first evening. The class is in charge of the Rector.

PETITCODIAC:—The Parish Church looked beautiful at Christmas. Willing hands had been working hard all the fortnight previous and the result was very gratifying. A triple dado of hemlock ran along the east wall; the woodwork of the reredos was done in green, the pillars and lamp-standards, Lectern, pulpit and font were all tastefully decorated; two magnificent banners kindly given by Fr. Davenport graced the east wall, and banners and bannerets with appropriate devices were arranged in the body of the Church. Pot plants were placed in the Sanctuary, adding to the effect. The organist, Miss Etta Willis, acquitted herself well with the difficult Xmas music.

The Rector was treated to a surprise party on the evening of the 29th, when the Parishioners assembled at the Rectory, good naturedly took possession of everything, and wound up by presenting the Rector with a very loving and filial address, (which was read by O. E. Flewelling, Esq.) turkeys, chickens, butter, etc., etc., and a purse of \$70. Considering that a short time ago the Parishioners raised \$50 for a fur coat for the Curate, about \$20.00 for the Bishop Medley Scholarship Fund, and \$7.00 for King's College, and increased their

contributions to the D. C. S. by \$20.00, they have not done badly. In reply to the address Mr. Willis made a neat and appropriate speech, thanking the people for their generosity, and for their evident appreciation of him and his labours.

Mr. Tayler, who was ordained to the Diaconate on the 4th Sunday in Advent, has entered upon his duties as curate. His apartments are at the Mansard House.

STUDENHAM:—The Church of the Ascension was very prettily decorated for the Christmas Festival by the members of the Guild, and looked its best on Christmas Morning, when Divine Service was held at 9 a.m. The rough state of the roads prevented many from attending, and others, who started in good time, were so delayed that the Service was nearly ended when they arrived at the Church, after having driven seven miles over the iron ruts. On Friday, January 8th, we had a practice of the Choral Union music by the united Choirs of Springfield, Johnston, Sussex, and Apohaqui, but then again the bad state of the roads caused a small attendance. Notwithstanding the practice was a good one, and showed that great pains had been taken to learn the music.

The congregation presented Miss Evans, the organist, with a donation of \$16, as a slight token of their gratitude for her services since Easter.

SUSSEX:—Trinity Church never looked so well as on Christmas Morning. A temporary screen had been placed at the entrance to the Choir, which was decked with spruce wreathing, ferns, and leaves. On the face of the screen was the text in red letters on a white ground, "Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth." White and red Banners, with texts and devices, decorated the Chancel and Nave. The Linoleum and Chandeliers, presented by the Ladies' Sewing Circle, added much to the general appearance of the building, and when lighted, the latter gave great comfort to the worshippers. At the Service on Christmas Day, which was very hearty and enjoyable, we had the assistance of two excellent cornet players, Masters Harry White and Leonard Beer, who very materially aided the efforts of the Choir. The number of Communicants, 57, was not so large as usual, but we have had a good deal of sickness, which no doubt prevented many from attending.

The ladies of the Sewing Circle do not intend to stop with what they have done in the past; but have in contemplation some more extensive Church work, of which we shall be able to speak more fully next month. Owing to great stress of work our Guilds

have not yet been formed, but they will not be given up, and when formed will do much good and systematic work.

The members of the Choir of Trinity Church presented a flattering address to the Rector on Christmas morning, which was accompanied by a very handsome set of harness, for both of which he returned his hearty thanks. The Rector's horse was as proud of the gift as his master.

UPHAM:—On Christmas eve the Missionary, Rev. S. J. Hanford, was taken by surprise by some of his friends, who had determined to present him with an address, and a substantial and very comfortable token of their love and appreciation of his labours in the shape of a well stuffed armchair. It is not so much the actual value of the gift that is to be considered in these cases as the kindly feeling thereby manifested, which is very pleasing and doubtless beneficial to both Pastor and people.

We are glad to report that we have been able to do something by way of colouring and decorating the walls of the Parish Church, and also the Chapel of Ease at Barnesville. The appearance of the buildings inside has been much improved, and we trust they have been made somewhat more becoming their sacred purposes.

We are thankful to add, moreover, that of late we have heard *loud whispers* of the desirableness of having the seats in the Parish Church made free. This is the only one of our 3 Churches in which there are pews.

GAGERTOWN:—Christmas has passed away and with it the many associations of early days. Some sad, some bright, and some encouraging.

The Church received its usual care by being neatly trimmed, and the Services were bright and hearty; the Anthem especially was praiseworthy and reflected much credit on the choir.

