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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.

HIS issue of the K. D. M. brings us to the beginning of the last quarter of the year. In looking over the list of the names of our subscribers we find that there are a good many subscriptions yet unpaid. We would ask those in arrears to kindly remit the amount due to the Rev. J. R. DeW. Cowie, Waterford, Kings Co.

His Readings of Scripture.

X.

FROM the pronunciation of proper names we may perhaps pass on to draw attention to some other words, which may have escaped notice. There are often words in English where a verb and a substantive are spelt exactly alike, and the accent alone tells whether it is a verb or a noun.

When, for example, we see "contrast" written or printed we must look for the context to see whether the stress or emphasis be laid on the first or the last syllable. In the verb the last syllable is accented; in the noun the first has the stress laid on it. We *con-trast* one thing with another; but two colors look well in *con-tract*. There are several such words in Scripture, and it is as well to remember this rule. Thus in I Sam. xv. 9, Saul says, "Every thing that was vile and refuse they destroyed utterly." Here we must read with the accent on the first syllable—"ref-use." So also in Amos viii. 6, Lam. iii. 45, etc. But in Exodus iv. 23, Heb. xii. 25, etc., the verb must be read "refuse." Similarly the word "convert" is sometimes a noun, sometimes a verb. In Isaiah i. 27 read "her converts;" but in Isaiah vi. 10, "and con-vert and be healed." In like manner those who are most careful in their pronunciation make a difference between the verb and the adjective of the word perfect: "That we might perfect that which is lacking in your faith (Thess. iii. 10); "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise (S. Matt. xxi. 16; see also Psalm cxxxviii. 8, Bible version); but "we speak of wisdom unto them that are perfect" (I Cor. ii. 6), and the use of the adjective is so common that no further example is necessary.

There are also two words which were originally spelt alike, but are now distinguished by different spelling, as well as different accentuation; we mean prophecy and prophesy. The former is the noun, which in singular and plural should be emphasized on the first syllable—*proph-e-ey*; the latter, the verb, should have the stress laid on the last syllable—*prophe-sy*.

There are, however, two words whose spelling and pronunciation do not vary, whether the word represents a noun or a verb; the words are traffick and travail.

Some readers have a habit of making a difference in the pronunciation of *wrath* and *wroth*, but this is probably an error in judgment. There is really no difference in meaning, and *wroth* should be pronounced like *froth*, and then there would be no perceptible difference in sound between *wrath* and *wroth*. Some few persons pronounce *hath* as if there were an r in the word—*harth*; but this seems to be a little fad which is not likely to find imitators.

One unusual word is used only once in Scripture, and has become so antiquated as to have passed away entirely from our language. Lest, therefore, one of our friends should come upon it suddenly in reading the proph. : Isaiah, we will draw attention to it for a moment. The word we refer to is *bestead*. The latter part of the word is well known to us, as it forms the latter half of a word very dear to many of us, *homestead*; as also of a word of not infrequent use, *bedstead*, and in the common word, *instead* of. The word *stead* is used in Scripture for place or abode: "They dwelt in their *steads*" (I Chron. v. 22), *i. e.*, in their houses, or abodes, or *homesteads*. "Whom he raised up in their *stead*" (Joshua v. 7): in their station or position. Hence the word "instead of" this or that. The word "bestead," then, means situated; and in the passage in which it occurs (Isaiah viii. 21), "hardly bestead," means in a position of great trouble and anxiety. The word should be pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable, like become, bestir, bemoan, and other such words.

Some readers do not pay sufficient attention to the pronunciation of *ov* at the end of a word, clipping it so short at times that it sounds like *er*. This is awkward in some passages, such as Genesis xxviii. 18: "He took the stone that he had put for his pillows and set it up for a pillar." Great care should be taken in reading this, that it be not misunderstood.

In consequence of this bad pronunciation the passage in Isaiah xiv. 8 is not often taken in the right meaning: "No feller is come up against us." As man is continually likened to a tree, so here the cedars of Lebanon are represented as rejoicing over the destruction of Babylon, since none came near to fell the trees—"no feller is come," that is, the smaller kings and princes of the people were in peace and were no longer in danger of being killed or cut down in battle.

In passing we may mention that there are some antiquated forms of words, which may perhaps be so pronounced as to be like the modern word. Such a word is *lien*: "Though ye have *lien* among the pots" (Ps. lxxviii. 13), which is now *lain*. In the time of the authorized version the word was changing, so that the word *lain* is used about twice as often as *lien*; but both are used. Now that *lien* has passed out of use altogether, there is no reason why it should not be pronounced *lain*, when it is necessary to read it. Again, *loaden* (Isaiah xlvi. 1) is not now used. We say *laden*, and *loaded*; and as *laden* is frequently used in the authorized version there is no reason why the passage in question should not be read, "Your carriages were heavy

laden." It is different with *holpen*; it is perhaps not well to alter this to *helped*. Yet the changes that Dr. Blayney introduced a century ago into the printing of the Bible are some of them more important than such a variation would be. We do not now refer to the alterations made in the margin and its references. These were, in our opinion, unjustifiable. The margin of the authorized version contained comparatively few references; but all of them were to the purpose, and a large proportion of them were references to that part of the Bible which we call the Apocrypha. These Dr. Blayney *wholly omitted* in his revision for the Oxford Press, which was entirely unauthorized by the Church; and what was worse, he introduced a large number of references which are of little value, and some of them give an erroneous interpretation. No doubt Dr. Blayney acted for the best; but a great many people who act for the best without proper authorization do a great deal of harm. He has introduced changes into the text; not important changes, perhaps; still we have noted ten changes in Genesis (one is Midianites for Medanites, who sold Joseph to Potiphar), eight in Exodus, twenty in Leviticus, sixteen in Numbers, and thirteen in Deuteronomy, making sixty-seven in the five books of Moses. If this be allowable surely a slight change in pronunciation may be allowed, that what is read may be more surely "understood of the people."

Two other words may be lightly alluded to which are liable to be unkindly treated by some. "Mischievous" is to be pronounced with accent on *mis*, and as three syllables only. We have not infrequently heard it called "mischeevious," a word of four syllables with accent on the italicized letters. Another word, "revenue," may be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. Some few years ago it was pronounced "revenue," but this is passing away.

There is a peculiarity in the language at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, which may here be mentioned. Two nouns, or nominatives, are often used with a singular verb, especially if the verb comes first, or the noun which comes nearest the verb happens to be in the singular number. This had escaped the notice of a very careful reader, and the result was that in the prayer at the close of the Litany he was in the habit of making an unusual pause, in order, as he thought, to make good grammar. The passage in question runs thus: "The craft and subtlety of the devil or man worketh against us." The clergyman in question thought that the disjunctive "or" marked off *man* as the nominative to *worketh*, because the verb was in the singular. He therefore

always made a pause to mark this, reading it thus: "The craft and subtlety of the devil; or *man* worketh against us," as if the craft and subtlety were wholly of the devil. Whereas indeed it should run thus: "The craft and subtlety (of the devil or man) worketh." This peculiarity is frequent in Shakespeare, and is not at all uncommon in the authorized version; the reader, therefore, must be prepared for this peculiarity. Some instances must be well known to our readers, others perhaps may have been overlooked. "Where moth and rust *doth* corrupt" (S. Matthew vi. 19). "Now *abideth* faith, hope, charity, these three" (I Cor. xiii. 13). "And so *was* James and John" (S. Luke v. 10). "Why *is* earth and ashes proud." "When distress and anguish *cometh* upon you." "The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue *is* from the Lord." "Before man *is* life and death." Such are a few instances of that which only requires to be pointed out to be readily acknowledged.

Infant Baptism.

AMONG the writers of very early Christian times was Justin Martyr, who was born towards the close of the age of the Apostles, and who wrote about forty or fifty years after the death of S. John. In his day the Christians were falsely accused by their enemies of teaching pernicious doctrine and of leading immoral lives. Justin wrote an Apology in their defence, addressed to Antoninus Pius and the Roman Senate, in which he states that he knew many, both men and women, sixty and seventy years of age, who had been made *disciples of Christ in their childhood*, and who had *continued* pure. Now there is no other way by which persons can be made disciples of Christ in their *childhood* but by Baptism, and the meaning of these words of Justin is that he knew many of both sexes, now sixty or seventy years of age, who had been baptized in their *infancy*, who by their Baptism had become pure, and had *continued* so. Justin also tells us that "Christians receive their *circumcision in Baptism*," and calls Baptism "*Christ's circumcision*," that is, the circumcision instituted by Christ.

Clement of Rome and Hermas both wrote while the Apostles were yet living, and their writings were read for a time in some of the Churches. Now both of them held and taught that the pollution of *original sin* needed cleansing, as well as that of actual sin. Clement says "No one is free from pollution, no, not though his life be but one day."

Hermas says, "Before *any one* receives the name of the Son of God, he is ordained unto death, but

when he receives that *seal* he is delivered from death and assigned unto life. Now *that seal* is the *water of Baptism*."

These extracts take us back to the days of the Apostles, and to the time of the writing of the New Testament Scriptures. The united testimony of every century is that *Infant Baptism* has been the universal custom of the Church. The necessity and obligation of Infant Baptism, as gathered from the writings of the Fathers, is founded upon: First, the words of our Lord, "Except any one be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Secondly, upon the doctrine of Original Sin, and the need of its cleansing through the merits of the death of Christ by the water of Baptism; and thirdly, upon the fact that Baptism has taken the place of Circumcision in the Christian Church.

Diocesan News.

The Metropolitan has returned in safety and in good health to Fredericton, after a long journey to Montreal, where he presided over the Provincial Synod. In stepping from the railway car to the platform at Montreal His Lordship missed his footing and injured one of his legs, but we are glad to hear he has entirely recovered from what might have been a very painful and serious accident.

The attendance of Delegates from this Diocese to the Provincial Synod was very good, consisting of twelve clergymen and ten laymen, nearly all of whom took part in the debates.

Rev. Theodore E. Dowling has returned from England to St. Stephen, and is much better for his season of rest and freedom from parochial care.

Rev. J. H. Talbot will take charge of the important parish of Moncton early this month.

Rev. A. J. Reid, Curate of Moncton, will assume temporary work as Curate of St. Paul's, Portland, St. John.

The Rectors of Trinity and St. Paul's, Portland, are spending a short vacation in the upper provinces of Canada and the United States.

The Mission of Richibucto is again vacant, and it is rumoured that Rev. F. H. Almon will be recalled from the United States to take charge of the Parish.

Rev. John Lockward has been appointed to the charge of the Mission of Port Medway, N. S.

Rev. Neil Hansen, eldest son of the Missionary of New Denmark, was ordained Deacon by the Metropolitan on Sunday, September 5th.

Rev. A. J. Cresswell, Missionary in Albert Co., has been unanimously elected Rector of Springfield, Kings County, as successor to Rev. J. H. Talbot.

Rev. C. F. Wiggins, Rector of Sackville, has been spending a short vacation in Prince Edward Island.

Rev. F. W. Vroom, Rector of Shediac, has so far recovered from his recent serious illness that he was able to commence work again on Sunday, Sept. 19, with three full services.

Rev. G. J. D. Peters, Rector of Bathurst, is indisposed, and is obliged to seek rest for a time from his arduous work. The good people of Bathurst are responding to his efforts for their good, and have lately raised over \$500 by a sale of work.

Rev. Canon Walker is now on a visit to his sons in the United States.

Two Representatives to the General Convention of the American Church have been selected from this Diocese by the Provincial Synod of Canada, viz., Rev. Canon Medley, of Sussex, and Hon. B. R. Stevenson, of Saint Andrews. The Convention will meet at Chicago on Wednesday, October 6th.

August 12th, 1887, will be a great day in Halifax, being the centennial anniversary of the Consecration of the first Bishop of the British Colonies, Right Reverend Charles Inglis, D.D.

Parochial Items.

JOHNSTON:—Our Parson is taking a little holiday, which he richly deserves. We hope to see him home soon, for we cannot do without him. He is the head of everything that is good. The fife and drum band have been winning laurels at all the picnics of late, and are justly proud of their position.

