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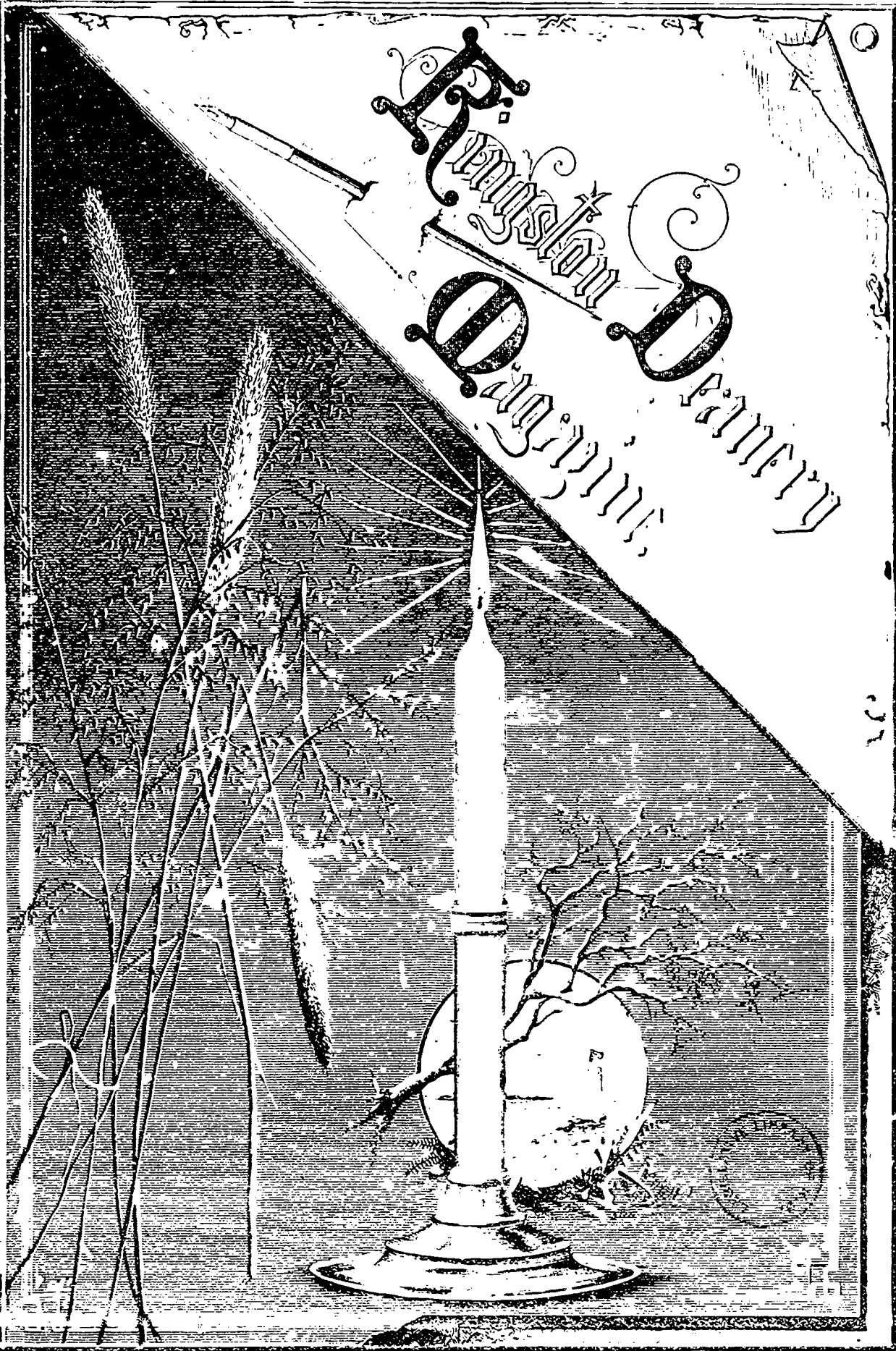
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EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

REV. CANON MEDLEY. REV J R DEW COWIE.

REV O S. NEWNHAM.

Our Magazine.

 HE cover of "Our Magazine" has called forth some criticism. It has been called "dry," "hard," "uninteresting." Well! This has only been the result of the caution of your Editors. Pictures and Cuts mean money, and money is scarce. We have pleasure, however, in making an attempt this month towards remedying the evil, and improving the appearance of the Cover. All the credit must be given to the taste and talent of a lady artist of Sussex; and we can only hope that the burning taper of the K. D. M. may lighten and

cheer many a heart in the thirteen Missions of the Deanery, which, as our subscribers will see, are represented by the rays of the candle.


We are glad to be able to report that the names of new subscribers to "Our Magazine" are being frequently received. The monthly issue is now 492.

Although the K. D. M. was issued in the interests of the Church in the Deanery of Kingston, it is not intended that its usefulness shall be restricted to the Deanery. Notice is taken of work in all parts of the Diocese, and the Parish of Fairville, in the Deanery of St. John, has adopted the K. D. M. as a Parish Magazine. It is gratifying to know that many copies are sent outside of the Deanery, and that much interest is manifested in our "venture" by the members of the Church generally.

The introduction of a "Children's Corner" has given much satisfaction. A fair number of answers have been received to the questions in the April number. We desire to say, in answer to many inquiries, that the Prize Competition is open to the children of the Church in any part of the Diocese, and is not confined to the Deanery of Kingston.

Mis-Readings of Scripture.

VI.

 HE pronouns have detained us longer than we expected, and we are not free from them yet; there is still much to be said about them. For example, modern usage has so entirely changed *thou* and *thee* into *you*, even amongst the followers of John Fox (who have changed their dress and language to hide their rapid decrease), that it is oftentimes forgotten that there is a distinction between them in the Authorized Version of Scripture. One of the most striking passages where this is the case must not be passed over, because some have founded an extravagant opinion on the statement in question. At the Last Supper, in prospect of the approaching threefold denial by S. Peter, the Lord said to him, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan

hath desired to have *you* that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith fail not and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren" (S. Luke xxii. 31). Here the distinction between the plural *you* (referring to the twelve as a body) and the singular *thee* and *thou* has not been sufficiently marked. It would be well in reading to lay some stress or emphasis on *thee*, *thy*, and *thou*, so as to mark out the special object of our Saviour's prayer. We must not be afraid of doing this because some persons have strangely argued that because *St. Peter* in especial required our Lord's anxious prayer that he should not fail in faith, *therefore* the Pope of Rome is supreme in power over the whole Church of Christ, and infallible to boot! Truly the Pope requires our prayers.

Another source of perplexity arises when it is not easy at a moment's notice to determine whether the pronoun is a simple relative or an interrogative, when it occurs in a dependent clause. One such passage occurs in the prophet Jeremiah, and is most frequently read erroneously: "Ask ye now among the heathen, who hath heard such things" (Jer. xviii. 13). Often have we known hesitation in reading this passage, marking ignorance as to whether the *who* was the commencement of a question, or the statement of a fact that the heathen had heard such things. A short consideration will show that it is interrogative, but unfortunately some do not even give this amount of consideration before they undertake to read in public.

In S. Matthew xxiii. 38, "Your house is left unto you desolate." Some have thought that an emphasis should be laid upon *your*, implying that indeed it had once been God's House, but that as the Lord had said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves," their sins made it their own house. This, however, is probably a wrong interpretation and no particular stress should be laid on "your." The probable reading (to speak with due reverence) is, "This house of which you are so proud shall be left desolate," the original word for house being the word commonly used for the Temple.

In the most difficult passage, Acts xxvi. 28, it is hard to say exactly how to read the English. King Agrippa says, as the Authorized Version has it, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." First of all remark that there is no emphasis whatever to be placed upon the *me*. The Greek of the ordinary text would mean, "In a few words (or in a little time) you are seeking to persuade me to be a Christian." Let each reader fix this meaning in his mind and express it in the Authorized Version as best he may.

There is a text in the Epistle to the Romans, about which a word may be said in passing, which is often emphasized wrongly. "Are we better than they?" (Romans iii. 9). It is startling to the ordinary reader to see the Revised Version, which is most probably right, though it seems directly opposed to the usual version: "Are we in worse case than they?" The words cannot be altered in reading, but we can remember that here there is no emphasis to be placed upon the pronouns; if any emphasis at all be here employed, it should be lightly upon the word "better:" Are we *better* than they?

This may perhaps be sufficient to draw close attention to the difficulties that present themselves in reading the pronouns of the Authorized Version with due emphasis so as to convey a correct as well as intelligible expression.

But before we pass on and leave the the subject altogether, perhaps it will be well to draw attention to what perhaps is well known, that is the ambiguity in the word *then*. Sometimes this is only of smallest importance (as what some who are fond of hard words would call an enclitic conjunction), to be read with no emphasis whatever; sometimes it is an adverb of time, in contradistinction to *now*, and requires to be emphasized.

To give an example: In Rom. vi. 21, "What fruit had ye *then*, in these things whereof ye are now ashamed?" *Then* should be emphasized as speaking of the past time before their conversion.

Again, the word *then* has more senses than one and when it has a local sense it should have an emphasis, as for example: "Fear came *then* upon them and sorrow" (Psalm xlvi. 5). As, "They made a calf in *Horeb*, and worshipped the molten image," in *Horeb* should be emphasized as exaggerating their sin, in making an image just after the Ten Commandments had been given in a majestic and awful manner.

Next, attention must be drawn to prepositions; and amongst them the one probably which gives the most anxiety is the preposition *of*. It is used in a great many senses, and though it may not be easy to give the sense by mere intonation of voice, yet something may be done. Thus when it is nothing more than the sign of the possessive or genitive case no stress at all may be laid on it. "The word of the Lord," "The mountains of Israel;" there is no need of care or emphasis here. But sometimes it means *from*. In some of such passages it is hard to make any distinction, and perhaps it is not necessary, as for example: "Then shall every man have praise of God" (I Cor. iv. 5). There cannot well be any mistake here. But how many misunderstand the opening of the Litany, "O God the Father, of

Heaven." Here it is most unusual to hear either minister or congregation pay any attention to the stop before "of Heaven." It is generally pronounced "Father of Heaven," which is quite wrong, and should be given up at once as an error. It seems to have given rise to the commencement of a hymn,—

Father of Heaven, whose love profound—
but it is a mistake. It is a translation of the Latin "Pater de Coelis," and means, "Father, from, or down from Heaven," like the Scriptural "out of Heaven." He indeed is Lord of Heaven. He is possessor of Heaven, He is Creator of Heaven, but we never hear of Him as Father of Heaven; and as the passage in question does not mean this it would be well always to observe the stop, "Father, of Heaven."

Again, in the Nicene Creed the words "GOD of GOD, LIGHT of LIGHT, VERY GOD of VERY GOD," are too solemn and sacred to be wrongly pronounced. The preposition here means *from*, and in reciting the Creed the *of* should be emphasized to mark this. It is quite different from the phrase, "King of kings, and Lord of lords," where it means over kings and over lords.

It seems hardly necessary perhaps to refer to the usage of the word *after*, and yet some have been misled by its archaic usage in the Prayer Book to think that this use is not infrequent in the Bible. In the Litany we pray, "Deal not with us *after* our sins, Neither reward us *after* our iniquities," where the word means *according to*. A divine of some standing amongst Churchmen maintained that in the following passage the preposition *after* had a similar meaning: "I know him that he will command his children and his household *after* him" (Genesis xviii. 19). Here it was affirmed it meant that Abraham would give directions to his household that they should walk *in the same manner* as he himself had been walking. But the Hebrew simply means *behind*. It may possibly mean his household who go out *after him* to battle; but probably it simply means *after him* in succession of time. It is indeed difficult to say what peculiar views are impossible to be held. We have heard one person of some position maintain that the word "Morians" in the Psalms (Psalm lxxviii. 31; lxxxvii. 4) was always always wrongly pronounced, as the *i* should be emphasized and pronounced long, "Moreyans." The poor man somehow was persuaded the word came from Mount Moriah, instead of being English for Mauri—Moors or Ethiopians.

One other preposition must be referred to before this paper close, and that is the word *by*. At the end of the sixteenth century this word often meant either "in the case of" or "against."