On New Year's eve the Sunday School was the most attractive place for the children. Long before the time appointed the little ones with their elder brothers and sisters were seen hastening along with eager steps to be in time for the tea, which was provided for them by the Rector's family, the teachers, and some kind friends. Punctual to the time the good things were passed around, and plate after plate was emptied and replenished until all were satisfied inwardly, and some outwardly as regards the pockets. No colour line was drawn, but as a Sunday School all were welcome and treated alike. And now that all were treated, expectant eyes were turned to curtains, over which the top of an Xmas tree could be seen crowned with the "Union

Jack." The little ones were heard to say "I do wish *He* would come." He of course meant "Santa Claus." So to amuse the children the organ played some familiar hymns and the children sang from memory the well known tunes with much precision, which speaks well for their training. Just after all were seated and many mothers and friends had come in to share the joys of their little ones, the curtain was drawn aside and there was the tree seen beautiful to gaze at and richly laden with a present for each child. Old "Santa Claus," apparently feeling his advanced age, gave the children a short address and then distributed to each child (64 in all) a present by number. The children received what they most longed for, and their happy faces showed that the evening would long be remembered.

Many were sorry that the good Rector was unable to share their joys; but the Rector of Cambridge was present and assisted to amuse the little ones. After the choir had sung the Xmas anthem and three good cheers were given for Santa Claus, the doxology was sung by all and the happy evening closed.

CAMBRIDGE:—All our Churches were trimmed with extra care for this Christmas, and the Services were hearty and well attended notwithstanding the bad travelling. At a meeting of the Parishioners a "Basket Social" was decided on for January 18th, the proceeds to be added to our "Building Fund." The promises of wood and stone are being fulfilled, and we hope before long to see them on the ground. Our subscription list is still open. Who will aid and cheer us with our New Stone Church?

WATERFORD:—"The Church looks prettier than it ever did before." So spoke several on Christmas morning, and it really did seem more like GOD'S House than it had in time past. The decorations were very simple but very effective, and we all felt that the "Sanctuary was beautified." The rough frozen ground, without snow, hindered from getting to Church those who live at a distance, and yet there was a fair attendance at Matins, and 31 communicants. Three made their first Communion on Christmas Day. At Matins the Psalms were chanted very smoothly to simple chants and the Service, to say the least of it, was bright and hearty. The Celebration was a most solemn one, made so by the reverence of our people, who have learned to realize the awful nearness of the Most Glorious Presence of Our LORD and Master in this "wonderful Sacrament."

In the evening the Sunday School Children, their parents, and friends met in the Hall and spent two very enjoyable hours together. Several of the children had learned short poems bearing on Christmas, which, when recited, were loudly applauded. Between the recitations, Carols and Hymns were sung, in which all who could sing took part. Then came fun for all in the shape of a magic lantern exhibiting very laughable pictures. After this the Sunday School Children were treated by their teachers to cake, apples, candy, and nuts, and a Christmas card for each, all done up in paper bags. But the great surprise was kept until the last. A beautiful Raccoon-skin sleigh-robe was taken from its hiding place, when the Parson's back was turned, and quietly spread out so that he met it "full in the face" when he turned about, and then it was announced that this was a present from the Parishioners of Waterford.

The Parson feels that he cannot express in words his gratitude to his dear people who have not only supplied him with a valuable and most serviceable present, but have given him a token of their love and loyalty to the Church and have shown an appreciation of Her work among them. May GOD'S blessing rest on the Parish!

ST. MARK'S (SUSSEX):—The most enjoyable Service since the Church resumed her work in this Parish was the Celebration of the Holy Communion, at eight o'clock, on Christmas morning. Ten of our twenty communicants and five visiting communicants were present, besides a goodly number of non-communicants. The young people had taken great pains in practising the Kyrie, Gloria, etc., which were chanted for the first time, and the Hymns and Carols were sung "lustily, and with good courage."

Steadfast perseverance with prayer is the only way to succeed in any undertaking for GOD and His Church. If our work in this Parish be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of GOD "*ye cannot overthrow it.*"

The work of the Church of England was, through misfortune, stopped in Saint Mark's Parish for nearly eleven years, now GOD has revived it, in His own good time, and we say to the World in the boldness of our Faith "*ye cannot overthrow it.*" Let the members of this community be but faithful to their 2nd Baptismal vow, namely: to "believe all the articles of the Christian Faith" and they shall find joy and peace in believing.

On the 21st of December we laid to rest our Brother Wm. Tait, aged 75 years, who was Confirmed on the 14th of October last, and made his first Communion on the 22nd of the same month. "Grace be with all them that love our LORD JESUS CHRIST in sincerity."

Our Deanery.