PETITCODIAC:—We are very sorry to say we are going to lose our Curate, Rev. B. R. Taylor, who is to leave us at the end of the year. He has done a good work and we shall miss him much, but we wish him good luck wherever he goes.

SPRINGFIELD:—The Parish is almost in mourning at the thought of losing our dear Rector and his family. It will be hard work for another to fill his place; but we have chosen Rev. A. J. Cresswell, who we hope will accept the position and carry on the good work of Rev. J. H. Talbot, who has laboured so earnestly among us for nine years. The Mission has entirely changed in character during that time, and we venture to say we are all better Church-people than we were then. We

have also three handsome Churches, all of which have many nails in them driven by the hands of our dear friend who is leaving us.

HAMPTON:—The annual Parochial Festival in this Parish was held on Tuesday, August 31st. Unfortunately the day was most unfavourable; but in spite of this the Church was well filled at the 11 o'clock service, and a large number of people assembled for dinner. Owing to the rain the band was unable to play, and the out-door games had to be given up. We were all disappointed, but hope for a better day next year. If the weather had been fine it was expected that some six hundred people would have been present. Five children were baptized at the service, and the Church was beautifully decorated with flowers and grain.

A site has been purchased for the School Chapel at Hampton Station. Plans have been procured and tenders asked for. Those interested in this building have given liberally towards the Building Fund. Much credit is due to the collectors, Mrs. McN. Travis and Mrs. Stewart.

SUSSEX:—On Thursday, September 23rd, our annual Sunday School Festival was held on the grounds of Nelson Arnold, Esq. At 1.30 p.m. the Superintendent, teachers, scholars, and some other of the parishioners assembled at the Church for a short service, in the course of which our Rector addressed the scholars on the character and example of Samuel. Three hearty hymns were sung, and at the close of the service the scholars and teachers, headed by a bright banner for each class, marched to the grounds, which are near to the Church, and spent the afternoon in the enjoyment of cricket, swings, foot-ball, races, and many other games. Tea was supplied at 4 p.m., which everybody seemed to enjoy heartily; and then came a tug of war and a scramble, and last of all "God Save the Queen," accompanied by ringing cheers.

Mr. George W. Daniel has kindly consented to assist the Rector of Sussex as Lay Reader, a work for which he is eminently well suited. We only hope his help will not cause the Rector to make long sermons, to which we strongly object.

WATERFORD:—Our Rector, after his busy work of preparation for Confirmation, has left us for a few weeks, his place being supplied on Sundays by Lay Readers from St. John. We do not complain, but we want to see him back soon.



THE
Banner of Faith.

OCTOBER 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER X.

SUCH a bright vision as greeted Hope's eyes when she opened that door into Mr. Furniss's house!

He was one of those early settlers in the colony, who by perseverance and industry had steadily grown rich, year by year. Much cattle had he, many acres of cleared land, smiling fields, a gay garden, but only one child, a motherless girl of eighteen. She stood before Hope now, a little startled at the strange visitor, but, after the first moment, ready to tender hospitality.

'A stranger, just out from England. Oh, please sit down; we do like English visitors. Take this chair, it is the most comfortable. Aunt, aunt,' she called, 'can you come here?' Then, as no one answered to the summons, she made a pretty excuse, and slipped away for a moment.

Then Hope's strained eyes took in the well-furnished room, the pictures, the books, the soft mats and easy chairs, the nameless small luxuries that are so rare in the colonies, and that recall England so strongly to one belonging to the old country. It looked like 'home,' yet a brighter, prettier home than lone Hope had been used to. A sort of content at the mere sight of such a nest crept over Hope; she was almost sorry when doors opened and voices came nearer, and

'aunt,' Mr. Furniss's sister, who acted a mother's part to her pretty niece, came in. A kindly, large-hearted lady, full of apology that their house was so full. The sale down at the Bay of Plenty, going on just now, had brought all their friends upon them, but luckily two of the gentlemen were spending the night away, so Hope could have one of their rooms: on the morrow better arrangements should be made. 'You would like some warm water now,' she ended, looking at Hope's tired face. 'Let Flora show you upstairs. Mrs. Westall, did you say?'

The pretty girl took Hope's bag and drew her out of the room. 'You are very tired,' she said sympathetically. 'Come with me—Mr. Wentworth's room, didn't you say, auntie?'

'Yes, dear, Mr. Wentworth's.'

Hope followed her guide into a comfortable bedroom, looking out over a stretch of cleared land towards the sea. Flora glanced out of the window for a second, a pleased smile stealing over her face. 'It is pretty, isn't it?' She turned to Hope. 'Mr. Wentworth says it beats England. I've never been to England, but I like Englishmen better than our people.'

'Is Mr. Wentworth English?' asked Hope languidly.

The girl nodded. 'Yes, he's been here a week, he's so clever and amusing. I

do hope he'll come back to-morrow, as he said.'

'She likes him. I hope he is a good man, poor child.' So Hope's thoughts ran.

The sweet-faced girl was now all the hostess ag in, seeing that the new-comer's few wants were supplied. Hope could not help feeling cheered and grateful. A night in this pleasant refuge would do her good, and on the morrow she would leave before the gentlemen came back. She shrank from anything like society just now.

She was just leaving the room, when a merry laugh from the garden called her to the window again. Miss Flora, with dancing blue eyes, and fluffy hair of bright gold, was struggling with a refractory pet lamb, which had made its way into the flower-garden, and insisted on feeding on roses. She nodded up to Hope. 'My spoilt child,' she cried.

It was a picture. The girl had beauty, youth, and goodness in her delicately tinted face. The sight touched Hope. 'God keep the child!' she said softly. She could hardly have told why. Then she went down to the bountifully spread table, over which Miss Furniss presided, and really enjoyed the good tea, the hot cakes, the well-cooked mutton chops, and the home-made peach jam spread before her. She would not tell her tale yet, would not tell it at all to bright Flora. When she could get Miss Furniss alone, she would question her concerning her late visitors, of any new-comers into the region. With the Bay of Plenty actually in sight, she must hear now of Harold if he had come this way. If not, she thought she would return to Auckland; when Harold was ill or weary he might come back to her there.

After her meal Flora reinstated Hope again in the cushioned chair. 'You are not to talk a word,' she said; 'you are to go to sleep, and I shall play to you. I like my piano better than the sewing machine.'

The girl played softly and sweetly. 'Sing me something,' Hope asked. And Flora turned over a heap of old ballads. 'Mother's music,' she said; 'I like these old songs.'

So did Hope. Her mother had sung some of them to baby Charity in the days long past.

Flora's voice brought back those dear hours.

The girl suddenly swung round on her stool in the middle of 'Home, sweet Home.' 'Oh, if you like my singing,' she said, 'what would you think of Mr. Wentworth's? It's beautiful! We sing duets together sometimes; you must stay and hear him.'

Then Flora's fingers returned to the keys again, but she sang no more, only seemed to set her happy wandering thoughts to low harmonies of her own.

'She is in love with Mr. Wentworth,' now decided Hope.

It gently interested her to map out this rich, pretty girl's future—her engagement to an honest kindly Englishman, her occupation of a new home, of which she would be the gay, sunny mistress, spreading joy wherever her sway extended. 'Oh, I hope he is a good man!' again thought Hope. *He* was still Mr. Wentworth.

Flora's thoughts were always running on this absent guest. And when she left the room towards evening on some household errand, and Hope began to nerve herself to tell her tale, the kind elderly aunt, too, was so full of Mr. Wentworth's good qualities and attractions that she could not edge in a word. Well, it was a rest to the poor wife to be silent on her own painful affairs. Evidently these people were possessed of no vulgar curiosity. Hope was a stranger, and they had gladly taken her in. She was asked to explain nothing.

By-and-by, as the light waned, Miss Furniss grew more confidential. Dear Flora, her niece, must marry some time. Girls did marry early in the colony, and she was always afraid of her not getting a good husband.

Now Mr. Wentworth, he hadn't spoken yet, but she saw through him; he couldn't keep his eyes off Flora all day long; he would be a husband worthy of the girl—an English gentleman with means, too—good means. Of course dear Flora, brought up as she had been, must have comforts. Miss

Furniss had said a word to her brother on the subject, and he had made no objections; only (just like a man) had declared that he was in no hurry to hand his girl

with the lights, Hope was ready for bed and quiet

Her room looked towards the dawn. She was waked early by the sunshine, for she



MR. FURNISS'S HOUSE.

over to any one, though he liked the young man well enough.

So Miss Furniss purred on till Flora came back, and when the bright face reappeared

had drawn up the blinds overnight; but pretty Flora was about, singing in the garden, so she rose and dressed herself.

A knock at the door was followed by the

entrance of the girl herself, with a little tray of coffee. 'It isn't breakfast,' she said; 'it will be an hour before aunty has done all her work and is ready for that, but I heard you were up, and so I brought you this.'

Then she looked round the room. 'Mr. Wentworth comes back to-day,' she said, 'this evening. Oh, please do stay to see him—I should like you to see him.' Her cheeks were glowing now. Hope stooped to kiss the down-drooped face.

'Mr. Wentworth shall find no one in his place in his room,' she said smilingly. 'No, dear, I am obliged to leave early;' she put aside the coming remonstrances and spoke firmly; 'my journey is one of business, I must not delay longer.'

Flora looked really disappointed. 'I had taken such a fancy to you,' she said, like the petted child she was. 'Well, then, I shall go and gather you some flowers to take with you.'

Hope drank her coffee, and wondered if by the same time to-morrow she should have found Harold. She almost felt as if she might be near him. She must have that talk with Miss Furniss before she started for Merseymouth. As she replaced the cup on the little table the spoon fell out of the saucer, and Hope, in stooping to pick it up, leant heavily against a cupboard door she had hardly noticed before. It was a door in two pieces with a lock in the middle, but it could not have been properly fastened, for the two flaps swung steadily wide open as she stood up, revealing several shelves and a hanging cupboard.

Hope went to close them, when a sudden shiver ran through her whole body. What did she see? What awful skeleton did that cupboard contain? She stared with wild eyes of fascination on a spot of colour on the first shelf. *The green baize bag of money* she had last seen in Harold's carpet bag. Yes, there it was, carelessly thrust behind a flannel shirt—Harold's shirt, she knew the pattern. The shirt had fallen away from the bag, and a stray sun-ray lighted up the O. H. in cross-stitch on the baize which Hope knew so well.

How many times, as a little girl, had she

asked for that O. H. to copy. It was mother's work, and therefore most admirable.

Hope touched nothing. She did not even take up the bag to see if the money were there. She sank into a chair and put her hands over her eyes to collect her thoughts. Harold had been here in this room most certainly—was here perhaps, had slept the night before on this pillow. He was—she stood straight upright now and panted, for she had made a discovery—he was that Mr. Wentworth who had captivated the fancy of this pretty childish girl. He had evidently never betrayed the fact of his being a married man.

And he was coming back again to this house, under his false name, to grieve and disappoint that child's heart still further for his own selfish pleasure.

Of course hers was just the face to please Harold—bright, fair, and young; and this wealthy, comfortable dwelling would exactly suit him. Hope ascribed no worse feelings to her husband than the desire to remain awhile in possession of these excellent quarters, even at the expense of breaking a girl's heart in the end. Yet the shock was terrible. He could no longer care for her, his wife.

She had found him—not sick and weary, longing for his wife to wait upon him, but posing as the wealthy Englishman looking for land to settle on, and meantime free to trifle with any pretty girl that crossed his path.

What was Hope now to do? She positively shrank from the question. But it must be faced. It was Harold all over, to leave his valuable possessions open to any chance passer by, as he had done. The bag of money—but that was a small matter. The gold was nothing to her now. She had weightier matters to think of.

The girl must never see 'Mr. Wentworth' again. That was Hope's first thought, but she could not manage this alone, she should have to take Miss Furniss into her confidence.

Then another plan suggested itself to her mind—a better one, since it would not necessitate unhappy disclosures. She would find out the route by which the gentlemen

were to return that evening and confront her husband, telling him she knew all, and daring him to return to the house into which he had insinuated himself under a false name.

