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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a. m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a. m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

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Mr. Wm. Maynard.

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Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

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Mr. Clarence W. Young

Sunday School Officers,

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

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

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

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

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

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

DISTRICT VISITORS.

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

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss Spencer; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss McWhinney. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencer and Fuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 43. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steet and Mrs. Moor. President, Annie Nield. Vice President, Winnie Ridgedale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 40. Regular meeting every Monday at 4.30 p. m.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher of Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Instructor, Col. Smith; Assistant Drill Instructor, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. No. of members, 100.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

May 30th. - Susan Mary Salisbury, Charles St.

MARRIAGES.

May 28th. - Campbell Rozell - Hugh Campbell to Sarah Melissa Rozell, both of this city.

BURIALS.

May 9th. - Daniel Home Lizars, in Avondale Cemetery.

May 31st. - Susan Mary Salisbury, Avondale Cemetery.

The Synod.

The convening circular of the Synod has reached us, and although it contains a large amount of work, it does not represent even approximately all the work before the Synod, in fact the most important work—the reports of the various committees—are not mentioned on it at all. A new canon is proposed for the administration of the Mission Fund, this will occupy a large part of the earlier sessions, and is of great importance to us all. Upon the right appropriation of this fund largely depends the welfare of this Diocese. Another useful proposal is that for the deposit of the Synod offices of the plans and specifications of churches, school houses and parsonages, to form the nucleus of an Architectural Library for the use of the Diocese. The reports of the committees on the aggressive work of the Church, and on the Division of the Diocese will be awaited with extreme interest. Let our Lay Delegates be ready to take their part and let our people follow the proceedings intelligently. Would it not be advisable to hold a meeting of the congregation before Synod with a view to instructing delegates, or after the synod with a view to receiving their reports?



“AND FORGIVE US OUR SINS; FOR WE ALSO FORGIVE EVERY ONE THAT IS INDEBTED TO US.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER.

FORGIVE us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.” Such is the familiar liturgical form, representing exactly neither the text of St. Matthew nor that of St. Luke, by which these words of the Saviour are impressed on our memories. Older English versions, such as “Forgive us our debts, as we forgive to our debtors,” were more exact; but the change is an improvement, and is likely to be lasting.

To be forgiven; to feel that the barrier of offence, of mutual misunderstanding, for the time even of mutual distrust and dislike, has been removed, and that we, who perhaps think that we on our side have also something to forgive, have had the debt which we know to have been the larger of the two freely and fully remitted, so that affection and friendship can flow once more in the old channels! Who has not had occasion both to give and to receive this forgiveness? Who has been so unhappy as never to have received it, or so hard-hearted as never to have bestowed it?

But this is as between man and man. Our Lord guarantees to us that there is also such forgiveness waiting for us from Him who can never need forgiveness, from God Himself; for He would not teach us to pray for that which cannot be granted. One only condition required for that forgiveness is here named. The mystery of the Atonement, the “pardon through the precious blood”—this was not yet to be disclosed. Nothing short of that Atonement of Christ can bring that forgiveness; but once given it is complete and perfect. Man’s forgiveness, it has been said, relates to quantity: “*how oft* shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?” God’s forgiveness relates to quality: man forgives *sins*, God forgives *sin*. More, infinitely more, even than Christ’s “seventy times seven,”

may be bestowed by Divine compassion, not infringing on Divine justice, on the worst of human transgressors.

But there is one condition, and only one, here set before us as that on which the forgiveness of God hinges. “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: for if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.” The teaching is enforced by the parable of the “unmerciful servant”—the relentless, unforgiving creditor contrasted with the large-hearted, generous master. Without this we stop the flow of Divine mercy at its very source. An unforgiving world, could such be imagined, would close up for ever the “fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,” would do away with that absolute pardon for the sins of the past which the Psalmist has imaged by the remotest distances of the physical world: “Look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is His mercy also toward them that fear Him. Look how wide also the east is from the west; so far hath He set our sins from us.”

The necessity, therefore, of forgiving our brother, if we are to look for forgiveness ourselves, ought, one would think, to have impressed itself on the consciences of Christians as one of those primary and foundation conditions, without which hope is vain and faith unfruitful, while love, the third and greatest of the trinity of Christian graces, is excluded by the very nature of the case. And yet is it not true that some who would be the last to consider themselves outside the circle of true Christians, often nourish an unforgiving spirit against another through life—nay, carry it with them to the grave? The story is told of a nobleman who nourished such a grudge

against the heir to his title and estates, even to the leaving away from him by will the very deer in his park. At last, however, he relented and repented; but too late for restitution. He sent for the family solicitor to alter the terms of his will; but before the lawyer could arrive, the earl was dead. He carried if not an unforgiving spirit, at least an unatoned wrong, on to the judgment of the world to come. But such are not the only instances of the unforgiving spirit. It may be shown in matters which are comparatively fleeting and small, yet which constantly affect our Christian life. Do not forget, the petition which precedes this in the great Prayer is, "Give us *this day* our daily bread"; remember the word "*and*," which links the two clauses together, "*and* forgive us our trespasses," reminds us that, as we need our daily bread, so also we daily need God's forgiveness, and must daily bestow it, if needed, on others.

It may be said, indeed, that forgiveness, to be *deserved*, implies a real repentance in the person forgiven, and that we have no means of being certain that the repentance is real. True, but also we have no means of being certain that it is *not* real; and we are bound to give in all such cases what we call "the benefit of the doubt." In the most sublime prayer for the forgiveness of others ever uttered—our Lord's words on the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—was there not something of a charitable hope, rather than an assured conviction, that those who abetted the greatest crime in the world's history sinned only through ignorance? Some of those who heard His words, though they knew not who it was whom they had condemned and crucified, must have known at least that they had aided in the judicial murder of an innocent Person. Yet these, too, are included in the large-heartedness of the Saviour's prayer. We must imitate that large-heartedness in not limiting our forgiveness by qualifications or conditions, nor spoiling its graciousness by the taint of a still lingering animosity. "Yes, I forgive him, but I never want to see him again," or, "I forgive, but I can never forget"—such a limitation takes away all that gives the forgiveness its value and its charm.

Forgiveness, indeed, is to many people, save on rare occasions, only too easy a virtue. First, because many of us have so *little to forgive*. The petition in the

Litany, "That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts," passes us by, as it were, untouched. We have no enemies, no persecutors, no slanderers; none whose hearts, as far as we are concerned, require to be turned. And, secondly, do not some of us, simply by the natural disposition which God has given them, often *forgive because they forget*? The person who gave the offence sometimes remembers it when he to whom it was given has forgotten it. Now, to forgive without forgetting, though not in the sense in which the expression has just been used, is a Divine work. Almighty God cannot, in any strict and proper sense of the term, be said to forget the sins which He has forgiven. Our notion of the mind of God, so far as we can form any such idea at all, must include at least the potential presence in that mind of the record of the misdoings of all His creatures, even though all the trespasses, or, as St. Matthew has it, the "debts," may have been cancelled by the red line of the blood of Christ drawn across them. That kind of forgiveness, therefore, is likeliest to God's forgiveness, which, while it does not, cannot, "blot out" the recollection of the offence forgiven, yet replaces the offending person in the former position of mutual regard or affection, and wipes out the old debts as if they had never been incurred.

To such a forgiveness, then, we are called by the very prayer which is daily on our lips. The ten thousand talents of a world's transgressions are freely condoned by the price of the Saviour's blood; it remains for us to forgive as freely the hundred pence of our own mutual offences, that on us, too, may be bestowed the absolution of Him who alone "hath power on earth to forgive sins," and who bestows it freely on those who forgive their brethren. "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee; arise and walk."

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(JUNE 24TH.)

MAY thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.—ISAAC WILLIAMS.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

Author of "Black or White?" "Turning the Tables," "Held to Her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

WYNNE'S TRIALS.



BUT you know, Guy, that two hundred pounds won't last for ever! Had we not better move into a smaller house whilst there is still some money left?"

Certainly Stella had never been intended to bear the burden of business worries! True that her forehead was screwed up in a frown and her expression was as grave and serious as any one could desire. But for all that Mr. Keen and the clergyman glanced at each other and smiled. She looked like some child playing at keeping house, rather than a woman in a position of real anxiety and responsibility. Guy's heart ached to see the little furrows of weary thought that marked her white brow.

"I think you can understand what Mr. Keen has been explaining, if you try," he told her gently. "Here you have no rent to pay, so now that you have given up all the servants

but Elizabeth, it is really cheaper for you to live in this house than anywhere else. When a purchaser is found for Kingston Villa it will, of course, be different."

Stella sighed. But Wynne had taken it all in, and spoke briskly enough for both.

"It was lucky that there were those notes in Mrs. Brookes' desk," she said, "else you *would* have been up a tree, Stella! Don't you bother, dear. There's heaps of cash to last for months, and before that has gone the Clives will be caught, and— and everything will be right again!"

"Suppose they should have spent all that they took away, though?"

"Suppose they shouldn't?" she retorted, "which is much the more likely of the two."

The beginning of November had arrived, and still no news had been received of the capture of the Clives. From time to time the magistrates had, at the request of the police, remanded Guy Ryder, in spite of the opposition of his counsel. Clearly the Scotland Yard officials yet had hope of finding the man and woman whose accomplice they suggested him to be.

The search for the criminals was at length brought to a successful issue, at Liverpool. Just as a lady with bright golden hair framing a face artistically tinted and powdered, was stepping on board the tender of a Cunarder bound for New York, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she found herself in the custody of a man in plain clothes, who, since early morning, had stood close to the gangway, scrutinising the features of each new arrival. With the sharpness of wit engendered by constant danger, her companion in the long overcoat and with the flaxen beard and hair saw in a moment how matters stood, and made one spring back towards the landing stage. But the detective who had secured Helen was not alone, and a preconcerted signal from him to his companions waiting upon the stage settled the matter. Ten minutes later Helen Vasco and Caryl Clive were being driven rapidly through the streets, away from the river and away from freedom.