In the North of England to this day it is often used in this sense: "I know nothing *by* him;" that is, against his character. In one place in the New Testament it is used in this sense, and has been much misunderstood: "I know nothing *by* myself," said S. Paul (I Cor. xiv. 14); that is, I am not conscious of any thing against my own character. It is true that no pronunciation can give this special meaning; and all the reader can do is to emphasize the word so as to draw attention to the fact that the word is not used in its ordinary sense.

Once more would we urge upon our readers the importance of care in reading Scripture. Two careless readings of one passage have been reported to us: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all the prophets have spoken" (S. Luke xxiv. 25). The first false reading placed the stop after *heart* and emphasized "to believe;" this would imply that the blame was that they were fools to believe what the prophets had said. The second false reading still placed the stop after *heart*, but emphasized "all," which would imply that while they might believe something that the prophets had said, they were not to believe all. The stop should be placed where the Authorized Version has it, and a little emphasis should be placed upon *slow*.

In S. John i. 45 a mistake is not uncommon: "Of whom Moses, in the law and the prophets, did write," whereas it should be, "Moses in the law, and the prophets."

In the next paper we hope to speak of the auxiliary verbs which are fruitful in mistakes if care be not exercised.

Infant Baptism.

Before the Norman conquest, in 1066, and the compilation of the Sarum Service books, of which mention was made in our last paper, there were various books of Services in use for the different offices of the Church in the Christian world. From very early times, even from the times of the apostles, there seems to have been some "Form of Prayer" used, and also some "Form" for the celebration of the Holy Communion, and the other offices of the Church. In the Acts of the Apostles it is said that those who were baptized "continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of the bread, and *the Prayers*." "The Prayers" were no doubt the Form of Prayer used in the worship of the Church, and perhaps also the Temple Prayers. An account of the service of the Church in

the early days has been left to us by Justin Martyr (A. D. 140) in his *Apology* for the Christians, which was addressed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius.

We learn from it that on a stated day, called Sunday, the early Christians, whether dwelling in towns or in the country, were wont to assemble in one place; that the memoirs of the apostles or the writings of the prophets were then read as long as time permitted; that, when the reader had ceased, one of the brethren who presided delivered a discourse; that then all stood up together and offered prayers; that prayer being ended, bread was brought in, and wine mixed with water, and placed before the President, who offered up *Prayers and Praises*, at the close of which the people said *Amen*. Here there seems to have been a well-known form of Prayer and Thanksgiving in use at the celebration of the Holy Communion. Possibly at first the prayers were said from memory, but at a very early date they were written down.

Thus we have five Greek Liturgies, or service books, of very great antiquity, one of which bears the name of *St. Clement*, the others being *St. James'*, *St. Mark's*, *St. Chrysostom's*, and *St. Basil's*. A little later on we meet with the Ambrosian (A. D. 347), and again the old Roman (A. D. 440). But to come nearer to the early British Church, there was used in the Churches of France (or Gaul, as it was then called) what was known as the "Gallican Liturgy." This was probably founded upon the services of Ephesus, or the "Ephesine rite," which bears the name of St. John. There is every reason to believe that the early British Church, being in close communication with Gaul, and probably having received the Christian faith through Gaul, used the Gallican service books in her services. It is very certain that when St. Augustine came to England (A. D. 597) he found that the British Church did not use the Roman service books, but the Gallican, and by the advice of Gregory, Bishop of Rome, he adopted for the English Church the Gallican books, with some modifications derived from the Roman use.

It has been necessary to introduce some remarks concerning these "forms" which have been used in the services of the Church to

show their great antiquity. What we wish to state now is this: That both in the *Gallican* and *Roman* service books "Infant Baptism" was recognized. This is proved by the fact that in each "Use" a service was provided for the Baptizing of Infants.

In order to show the great antiquity of our Baptismal office—which we have already seen was partly founded upon the Sarum, this in turn being founded upon the Gallican, Roman, and other ancient books,—we may state it as a fact that the prayers for a blessing upon the child to be baptized, beginning, "O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this child may be so buried," etc., and also the prayer for the sanctifying of the water, are derived from the Gallican Church, and are not found in the Manual of Rome or Sarum. It is supposed that they came from that ancient "Ephesine rite" of St. John, of which we have spoken.

Enough has now been brought forward to show that "Infant Baptism" has been the practice of the Church from very early times, as shown by her books of services. The fact that in all parts of the world where the Church was planted books of services were used, and in those books provision was made for the Baptizing of Infants, is proof sufficient that "Infant Baptism" is, and has been, the universal custom of the Church.

But apart altogether from this proof, and taking us back to the very time of the apostles, we have evidence of another kind. Just as the Church has treasured up, and guarded, and handed down to the present time, the writings of the holy apostles, so has she preserved the writings of many of the men who succeeded them in their office and work. Now, if we find in these writings undoubted testimony to the practice of "Infant Baptism," such evidence must be very strong and conclusive. We will, therefore, in our next issue, introduce extracts from these "Fathers" of the Church, whose writings are considered as genuine by all Christians.

New Churches are spoken of for some of the new work in Victoria County, and will probably be commenced during the summer.

No election of a successor to Rev. A. Hoadley, in the Parish of Moncton, has as yet transpired.



THE
Banner of Faith.

JUNE 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER VI.

THE banns of marriage between Harold Westall and Hope Halliwell were duly published in Conway Church—for the building at Abermawr was still unfinished; and, as no one came forward with any 'just cause or impediment,' the wedding day was fixed, and arrangements made for Harold to spend the fortnight before the important day in lodgings in Conway.

'Great nonsense,' Harold thought this last necessity, and when Hope suggested that the rule was a precautionary measure to guard against irregular marriages, the young man pettishly shrugged his shoulders. 'He hated fuss,' he said; 'he wished the English law was like the Scotch. He had heard that up in Scotland you just said anywhere and anyhow that a girl was your wife, and wife she was, and no more to do.'

Hope was grieved. She looked up to see if he really meant what he said. But Harold did not meet her eye, so she laid a hand gently on his, and pleaded—secure that deaf Mari, sewing hard by, could hear nothing—'Dear Harold, do not speak so; do you not care that we should be married in church, that we should ask God to bless our coming life?'

He hung his head somewhat sheepishly.

'You women take things so seriously,' he muttered.

Hope sighed. A little drop of bitterness now and again mingled with her cup. Every now and then a little bit of plaster fell off the idol she had set before herself, and showed that all was not sound material underneath.

For Hope did now idolize Harold, and to her eyes the good-natured, easy, selfish lad appeared surrounded by a halo of imaginary goodness.

She would not see that he lacked principle, that the kind acts he did sprang from a natural amiability of disposition—to be admired and cherished, truly, but not to be accepted in the place of steady obedience to the law concerning God and our neighbour.

Men who are good-natured only when impulse directs are not to be relied upon. A fit of temper, nay, a rainy day, may set them all wrong.

Now Hope waited for something more reassuring from Harold, but it did not come in the fashion she hoped for. He only stretched himself, and slipped his hand from under hers, declaring that Hope needn't look so solemn; he was not really proposing a runaway match. Gretna Green days were over. The sulky, downcast look was gone; he was all smiles and fun; and Hope smiled too, covering a sigh, and remembered that a

woman of twenty-one is much older than a young man of that age. Harold must be her boy for many a long day yet, to be excused and gently dealt with.

'You look awfully nice, Hope, in that dress,' Harold now declared, anxious to change an awkward subject. 'I'm glad I insisted on your going to a dressmaker and getting some proper clothes. My wife must have the best of everything.'

And then there were smiles and blushes. Harold had well staved off one of Hope's 'proper fits.'

No more was said about the wedding. Of course it took place in Conway Church; very quietly, since Jonas Halliwell had only been six months in his grave.

Hope wore a grey merino, in which she looked 'quite a lady,' Harold thought, hardly regretting his favourite light hair and blue eyes in her darker colouring.

Faith was present, too.

Hope must not be unsupported at this time. It was a marriage she deeply regretted, but there was absolutely no reason for her interference, and interfere she did not, after ascertaining that Hope's heart was bound up in the matter.

Harold found the service rather more solemn than he had expected. He winced at the mention of the 'dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.' He began an uncalled-for excusing of himself. 'It wasn't altogether Hope's money; he liked the girl, he did, and he would do well by her, and manage the shop better than a woman could do. Why, hadn't he been good to Jonas, a sick old man, long before he had ever dreamed that anything would come of it?' And then he started surprised, for the old clerk was saying to him,—

'I will,' and Harold found he had to say it after him. He had been so lost in his own special pleading, that he had never heard the previous question.

The wedding over, the young pair took train for Liverpool, there to spend a three days' honeymoon, and then they came quietly back to Abermawr.

Harold amused himself very much in those

early days, planning little improvements in the house and shop. He was clever enough to do these things well, and the carpenter and the mason touched their caps to him, and said, 'Deed, but Mr. Westall seemed to know all trades,' which made Mrs. Westall smile a pleased smile. She liked her husband to stand well with the villagers.

He was behaving beautifully, he told himself, climbing the steep path to church every Sunday by his wife's side, though he did wish the building operations could have lasted over the winter, and so spared them that muddy walk.

But the Tymawr services were over, Mr. Allison had gone away, and their own old vicar had renewed his somewhat monotonous, inaudible ministrations in his mountain church.

Was it wonderful that Harold fidgeted during the hour-long sermons, and came away with a sense of relief? Hope said to herself. To him, of course, there was not the sense of calm that she always experienced at the sight of those three coffin-shaped garden graves.

She liked passing them every Sunday, though she never thought of her dear ones as actually lying beneath; rather she seemed to see them hovering above, angel-like, happy in each other.

Father, with baby Charity in his arms, mother smiling softly, light and a holy peace around them. The agony of loss was past, and now a new love, a new interest, had been granted to her. Hope began in these days to pray earnestly for her husband. She had never asked God to bless her choice, never put Harold's name into her somewhat formal prayers till he was really her own. I hardly like to say so, but I really believe she was afraid lest light from above might show her that Harold was not everything she chose to think him, and so she would not pray for God's direction in the matter.

She *would* marry him, she must, she loved him. When he was hers, then she would pray so earnestly to God to bless him, that he would be blessed. *My* will be done—so Hope's heart said—then God's. And her will was done.



V.S. 5/10/50

When the shop was enlarged, and a box thrown out in what used to be the lodger's parlour, Hope thought that Harold would be contented to return to his place behind the counter and dismiss little Pierce Jones, the Conway lad, who had helped there since just before the wedding week.

But no; Harold thought Pierce had better stay; it ticked a man so to be always at every one's beck and call. He had got into a way of dawdling about, either on foot or on the pony, and he spent much of his time at the 'Shoal,' as the tiny public-house was called, short for 'Shoal of Herrings'—its very suggestive sign.

The low wall opposite the 'Shoal' was pleasant to lounge on, and there was always something to be looked for along the high road—the carrier, Sir Wallace Gwyn's four-in-hand, or old John Jones' donkey-cart. He liked taking Hope with him at first on these idle expeditions, but she seldom cared to go. 'Both ought not to leave the shop at once,' she said, 'and it was more a man's work than hers to wait for the load of fancy bricks from Conway.'

Harold argued a little, and then generally set off alone, nodding good-byes to his wife. There was no fault to be found with his conduct as a husband, or even as a master, at present.

Of course he took a glass of ale now and again at the public-house, but only in a neighbourly way. It was not fair to spend half a day there and do nothing 'for the good of the house.' Even Hope saw nothing to make her uneasy in this.

She was busier than ever now—more people to manage for, the shop not yet restored to its usual orderly state, and little Pierce to be looked after. Hope was very anxious to pack him off, and manage matters quietly as they used to do. By-and-by, of course, Harold would see as she did, that boys make more trouble and untidiness than they are worth.

But Harold's eyes saw nothing that they did not choose to see. He was master now, and it would be hard if he was to toil and moil like a mere apprentice. Hope seemed to like the fusty old shop, and the customers

who spent a few pence and then talked your head off; and such horrible clipped English as it made his musical ears ache to listen to! Well, joy go with her if she did, but he meant to be as little behind the counter as possible now.

Still, sit as lightly as he would to the shop, he didn't quite like to see the new red house in the village fitted with a large showy window, nor did he care to hear that a Chester linendraper intended to set up a branch establishment there. He had heard there was an opening for one. It was unlikely that Miss Halliwell, now she was married, would keep on the English shop.

'What an idea!' said Hope, half vexed, half scorning the rumour. 'But, Harold dear, what ought we to do?—write to Mr. White in Chester?'

