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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

MAY 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

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

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. John Square.

Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods.

Mr. S. R. Hesson. Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young.

Sunday School Officers,

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

Sec-Treas., Mr. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson.

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

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

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

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

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

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

DISTRICT VISITORS.

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

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

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

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

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

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Nield; Vice-President, Winnie Ridgdale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 25. Regular meeting every Monday at 4:30 p. m.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher of Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Instructor, Col. Smith; Assistant Drill Instructor, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. No. of members, 38.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

April 15.—Annie May Brewer, Front St.

April 29.—Marshall Alfred Pearson, Collegiate Institute.

MARRIAGES.

April 4.—Haddock—Hattery—William Haddock to Mary Ann Hattery, both of this city.

April 6.—Hunt—Fisher—Thomas Hunt to Ellen Fisher, both of this city.

April 25.—Marchant—Barber—Herbert Marchant of this city, to Jane Barker of Durham.

BURIALS.

April 7.—Mrs. Moffatt, Ellice, in Avondale Cemetery.

April 9.—Mrs. Nichols, Norman St., in Avondale Cemetery.

April 15.—Albert Yates, Hibernia St., in Avondale Cemetery.

April 23.—Mrs. Rebecca Woods, Gore of Downie.

W. A. M. A.

At the last meeting of the W. A. M. A., local branch, it was decided to hold an open meeting on some Monday in May, for the discussion of missions and stimulating activity and interest in the mission field. For this purpose it was decided to invite Mrs. Boomer, of London, a lady of long and varied experience as a missionary, and wish a most capable and interesting speaker. The open meeting will be held on Monday, May 13. All are cordially invited to be present.



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF DERBY.

WE can only try to gather just a few of the thoughts contained in these well-known simple words. We will take them in their natural order.

1. "*Give*."—It is the petition of a child from its father. Any father or mother knows the word well. It may get tiresome in its repetition, but a father likes to be asked, even though he may not give. And God our Father likes giving; He is always the Giver. He says, "Ask what I shall give thee." Jesus Christ points to an earthly father's gifts, and then adds, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give good things unto them that ask Him?" So if the word "give" comes naturally to a child's lips it comes still more naturally to the lips of one who prays, because there is so much more power and will in the Father to give.

2. "*Give us*."—"Give" is generally the first word in a child's request; but it is not the first word in the Lord's Prayer. The prayer is almost half finished before "give" comes. It is God's glory first, His Name, His Kingdom, His Will; and *then* our needs. What a model of self-restraint! "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I fancy our private prayers constantly need this caution, this self-restraint. We want something badly for ourselves, and it seems so little for God to give; we want it so badly that it has got the first place in our hearts, and therefore in our prayers; we want it, irrespective of God's glory and our Father's will. And the result is that if we do not get it, we are inclined to sulk; and we know exactly how a sulky child feels.

But if a child's first word is generally "*give*" its second is almost certainly "*me*." "Give me this; I want it for my very own." This selfish instinct, this desire of possession, comes very early, as every parent knows. Later on an

elder child may come with a request which will include more than himself, but it is not the first instinct. The idea of self comes before the idea of brotherhood. The Lord's Prayer breathes brotherhood all through. Prayer must not only be self-restrained, it must be unselfish. Yet how many prayers are prayed which really come to nothing more than "Give me!"

3. "*Give us this day*."—The prayer is for to-day, not to-morrow. To-morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. When it comes, it will be to-day, and with its renewed needs must come renewed prayer. Two lessons, then, we may learn from this: first, that it is possible to be over-anxious in our prayers; and secondly, that the need for prayer is continuous. To-day has its own needs, its own worries, its own trials and difficulties; but it has, on the other hand, its own strength. What a power of strength there is in the man or woman who rises from prayer in the morning, after having laid the outlines of the day before God, as far as they may be seen in prospect, and having asked the Father to give the strength which may be needed, and having resolved to use the strength when given! If you have really prayed to do God's will, you will be ready to say, "Give us this day" the strength to go and do it.

4. "*Give us this day our daily bread*."—Now we have the petition in full, and how exquisitely simple it is! Yet it contains the only hard word to be found in the Lord's Prayer. The word translated "daily," is found nowhere else. Many meanings have been given; but it is satisfactory to have the authority of such a scholar as Bishop Lightfoot for saying that there is probably no other English word that comes nearer to the true meaning. "Our daily bread"; that is, the bread which is necessary for our livelihood, the bread without which we can't do our appointed work, the

bread which is to sustain us for the day that is upon us. It seems so little, and yet how much is included! So little, for there is not one word of the luxuries and comforts of life, things which because they are so common we have got to view as necessities. There is no part of the Lord's Prayer which I suppose means so little in the lips of many. They know they are sure of their daily bread, and would be ill-content if it were bread and nothing more. They have been used to these good things all their life; they come unasked; probably they include them all in an indefinite way in the words "our daily bread." The words have different meanings in the mouths of the Divs and Lazarus of to-day. Yet surely that parable may remind those of us who fare if not sumptuously, yet at any rate comfortably, every day, that it is mockery to ask our Father to give us our daily bread, if we never think that what we have is His gift, and if we are careless and indifferent about sharing these gifts with others who have them not. What a privilege to be able to be the channel

by means of which our Father's gifts are distributed!

I have hardly alluded to the many other deeper meanings included in the words, "our daily bread." I am sure that, though these other meanings are truly to be found there, the simplest is the truest. Our Father cares for these bodies of ours; we are meant to keep them in health; we are right in including their wants in our prayers. The Lord's Prayer would not be a perfect prayer for human beings if there were no mention of their bodily wants. But how small a portion of the prayer is devoted to them, and yet how large a portion of our daily thoughts and aims is centred on them! And even in this one petition the prayer goes beyond the needs of the body. Surely we pray also for that heavenly food, of which the elements in the Holy Communion are the sign, means, and pledge, which we need continually to strengthen and refresh our spirits in the daily battle against temptation, and which will preserve both soul and body unto everlasting life.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

Author of "Black or White?" "Less than Kin," "Held to her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A DARK HOUR.



"It is a most unfortunate thing, the way in which Mr. Ryder has allowed himself to be mixed up in the matter. Of that there is no doubt—though I myself," said Mr. Keen, the lawyer, "quite exonerate him from all blame."

"But this is terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Jaxon, at the same moment that Mary passionately declared that she would trust Guy's word against the world.

"Has he any idea that suspicion rests upon him?" the clergyman inquired.

Mr. Keen, who, at Stella's earnest request, had remained at Kingston Villa until the arrival of the travellers, shook his grey head dubiously. But it was Mary who spoke. Mrs. Jaxon could be impulsive upon occasion, and was the hottest of partisans—as any one who had ever heard her enter upon a defence of her "lambs" could testify.

"It is far too ridiculous a notion to have come into his head without some one having put it there in so many words," she said hotly. But though Walter smiled down at her, he did not look convinced.

"Mrs. Jaxon, I fully agree with you in thinking him innocent of all complicity with the Clives," returned the solicitor in his measured tones. "On the other hand, it never did good to any cause to ignore the truth. And the truth upon this occasion certainly does not all tell in Mr. Ryder's favour."

Mary sighed, and flung off the hat which she was still wearing. She and Walter had only arrived in the house a quarter of an hour ago. But it was impossible even to ask the solicitor, who had waited so long for their coming, to exercise his patience, or delay the private interview any further. Upon its absolute privacy, by-the-bye, Mr. Keen had insisted, for reasons perhaps best known to his prudent soul.

"I'm afraid I'm stupid," said Mary, feeling rather snubbed, and taking refuge in humility. "I daresay Walter has grasped all the points, but I am quite sure that I haven't. Would you please just go through them again?"

"Willingly. The first circumstance, then, that seems to involve Mr. Ryder in the business, is that some weeks ago he presented a cheque at the Bank. In payment he received twelve notes, each for a thousand pounds, two of which he immediately had placed to his own credit. Of course upon this there arises the question why and by whose authority? Number two in order of time, though scarcely second in importance, is the consideration that that cheque was undoubtedly forged by some one or another, yet endorsed by Mr. Ryder, who admits the signature. Last of all comes the fact that the cheque which Mrs. Brookes did assuredly sign, and herself give to Mr. Ryder—she happened to mention to Stella that she had done so, and this again Mr. Ryder corroborates—was changed by Mr. Clive. The endorsement upon this document Mr. Ryder declares to be a forgery, in support of which, however, there is, you see, only his word. In any case, it is certainly a much more cleverly executed imitation than that of Mrs. Brookes' name, which I wonder the Bank folk ever accepted. At any rate, that the cheque, at some time or another, passed from him to Mr. Clive can be definitely proved. This has a very ugly look."

"Of course the idea is that he gave it up and presented the forged cheque for the bribe of two thousand pounds?" said Mr. Jaxon as the solicitor paused. "Making him do so was an undeniably

clever dodge, as no one would have suspected him of evil. Quite possibly that was how the signature escaped scrutiny."

"Quite possibly, as you say. Yes; that is, I believe, the theory of the police, so far, at least, as I can make it out. Naturally they are not very open with me, but by putting two and two together that is what I gather. And it may so easily entangle him in a charge of conspiracy; which would be a sad thing for a young fellow just at the opening of his career.

"Especially for a clergyman, who, above all men, must guard his reputation," said Walter. Whilst Mary asked, "How does he account for the two thousand?"

"That's the worst of it. Such an unlikely tale! He says that it was a sudden whim of Mrs. Brookes' to give it to him as a sort of trust for her late husband's children,—for you, and Stella, and Jack, in fact. But the drawback is that the sum seems quite too much to be flung away in a freak, and far too little to be applied to the purpose he names. Altogether it looks improbable."

Mary nodded thoughtfully, evidently turning over the information in her brain.

"Exactly what any one would say who didn't know much of Mrs. Brookes," she observed at last. "But for all that, precisely the idiotic sort of thing she might do at any moment. But didn't he give her a receipt? Isn't that forthcoming?"

They were standing in a group round the fire which Stella had ordered for Mary's comfort, and she was kneeling upon the hearthrug, warming her hands as she talked and listened. All three had been too intent upon the conversation to notice the door open, and hence no one had perceived that for some seconds the company had been increased by two. Stella and Guy had indeed entered in time to catch Mr. Keen's last remark and Mary's reply, and Guy it was who now announced their arrival by speaking. Though his face was grave—and no wonder after that which he had just heard—he had the air not only of an innocent but of a confident man.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "we refuse to be shut out of your councils any longer. Yes, Mr. Keen," with a half smile, "I quite understand and appreciate your delicacy and thoughtfulness; but you can't really suppose that I have

been so stupid all day as not to hear what the world was saying? I haven't a doubt but that half Shingleby is by this time telling the other half that I have absconded with all Mrs. Brookes' money—and perhaps that they always thought me that sort of fellow!"

Tremblingly Stella put her hand upon his sleeve, and looking up in his face said, "Nonsense! They can't be so wicked as to accuse *you* of anything bad!"

For that trustful, indignant glance, that involuntary touch, in which he dared to read a love undiscovered even by itself, Guy Ryder would have risked and borne much more than already he had ventured and suffered.