Though Hope even yet desired not to expose her husband, she felt that this last discovery of his heartlessness had frozen her very soul. She no longer cared for him; it had been some other man she married; he might now take himself and his gold whither he would, to neither would she make any claim. Then she bethought herself of the ten sovereigns in her purse which she never had used—never would use for her own needs. She took them out with feverish haste, and replaced them, wrapped in a scrap of paper, in the bag whence they had been taken. After that she breathed more freely, she felt more free.

She would have one more interview with Harold, and then life was over for her as far as rejoicing in life went. She should *exist* only, a poor wrecked soul waiting on the bare rocks of desolation for deliverance. Death only could bring her relief.

She went over that coming meeting with Harold in anticipation. There should be no tears nor loud reproachings, only a cold, quiet, cutting farewell. He had wronged her beyond the bounds of forgiveness. They must part now for ever.

Then Hope braced herself for the terrible ordeal of the coming hours. How she got through them she never knew. She listened mechanically to Flora's gay chatter and Miss Furniss's more monotonous confidences. She sat down to breakfast and dinner, and ate and drank, or seemed to eat and drink, like the rest.

She learned from Flora the road by which 'Mr. Wentworth' would return with the rest from Plenty Bay, and listened breathlessly for the hour at which they might be expected. She steadied her voice to perfect firmness when she announced the time at

which she must leave in the afternoon. She would then walk boldly along the track, leaving the actual meeting with her husband to arrange itself. She should find Harold; that was all she cared for. When he saw her he would be as wishful as herself to have no witnesses to their conversation.

'But why will you not let us drive you to Plenty Bay, Mrs. Westall?' asked Miss Furniss for the second time. Hope had not heard the first question, she was so deep in her own calculations. 'Flora would enjoy it, and she would meet her father and Mr. Wentworth.'

Hope shivered.

'No, no,' she said; 'I thank you, but I would rather walk—I enjoy it,' she forced her poor lips to add.

Happily attention was distracted from the matter by a servant bringing in a freshly made cake, on which Flora had set her mind.

'Dear Mrs. Westall must take it with her.'

The girl was of a singularly guileless, loving nature; Hope could not keep her at arm's length. Nay, she kissed her fondly at parting.

'God bless you, dear! You have been good to me. I pray Him I may be able to keep you from harm.'

'Such a strange thing to say,' said Flora as she watched their visitor disappear round a curve in the road.

'My dear, she is a strange person, but nice and good I am sure. I am afraid she is in some great trouble, but I did not like to ask. She would have told me if she had wished to do so.'

So spoke kind Miss Furniss.

Meantime Hope plodded on, on towards that last meeting with her husband, waiting for the moment when she should see a cloud of dust in the distance, and horsemen drawing nearer, one of whom would be Mr. Wentworth—Harold Westall!

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

S. ALBAN.

NO speak of S. Alban is to speak of one who lived in a very remote period of our history. It carries our thoughts back to those distant days when Britain was first emerging from the night of barbarism.

Strange days they were, as compared to our own. The art of cultivation and the refinements of life were scarcely known. Merely swamps and entangled forests prevailed from one end of this island to the other. Here and there a clearing had been made for a Roman camp; or a few British huts had been erected and called a town. Roman roads, too, were beginning to make travelling possible.

But, beyond this, Britain more resembled an Australian bush district, or some backwoods of America, where Nature is as yet undisturbed by the hand of man. Nor were the inhabitants less rude and barbarous.

Wild, uncouth creatures they were, with their bodies all tattooed blue and green with woad, with girdles round their waists, and metal chains upon their breasts. Not pleasant people to encounter as they went bounding through the brakes and briars, their long hair waving in the wind, and their javelins raised ready to hurl. Sometimes they might be seen riding in rude chariots, with sharp scythes affixed to the axles, to cut down any enemies who crossed their path. Their food was of the simplest, often nothing more than the wild berries of the wood. And as they were a roving, restless people, not of one nation, but of many tribes, a large portion of their time was spent in warring one against another.

The religion of these ancient Britons was Druidism—a dark, mysterious faith with some good tenets and many bad. We all know their reverence for the mistletoe and the oak. It was beneath the latter that the people were wont to assemble to listen to the teaching of the Druid, or to hear him pass

sentence on some criminal. For the Druids, with their long flowing beards and venerable aspect, possessed no small authority. They were judges as well as priests, magistrates as well as teachers. But their creed was barbarous and cruel—one of its terrible features being the sacrifice of human beings. Sometimes they made immense figures of plaited osiers, filled them with prisoners taken in war, and then set them on fire. Hideous indeed must have been such a spectacle, and horrible the sufferings of the victims!

You have heard of Stonehenge. Perhaps you have seen it, with those large massive stones standing in circles in the midst of Salisbury Plain. If so you have gazed upon what is probably a Druid temple, and on the altar stone used for the slaughter of human victims at sunrise.

No wonder Julius Cæsar, when he landed in Britain B.C. 55, was disgusted both with the people and their religion. He thought them rude and barbarous, sunk into the lowest state of degradation. He had little hope of raising their condition; but, to the long Roman rule, the Britons were undoubtedly much indebted. During the two or three hundred years that they were in this island, the Romans busily occupied themselves in teaching the conquered Britons the arts of civilised life. From the Romans the people learned how to build forts and walls, to organise forces, to train soldiers, and to fight. Under them they became an ordered community. The Romans did not, however, furnish them with a system of morality or a religion.

Britain was in some such condition as we have been describing when S. Alban was born. It was yet in a state of moral darkness—a darkness that was to be dispelled only by the true Light. There are many churches in England dedicated to S. Alban. And it is a happy circumstance that it is so. For in the first place the name brings before

us a character that is worth studying. And in the second it reminds us of the great antiquity of our branch of the Church.

And firstly, as to the character of S. Alban. We judge a man's character according to the opportunities he has possessed, and the circumstances with which he has been surrounded. In dark ages we do not expect to meet with such lofty standards of living as in those flooded with light. We do not look for the perfection of the Sermon on the Mount in the lives of Samson, and Gideon, and Deborah, and Barak. And we should hardly have hoped for a noble, Christian life, as the outcome of the turbulent British times. And yet, we stumble across such, in the history of S. Alban. It is a history of the noblest self-surrender. It is the tale of a man giving his life for his friend. In his dying act, Alban followed closely the footsteps of his Divine Master.

The story is as follows. Alban was a Roman soldier, living at Verulam, near the town which since has received his name, and in which a glorious cathedral has been dedicated to his memory. During the persecution of Diocletian, towards the close of the third century, a Christian priest sought shelter at his house. Alban received him, and by-and-by, observing the earnestness with which his guest engaged in his devotions, he declared himself a Christian, and was instructed and baptised. The priest, being discovered and sent for, Alban hastily changed garments with him, and presented himself in his place, thus enabling the priest to escape. When recognised, he at once declared himself a Christian, and was ordered to instant execution. The soldier, who conducted him, was so struck with his manly bearing and unflinching firmness, that he threw away his sword, declaring that he would not carry out the sentence, and desiring that he might suffer too. So together they suffered martyrdom for the Faith of Christ. As they passed to execution, various miracles were said to have taken place. A river dried up to enable them to cross it; and a fountain burst forth when Alban desired water. And the executioner's eyes, it was afterwards reported, fell from his head, as he accom-

plished his revolting task. All these traditions, which have gathered round the sad event, serve to show the reverence a good man could inspire in his fellows, even in a dark and a dreary age. May his name still kindle in Christian breasts the true spirit of self-sacrifice.

But the name of S. Alban serves a second useful purpose. It reminds us of the antiquity of our Church. He is *our* S. Alban. We, and he, are of the same Divine society. Equally are we members of Christ's Spiritual Body. We regard him as an ancestor in Christ.

Some people suppose that the Church to which we belong, was selected out of a number of other religious bodies, and established as the National Church in the time of Charles II. They think that there have always been several forms of Christianity, from which the State picked out and endowed one.

Others imagine that a Roman Catholic Church was expelled from this country at the Reformation, and a new institution put in its place.

And among those, who know both of these to be false and foolish ideas, it is frequently supposed that the Christianity of England dates from the time of S. Augustine 596, A.D., and was first received by the Saxons at the hands of teachers from Rome.

To all these theories, the name of S. Alban should suggest an answer. Our Church is his Church, and amongst our own island martyrs we place his name first. Alban lived before Normans or Saxons set foot here, before parliaments were instituted, or kings of England reigned. He was a member of a native Church, which was already deeply rooted in the hearts of our British forefathers before this land was civilised, or a nation formed. He was only one, amongst many, who devoted their lives to the settling and strengthening of this Church. His devotion has not ceased to bear fruit. The Church he loved has continued to witness to Christ in this country from that day to this, and to her influence may largely be ascribed the framing of those laws and institutions of which we are so justly proud, and which

have gone to make England a name in the world.

If the origin of the English Church is asked for, we must answer that it is buried, in the mists of the earliest times. By some it has been supposed that S. Paul himself visited this island and founded our Church, and that S. Clement of Rome refers to his visit when he speaks of the Apostle travelling 'into the extreme west.' Another ancient tradition connects S. Joseph of Arimathæa with Glastonbury in Gloucestershire. Whilst a third narrates that Lucius, a British king, became a Christian in the second century and sent to Rome for Christian teachers. Against all these, it is supposed with some probability, that Christianity was first introduced through the tin miners of Cornwall. We know that a trade in tin with the East was carried on

before the time of our Lord, and that frequent communication passed between the Cornish men and people of other climes. May it not be that the message of good news came through these from the Christians of Asia and the Churches of S. John?

At least, we may rest assured that our own English Church is one of the most ancient in the world, that she is a true branch of the One Church founded in the Upper Chamber at Jerusalem, that she is dependent for her teaching, not on the will of a people or nation, but on her ancient commission received from Christ through His Apostles. She is the Church to whom from the beginning has been entrusted the spiritual care of this great nation. May she have grace given her to fulfil her trust!

J. H. M.

What does it Mean?

BLESSED is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments.' What does this text mean? We must know something of Jewish history, of the laws and customs of the Temple service, to make it clear.

The words refer to a punishment awarded to the Temple guards if found asleep at their posts. There were night guards as well as day guards appointed. During the night the 'Captain of the Temple' made his rounds. On his approach the guards had to rise and salute him in a particular manner. The guard found asleep on duty was beaten, or his garments set on fire. Now, do you see the meaning of 'keeping his garments?'

A Rabbi writing an account of the Temple tells us that his own uncle once suffered this punishment, the captain of the guard setting fire to his loose raiment as he lay sleeping on the ground. That man did not keep his garments.

Another text can also be explained by Temple customs. Our Lord's statement to

St. Peter, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.'

The priests on duty in the Temple were compelled to take a bath before serving. Under the Temple a passage lighted on both sides led to the bathing room. After the bath the priests needed not all that day to wash again save their hands and feet. This they had to do each time, however often they came for service into the Temple.

We take this washing of the feet to signify the daily cleansing we need for sins of infirmity committed after the washing of baptism. This we can have by repentance, the precious blood of Christ then renders us 'clean every whit.'

I have taken these two explanations of texts from an interesting book on 'The Ministry and Services of the Temple as they were in the time of our blessed Lord,' written by a celebrated Hebrew scholar of our time.

Died for me.

AMONG the war records of America, one incident is told which is worth repeating.

After the battle of Chickamauga a man, roughly dressed, was seen standing by a grave in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Nashville. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, but every now and then he wiped them away, and looked steadily at the painted board which stood at the head of the grave.

'Your son, sir?' a sympathetic bystander asked.

'No, not mine. He lived in our town, though, and I came to find his grave.'

'A relation, then—a friend, perhaps?'