No, Harold thought it would do no good. He had evidently made up his mind to come. If any one was to move, he voted they did.

'What, leave Abermawr?' Hope looked incredulously at her husband. Harold didn't care for that serious questioning gaze. He laughed and smiled as if it was all a joke, and sauntered away.

And Mr. White set up a rival shop, all plate glass, and gleaming ribbons, and rolls of gay coloured material. It was a sort of bazaar, too; indeed, 'Grand Bazaar' was painted up outside.

The villagers wondered and admired. Hope saw it all now. Abermawr had been taken up by rich Mr. White. He was going to make a fashionable watering-place of it; he was already building several neat houses destined to be let as lodgings.

'Harold, this is serious,' said Hope one day. 'See, dear, I have a plan in my head. We cannot hope to compete with Mr. White, but let us go to him with a proposal. You never liked the drapery part of our business, and we will offer for a reasonable consideration to give it up to him, keeping the grocery and stores department, and enlarging that. Don't you think it a good idea?'

But Harold wasn't sure. The groceries were nasty perishable goods, he said. They arrived at no conclusion.

Mr. White was not so undecided. He knew his mind. One evening he called on the Westalls, and openly entered on the vexed subject. He had been told by a Conway gentleman that the English shop was certainly going to be given up, and so he had determined to occupy the field. Now, however, he found he had been premature in his conclusions, and being very far from wishing to do an unhandsome thing, he called to ask what would best content Mr. and Mrs. Westall. Such a well-known and well-thought-of establishment as the English shop must always command his respect, whatever his plans might be.

A good deal of polite language was employed, the meaning of which came curiously near to Hope's little plan. She joyfully entered into Mr. White's calculations. He offered 75*l.* down for the goodwill of their

diapery business, and should they at any time wish to dispose of their whole shop, why, he was willing to give another 200*l.* for the goodwill, and to take the stock at a fair valuation.

'Oh, thank you,' said Hope; 'but we don't think of giving up our business altogether,—do we, Harold?'

'Oh no!' said Harold hastily. 'The fact was that Harold had just begun to think it would be very nice to be freed from the trammels of what he was pleased to call a poky little village shop. But he was not very brave, and he simply dared not let Hope see into his heart at present. And part of the business going was a step. So he readily agreed to the great man's proposal, and congratulated Hope on having less to do in the future.'

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

V.—S. ATHANASIUS.

(Continued from p. 103.)

AND here we might well pause to note how and why the decisions of Church Councils are binding upon Christians.

Many serious-minded people have never given this subject sufficient thought. And the consequence is the idea has become very prevalent that religion is largely a matter of opinion—that it is not of very serious import what doctrine we hold, so long as we are living fairly moral lives. 'We are all going the same way,' is a current phrase of many who live apart from the Church, and who wish to justify their position. It is a phrase of which it is not easy to see the meaning; for if we are all going the same way, why not travel by the same road? It is only when people are going in different directions that they usually find it necessary to part company. There is one religious community, at any rate, which perceives this. The writer has had intercourse with many

Christadelphians; and though there is much that a Churchman must think erroneous in their teaching, they have one article which, in its way, is valuable. 'We can't be all right,' they say, 'in our different faiths. If one body is right, then it follows that the rest must be wrong.'

Religion is, in reality, a revelation from God. He has bequeathed it to His Church to propagate throughout the world.

The one Lord of all has given one Faith to be accepted by all in one Baptism. Truth is no matter of opinion. It is fixed and unalterable. If all the world were to turn round and believe some falsehood, it would not make it the truth. It is necessary for us to remember this in days when it is thought that creeds should be framed to suit the people, not that the people should be brought to believe the creeds. The Church which would shape its teaching to suit the tastes of those who are to be taught, would have

forgotten her Divine mission, and be an apostate Church. Very frequently has it happened that truth has been the possession of the few, and error the possession of the many. There is no infallibility in numbers.

And now let us proceed to our second inquiry. Why are we to regard the decision of Church councils to be binding upon us as truth? Why do we believe our creeds? How are we to know that they are true?

First, we must remember how one purpose of our Lord in coming into the world was to found a kingdom; how, by virtue of His death and resurrection, He acquired a power which, in a sense, He may be said not to have possessed before. That which He had received He bequeathed to His disciples. 'As the Father hath sent Me even so send I you.' 'All power is given unto Me; go ye, therefore, and make disciples.' Why? Because I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' 'The spirit of Jesus,' standing with them and strengthening them, would be a guarantee that the gates of hell should never prevail against His church. The Spirit of Truth should preside over their deliberations. He should teach them all things, and guide them into all truth. Such was the consoling promise which He left them.

They took Him at His word, and acted upon it in simple faith. It was the presence of His Spirit that helped them to the choice of Matthias as an apostle. It was as in His presence that they assembled at the first Christian council at Jerusalem (James the Bishop presiding—Acts xv.) and prefaced their decision upon the questions at issue with these remarkable words: 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.'

Are we to suppose that, with the death of the last of the Apostles, all these promises came to an end, that the gates of hell did prevail against the Church; that, so far from being guided into all truth, the disciples were allowed to drift into any error, and that the Lord receded out of earshot into the most distant part of the heavens. It were an utter want of faith for a moment to believe so.

The early Christians, at least acted as

though the Lord were yet in the ship with them, and at the helm, and as though the promises were still in force. They believed that when the whole Church assembled together for the settlement of difficulties and disputes, their decisions were guided from on High, and that their decrees might run thus: 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.'

So it was with the decisions at Nicea, and so they came to be regarded. The Nicene Creed was the expression of the voice of Christ's Church speaking out upon difficult questions in difficult times. As such it claimed, and still claims, the allegiance of Christians.

It is impossible now, so far as we can see, to hear that united voice speak upon the problems that have since arisen. Christendom is too divided. A confusion of tongues is the curse that the hastiness and self-will of Christian people has created in our midst; and the voice of Christ is drowned in the roar of the elements. But this need not prevent all accepting—what has been received *by all, everywhere, and always*, before divisions spread ruin—the Faith of Christ as contained in the three Creeds. That is our one hope of unity.

It was for this truth—that Christ is still in the ship of the Church, guiding her course—that Athanasius spoke at Nicea. He was called upon to live and suffer for it also. The Arian heresy did not immediately die. It remained (though discredited) to afflict the Christian world for many years.

And Athanasius suffered from its attacks. After the death of Alexander he had been unanimously chosen to preside, in his stead, over the Church of Alexandria. But the descendants of Arius were frequently too strong for him, and he was sent into banishment.

On one occasion, we read, his foes surrounded the church in which, with his clergy and people, he was keeping the vigil of a great festival. It was far on into the night. Hearing outside the noise of the mob, which consisted of Jews, Arians, and heathen, headed by a band of soldiers, he sat down on his throne and desired the congregation to chant

the 136th Psalm. It is the Psalm which records the wonderful deliverances of God's people in olden times. The refrain, 'For His mercy endureth for ever,' was taken up in each verse by the whole people, and was heard outside. In the midst of it the soldiers burst open the doors and rushed in, their drawn swords and their armour flashing by the lamp-light in the House of God. Some of the faithful were trodden down and crushed to death, others were stabbed. In the midst of it all Athanasius stood calm. He would not escape while his people were in jeopardy. He would await his death at the hands of the soldiery, as they hurried towards him up the church. But the scene was too much for his delicate frame, and as he sat down, fainting, those around half led, half carried him away by

a secret passage. Thus his life was preserved.

On another occasion, we are told, he was compelled to take refuge for four months in his father's tomb. So fierce was the hatred of his foes. And naturally so, for they knew that it was owing to the unflinching courage of Athanasius that the true or orthodox views had triumphed, and those of Arius had been condemned.

Athanasius, as it was currently said, stood 'alone against the world.' Not really alone, for the God of Truth stood by him to strengthen his arm and nerve his heart. He was, in reality, only an instrument in the hand of God for preserving the Faith. He died in extreme old age, after many years spent in exile, amongst his people, and a ill Bishop of Alexandria. J. H. M.



'Honour amongst Thieves.'

THE worst men have generally some good point. This fact has given rise to the saying that 'There is honour even among thieves.' How true this is the following story certifies.

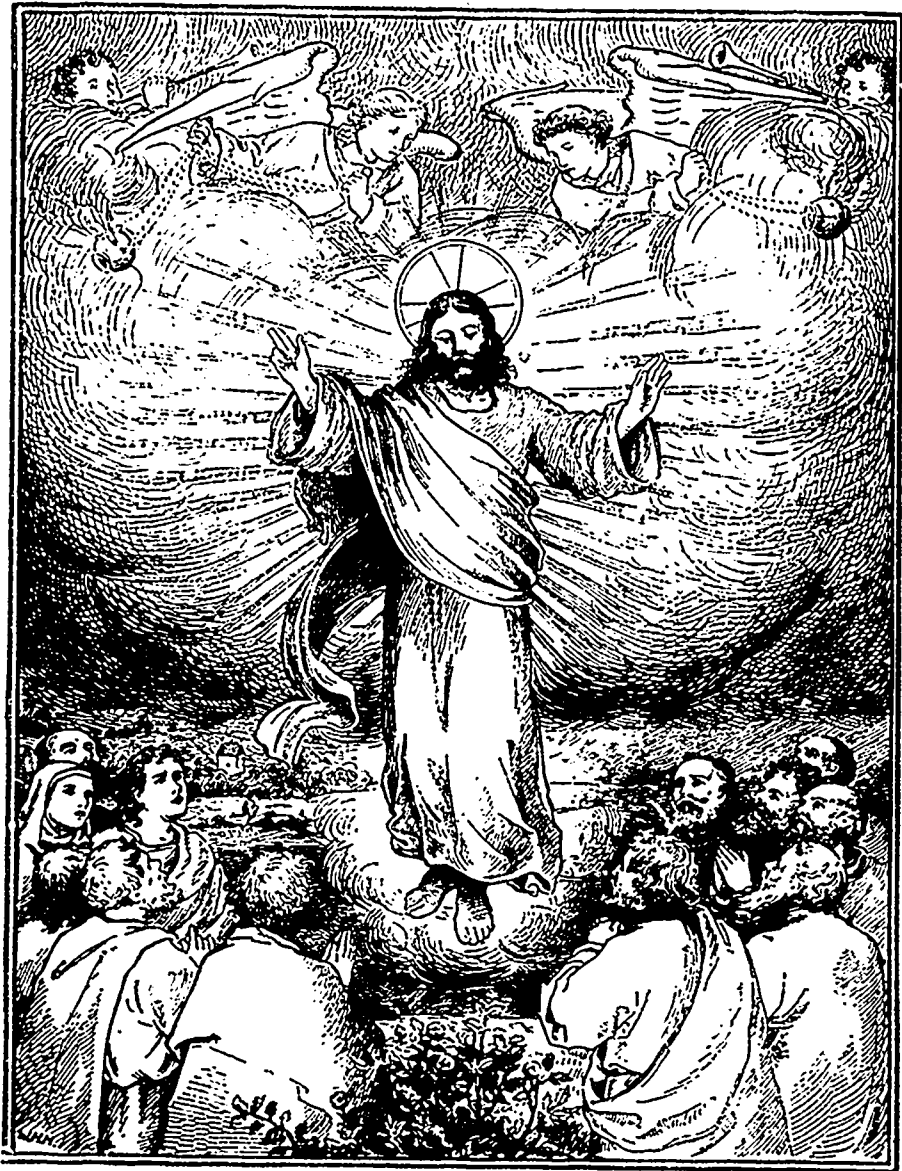
In the year 1745, after the battle of Culloden, the Young Pretender was forced to fly for his life. He concealed himself for a time in the dwelling of two common thieves, men of the name of Kennedy. In vain was a reward of thirty thousand pounds offered for his head. These men believing the Prince to be their rightful sovereign disdained the bribe. They carefully hid him, and, disguising themselves, from time to time went into the town of Inverness to

buy better food for him than their own wretched quarters furnished. They had not yet learned to fear God, but they kept one of His commandments—they honoured their king.

After a while he left this safe hiding-place, and the Kennedys returned to their lives of daring crime. It is grievous to relate that one of these men was shortly after hanged for stealing a cow. Honest he could not bring himself to be, and the law was stern in the last century.

Though a criminal and dying on a scaffold, we cannot but feel that one capable of doing so much for an earthly king might have done great service in the ranks of the King of Heaven.