Meanwhile Mrs. Brookes, after lying in a state of stupor for hours, at last regained a sort of consciousness, only to show that the shock had completely unsettled her reason, and that her memory was gone. Then both Guy and his friends understood that evil days were in store for him. She was the only person who was fully acquainted with the truth—always excepting the Countess Helen and Carol Clive, who could scarcely be expected to disclose it, and for whom, besides, all search had thus far proved fruitless. Whether or not Mrs. Brookes would ever recover her faculties was very doubtful.

As to the investigations with regard to the crime, these were carried on without intermission, but without bringing any discoveries to light. That no such mining company as that in which Mrs. Brookes had been induced to invest had ever been formed Mr. Keen had from the first been aware. And that the scrip which Clive had, with much adroitness, secured and carried off, must have been of a bogus description was equally certain. It also became a pretty well-assured fact that Mrs. Brookes' bank-book, together with both Clive's receipt and the letter of acknowledgment, which Guy declared that he had given to her, and had seen handed over by the infatuated woman to Clive, had also accompanied the brother and sister in their well-timed flight. That letter, in the existence of which, by the way, a good many people expressed a disbelief, might, if found, have gone far towards dispersing the dark cloud which hung over the clergyman. But it really seemed as if no stone had been left unturned to destroy all evidence which told against the real culprits, and in the curate's favour.

"Why should they have chosen you as the object of their spite?" Mr. Keen asked his client, in whom, happily, his own faith was unchanged, one day.

Guy coloured like a girl, and hesitated.

"They say one should have no secrets from one's lawyer," he answered at last; "but I must trust you to keep this one strictly to yourself. Caryl Clive professed to care for Stella, who wouldn't have anything to do with him. And he may have fancied——"

"Let us hope the fancy was correct," was the quiet reply.

But it was only in his unguarded moments that Guy now permitted himself to indulge in loving aspirations with regard to Stella. For how could he, a man with a ban upon him, and bearing a stained name, ever venture to think of marriage.

Already he had given up all exercise of his sacred office. Upon the Sunday after Mrs. Brookes' seizure indeed, when all the town was talking of the affair and bandying his name from lip to lip, and before he had himself really begun to realize the position, he had gone to St. Olave's, prepared to occupy the pulpit as had been announced, according to local custom, in the weekly papers. But that was the end, for in the vestry he had learned the truth.

"Do you think you had better attempt to preach, Mr. Ryder?" inquired Captain Seaton, one of the churchwardens, coming in suddenly, with an anxious, almost alarmed face. "The church is packed. There isn't standing-room. And as some of the very rough characters are present I almost think it would be prudent——"

Before he could finish the sentence the Vicar, a short, stout little man, with whom his eloquent curate was no favourite, bustled in, rather, it must be confessed, to Captain Seaton's relief. Mr. Dwight, who suffered from an inconvenient shortness of vision, passed Guy without noticing either himself or his agitation.

"What's all this about, Seaton? Such crowds and noise—quite unseemly! But alas! Of course one understands. Most perplexing it is! I can scarcely turn Ryder adrift until things have gone further. Yet how is one to allow a probable criminal to officiate? It would make a scandal in the Diocese! Mrs. Dwight says that I——"

With a look of indignation that no one present ever forgot Guy interrupted—

"Far be it from me to compromise you, sir," he said. "You will allow me to resign my curacy upon the spot."

It was done in anger, for which he afterwards heartily repented, assuring himself that the Rev. Godolphin Dwight had, certainly, every excuse. But it was, nevertheless, perhaps the best arrangement that could have been made under the circumstances. The best and yet the saddest. For in the consequent leisure, unfilled by any occupation, Guy Ryder found ample time and excuse for indulging his own sad thoughts.

"It makes me wretched to see him," Wynne confided to Stella one day during the ensuing week, when she had run in to see her friend. Attired, as always in Shingleby, in the nurse's dark costume, she looked very subdued and white, as though Guy's troubles weighed almost as heavily upon her as upon him. "I went in yesterday, and there he was with all his dry old books and things strewn about, doing nothing. I, like a duffer, asked him what text he had chosen, and you should have seen his poor eyes glance up at me! 'No more need of sermons until I am cleared from this,' he said. And then—I wouldn't tell anybody but you, Stella, but he positively broke down, and cried."

The tears rose sympathetically to Stella's eyes, and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks, whilst Wynne, too bitterly rebellious for such relief, sat and watched her weep. "I wish Jack were here," she remarked at last.

"So do I," from Jack's sister. "I wrote and told him all about it yesterday. The *Jupiter* is cruising though, so there's no telling when he may get the letter.

But why do you want him so particularly?"

"I don't know. I think he might do Guy good," she answered. "It was just a silly fancy, like most of mine."

"Miss Ryder, you must indeed be changed!" cried a voice from the conservatory. "Your fancies silly! And confessed to be so! Never!"

The vivid blush with which Wynne



"I'VE MY ORDERS, SIR."

turned to meet Dr. Jaxon's greeting was possibly another confession of a different kind, and one which the physician was not likely to overlook, even if he made no remark. But it would have taken a greater surprise than this sudden arrival to render Wynne speechless, especially when the choice lay between chattering and an ignominious breakdown.

"Oh, how nice to see a cheerful face!" she cried. "Have you heard of our

woes, and come as a solace? Or must we tell, and so bring a cloud over your sky?"

He laughed, and pretended not to see Stella, for the moment, thus affording her a chance of drying her eyes. Certainly he could not but admit to himself that, whatever might be the state of affairs at Shingleby, the familiar sound of Wynne's voice was even more pleasant than he had anticipated.

"I've heard," he said. "But why groan? While there's life there's hope! Hope on, hope ever! *Nil desperandum*, 'I will never despair,' as I heard a man render it the other day. There's a good——"

"If you've any more proverbs to let off perhaps you'll write them down," remarked imperturbable Wynne. "Such observations are too valuable to be forgotten, and I couldn't trust my memory farther. What brings you here?"

"A letter with which my devoted and always revered sister-in-law" (with a profound bow to Mary, who had followed him) "favoured me yesterday informing me of the presence of Walter and herself in these parts. Now I ask any impartial observer whether I should not have failed in my duty had I not run down to offer my respectful homage?"

"He's more ridiculous than ever," sighed Wynne, with a resigned air, to Mrs. Jaxon. Then, approvingly, "Still it was rather nice of you not to give us the cold shoulder, as you might have done, Dr. Jaxon."

"Chilled mutton is my aversion," he retorted, "and I think the sheep a detestable animal, since only from its carcass is that objectionable joint which you have named provided. Why should I be charged with having a similar one to offer?"

He was rattling off the first nonsense that came uppermost. In truth the sight of Wynne's face, now that the flush of pleasure and surprise had left it, looking so very white and pathetic, was too much for him. And not being a man who wore his heart upon his sleeve, he scarcely knew what to do or say to comfort her. So he talked rubbish, for the sake of saying something.

But in the meantime events were happening in Guy's rooms which none of those who loved him guessed. Could they have done so, there would have been a speedy end to the smiles that at present were irradiating four countenances in the Kingston Villa dining-room, and

to the ray of sunshine that Harry seemed to have brought from smoky London with him to Shingleby.

Only an hour earlier the fancy had occurred to Mr. Ryder that he would take advantage of this hateful freedom from engagements to run up to town on business. Guy was not without his literary ambitions, concerning which he had been for some little time in correspondence with a publishing firm. For weeks he had been desirous of paying Messrs. Dowse & Stroud a visit, and no better opportunity than this of fulfilling his purpose was likely to occur. Carefully sorting the papers which were the centre of these hopes into a small black bag, therefore, he rang the bell, and then went out into the hall. His sudden notion had barely given him time to catch the train, which started in ten minutes; and during the inevitable pause before the appearance of the lodging-house servant he ran down the front steps, having not a second to lose. The girl, seeing him outside, came to the door.

"Tell Mrs. Vyner that I shall be back to-night," he called out. "I'm off to London for an hour or two."

He started at a run for the station. But before he had gone a dozen yards he was brought to a sudden standstill by some one grasping his arm. Turning his head, he saw a policeman—one whom he had visited in sickness, and therefore now recognized.

"What is it, Daker? Don't hinder me now, there's a good chap. See you to-night, at any time you like after eight."

The other touched his helmet civilly enough, and in an embarrassed manner began to shuffle his feet. Even the majesty of the law does not always confer dignity! But he did not loosen his hold upon Mr. Ryder's sleeve.

"Well, are you going to keep me here all day?" returned the clergyman, for the moment without a suspicion as to the meaning of the man's action. It was the sound of his own words which first revealed to him some hint of the situation. But in a moment the constable had confirmed the dawning idea—an idea so terrible that it turned the unfortunate cleric cold with shame and horror.

"I've my orders, sir, to watch until yer showed signs o' sloping, and then to arrest yer on the spot. I'm sorry, sir, but, I must do my dooty!"

Half-a-dozen loiterers were already

gathering to enjoy the scene. For an instant darkness seemed to fall over Guy's vision, shutting out the sight of those curious, careless eyes. Then, as the momentary faintness passed, he beckoned Daker towards the house he had just left.

"Come inside, then! We cannot talk here. I was only going to town on business. See," opening the handbag as they entered the hall, and displaying the contents. But Daker, if convinced, was, at any rate, not to be moved.

"I've my orders, sir. And now that yer understand about them I daren't let yer out o' my sight. The magistrates is sitting. They can do what they like about it, but come along to them yer must. I'm sorry enough it's me to take yer!" he added ruefully.

And indeed, trivial as the circumstance of his individuality seemed, Guy was sorry too. He fancied that this arrest might have been less hard to bear had it been made by a stranger.

The news was not long in reaching Kingston Villa, and in quenching the short gleam of brightness that had shown itself there. A note, sent up from the police station, whither Guy was first conducted, brought down Walter and his brother, prepared to give bail to any amount. And since the evidence offered by the police was simply formal, no difficulty in accepting it was made. But the open charge, the horrible publicity of the business, seemed to crush Guy's spirit more than all which had gone before. When he left the building it was with his confident air of innocence gone. He hung his head, and avoided the gaze of other people almost with the aspect of a guilty man.

"I shall stay at your diggings and look after you," declared Wynne, who had accompanied the gentlemen to the court at her own urgent request. "They can row as much as they like at the Hospital."

"But you are due there now!" he objected, as they walked along, four abreast.

"What do I care? They can't go on worse than they have done before!" recklessly, her eyes kindling, "or say nastier things, the brutes! I shall stop with you, Guy!"

It was the first hint she had given him that she, too, had something to endure, and it came as a fresh shock to his wounded soul. For a moment he did not know what answer to make, but,

unexpectedly enough, it was Harry who came to the rescue—Harry who had taken up a position on the other side of Wynne.

"It wouldn't mend matters for you to do wrong because people suppose that your brother is a sinner," he said. "Besides," more softly, "he must be alone for a little while. Look at his face. Come. Be brave. Let us see you to the Hospital."

It was the last advice she would have expected him to give, perhaps; yet without a word she yielded, thereby displaying a submission that surprised and half angered herself. If he considered it her duty to go, well, she would do it. But what right had he to interfere? So she walked along between Harry and Walter with a slightly surly and aggrieved aspect, and listened with a feeling of resentment to such scraps of consolation as either man could conjure up and present, though all the time she was conscious of a certain comfort and strength in the mere fact of Dr. Jaxon's presence.

And Guy?

The hour which followed was indeed his hour of darkness—one in which he seemed able to find no ray of light.