"Oh, Guy! it will all come right now!" exclaimed Stella, pale with emotion, when together they heard the news brought by Mr. Keen.

"I trust it may," from Mr. Keen. "Yet don't make too sure, my dear. Generosity is not a very common virtue with such folk. For my part, I much fear lest they should refuse to give any explanations which may exonerate Mr. Ryder."

"Oh, they can't be so base when they understand! I won't believe it of them!"

Notwithstanding which, the forecast of the lawyer proved all too correct. No confession or anything approaching to a confession passed their lips. Nor amongst the baggage which, on being searched, gave to light more than twenty of the twenty-two thousand pounds that they had stolen, did either Caryl's receipt to Guy or Guy's letter to Mrs. Brookes come to light. They must have destroyed those proofs of his innocence, Guy's friends declared. The notes of acknowledgment had never been written, said his enemies.

"I do verily believe that in Mrs. Brookes' recovery lies the only chance of clearing that poor fellow's character," Mr. Keen confided one day to Walter, who had run down south for twenty-four hours to see how affairs were progressing at Shingleby. "Ah, Miss Ryder, what are you doing there?" to the girl who, as usual wearing her nurse's costume, emerged from a corner by the bookcase. "I did not see you."

But Wynne took no notice of his half apology. Her ideas were entirely fixed upon more important considerations. Leaning upon the table, as though she really had scarcely strength to stand against the shock of that announcement, she looked up piteously into Walter's face.

"And Mrs. Brookes gets no better—not one scrap! Oh, can *nothing* be done? I had so hoped that when the Clives were found—but this will kill Guy if it goes on much longer!"

As it happened, Guy sauntered into the room at that instant, as though to prove by his very appearance how well grounded were her terrors. He was indeed changed from the man who, only a few months before, had sat in his room, discussing with Jack Brookes the affairs of the sailor's step-mother and the schemes of the Clives. His cheeks had lost their colour since then, and looked pale and sunken, the hand which he brushed across his forehead was too thin and white for perfect health, and the manner in which he moved showed a lack of energy altogether foreign to his nature.

"Any news?" he said. It was always his first inquiry on meeting Mr. Keen. And reading the reply in the solicitor's face, he asked no more. An uncomfortable silence fell upon the group.

"You were talking about me!" ex-

claimed Guy at last, with a little shake, as though to rouse himself from the depression into which he felt himself sinking. "Of course that's why," with a rather pathetic smile, "you can't think of anything else to say now. Come! You'd better make a clean breast of it. What is the latest?"

He glanced first at the men, and then at Wynne, with growing alarm. Was there news, after all, he wondered—news so bad that they were keeping it from him? But with the ready wit which every good nurse possesses, Wynne understood that nervous dread, and came promptly to the rescue.

"Mr. Keen was only telling us what we really knew before, that it seems as though no one but poor mother can, or at least will really clear you," she said quietly.

"Not that you can possibly be convicted, as I believe," the solicitor hastened to interpose. "At the worst it can but be a case of what in Scotland would be called 'Not proven.' And that here means acquittal."

"With a lasting stain," added Guy. "Well. God knows best!" And he was able to feel and realize it too, as two months ago he never could have done. Was not the faith worth the suffering?

"Oh! But it is hard! it is hard!" burst out rebellious Wynne, from the bottom of her heart. And she opened the door and rushed from the room in a storm of sobs, right into the arms of Dr. Jaxon.

"My dear Miss Ryder," he exclaimed, "what has happened now? Surely nothing fresh?" Then, as she stood suddenly stopped in her wild career, and apparently without the spirit to move again, he laid his hand upon hers, with a touch that was in itself a caress. "Wynne, don't cry, dear. Come in here and tell me all about it. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

She could not have talked to any one else in that moment of misery; but it was relief unutterable to pour out her story to him, and to listen to the soothing words that to-day he seemed to find no difficulty in uttering. Only when she had quite come to the end of the tale, there was a pause. She was waiting for him to speak, and he was evidently thinking. By-and-by he turned to her with a completely changed manner.

"Tell me the old lady's symptoms," he said, "and describe the treatment."

Wynne fell into his humour at once. Instead of a weeping girl, and a man who could only look on helplessly, the pair had become, all in a moment, the clever doctor and the observant nurse. Certainly Dr. Jaxon made a first-rate listener, for, except to ask one or two questions, he never interrupted the narrative. When it was concluded, however, he rose.

"Take me to see your patient."

Engrossed in their conversation, neither Harry nor Wynne had noticed the sound of the door-bell. When, therefore, on their arrival upstairs, they

telegraphing for me. You must recall the circumstances?"

Whereupon recollection suddenly awoke; and recognising in the pleasant-voiced, keen-looking visitor the man whose opinion had been specially sought upon the occasion he named—rather a great occasion in the life of Dr. Baker, whose practice did not, as a rule, lie in the homes of peers—he was, or professed to be, charmed.

"Of course you must let me explain how I come to be here," Harry went on. "Mrs. Brookes is a sort of connection of mine. At least her step-daughter married



"A HAND WAS LAID UPON HER SHOULDER."

found old Dr. Baker, Mrs. Brookes' medical attendant during many years, feeling the widow's pulse and shaking his head over her vacant looks and unmeaning answers, both nurse and doctor felt a little surprised. But the London physician was not the person to be taken at a disadvantage.

"Surely we have met before?" he exclaimed, going forward and holding out his hand. "Yes, I remember! In consultation a year ago over the baby Lord Raxton. A simple case of hydrocephalus it was. Only the parents were so frightened that they summoned all the doctors for miles round, besides

my brother, the Vicar of Thetfield, whom you may have met?"

"Oh, certainly. But quite unnecessary to tell me——" and so on, until all professional etiquette having been satisfied, and any professional jealousy upon the elder man's part smoothed away, he became quite confidential and talkative as to the specially sad features and circumstances of the case, and even ready to accept certain suggestions of his colleague which involved an entire change of treatment. To Wynne's combined indignation and surprise—Wynne who had, until this discovery dawned upon her, stood by in silent admiration

and wonder at the tact and skill which Dr. Jaxon was displaying—the alteration of treatment included also the engagement of an additional nurse—as though she could not do all that there was to be done, indeed!

"I shall send down a woman from London then, Dr. Baker," the specialist said as they both rose. "I have one very skilful in mental cases now disengaged. And we will meet here again this day week, shall we?"

"I am sure I am quite indebted for your assistance," the old gentleman assured him. After which they bowed each other downstairs with a great display of politeness. As to Wynne, she was standing rather disconsolately by Mrs. Brookes' chair, with hanging head and aggrieved heart, when, five minutes later, Harry returned in search of her.

"Come with me," he commanded, in the authoritative way to which in past days she had more than once yielded a ready obedience. But she felt very far indeed from obeying just now.

"I can't leave my patient—at least not until you have put that much more clever and capable person in charge. Whilst I am here I am responsible; though of course when she comes I shall go!"

Her eyes flashed and sparkled as she faced him angrily. But he only smiled at the little show of temper.

"I have told Elizabeth to come up for a few minutes. Stella gave me permission to secure her services, and here she is. Come, Wynne," was his only response.

And before she quite knew how it had happened she found herself in the drawing-room sitting upon a couch, with Dr. Jaxon by her side. Certainly no one had ever before been able to manage her like Harry did. And as the notion crossed her mind her dying anger revived. She jumped up and stamped her foot.

"I won't come! I won't!"

"But you are here!" with a look of calm surprise at her temper. And the assertion was so clearly true, that all in a moment Wynne's fury died away, and she broke into a peal of laughter. It was a little weak and shaky, perhaps; but it did her good for all that.

"Well, and now possibly you'll listen to me for a moment," said Dr. Jaxon, as soon as she was grave again. "At present I am aware that you think me

the most objectionable of persons. But don't you care more for Mrs. Brookes' recovery, and the benefit it would be to your brother, than you do for your own pride?"

She had not looked at it in that light. Her head sank a little. Certainly, she meditated, Dr. Jaxon never shrank from plain speaking.

"I didn't mean to be selfish," she half whispered.

"Yet it stands to reason that a woman who has given twenty years of her life to the tending of such cases as Mrs. Brookes', and who is besides fitted physically, in an exceptional manner, for the management of the mentally afflicted, will be better qualified to deal with the patient than a child like you. Now, doesn't it?"

At which climax of insult Wynne, seldom given as she was to crying, burst into tears for the second time that day. To be called a child indeed—she, Nurse Wynne, who had already been for months a professional character! She had never felt so snubbed in all her life.

"Oh, Dr. Jaxon! How little you think of me!" she exclaimed. "And when I've tried so hard, for Guy's sake, to do my best!"

And then, quite unexpectedly, he took her hand and stooped his head over hers.

"I think so little of you, my dearest, that if you will promise to accept me as your sole charge, and be my wife, it will be the happiest moment of my life!"

The proposal was so sudden and startling that it caused the astonished Wynne to take a cruel, though entirely unintentional revenge. She also could make her meaning quite distinct, upon occasions.

"Marry you! Why, Dr. Jaxon, you are shorter than I am. That would never do, would it?"

Now no man in the wide world could really enjoy such a speech as that. And if Harry Jaxon had not had a most excellent temper matters would certainly have ended there and then. Happily for them both, however, hasty resentment was not one of his failings.

But the result of their interview—it lasted considerably more than ten minutes, by the way, and proved a great trial to Elizabeth's patience—remained a secret between the two most concerned for some time.

CHAPTER XII.

"A GOOD TURN."



SUNDAY once more—and round Mary's chair, placed in the middle of the bare schoolroom, and as usual close to the almost red-hot stove, the lads belonging to her Bible-Class were sitting in various attitudes, some bolt upright upon the backless benches staring at their teacher, some stooping over the Bibles held in outstretched hands upon a level with their knees.

"Read the verse again, please, Beresford," said Mrs. Jaxon. "There's something else in it that nobody has mentioned yet, but which means a great deal."

The young man's gruff voice sounded through the half-empty building—

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"Thank you," from Mary. "And I think we have tried to understand most of it, haven't we? Just let us go through it once more to make sure. Why have we to give our bodies to God?"