Ascensiontide.

By E. WIGLISWORTH.

ALL glory, praise, and honour
 To our ascended Lord ;
 O speak His name with gladness,
 O tell His praise abroad,
 Who left His habitation,
 On earth with men to dwell ;
 To overcome the serpent,
 To vanquish death and hell.

In Resurrection beauty
 He doth to heaven ascend,
 Upon His waiting people
 His royal Gift to send :
 Heaven's shining gates fly open,
 The Victor-King to greet,
 And angel hosts adoring
 Fall prostrate to His feet.

Though now He sits in triumph
 At God the Father's side,
 The Head of all creation,
 The Husband of the Bride,
 Through all the seraphs' music
 He hears her undertone,
 'O come, Lord Jesus, quickly,
 Claim, claim Thy purchased throne!'

He comes with saints and angels,
 In answer to her prayer,
 And calls His saints, transfigured,
 To meet Him in the air.
 All glory, laud, and honour,
 Ascended Lord, to Thee!
 In all Thy radiant beauty,
 Grant us Thy face to see.

The Riverina, Australia.

THERE is a little township in New South Wales, Australia, in the lonely bush, some 600 miles from Sydney, 400 from Melbourne, and 120 from a railway—therefore far removed from the benefits of easy transit and civilisation.

Since the roadway from the ocean is by means of the great Australian rivers, steamers ply constantly to and fro in the summer months, bringing up commodities, and bearing back in their place thousands of bales of wool, direct to Echuca, and thence by rail to Melbourne, to be shipped to London.

Coaches, too—lumbering, ill-shaped vehicles, with leather springs and waterproof flaps (instead of windows and doors), carry mails to and from the inland towns farther up the interior. And thus the town is supplied with food for mind and body in a fashion.

The inhabitants eat anything they can get, and fruit and vegetables there must often be omitted from the bill of fare. Apples are 9d. a lb., oranges 2s. 6d. a dozen, and vegetables are only to be had of the indefatigable Chinese, whose gardens run down to the river banks, and who water and toil and fight against drought and sun unceasingly.

The township is prettily situated on the banks of the broad, swift Murrumbidgee River. Trees line the low banks, all of one kind, a species of eucalyptus, called the box.

The foliage is of one unvarying tint, a dull green, the branches long, awkward, and forked, and the trunks scarred.

Some are of enormous girth, and hollow. Many burnt with fire are still standing—blackened skeletons, like things of a former age, when the aborigines reigned in the land, and cut broad strips off the bark in the wet seasons to build themselves boats, and dwellings called gnyahs.

The month in which I write is October, the Australian spring, and the bush is at its best. You see long vistas of green-sward, and trunks and branches of these unending 'gums,' in which the jackass's laugh is heard. The magpie whistles the musical stave, and the hideous crows caw in strangely human tones, 'I'm hungry, hungry, hungry.'

Flocks of white and brown goats browse in and out amongst the trees.

Farther in, where the bush breaks into an open plain, flights of white cockatoos settle and rise like fantail pigeons, and feed on the seeds of grasses. The pink and grey parrots are often in company with them.

Again the open plain is lost in the dense 'mallee' scrub. This is another species of gum, growing like small trees or high bushes, through which the coach or buggy threads its way over awkward stumps and fallen boughs, dry, brittle, and crackling under horses' feet and wheels. Tiny flowers are here and there, amongst them a pointed harebell, not banging its head, but open like a star, and small white and yellow everlasting, like daisies.

The 'mallee' also has a white feathery bloom, and there is a bush like a broom covered with yellow flowers. By-and-by you come on sand ridges, and the monotony

is broken by pines, on whose boughs the bright grass parrot with long tail, and the smaller black and gold species, are settling.

Then for miles and miles there is no change from the never-ending plain, excepting occasionally a sheet of water called a lake, or a peep of the river.

Most of these lakes are now dried up. One, in which there used to be from eighteen to twenty feet of water, we can walk across. This has not happened for fifty years, but there are tidings of a great body of water coming down the Murray which will cause all the tributaries to rise. Floods are earnestly hoped for, before the burning heat of summer, to cover the lands so long dry, and to fertilise the river timber.

So much for the bush. Now for the township, a little place of some 700 souls, busy because of the traffic caused by coaches and steamers. The houses are low one-storied buildings of wood or brick, with corrugated iron roofs painted white; this diminishes the heat by ten degrees. We have a church, a Roman Catholic chapel, a State school, stores, a court-house, an hospital, a cemetery, a post and telegraph office, and a bridge, hotels, and a bank.

The town consists of one central street, lighted by a few oil lamps. There is no water laid on; people drink the rain-water preserved in underground tanks; and though the river runs by their doors, they do not go to the expense of bringing it to their houses and gardens.

So the summer sun turns everything brown, and the parched earth is as brass. When the hot winds blow, sandstorms sweep up volumes of light, penetrating dust, and send it in showers through the roof of the church, and into every nook and crevice of the houses, till it can be taken off the beds and furniture by spoonfuls.

So much for the river, and atmosphere, and township.

Now for the people and the life, without which no description is worth anything. They are a simple, quiet people, docile, well disposed, with no excitement or hurry about them, and the children are happy and healthy. There is little gossip—no news

comes from beyond their own township, excepting the *résumé* of Sydney or Melbourne papers.

They are a friendly, hospitable people.

'Ah! you are recently from home; I knew it by your voice,' says a born Australian.

'Yes, from England,' says the Englishman, hardly realising the brotherhood implied by this mention of the common home of their ancestors. 'Would you like to go to England?'

'Yes, I've heard a lot about it, but I couldn't live there. I should pine for the sun, and the air, and the clear skies.'

Yesterday there rode through the one street of the town a party of men on small horses, with here and there a pack-horse. On each horse was fastened a blanket and a billy (or tin can for boiling tea), the whole baggage—or 'swag,' as the phrase goes here—of this company. They were shearers, just dismissed at the end of shearing season from Glen Gum.

They tethered their horses to the lamp-post before the bank, and went in to deposit the savings of their recent harvest. A wonderful harvest indeed, for millions of sheep are yearly shorn in September and October throughout the Riverina plains, and a man is paid 18s. for 80, and can shear from 100 to 130 and even 150 in a day! They were quiet, steady men from Victoria, New Zealand, and South Australia.

They crossed the bridge and parted, shaking hands with old comrades, perhaps never to meet again, or perhaps to meet again at the same wool-shed next season, for good masters are remembered and good hands are valued, and the men like to return to old haunts year by year. There is often a gathering of some sixty to eighty at these sheds. The wool-shed is a long low building with an iron roof. A platform runs along each side, with little doors and pens outside, into which shorn sheep are pushed; in the centre are pens, into which sheep to be shorn are brought.

The shears hang on the walls, and the tar cans for dabbing the sheep when cut; this too often happens, owing to the speed at which the clipping goes on, and the fact

that the sheep are not hobbled as they are at home.

Some twenty-four men are at work, twelve on each side, and the sheep shorn by each shearer are counted in the pens outside, before they are turned adrift again in the open plains for another twelve months, to be inspected by the boundary rider from time to time as he goes his rounds through enormous fields, five to twenty miles square.

At the entrance to the sheds is the great press, lined with the canvas bag into which the fleece is put and pressed by means of a wheel turned by two men, then sewn up into a huge bale with iron hoops, and rolled on a truck to the river, where a barge lies waiting to receive it. These barges, when packed, hold over 1,000 bales. The steamers tow them on to Echuca, where they are put on the line for Melbourne, and thence go to London direct.

If it happens to be a station far from the river, bullock teams of from twelve to thirty-two bullocks are employed to carry the wool, and the deep ruts made by these drays spoil the road for many a month. During the month or two that the men are employed they live in a long building called 'the Hut.' Here they eat and sleep, bringing their own cook, and buying their rations from a storekeeper, who lays in food for the season. The men work nine hours a day; it is heavy, laborious work, stooping over the sheep, struggling with the strong old ewes and rams, no change of posture, no change of implement. A new hand will take twenty minutes over a sheep, a good hand will do 130 easily in the nine hours.

When their work is done they lie on the bales of wool, eat and sleep, smoke, and play cards.

This year there has been sickness amongst the shearers—heavy colds, with bad cough and feverish symptoms. This malady is called fog fever. In some cases it has been followed by delirium and death.

The clergyman of the nearest town will

try to visit all the sheds during shearing-time. In the evening, when the day's work is done, he rides in some thirty or fifty miles, and goes down to 'the Hut.'

He must 'feel his way' and take his customers cannily, for 'the Hut' is the men's castle, and no one has a right to enter it except by their leave.

A few faces look out from the bunks, the bush candle (sheep fat melted into a tin, with a rag for wick) gives an uncertain light, and it is hard to tell of whom the audience is composed.

'My friends, do you give me leave to hold a service? I am here for that purpose, but it is as you please.' No reply.

'Silence gives consent,' says a voice in a refined tone.

'Then shall we begin with a hymn? I have twenty books here.' The hymn takes, a hearty chorus is given, faces appear on a level with the clergyman's. Then a few prayers are said, a chapter of the Bible read, and another hymn. Lastly, a few earnest words spoken, the silent prayers going up from the clergyman's heart the while for the men thus thrown together. Many of these will probably not hear the name of God, excepting from the mouths of blasphemers, until they meet here again next year.

'Good-bye' brings the clergyman into hand-to-hand contact with his audience, and each accepts a small book or leaflet from him.

And now come out into the clear starlit sky of the Australian night—a night free from dew, mist, or damp. A pleasant welcome from the squatter on whose station the shed stands, a substantial meal, a comfortable bed in a wooden room built into the verandah; and then off again in the morning a long ride or drive on to another station, or back to the township for Sunday duties.

Such is the spring work of an Australian clergyman in the Riverina.

(To be continued.)

Marie.

A TRUE STORY OF SUFFERING.

MARIE TURGOT had once been a bright-faced, stirring woman, bustling about her duties in the whitest of caps, happy in the possession of husband, child, and home. Before she reached the age of thirty, however, husband and child to her were represented by a black wooden cross, with white tears painted upon it, standing in the cemetery, and Marie herself was the 'Widow Marie'—a poor creature stricken with a fell disease, from which she could never hope to recover.

Ups and downs such as these in our poor world would stagger us in their incomprehensibility if we did not cling fast to the truth that 'God ruleth over all,' and to that other truth that we only see things 'in a glass, darkly,' as yet.

The Turgot home was of course broken up now, but Marie was not dependent on strangers. Her nephew, her only sister's son, took her under his roof, and there she lived and suffered the year round, time being chiefly marked by the ripening of the blue grapes on the front of the house in the hot September sun. Not that she saw them ripen, though, but it was an event to Jean Pierre Perrot of which he must needs often speak.

Indeed, it had better be confessed at once that the quaint little red-haired, shock-headed man was an incessant talker, being generally known in the neighbourhood by a most suitable nickname, 'the Little Parrot.' Chatter he must from morning till night, if only he could get a listener; and the sharp, high-pitched voice bore a wonderful resemblance to that of a parrot.

Jean Pierre was a bird-fancier, and the front room in which he slept was hung all round with cages, in which fluttered birds of many species. Linnets, bullfinches, thrushes, blackbirds, and canaries piped or sang together from dawn to dusk in one

tumultuous chorus; above all sounded at intervals the discordant tones of their little master.

People who only knew a little of Perrot would shrug their shoulders as they caught a glimpse of him talking and laughing to his birds. An able-bodied man hanging about the house all day, and content with this trivial occupation, he must need spirit. Why did he not go out and labour in the fields, or engage in a trade like the neighbours? He would never grow rich, pottering after a few field birds! Oh, what a great deal of virtuous contempt was lavished on the little red-haired, blue-bloused man! He did not know it, so it did not hurt him; the people it did hurt were better dressed than he could ever hope to be; people who forgot Who said 'Judge not,' as they passed the open door of the vine-covered hut.

Very few eyes saw beyond the bird-room, or guessed at the little chamber lying behind it—a dull, close room, where not even a 'sunbeam that had lost its way' shed a hurried gleam through the tiny window on to the mud floor.

But those who did know of this inner room knew why 'the Parrot' seldom went far from home, and rarely spent an hour of the twenty-four without darting, like one of his own birds, into the doorway of this the dullest cage that the poor house contained.