A disgraced name could never be offered to Stella. A suspected clergyman could never take part in his sacred work again. Those were the two ideas which pressed upon his brain, repeating themselves with painful, horrible iteration. And he had so loved and gloried in his holy calling! He had so yearned to call Stella by the sweetest name in the world—the name of wife! Was he mistaken in dreaming that, of late, she also had had vague fancies of a time when she should share his life? And then poor Guy shook himself and tossed the hair off his forehead, and tried to hope that he had been mistaken—tried, and of course failed.

But even in the midst of such tossings and buffetings in the ocean of his sorrow, he had at least one sure source of comfort, to which he clung with the desperation of a drowning man to a strong rope. He was innocent, and GOD would be his witness, lacking all other. The FATHER, Whose child he was, would send down from above and draw him out of those deep waters. He would not allow HIS Church to be scandalised by an action undertaken in reliance upon HIS strength by the weakest of HIS sons. At the right moment the deep, sweet voice of LOVE would sound o'er the waves commanding,

"Peace be still"; and the great calm should follow. Already, as he knelt in prayer, and laid bare his soul, with all its burden of anguish, at the Feet of the

Crucified, he could feel the first semblance of that calm in his heart.

But Guy's ground of hope was the more secure.

CHAPTER X.

CHOOSING A HELPMATE.



It was utterly impossible, at that season of the year, when the organisation of the winter's work must be immediately taken in hand, for Walter Jaxon to remain many days at Shingleby. As impossible did it seem to Mary to stay for long away from her babies, to say nothing of her consideration for the needs of the lads whose Baptism had been, at their own earnest request, postponed until she could be present to witness their profession of faith. Yet how to leave Stella alone with the step-mother who, though she had quickly regained her physical strength, was as far as ever from mental recovery, was a difficult matter.

"Of course you must go home," said Wynne, when one day Mary dropped some hint of her perplexities, "and of course Stella can't be deserted. I shall come and take care of her. I'm sure that Mrs. Brookes needs a nurse.

And I shall bargain with Stella to keep three cakes always on the go."

Mrs. Jaxon's troubled face cleared a little, though she looked doubtful.

"But you haven't been your full time at the hospital," she remarked. "Even if we applied for a nurse they would not send you."

"Try it," nodding significantly. "You see," she went on, in her most confidential tone, "I'm a trouble just now. People," her eyes filling, "are not all as kind as they might be, though some are very good. Then, too, it isn't the invariable custom to keep a nurse from outside work until she is fully qualified. Do just as you like, of course, and don't move in the affair so far as I am concerned if you'd rather have some one more aged and experienced. But—"

"I'd prefer you to anybody," declared her friend, with sincerity.

"Then, as I said before, try!"

And having taken the advice, and succeeded in obtaining the services of "Nurse Wynne," Mrs. Jaxon set about the preparations for her return with a relieved heart. How she yearned to kiss and hug those pretty, small morsels of humanity from whom she had never before been parted, and who were themselves longing for "movvy," only her motherly heart could tell.

"Of course Walter and I will come down again at any time, if you need us," said Mary to Stella upon the morning of departure. "And perhaps," pointedly addressing Wynne, "Harry may run over before long. I'm not good at law matters, and don't know whether the people who have offered bail have to turn up occasionally or not."

"Dr. Jaxon said something about being here whenever the trial came on. But, of course, at present nobody can tell when that will be," said Wynne, trying to speak carelessly, and to disregard the burning sensation in her own cheeks. "I'm sure nobody could have been kinder than your husband—and Dr. Jaxon, too, especially as he had never even met Guy before he saw him in the police-court."

But Mrs. Jaxon murmured something about wishing that both she and Walter could have done more, or helped Guy out of any of his tribulations by a longer stay in Shingleby. Then the cab arrived, and there was a loud call for "Mary." She went out into the hall, followed by the girls.

"I must say good-bye to the poor old mother," she exclaimed. "Give me two minutes, Walter."

She ran upstairs to the sitting-room which had, since her seizure, been

arranged for Mrs. Brookes upon the same floor as the bedroom, and tapped lightly at the door. A maid, who had been instructed to remain with the invalid during the short absence needed by Wynne to make her farewell, opened it.

"I wish I were leaving you better," said her step-daughter, taking the hand which lay limp and passive in Mrs. Brookes' lap. "You must make haste and get well, you know."

But the afflicted woman understood nothing of the good wishes, or farewell words. True that she still nodded the yellow rose into just the same unbecoming positions as of yore; but her smile had become vacant and meaningless, whilst upon her features the only expression was one of perpetual puzzlement.

"It's very kind o' you. But I *ham* fairly well in my 'ealth. Yes, fairly well," she muttered, indistinctly. And Mary left her still repeating the words.



"THE MOTHER GAZED DOWN AT THIM."

"Movvy will be at home in one more five minutes," Ivy was instructing May, some hours later in the day. "Five whole minutes!" A sigh, then "Oh, Granny, what a long time!"

"Is it, my treasure? Well, then, let us have a game. See, May shall be a visitor, and you the lady receiving her. Now do it prettily."

The elder child entered into the spirit of the thing at once, and even May's flickering smile brightened into ready delight. To play visitors was always enchanting.

"How do you do?" asked Ivy, in her daintily precise tone, with the last lingering touches of the baby lisp, adding its inimitable music. "I am so glad to see you! Do you know that my velly own movvy is coming home to-night, Mrs. Snooks?"

The faintest touch of colour crept up into May's cheeks, and she drew herself up with dignity.

"Me is not Mrs. Snooks, Ivy! Me is Mrs. Borwick Jones."

Happily for the preservation of Mrs. Jaxon's gravity, she was able at that moment to announce the approach of a fly; and all squabbles were speedily forgotten by the two dancing, ecstatic mites, who rushed into their mother's ready arms.

But not even for one evening after her return was Mary destined to be quite free

from other interests than those of home. Just as she and Walter were leaving the dining-room after a long-delayed dinner, a single knock was heard at the hall door. An Irish voice was in another moment heard inquiring whether "the mistress was disengaged."

"Oh, it's you, O'Hara, is it?" from Mary, who went forward. "Come in. Do you want to speak to me?"

Not the red-headed lad whom she numbered amongst her most constant scholars was it who at once accepted the invitation, but his father, a man of about forty-five, with a weak and careworn countenance, and a manner indicating far more good nature and civility than strength of will. Mary had made his acquaintance in consequence of a fitful attendance at the school, where he would occasionally come and sit amongst his juniors, quite indifferent to the contrast his own features presented to the surrounding faces.

"Yer know, ma'am, as oi've lost me woife this twelve-month and more?" he began.

May was aware of the fact, as well as of the condition of his home at present, where a girl of about seventeen was doing her best to maintain order and cleanliness amongst her eight younger brothers and sisters. It was an endeavour meriting better success than it obtained; for the children were unruly,

and Mr. O'Hara himself was more addicted to "the drink" than to work.

"Well, ma'am," as she nodded, "I don't see as oi wid be afther anything betther thin marrying agin, if so be, with exemplary caution, "that oi'd git a decent, sober body as 'ud have me."

Mary laughed, but her face was full of doubt. It seemed such an improbable matter.

"Perhaps you'd better come into the dining-room. We can talk better there."

And then it all came out. He explained at much length that it had happened to him to see a "clane, respectable widdier-woman" drop her purse one recent Saturday during a marketing expedition. This he had restored, and there and then entered upon an acquaintance which he, by this time, desired might still further develop, to all of which Mary listened attentively.

"Y u've known her but a very short time?" she ventured to object, at length.

"Shure, and ye're the lady as onderstands! But how 'ull oi be able to sshake much wid her onless I says the wurd? And oi'd be rale glad to do me best by the childher in gitting them a good mother. If oi'd the opinion, now, of yersel, ma'am," with the ever-wheedling Irish look and tone. Mrs. Jaxon, never for a moment taking the suggestion seriously, laughed again. It was an amusing episode altogether.

"I'm afraid you and she must settle it between you," she told him. At which he showed unmistakable signs of disappointment.

"Oi'd bin afther hoping to bring her here to-morrow," he answered. "If yer'd do me the kindness, ma'am——"

It was the strangest request that had ever been made, surely, and cast upon her a responsibility from which the Vicar's wife half shrank. Yet the evidently earnest desire of O'Hara to make a good choice, combined, perhaps, with his extremely flattering reliance upon her judgment, was not without influence. And at that moment of wavering there seemed to rise before her the face of the dead woman, Michael's wife, as last she had seen it.

She, herself, was in a tram, which happened to stop for a moment outside a public-house in one of the lowest parts of the town. People were passing and repassing in all directions, each intent upon his own business, and none paying any heed to the man and woman, standing just off the pavement, and in the gutter,

opposite the swing door of the gin-palace. He had evidently taken more than was good for him, and she, laying her hand every now and then upon his arm, and looking up at him with a piteous, agonised face working with the effort to smile enticingly, whilst yet the tears were scarcely to be restrained, was entreating him to come home. Not that Mary could hear one word; but there was no mistaking her gestures. And then, as the horses moved on, Mrs. Jaxon had seen him gently, almost coaxingly, put away the hand and pat the woman soothingly upon the shoulder, whilst he himself took a step away from her in the direction of temptation. "He niver raised a finger agin me in his loife, ma'am," Mrs. O'Hara had often assured her. But as Mary proceeded upon her way, half repentant that she had not added her persuasions to Nora's, she questioned whether anything could be so exasperating to a wife as that soft, weak, yet resolute persistence in ill-doing. The next news she received of Nora was of her death.

How could she advise him to take another woman into his home, to be harassed and crushed and tormented by similar treatment? Yet Nora had been weak too, not averse to "half a pint," nor invariably set against taking a share in her husband's pleasures. And there were the children to be considered.

"Well, I shall be at home by half-past nine to-morrow. Bring the widow to see me after the night-school is over."

It was at the night-school that Thursday the arrangements were finally made for the much-longed-for Baptism.

"I would like as many of you to come to church as possible to-morrow at seven," Mrs. Jaxon, who had no idea of keeping the matter a secret, told the young men when the time arrived for her "talk" with them. "I think most of you know why?"

Half-a-dozen heads bent a little lower and half-a-dozen usually bold faces flushed. They were not ashamed, perhaps, of the step they were taking. But Mary understood that a little shyness was only natural.

"'Cos Stacey, Charlie, and t' rest of 'em, is to be baptised," sang out Wilson, who had had parents sufficiently well instructed to bring him in his infancy, and who, therefore, felt perhaps a trifle of superiority.

"Just so. And since you must all help them to keep the promises they are going to make, I should like you to hear

what those promises are. Will you do so?"

Small fear as to that! Curiosity was motive sufficient, and a forest of ready hands was instantly lifted.

"And afterwards will not some of you, who already bear the mark of CHRIST upon your foreheads, want to join the Confirmation classes with Furniss and Beresford and the others?" she went on. "Confirmation is just like the second part of Baptism, and gives—oh, more blessings than I can tell you, now! GOD the HOLY GHOST comes down upon you and lives in you. Your bodies become His temple, and He will remain with you so long as you try to live as He would have you and to keep alive the flame of love to Him. Fancy these bodies of ours the temples of God!"

There was a pause, such as often came in the midst of those "talks." Palfreyman, the most daring of all the rough audience, broke it.