"Because He've bought 'em. Paid a price," responded Stacey; adding upon his own account, "wain't be honest, else."

"Quite truc. But there are other reasons, are there not?"

"Pairt o' Him a'ready," answered Riley. "Members o' Christ', like oor legs and arms is members o' oos, you said."

"And," more slowly and thoughtfully still came the words in Charlie's accents, "i'cos we wain't gie oor bodies wi'oot gieing oor souls too. I mind the text you told oos in St. James. 'If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.'"

"Yours is the best answer," his teacher said, smiling at him. "Yes, the person who always speaks rightly must have the clean heart from which to speak, I am sure. Then we go on to 'a living sacrifice,' which means—"

"For allus. Lifelong," answered Wilson. "Not on'ey at nows and thens."

"And holy?"

"Trying t' be loike God," reverently answered Charlie again. He had indeed brains and memory beyond the average. "'Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy.'"

"I like the texts quoted in that way," Ma.y remarked. "Well, what of the next point, the most wonderful of all? Can you tell me, Palfreyman?"

"Acceptable-unto God." But he spoke carelessly, and a cloud swept over Mrs. Jaxon's face. Try as she might, she could apparently produce no good result upon that rough boy.

"Acceptable—which is to say, that He will receive these bodies which He made, that He really regards them as valuable. If God Himself, the Creator, values them, surely we ought to do so, lads."

A little pause. Then Stacey looked up with an inquiry: "Is 'reasonable service' what oos 'adn't noticed?"

The Vicar's wife nodded.

"Yes. Now who can explain it?"

But in that there was clearly a difficulty. No one hazarded a suggestion until Fred Shirt muttered that "Moother carls t' flour reasonable toimes it's cheap."

At which idea one or two smiled, including Mary herself. She had half expected some such remark.

"No, no! Let me help you. Somebody tell me what makes the difference, the real difference, between a man and those great monkeys you were telling me you saw in a caravan at the fair, Beresford?"

But it was Furniss who replied, a look of intelligence gradually stealing over his features.

"Their reason," he said. "I brains and notions, ain't it, Mrs. Jaxon?"

"Quite so. Now put reason and service together, and see what you get, can you?"

"A service as we understands. Is that it?" burst out Stacey. "Knowing what un's about."

"Ah, you've got it!" delightedly. "It isn't a blind, haphazard sort of thing, this gift that we should render to God; but a wide-awake body, with all its faculties and powers developed and educated to the utmost of our opportunities. Instead of being content with a stupid, ignorant doing of His Will by chance, or leaving it undone by chance, we shall feel a steady desire to study His wishes and help forward His work. But there's a great deal more than that to be understood by this word 'reasonable.' I'll tell you only one thing now, and we can talk the rest over another time more fully. Of course it is reasonable that we, for whom so much has been done, should do what we can by way of a very poor return. The masters who pay you expect you to earn the money, don't they?"

"That's on'ey rect," Furniss declared quickly.

"Only right and reasonable. So when you lads stand up in Church to-morrow, these of you that are to be Confirmed, I mean, and declare that you will try to give up what is wrong, and believe what is true, and do what is right, you will be promising to give to God a reasonable service. Think of that when you answer 'I do' to the Bishop."

Rather wearily did Mrs. Jaxon walk home that afternoon. Delightful as was her work, she found it often very fatiguing too. And perhaps she experienced even a slight twinge of impatience as a door that she was passing opened and a rough head thrust itself out.

"Mrs. Jaxon, ma'am. And if o'd be so bowld, wid ye come in a minute, me lady?"

No mistaking O'Hara's voice. Mary tried to smile as brightly as usual in response. But she looked worn and tired.

"I mustn't stay long. But oh—what an improvement!"

She could not help the exclamation, for a more changed home she had seldom entered. The floor and windows were clean, the table was scrubbed, and even the red bricks of the floor looked almost tempting, whilst O'Hara himself had a more self-respecting aspect than she had believed his weak countenance capable

of assuming. Strangest fact of all, not a child was to be seen.

"It's joost hersel' as is the cliver 'un," the man declared with pride. "O'd the intintion to come and tell yer, ma'am on'ey when oi saw yer passing oi had a fancy as yer should see. We've bin man and wife now this month and better. And it's bin the happiest month o' me loife. And so it has, entoirely, ma'am."

And then, as he brought a chair, he proceeded to tell Mrs. Jaxon how he had only once during that blissful period had "a dhrop," a lapse from virtue which occurred on the wedding day itself.

"And the very next night if she didn't take me to a Temperance meeting, and make me soign the pledge. *And she soigned it too*, ma'am, though she niver had a drain too much in all her born days. No beer nor sperrits nor nothing comes inside these doors now, ma'am! In me soul I believe I'll be able to kape the pledge this time. And the childher they go to Sunday School, the darlints, and—and it's all owin' to you, ma'am."

"I hope you have said a prayer about that pledge?" replied Mrs. Jaxon, smiling at the compliment, which she felt to be quite undeserved. And then she took her leave, meeting Mrs. O'Hara upon the doorstep, and congratulating her, with a shake of the hand, upon the wonders she had already wrought.

But if Mary herself had not altogether appreciated the pleasant duty thus brought in her way, Ivy and May were still more rebellious.

"Movvy is velly late," Ivy reiterated more than once from her stand by the drawing-room window, whence she could see down the street. "I want her to sing to me."

"And me," echoed May, with the faint smile quite fading. Then there came a shout of "Here she comes!" and the maid opened the door to allow the babies to rush into the hall.

"Yes, I'll sing when I've taken off my hat," Mary promised. "Go and ask Sarah to get tea up, and I'll be back in a minute."

She was scarcely more. But the interval had been long enough to allow a change to come over the aspect of the scene. When Mrs. Jaxon returned to the hall it was to find her husband there taking off his hat and coat. She went up to his side and slipped her hand through his arm.

"There's a gorgeous fire in here," she said, leading him towards the drawing-

room. "Why, May, crying? What is it, dear?"

The little chest was heaving, and great tears were dropping down upon the white muslin pinafore, as May, between her sobs, brought out her complaint, "May's c'ying 'cos of what Sarah said!"

"Poor pet. Had May been naughty then? Ah, here's Granny to hear too. What did Sarah say, dearie?"

"I don't know," gasped out the small sufferer, between her sobs. "But it was somefin drefful!"

Mary mopped up the tokens of woe, with a smile. They were such sweet silly little things, these bairns of hers, and with all her heart she loved them for their silliness. It was so charming to be able to soothe their fancied griefs, and to see the doleful faces brighten into good humour: and happiness again, just as May's did now upon the recommendation that she should help Ivy to open the piano.

"And how have you got on to-day, my dearest?" Walter asked as the children obeyed.

"Oh, I had a good number! The lads seemed so impressed with the idea of the Confirmation, Walter. I am very happy about them. Your classes have done them an immense lot of good, much more than I could have accomplished in a year."

"Who sent them to the classes?" he smiled. "And didn't I see you afterwards coming from O'Hara's cottage?"

"Why, where were you?" in surprise. "There's such a change there. But—oh yes, Ivy, I'll come. Walter, you shall hear the story by-and-by."

She seated herself on the stool and began to run her fingers over the keys. May, listening, with her blonde head on one side, nodded. Her ideas of tune were at present vague.

"That's 'Mary had a little lamb,' movvy," she said at last. "I singed that in church to-day!"

For both the tinies were most regular church-goers, and would on no account have missed the weekly treat. Whether it did them at their age much good, might, however, be open to question, especially after May's information — May, whose baby voice was apt to make itself heard in a sort of droning murmur during psalms and canticles. Until this instant her mother had not suspected that she uttered any words at all.

"But you don't generally sing that?" she said.

"No," from Ivy now. "May gen'ly

sings 'I think when I read' and 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' 'cause she told me so. But she thought she'd like a change to-day."

After which, what more was there to say? "With one glance at her husband Mary immediately began to play "There is a green hill far away," and in another second the children's voices were mingling with her own in the sweet strains.

The Confirmation took place next day. It was, for Mr. and Mrs. Jaxon, a happy arrangement, as upon the Tuesday they had promised to journey once more to Shingleby, where Guy was enduring, as best he might, the expectation that any day his trial might take place.

At Kingston Villa matters were not of the brightest. Stella looked weary and anxious; Guy, whenever he appeared, gave an impression of languor and weakness that almost alarmed his friends; whilst Wynne's suspense was obvious, in spite of the fact that her cheerfulness was the one sunny thing about the house. At the source of neither suspense nor cheerfulness, however, did any of the other inmates of the dwelling guess.

"I am thankful you would not let me tell Guy about Mrs. Brookes," the girl remarked one day to Harry. "If the uncertainty as to whether or not she will be able to give evidence is trying to me, it would have been torture to him."

"Exactly my idea," said the doctor. "Glad you agree at last, my dear!" For they had not always been entirely at one upon the matter. Wynne's reply was a laugh and a blush.

It had been one of the earliest pieces of evidence adduced against the so-called Countess Helen Vasco and Caryl Clive, that under these high-sounding titles was disguised the plain name of Smith. As Mr. and Mrs. Smith the police recognised them, husband and wife instead of brother and sister, a couple altogether worthy of each other, and who, for years, had been known at Scotland Yard as a pair of undoubted swindlers, whose cleverness had enabled them to evade the clutches of justice.

The shock to "good society" at Shingleby was indeed severe when the details of those two lives were made public. That they, people who had prided themselves upon their exclusiveness and power of discrimination, should have received and flattered and even run after a sometime tailor, accustomed to pursue his respectable, though not aristocratic, call-



"HER IDEAS OF TUNE WERE AT PRESENT VAGUE."

ing in Clapham, was bad enough. But that they—the female they this time—who turned up their noses at trade, and despised all "shop young persons," should have kissed and cajoled and copied the whilom attendant behind a milliner's counter, to whom a marriage with Mr. Smith had at one time seemed the wildest promotion, was quite too bitter a pill. In their resentment against the scheming couple, they almost began to believe that Guy Ryder might possibly have been more sinned against than sinning.