The first glimpse which we catch of the Church's work in Gagetown reveals to us a Missionary of the S. P. G., the Rev. T. Wood, making his way up the St. John river, and visiting the different settlements on its banks, holding Divine Service and baptizing; in Gagetown however, the two who were baptized by him were Indian children, in the month of July, A. D. 1769. Probably as in other settlements he found that "most of the children had been already baptized by Romish Priests," for tradition speaks of an old Acadian hamlet situate on the site of the present village of Gagetown, presumably at the time when the French under Hubert d' Audigny, and Vihebon (A. D. 1670 to 1692) held Fort Jemseg on the opposite bank of the river. On the same traditinary authority we hear of the habitants throwing their *châpûl bell* into "the Creek," and hiding their *Peuates*, and then retreating through the forest on the advance of British forces.

In a letter to the S. P. G. Mr. Wood suggested that a prudent Missionary be appointed to the several rising townships of Gagetown, Burton, and Mougerville; nothing of the kind, however, seems to have been done till after the declaration of American independence (4th July 1776) when many loyalists left the republican States and settled down in British America.

Of the clergy who accompanied or followed, Rev. Richard Clarke was in 1786 selected to take charge of the parishes of Gagetown, Hampstead, Wickham, and Waterborough. The following year he brought his wife and children from Woodbury, Connecticut, and took up his residence in Gagetown, but itinerating, preaching the Gospel, and administering the Sacraments, in many other places also.

In 1790 a Church was built in Gagetown, the British Government having granted two thousand pounds sterling for the purpose of building Churches in the Province of New Brunswick.

On the 13th of March, 1811, Mr. Clarke's rectorship was brought to a summary conclusion, by his residence being burned down in the night and three of his family, a daughter, a grandson, and a niece, perishing in the flames, which heart-breaking event so affected him that he resigned his cure, and accepted that of St. Stephen, Charlotte Co., where he resided till his death in 1824. The Rev. Samuel R. Clarke, son of the above, was the second Rector of Gagetown, he succeeded his father in 1811, and the Parish records show that he officiated in Gagetown, Waterborough, Wickham, Hampstead and Burton, until his death in August, 1841, and after an interval of some time was succeeded by the Rev. N. A. Coster.

On the 21st February, 1844, Mr. Coster was inducted Rector of Gagetown, and held office here till A. D. 1858, when he removed to Richibucto, Kent County, and at his death, A. D. 1879, his remains were brought here for interment.

In June, 1858, the Rev. James Neales was invited by the Wardens and Vestry of Gagetown to become their Rector, and on the return of the Bishop of Fredericton from England, Mr. Neales was inducted. At a Vestry meeting four years previous to this it had been stated that the

Church was in a very dilapidated state, and immediately after Mr. Neales' induction an effort was made to erect a new one, but an influential majority of pew owners opposed the movement, and it had to be abandoned again and again till 1879, when a legacy of a thousand dollars, left by Mr. Charles W. Smith for the express purpose of building a new Church, set the Church-people to work in earnest, and on the 10th of November, 1880, the Bishop consecrated the new "house of prayer for all people," which had been erected on the site of the old Church, which for ninety years had been occupied by the members of the Church of England as their place of worship; and the widow of the Rev. N. A. Coster put a handsome East window of stained glass in the Chancel of the new Church, as a memorial of her deceased husband. Churches have been built in Waterborough and the other Parish around the Grand Lake, and two Clergymen to them, but Gagetown and Hampstead have but one Priest, whose parsonage, built for Mr. Coster in 1844, is in close vicinity to the Parish Church.

The last census gives 370 as the number of Church members, 97 of whom are Communicants; there are 3 Sunday Schools, with 9 Teachers and 84 Scholars, a new Sunday School house is nearly finished; and three Sunday Services are held every week, and four on each alternate Sunday, besides week-day Services.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the K. D. M.

GENTLEMEN: As a constant reader and well wisher of the K. D. M., and one who is in hearty sympathy with its objects, will you allow me to offer a suggestion or two with reference to the paying of subscriptions.

The annual subscription to the Magazine is 50 cents. Now I think that a good many of our country Church people, who live back from Money Order Offices, do not always know just how to send 50 cents to Sussex. It seems to me that if a Collector could be appointed in each Parish, who would call on each subscriber at the proper time, there would be no difficulty in collecting all the amounts due. If not found possible to have a Parochial Collector, could not a slip be inserted in the Magazine to remind each individual subscriber that his or her subscription is due, and stating to whom it should be paid in the Parish, or asking that the amount be sent in stamps to the Editors. If this slip were enclosed in an addressed envelope, so much the better.

P. S.—I am glad to see that the K. D. M. is to be continued.

Notices.

The quarterly meeting of S. S. T. U., Section III, will be held at Sussex on Tuesday, March 2nd. Holy Communion will be celebrated at Trinity Church at 10 a.m. The First Session of the Teachers will be opened at the Rectory, at 11 a.m., unless otherwise directed. The names of those who will be present should be sent to the Secretary, Mrs. E. N. Sharp, Sussex, in good time.