"I'd 'ate it," he said honestly. "Thee'rd be no fun then. On'ey church-going and sich soart, ef GOD wor aboot wi' un arl th' while."

"HE is that already, Jim. Do you suppose HE waits to see after you until you go and look round to find HIM?"

And thus, once more, she sought to instil into their minds some idea of the great MASTER, to Whom, whether they would or not, they belonged, and so to induce them to become in body and soul the willing instruments of His good pleasure.

O'Hara, accompanied by a tall, rather angular-looking woman of perhaps forty, was standing upon the doorstep as Mary approached the vicarage, his hand upon the bell. Mrs. Jaxon was in time to admit the couple with her own latchkey.

"I always like coffee after my night-school," she explained to the person whom Michael introduced simply with a "Sure it's hersel', ma'am." "Perhaps you will both come and have some too?"

It was ready, according to previous arrangement, in the dining-room; and as she poured out the hot coffee, Mrs. Jaxon tried to draw her guests into some freedom of conversation. But to-night even Michael's tongue seemed tied; and as to the woman, she could hardly be made to utter a word. All observation had therefore to be of the superficial order, notwithstanding which Mary was favourably impressed.

"You have no children, I think?" Mary remarked to her at last. "Would you like, Mrs. Brown" (she had found out her name by this time), "to come up and see my babies? They are asleep, you know."

The hard face lighted up.

"I 'ood that," she said. And as they went upstairs together, she added, "I've allus loved th' little uns."

Ivy and May lay, with rosy faces and even breathing, in their cots, looking pictures of innocent childhood. Their mother gazed down at them with a world of love in her eyes.

"Arn't they *sweet*?" she whispered. "Oh, I do so pray that the dear Lord will always keep them as pure and unspotted from the world in soul and body as they are now!"

Mrs. Brown put out one finger and touched little May's white arm as it rested on the quilt. Then she turned and looked at Mary, a very frank, straightforward expression in her eyes.

"O' coorse, I knaws about O'Hara bringing me here," she said. "And I wanted to tell yow, Mrs. Jaxon, I'm main and sorry fur 'is bairns. 'E's not oop t' mooch. Still I'd tak' 'im and do the best I could joost fur them. And may 'appin I might manage 'im too."

After which breaking through of reserve Mary's first idea deepened. Before they rejoined O'Hara she felt tolerably certain that if anybody were fitted for the difficult post he had to offer it was certainly this strong, self-reliant, north-countrywoman. And when, ten minutes later, as she was bidding the odd pair farewell, Michael gave his chosen a nudge, as a hint to hasten her departure and leave him behind, Mrs. Jaxon's advice was ready.

"If she accepts you, Michael, you'll be a lucky man," she told him. Thereby sending him away in a state of great contentment.

Nothing fresh arising to postpone the Baptism, it was in the course of the next evening that Mrs. Jaxon experienced one of the deepest joys of her life. She stood with the lads whom she had been enabled to lead thither, beside the font, gave the Christian names of each to her husband, and watched the glittering drops of water descend and the cross traced upon six young brows thus marked with Christ's sign. Her heart was very full as she walked home with Walter afterwards.

(To be continued.)

PENTECOST.

SENT from the Father, and the Son ;
 Blest Spirit, Holy Dove ;
 Descending erst in tongues of fire,
 With songs of praise our lips inspire,
 Inflame our hearts with love.

O Holy Ghost, the Breath of God,
 We live and move in Thee ;
 Oh, keep our souls and spirits pure,
 To holiness our hearts allure
 Thou source of sanctity.

God of all Comfort! Peace! and Joy!
 Wisdom, and strength are Thine.
 Endue us with Thy Ghostly might,
 Stand by us aiding us to fight,
 Thou Paraclete Divine.

Gift of the Bridegroom to His Church,
 Oh, with the Church abide!
 Revealing Jesus to us there,
 Inbreathing every rite and prayer,
 Our Teacher, Friend, and Guide.

All royal gifts with Thee are given,
 Who art all gifts above ;
 Anoint, and seal the chosen race,
 With every gift, with every grace,
 Enrich us, Lord of Love.

Bond of the Father, and the Son,
 Thou Healer of all strife ;
 Help us to be as brethren, One :
 Then with the Father and the Son
 Unite us, Lord of Life.

One with our God, instinct with Life,
 Blest Spirit, claim Thine own !
 Death can no more o'er Life have power,
 With immortality our dower,
 Uplift us to Christ's Throne.

Creator Spirit, Mighty God,
 We praise Thee, and adore
 Who art with God the Father One,
 Co-equal with the Eternal Son,
 Thrice blessed evermore.
 Hallelujah. Amen.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH,

Author of "Songs of Perseverance."

AMONG THE EMIGRANTS.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "Jack Marston's Anchor," etc.



"FIRST of all, I hired myself to a farmer."
 "Then, afterwards, you took up a
 grant of land of your own?"

"I did, when I got to know something of
 what I was about, and had saved a few
 browns--dollars, you know, they call them
 over there!"

"And you are returning now?"

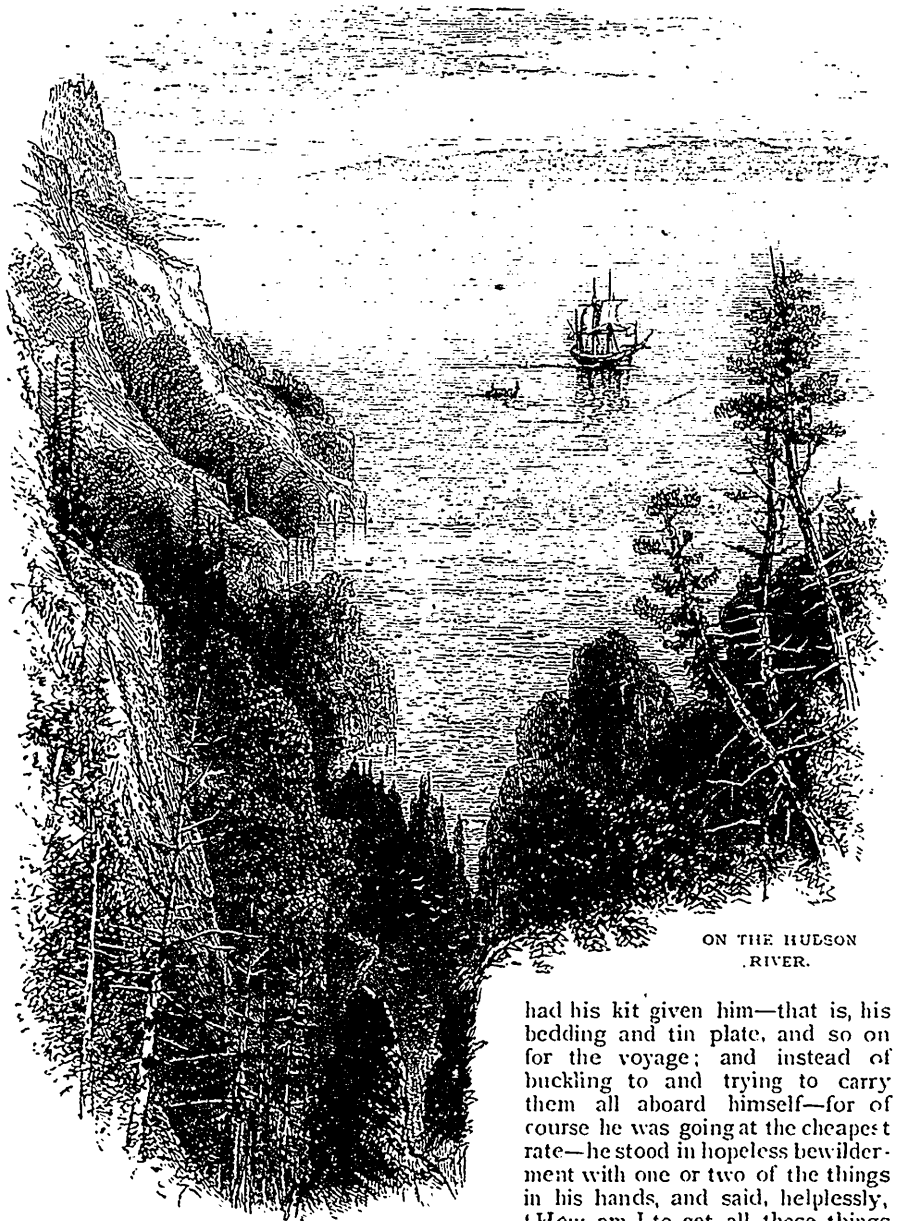
"Of course I am! I am a landowner, bless
 you! over there. I own one hundred and
 sixty acres o' ground out yonder in
 Manitoba!"

"And are you doing well, if it's a
 fair question?"

"Well enough to take a trip home
 and go back again. Oh yes, I'm doin'
 fairly well, and my own master, to boot."

"Then you advise people to emi-
 grate?"

"It all depends on the people. Look
 here, master; you ask me a plain ques-
 tion, and I will give you a plain answer.
 If you are goin' over there expectin' to
 see apples growing on the hedgerows,
 and gold lying about the streets--why,
 you are mistaken; but, if you go over
 there and mean to adapt yourself to
 the place, and work hard--well, I see
 no reason why you should not get on
 as I have done."

ON THE HUDSON
RIVER.

"Of course I mean to work hard."

"Yes, but do it, and with purpose and profit. The men on the treadmill work hard, but there is no profit. You may have the best intentions, and yet not put your shoulder to the wheel of your good fortune, and roll it forward. I saw a man once on the Liverpool quays the last time I went over, and he had just

had his kit given him—that is, his bedding and tin plate, and so on for the voyage; and instead of buckling to and trying to carry them all aboard himself—for of course he was going at the cheapest rate—he stood in hopeless bewilderment with one or two of the things in his hands, and said, helplessly, 'How am I to get all these things on the ship?'"

"I guess he had been doing that pretty much all his life, saying icebly, 'How am I to do this or that?' Believe me, my lad, self-help is the thing, and then folks are more likely to help you when they see you really helping yourself. I said that fellow would never make a successful emigrant, and he did

not. I find he has returned to England, a burden on his family."

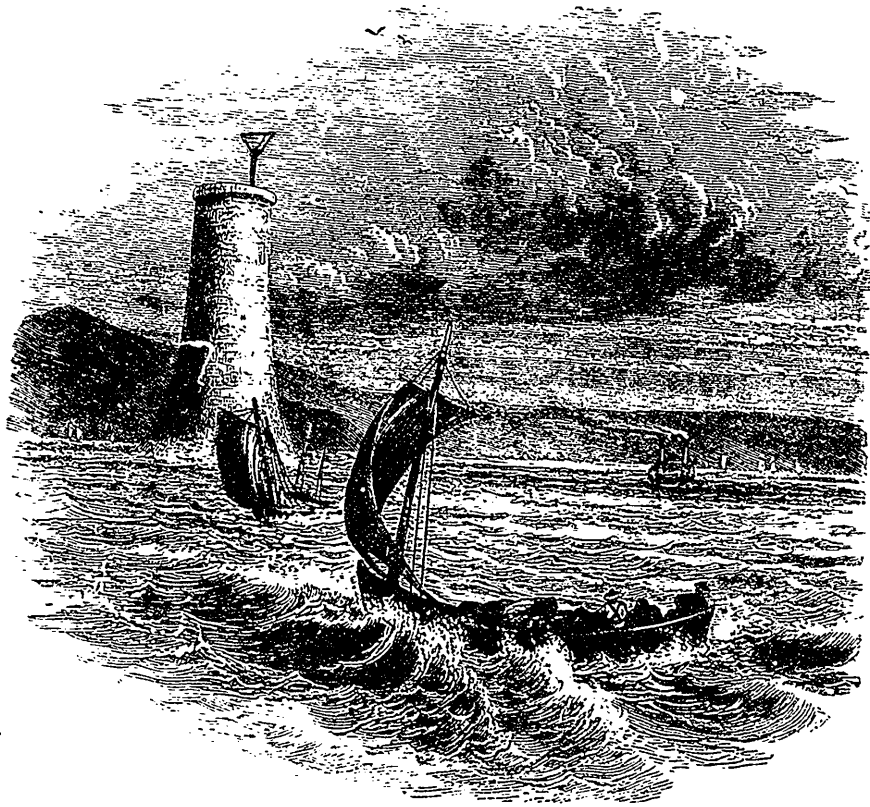
"Well, if you were going to emigrate, what should you do?"