For here lay Marie Turgot, his helpless charge, huddled up in bed, moaning and writhing in agony; or, at her best, spent and hollow-eyed, waiting for the end.

At first Pierre had the poor creature all to himself. Even the good Sister at the Bureau de Charité, who knew, and cared for, and prayed for all the sufferers for miles round, even she did not find out Marie. The vine leaves, and the dancing birds, and chattering Pierre dazzled her keen eyes, and she would actually trot by the house with only a nod to the owner.

Well, the good Sister had enough to do, needier folk to wait on; it wasn't for him to draw attention to his poor sick. God be for help, you see, even in such matters as are usually supposed to be outside a man's province.



praised, he had enough for both! The comical little bird-fancier had a touch of pride in his composition, and would not ask He had two arms like a woman, and he could wash, and keep the coarse linen sheets on Marie's bed as white as snow.

The big pot on the fire, too, he sang and chattered over that, extracting from its depths the watery-looking stuff, which, served up in a little basin, with a large spoon and cheerful devotion, constituted Marie's chief nourishment.

Soup is to a French peasant what tea is to our English poor. A little coffee when it can be afforded is always a treat, but tea is still regarded as a sort of medicine, chiefly resorted to by the gentry.

Poor Marie never looked for anything more than the bread soup, and Pierre was thankful when each week he sold birds enough to keep the little household alive.

And then came a day when Sister Cécile did not trot by the little house, but stopped to speak to Pierre on some trivial matter, and, stopping, chanced to hear a moan from that inner doorway.

'Thy aunt, the widow Turgot, ill—afflicted? but thou shouldst have told us sooner,' cried the brisk little soul. Without further parley she brushed by Pierre and the birds, and making straight for Marie's bed, laid a cool hand on her head and gently chid her too. 'Thou shouldst have sent to ask at least our prayers; but stay, thou art faint with pain, poor soul!'

And out of Sister Cécile's capacious sleeve came—of all treasures—a bottle of red wine! Wine may not be moved in France without 'a permit,' but the most important little official in the world would hesitate to interfere with a Sister of Charity, much less to inspect the possible contents of her wide grey sleeves. Who was he, to cheat the poor and hinder a pious duty! So many a poor soul was refreshed by the contents of that sleeve.

Good Sister Cécile often came to Marie, and as often sent other bright-faced visitors to cheer her, or at least to let her moan to them instead of to the unfeeling mud walls of her cage.

English girls came sometimes. 'These foreigners have good hearts,' Sister Cécile would say, and so when her messengers were worn out or pressed with business, she would commission one of these to visit Widow Marie at the bird-fancier's. And, despite

their reading the words of comfort in a somewhat indifferent French accent, they were welcome at the bedside, and the few flowers and the simple dainty in the little basket were a refreshment to the sufferer.

Sometimes, seeing unmistakable signs of deep poverty in the poor dwelling, they would press a little money on Pierre, a half-franc, a few sous, but the little Parrot's voice would be raised at this. 'No, ladies, no,' he would cry, his hands clasped behind him for fear of temptation; 'no, in verity, no! I have two hands, and neither kith nor kin but Marie there. I can maintain her; the little she needs is a trifle which I gladly furnish!' It was almost impossible to force the money on the little chattering man, but as poor Marie grew weaker, and the ladies thought Pierre's resistance less marked, they took to leaving occasional little gifts of coin on the window-ledge.

After a while Pierre actually gathered them up quite eagerly, poor fellow. There were no more protestations. Surely he needed this little help badly enough.

Just as the sun was at its hottest, and the grapes outside the house were almost visibly changing colour, one autumn morning poor Marie sighed her last sigh and died.

As the watchers by the bedside prepared the poor worn body for its last rest, a little white packet slipped from beneath the pillow. They took it to Pierre. He did not seem surprised.

His poor eyes were red now, as well as his rough locks.

'Open it, read,' he said shortly. And some one read these words written on the paper, which enfolded a golden piece of twenty francs: '*To be given to some poor creature afflicted with the same grievous malady from which I suffer.*'

'It was her thought,' said the little man; 'it pleased her.' He winked away a tear.

'Only she was afraid she should not live to see the piece of gold complete. Yesterday morning she had only nineteen francs and a few sous. But I knew the end was near, so I cut some bunches of my grapes and took them across to the lady at the corner house. She has a good heart, and knows our circum-

stances. She gave me fifteen sous for them. They were not very ripe. *Ma foi!* the poor little man was forced to confide to his listeners, 'they were as green as their leaves, and as hard as little stones; but she knew why I wanted the money, the good soul, and she took them! The little grocer in the Rue du Palet changed the silver pieces and sous into this napoleon; and her last words before the priest came in were those I wrote upon the paper. She smiled, poor Marie, when I put the packet under her pillow.'

'Yes,' he said, in answer to a question, 'the money was all given by the kind ladies from time to time—all except the fifteen sous I made this morning. She did not need relief for herself,' he added rather proudly, 'but she wished to accept the money for

some poor creature to whom the good God might not have accorded such kind friends as she had!'

And then he busied himself with his birds to hide the tears that would hurry down his freckled cheeks. That poor creature in the bed was honestly lamented. She was all poor Pierre had to care for beyond his birds.

Sister Cécile soon found a grateful recipient for poor Marie's savings. She does not often turn in to the vine-covered house now, but she always nods to Pierre, who is as busy as ever among his birds, though report says he does not drive such hard bargains over their sale as he used to do. Perhaps that empty bed in the back room may have something to do with that.

M. L.

The Chrism.

But thou, heaven-honoured child,
Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar;
Wrap it around thy bosom undefiled,
Yet spread it daily in the clear heaven's sight,
To be new bathed in its own native light.—KEBLE.

THE chrism was the white robe which was put on a babe at baptism, as a sign of innocence.

In our first Prayer Book, in the reign of Edward VI., the woman who came to be churched 'was to offer her chrism and other accustomed offerings.' When she made her thank-offering at the altar, the pure white robe, in which her babe had been baptised, was to be given up to the clergyman, by him to be laid by, and produced as evidence against the baptised one, should he ever deny the faith which he had thus publicly acknowledged.

By this you see the child must have been brought to baptism before the mother was even churched; and not, as now too often happens, be left for months before it be made a Christian, or perhaps never brought at all to God's house.

If 'wearing the chrism' were still the

custom, how few of us could feel we had kept it unspotted and pure! And against how many of us could it not be produced as evidence of our denial of the Master!

In the early Christian times this white garment was worn the first eight days after Easter, and the newly baptised (often then of riper years, and converts from heathenism) came every day into the church in their chrisoms, carrying lights in their hands, to show that they had laid aside the works of darkness and become children of the light. The first Sunday after Easter used to be called 'the Sunday of the putting off of the chrisoms,' this being the day when the priest took them and laid them up.

In the Service for Infant Baptism, in our first Prayer Book, these words were said while the minister was putting on the babe his white vesture:—

'Take this white vesture as a token of the innocence which by God's grace in this

holy sacrament is given unto thee, and for a sign whereby thou art admonished, so long as thou livest, to give thyself to innocency of living, and that after this transitory life thou mayest be partaker of life everlasting.'

If the baby died before the mother came to be churched, it was buried in its chrisom.

The offering of the chrisom to the priest was given up in the fifth year of King Edward VI., and now, alas! many mothers do not trouble to offer even their children to God, much less their white robes.

It is well to know the meaning of these old customs. A chrisom child is *not* one, as some erroneously say, which has never been made a little Christian at all, but a babe which has died in its baptismal innocence, and is laid to rest in its white robe.

So keep thou, by calm prayer and searching thought

Thy Chrisom pure.

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

Alice and the Bears.

A MISSIONARY who was going to work in North America was spending his last few days in England in the house of a great friend.

Every one in that house desired to do something for him before he started on his journey—the master, the mistress, the servants, and the children. But there was one little girl too small to stitch, or write, or knit, or pack for her friend.

Yet she was very fond of him, and she sat on his knee, looking longingly in his face.

'*Can't* I do something for you?' at last she asked sorrowfully. 'Do think of something I could do.'

She was just going to bed, and, when her friend kissed her good-night, he whispered to her, 'Can't you pray for me?'

'Yes, yes,' the little girl whispered back; 'yes, I can, I will. But tell me what you will want out there.'

So the young missionary thought a minute, and then he said, 'It is a wild country; there are dangerous beasts in the forests I must travel through. Pray that I may be kept safe from the bears.'

'Yes, I will,' said the child, very seriously. And every night after that she said at the end of her evening prayers, 'Pray God keep Mr. — safe from the bears.'

Many months passed on. The missionary wrote to his friend in England several times,

he was well, he was safe, no harm had happened to him.

But still little Alice prayed 'against the bears,' as she said.

Her brother, a year older, told her one evening that she could leave off praying that prayer now, for Mr. — never met any bears, and perhaps there were no more left in the forest. There had been bears in England once, he said, but there were none now.

But Alice shook her head—she would go on till her friend told her he did not need her prayers.

And, one day, a box came from America directed to the family. The missionary had sent it. There were many pretty things in it—bead slippers and embroidered bags and purses; but every one looked most at a great thick hairy rug, which was labelled, 'For Alice, to kneel on when she says her prayers.'

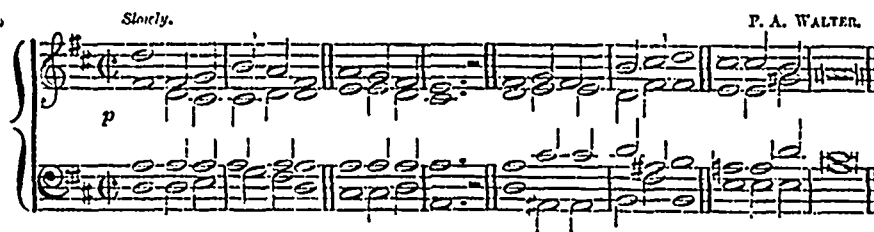
And the missionary's letter told a strange story. The little girl's prayer had saved her friend. He had been attacked by a bear in the dark forest, and with some difficulty had killed it. And here was the skin for his little friend.

'I thought of you all the time I was in danger, my child,' he wrote to Alice, 'and I was sure God would preserve me because of your prayers.'

This is a true story.

The Story of the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

PART I.—THE QUESTION.



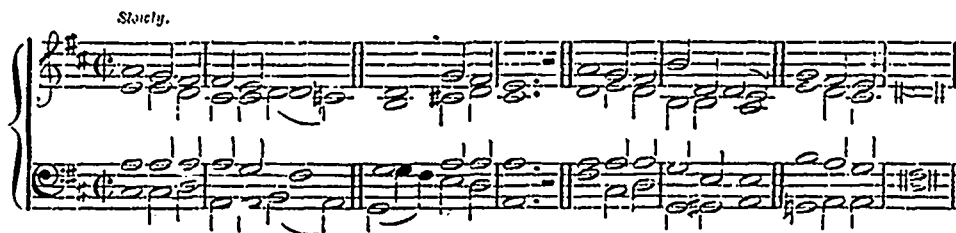
WITHIN the upper room
 Lowly they kneel,
 Gathered in heavenly love,
 In holy zeal.

With anxious hearts they wait,
 Watching each sound,
 List'ning with patient hope,
 With faith profound.

Happy they seem withal
 In one glad cause,
 Calmly they dwell beneath
 Unity's laws.

But say who, who are these?
 Why are they still?
 What is their fervent hope?
 What their fond will?

PART II.—THE ANSWER.*



These are the chosen few,
 Jesu's elect,
 Who for His own dear sake,
 Did all reject.

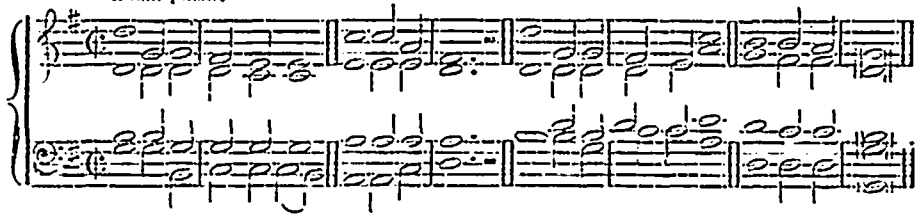
These who have watched with Him
 In the deep shade,
 Who on the mountain top
 With Him have prayed.