And when, very gradually and with extreme caution, Mrs. Brookes' mind was awakened to the state of affairs, when, as soon as the vacant eyes had regained an expression of sanity, and the clouded brain had been brought into a more healthy condition, the story was by degrees told her, it became apparent that she entirely agreed with Shingleby.

Very pale and sad, yet with an expression of utter calmness, which only faith in the Great Witness he had himself arraigned in his favour could have given, Guy Ryder stood on Thursday morning in the dock of the assize court at Lowchester, side by side with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. From the body of the court Stella, almost as white as he, and with her hand clasped fast in Mary's fingers, stood and watched him, wondering at his composure. It was perhaps at that moment, as the buzz of talk went on around her, and she saw how utterly apart from the pallid prisoner was all the curious crowd so eagerly gazing at him, that then and there Stella Brookes first realised that her heart, at any rate, was one with his.

One after another the witnesses for the prosecution were called. The banker's clerk who had handed to Mr. Ryder the twelve notes in exchange for the cheque, which experts swore to be a forgery, gave his evidence. The manager of the bank narrated how Guy had himself owned to the endorsement of that same forged document; whilst even Miss Brookes herself was obliged to tell the tale of her conversation with Mrs. Brookes, when the widow confided to her the fact that it was into Guy's own hands she had given the cheque of which Clive ultimately proved the possessor. It was some

relief to her over-charged heart that, in the course of cross-examination, she was able to explain fully Guy's extreme desire to induce Mrs. Brookes to call in a solicitor, and so to set investigations on foot. But take it for all in all, it was for two persons the most painful episode of all their experience when Stella was compelled to give testimony, as a witness for the prosecution, against the man she trusted with all her soul, and he was obliged to behold her suffering, without the ability to offer her comfort. It was to Guy's most intense relief that he saw that the person who assisted her from the witness box was dressed in sailor's garb, and noticed Jack, regardless of all beholders, salute his trembling sister with a most emphatic hug.

"We'll get him off, old girl, never fear!" he whispered cheerily. "Why, the whole thing has been my fault, as I've just been explaining to some lawyer johnnie or another. Fool that I was, I made him promise to do just what, like a brick, he has done. It'll all be as clear as mud once I can have my say. I came home on purpose."

And though perhaps he somewhat overrated the value of the evidence he could offer, testimony for which Mr. Keen, who had heard the story from Guy, had not even considered it worth while to summon him to England, and though Stella only half understood of what he was talking, still she heaved a sigh of rapture.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come! Wynne always said you could help us if you were here."

"I wish I'd had your letter before," he went on. "But when a ship's

cruising about there's no counting on posts."

After all, however, there was no need to call him, or any other person but one, to afford evidence for Guy's defence. True that his counsel by-and-by stood up and commenced with great pomp an elaborate sketch of the line he intended to pursue. True that he took occasion to mention that early morning visit paid to Guy by the other two prisoners—a visit to which both his landlady and her maid would depose, and in the course of which their examination of the valid cheque had afforded opportunity to Mr. or Mrs. Smith for the substitution of the forgery, which Guy had unwittingly endorsed. True that he showed to his own satisfaction, if not to that of the jury, that the other defendants had a particular grudge against Guy, both because he had at least secured two thousand pounds from falling into their grip, and because of his open endeavours to circumvent their wicked designs; a more probable though less lover-like, solution of the mystery of their malice, by-the-bye, than that which Guy himself had offered to Mr. Keen. But the eminent Q.C. advanced no further in his arguments. For at that point there arose a sudden stir in the court, as the crowd round the door parted, to permit of the entrance of three or four persons whose appearance created a great sensation.

Nor was that any wonder. For there, amongst the new-comers, was not only to be seen Wynne Ryder, the prisoner's sister, who had astonished the whole family by declining to accompany them to Lowchester, but also—leaning upon the arm of her nurse and attended by Dr. Jaxon, who looked radiant with something more than professional triumph—the missing and sorely needed witness, Mrs. Brookes. She was, as of yore, attired in the most startling bonnet to be procured for money, and, except for a rather advantageous lack of colour, seemed much as usual. In a moment Sir Gregory Desson, whose eloquence had been thus unceremoniously interrupted, understood that his case was won. With prompt acuteness he wound up his remarks by there and then putting Mrs. Brookes into the witness box, to tell her own tale; which she did with a fluent directness that could scarcely have been pleasant even to such hardened evildoers as Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

She admitted, with amusing frankness, the attraction which the woman's assumed

title had been, both to herself and to her neighbours. She told in detail the many little schemes by means of which "Mr. Clive," as she still persisted in calling the male prisoner, had established his ascendancy over her. She explained about the blank cheque, which had been abstracted from the book she had entrusted for some hours to Clive's care. And she set at once and for ever at rest the vexed question as to the letter of acknowledgment, and the receipt given to her by Guy, and by her, exactly as the clergyman had stated, passed on to Mr. Smith.

"Has to a conspiracy," she burst out at last, in a fit of righteous indignation, breaking all bounds, amidst the delight of the spectators, "between Guy Ryder and them wretches, why, the *idea* is ridic'ous, puffickly ridic'ous. Parson *has* 'e is, I believe 'e 'ated Caryl Clive most as much as Caryl Clive 'ated 'im, which is saying a deal. The times and agen as 'e's warned me o' their tricks, and I wouldn't listen!"

Altogether a more complete exoneration could scarcely have been afforded. Each word seemed to lift a fresh weight from Guy's mind; and upon the conclusion of Mrs. Brookes' evidence his counsel saw his way to apply for the immediate discharge of Mr. Ryder from the case. Upon the instruction of the judge, the prosecuting counsel offering no opposition, the jury acquitted Guy, and he left the court amidst cheers, with the welcome assurance still ringing in his ears that he did so with, if possible, a higher character than if the charge had never been brought against him.

The prisoners Smith, man and wife, were rightly sent into penal servitude for a term of years.

"I think *has* I've done you a good turn this time, Guy," was Mrs. Brookes' greeting.

"But it is to Dr. Jaxon that you owe everything," Dr. Baker assured the truly thankful clergyman that night. "It was his idea—he's a clever fellow for so young a man; there's no doubt about it!"

"I'll go and thank him," returned the other. "I have said something, though not half enough."

"He's in the drawing-room," observed Mary. "I left him there just now with Wynne." Neither to her nor to Guy did the conjunction of the two names bring enlightenment. But that was not to be delayed for long.

Standing by the conservatory door,

absorbed in each other, he came upon the lovers. And as for a second he stood and watched them, himself unnoticed, whilst slowly a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him, he saw Wynne bend her tall head, and Harry touch her lips with his own. After that, explanations were speedy.

"I wish I were as certain of Stella," meditated Guy, when in a few moments he left them once more alone. "I am thankful even to be able to dream of it again. But still——" He gave the old familiar shrug, as, in an aimless sort of a way, he wandered inside the opposite door, to find the dining-room occupied by a second couple. But this time the pair were brother and sister.

"I suppose I'd better go," Jack said. "That's the way with folks when they're engaged. They always want other people out of the way."

"Engaged!" echoed Guy, colouring to the roots of his hair,

But Stella, who had not understood where the mistake lay, only laughed. "What are you talking about now, my dearest one of all?" she inquired. Poor Jack stood aghast between them.

"Why, you don't mean to say, Guy—after what you told me, too—you surely haven't waited because of this stupid charge? And I made sure you'd settled it; though I did wonder nobody mentioned it in their letters."

Gradually, but far too swiftly for her comfort, Stella was gaining comprehension. The blood crept into her face, until she was as red as Guy; and then as both men looked at her, she pressed her hands over her cheeks, and made a rush for the door. But some one was too quick for her. Jack caught her in his arms, and took her straight across the room again to his ancient chum.

"If you'd had somebody to look after you long ago, old chap, it would have been far better for you. You've made a regular martyr of yourself for us. And now if Stella won't have you——"

Guy rose to the occasion then.

"Oh, Stella, if you would!" he exclaimed. And though Jack promptly left them and listened to no more, the ultimate result was known to all the world.

For Stella did.

THE END.

POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,
Editor of "Fowls."

EGGS! MEAT!! AND A PROFIT!!!

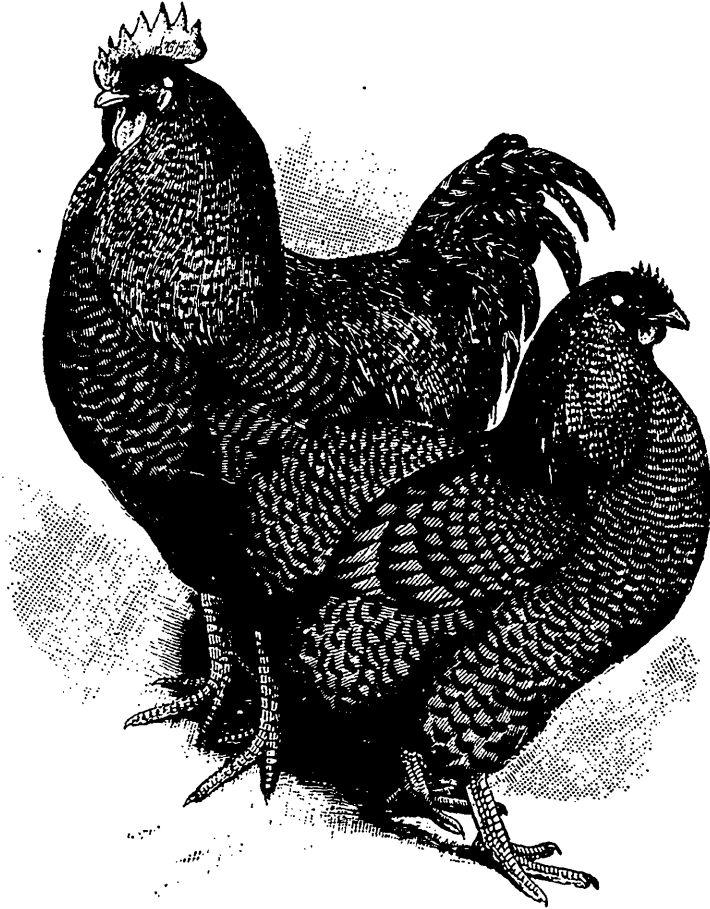


IF each reader of this headline were asked which he most fancied, eggs! meat!! or a profit!!! we are fain to believe he would experience some little difficulty in fixing his choice. An egg, perfectly new-laid, possessing that well-known bloom which bespeaks its freshness, and the introduction of the spoon which reveals a rich golden yolk, instead of now and again a half-developed chicken, is indeed a tempting morsel. To the strong, vigorous worker, eggs prove an excellent food; whilst in the sick-ward, what food is more welcome? They can be taken raw as they are, whipped up with various fluids, or cooked in a hundred different ways to tempt the failing appetite. Used simply as an article of diet, they are invaluable, and yet they prove of immense service in many other ways. The white is used by the manufacturer for fixing the colours in calicoes, muslins, etc.; also in book-binding, the facing of photographic papers, etc., etc. Then, further, they are used for egg-powders, etc.; and the dried yolk of egg is employed for

finishing kid of the best kinds for gloves, boots, and in many other ways; whilst those who engage in party politics are aware that eggs, not new laid, but otherwise, are not infrequently resorted to at election times when argument has failed.