"I should write, or call, at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster. They issue reliable information free about the Colonies; and what is more, will place you in communication with the official Government Agent for the particular Colony to which you may think of going. But whatever

"Then you advise me to work for somebody else for a year or so before taking up land myself."

"Certainly I do; and you can gain valuable experience. But you write for the Government Emigration Circulars from that office I told you of. They are full of most useful advice and information."

Such may be the kind of conversation heard on the platform—that platform of many partings—at Euston Station before



ON LAKE ONTARIO.

you do, don't pay a premium. The Official Handbook to Canada is particularly emphatic about that. 'No premiums are necessary,' it says, 'and it is advised that none be paid. Strong and healthy young men, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, have no difficulty in getting employment in the spring, and the Agents of the Government in Canada will assist them as far as possible in doing so, without charge, although, of course, they do not accept any direct responsibility.'

an emigrant train is about to start. The time is near midnight on a chilly spring evening, and the train will steam away at the witching hour of twelve.

Some of the conversation is a trifle comical, and you hear one say, "After you have been out there a few weeks, you can begin to 'guess' and 'calc'late' and talk through your nose!"

Indeed, cheerfulness, real or assumed—possibly a good deal of the latter—is the order of the night; and perhaps the good folk are too busy to be sad. They

are securing corners of carriages, and preparing to make themselves as comfortable as they can for their long journey.

At last they are all stowed in. Their luggage (adorned with labels as to their destination, and the ship by which they are travelling) is all packed in the vans, the whistle sounds, the last good-byes are said, and away rushes the train, a hearty English cheer from friends left behind ringing all along the station roof.

Then by degrees the trainful of people sinks to sleep, or to a quietness that is like sleep, as the powerful engine whirls them along to Liverpool.

Bright and early they draw up at Lime Street station next morning; and even the station wears a fresh and clean appearance, as though its face had been washed for the next day.

"Never mind the luggage!" says the old traveller. "It will all go down to the ship together in a van." Nervous passengers, however, are not satisfied until they see their "things," as they call them, in charge of the official of the Shipping Company in his smart uniform.

Then they adjourn to an early morning breakfast. It is the last meal they will enjoy in England—for some time, at least. Their next repast will be on board ship. And there they will find three or four good meals a day prepared for them.

They go down to the docks close by. "That is her," says somebody, meaning the ship, "her with the Blue Peter."

"Blue Peter!" exclaims a woman emigrant from the Midlands; "how can a ship have a Peter with her?"

"Ha! ha!" laughs a docker who is near. "A Blue Peter is a flag, mum, what a vessel lies just before she's a-goin' to sail. There's one, and there's another," and he points out a blue flag with a white square in the centre flying at the mast head of two or three ships.

"Oh, a flag!" said the woman; "it is just like sailors' funny talk to call a flag a Blue Peter. Come on, Jack!"

So, with her good husband, she trots on down to the quay where the huge vessel lies alongside. A plank or gangway gives access to the steamer, and the comfortable couple walk on board. The luggage had come down in vans, and is being swung into the hold by cranes.

All luggage wanted during the voyage—such as articles of clothing, as indicated in the circulars of the Emigrant Information Office—should be packed separately from the other baggage, and kept by the passengers themselves, or fastened to their berths.

First, on getting aboard, the emigrants gradually find their way below, and select their sleeping places, those for the women and children being quite separate from those for the men. The married men are allowed in the women's quarters at meal times as a great treat, to assist in feeding and amusing the children; but history does not record whether they largely avail themselves of this enjoyment! However, there are plenty of opportunities for husbands and their families to meet on deck during the day, and also at the concerts which are organized during the voyage. At last the ship sails, quietly and slowly at first. She passes the harbour bar, the shores fade, and the voyage has fairly begun.

The engine-room is closed to passengers, of course; and if they could glance in there, they would perhaps comprehend nothing from the mass of glittering rods and cranks. But by degrees they might gather that the steam enters those huge inverted cylinders, and drives the pistons to and fro, which in their turn revolve the propeller at the stern of the ship, and drive her ever and ever onward. Day after day for about a week she keeps on her course, ploughing the wide expanse of water, until at last she fetches her harbour in the West, lands her emigrants safe in port, there to meet the assistance, if they require it, of the Government Immigration Agent.

A PEEP AT KEW GARDENS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 145.)

KEW is known the wide world round for its glorious gardens. For nearly three hundred years, or more, all who love flowers and gardening have turned towards Kew as one of the great centres of attraction in the floral world. Evelyn, writing in

his "Diary," March 24th, 1688, says: "We went to Kew to visit Sir Henry Capel's, whose orangery and myrtetum are most beautiful, and perfectly well kept."

In 1730, the Prince of Wales, father of George III., greatly developed the

place, and in George III.'s reign the gardens were much improved under the direction of the celebrated Sir Joseph Banks. In 1840 Queen Victoria relinquished her title to the gardens, which were taken in charge by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and from that time to the present there has been nothing but progress and development in every department of these magnificent pleasure grounds. Under the loving care of Sir William Hooker (who was succeeded by his no less distinguished son, Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, F.R.S.), Kew Gardens have become the home of splendid specimens of the floral treasures of the world. The present Director is Mr. W. T. T. Dyer, F.R.S.

In popular estimation the chief glory of Kew is the *Victoria Regia*, one of the largest examples of the lily tribe. It is said to have been first discovered by Sir Robert Schomburgk, in British Guiana, in 1837. Drawings were exhibited and seeds repeatedly brought over; but as these did not germinate, the idea of a plant with leaves from 5 to 6 feet across, and flowers 15 inches in diameter, began to be reckoned as a mere travellers' tale! At length, however, in 1849, Dr. Rodic, of Demerara, sent fresh seeds to Kew, where the plant has since continued to flourish.

The Great Palm House was designed by the famous architect, Mr. Decimus Burton, and completed in 1848. The entire length of the structure is 362 feet, the centre is 100 feet wide and 66 feet in length. It is heated by six large boilers, with which a system of nearly 20,000 feet of hot-water piping is connected.

Near the Palm House is the Museum, which contains a large collection of fruits, seeds, and many curious and interesting vegetable products. Contributions have been gathered from all the quarters of the globe.

Every visitor to Kew should make a point of seeing the gallery of original paintings, presented by Miss North, a daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P. for Hastings. This lady travelled all over the world painting from nature the various beautiful flowers which attracted her attention. All the paintings are highly finished, and Dr. J.

Hooker, in the Preface to the Descriptive Catalogue, says:—

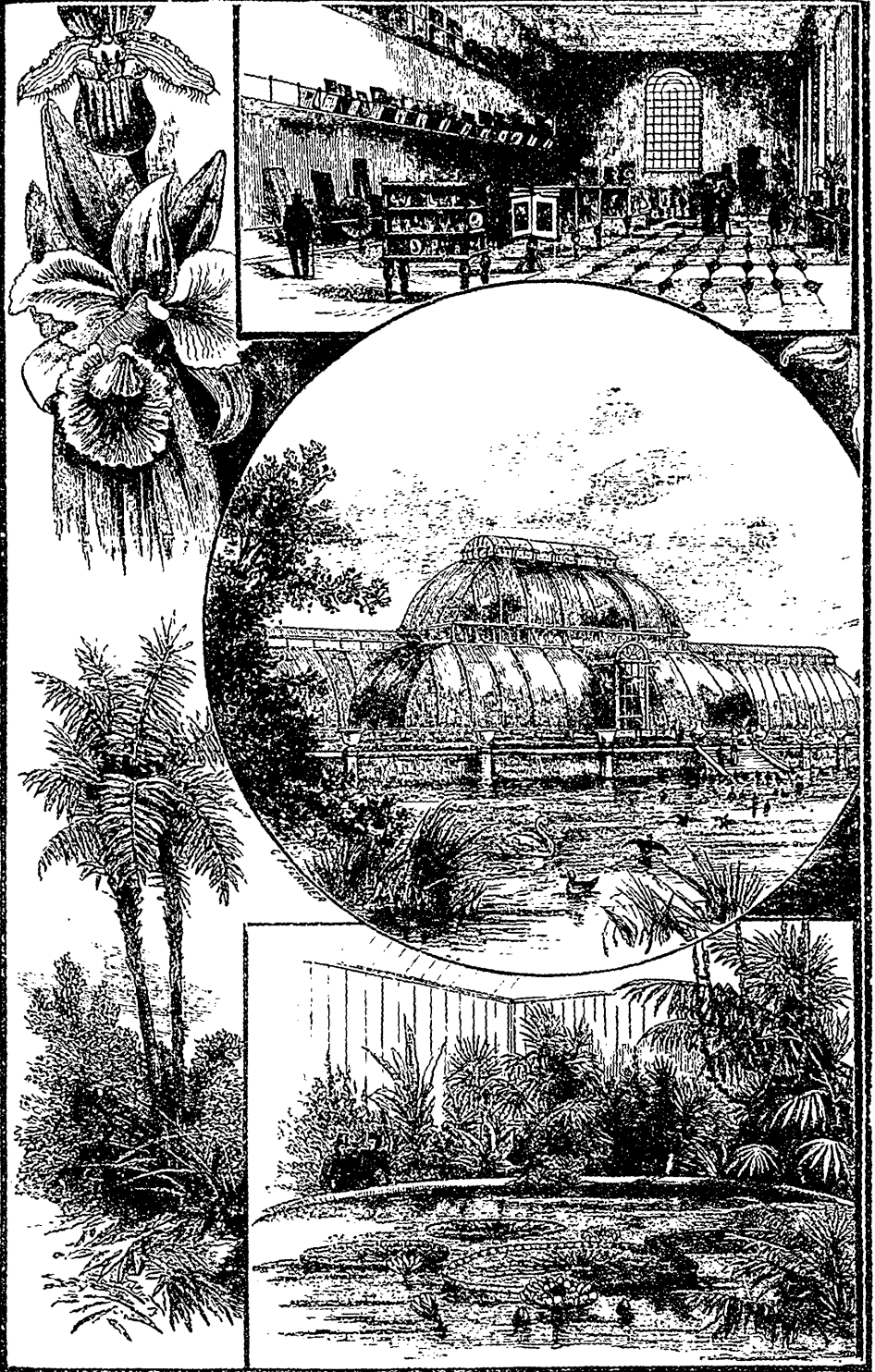
"Many of the views here brought together represent, vividly and truthfully, scenes of astonishing interest and singularity, and objects that are amongst the wonders of the vegetable kingdom; and these, though now accessible to travellers and familiar to readers of travels, are already disappearing, or are doomed shortly to disappear, before the axe and the forest fires, the plough and the flock, and the ever-advancing settler or colonist. Such scenes can never be renewed by nature, nor, when once effaced, can they be pictured to the mind's eye, except by means of such records as this lady has presented to us and to posterity, which will thus have even more reason than we have to be grateful for her fortitude as a traveller, her talent and industry as an artist, and her liberality and public spirit."