'My neighbour's son,' said the farmer. Then, seeing the interested look on the questioner's face, he added, 'I'd like to tell you all. I'm a poor man with seven small children and a sickly wife. I was drafted for this war. I couldn't hire a substitute. I was in great trouble, for that meant starvation to the poor things at home, none of whom could work for their living, not to speak of carrying on the farm. The morning I ought to have left them my neigh-

bour's son came and offered to go in my stead. Said he, "I've no one depending on me, and you have." So he went, and was killed in action. This is his grave. I felt I must come and put those words over his head.'

On the painted head-board 'Died for me' was roughly traced under the name of the sleeping soldier. The tears and distress of the survivor testified to his gratitude, but most of all he showed his appreciation of the act of love by taking a long and weary journey to set up this outward mark of his feelings.

Reader, was it too much, think you, to do for a fellow-man? You are indignant at the bare idea. Why, he died for him, you answer. And has not the Perfect Man died for you? What have you done to show your gratitude to Him? Have you confessed before the world your thankfulness to Him?

Have you kept holy the day of His death?

Have you regularly commemorated the sacrifice at His altar, as He bade men do?

Oh! if you have done none of these things, you are surely most ungrateful, forgetful, and neglectful of One who 'died for you.'

The Wrong Excuse.

TWO working men were talking about a comrade who had lately 'got into trouble,' as the saying is.

'He oughtn't to say he was led into it,' said one; 'he *lent* himself to it.'

The remark struck me as a thoughtful one.

When a man, open-eyed, goes into dangerous places, associates with questionable characters, surely he lends himself to evil—he is not led into it.

Yet people often say regretfully, 'Ah, poor fellow, he was led into it,' when a man has committed a sin under the influence of

drink. 'He wouldn't have done it,' they add, 'if he'd been in his right senses.'

Very likely not, but why did he lend himself to evil by going into a place of temptation—the public-house?

A boy commits a theft. It is his first offence; he has been led into it by a bad companion, it is declared.

True, but before that, when he *would* keep company with that boy in spite of his parents' warning, he lent himself to sin. The least wilful forsaking of the right path is a leaning towards sin. It is a false excuse for such people to say they are *led* into sin.

Going out and Coming in.

Ps. cxxi.

THE Lord preserve thy going out,
The Lord preserve thy coming in;
God send His angels round about
To keep thy soul from every sin.

And when thy going out is done,
And when thy coming in is o'er;

When in death's darkness all alone,
Thy feet can come and go no more,

The Lord preserve thy going out
From this dark world of grief and sin,
Whilst angels standing round about
Sing 'God preserve thy coming in.'

ELIZABETH H. MITCHELL.

The Crossing.

IHAVE been what they call a 'masterful man' always. It's easier, may be, for such as me to get on in the world than for those that are gentler and less set to have their own way, but I am sure that there are some things that come harder for us. We can't *always* get what we want, do what we may, any more than the rest; and when we *are* balked it seems to us as though such a thing had never happened before. We are tempted, too, to set ourselves up too much, to forget those above us, and think that we can do everything.

When I speak of getting on in the world I don't wish to be understood that I've done anything very great at present. I'm only employed on the line so far, though I get good pay, and have a position of trust, and hope to have a better some day. But if any one saw me now, with a good house over my head and a good coat on my back, and remembered me as I can well call myself to mind—a little ragged, ignorant boy, without a friend or relation in the world—he might think that I had got on pretty well considering.

That sounds a bit boastful, and I know I'm too much that way inclined; but any time I think to myself how well-off I am, I say to myself, '*Thank God,*' and I mean it too.

It was not till I was a man getting on for thirty that I turned my thoughts in any way to religion.

I'd been steady and respectable always, as

a man needs to be who wants to get on, but I hadn't kept so, with any thought of pleasing God, and I'm afraid I didn't think or care much whether He was pleased or no.

It would be a long tale to tell how Mr. Harrington, our clergyman, talked to me again and again, and how much trouble he took with me, and all the things he said. I doubt I should make but poor work of trying to repeat them, and, after all, they wouldn't be to any other man what they were to me. These are things that every man must learn, each for himself.

I came over to the right side at last, and please God I will keep on it to the end.

I feel sorry sometimes, though, when I think of the way I came to be confirmed. It was a right thing to do, and I wouldn't undo it, but there was a deal that was not good mixed with my feeling about it. Mr. Harrington had spoken to me about it more than once, and I saw that it was right, but I wasn't very willing, and I don't know when I should have made up my mind if it hadn't been for some of my mates making fun of me. They tried to laugh me out of it, and said they thought I should be ashamed to go up amongst all those little boys; and that roused my spirit, and I said I would go in spite of them, and I went. Mr. Harrington knew nothing of this when he prepared me, but may be it was because of it that I could not bring myself to go further afterwards. He wished me to come to the sacrament, and I knew I ought, and in a certain way I

wished it, only that I could not get rid of one evil feeling.

Although I got on so well on the whole, I'd been balked in one thing that I had set my heart on, and I couldn't get over it.

There was but one girl in our village that had ever taken my fancy in the way of a wife. I did not know much of her, but she pleased me any way, and I made up my mind to have her. But she wouldn't have me, wouldn't even walk with me; and she took up with Fred Morris, a soft, idle, easy-going fellow that I could have beaten, any way he liked, every day in the week.

It went hard with me, as you may guess, to be checkmated that way by a girl's fancy, and for a fellow like that, too. I bore no grudge against *her*, she acted fair and square with me from the first. But I chose to think that *he* hadn't done altogether right by me; though now I am sure that he had no thought of me in the matter from first to last, and had no occasion to think of me.

So I hated him then, and nothing that he did ever pleased me. Both before they were married and after, I kept watching him, always finding out what he was doing and how he got on; and whatever he did, or didn't do, I blamed him for.

I'd never seen any girl yet that would suit me after Mary Furniss—Mary Morris that was now; and I was always thinking how much better off she'd have been as my wife than she was as Fred's. He certainly did not get on very well, and I hated him all the more for that, thinking how he'd taken her from me to drag her down in the world with his thriftless ways.

That was all very well as long as I didn't care about doing right; but when there was talk of my coming to the sacrament it was different. I did try then to get rid of the feeling, but I'd nursed it too long. It was like part of myself then, and I *could* not feel in charity with Fred Morris, nor wish him well.

I tried at first, and then I gave up, and made up my mind that it was my nature, and I couldn't help it.

I don't know how long I might have gone

on like that, but for a sermon I heard Mr. Harrington preach.

It wakened my heart and frightened me all at once, and I said to myself that I must and would get the better of my bad feelings, that I might come to the holy table after all. All the week after I was thinking of it, and checking myself when I found myself asking and spying after Fred and his doings, and thinking ill of him and of them. It was hard work, and I fairly lost patience with myself many a time. But off and on, pretty near all the time, I was saying in my heart, 'Lord, help me! Lord, find me a way to get the better of this.'

I didn't see then how He was going to find a way—there was no way that I could see; but He found one, and quickly too.

At that time I was earning a little extra money by keeping a railway crossing—that is to say, by tending the two gates where a branch line crossed the village street. There were only three trains passed that way between six in the morning and ten at night, and after that no more till next morning. So the man who tended the gates all day left at six, when my day's work was over, and I sat in his box till after ten.

I don't know why I did it, for I'd nothing in particular to work and to save for; but it had come to be a habit with me to get all I could.

So many a night just then I sat there, almost in the dark, and thought about my own affairs and Fred Morris. I had no chance to forget him if I had wished, for every evening he crossed the road between nine and ten, coming back from the town.

He was driving a milk cart at that time, taking it into town twice a day for one of the farmers; and every night as I watched him pass the crossing on his way home it brought back thoughts that would have been better away. I thought of Mary all alone in the long evenings, and of how much longer Fred was away than I should have been, in his place, and of many things beside.

And then I would catch myself up, finding that I was thinking evil again, and wonder how I was ever to get the better of this.

One night Fred was very late getting

back. I kept listening for the sound of the wheels on the road, and looking at my watch by the light of my lantern, and wondering what kept him so long.

He was three quarters of an hour behind his usual time, and if he did not come directly, he would have to wait till the ten o'clock train had gone by.

I took a last look at my watch, and went out to shut the gates. My hand was just on one of them when I heard the rattle of the wheels close by.

'Keep back!' I shouted. 'Draw up. You'll have to wait a bit now.'

There was no answer, but the wheels came on. I was at the furthest gate, and before I could get to the other one the horse had passed it, and was on the line. So I flung the further one open again, and shouted again, 'Be quick, then.'

Still there was no answer, and looking up I saw that Fred was not driving. He was in the cart, but sunk down in a heap on the seat, and the reins hung loose.

'Drunk!' I said to myself; and before I had time to do anything the horse had swerved from the light of my lantern, and turned to the left, getting the gatepost jammed between the wheel and the cart. I ran to his head, and tried to force him back, but he would not back rightly, and the wheel was fast.

I leaned over into the cart and shook Fred by the shoulder. 'Get out,' I cried, 'get out and help me, or you'll be smashed, cart and all.'

Just at that moment I heard the whistle of the train, and there was the cart, fast jammed just in the up track. 'Get out, if you value your life,' I shouted, shaking Fred again; and then I turned and ran down the down track as hard as I could go, calling out and waving my light.

The train was close before me, even sooner than I expected. They saw me, for I plainly heard the jarring grind as the break was put on; but I foresaw that they could not possibly stop her in time.

I turned again and flew back, quicker than ever I'd gone in my life before. Surely Fred had got out as I bade him, and

yet I felt as if I were racing for life or death. I had a moment's start, and the train was slackening speed; but when I got to the crossing it was nearly there. And there was Fred, in the cart still, but just leaning over the edge of it, as if he had thought of getting out, and had changed his mind.

The horse was kicking, and as the train came so near, he gave a great plunge, and tore himself clean out of the shafts. And at the same moment I dashed across the up track, so close to the train that I felt the burning glow from the engine on my face, sprung on to the cart, caught hold of Fred, and tumbled him and myself, anyhow, out over the front of it.

You may believe me or not, but I know that though it was all done in the twentieth part of a minute, I had time to think, '*Why, I don't hate him after all! I'll save him or die with him, and then it'll be all right, either way.*'

* * * *

I knew nothing after that till I came to myself in the signal-box, and found myself lying on the floor with somebody's coat wrapped up for a pillow, and two or three folks from the cottages near, fidgeting about, and upsetting everything.

Fred was not there, and when I asked after him, they gave me such unstraightforward answers, that I was afraid that I had been too late, and that he had been killed after all. But it was not so, though things were not very well with him. I was about and well the first, though I had got a sprained arm and a cut on the head, and he had nothing beyond a few bruises.

The fact was, he was not drunk that night, as I had thought—being too ready, as usual, to think evil. He was ill—bad enough—as more than one person in the town could testify, having seen him start off, and thought he was not fit to drive alone, though not one of them had the wit or the charity to offer to come with him.

But perhaps it's not for me to talk about charity, after the way I had behaved. Bad as I was, though, that night cured me. I never had an unkind feeling towards Fred Morris again, after I'd done my best to save his life.

I was able to do a bit towards helping him and his wife during his illness, and I felt that it was no more than I ought, considering all things. But perhaps it was that which made him take me up so very short, when I said something like begging his

waiting my turn to go up to the altar for the sacrament one Sunday, not long after that night, that a notion came to me that gave me something to think about. I don't know whether I'm right, but it seems to me, that may be the Lord loves us all *more* since He



pardon for all the bad things I'd ever thought and said about him.

We're very good friends now, and I don't grudge him his wife, nor anything else that's good.

It was when I was kneeling in church,

gave His life for us. And so He knew that if He gave me the chance, and put it into my heart to risk my life for Fred, it would be the death of all my bad feelings. It seems like it, anyhow, so I think I don't do wrong to be thankful. HELEN SHURTON.

Johnnie Morrison's Funeral.

THE Morrisons' baby was dead. It had always been a sickly little thing, the only boy coming after six girls. Both father and mother felt the blow terribly when, at daybreak on a lovely summer's morning, the little creature stretched out its arms, and with one faint cry went back to God.

Morrison was a thoughtful, very silent man, seldom expressing his feelings, but he passed his coat-sleeve across his eyes as he looked at his dead baby, though the next moment he went downstairs to light the kitchen fire, and get the house tidy, against the children woke and wanted their breakfast.