Now are they waiting till,
 His word fulfilled,
 Help from on high shall come,
 Grace be instilled ;

Till from His heavenly throne
 Shall swift descend
 God, the blest Comforter,
 Them to befriend.

* This part should be taken as a solo if practicable.

PART III.—THE STORY.

A little quieter.

The day of Pentecost,
 In beauteous morn,
 Over Jerusalem
 Is fully born.

Within the upper room,
 With one accord,
 True hearts on high are raised,
 Praising their Lord

But as their hymns of praise
 Gladly are given,
 A rushing mighty wind
 Is heard from heaven.

It filleth all the house
 Where they are met,
 And cloven tongues of fire
 On each are set.

Now is fulfilled the word
 Which Joel told,
 Now doth the Holy Ghost
 His gifts unfold.

But lo! the hardened Jews,
 Though they perceive
 What wondrous things are done,
 Will not believe;

E'en though in his own tongue
 Each one may hear
 That 'tis the hand of God
 Working thus near.

Till by Saint Peter's words,
 Zealous and bold,
 Their hearts at length were loosed
 From sin's dark hold.

Thus through the Holy Ghost
 Thousands believed,
 And into God's own Church
 Were then received.

Then went that noble band
 And preached the word
 Into all lands, and died
 For their dear Lord.

PART IV.—OUR CRY TO JESUS.

(To be sung to the tune of Part II.)

Lord Jesu, God most high,
 To Thee we call,
 Hear from Thy heavenly throne,
 Dread Judge of all.

Pour in our barren hearts
 Thy holy love,
 Send Thy blest Comforter
 From heaven above.

We, like the Jews of old,
 Have hearts of stone;
 Oft we reject the Word,
 And Thee disown.

Yes, Lord, by deepest sin,
 How oft have we
 Nailed Thy pierced hands
 To that dread tree!

Oh! for forgiveness, Lord,
 Humbly we plead,
 O may Thy love for us
 Still intercede.

And never more may we
 From that love stray,
 But in its fulness dwell
 In endless day.



Work for God at Home and Abroad.

WHAT THEY WANT IN ASSAM.

WE have a letter from Assam lying before us to-day. What makes the name of Assam sound familiar to us? It is probably connected in our minds with tea. At one time all our tea came from China, but of late years we have discovered that the tea plant will flourish in India too.

Thirty-five years ago Government allowed a Mr. Bruce a free grant of 3,000 acres of waste land, which he turned into tea plantations. A good man and a prosperous one he became, he and his wife spending as well as making in the country of their adoption.

Mrs. Bruce gladly welcomed the first missionary to Assam. Our letter is dated from Tezpur, that is the name of the station which was chosen for him. It is thirty years since that day, but still our Church can only supply two missionaries for all the five million people in Assam.

One missionary writes to us deeply lamenting this fact:—if only good men and women could find it in their hearts to offer themselves as mission helpers here! Women missionaries especially are longed for.

Man must have some form of worship, and the Assamese take up any poor substitute for Church doctrine and rule which comes in their way.

Pictures always interest the ignorant and the young, and the Assamese seize eagerly on any they can get. This suggests a method by which those who cannot go out to teach them true religion might do them good.

Could not we send them out some coloured Scripture pictures to hang on their church and schoolroom walls? Our letter tells us that pictures they will have of some sort. In one village a bamboo shed has been erected by coolies as a place of worship, the walls of which are decorated by pictures torn out of an old scrap-book.

It is a common sight, too, to see native houses ornamented with cuttings of fashion plates from the *Queen*, or American magazines. If an Assamese Christian can get hold of the print of an English church from the *Illustrated*

News or Graphic he is proud. One man got possession of a print of Canterbury Cathedral:—‘Shall we soon have a church like that in Assam?’ he asked longingly.

These Assam people are very fond of learning English. They can read the ‘*BANNER OF FAITH*,’ and are interested in it. If only they could have a few bright pictures sent them, or some easy instruction books with pictures, Bible stories, and such like, it would be a great help to the missionaries. These things would preach for them when they could not go to a place of worship.

Assam is very little known to the world in general, but we have some Christian brethren there already, and we long to have more.

One good way to gain souls is to show them that we love and care for them. The missionary who writes to us asks specially for three things—pictures, a medicine chest, and a magic lantern, the last to be exhibited in twenty-five native schools.

Scripture pictures on the slides would be an easy and pleasant way of teaching the people.

Any one desirous of sending one or more of these things direct to the country may address a parcel to—

S. P. G., Assam Mission,
Tezpur,
Assam.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

THE CONVALESCENT HOME, S. MARY'S, BROADSTAIRS.

It is some time since we brought the great needs of this Home before our readers. This is not because those needs have ceased to exist, as we will go on to show. Spring is here, and a great effort on the part of all our kind helpers and co-workers will be necessary if we are this year to finish the Home so needed by hundreds of little convalescents who require sea air, sea baths, and careful nursing.

Our outer walls are built, but the boys' wing

looks unfinished outside, and is roofless. Much interior work is done, but there is much yet to be thought of. Many doors, window-sills, much wainscoting and finishing, and all sorts of inside fittings are still wanting. And then the furnishing!

What can we say to induce the friends of the children of the poor to put forth a helping hand? We know of nothing so constraining as the touching facts which show the extremity of the need. The children shall plead for themselves.

We take the following haphazard from our Convalescent Home Journal of last season:

Lily Watson is a weary little worker, worn out with the cares and toils which have come upon her before she has the strength to bear them. Many of these overworked children come to us—poor, puny, white-faced things. The little hands, just of the right size to be dressing dolls, roughened with hard work. The little hearts, which should be full of childish joys, burdened with anxieties and troubles. As Lily talks of her home her eyes fill with tears. 'Father's away; he could get no work in England, so he thought he'd try America, but he's been away a year now, and he hasn't sent us any money. Mother's got something the matter with her hands and her knee, so she can't do much, and I do most of the work in the house, but I'm always so tired, I can't get on very fast. We don't have much to eat, but then mother and me ain't hungry, because we're not very well, you see, so it doesn't matter so much as not having plenty to eat. I like being here. I'm hungrier here, and there's such nice things to eat, only I can't help thinking about poor mother, and wondering how she's getting on.'

Mary Goodson's home was formerly very comfortable. The father had good employment as a clerk, and all went well until, as Mary says, 'we all had a fever, and the one that was worst of all was father's pet—our Emmie; she's only four. She'd been delicate all her life, and the fever left her a dreadful abscess on her neck. Sometimes we couldn't keep her in bed, the pain was so bad. Father would have done anything for her, and just at this time his work stopped at the office for a bit, so he nursed her always, and wouldn't let any one else see to her. I don't know exactly how it happened, but, with dressing her neck, they said he got something into his hand—poisoned it, and he got a worse abscess than Emmie's. He went very thin and quite yellow in his face,

and we were all very miserable. Then one day Lucy ran into the room, and she was crying, and saying over and over again, "Oh, father's going away! father's going away!" It was quite true, he was going to the hospital. But when he was there he didn't get better, and at last his arm was cut off. Mother did cry then; she said she couldn't cry before, and when she had a good cry she felt better.

'They said father kept fancying we were all with him in the hospital, and kept calling to us. We were happy when we got him back, but he couldn't do his work any longer. He has learned now to write with his left hand, but it isn't the same, and people won't have him. He gets a newspaper, and looks what he can do. It's our own little house, so we've no rent to pay, and we've a little money in the savings bank yet, but when that's used up, father says what shall we do? Mother's very delicate, and so are nearly all of us. I tried to do house-work once, because I wanted to help mother and father, but it made me very ill, and mother said I wasn't to try again.'

Annie Charters is one of the little overworked women of twelve. This is what she tells in answer to our questions:—'I've had St. Vitus's dance, ma'am. The doctor said it was with doing work that was too hard for me, me being only twelve. I was general servant, you see, and I had almost everything to do in the house, and six children to mind.

'I didn't have much to eat. Missis was a poor woman herself, and had to work hard to get food for her own children, so I had just what they could spare, you see—bread and sugar it was most days; but the sugar wasn't nice like this sugar, it tasted strong like.

'Missis was cruel to me sometimes, but then she'd lots of troubles herself, and they made her feel cross and bad. I used to work from six in the morning till eleven at night. Oh, wasn't I glad when I could get to bed and have a cry! but I had to cry quiet, so that she couldn't hear me. It was no use thinking of going away, because I've got a step-mother at home, and she's crueller than missis; she'd have half killed me if I'd left my place.

'At last something happened that got me away comfortable. I got ill. First it was a pain in my wrist, then my fingers began twitching about, so I couldn't do my work properly. That made missis very angry. She said I was doing it on purpose.

'Then my legs began twitching same as my hands, and some one said it was *St. Viper's*

dance; but missis says, "It ain't nothing to do with saints. She's a naughty girl, and more likely it has to do with a devil." And I didn't know, because people were possessed with devils, I've heard tell, long ago, before ever the Bible was wrote, they say.

'At last I was that bad, even my tongue twitched, and I couldn't speak plain, so I was took to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Oh, it did seem nice and quiet lying in bed there! I was there a long time, and one day a lady came and gave me a little Testament for my own.

'When I got better I went straight to another place the lady got me, but it wasn't like the first. My new missis was so good and kind, and when I told her about my other place and my home she said, "Poor child, you've been in a sort of war." I was only there a fortnight before they sent me here to get stronger. I have been happy here.'

Annie has been so good since she came to us, that one wonders how such a child should have come from such a home. Her troubles have made her very tender-hearted and sympathetic. She is quite a little mother to the smaller convalescents, never weary of helping and taking care of them.

It is strange, and beautiful too, to see in this untaught girl some dim perception of God's mysterious dealings. She seems to feel that His hand has guided her through the rough waves of misery into peaceful waters at last. 'I couldn't have got away from that place if it hadn't been for my illness,' she says, and adds in a lower tone, 'seems as if God made me ill to get me away.'

Annie's kind friend is now about to send her to a good training school for young servants, that she may be fitted to take some better place than that of lodging-house drudge.

Harry C., a sweet tiny boy of five, has come to us; we are entreated to keep him as long as possible, for the doctor says sea air is the last hope for him, only sea air and bathing and good food can save the little life. His father and mother are hard-working, respectable people, but the father is laid up with pleurisy, and it is hard times with them now. They have lost six children out of ten; they love this sweet little fellow dearly, and eagerly caught at any hope of saving him.

When Harry arrived we were afraid that even sea air could not do much for him; his small face was almost transparent, and his eyes feverishly bright; but now we begin to hope

that he may grow quite strong. We shall miss the dear little man, and on his part he tells us that he means to stay here until he is old.

He is not alone in this wish to stay on, or come again; the children often write to us and beg to come 'next year.'

A little girl wrote the other day to say how every one wondered to see her so 'big and strong;' and 'Please, mother says she has to let out all my clothes, for I've grown so fat at the sea-side.'

And now, dear readers, you see what we want your help for; just, under God's blessing, to give life and health to children such as these, who, without some such means as we would offer them, must either waste away into an early grave, linger on as miserable sufferers, or be helpless burdens in poor homes. Will you not put a hand to the work? Many hands make light work. If all who read this will help only a little, the work will be done.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell, Secretary of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W. Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application.

Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Jottings would need twice the space we can give them did we note down half the interesting entries in our journal. We choose what we think will be most generally interesting, and unwillingly leave the rest.

Help from abroad. likes us first as we turn over the pages. From the Diamona fields, Kimberley, a little girl who has collected 13s. sends it for the Orphanage, with a message that she has been much pleased to do so. Then a little boy in New Zealand sends his collection of 2l. for the Sunday breakfasts; and A. B. from Heywood, New Zealand, 2l. 0s. 6d. and a small parcel for the Orphanage.

A missionary in Zanzibar writes:—'I know something of the sufferings of the poor in former winters when I was in a poor London parish. The thermometer here is at 85°—95° in the shade, and this reminds me how they will be vainly trying to keep out the cold in these hard times. Thinking of this, I have enclosed

2l. towards the food barrows, and the relief of the unemployed.'

The poor of London have had an exceptionally hard winter, and their poverty has been the means of drawing out many acts of deep sympathy, kindness, and self-sacrifice.

Some Dorset labourers have sent most generous help. Four different amounts have reached us, being sums placed in the church almsbox for the relief of the starving Londoners, with a special request that, with this money, *free* meals might be provided for their poorer brethren.