The stately Cedar trees, the Plane, the Turkey Oriental Oak, the "Weeping Willow," are here seen to perfection. The "Weeping Willow" is an off-shoot from that over Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, and the general parent of all those bearing his name in this country.

The Orchid House, the Tropical Fern House, the Winter Garden, are each in their way unrivalled. Among the curiosities are two extraordinary specimens of the Old-man Cactus. Sir William Hooker thought these specimens were probably as much as a thousand years old!

We may add that the Botanic Gardens are open free to the public from one to six daily, and the Pleasure Grounds and Museums are open to the public every afternoon. Kew Gardens are ten miles from London by rail, and there are frequent trains from Waterloo Station and the Underground Railway. In the summer months many visitors prefer to go by boat, and steamers ply at regular intervals from all the Thames piers.

Kew Gardens, as a popular resort, seems to be increasing in favour. The number of visitors during last year shows an increase of 379,229 on the attendance for the preceding year, and is the largest as yet recorded, except for 1890, when it reached 1,839,966. The total number of visitors for the past year was 1,733,386 as compared with 1,354,157 in 1892.



Drawn by A. FORSYTH.]

[Engraved by C. A. FERRIER,

A GLIMPSE OF KEW GARDENS (see page 111).

THE DOVE ORCHIS.
THE DATE PALM.

THE MUSEUM.
THE PALM HOUSE.
THE VICTORIA REGIA.

A WHITSUN PRAYER.

BY THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W.; Author of "Studies of the Spiritual Life," "The King of Sorrows," "The Sower went Orth Sowing," and other Hymns.

OME to me Spirit blest,
As Thou art wont to come,
God, from Thy throne of rest,
To a poor human home!

Come to me, Comforter!
While sorrows on me press,
And thoughts within me stir,
Leave me not comfortless.

Come, O my Paraclete,
Called by my longing cry,
With intercession sweet,
Stand my weak spirit by.

Come to me as a dove;
To soothe this restless heart
To make my nature love,
Gentle in every part.

Come to me as the wind;
To clear the mists of doubt
To cool the fevered mind,
And brace the nerves worn out.

Come as the breath Divine;
That God may live in me
A life no longer mine,
Wholly inspired of Thee.

Come to me as a fire;
That burning zeal of love
May more and more aspire
Unto Thyself above.

Come to me as God's seal;
To mark me as His Own,
With witness I may feel,
Keeping for Him alone.

Water of Jesus, bring
Revival for the strife;
Quench all my thirsts, and spring
Up to eternal life.

RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINÉ,

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

(Continued from page 56.)



LET us turn next, in confirmation of the contention in my previous paper, to eminent representatives of two other schools of advanced but conflicting thought.

The most eminent of Agnostics is Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose remarkable admissions in his "First Principles," in respect of some of the foundational facts of religion, are among the most noteworthy signs of the times in "advanced thought." He says "an unbiassed consideration . . . forces us to conclude that religion, everywhere present as a weft running through the warp of human his-

tory, expresses some eternal fact." And again, he says, "a religious system is a normal and essential factor in every evolving society."

But if these are the acknowledgments of *Agnosticism*, what have the *Positivists* to say? Why, M. Comte, the founder of this school, contends that as the world advances in knowledge and true culture, instead of religion passing away and giving place to a more secular science, "man becomes more and more religious"; and his aggressive arch-priest, Mr. Frederic Harrison, derides the notion that the age of faith is either past or passing; and he bids begone "the peevish paradox of pedants and cynics, that mankind has outgrown worship." He further rebukes, with incisive words, all those, to whatever school or class they belong, "who teach that the future can be built upon science and civilisation." He says their vain effort is like that of men who "attempt to build a pyramid of bricks without straw." But he goes still further, and in another article he urges the utter inadequacy of mere material progress and secular advancement to satisfy the great

hunger of human need. "It is mockery to talk about science, enlightenment, progress, freethought, to the myriads of men and women, and to tell them that these ought to serve them. What can they want more—why ask for religion? The rude men who sweat and swelter in mines, in furnaces, in factories; the hedger and the ditcher and the cottager, with his pinched home; the women who stitch and serve, the children wandering forlorn and unkempt into rough life—how are these to be sustained and comforted by science and enlightenment? How will free thought teach discipline to the young, and self-restraint to the wild? What sustenance will the imagination and the devotional nature receive from the principle of free inquiry? Human nature is not a thing so docile and intellectual that it can be tamed by fine thoughts; nor is society amenable to pure ideas."

Like Mill, Mr. Harrison is constrained to confess that in the darkest hours of human sorrow it is not in the cold speculations of "free thought," but in the loving Fatherhood of our Divine religion, that man finds consolation and content. "How often," says Mr. Harrison, "has the overburdened spirit felt peace amid agony and bereavement! How often have the dying lips smiled in peace. What trust and calm have beamed in the eyes of the weakest, the most afflicted, the most forsaken! We know it all. We, too, have felt all these things. We are not cynics, swinishly deaf to the spiritual voices." No, Positivism happily still hears the holy music of these higher voices. It is not deaf to their "sweet whisper of immortal peace"; but alas! it is dumb, and has no evangel for the weary and heavy laden. "Why ask us," says Mr. F. Harrison, "if we have any such thing in our faith, if we can give these seraphic raptures, these superhuman joys and hopes? Certainly not."

But our Divine religion confessedly can and does. It purifies and strengthens, widens and brightens human life. "I was very glad," said Thomas Carlyle to his brother, "that you had promised to my mother to keep religion in your house. Without religion constantly present in the heart, I see not how a man can live otherwise than unreasonably—desperately."

That sums up my present contention. It is the fact that I want to bring home to your intelligent conviction, my friends, that religion is confessedly a foundational necessity of life; that a man cannot do

himself justice, nor fulfil the obligation of his human brotherhood without religion; that there is in him that which religion alone can call out; that for his real well-being and well-doing here on earth, and for his eternal good, he needs religion; that as human society advances, and "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," more and more grows the necessity of religion to the life of man. And to prove to you that these are not simply clerical opinions or Church opinions, I have been at some pains to quote from the most eminent leaders in various schools of "freethought"; and to show you that whatever may be their more detailed opinions, here, at least, at the foundation we are at one—that religion is a fundamental necessity of the full-grown human life. And I further affirm, without fear of challenge or contradiction, in respect of our Divine religion, that every principle that it encourages, and every duty that it commands, is for the advancement of the individual life, and also "for the highest good of the greatest number."

I am deeply convinced that the civil freedom, the social progress, and all that belongs to the comfort and advancement of the best interests of the industrial classes of society, are bound up with the deepening growth, and spread among them, of religion as an indwelling spirit, and an outward rule of conduct. "If liberty is to be saved," said the eminent French writer Amiel, "it will not be by the doubters, the men of science, or the materialists; it will be by religious conviction, by the faith of individuals, who believe that God wills man to be free, but also pure; it will be by the seekers after holiness, by those old-fashioned pious persons who speak of immortality and eternal life, and prefer the soul to the whole world; and it will be by the enfranchised children of the ancient faith of the human race."

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

THE lore from Philip once concealed,
We know its fulness now in Christ;
In Him the Father is revealed,
And all our longing is sufficed.

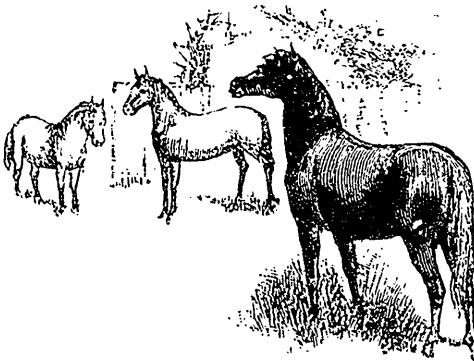
And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down;
Except we labour and endure,
We cannot win the Heavenly Crown.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

ORIGINAL FABLE.

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

NOTHING LIKE EXPERIENCE.



"HOW dull it is in this field," said a young horse to his mother; "there is nothing to do from morning to night, and no one to speak to now the grey pony is gone."

"Be content, my son," said the old mare, lifting her head for a moment from a patch of clover. "The grass is sweet and juicy, and there is plenty of water at the bottom there; what more can you want?"

"I should like to go out with the grey pony. They fetched him this morning, and if the gate had only been left open I should have followed."

"I daresay he is wishing himself back again by this time," said the old mare calmly.

"I'm sure he isn't, mother; for we heard them talking about it yesterday, and he was delighted, he said he was tired of being cooped up here."

"I've no doubt he did, but you'll see what he says when he comes back to-night. Here, take some of this beautiful clover, my son, and don't grumble any more till you have something to grumble at."

But the young horse wandered disconsolately off to the gate by which his friend had disappeared, and stood there in a melancholy mood, looking and longing for his return.

Evening came, and with it the grey pony!

"Well, how did you like it? What have you been doing?" cried the young horse eagerly the moment he appeared.

"Doing!" said the grey pony wearily; "don't ask me. I'm tired to death; never had such a day in my life."

"Why, I've been longing to be with you all the time," said the young horse.

"Ah, that's because you knew nothing about it," said the grey pony. "Make the most of your holiday time, my boy, for you may depend upon it you'll never be so well off as you are now. I little knew what was before me when I started this morning."

"Dear me," cried the young horse; "I am surprised. Do tell me all about it. But perhaps you wouldn't mind my asking you *not to mention it to my mother!*"

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

IX. CHARADE.

6. What carries light hearts in the Sister Isle,
May be joined to your dearest, without any
guile,
And then trodden under foot all the day long,
Though no one can charge you with doing a
wrong.

X. DECAPITATIONS.

2. I'm a noun or a verb, as your needs may require,
Though to giving, not taking me, most men
aspire.
When a noun, I am wanted for keeping your
gains,
And from my last embrace no mortal refrains.

Behead me, and lo! a fine animal's seen,
Which whole, or in portions, is welcome, I ween,
To peasant or peer, if English you be,
There's nought of its kind you relish like me.

3. I am often at church, though never to pray,
And frequently "strike" as I go on my way;
I require no food, though I seldom stand still,
And for long hours' labour I send in no bill.
Behead me, and very close-fisted I seem;
For guarding your property, most persons
deem
Me better than watch-dog, policeman, or
sword,
As to own me, and keep me, all can afford.

WHITSUNTIDE.

BY THE REV. CANON TWEELLS, M.A., *Author of "At even ere the sun was set."*

THE Day of Pentecost is fully come ;
With one accord we gather in one
place :

And is the Voice of Heaven's great Teacher
dumb ?

Or quenched the Flame of His all-con-
quering grace ?

Awake, O Lord, as in the times of old !
Come down, O Spirit, in Thy power and
might !

For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely
cold,

Our minds but blindly groping towards
the light.