Mrs. Morrison was a weakly woman, and had sat up many nights with little Johnnie, so she was fit for nothing after her first sad outburst of grief for her lost lamb. Nothing, at least, but thinking what a grand funeral they must have for their darling. John, careful as he was, wouldn't grudge that, he had so loved the little one.

She said something of the sort to her husband when he came back from work in the evening, but he made no reply at the moment, which was quite his way. By-and-by he brought her two sovereigns for mourning, and said, 'I'll look to the rest,' meaning the funeral, of course; he had ordered the coffin already. And then he opened his mouth once more: 'Don't buy crape for the little uns.'

'Well, it do spoil dreadful with the least spot of rain,' said the mother, sighing, 'and that's true.'

'It's rough and ugly,' said John. 'And look you, Janie, on *the* day I'd like all the little uns to wear white pinafores.' Then, seeing his wife put on a dazed look, 'White pinnies, like they wear every day.'

'White pinnies, plain white pinnies to go to the funeral in?' Mrs. Morrison wailed out fretfully, raising her voice.

'Yes,' said John. He was just leaving the house on an errand. When the door shut to, Mrs. Morrison threw her apron over her head and burst into tears. So Mrs. Merton, the innkeeper's wife, found her when she called in to sympathise; 'Jane' having been once housemaid at the 'Eagle.' To complete the picture, the four youngest little Morrisons were standing round their mother crying too.

Mrs. Morrison was a truthful, if a weak woman, and she did not pretend to Mrs. Merton that it was grief for the little darling upstairs that caused this special outbreak of woe. No; it was 'John's strange ways.'

'John, what has he done?'

'I didn't think he'd have grudged things nice to our only boy,' sobbed the mother.

'I'm sure he does not,' said Mrs. Merton, 'you must mistake him. He was bound up in his poor little boy.'

'He's so strange,' repeated the wife.

'Come, Jane, you are very tired and upset; bed is the fit place for you, I see. I shall go home and send over Lizzie, your old friend, to get you and the little ones to bed, and warm up these bits of chicken for yours and John's supper.'

'I couldn't touch anything,' said the poor thing, weeping afresh.

When Lizzie, the kitchenmaid at the 'Eagle,' did come over, she had a busy time of it, putting the little ones to bed, and cosseting the mother; but perhaps the most consoling thing she did was to come every now and then into Mrs. Morrison's room from looking at baby Johnnie, to say, 'Well, he is lovely!' 'It do seem 'eavenly in there!'

And when Susan, the third child, asked whether she should leave out of her prayers the sentence only learned six weeks ago, 'Thank God for our little baby brother,' Lizzie almost shook her in her eagerness. 'La, bless you, child, no. He ain't done with. He's your little brother still, wherever

he is. Thank God for the little dear. Who knows that he ain't praying to God for *you* now?"

Lizzie was a stout, red-faced, what you would call almost a common-looking girl, but her mind was not common. How could it be, when she thought all day about God and pleasing Him, and her dreams at night were all about angels and the beautiful world to come, where she should see her God?

The next evening she came again to the Morrisons', to find baby Johnnie lying in a lovely little coffin, painted white, with blue lines.

The master let *John* make it,' said Jane, half smiling, half crying. 'Ain't it beautiful! But, Lizzie, he won't have a carriage from Friarleigh, not even a hearse, on Thursday. He says he will carry the little un, and the children follow. That 'll look mean, won't it?'

'Mean!' said Lizzie. 'It 'll be beautiful, and it is only a quarter of a mile to go. Oh, John, he do know what's nice, for all he's so silent. Don't I hate to see the funerals coming back from the cemetery, and the men all laughing, and pulling up at the "Cock," with the poor souls inside cryin'. It makes me blaze, it do. I wouldn't have one of them touch little Johnnie, for all it's only his little body. And the children—John's quite right. Their black frocks are nice and good, but the white pinnies will 'mind us of baby, and make 'em look real pretty. Missis says I may go, since Dr. Davis says you're not to get up on any account, or put a foot to the ground. Dear little Johnnie! Mrs. Morrison, you're glad, ain't you, for him? Ain't it lovely to have him safe and beautiful with the Lord, now? Him as suffered so much, dear little lad.'

Lizzie looked as rapt and happy as if she saw the sweet vision of the babe in paradise.

Then she jumped up, for John was calling down below.

He had some cards in his hand—memorial cards from the printer—patterns to show Janie.

'Come along up,' said Lizzie, 'and bring the lot with you.'

John came and spread the cards out on the white counterpane.

'They are only to show the sort,' he said; 'we can have what we fancy for the little un, but I thought I'd like the children each to have a card framed to remember him by, besides the grandfather and grandmother expecting one. Here's a broken pillar, and a weeping willow, and a shell, and what they call a scroll twisted round an urn.'

'Oh, don't have them black things for the little dear,' said Lizzie; 'look here, this is pretty.'

It was a violet-bordered card, very simple, but it rested the eye. There was a little cross on the top, and the name, date, and a verse under.

'Why, it's Mr. Searle's little girl at the Castle; it's her card,' said Mrs. Morrison, interested. 'Who'd have thought it!' She spelt out the words—

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried,
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

'Those are pretty words, John.'

'Yes,' said John.

'Shall you start our card with "Departed this life"? This one hasn't got it.'

'I'd like to put "Fell asleep" for our Johnnie,' was the answer.

'And a weeping willow?'

John paused. 'If you didn't mind I'd as soon not. It's for the children. I'd rather they were happy that Johnnie's safe with his Saviour. You see, being so young, he never could sin.'

'Without fault before the throne of God,' said Lizzie eagerly. 'Oh, Mr. Morrison, don't that seem to mean Johnnie? But I've a lot of verses and texts put down in a book which I'd like to show you. I'll leave the door on the jar, and run this minute for it.' And off she went.

'Ain't she a good girl?' said Mrs. Morrison. 'She's of your way of thinking, John. No crying and crape for our baby. She's just like lifted up when she thinks of him. I see her eyes shine. She goes after him into heaven. I can't.'

The poor woman cried a little softly.

'Don't ye,' said John. 'There, there.'

Lizzie came back with her book—a red copy-book full of careful round-hand writing.

'I copied all these out of a book missis lent me when my brother's child died,' she said, 'but I couldn't send them in time, and they'd put "Affliction sore" on their card first. She was a dear child, and had consumption fifteen months. Here, now, "*Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*" Or, "*Lent to the Lord.*" Or, "*Jesus called a little child unto Him.*" Oh, ain't those all nice! So suitable.'

'So they are,' said John.

'I think I'd like a bit of a verse,' said Mrs. Morrison, 'that you can say over and over.'

'Well, here's one,' said Lizzie. 'It reads like as if it was written for Johnnie, too.'

'God took our darling child away;
Shall we not meekly bow, and say,
His will be done; to us a loan,
The child is wholly now His own.'

Or here's another:

'God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.'

'Yes, I like that,' said Mrs. Morrison.

'Oh, but stop!' Lizzie was eagerly turning over the pages. 'Here is such a lovely story, written by a father whose little baby son had died. It begins, 'I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old.' And then Lizzie read aloud that beautiful poem of Mr. Moultrie's, called 'The Three Sons.'

John's coat sleeve came into play again here, but Mrs. Morrison had her hand fast on his other arm, and felt braver.

'There's a beautiful bit in that,' she said when Lizzie stopped, quite out of breath; it's about knowing the little one is at rest, and our going to meet him some day.'

And then John must have the book to read the verses over again, and Lizzie was obliged to go, for the hotel dinner-time was coming near.

'You can keep it awhile,' she said, as she bid good-night; meaning the red book.

John and Janie were very busy for an hour longer, till the children began to wonder if father had forgotten to call them to bed altogether.

At the end of that time John had written neatly out on a piece of paper the words to be put on Johnnie's memorial card.

You will like to hear what they were.

FELL ASLEEP JULY 16, 18—,

JOHN ARTHUR MORRISON,

AGED 6 WEEKS.

I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye.

'It's beautiful,' said the mother gently.

'And now, John, I want one thing more. Call the little ones and let them kiss Johnnie before me. Things will be hurried in the morning, and I'm always bad then. You can carry him in here, coffin and all, for a bit.'

John did as he was asked, and the children came solemnly upstairs and kissed the little white face, in the pretty white box on mother's bed. Then they put their hands together while father said, 'God bless us all, and fetch us up to Johnnie one day.'

Next day Johnnie was buried, and the neighbours said they had never seen a prettier sight than that funeral. The six little girls walked two and two in plain black frocks and hats, their clean white pinafores kept in place by a black band, and each held in her hand a beautiful tall white lily. They grew plentifully in the cottage garden just now. Then the tiny coffin in the father's arms was covered by a soft white pall, on which lay a small cross of the purest white flowers. Mrs. Merton had sent that.

There were no black carriages or feathers to frighten the children. There were no hired men wondering how soon the job would be over and they could rattle back to the public-house. It was all quiet and peaceful, and sweet to look upon.

Mrs. Morrison was at the window watching as the procession moved on. Lizzie was

following the children, also in tidy black that she had bought for her brother's child, and she had white flowers in her hand too. One or two neighbours had asked to follow, and a mate of John's had begged leave to lend a hand with the baby burden.

Mr. Searle from the Castle, driving in his grand carriage, met the funeral. He pulled up his prancing horses by the side of the road, and bared his head as it went by.

'Do you know whose child is being buried?' he asked a bystander.

'John Morrison's little baby, sir.'

'What a beautiful, sensible, Christian funeral!' he said. 'No furbereows, no nasty crape, but those little white-frocked children with flowers, and the father carrying his child. Ah!'

He sighed deeply. *He* would have liked to have carried that little girl of his who died so recently, but rich men do not always have their way, and she had had the hearse from Friarleigh, and a number of men in black fussing about her—men she would have shrunk from in life, poor little girl!

And now I have told you all about Johnnie Morrison's funeral.

There were no bills to pay; except those two sovereigns and the memorial card, there had been no expenses at all, for John's master—a cabinet-maker—had refused to take anything, either for material or loss of his man's time, in the matter of that little coffin.

I have known families crippled for weeks by the cost of a funeral, but then they had had to pay for rusty-black carriages, and hired men, and stoppages at the 'Cock,' and so on.

A simpler burial of our dead surely better befits Christian men, combined with greater reverence among those who carry the poor body to the grave.

'John was right and I was wrong,' says Mrs. Morrison now. 'Johnnie had a beautiful funeral; and even the little un, she thinks that God has taken him into the sky to live with the lilies. They all put their lilies in his little grave, you see. Well, perhaps we shall have the flowers again in heaven, and I'm sure we shall have Johnnie.'

'None of them to die any more,' said John.

Teach us to Pray.

A NURSE with two little children in charge was seated in an omnibus which conveyed people from a seaside town to the bathing-place. Suddenly the boy cried out, 'Oh, nurse, I came away and never said my prayers.' He knelt down on the floor of the carriage and put his hands together.

A young woman sitting by, who had never prayed in all her life, was so struck by the action that she spoke to the nurse. This led to her seeing a clergyman, repenting of her sins, beginning a new life, and dying a happy death. She was in a consumption at the time when the little boy's simple action struck her.



Work for God at Home and Abroad.

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

WE have heard from Mr. Sheldon again—two letters—one dated January, the other March. Of course, he is quite shut up by the wintry weather in January. Snow, frost, and ice then have their way in British Columbia. I fancy these are letter-writing times in those regions.

He speaks of a 'Miners' Cot' they desire to furnish us with at our Broadstairs Home. They are nearly all miners—gold-diggers—at Port Essington, Mr. Sheldon's chief station; men alone in the world, without families, without little children round them; so it is a kind thought of theirs to take pity on little English children.