But, besides eggs, a poultry yard

he believed the whole gallinaceous family was made to enrich our tables—for from the quail to the turkey their flesh is a light aliment, full of flavour, and fitted equally for the invalid as for the man of robust health. Now a couple of fowls would make a very big hole in the weekly wage of a working man; but,



A PAIR OF PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

supplies meat, the most costly item in the poor man's food. History tells us that when the Romans under Julius Cæsar invaded our shores, they found both the fowl and the goose in a state of domestication; nevertheless they were forbidden as food. That must have been very tantalising, for both form a very toothsome dish. Brillat Savarin, prominent in gastronomic taste, avers that

depend upon it, if he will only set to work in a careful and intelligent way to grow his own chickens, his humble larder may be "enriched," and his table "furnished" now and again, without extravagance, with such wholesome and appetising fare.

Then last, but not least, in the eyes of most folks, there is the profit. We have enjoyed all three portions ourselves—

eggs, meat, and a profit—and in this little series of articles we want to help many others to do likewise. Our experience is not an isolated experience; plenty of other people have done the same; more may still do so. Many a working man to-day, by eschewing the public-house and devoting his leisure hours to his feathered friends, has found his poultry yard a source, not only of profit, but of considerable pleasure besides. Here is a self-help opportunity within the reach of all.

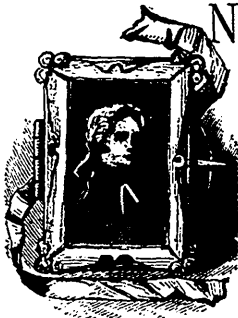
At a parochial tea-meeting on one occasion we seized a plate of butter in

one hand and a dish of cake in the other, whilst a friend on our right followed our example with the sandwiches. Presenting them to an opposite neighbour, he cast a hungry glance at each, remarking at the same moment, "Only give me time, and I'll have some of each." That is just what we want all the readers of these lines to enjoy, not to make a choice of one item only, but to go in strongly for "some of each"—eggs! meat!! and a profit!!! As our friend at the tea-meeting found, it takes time—everything worth doing does—but it can be done, and success can be achieved by those who try.

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.



NO. The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England would not result in greater clerical and congregational liberty.

Our clergy and laity have, at present, all lawful and reasonable liberty.

Indeed, practically, they have much more liberty than have the ministers and congregations of Nonconforming bodies.

The clergy and laity of the Church, within a given parish, deanery, archdeaconry, or diocese, can meet together for deliberation on, and the discussion of, any subject they please, and there is no one to hinder them from so doing. They can, at their pleasure, devise plans and create organisations for all kinds of parochial and diocesan work, and there is no power or authority that can restrain them in their efforts.

It is difficult to imagine wherein Disestablishment and Disendowment, if carried into effect, could increase their liberty in these respects. But you ask how liberty of belief and worship can be consistent with a fixed and settled creed, and with a uniform order of public prayer and praise, such as are imposed upon her clergy and members by the Church of England?

Our answer is, that every religious body

has, and must have, some written creed or form of belief, or doctrines to be held, assent to which is required as a basis of their union as individuals in one organised community. Whatever individual opinions they may hold in reserve on religious subjects, they must, at least, profess to accept the fundamental dogmas of the particular religious organisation of which they are members. So far, by their own free choice, and their own act and deed, they give up a portion of their intellectual liberty in professing, as a condition of their becoming members of that organisation, to avow themselves believers in its imposed dogmas, and in practically undertaking, during the term of their adherence to it, that they will not profess to believe any doctrines or opinions contrary to such dogmas.

In the same way every religious body outside the Church of England has got its own written or unwritten form of worship.

And the order of its worship is not the less formal because it may be unwritten. Every member of such body is naturally required to give his expressed or silent assent to such order or form of worship, and without dissent or objection to conform to it at all times when he attends its appointed services.

Thus, so far, he, by his own free choice and by his own act and deed, gives up his individual liberty in his capacity as a member of the religious body to which he belongs.

So the Church of England, as she exists at present, has her written forms of belief in her three creeds, and her written forms of public worship and of common prayer and praise in her appointed order for Morning and Evening Prayer.

But neither her clergy nor members are in any way coerced to believe the Church's creeds nor to conform to her order of worship.

They do so by their own free choice, and by their own act and deed.

They could leave the communion of the Church to-morrow if they were so disposed, but they could not join any religious body outside her fellowship that would not require of them—practically at least—to assent to and believe its doctrines, and conform to its order of worship.

The idea that the clergy and laity of the Church of England, as she at present exists, are deprived of any reasonable liberty in the expression of their religious beliefs, or in the order and manner or method of their public worship, is perfectly preposterous.

On what grounds it is entertained by people it is difficult to imagine. While they all hold the three creeds, the fact of the existence of three or four parties in the Church—which we prefer to call different schools of thought within her communion—proves their intellectual freedom in somewhat differentially interpreting her doctrines and variously expressing their religious opinions.

Again, though the order of her services is the same in all cases, still there is given to the clergy and laity a certain optional liberty not only as to when they shall be performed, but as to how they shall be rendered, whether "said or sung," or "sung or said."

And that the clergy and laity largely avail themselves of the use of this optional liberty, any one may satisfy himself by

observing how different the public services often are in different parish churches; not only in the degree of their choral character, but in the measure of ritual with which they are accompanied:

No! You may be assured that Disestablishment and Disendowment would not increase the liberty of the clergy and laity as to their religious belief, nor give them greater freedom in their mode of conducting and engaging in public worship.

So far, indeed, from these revolutionary proposals, if carried into effect, producing such results, they would undoubtedly lead to consequences the very contrary.

For, given that by Disestablishment the Church were deposed from her present ancient historical and legal position as the National Church of the country, and that all charters and statutes recognising her, and guaranteeing to her all her rights and privileges, as such were repealed, and that she were reduced to the level of the sects and left to begin her ecclesiastical life afresh in her Disestablished state, she would have to do so on the narrow basis of a trust-deed, within the four corners of which she would have to embody all her creeds and forms of worship; and once this process was completed, in case of dispute as to their meaning, she could not finally adjudicate upon their meaning without going to the civil courts for judgment; and in case she wanted to alter her doctrines set forth in her trust-deed she could not do so but by virtue of an Act of Parliament.

This certainly would not be an enlargement, but a serious curtailment of her religious and ecclesiastical liberty.

GARDEN WORK FOR JUNE.

Kitchen Garden.

CUCUMBERS in frames should have fresh air every day. Shade the plants from the hot sun with mats or other covering. The frames should be closed at night. Water the plants either in the morning or the evening two or three times a week. Transplant celery into trenches, at the same time giving them a good supply of water; also leeks in rows about nine inches between each plant. The rows should be about nine inches apart. Plant cabbage, Brussels sprouts, purple and Walcheren broccoli, savoys, and red cabbage. Thin out and hoe between the rows of carrot, parsnip, and onion beds, and keep them free from weeds. If not well thinned out the plants will not come to perfection. Sow peas, cabbage, lettuce; and mustard and cress may be sown for a succession each week. Earth up potatoes. Plant scarlet runners.

Fruit Garden.

In dry weather strawberry plants should be well watered, so that those in bloom may not be checked in fruit setting. New beds may be planted towards the end of the month, choosing the runners from good fruit-bearing plants. Protect early cherries from birds by hanging nets in front of them.

Flower Garden.

In transplanting annuals it is as well to take them up with a ball of earth round the roots. They will root much more quickly, and be less liable to be thrown back. Thin out any beds of annuals where they are growing too thickly. Tulips and other bulbs should be taken up, dried, and stored until the autumn. All the offsets should be taken away. Plant out geraniums and fuchsias. Tie up to stakes all tall-growing plants.

PARROTS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Our Insect Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

PARROTS deservedly take a very high rank among cage-birds. They are easily obtained, easily kept, easily fed, and easily educated. At the same time, there is a wrong way as well as a right way of managing them; and these few remarks are intended for those who desire to avoid the former and adopt the latter.

First, for a word or two about the bird itself.

Parrots, as I have already said, are easily obtained. But those who wish to purchase one will have to decide two questions with regard to their future pet—(1) Of what species shall it be? (2) What shall be its age? With regard to the first point, the choice practically lies between two species, the Grey Parrot and the Green. The latter of these, when it does learn to speak, is usually the better talker of the two; but many Green Parrots never get beyond ear-piercing screams and various inarticulate sounds. Grey Parrots, on the contrary, nearly always talk; and, if a little care is paid to their training, the results are pretty well sure to be satisfactory.

The age at which the bird should be bought is a more difficult matter to decide. On the one hand, young birds are easily trained, but are very apt to die; on the other hand, old birds are more hardened to our English climate, but have frequently picked up a choice collection of bad language, which they always bring out at the most inappropriate moments possible. Between these two evils I will leave the intending purchaser to judge for himself, only remarking that the eyes of an old parrot are straw-coloured, while those of a young one are grey.