Doubts are abroad : make Thou those doubts
to cease !

Fears are within : set Thou those fears at
rest

Strife is among us : melt that strife to
peace !

Change marches onward : may all change
be blest !

It is not knowledge that we chiefly need,
Though knowledge sanctified by Thee is
dear :

It is the will and power to love indeed :
It is the constant thought that God is near.

Make us to be what we pretend to be :
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be
heartfelt praise :
From unreality oh ! set us free,
And let our words be echoed by our ways.

Fast rushes life and surely life is death,
Unless, by Thy sweet help and strength
imbued :

But when Thou sendest forth Thy quickening
breath,

The face of earth shall be once more
renewed.

Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be
turned :

Let every passion grieving Thee be stilled :
Then shall our race be won, our guerdon
earned,

Our Master looked on, and our joy fulfilled !

KNEELING IN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A., *Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

TO many of us the habit, on en-
tering God's House, of kneeling
down to offer a short petition,
and of adopting that posture at
all times of prayer, is so natural, that the
necessity for dwelling upon the duty of
"bowing the knee" appears superfluous.

And yet it is impossible to disregard
the fact that there is a vast number of
people who habitually join in Divine
worship, and yet utterly ignore the obli-
gation laid upon the followers of Jesus
Christ, to use the recognised method of
showing the spirit of devotion.

The Old Testament supplies many
instances of this custom among the
chosen race. Ezra tells us how "I fell
upon my knees, and spread out my
hands unto the Lord my God, and said
. . ." In Psalm xcvi.—the *Venite*, which
we sing daily in the Morning Service—
we are invited "to worship and fall
down, and kneel before the Lord our
Maker." We read how Daniel, after
the extraordinary decree made by King
Darius, "went into his house ; and his
windows being open in his chamber to-
ward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his
knees three times a day, and prayed."

Similarly, in the New Testament, we

learn how Jesus "kneeled down, and
prayed," in the Garden of Gethsemane.
The same words are used of St. Stephen,
St. Peter, and St. Paul, and of the com-
pany of the faithful at Tyre.

In the Epistle to the Romans, St.
Paul, quoting from Isaiah, says: "It is
written, As I live, saith the Lord, every
knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue
shall confess to God." And writing to
the Christians at Philippi, the Apostle
urges that "at the Name of Jesus every
knee should bow."

The custom of kneeling during prayers
has prevailed from earliest times in the
Christian Church. It was so universal,
that prayers gained the name of "bend-
ing the knee."

The importance of the practice is indi-
cated in our Prayer-Book (portions of
which date back for many centuries), by
the rubrics, or notes explanatory of the
services, which give the explicit direc-
tions that, at certain places, the con-
gregation are to kneel. If we take the
"Order for Morning Prayer" as an
example, we find this rule laid down,
(1) before the Confession ; (2) before the
Absolution, to pronounce which the
Priest stands ; (3) before the Lord's

prayer, where Priest and people again kneel together; (4) after the Creed; (5) before the Collects.

And in the Service of the Holy Communion, the "Invitation" (as it is called) commencing "Ye that do truly and earnestly . . ." explains what is meant by the word "to kneel," because it urges those who remain to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, "to make their humble confession to Almighty God meekly kneeling upon their knees."

The habit, so common among the men of the congregation a generation ago, of standing up with the hat inverted, and uttering a short prayer while gazing into it, is happily fast dying out. But there are many churches where lounging across from the seat to the book-rest is substituted for the true posture of kneeling. I remember how at one church with which I was connected, where this custom was prevalent, the Sunday School children, not unnaturally, endeavoured to imitate their elders. But as the pews were wide, and the children small, the result was that occasionally a small boy, who had wedged himself into the uncomfortable position I have described, was unable to avoid slipping, and consequently descended with a crash upon the floor.

I do not wish to lay down a hard-and-fast rule, that under no circumstances is a prayer to be offered to Almighty God in any other position than that of kneeling. On the contrary, I would urge, and urge most strongly, that the practice of ejaculatory prayer should be encouraged in every possible way. It frequently happens that some critical decision is forced upon us suddenly, or some strong temptation assails us without warning. At such times it is a great privilege to feel that, wherever we may be, and whatever may be our surroundings, we have free access for guidance and support to the Giver of all Good.

At the same time, I would earnestly do what I can to discourage the practice—due partly to thoughtlessness, partly to indifference, and partly to self-indulgence—of sitting or lounging during those portions of the Church's services which are appropriated to prayer and worship.

When we lift up our hearts in spirit before the Throne of Grace, we are approaching, as humble suppliants, the great Ruler of the Universe, and it is fitting that we should, by our outward gesture, indicate the homage and respect which we feel.

What would be thought of the man who appeared before his sovereign to receive some mark of favour, and refused to kneel when his knighthood was conferred on him?

And yet there are many who will not pay this mark of allegiance to the God—Almighty and Eternal—at Whose hands they are craving some great blessing!

We are not concerned with the question of whether or not a prayer will be answered if we are standing or sitting, instead of kneeling. The point is, are we prepared to go out of our way to ignore the universal practice of the Christian Church as to the posture in which prayer is offered, and thus fail in devotion and respect to Him Who hears and answers our petitions?

Lastly, let us remember how easily others are led by example. Is it right to give a weaker brother, or the young whom we wish to train in habits of reverence, the opportunity of excusing their own laziness by quoting our action?

"Let everything be done decently and in order."

When you sing your praises, *stand*.
When you hear the Word read or preached, *sit*.
When you pray, *kneel upon your knees*.

"WHAT WE CAN DO!"

(A TEMPERANCE SONG.)

I.



What can we do, my brothers,
To speed the cause along?
We can speak a word to others,
We can cheer them with a song,
We can give them hearty greeting,
We can shake them by the hand,
We can bring them to the meeting,
We can help them firmly stand!

II.

Oh, what can we do, my brothers,
To haste the longed-for day
When the weeping babes and mothers
Shall wipe their tears away?
We can sow the seed and reap it,
We can help the sad hearts sing;
We can sign the pledge and keep it,
In the strength of CHRIST our KING!

FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.

GARDEN WORK FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.

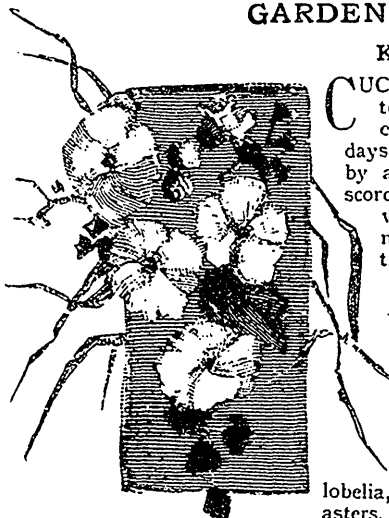
CUCUMBER plants should now have close attention paid to them. The frames should be slightly raised at one end to admit a free supply of fresh air on mild warm days. In sunny, hot weather shade the plants from the sun by any light covering, otherwise they are liable to be scorched. Close the frames about 5 o'clock, and cover over with mats to protect the plants from the cold during the night. The plants should be watered moderately two or three times a week, according to the dryness of the soil.

Fruit Garden.

Vines should have attention by removing all the weak shoots, and those which grow in a cross direction. Too many shoots interfere with the growth and the ripening of the fruit. Destroy snails and insects whenever practicable.

Flower Garden.

Plant out geraniums, fuchsias, dahlias, ageratum, lobelia, verbenas, calceolarias, heliotrope, etc. Sow China asters, mignonette, French marigolds, and other annuals.



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

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

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



WE now proceed to show—
That the Church of England is, with respect to the free exercise of Christian liberality, unsurpassed by any religious body in

voluntary liberality of her members in the past, but that they were really given to her by the State. But this impression is entirely erroneous, and is not based upon a single particle of truth.

The State never built the Church's ecclesiastical structures, and never provided them with endowments. Both the churches and the endowments are the result of the voluntary liberality of her members throughout centuries, and they are not the less voluntary in their origin because they are now ancient endowments.

But, you ask, "Where are the proofs of the voluntary liberality of churchmen in the present?"

We reply, the best proof of the voluntary liberality of churchmen in the present day is that they voluntarily contribute over five millions a year for religious and charitable purposes. The proof of this statement you will find accurately set forth in the *Official Year Book of the Church of England*.

Since the year 1840 the Church has raised, from voluntary sources, about one million sterling per annum for church building and church restoration.

During a period of fifty-one years, from 1840 to 1891, the Church, from voluntary sources, has added over five millions sterling to her endowments. From the year

the world.
That the religious bodies in England, outside the Communion of the English Church, are not in a position to hold themselves up to the Church of England as examples of voluntary liberality which she ought to follow, and from which she might learn how better by freewill offerings to support her religious and charitable institutions.

That the fact of her being possessed of a vast amount of property, composed of her endowments in land and money, which she has acquired by the operation of the voluntary principle in the past, constitutes no real obstacle to her exercise of the voluntary principle in the present and future.

Yes, I know you are under the impression that the endowments which the Church now possesses are not the result of the

1811 to 1892 her voluntary contributions for the building and maintenance of schools was over thirty-six millions of pounds.

Of a total sum of £1,363,153, contributed in 1892 by the Church and all the religious bodies in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, including the Church of Rome, in Foreign Missions, the Church of England contributed £584,615. And while recently all the religious bodies to which reference has been made have decreased their contributions to foreign missions by a total of £102,000, churchmen, at the same time, have increased their contributions by a total sum of £45,000 a year.

Of course, in the absence of published statements, we cannot obtain accurate information as to the amounts which the various religious bodies annually raise for the support of their own denominational objects and organizations.

From such information, however, as we can obtain, we should judge that the sum total of the voluntary amounts raised by the whole of them put together falls short of that raised by the Church, while for undenominational, but purely general charitable objects, the Church, singly, voluntarily contributes a much larger sum annually than that which they all give to the same purposes.

No doubt you regard this statement as startling, if not incredible, and as requiring proof.

Well, the best way to settle the point in your own mind, and to test the accuracy of our assertion, is to obtain the subscription list of any general charity in your own

county, and to compare the amounts contributed by Churchmen and Nonconformists, and the collections in churches and chapels for its support (our readers in every county can do the same), and it will be found that there is a heavy balance indeed in favour of the voluntary liberality of churchmen.

You ask for a specific illustration of the accuracy of our assertion. Well, you shall have it. Here it is.

There are some twenty-two of what may be called the principal religious bodies in London, with the representatives of a large number of smaller religious bodies beside, and yet on Hospital Sunday, in the June of each year, for the last twenty years, the Church has contributed more than all of them put together.

On Hospital Sunday, in June 1892, out of a total raised of £37,082 15s. 2d., the Church actually contributed the large proportion of £29,653 10s. 10d.; and out of a total sum of £624,095, contributed to the Hospital Sunday Fund within twenty years, churchmen actually gave the very large proportion of £478,623.

We think, then, that these facts clearly show

1. That the Church of England, notwithstanding her anciently acquired endowments from voluntary sources, is still a very voluntary Church.

2. That in the exercise of voluntary liberality she will compare favourably with all the religious bodies put together, and that her possession of endowments does not hinder the exercise of her voluntary liberality.