'We have only 4l. 11s. 8d. at present,' says Mr. Sheldon, 'but we are going to add to it as soon as the mines open. If it is a good season we can easily raise the 25l. Then he goes on to tell about his Christmas out there. We will not apologise for giving you the story now that another Christmas is almost in sight, but will relate the tale:—

'We spent a very happy Christmas indeed. The week before, the men stained and oiled the church. This took four days to do, and all work in the place was suspended. It meant a gift, in work, of 7l.' (Look to it, English working men, that these British Columbians do not outdo you in generosity!)

'The next week we prepared our Christmas decorations, and when we put them up they looked really beautiful. On Christmas Day the church was quite full—all came that could. At the close of the day all of us who lived at Essington, or who stayed the night there, spent the evening together, and had a good old English supper of roast beef and plum pudding. The games you sent us in the last case came in so usefully. "Fishpools" was the favourite; and though it was not all there, and they were not careful to play by rule, it was very amusing. And the next day we could really boast that there had not been a drunken man in the place.'

Mr. Sheldon wants most terribly to set up

a school for the children in Essington and the neighbourhood. He invites us out to keep school. We wish we could go; it would be, as he says, a 'splendid work' gathering little white and half-breed children together and teaching them. People are very willing to send their children to be taught, but there are no teachers.

Perhaps some other ladies in England, willing to give heart and brain to such a good work, will come forward to help Mr. Sheldon to his desire. He has another scheme, too, very near his heart—the establishment of a boarding home for the miners.

And yet a third scheme. He wants a hospital and some nurses for his sick men. They have to be taken 600 miles now over rough country to be properly nursed. They die on the way sometimes, and no wonder. He says at the end of his last letter, summing up all these great desires, 'I have the welfare of my men very much at heart, but something *must* be done for the children who are growing up.'

The dangers of a missionary's life in distant lands are hardly understood in our more temperate climate. A hard-working clergyman at Herring Neck, Newfoundland, all but lost his life last spring by the ice breaking, as he was crossing an arm of the sea. He was struggling in the water for half an hour, and was only saved by a singular accident. The tail of his coat froze stiff (there were 20 degrees of frost), floated on the top of the water, and the wind catching it, it formed a sail which supported him till assistance arrived. Here is a painful story, too, from Canada. Easter Day in the neighbourhood of Gore Bay this year was the saddest ever experienced. On Monday in Holy Week, Dr. Johnston and Rev. W. Macaulay Tooke were called on to go to Burpee to visit a Mrs. Gibson, who was reported dying. As a result of this visit, two young fellows, Messrs. Isaac Hogan and John Ganton, came over the same day to procure medicines, &c., for the invalid. They came across the ice all safe, as did the Doctor and Mr. Tooke, but on their return to Burpee they must have got off the track, and gone through,

for they have never since been seen. On the following Thursday Mr. William Martin came to the village seeking the young men, and not hearing anything of them here, he, accompanied by his son and Mr. McRae, a brother-in-law to young Hogan, tried to cross the channel to Indian Point in a 'dug-out' canoe. The canoe upset, and Mr. Martin and Mr. McRae were both drowned. On Sunday the bodies were buried. Search is still being made for the bodies of the young men who have perished, but without success.

This is a hard country on settlers and on missionaries, but dark though the times may be, and terrible the events that happen, we must have faith to believe that God is 'working all things for good.' The four men drowned were members of the Church of England. This leaves a great blank in the missions of Gordon and Burpee townships.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

ST. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME, BROADSTAIRS.

Our little convalescents have been remembered by many a holiday-keeper this summer, and by many others who never have a holiday, and both will have their reward.

We must tell the story of one little girl, who was in almost as sad a case as any of those she worked to help. There came one day a childish letter containing S. M., and saying, 'I am a little lame girl, and we are very poor. Mother has nine of us to keep, and must work hard; but when I saw your collecting paper I thought I should like to help another sick child, so I have gathered this, though I cannot walk far.—Lame Amy.'

Suffering had taught this poor child sympathy, and this sympathy of hers raised sympathy again in the kind hearts of some of our friends who heard of her. A poor curate and a working carpenter offered to pay for her journey to a convalescent home, where she could have needful treatment.

Another friend gave a letter to the Alexandra Children's Hospital at Brighton, and a lady is paying the seven shillings weekly required for her maintenance. An operation has been performed on the poor little lame foot. At first it was thought that amputation would be necessary, but happily the removal of the diseased bone proved to be sufficient, and she

is now in a fair way to be 'Lame Amy' no longer, but a strong, active little helper for the poor overworked mother.

We are not able to undertake the charge of children who require operations in our Convalescent Home. To strengthen them for an on-coming operation, or to build them up after one, is the most we can manage.

We had a bright little lame boy a while ago, Harry Lee, only five years old. 'Please take him in as soon as possible,' wrote the gentleman who sent him; 'he greatly requires sea air after undergoing a serious operation—amputation of the left leg.' We expected a helpless little cripple after this description, and when Harry arrived could only gaze in amazement at the way in which he literally ran about on his tiny crutches. Hardly an hour after his arrival he did what none of our two-legged convalescents have ever attempted, left the house and started off alone on an exploring expedition. He quickly captured, however, and soon found plenty of amusement without leaving the premises. When asked about his home, and how many he had left there, he said, 'I've left father and a nanny-goat, and mother, and my Charley and Tommy.' The nanny-goat is his chief topic of conversation at all times.

This is the poor little man's account of his terrible accident, and of his home and surroundings:—

'Father works in a brickyard all day, and at nights he's a nigger with a black face and a banjo. I minds my Charley; he's only a baby, and he don't know his way to school, so I takes him. One day he ran across the road, and I was a-following him, for 'fraid he got hurt, and a tram came along and knocked me over. The wheel went over my leg. Oh! it did hurt. A "bobby" come and picks me up, and he carried me to the hospital. I says to him, "Oh! my leg's a-tumbling off; it do hurt." And he says, "Good thing if it were off now, poor little chap!"'

'When I got to the hospital, after a bit I went off to sleep, and when I was asleep they cutted off my leg. When I was better I lifted up the blankets and things, 'cos I wanted to see how I'd got only one leg. I was a long time in that bed, and then I went home and saw my nanny-goat and all of 'em, but I began to dwine away, they said; so somebody sent me here. I likes being here, 'cos it makes my leg not so tired, and 'cos we have berry pie on Sundays. When I goes home I shall

mind Charley again. If big boys touches him I fights 'em. I shall fight 'em all the same as I used to do, after a bit, 'cos I'm going to have a cork leg; and as soon as I tell my nanny-goat, she helps me, and pokes 'em with her head. When I'm a man I shall be a coster, and have a cart and horses, and you won't catch me driving over any boys.'

We came across one of our children's letters to her mother the other day: 'Please, ma'am,' she said, 'will you tidy it up and make it so as mother can read it?' We do not think she would mind our readers having a peep; for we found that, with this show of humility, she was really very proud of her little performance:—

'My dear Mother,—I am getting on fine. We bathe. You never saw anything like it. You do not know one bit. This is what it is like. Our bath is fixed into a room, and I think it is made of tin; it's full of warm green water out of the sea. You can run about in it like a room. We do have games, and then the water splashes about us and makes us as strong as strong.

'Then there's a field with swings and seesaws, and you don't have to pay for your swings. And they read to us sometimes, and we have teachings, and we sing, and it's ever and ever so nice. And I can walk about, and it doesn't half hurt me now; and we have buns every day, because we get so hungry we can't wait for tea. O mother! I do wish Sally was here; it would set her up, and you too.'

We know that our begging would long ago have worn out the patience of our friends had we not made our little patients plead their own cause by putting before our readers these artless stories as they were given to us.

We do not think that these too true stories can ever pall, nor fail in the effect we desire from them. We have daily proof of this.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Australian and American cousins, alone, have furnished us with material enough for this month's jottings. We cannot repeat half the kind things they have said of us, nor report half the good things they have sent us.

New Zealand is very mindful of our wants. We have first 2*l.* from Christchurch as a thank-offering for relief from a heavy burden, and 'may "our Father" bless your work.' 'Our Father!' It is the remembrance of the com-

mon Fatherhood which touches the hearts of these far-off friends, and makes the children of God's family all so near and dear to each other.

Then comes a letter from Australia enclosing a bank draft for 7*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* It runs thus: 'We five cousins determined some time ago to have a bazaar for the Orphanage and Convalescent Home, having read so much about it in the BANNER OF FAITH. We held it yesterday in my cousin's large nursery. Mother and aunt had a tea and coffee table, which helped nicely, and so many friends assisted that we came off well. We hope the money will help some of your little ones, our far-away brothers and sisters.' Signed by the five little cousins, ending with Jessie, aged four.

A friend in New Jersey sends 1*l.* She says, 'I thought I would try and collect a little from a few friends who settled here from Ireland and England. I did not like to ask Americans, because they have their own institutions to support, but they gave without asking.'

We have a very grateful letter from the priest-in-charge at Butterworth, South Africa, thanking our readers for the 9*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* they sent to help him in his straits. Government has now reduced the grant to the native schools, and our missionaries are very anxious that this work amongst the Kaffirs should be carried on.

The Rev. H. A. Todor, of Medicine Hat, diocese of Qu'Appelle, acknowledges with great gratitude three books for his lending library from a servant, and asks any kind friend with books to spare to remember his wants. The postage of books is the same as to any part of England.

Another appeal for books is from Grenfell, Assa, North-west Territory. 'I have had a grant of 4*l.* from the S.P.G. for books, and I should be glad of more of any readable sort. My people want variety, and will not read solely religious books.' If any of our readers will post a volume or two to the Rev. J. H. Gregory, at the above address, he will be very grateful. The postage again is the same as in England.

We have to acknowledge a gift of 1*l.* 'from one whom God has richly endowed' in Cape Colony, for the starving poor in Newfoundland.

Here is a kind offer to a missionary's family. One, who is always ready and wishful to help where help is wanted, sends 10*s.* for the poor in

Newfoundland, and says, 'I have just been sending off a package containing a supply of garments to a missionary. If you should, at any future time, hear of another who would value underlinen for his children, please let me know, as the ladies of our Parish Mission Association prefer working for missionaries' families.

Here is a nice little offering from a former patient of ours. The old grandmother writes:— 'With great pleasure, and wishing it was more, you will be pleased to hear that 4s. 2d. was collected by my little fatherless grandchild Jenny, who is now seven years of age. Three summers ago she was very ill and weak. The kind ladies sent her to Broadstairs, and she came back looking so brown and well. Then when she saw the paper in the magazine she asked if she might not go round and gather some pennies for the sick children.'

We have a letter from another old grandmother: it runs thus:— 'I beg your pardon, but my little grandson has been round and got all he could for your good work. Sorry we could not get any more; he gave 3d. himself. We have had a heavy loss. His grandfather died in his 88th year, and left me in my 84th with a lot of friendless grandchildren.' We doubt not that the Helper of the helpless will care well for her and for them.

'I wish I could send more,' says the next letter, 'but this comes from a poor woman in the country with seven children, and the husband don't earn more than ten or twelve shillings weekly. But I am so sorry for the dear little children, and every week helps, and I don't forget to pray to God for them.'

Then comes a letter from a father in trouble.

'The enclosed was collected by my child, who is now at rest in Paradise. The last time she took the paper out was about ten days before she left us.

'Her winning ways gave her a great advantage; in a day or two she would have completed her collection, but God wished it otherwise. Her last work was for Broadstairs; let her name be remembered there.' This will be one amongst the many touching little histories we shall often tell our Broadstairs children; it will be well for them to know how some, who have gone home, have worked for and loved them.

In a late number of one of our magazines we asked for advice or help in the case of one of our orphans who stammers sadly. We have had a large number of kind letters on the subject. One of these suggests a method which seems so easy and promising that we give it here on the chance of some other stammering child being benefited by it.

'I have tried with success the late Professor Kingsley's remedy for stammering. Practise the child a few minutes daily in placing the tip of the tongue against the lower front teeth before trying to speak, and make her begin to speak with the tongue in this position. The ordinary cause of stammering is the tongue wagging about in the mouth spasmodically.'

Our little Sunday breakfasters had a windfall this morning. Five pounds arrived from B. to provide a Sunday breakfast for a year for ten destitute children. May the kind giver have a year's very happy Sunday breakfasts in the thought of what he is doing.