Now for a little advice about the three chief conditions of the parrot's life in captivity.

1. **ITS CAGE.**—In the first place, this should be roomy. To keep a parrot in a cage in which it can scarcely turn round is simple cruelty. The bird likes plenty of

exercise, and must have it, if it is to remain in health. So the cage should *never* be less than three feet in height and two in diameter.

In the second place, it must *not* be made of brass wire, and there should be no brass work of any kind about it. No matter how much attention may be paid to cleanliness, verdigris is sure to form upon brass sooner or later; and the parrot, which uses its beak in climbing quite as much as its feet, is more than likely to die an untimely death by poison. Galvanized iron wire is by far the best material for a parrot's cage; but it must be very stout, in order to bid defiance to the bird's beak.

In the third place, the cage should be provided, not only with at least a couple of perches, made of hard wood, and placed at different heights, but also with a circular metal swing, suspended by a short chain from the top, and the upper part of the cage should be sufficiently wide to allow the bird to swing without damaging its tail.

This last will be a very favourite seat with the bird when once it has learned to use it; but sometimes the process of learning is amusing. I shall never forget the first time that a parrot of our own entered its ring. It was as proud of itself as possible; but at the same time, terribly frightened; and there it swung, alternately screeching with terror and congratulating itself upon its boldness with divers chuckles and exclamations, while we all stood by screaming with laughter.

The best way to prevent the bird from gnawing its perches is to supply it with two or three pieces of stout hard stick from which the bark has not been removed, and to replace them as often as may be necessary.

If the bird is sufficiently tame, and on friendly terms with the cat, it will not need a cage at all, but may be kept on a "crutch perch," to which it can be fastened by a long chain attached to a metal band round one leg. This arrangement will give the bird plenty of exercise, and at the same time will reduce the labour of cleaning very considerably. But care should be taken to put the stand well out of reach of the neighbouring furniture.

2. **ITS FOOD.**—This must be of a strictly vegetable character. Polly will be pleased to pick a bone at intervals, but is sure to pay the penalty for doing so in an annoying skin irritation, which will cause her to peck and pull at her feathers, and even to pluck herself in parts perfectly bare. Hemp-seed,



SOMEBODY'S HOME PETS.

BLENHIM SPANIEL.

THE ALEXANDRINE PARRAKEET.

THE ROSE HILL PARRAKEET.

as a rule, is too heating, but may be given sparingly now and then, especially in winter. Of maize as much as the bird will eat, together with any kind of grain, seed, nuts, and biscuits. Bread and milk now and then, but not as a rule. Groundsel and chickweed are both very wholesome. For a treat, nothing is better than the stone of a peach or nectarine, which will give the bird occupation for beak and tongue, and keep it busily employed for a long time. The receptacles in which food and water are given must of course be perfectly clean.

3. *Its Education.*—If a young bird is obtained this will present little difficulty. Take the bird into an otherwise unoccupied room, and repeat the words you wish it to learn over and over again, without varying the tone of voice. Before long you will probably notice, by the bird's intent attitude, that it is paying attention; and it may, perhaps, make an attempt at imitation without further delay. If so, praise it (parrots are very open to flattery), and reward it with some small dainty, such as a piece of

ripe fruit. More often, however, your pupil will take no apparent notice of its lesson at the time, but will suddenly come out with it weeks, months, or even years afterwards. For these birds have wonderful memories, and never seem to forget anything they have once learned.

Herein, indeed, lies one of the chief difficulties in dealing with them; for they often pick up expressions from the sailors on board ship which are not desirable in polite society. But a parrot, to a great extent, may be broken of a bad habit by putting it into a dark cupboard, or covering its cage with a thick shawl, as often as it offends. The bird greatly dislikes darkness, and soon comes to connect the punishment with its misdemeanour. The same plan may be pursued in cases of obstinate screaming. But tame parrots seldom scream unless they are teased; and it is scarcely necessary to say that teasing should never be permitted in the case of a domestic pet. A spoiled temper is a dear price to pay for a few minutes of passing amusement.

OUR GARDENS.



HERE'S our garden, come and see
All the pretty flowers there be,—
Fragrant violets shy and sweet,
Hardy daisies trim and neat;
Pinks, sweetwilliams, scented stocks,
Candytuft and hollyhocks;
Purple pansies brave and bold,
And the sturdy marigold.

Look, in yonder shady place
Primrose lifts her dainty face;
And we always leave a plot
For the dear forget-me-not.
Down our borders we have set
Such a store of mignonette;
And perhaps, ere Summer's fled,
We'll have roses white and red.

We have other gardens, too,
Where there's always work to do.
At our lessons or our play
We are gardening every day.
Kindly deeds we have to grow,
Pleasant words and smiles to sow;
Anger, pride, and stubborn will,
Ugly weeds we have to kill.

We are only children-all,
No great work to us can fall;
Yet we'll try with all our might
More and more to do what's right.
Snowdrops cheer a winter's day,
So perhaps we children may,
If we make these lives of ours
Fresh and true, and sweet like flowers.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

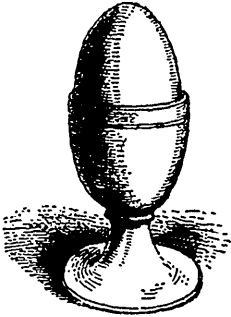
PAGES

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COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

CURRIED ONIONS.



	Average Cost.
2 Onions	d.
1 oz. dripping	x ½
1 Saltspoonful salt	x ½
1 Dessertspoonful flour	x ½
1 Dessertspoonful curry powder	x ½
1 Teacupful water	x ½
¼ lb. rice	x ½
	3½
	3½

Put a large saucepan full of water over the fire to boil. Wash the rice several times in cold water, throw into the boiling water, and let it boil fast from fifteen to twenty minutes. When tender, drain through a colander, let the cold water tap run through it for a minute to separate the grains of rice, place the colander on a plate, put them in a cool oven, stirring the rice occasionally with a fork. Next prepare the curry. Put the dripping into a saucepan to melt, peel and chop the onions, and fry in the dripping two or three minutes. Mix smoothly in a basin the curry powder, flour, salt, and water, pour over the onions, and stew gently for three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Serve very hot, with the rice forming a border round the curry.

RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINÉ,

Vicar of Grove Park West, Author of "The Battle of Belief," "The Sceptic's Creed," "The Voice of the Prayer Book," etc.

No. III.



MY friends, let us now consider some of those more practical popular objections to our Divine religion which I indicated generally at the outset of these papers.

"What has Christianity done for the working man? It may suit the 'classes,' but of what use is it to the every-day life of the 'masses'?"

At the outset of my reply to this objection, let me protest against the pernicious habit, growing in some quarters at the present time, of sharply separating class from class,—breaking up into party divisions, and even hostile camps, the human brotherhood. This is alien to the whole spirit and aim of Christianity, which proclaims the common Fatherhood of God and the unity of the human family. The first phrase of the Lord's model prayer—"Our Father"—gathers into one the whole human brotherhood; and the New Testament is full of the fact and of the privileges belonging to that family

fellowship. The message of Christianity, from its earliest days, has been a Gospel without price and without party privileges. In its first proclamation it "put no difference" between Jew and heathen. St. Paul plainly stated "there is no difference, for all have sinned"; and for this sinning "all" there is a free redemption in Christ Jesus. So this great message of the Father's all-embracing love swept across geographical boundaries and race distinctions, broke down middle walls of partition, set at nought class distinctions, in its catholic message: "There shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, free-man nor slave, king nor subject; ye are all one in the desperate need, and all one in the offered

salvation." Distinctions of nation, class, and condition are acts with which Christianity has no concern in carrying the music of its message of pardon, peace, and good-will among men. But let it never be forgotten that it was a special note in the ministry of Him who came by way of the peasant's home and the carpenter's shop, and a sign by which He vindicated His claim to be the Christ of God and the Teacher long foretold, that "unto the poor the Gospel was preached." This was a new thing in the world. The poor had been despised by the rich and scorned by the learned. There had been great teachers and some noble teaching; but the philosophers, gathering their select pupils in privileged schools, spoke in language not "understood of the common people"; they professed no mission of teaching, but to the "classes." Christ, it should be ever remembered, was the first great Teacher of the people. He went about teaching; and His manner, His method, His message, were all new. He had no fixed place, or select pupils. By the dusty wayside, or in some quiet spot under the shadow of the ancient temple, on the green slopes of the mountain, or by the waters of Genesareth, He told the great story of the kingdom of God among men. With simplest language, aided by illustrations drawn from most familiar things, He enabled the simple, the poor, the unlearned, as well as scribe and scholar, to understand great things in the new kingdom of God on earth.

"He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural, yet so wise,
Were on men's hearts engraven;
And yeast and bread and flax and cloth,
And eggs and fish and candles;
See how the whole familiar world
He most divinely handles."

Hence it was that "the multitude

(To be continued.)

pressed upon Him to hear the word." The "masses" were fascinated by Him. "The common people heard Him gladly."

This was no temporary work. He planted the kingdom of His Church. He left abiding command to His "ambassadors" and the "stewards of His mysteries," in unbroken succession, to carry forward His work of truth and mercy; and, in the picturesque language of His parable, He has bidden them to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind." "And yet there is room" in the vast banquet-house of the Church of God. And His wider command is, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in"; and "whosoever will" let him take "freely" bread of life, water of life, wine of life.

This mission of public philanthropy, of human benevolence, of Divine compassion, the Christian Church is carrying out with an energy never equalled since Apostolic days.

But to come closer to this question: "What has Christianity done for working men?" I reply, Great things. Not, it is true, all she might have done, and should have done. Yet, even so, she has done much, and is, thank God, daily doing more, and doing her level best to overtake past deficiencies. But the blame of deficient achievement must be divided. It is not easy always to act up to the letter and spirit of a high calling. The standard of Christianity never varies, but there have been times when the Christian Church has been sluggish and sleepy. It is not so to-day; but even now, and always, if we would fully understand the aims and spirit of Christianity, we must judge them by the Master rather than by the disciples. The Church has not always represented the spirit or the teaching of her Lord; and even at her best, she is but the "earthly vessel" of His Divine "treasure."