The first donation, 2l. 2s. 6d., provided twenty-eight people with a good meal of soup, potatoes, and pudding, daily for one week.

The next gift, 1l. 1s., gave sixty people a free breakfast. When told that the givers of the feast were poor labourers like themselves, they were much surprised, and expressed with astonishment their deep gratitude, saying, 'Well, it is good of them, and no mistake.'

The rest of the money, and the proceeds of some jewellery also sent, have been spent in relieving individual cases of extreme poverty in S. John's parish, Whitechapel, where the distress is very great.

Fivepencefarthing in farthings was the special gift of one poor old woman.

Then come the thank-offerings we love so much, and the widows' mites.

'Please accept this from a thankful mother (10s.) in gratitude that her children are not orphans. My little girl begged 9d., but the rest I have made up myself.'

'A small thank-offering (10s.) for answer to prayer,' from Dick, 'for the Sunday Breakfast Fund.'

'Accept 4s. for the Orphanage. I am an orphan, and am thankful that they are cared for.'

'Please give the guinea enclosed to "the Good Shepherd's Ward" in the Boys' Orphanage. It is a thank-offering for having been permitted to rear a motherless infant of three weeks old into a sturdy boy of two years.'

'Enclosed is 10s. to give some poor starving little one a hot Sunday breakfast for a year—a small thank-offering for Divine help given abundantly in time of great need.'

'The 1s. 6d. enclosed is towards the Breakfast Fund. It was earned by a poor widow of eighty, by knitting.'

'An aged widow of limited means sends 10s. for the same object.'

This loving, unselfish giving from the poor

to the poor rejoices our hearts. It seems to be an earnest to us that the work we seek to do is indeed a work God 'would have done,' and a work He will bless.

Our readers may be interested in hearing that the Rev. J. L. Yarborough, whose article ('A New Field for Emigration') appeared in our magazine in January, received 450 letters of inquiry from different parts of England, and, in consequence of information given by him, about thirty emigrants are going out to Hokianga.

Our correspondent across the seas in the April magazine says, 'I wonder if there are blueberries in England?' and the editor appends a note saying, 'We are nearly sure there are.' Well, a friend writes to say that Shakespeare speaks of blueberries, and that Mr. Lettsom, who edited notes on Shakespeare, made particular inquiries about the berries in Shakespeare's county, Warwickshire, with this result: Blueberries are between blackberries and mulberries, not so large as the latter, but larger and with the seeds further apart than blackberries.

'We have a favourite old horse whose teeth have become very tender, and as beans are considered good for old horses, we make a mixture of ground beans, crushed oats, and a sprinkling of bran just moistened with water; he is very fond of this. We often give him brown bread, too, and bits of ripe apple and pear, and in summer the fine grass from the mowing machine when the lawn is mown. We never give our horses sugar; they are very fond of it, but it is so bad for their teeth, and they will soon follow you about for bits of bread as eagerly as for sugar.'

We hope Marchioness, and any other old horse interested in the question, will profit by this advice.

No kind thought which spares God's creatures needless pain is thrown away.

The gift which the readers of the BANNER OF FAITH sent to help in the building of a mission house at Zuurbraak, S. Africa, arrived just at the right time, when the work was on the point of being stopped for want of materials.

On receiving this tangible proof of the sympathy of friends in England, our countrymen took courage and built a little more of the wall. The roof, however, is still a subject for the exercise of faith. Remember that the labour is all a free gift from the poor but willing people of the district. It is only money for materials that they ask for.

The Apostles' Creed.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

By Rev. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

Expectation Sunday (JUNE 6).

'The Forgiveness of Sins.'—*Forgiveness*.—S. John xx. 19-23; 1 S. John i. 8, 9.

A. I. 'Sins'—What are they?

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| 1. Things {
done
undone. | 2. In {
thought
word
deed | 3. By {
will
weakness. | 4. Against our {
God
neighbour
selves. |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|---|

II. 'Forgiveness'—Where does it come from?

- 1st. From God.—S. Luke xxiii. 34.
- 2nd. For the sake of Christ.—Eph. iv. 32.
- 3rd. By the agency of His Ministers.—S. John xx. 21-23—by means of {
First Baptism.—Acts ii. 38.
Secondly Absolution.—2 Cor. ii. 10.

B. How to gain Forgiveness.

I. We must believe.—S. John iii. 16.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. In heart, by love.—1 S. John iv. 16. | 2. With lips, by profession.—Romans x. 10. |
| 3. In life, by good works.—S. James ii. 20. | |

II. We must repent.—S. Luke xiii. 3.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. In heart, by sorrow.—Psalm li. 17. | 2. With lips, by confession.—Acts xix. 18. |
| 3. In life, by amendment.—S. Matt. iii. 8. | |

C. 1. What is Sin?—Sin is the transgression of the law.

2. What does sin deserve?—Eternal death.
3. How does God forgive sins?—Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.
4. Where do we find Forgiveness?—In the Church of Christ.
5. Is there any sinner too sinful to be forgiven?—No. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.
6. Why then are some sinners lost?—Because they will not believe in their Saviour and repent of their sins.
7. How can we find out our sins?

Whit-Sunday (JUNE 13).

'The Resurrection of the Body.'—*Resurrection*.—Ezekiel xxxvii. 1-14; S. John v. 28, 29.

A. The Fact of the Resurrection of the Body.

I. 'The Body is—

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|--|
| 1st. <i>The same</i> , for. | { | 1. The body is to receive according to its deeds.—2 Cor. v. 10. |
| | | 2. We are already members of the Risen Body of Christ.—Rom. vi. 5. |
| 2nd. <i>Changed</i> | { | 3. Our bodies are now Temples of the Holy Ghost, Who will raise them.—Rom. viii. 11. |
| | | 4. The sacraments, which we receive in our bodies, are pledges of Resurrection.—Rom. vi. 4, 5; S. John vi. 54. |
| | | 1. Spiritual.—1 Cor. xv. 44. |
| | | 2. Incorruptible.—1 Cor. xv. 53. |
| | | 3. Immortal.—1 Cor. xv. 53. |

II. 'The Resurrection' has been—

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|--|
| 1. Declared | { | Old Testament—Job xix. 25, 26. |
| | | New Testament—S. Matt. xxii. 31, 32. |
| 2. Accomplished | { | Old Testament—the 3 miracles of Elijah and Elisha. |
| | | New Testament—the 3 detailed miracles of our Lord, and the 3 miracles of S. Peter and S. Paul. |

B. Remember the 'account' (Rom. xiv. 10-12.)

- First. Keep your own body pure.—1 Cor. ix. 27.
- Second. Relieve the suffering bodies of the members of Christ.—S. Matt. xxv. 40
- Third. Respect the dead bodies of your neighbours.

1. Good.—Acts viii. 2.	2. Bad.—Acts v. 6.
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- C. 1. What is the meaning of 'The Resurrection of the Body'?—The body of every man, woman, and child shall rise at the Judgment Day.
 2. Why should our bodies be raised?—To show the power and love of God.
 3. By Whom will our bodies be raised?—By Christ, the Saviour of the body.
 4. Through Whom will our bodies live?—Through THE HOLY GHOST, the Giver of life.
 5. What should a Christian say of his body while alive?—'I keep under my body.'
 6. What may he say of his body when dead?—'My flesh shall rest in hope.'
 7. Describe the Resurrection-body.

Trinity Sunday (JUNE 20).

'And the Life Everlasting.'—*Life*.—Revelation xxi. 1-8; S. Matt. xxv. 46.

A. 'Life'

1. Bodily = Union of body with soul.—Gen. i. 20.
 2. Spiritual = Union of soul with God.—Gen. ii. 7.
 'Everlasting' = Union of body and soul with God for ever in Heaven.—S. John v. 29; S. Matt. xxv. 46.
 But what is 'Everlasting Punishment'?—It is *Death for ever in Hell*.
 And what is 'Hell'?—It is a place {^(a) of destruction.—Rev. xx. 14
 {^(b) of torment.—S. Mark ix. 41.

B. Consider these two *Last Pages*.

- | | |
|---|--|
| First. Fear of Hell.—S. Matt. x. 28. | Third. Desire of Heaven.—Psalm lxxiii. 24. |
| Second. Carefulness to escape.—S. Matt. iii. 7. | Fourth. Carefulness to gain.—Col. iii. 2, 3. |

- C. 1. What is 'Life Everlasting'?—Being in Heaven for ever with God.
 2. What is 'Death Everlasting'?—Being in Hell for ever without God.
 3. How are mankind saved from Hell?—By the Redemption of the Son of God.
 4. How may we gain Heaven?—Through Christ, Who is our Life.
 5. For whom was Hell prepared?—For the Devil and his angels.
 6. Who will share the everlasting fire with them?—'The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the people that forget God.'
 7. What must you do to escape Hell and gain Heaven?

, The complete SCHEME of these Instructions on the Apostles' Creed, arranged for the Sundays from Advent to Trinity, is now printed. It is in the Leaflet form, price 3d., and can be had of the Publishers.

Diocesan News.

The Metropolitan has administered the Sacramental ordinance of Confirmation in Trinity Church, S. John's Church, and the Church of S. John Baptist, in the City of St. John, in the month of May. His Lordship will visit Carleton and Victoria Counties during the summer for the same purpose, and will also confirm at Fredericton and Kingsclear. In August he will go to St. George, St. Andrews and Campobello.

The Bishop Coadjutor will hold Confirmations in most of the Parishes in Kings and Queens counties, having already visited Hampton on Palm Sunday.

The Rev. George J. D. Peters, late Vicar of Shelburne, N. S., has been appointed Rector of St. George's, Bathurst, and will take charge this month.

The Rev. Clement D. Brown has entered upon his work in the County of Restigouche, and has been well received by the Church folk.

The Missions now vacant are Aberdeen, Canning, Moncton, St. Martins, and McAdam.

The Rev. H. H. Neales, late Rector of St. Anne's, Campobello, has accepted an offer of work in the Diocese of Massachusetts. A Clergyman from the United States will shortly fill the vacancy.

An Ordination will take place at Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, on Trinity Sunday, June 20th. The Rev. C. B. Kenrick and Rev. E. J. P. B. Williams will be candidates for the Holy Order of Priesthood, and Mr. E. B. Hooper a candidate for the Order of Deacons.

Work on the Church at Ludlow has been re-commenced, and will be pushed forward under the able superintendence of our architect missionary, Rev. J. H. Talbot.

The Annual Sessions of the Diocesan Synod and Church Society will be held in Trinity Church School House, in the City of St. John, from Tuesday, June 29th, till Friday, July 2.

The Rev. H. Holloway, who for a long time has been suffering from inflammation in the left knee, was waited upon by a deputation of his parishioners on St. Philip and St. James' Day and presented with a very comfortable invalid reclining chair and a sum of money, together with an address expressing the love

of his people and their sympathy with him in his affliction. Among the names appended to the address were many of those who are not members of the Church, and this circumstance added not a little to the Rector's gratification. Mr. Holloway has now so far recovered as to have one service each Sunday in St. Matthew's Church, Harcourt, which is close to his house; but at Weldford Parish Church, which is thirteen miles away, there have been only two services this year.

Fairville Items.

It is somewhat late now, or will be when the Magazine is next issued, to report Lenten and Easter Services. We can, however, say that the Lenten Services in this Parish were exceedingly well attended, the three-hours' service, 12 to 3, on Good Friday having an attendance of 86, large numbers also attending at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. The Easter Day Services were largely attended, one chief feature being the large number of Communicants. We are now, God be praised, able to record over 80 Communicants in good standing. Others are under preparation for admission to the Blessed Sacrament. Signs of a deeper spiritual life are continually manifesting themselves, and God has in a marvellous way brought forth fruit and blessed the humble efforts to win souls to Him in this Parish. Our regular and constant Communicants Roll is more than doubled, our services largely attended, and our ranks continually receiving recruits; and this in the face of bitter opposition. Surely the hand of God is in all this, and we ought to take courage and be the more willing to spend and be spent in the Master's cause.

Our Children's Services seem to be gaining in favour, the Church being well filled on Easter Sunday afternoon. The children's Easter gifts came to over \$3. Our Church received various offerings from the faithful on Easter Day, viz., a Bishop's Chair, Reading Desk and Seat, by contributions; 2 Chancel Chairs, given by the Lodge family; Miss Lizzie Griffith and Miss Alice Raynes giving each a beautifully worked white bookmark; Miss Alice Avery kindly worked a nice Kneeler for the Sanctuary; and Mr. Miller presented a pair of flower

vases; a beautifully worked antependium was also presented to us for the Lectern.