The Commandments and The Lord's Prayer.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

By Rev. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulton.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity (OCTOBER 10).

'The Lord's Prayer.'—*How to Pray.*—S. Luke xi. 1-11; Genesis xviii. 27; Hymns 247, 26.

- A. 'The Lord's Prayer,' so called, not because The Lord Jesus used it, for—
- 1st. He could not say 'Our Father' with us (S. John xx. 17), since He is the Son of God by Nature (S. John x. 30); we are only children of God by adoption (Rom. viii. 15).
 - 2nd. He could not say 'Forgive us our trespasses,' since He had no sins of His own (Heb. iv. 15), but—because The Lord Jesus gave it to us—
 1. To use as the best of all prayers.
 2. To use as the model of all other prayers.
- B. Divisions of the Lord's Prayer.
- First. The Invocation or Address, calling upon God as 'Our Father Which art in Heaven.'
 - Second. The Petitions or Requests, seven in number, three asking for heavenly things on behalf of God, four asking for earthly things on behalf of man.
 - Third. The Doxology, or Giving of Praise.
- C. Questions.
1. Why is the Lord's Prayer so called? Because the Lord Jesus made it.
 2. Why did He make it? To teach us to pray.
 3. How often is it used in Church? At every Service once or twice.
 4. Where else should we use it? Whenever we say our prayers, morning, evening, mid-day, and as often else as we like.
 5. What must we do besides say it? Understand and feel it.
 6. What else must every Christian learn by heart? The Creed and the Ten Commandments?
 7. What do these three teach us?

The Creed teaches us our *Faith*—what to believe.
 The Commandments our *Duty*—what to do.
 The Lord's Prayer our *Devotions*—what to pray.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity (OCTOBER 17).

'The Invocation'—*Our Father in Heaven.*—S. Luke ii. 40-52; Gal. iv. 6; Hymns 261, 240.

- A. Invocation of—
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>God only (Ps. lxxv. 2), as</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Father (Isaiah lxiii. 16). 2. Our Father (Eph. iii. 1). 3. In Heaven (Isaiah lxvi. 1). | <p>So learn to pray—</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Trustfully—to a Father. 2. Lovingly—for our brothers and sisters. 3. Humbly—towards Heaven. |
|---|---|
- B. God is 'Our Father.'
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>First. As our Creator (Malachi ii. 10).
 Second. As our Preserver (Acts xvii. 28).</p> | <p>Third. As our Benefactor (S. Luke xi. 13).
 Fourth. As our Adopter (Gal. iii. 26, 27).</p> |
|---|---|
- C. Questions.
1. What do you call God in the Lord's Prayer? 'Our Father Which art in Heaven.'
 2. Why do you call Him FATHER? To show He is *willing* to give all good things.
 3. And why do you add 'Which art in Heaven'? To show He is *able* to give us all.
 4. Do you pray in the Lord's Prayer for yourself alone? No; I desire my Lord God, our Heavenly Father, Who is the Giver of all Goodness, to send His Grace unto me and all people.

5. Did JESUS mean you thus to pray for others? Yes, for HE taught us to say, 'OUR FATHER,' not 'MY FATHER.'
6. Of Whom besides HIS created and adopted children is GOD the FATHER? HE is for ever the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.
7. How should you behave to your FATHER in Heaven?

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity (OCTOBER 24).

'The Petitions.'—*Heavenly and earthly things.*—2 Chron. i. 1-13; S. Matt. vi. 33; Hymns 281, 197.

A. The Petitions.

First. Their number—seven—the perfect number of the gifts of the SPIRIT (Rev. iv. 5), including—

Three = the number of GOD in Heaven (Rev. iv. 8).

[N.B. The first Petition refers to the FATHER, the second to the SON, the third to the HOLY GHOST.]

Four = the number of man on earth (Rev. iv. 6).

[N.B. There are four quarters of the earth, four winds which blow upon them, four Evangelists which spread the Gospel through them.]

Second. Their order: we ask for good things on behalf of GOD first, on behalf of ourselves afterwards.

B. This is the right order of prayer (see S. Matt. vi. 23), and was the principle of—

Solomon (2 Chron. i. 11, 12).

David (Psalm xxxviii. 25).

The Widow (1 Kings xvii. 13).

The Apostles (S. Mark x. 30).

C. Questions.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What is a Petition? A request or prayer. 2. To WHOM do we make our petitions? To our FATHER in Heaven. 3. How many petitions do we make? Seven. 4. How many for heavenly goods? Three. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. How many for earthly goods? Four. 6. Which do we ask for <i>first</i>? Heavenly good things. 7. Do you remember anyone who sought the interests of GOD before his own? |
|--|---|

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity (OCTOBER 31).

'The first Petition.'—The Name of GOD.—Exod. iii. 1-16; Phil. ii. 10; Hymns 160, 179.

A. 'Hallowed'—i.e. 'Kept Holy.' And this must we do—

1. In our use of HIS WORD (Neh. viii. 5, 6).
2. In our behaviour to—
His House (S. Matt. xxi. 12, 13). His Ministers (2 Kings ii. 24). His Sacraments (1 Cor. xi. 27).
3. In our prayers—
At Church (2 Chron. vii. 1-3). At home (Dan. vi. 10).

B. Exodus iii.

- Verse 1. Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, Jethro, as well as the brother of a priest, Aaron.
- 'The mount of GOD,' Horeb or Sinai, in Arabia, where the Law was afterwards given.
2. 'Angel of the Lord.'—Give the names of some of the angels, and tell me what they are and what they do.
 3. The 'Bush' was a kind of furze. This easily catches fire, and quickly burns away.
 5. Instead of taking off their hats, Jewish men to this day take off their shoes in their churches.
 6. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were dead to men, but not to GOD (S. Mark xii. 26, 27).
 14. Notice the New Name of GOD.

C. Questions.

1. What is the first Petition we ask GOD about HIMSELF?—'Hallowed be THY Name.'
2. How is this explained in the Catechism?—'That we may worship HIM . . . as we ought to do.'
3. What is the first Name which GOD gave to HIMSELF?—'I AM THAT I AM.'
4. What does this mean?—That GOD is always the same, without beginning or end or change.
5. By what Name has our Lord taught us to call GOD?—The Name of THE FATHER, and of THE SON, and of THE HOLY GHOST.
6. What does S. Paul tell us about the Name of our Saviour?—That 'at the Name of JESUS every knee shall bow.'
7. How may you hallow the Name of GOD?

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity (NOVEMBER 7).

'The Second Petition.'—The Kingdom of God.—Rev. xix. 11-17; S. Mark i. 14, 15.—Hymns 217, 43.

A. God is King of—

- I. The Universe—i.e. of everything and every person, because He has made them (Rev. iv. 11).
- II. Mankind—because He has redeemed them (1 Cor. vi. 20).
- III. His Church—because He has chosen it (S. John xv. 16).
On earth (S. Mark i. 14, 15). In Heaven (S. Matt. xiii. 43).
- IV. Our hearts—because He loves to reign there (S. Luke xvii. 21). We should forward the Coming of the Kingdom of Christ.
 - 1st. By watching for His Return (Titus ii. 13).
 - 2nd. By obedience to His Commands (1 S. Peter ii. 17).
 - 3rd. By Missionary work (S. Matt. xxiv. 14).
 - 4th. By Prayer (Rev. xxii. 20).

B. The Conquering King (Rev. xix. 11-17).

- I. Verse 11.—His 'White Horse,' signifying the Purity of His Manhood.
- II. His Names.
Verse 11.—Faithful and True. Verse 12.—Unknown. Verse 13.—The Word of God.
" 16.—King of kings and Lord of lords.
- III. His Vesture dipped in the blood of His enemies, signifying His vengeance on sinners.
- IV. His Armies.
 - (a) On white horses pure like HIMSELF. (b) No armour, because He alone wins the victory.
 - (c) Linen not stained with blood, because 'Vengeance is Mine, saith The Lord.
- V. His weapons.
 - (a) Sword for vengeance. (b) Rod for government.

C. Questions.


1. What is the second petition?—'Thy Kingdom Come.'
2. How does the Catechism explain this?—'That we may serve Him—as we ought to do.'
3. Who are bound to serve God the King?—All His creatures.
4. Who alone rebel against Him.—The Devil and mankind.
5. What do we desire in this Petition?—That the Church on earth, God's Kingdom of Grace, may be spread among all nations.
6. What else do we desire?—That the Church in Heaven, God's Kingdom of Glory, may gather in all the Elect.
7. What may you do to help this Kingdom to come?

* * * The complete Scheme of these Instructions, arranged for the Sundays after Trinity, is now ready, and can be had of the Publishers, price 3d.

Our Deanery.

No. IV.—SUSSEX.

(Concluded.)

N the 14th day of September, 1841, another Church was consecrated by John, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, by the name of St. John Church, in Studholm. This Church seems to have been several years in building, and like Trinity Church, Sussex, to have been used for Divine services before consecration. In connection with this Church, the porch of which alone remains as a memorial of Church architecture in by-gone days, we make the following extract from the Vestry Book: "The Church near Studville having been finished (Divine service having been performed in it, though in an unfinished state, during the two previous seasons by the Rev. H. N. Arnold), and the part of the country in which the Church stands having been separated from Sussex and formed into a new Parish by the name of Studholm, it became necessary to have a separate corporation for said Church, now being a Parish Church. Accordingly, at a public meeting held on Easter Monday" [the year is not mentioned, but is supposed to be 1840], "the following persons were appointed Church Wardens and Vestry for that year, the Rev. H. N. Arnold still officiating as Minister: Mr. Peter Lyon, Mr. James Secord, Church Wardens; Mr. Samuel Sharp, Mr. Robert Sharp, Sr., Mr. Isaac Foshay, Mr. Richard Burgess, Mr. Thomas Pearson, Mr. Elias Secord, Mr. Robert Sharp, Jr., Vestry Clerk; Mr. Abraham Johnson, Mr. Henry Parlee, Mr. Gilcad Secord, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. David Johnson."

At this first meeting of parishioners in the new Parish of Studholm several resolutions were passed, one of which your historian cannot refrain from copying, as it furnishes us with a good specimen of hearty Churchmanship. It reads thus: "Resolved, first of all, that our Thanks and Praises are due to the Almighty Disposer of events that He has enabled us to erect this House of Prayer to His Name, in order that we and our children after us may worship the God of our Fathers, according to the mode prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, to which Church our attachment is due because we consider her the purest and best upon earth." It is further recorded that the thanks of the meeting were due to Mr. Peter Lyon for the spot of ground upon which the Church was built, and also to Mr. Richard Sands, merchant of St. John, N. B., for a Bible and Prayer Book which were presented by him.

The Mission of Sussex and Norton was re-arranged about the year 1849, when the Parish of Norton was placed under the charge of the late Rev. Wm. Scovil; but still with Norton taken off the area of country was far too great for one man to serve, and on the day of the eventful Saxby gale, September 1869, the Rev. Cuthbert Willis was ordained Deacon at St. Paul's Church, Havelock, and was placed in charge of the Parishes of Havelock and Salisbury, together with the hamlet of Sussex Portage.

On November 30th, 1870, S. Andrew's Day, a new Church at Petitecodiac, which had been begun to be built by Rev. Canon Medley and finished by Rev. Cuthbert Willis, was consecrated by John, Lord Bishop of Fredericton, and dedicated by the name of S. Andrew; and this Church has become the centre of Church life in the so called Mission of Petitecodiac, which is in the Parish of Salisbury.

The Church of St. John, Studholm, having fallen out of repair, at a meeting held in January 1870, it was resolved by a majority of the parishioners that a new Church should be built, all the material of the old Church that was sound to be used in the erection of the new one. The work was commenced in June 1871, and on May 14th, 1872, the present handsome little building was consecrated by John, Lord Bishop of Fredericton, by the name of the Church of the Ascension.