ST. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

(JUNE 11TH.)

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

BRIGHTLY did the light Divine
From his words and actions shine,
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,
"Son of consolation" named.

Full of peace and lively joy
Sped he on his high employ,
By his mild exhorting word
Adding many to the Lord.

DEAN ALFORD.

PAGES

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members of the Army Guild are communicants. As there are other soldiers besides the guildsmen who are in the habit of coming to the Holy Communion, a really good Churchman need have no fear, after enlisting, of finding himself a marked man if he continues to be a communicant. At the present time there is in every garrison a weekly celebration.

As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that in the Army there is every inducement for a soldier to lead "a godly, righteous, and sober life."

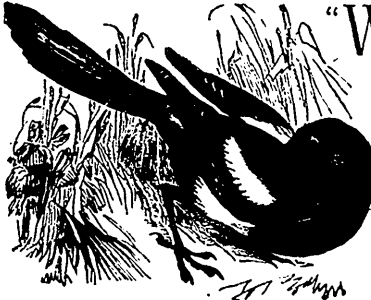
Taking all things into consideration, I have no hesitation in saying that soldiers are, as a rule, far better Churchmen than their civilian brothers. In spite of the

temptations, the trials and the difficulties of their lives, some of the best Churchmen in the world are to be found in the Army. One thing is very certain, and I speak from actual experience: no clergymen are more actively and generously supported in their work, than the Army chaplains are by the officers and men of the Army. I have served in a great many stations, at home and abroad, for about eleven years, as I have said, so I may fairly claim to know something about our men. They have their faults, their weaknesses, and their failings; but, nevertheless, I have long ago come to the conclusion that there is no truer man to be found anywhere than the real old British soldier.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER, *Author of "Fables for You," etc.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



THE MAGPIE.

"WHAT airs some people do give themselves!" cried a tall Scotch thistle, that had grown up unnoticed among some sunflowers. "I am sure I am quite as handsome as any one here; no doubt many people would admire me more; and yet I can see plainly they are trying to crowd me out. However, I am thankful to say I can hold my own with any one, and I have enough self-respect to show them that the royalty of Scotland is not to be trampled upon by their contemptible pride."

"If I don't make too bold, friend," said a magpie from an elm tree overhead, "I should like to know where you draw the line between

pride and self-respect; I daresay it is my own fault, but I can't quite see it."

"I'm sure it's plain enough," said the thistle; "you have only to look at *me* and those stuck-up sunflowers."

"Ah!" cried the magpie, "I understand now. When my company looks down upon me, it's pride; but when I look down on my company, it's self-respect. As you say, it is plain enough—very stupid of me not to see it before."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XI. CHARADES.

My first on Spanish shores is found;
In Oxford, too, we know the sound.
My next will in your pocket go;
But how important housewives know!
My whole for patient strength was known
In ancient days, as in our own,
And though I may derided be,
Who treats me worst? Name after me.

What's a terrible thing in a lottery to draw,
When joined to a Latin conjunction, I saw

Drawn close to your bosom with infinite favour
At times when nought else proves so welcome a
neighbour.

XII. DECAPITATION.

I have several meanings, both humble and high;
I'm an emblem of might, or in grocers' shops lie;
Am used in a game, which is really a trifle;
For even beheaded my feelings I stifle;
For then I become quite the chief of my order,
And kings may not lightly o'erstep such a border.
Although some may "cut" me, I never complain,
As fortune will vary again and again.

ROB AND JESSIE.

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY NELLIE CORNWALL,

Author of "Tamsin Rosewarne and Her Burdens," "Hallvard Halvorsen; or, The Avalanche,"
"Twice Rescued," etc., etc.



UP a Devonshire lane, lovely with fern and flower, trudge two children. The soft summer "air brooded in sunshine," and in the blue spaces above them floated the melody of larks.

The boy—the elder of the two—was a handsome little fellow of eight; and the girl was quaintness itself, in a pink cotton sun-bonnet and tippet.

At the head of the lane stood a cob-walled cottage, flanked by tall elms. Into this cottage the children entered, and, opening an inner door, passed into the kitchen, where an old woman sat mending socks. She glanced up as they entered, and said,—

"So you are home again from school, my darlings?"

"Yes, Grannie," returned the boy, taking off his cap and revealing a

thick thatch of yellow hair. "I am dreadfully hungry."

"Your usual complaint, I think," said the old grandmother, laughing.

"What! we haven't got nasty old bread-and-milk for supper again?" he cried, seeing two small basins on the table laid for the evening meal; and his young face darkened.

The old woman rolled the socks into neat little balls and then said gently,—

"You must be thankful that you can have bread-and-milk. There are some little children who would be thankful even for a crust."

Rob, as he was called, felt ashamed of himself and hung his yellow head, but was careful, nevertheless, to watch his grandmother out of the corners of his blue eyes as she put the milk on the fire.

His little sister, meantime, had divested herself of her bonnet and tippet, and hung up and put away her own and brother's school-books and slates, and then seated herself in a big elbow chair and waited until supper was ready.

However much Rob objected to bread-and-milk, he managed, when it was set before him, to eat his share and two slices of bread-and-butter as well, and even thought he could dispose of another slice, which, however, his grandmother did not think well to give to him. "Enough was enough," she said.

After supper the old lady told the children that, as she was busy, they could give the pig his supper. This was a privilege they were not often allowed, and they jumped at it.

Behind the cottage was a large, well-kept garden, at the bottom of which was a pig-sty, and, in possession, a good-sized pig. The old grandmother and her grandchildren were very much interested in this pig, the former because she hoped he would be turned into bacon at the end of the year, and the latter because he was such a very nice pig and had such a dear little curly tail!

When the bucket was filled with such stuff as his kind relish, the old woman said to the children,—

"Now, my dears, you must be careful how you put the pail into the sty, and not move away from the door until the pig has finished his supper. You know he is fond of getting out."

"Yes, Grannie, we know, and will be very careful," said Jessie.

And Rob cried, "I won't move away from the pig's-house until the pig has eaten up every bit."

The pig heard them unlatch the gate leading into the garden, and his shrill screams seemed to rend the air; in fact, he did not cease to squeal until the boy set the bucket before him.

"The ungrateful thing!" cried Jessie, watching him snapping up his food. "He did not even look up at us as a sort of 'I thank you for bringing me my supper'; and look, Robby, he has both his feet in the pail. He is unmannerly as well as greedy."

"Oh, he is only a pig!" said Rob, looking about him.

He was tired of standing by the pigsty, and wanted to inspect the hedge behind it, in which he heard a twittering in the ivies.

"I b'lieve there is a bird's nest in the hedge," he said to Jessie; "and p'raps there are eggs in it."

"You mustn't look until piggie has finished his supper," said the little sister, guessing his intentions. "Grannie told us we were not to leave the door until he had had his supper, and you promised you wouldn't."

"Grannie won't know, and I'll be back in a minute."

"God will know," cried Jessie, shocked at the very thought of disobeying and deceiving their dear old grandmother.

She was a dear little maid with warm brown eyes, which had the power, somehow, of making people, when they looked into them, think more kindly of human nature. It was her own true little soul shining through her sweet eyes that impressed them. It would never have occurred to Jessie to disobey her grandmother.

"God can't see us," said Rob, still looking at the hedge.

"He can," cried Jessie again; and she lifted her dear little brown face to the great blue sky still filled with the melody of larks. "He is looking down upon us now, and —"

But Rob heard not; he was already climbing the ivy-clad hedge.

Jessie watched him with feelings one can scarcely put into words; and in her trouble at her brother's disobedience was quite unprepared for the rush of the pig, who, having satisfied the cravings of hunger and seeing only a small maiden to guard his exit into the garden, without a moment's warning sprang over the pail, knocked over the poor frightened child, and in another minute was trampling down the beds of onions, cabbages, and

other things, and doing as much damage as only a pig, perhaps, could.

"Oh, Robby, Robby, the pig is out!" she screamed, picking herself up.

Rob's hand was in the warm depths of a beautifully made nest, feeling for eggs, much to the distress of a pair of sparrows, when his sister's cry fell upon his ear. He dropped on the ground, and, catching up a stick lying in the path, tried to drive the pig back into his house. But that animal having tasted the sweets of liberty, to say nothing of broccoli and young peas clinging so gracefully to the brown sticks, did not see the wisdom of being shut into that close little house. And so he kept a wide berth, not only from his sty, but from Rob's big stick. The more the children tried to get him into his dwelling, the more determined he was not to go; and then, his cunning little eyes perceiving a small gate in the hedge at the top of the garden leading out into the road an inch or so open, he made for it, and in a few minutes was wandering down the lane.

Grannie, who had put away the supper things, and was preparing to iron Jessie's frock, happened to look up, and saw the pig running down the road, followed by Rob and Jessie.

She took in the situation at a glance, and was soon following the pig and the children.

It would fill pages to tell how that pig was got back into his sty; but it was accomplished at last. A man who kindly helped said he never had such a job in catching a pig in his life before.

The old woman was troubled at the damage done to her garden, but far more at the wilful disobedience of her small grandson. He and Jessie were the motherless children of her only son, who was a butler in a nobleman's family in the north of England; and, being in the position of father and mother to these little ones, she felt it would be very wrong to let the lad's sin go unpunished.

It was with a very sorrowful heart that she, after talking to him very seriously of the wrong he had done and how he had grieved the loving heart of the Great Father in Heaven by his disobedience, sent him to bed.

Now, to be sent to bed before his small sister, Rob thought a great indignity indeed, and would have preferred a whipping or any other punishment. Jessie was in floods of tears, and begged to be allowed to go to bed too; but this her grandmother would not hear of.