Other gifts are, we hear, in store for us, and these we hope to acknowledge in our next items. Photographs of the Chancel and Easter decorations can be obtained at the Clergy House at 40 cents each.

On Thursday, May 6th, a small social was held in the School Hall and a very pleasant evening spent. The sum of \$16 was realized. We hope to have something of the kind at least once a month.

Signs of life are also to be seen outside of the Church. A nice fence is now in the course of erection, the grounds have been cleaned up and levelled, and roads are being made. It is also hoped to paint the outside of the Church in the course of a month or so. Our bazaar will be held in the School Hall the first week in June.

Parochial Items.

KINGSTON:—On Good Friday services were held in Trinity, St. James', and All Saints Churches, and collections taken at each service in aid of L. S. P. C. J.

Easter morn dawned clear and fine. There was an early celebration of the Holy Communion at St. James', when 17 of the faithful kept the Feast in this highest act of Christian worship and obedience.

Full Morning Service was held at Trinity Church, Rev. D. I. Wetmore assisting. At this service 116 humbly knelt and received the Blessed Sacrament of the Risen Lord's Body and Blood. At 3 p.m. there was a service at All Saints, Clifton, and at 7 p.m. the closing service at St. Paul's, Whitehead.

All the Churches were well attended during the day. Forty miles of hard driving over the softest of roads was required in order to accomplish this duty.

At All Saints on Low Sunday the Communicants numbered 67, some of whom had received on Easter Day at the Parish Church.

Since Easter the Rev. D. I. Wetmore has entered upon the duties of Assistant Minister, and it has been so arranged that until next Advent, at least, services will be held in all the Churches, four in number, every Sunday. We had hoped that the B. H. M., regarding this as "new work," could or

would have helped it forward by a very moderate grant. But, then! Whether it has been a case of *couldn't* or *wouldn't* we know not. This much we do know, they *have not*.

GREENWICH:—We are all very much delighted to see the face of our worthy Rector in and about his Parish. Work is progressing at the new Church, which it is hoped will be ready for consecration this summer.

GAGETOWN:—We were much disappointed on Saturday, May 15th, to find the examination papers of S. S. T. U. had not arrived. The teachers assembled at the Rectory and were all ready for work, but since the material was lacking, they were dismissed by the Rector. The delay, we believe, was caused in transit by mail.

PETITCODIAC:—Work is going on at the Mission Room at Salisbury, and we are looking forward to opening our Mission services in a few weeks. It is hoped that a grant will be made by D. C. S. in aid of our furniture. There is every prospect of work for the Church in this place.

NORFOLK:—A very good meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery was held in this Parish on Wednesday and Thursday, May 12th and 13th. Fourteen of the brethren were in attendance. At the end of the first session of the Chapter a hearty service was held at the Chapel of the Ascension, when the preacher was Rev. S. J. Hanford, and a collection was made for D. C. S. On Thursday Holy Communion was celebrated at 7 a.m. at the Parish Church, the Rural Dean being Celebrant. At the morning session of the Chapter Rev. Canon Medley was duly elected Rural Dean, and Rev. J. H. Talbot Secretary. Rev. H. S. Wainwright was appointed Representative from the Deanery on the Board of Home Missions. The question of the admission of laymen to one of the sessions of the Chapter was referred to a committee, who will report at the August meeting.

SUSSEX:—On Tuesday, May 18th, we had a very successful parlour concert at the Rectory in aid of the K. D. M. Musical selections from three acts of "Macbeth" were

well rendered by the choir of Trinity Church, four of the solo singers being in character. Five pretty little girls represented fairies, and did their part admirably. Between the Acts Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie and Rev. O. S. Newnham, as Editors of K. D. M., advocated the claims of "Our Magazine," and the audience responded to the call most generously by offering the handsome sum of \$35.70 to the funds. The money was solicited by two ancient looking witches who very politely handed it over to the Financial Editor.

A gloom has been cast over us since this happy event by the unexpected death of one of our Sunday School children, Grace Cogle, who, after a short but very severe illness, departed in peace on Wednesday, May 19th. The dear child was most faithful and diligent in attendance at Church and Sunday School, and was a general favorite amongst teachers and scholars. May God cheer the hearts of the sorrowing family!

HAMPTON:—The services on Easter Sunday in this Parish were as follows: In S. Paul's Church,—at 8.30, celebration of the Holy Communion; at 11, full Morning Service, Sermon, and Holy Communion; in S. Andrew's Chapel,—Evensong at 3 o'clock; at Hampton Village,—Evensong at 7 o'clock. The number of Communicants was 162, and the congregations good at all the services.

At the 11 o'clock service in St. Paul's Church Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Smith gave through the Offertory the deed of the piece of land on which the Mission School Room at Smithtown is being erected. The lot is 135 x 68 feet.

The annual meeting of the Parishioners was held on Easter Monday, and the usual business transacted. Messrs. Geo. Otty, and Chas. I. Smith were re-elected Church Wardens, and Messrs. Geo. O. D. Otty and Chas. I. Smith delegates to the Diocesan Synod. The reports from the various committees showed that the finances were in a healthy condition.

The foundation is laid for the Mission School Room at Hampton Village, and also at Smithtown. The buildings are framed, and probably before this is in print they will both be raised and boarded in.

The Rector begs to acknowledge, through the K. D. M., the receipt (through the Offertory at Hampton Village), from an anon. contributor, on Jan. 31st, the sum of \$5 for the poor; and on May 9th the sum of \$10 for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

Our Deanery.

NO. III.—HAMPTON.

The Parish of Hampton, ecclesiastically considered, may rank next after the Parishes of Kingston and Sussex. The Parish of Rothesay was originally part of the Parish of Hampton. In the early days of the century the Church people of that portion of Hampton, now embraced in the sections known as Nauwigewauk, Smith Town, and the Village, had their spiritual wants administered to by the Rev. Elias Scovil, of Kingston.

His services were necessarily irregular, and the absence of any convenient place for holding service so impressed itself upon the inhabitants that about the year 1810 they began to discuss the necessity of erecting a place of worship.

The first subscription list is as follows:

"We the subscribers do agree and promise to pay, when demanded, the sums annexed to our respective names, on condition that a Church shall be erected in the neighborhood of Mr. John DeMill's, providing that the inhabitants of the Parish of Norton and also those of the Parish of Kingston, whom it will accommodate, are willing to unite with us the inhabitants of Hampton in erecting a decent building for the public worship of Almighty God, for the accommodation of the respective Parishes. In witness whereof we have hereto subscribed our respective names."

The subscriptions in the three Parishes amounted to £344:18. The committee applied to their friends in St. John, and obtained from them £54:9:4. Among the St. John subscribers are the names of Hon. William Hazen, Hugh Johnson, William Pagan, Wm. Parker, Chas. L. Peters, John Robinson, Henry Gilbert, and Ward Chipman.

The trustees chosen for superintending and carrying on the work of building were Daniel Micheau, Esq., Mr. Isaiah Smith, Mr. Thomas

Fairweather. They were chosen on the 15th September, 1810, and it is most probable that the church was erected the next year. The writer has frequently heard his mother describe the large gathering of people at the raising of the frame, and the pleasure evinced by every one at the prospect of soon having a Church building in which to worship God.

The first Wardens and Vestry were chosen on April 5th, 1812. The Wardens were Gabriel Fowler and Rufol Rufolson. The Vestry were: Azor Hoyt, John DeMill, Wm. Frost, Sr., Samuel Smith, Salyer Morrill, Ebenezer Smith, Caleb Wetmore, Stent Raymond, Henry Fowler, Joshua Upham, Wm. Ketchum, Sr., and Henry Wannamaker; Clerk, Daniel Micheau.

The Rev. Elias Scovil continued to hold service in the new Church for several years, until the arrival of the Rev. James Cookson, who came out from England as a missionary from the S. P. G. Mr. Cookson, who was born in Hampshire, was 38 years old at this time.

(To be continued.)

Children's Corner.



PRIZE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

1. Why was the sacrifice of Abel accepted and that of Cain rejected?
2. How long was Noah in the Ark?
3. What is the teaching of the rainbow, and where is it mentioned in Holy Scripture?

CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Where is the ordination of Christian ministers referred to in the New Testament?
2. How many references can you give to the Sacrament of Baptism in the New Testament?
3. In what passages is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper referred to in the Scriptures?

M. S., Sussex, made the highest marks in the answers to the questions in the April number, and H. O. M., Petitecodiac, second.

Notice.

The Annual Meeting of the Governing Body, the Officers of the Sections, the Superintendents and the Teachers of the Sunday Schools in the Deanery of Kingston will be held on Wednesday, July 14th, 1886, at Sussex.

Holy Communion at Trinity Church, Sussex, at 10 a. m. First Session of S. S. T. U. at 11 a. m. at the Rectory.

Register.

BAPTISMS.

CAMBRIDGE,	January 31	— Harry Catheld Gale, 3 years
	February 28	— Emily Merion Fluck, 3 years
	March 28	— Edith Isabel Robinson, Infant.
	" 28	— John Robinson Belyea, Infant.
WATERFORD,	April 6	— Ellen Jane McEwen, Infant.
	May 24	— Mary Lavinia Munroe, 2 years.
S. MARK'S (Sussex)	Mar. 21	— Charles Leonard Bell, Infant.
	April 11	— Lauretta Franche Jeffries, Infant.
SUSSEX,	" 21	— Sarah Maud Coggon, 10 years.
	" 21	— Annie Alice Coggon, 8 years.
	" 21	— Minnie May Coggon, 6 years
	" 21	— George William Coggon, 3 years.
	" 21	— Charles Leonard Coggon, Infant.
	" 27	— Roswell Vail Arnold, Infant.
	May 5	— Seymour Golding Gamblin, Infant.
	" 10	— Alice Russell Hickson, Infant.
	" 10	— John George McLellan, Infant.
	" 16	— Mary Maud Cole, Infant.
STUDHOLM,	April 6	— Waldo Cecil Adair, Infant.
SPRINGFIELD,	" 2	— Fred. Richard Seely Benson, adult
	" 15	— Alice Miletta Huggard, Infant.
HAMPTON,	March 28	— Eveline Scovil, Infant.
	April 7	— Arthur Stephenson, Infant.
	" 15	— Henry John Belding, adult.
	" 15	— Oscar Hallet Belding, adult.
	" 15	— Rainsford Wetmore Belding, adult.
	" 15	— Beverly Rainsford Smith, adult.
	" 15	— Robert Scovil, adult.
	" 15	— Maria Scovil, adult.
	" 15	— Burton Byard Bruce Beyea, adult.
	May 2	— William LeBaron Taylor McManus
	" 9	— Percy Rollo Norman.
KINGSTON,	Jan.	— George Herbert Whiting.
	"	— Daniel Douglass.
	Feb.	— Elizabeth Lydia Brien.
	"	— David Bruce Flewelling.
	March	— Raymond Paddock Goreham.
	"	— Miles Wesley Bostwick.

MARRIAGES.

WATERFORD,	April 5	— Thomas Bardon and Anne Jane Proctor.
	" 14	— William Edwin Anderson and Jane Amelia Wallace.

BURIALS.

SUSSEX,	April 7	Ruth Hannah, aged 83 years.
	May 20	Grace Cogle, aged 21 years.
WATERFORD,	March 25	Mary Anne Richardson, aged 52 yrs.
	" 31	Martha Jane Watson, aged 72 years.
	April 14	Ellen Gallagher, aged 65 years.
	" 22	Lelitia Caroline Sproul, aged 4 years.
S. MARK'S (Sussex)	" 9	Elizabeth Kierstead, aged 79 years.
HAMPTON,	" 19	Richard Fleming, infant.
KINGSTON,	Jan. 16	Enos Flewelling, aged 66 years.
	Feb. 6	Henry Curry, aged 55 years.
	" 20	Clarissa Catheline, aged 74 years.
	March 8	Mrs. Richard Piers, aged 79 years.
	" 9	Mrs. William Long, aged 78 years.
	" 15	LeBarron Earl, aged 27 years.
	April 2	Mrs. John Brien, aged 76 years.
	" 14	Jane Nichols, aged 79 years.
	May 2	Susan M. Delong, aged 1 year.

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