During the incumbency of Rev. C. P. Bliss the question of building a new Church at Sussex was frequently mooted and discussed; but owing to a difference among the parishioners on the question of the most suitable site, nothing was accomplished. In the autumn of 1872, however, it was decided to build a Church on the Parsonage Glebe, and in June 1873 work was commenced at the building. Many obstacles were placed in the way during the progress of the work; but, though in an unfinished state, new Trinity Church, Sussex, was consecrated by John, Lord Bishop of Fredericton, on S. Matthias's Day, February 24th, 1874.

In this year another change was made in the arrangement of the work, Rev. J. H. Talbot being appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese to be Missionary of Dutch Valley (now the Parish of Waterford) and a portion of the Parish of Hammond. Mr. Talbot had not laboured long in this sphere of work—about three years—when he was elected to the Parish of Springfield. The Parish of Waterford, therefore, was again placed under the charge of the Rector of Sussex for a time. In June 1878 Rev. John Lockward came from the Diocese of Newfoundland and was appointed Missionary at Waterford, where he served a little over three years.

On January 7th, 1883, Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie

commenced work as a Deacon under the superintendence of the Rector of Sussex, the Parishes of Sussex, Studholm, Johnston and Waterford being the field of their labours. After a year's work it was found necessary to secure the services of a separate missionary for the Parish of Johnston, and the Rev. C. P. Hanington was set over this Parish, while Waterford, with part of Sussex, was fortunate enough to secure the energetic services of Mr. Cowie. Thus, as will be seen, the Rector of Sussex has his field of work confined to about half the present Parish of Sussex, with the Parish of Studholm, having only two Churches to serve, whereas nineteen years ago it was his duty to hold services in six Churches, and to keep open eight Mission Stations besides. It is to be hoped the day is not far distant when the large Parish of Studholm will have a Rector of its own, and the Rector of Sussex will still have plenty of work in the growing town of Sussex proper.

Our Choral Singing.

HOW TO IMPROVE IT.

Earnest and zealous members of our Mother Church in Christ ever feel, not only the necessity of cultivating the religious affections, but also pleasure and happiness in so doing. As the muscles of the body are strengthened by exercise, so are the religious affections strengthened by exercise. These affections culminate in a higher spiritual life and a deeper, profounder worship of our Maker. Whatever, therefore, tends to exercise and strengthen the religious affections is of great importance in the work of the Church. As a means of beautifying and ennobling our worship, and of gaining and retaining the affections of the people for our service, music must ever hold a high place, and to improve the music in our Churches must, consequently, ever be a laudable desire on the part of every Church member.

There is great room for improving the Church music in our own Deanery of Kingston. And why should not every Churchman and every Churchwoman in the Deanery co-operate in such improvement? The gift of music is not a gift to a few alone. It is a gift to every one. True it is more highly developed or cultivated in some than in others. At any rate the power of singing is possessed by all who have the power of speaking. It only needs development and cultivation. What a pity then our people do not give more attention to so important a factor in our service! For what do we find in our Churches at the present time? In one,

the minister and his wife performing all the musical part of the service alone; in another, half the people singing in a half-hearted manner; and in yet another, the children taking a prominent part in the singing with voices painfully discordant through want of practice in proper intonation. To remedy these defects and to develop the musical part of the service is no easy matter, and in the absence of a qualified musician in the Parish the task necessarily devolves on the minister, who generally has but little time to devote to this object.

Music is in its nature very varied. It may either rouse to great energy or lull into quietness and inaction. It may quicken the feelings either of joy or grief, and lend itself to almost any moral effect we wish to produce. The proper end of Church music is to warm and quicken the better feelings of the heart and to deepen the religious impressions. It must not be regarded as a relaxation only to the mind and a feast to the senses. But how seldom are our devotional feelings in a better state at the close of the musical performance than they were at the beginning! The devotion of real Church members is, or should be, a delight, one of the highest enjoyment. Therefore the means by which it is produced should in all their bearings, both immediate and remote, be of an agreeable nature. It is most important then, as the people themselves take part in it, that the singing should be of an agreeable nature. And herein lies the great difficulty, as far as our Churches are concerned. To secure good singing in them is a difficult matter. But with patience and perseverance much good may be effected with the material at hand; for there is plenty of latent talent to be found, and many fresh, bright voices are rusting away, as it were, for want of cultivation.

The first consideration should be the proper production of the voice. Most people think they can sing, and sing well too, and that without the slightest knowledge as to how the voice is and should be produced. As well might we expect a man who has never had a saw, plane, or chisel in his hand to make a neatly fitting door or window sash! The late John Hullah said that most people do not produce the voice right even in speaking. We use the *head* tones too much instead of the *chest* tones. If, then, we ought to be careful to *speak* from the chest, much more careful ought we to be to *sing* from the chest. To produce an agreeable voice in singing the habit must be acquired of giving the breath as open a passage as possible. The mouth must not only be opened sufficiently wide, but the tongue kept as flat as possible and the head held in a natural position. This will give the notes that round, full

character so essential to good singing. Teachers of singing schools frequently enjoin their pupils to open their mouths in singing. This direction is substantially good, but at the same time it is far too vague; for one may open the mouth to the widest extent and by raising the back of the tongue almost stop the passage of the breath, thereby considerably altering the sound; and the head may be inclined downward, or forward, or twisted round in the act of reading the words or notes, to such an extent as to have the like effect. With the head in a natural position, the mouth well open, and the tongue quite flat, take a full breath and sing the sound "ah" to the note G. Prolong it to the utmost extent. Sing it evenly, firmly, and without the least wavering. Now you will be surprised to find how difficult it is to do this. Indeed, it takes a long time to acquire that command of the voice to give the sound with evenness, firmness, and purity of tone. It will also be found that sustained efforts are necessary, and that the procedure has no pleasure for *lazy* singers. Still it is the only way to produce the sounds correctly, and practice will wonderfully improve the quality of the voice. The Italians have long been celebrated for giving to the world the best and sweetest singers; and the secret of their success, we believe, lies in the fact that they start in this manner at the foundation and insist on the proper production of the voice. Let us, then, follow their example, and in all our vocal Church music first insist on the proper production of the voice. Natural defects and the influence of rude customs and habits no doubt constitute serious obstacles. But it must be remembered that without this training in voice production the ear will never be ready to perceive the defects in the harmony and melody of a composition and the voice will never produce harmonious and melodious tones. Nor will the voice ever be well formed or well polished; but on the contrary flat, rough and loud, thereby continually and increasingly injuring the discernment of the ear. For it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the people that a delicate ear for music is *not* to be acquired by loud and rough noises.

Our Choral Unions have for their objects the improvement of Choirs and the encouragement of congregational singing in our Churches. In the music for the forthcoming Union there are excellent exercises for the proper production of the voice, and in no part of the service will it be tested to a greater extent than in Mozart's magnificent "Gloria." Unless special care be taken the high notes are liable to strain the voices. Already while practising this piece we have heard remarks as to the strain it puts on the voices. Proof that the singers have not been taught to properly produce their voices!

After practising the proper production of the voice on the note G the other notes above and below G within the compass of the voice should be practised, the utmost care being taken not to force or strain the voice with the high notes. Then the scales, ascending and descending, still to the open sound "ah," should be taken, at first very slowly and gradually increasing in speed. These will be found difficult to perform correctly with firmness, evenness, precision and purity of tone. But the effect in the improvement of the voice will soon be apparent. The scales should be succeeded by exercises on the intervals, and for this purpose we would strongly recommend the Tonic Sol Fa Notation. In England this system has enabled many persons to sing correctly from note at first sight, and it would undoubtedly soon enable many persons in our Deanery to do so. This, of course, requires much practice, but the ability to sing music at first sight is worth the time and trouble.

The proper production of the voice and the ability to sing the intervals correctly are not all the points to be attended to in the rendition of vocal music. There are the important points of expression, accent, time, modulation, phrasing, and several others, but we only intend to call attention to the first of these as being the most important. Expression is the *soul* of music. The sentiments of the piece to be sung must in all cases be grasped before due expression can be given to them. The general character of the piece, whether penitential, wailing, pensive, or joyful must first be ascertained; then the soft and loud, retarded, accelerated, increasing and diminishing passages noted, the emphatic notes marked, and the whole piece sung accordingly. Our "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have, on the whole, music of an appropriate character set to them. Thus the penitential and wailing hymns have music in the Minor Mode; the pensive hymns music either in the Minor Mode, or that moves in the lower notes of the tonic octave of the Major Mode, that is, between the key-note and the fifth above; and the joyful hymns, music that moves through the interval of a whole octave or more. But we seldom hear any distinction made between the soft and loud, the accelerated and retarded, or the increasing and diminishing passages. Let us have these lights and shades of expression as much as possible in our music, and thus show that not our voices alone, but our whole souls are engaged in the glory and praise of God.

In conclusion we trust that many of our readers will endeavour to improve their singing in the directions pointed out, and so swell the harmony in praise of Him whose universe is one harmonious whole.

W. G. HANBURY.

"The True Churchman."

OUR Holy Religion should leaven the whole being of every one brought within its influence. Body, Soul, and Spirit should bear witness to its power. The life of the Christian must of necessity be different to that of other men. It was said concerning the early Christians that men took notice of them that they had "been with Jesus." There was something in their whole manner of life and conversation different to what was found elsewhere. And this should still be the case; for the Religion of Jesus has lost none of its power.

A mere formalism is not true religion. The religion of the Pharisee of our Lord's day, which was so constantly exposed and condemned, consisted in outward forms only, — the use of certain stereotyped religious phrases, and the disfiguring of the face — a religion which could be put on and off at pleasure, like a garment — a religion which did not touch the man himself, but was like a counterfeit — base metal plated over. The true term for this kind of religion is hypocrisy. We do not desire to condemn "Forms" in religion as such, but "a religion which consists of forms only." We believe that outward forms are as needful to religion as leaves are to a tree, but we want to see fruit as well, and not leaves only.

What we desire to advocate then, is an open, manly religion, which makes the man ever in earnest, — ever honest and straightforward, — a religion which makes its power felt in every sphere of life, — which follows the man wherever he goes, — in his home, — in his business, — in society, — as well as in Church on Sundays — a religion, in fact, which is the only true religion, that which changes a man's whole nature.

This "Practical" Christianity is the fruit of inward spiritual life, and is always kept in the foreground by the writers in the New Testament Scriptures; and the Church of England, true to her Apostolic Character, puts it prominently forward in all her teaching.

The "True Churchman" should be known by his works; whether at home with his family, or in company with his friends, or in his business, or in God's House; his words and actions should ever proclaim what he is.

Believing that we have much need of a "Practical Christianity" in these days, and fearing that Churchmen are not always as consistent as they should be, we propose in these papers to consider the life and character of the "True Churchman" in

the various spheres into which his duty or pleasure may bring him.

When we use the term "True Churchman," we mean the man who, as a faithful member of the Church, is careful to observe all her laws and rules, and is in every way loyal to her, remembering that the Church is "The Body of Christ," and that he is a "member" of that "Body."

Notices.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery will be held at Kingston on Wednesday, 10th, and Thursday, 11th days of November. The first meeting of the Chapter will be opened at 11.30 a.m., on Wednesday, November 10th.

The Subjects chosen by the Governing Body of S. S. T. U. for the next Examination for the "Bishop Kingston" Prizes, are as follows:

Old Testament. — The Book Deuteronomy.

New Testament. — Fuller's Harmony, Part IV.

Catechism. — The First Table of the Commandments, including the Explanation on our duty towards God.

Children's Corner.



PRIZE QUESTIONS.

OLD TESTAMENT.

- (1) In what respects was Joseph a type of Christ?
- (2) Why did the brethren of Joseph sell him to the Ishmeelites?
- (3) What reference can you find to Joseph's imprisonment in other parts of the Scriptures?

NEW TESTAMENT.

- (1) Do we read of any person being excommunicated in the New Testament? If so, where?
- (2) What reference can you find concerning the Offertory in the New Testament?
- (3) What references can you give from the New Testament concerning the unity of the Church of Christ?

M. S., Sussex, made the highest number of marks to the answers to the questions in the August No., and H. M. S. second.

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