Robby, poor little man, when he got into his pretty white bed and no dear old Grannie there to tuck him up and give him a good-night kiss, thought it was awful, and he felt, for the first time that day, how naughty he had been. He was afraid of being there all by himself, and nothing to be heard save the goldfinches in the elms singing their evensong; and when the birds and the great red sun had gone to bed and the pale moon got up and let her soft beams shine on the walls and floor of his little room, he was terrified, and pulled the bed-clothes over his head. Never before had he felt afraid of moonlight—in fact, it had hitherto given him pleasure; for he and Jessie believed it was the light shining from the wings of the white angels whom God sent to watch over them whilst they slept. *It was sin that made him afraid.* He was very miserable, and by-and-by he came to himself, like the young man did in the beautiful Bible story, and began to be sorry for having been so wicked and for grieving Grannie; and he was sobbing his heart out under the clothes when the old grandmother entered the room. "Oh, Grannie, I am ever so sorry!" he cried

(she had heard the pitiful little sobs and came to him). "Please forgive me, Grannie, and make it up with a kiss; and please ask God to forgive me and make me a good boy."

What could the old grandmother do but to forgive the penitent child, and to gather him up in her arms and kiss away his tears? But he was not happy until he had made his little confession to the gentle Saviour, and asked Him to wash away all his naughtiness in His Blood; and being thus forgiven, and his little heart full of His peace, he fell asleep, and awoke the next morning to find Jessie sitting beside him.

"I am never going to be disobedient any more if *I can help it*, Jessie," he cried. "I am going to ask God to *keep* His little Rob from grieving Him."

And Robby did pray very much; and the more he sought God's help the more he was able to overcome his faults. Grannie says—and she always tells the truth—that her dear little grandson does *really* try to be a good boy and do as she tells him, and that she believes he has given his heart to God. Anyway, he is almost as sweet and loving as dear little Jessie.

CHILDREN IN PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. PATRICK WATSON,

Vicar of St. Andrew's, Earlsfield.



JACOB'S WELL.

I AM sure that most of our friends thought us a little mad. They did not say so, of course. That would have been rude. But when we told them that we had decided to take our two very young children with us through Palestine, we were regarded with looks of amazement and of pity. That they have returned uninjured, having journeyed scathless through the Holy Land, has been a source of gentle wonderment to our acquaintance ever since.

Well, it may have been rather a rash experiment to take to Syria a little boy aged two and a half years, and a little girl whose experience of the joys and sorrows of this weary world only extended to five months. But from the company of our children we certainly derived distinct advantages. In the first place, their presence brought out the best side of the Syrian character. Wherever they went they received so much kindness and so many tender little attentions, that we were quite touched by the trouble people took to make them happy. In the second place, the fact that they were with us seemed to break down much of the Oriental reserve, which prevents the casual traveller from penetrating into the family life of the people through whose country he is passing. Perhaps for this reason we were

permitted to observe more closely than usual the child-life of Palestine. With regard to this a sojourn of two months in Jerusalem more than sufficed to establish one fact. It was quite evident that most of the children were thoroughly out of hand. Some of the mothers, recognising the difference between the utter lawlessness of their own offspring and the obedience of the children of our American hosts, used to call and seek advice. But the causes of this defect in domestic discipline lay too deep down to be easily rooted up. The low position occupied by a wife and mother in an Eastern household, and her consequent lack of authority, contribute not a little to this result; but the source of the mischief is in the mother's want of method and self-control. Poor soul, she is usually very ignorant, and has had most inadequate training, having entered the holy state of matrimony at the age of twelve or fourteen. She pets and pampers her children at one time, and scolds them unmercifully at another, working herself up into a paroxysm of fury, shrieking in that peculiarly penetrating, ear-splitting tone which reminds one of the note produced by a slate pencil pushed backwards across a slate. Then when she has "cooled off," as the Americans say, she will probably stuff sweetmeats into the mouths of her sobbing children, and lavish upon them a most maternal caress. These sudden alternations of sweets and scoldings are not calculated to discipline their recipients, or to inspire them with reverence toward their parents; but, notwithstanding all this, the deep devotion often displayed by sons towards their mothers is a very touching and beautiful feature of Oriental family life. In a country where the rights of women are scarcely recognised, and where the widow and the fatherless are often sorely oppressed, the protection of a son is indeed invaluable. Consequently the birth of a man-child is a great subject for rejoicing.

I well remember being startled out of sleep about 2 A.M., when I was living in Jerusalem, by the firing of guns, the beating of drums, and the barking of dogs. But my alarm subsided when I heard the quick, quaint, Gregorian-like singing of a household at the bottom of our street. I knew then what had happened. A boy had been born; that was all! And so I slumbered peacefully once more. Immediately after the birth

of a child it is washed in salted water (Ezek. xvi. 4), and then swathed in a long, narrow "swaddling-cloth" (St. Luke ii. 7) from its neck downwards, the arms being bound to the sides. The idea is the keeping of the bones and various organs of the infant in their proper positions. Moreover, this mummified and chrysalis-like creature is a much more portable article than his British brother of similar age. He can be safely carried by his mother on one arm, while with the other she balances a water-jar on her head, on her way from the well at night, or grinds the corn for the daily consumption of her household in the morning. Packed in these swaddling bands the Syrian infant is secured in his cradle, which is usually rocked by means of a long string attached thereto, while its occupant is diverted by the jingling of metal rings running backwards and forwards on a piece of wood which extends from the head-board to the foot-board of the cradle.

As we passed through the country villages with our children in June 1890, we were afforded ample opportunity for inspecting the dark-eyed Syrian babies. I remember well one day, when we had pitched our little luncheon tent at Howara, near to Jacob's Well, we first had the honour of a visit from the boys of the village; but their attentions becoming too obtrusive they were speedily put to rout by our dragomen. Then came the men, who were intensely interested in my little son's toy-horse, which he had brought from London. It was the usual animal, covered with real hair, equipped with saddle and bridle, and mounted on a green board with wheels. The grave and reverend fathers of the village, with their long beards and flowing robes, passed this trumpery toy from hand to hand as if it had been some triumph of Western art. Then came the mothers, who, judging from their appearance, must have been busy with the adornment of themselves and their offspring. They crowded into our tent to exhibit their babes, and were evidently wishful that I should take them into my arms. Curiously enough the village at which this occurred was only a few miles distant from the spot where, as the hymn tells us, "the mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus"; and where, as the Evangelist records, "He took them up in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them."

General Parish News.

The ice cream festival will be held on June 14th, and already promises to be a success; but we would remind our people that only by the co-operation of all will its success be ensured.

We are glad to say that Miss Woods is perfectly restored to health, and that Frank Woods also, after his long and serious attack, is rapidly recovering.

Miss Horné has left for Ottawa, where she has gone to qualify herself for hospital nurse.

Mr. Walter Buckingham is home again, but only for a few weeks.

Mr. Robert Reattie has moved from St. David St. to the corner of Nile and Water Sts.; Mr. Cash has moved from the corner of Nile and Douro to Charles St.; Mr. Walker from Ontario St. to Downie St.

Mrs. Harrison, of Mornington St., has left the city; and also Miss Tye, who at present is visiting with friends near Woodstock.

We are glad to announce the arrival among us of several new families: Mr. McCallum and family, wholesale fruit merchant (boards on Nile St.); Mr. Larmour and family, St. David St.; Mr. Steele and family, the brewery, Patrick St. We give them a hearty welcome and trust they will all find a pleasant home among us, many friends and plenty of work in the Church and out of it.

Miss Cawston will soon leave for a two months' visit to the Northwest.

Rev. G. R. Beamish, in addition to preaching on Sunday, 27th, also gave a short address on the following Tuesday to the Brethren of St. Andrew descriptive of his recent trip to Egypt and Palestine.

The attention of all is called to the board hung up in the Church porch with the notices of all services, meetings of societies, etc. Henceforth no notice of such meetings will be given in church unless for some special reason.

The Junior Auxiliary is still one of our most thriving societies. At a recent meeting 39 were present and at work. We fear it would cost some effort to have as many grown up people to come together to work for missionary purposes. All credit to the little ones and to their indefatigable managers, Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore.

We are sorry for the bad weather that murréd the Sons of England turn out on the 27th. Still, notwithstanding the storm, they turned out in strong force. It takes more than rain to daunt an Englishman.

The Masons will attend divine service in St. James' Church on Sunday, June 21th, St. John the Baptist's Day which is one of the two great days of Masonry in the year—the other being Dec. 27th, St. John the Evangelist's Day.

Mr. Sydney Johnston has gone to the old country for a few months' holidays. Mr. Johnston came out second on the list in his final examination at Toronto University, and we are glad has every prospect of obtaining a fellowship.

The Women's Auxiliary held an open meeting on May 14th in the Chapel, when Mrs. Boomer, of London, delivered a most interesting address upon Missions, especially Canadian Missions in the Northwest. The weather was cold and wet, but still a fair number were present.

Sunday School.

On Whitsunday the marks of the pupils for the year were added up with a view of awarding the promised prizes. One prize was promised for the highest attendance and another for the recitation of the greatest number of verses. The prize for attendance was taken by Annie Larson (51 Sundays); the one for verses by Gerlie Cook, who recited 204 verses in the course of the year. Many had attended 50 Sundays, and we are sorry not to have a prize for them. Also five members of Miss Horner's class recited on one occasion (Good Friday) 116 each, an achievement which certainly deserves some recognition. The five were: May Roberts, Hester Young, Ethel Lane, Maud Pattillo and Nora Maynard. Of the boys Hugh Roberts obtains the prize for best attendance (49 Sundays). As regards verses only two of the boys attempted to recite any apparently (Willie McDonald and Willie Leopard) and even they gave up before reaching the 100 verses, which had been named as the lowest limit for which a prize would be given. Space will not permit us to publish the whole list of prize winners in each class. The prizes will be distributed on the last Sunday in June on the occasion of the quarterly service, unless otherwise announced in the Sunday School. It is worthy of remark that the prizes both for attendance and verses among the girls went to the same class—that of Miss B. Hesson.

The annual Sunday School picnic will be held on Thursday, July 5th. Let all, therefore, parents and children—reserve that day.

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