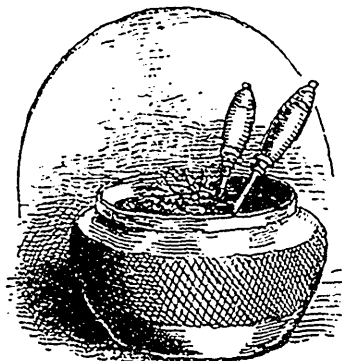
COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

POOR MAN'S GOOSE.

	Average Cost.
1 Sheep's heart and liver	6
2 lbs. potatoes	2
2 Onions	1
1 Teaspoonful powdered sage	}
1 Teaspoonful salt	} ½
¼ Teaspoonful pepper	}
	—
	9½



with a piece of greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

Sometimes slices of bacon are added to this dish. They should be placed between the potatoes and the meat,

THE COST OF RUDENESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED,"
"THE FIVE TALENTS OF WOMAN," ETC., ETC.



TRULY incivility is a losing game, and it is only the very rich who can afford it. A man said the other day, "It cost me just a thousand pounds to take that man's chair." He had taken a chair that was reserved for another man, and by doing so had

given so much offence that the man would not do business with him; and in this way one special contract was lost, which would have brought in a thousand pounds. A few words which a young man spoke rudely when angry with a rich uncle were found on the old gentleman's death to have cost him exactly fifteen hundred pounds a word. The will had been altered to that amount.

Every act of churlishness invariably causes loss, either directly or indirectly, by the injury it inflicts upon the character of the ill-mannered person. Here is a case of direct loss which we give in the words of one who observed it. "I got into a first-class carriage at Ascot, in which was an elderly and irritable gentleman, who occupied one seat and placed his bag upon another. Just before we started, a youth came running up and tried to jump in. 'This compartment is full,' said the old gentleman; 'that seat is taken by a friend of mine, who has put his bag there.' The youth plumped down with the remark, 'All right; I'll stay till he comes,' and took the bag on his knees. In vain the old person looked daggers. The 'friend' did not appear, and the train presently moved off. As we glided down the platform, the interloper flung the bag through the window,

with the quiet remark, 'Your friend has missed his train, evidently; we mustn't let him lose his luggage into the bargain.' I shall never, to my dying day, forget the expression on the old gentleman's wrinkled countenance."

Lord Ellenborough punished himself for rudeness to his wife in a way somewhat similar. The lady wished to accompany him on circuit, and the judge consented on condition that she did not tuck any bandboxes into the carriage, as she had too often done before. They both set out, but had not gone far, before the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had prohibited. Down went the window with a bang, and out went the bandbox into the ditch. The startled coachman pulled up, but was ordered to drive on, and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for court. "And now, where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been donned. "Your wig, my lord," replied the servant tremulously, "was in that bandbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along."

It does not "pay" to be indifferent to the feelings of any one, but least of all to those of a life-partner. When people are tied together for life it is their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another, and the best safeguards they can adopt are kindness and civility. How the whole day is rendered dismal and disagreeable when there has been "a storm" in the breakfast "tea-cup" between husband and wife! As far as happiness goes, each must confess in the evening, "I have lost a day." And rudeness, when it becomes habitual in a home, generally results in the ruin of some or all of the children. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams.

Swearing is a kind of bad manners that brings no profit, and often costs the swearer the loss of the regard and respect of valuable people. A young fellow was engaged to be married to a young lady

to whom he was greatly attached. All was going merrily as a marriage-bell, when one day the girl heard her lover swearing at an old servant. From that day she took an aversion to him, and broke off the engagement. "I am truly sorry," she said to him, "but my husband must be a gentleman, and gentlemen don't swear; besides, the man who would curse his servant, would probably do the same to his wife when the bloom of youth had faded from her cheek."

The famous Dr. Johnson has been described as "a bear who was privileged in rudeness"; but no one can be privileged in rudeness in the sense of not having to pay for it sooner or later. Even the doctor's rudeness cost him something. When asked why he was not invited out to dine, as Garrick was, he answered: "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped."

Faults of manner are faults which the world has agreed to exaggerate; they have been the ruin of fine abilities and great careers. It is a pity; but we must remember that of people who see us, the majority only see us for perhaps half an hour in their lives, and they judge us by what they see in that half hour.

But the man who is not rude only for fear of the consequence does not deserve to be called a gentleman. Such a negatively polite person is continually making sad mistakes, and never has the happiness of entertaining an angel unawares. "The idea of calling this the Wild West!" exclaimed a lady, travelling in Montana, to one of the old hands. "Why, I never saw such politeness anywhere. The men here all treat each other like gentlemen in a drawing-room!" "Yes, marm, it's safer," laconically replied the native, with a glance at his six-shooter. "The greatest snob is polite when he knows that it is safer or more to his interest to be so." The test, therefore, of true politeness, is to behave well to the weak and to those in a humbler position in life. "My child," said a father to his daughter, "treat everybody with politeness, even though they are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are ladies, but because you are one."

"Spite and ill-nature," it has been said, "are among the most expensive luxuries of life." None of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make, if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits.

ASCENSION-DAY.



SURELY this is a day to be much observed. Indeed it is strange that it should ever have fallen into neglect among Christian people, for it is the day of crowning triumph in our Blessed Lord's earthly sojourn. It is in some ways even more glorious and joyous than Easter Day itself, the Day of His Resurrection. For then He had to stay for forty days more here below, still among the sins, and sorrows, and sufferings of men. His holy Body, however much changed and spiritualised, had not yet put on the heavenly clothing of light and glory. But now—to-day—the earthly sojourn is ended at last. All is fulfilled; the work below is done; and the Son of God returns to His Father's home of glory. We seem to hear the choirs of Angels chanting the old prophetic words: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." If there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what must there have been when the Saviour of sinners returned from His earthly sojourn, His work accomplished, the Atonement completed, a sinful world redeemed! When the Spirit of Jesus went and "preached to the spirits in prison," that is, when His Spirit, parted for a little space from the Body, went into Paradise, and visited the souls of the departed in their place of waiting, proclaiming to them, as we may well understand it, the fulfilment of the long-promised Redemption, then surely there was rejoicing in the ranks of the holy dead. But the joy and the triumph must have been tenfold greater when, soul and body re-united, the King of Glory mounted as Conqueror the everlasting throne. Glory and great worship were laid upon Him. All power was given unto Him in heaven and in earth. And now He reigns as King. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a righteous sceptre." And we, His subjects, are here below, waiting a little while till He returns to take us to our home.—THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

The Gospel in the Multiplication Table.

THE Rev. W. J. Richards, of Alleppy, Travancore, South India, says: "There is an energetic man now at work in the Alleppy district who was first brought to think of the Christian religion by a stanza in the arithmetical tables published in Malayalam by the Christian Literature Society." The thing, at first sight, appears incredible, but it should be remembered that much Eastern instruction is given in a rhyming form, which would allow of the introduction here and there of a phrase such as Mr. Richards speaks of. The blessed result in this case leads us to ponder on the vast consequences which may follow from our most unconsidered efforts

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

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

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

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

Sunday after Ascension Day. (Psalm xxxii.)

1. How does this Psalm show David's confidence in God; and what verse of 2 Sam. xxiv. may be compared with it in this respect?

2. How does it show what God expects from His people; and with what verse in 1 Tim. i. may it be compared in this respect?

Whit-Sunday. (Psalm lxviii.)

1. What is there in the eighteenth verse of this Psalm, when compared with St. Luke xi. 13, and latter part of Acts ii. 33, to connect it with the special character of Whitsunday.

2. What is there in the same verse, when compared with the beginning of Acts ii. 33, and with St. John vii. 39, to connect it with the place of Whitsunday in the Christian year?

Trinity Sunday. (Psalm ciii.)

1. Which part of this Psalm is used in the Epistle to the Hebrews to prove the eternity of God the Son?

2. In what passage of that Epistle are we taught to believe also in the eternity of God the Holy Ghost?

First Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxxi.)

1. What is there in this Psalm to remind us at once of the beginning of the Bible and of the

Creed; and, in some measure also, of that of the Lord's Prayer?

2. In how many ways may the promises of this Psalm be compared with those of Psalm xci.?

BURIED TRUTHS.

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

5. A DIVERSIFIED CHAPTER. In which chapter of the Bible do we find mention made—though not exactly in the order here named—of a great helper being helped by others; of a great teacher (on this occasion) teaching nothing to some; of a wonderful silent request being granted; of a very natural spoken request being refused; of a supplication being listened to which seems to have lacked somewhat both in faith and reverence; of a very mad request being complied with for a time, at any rate; of a request being granted that was thought to be impossible; and of yet another request being granted which greatly affected one man in his person, many men in their property, and some thousands of beings, of whom none were human beings, in other respects?

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

“IN A MINUTE.”

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.

BY L. L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," etc.

“**C**OME here, Amy dear, I want you,” Mrs. Elton called to her little daughter as she ran past the open door of the dining-room where her mother was standing.

“In a minute, mamma dear,” Amy answered, as she went upstairs.

Mrs. Elton called “Jane,” and the housemaid went at once.

About five minutes later Amy rushed into the room in her usual headlong manner.

“Now, mamma, what do you want?” she asked.

“I do not want anything now, dear,” answered her mother. “When I called you I had the flower vase in my hand, and I wanted you to move some things

from the table, as there was not room to put it down. I could not stand holding it until you came to me, so I had to call Jane.”

“Oh, I am so sorry; I did not know you wanted me just that very moment.”

“That was the third time to-day, Amy, that you have answered ‘In a minute’ when you have been called,” said her mother, lifting her up in her arms. “I heard your father call you in the garden this morning, and you replied, ‘In a minute, papa’; then again when I was in the kitchen, cook asked you to bring her the sugar for the pudding, and you said ‘In a minute, cook,’ and she had to leave what she was doing and fetch it herself.”

“Well, mamma, it was only in the pantry,” said Amy.

"Yes, dear; but I have told you so often to do what you are asked at once, and you must try and remember. Do you ask God to help you?"

Amy looked away from her mother's earnest eyes out into the sunny garden, then, after a pause, she said,—

"Yes, dear, I do; and when I was a little older than you, but for God's goodness I might have been the cause of life-long misery to myself and all whom I loved through saying 'In a minute.'"

"Will you tell me about it mother, dear?" asked Amy.



"THAT WAS THE THIRD TIME TO-DAY."

"It is such a little thing; I do not like to pray about it."

"If God says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission, will He think any of His children's sins too trifling to pray to Him about?"

"Oh, mamma, do you call saying 'In a minute' a sin?" Amy asked, opening her eyes wide with astonishment.

"It will be very painful to me, dear, but, as I think it will help you to be more watchful, I will tell you all about it when we go for our walk this evening."

"Thank you, mother," said Amy, running away to finish her lessons.

Amy Elton was an only child, and she was much beloved by her parents. It is said that love is blind, but a deep, true,

prayerful love need never be blind, for God will open our eyes if we ask Him. Mrs. Elton prayed earnestly that her love for her child might not be that idolatrous kind that sees no faults in the object of its worship, but rather that she might see and strive, with God's help, to correct her little daughter's failings. Amy was a warm-hearted, lovable child, always ready to do a kind action, provided she might do it in her own way, and at her own time. After an early tea, when the hot sun was sinking in the cloudless blue sky, and a cool breeze had sprung up, Mrs. Elton and Amy started for their walk. They were going to see a poor woman who lived right at the other end of the village, and they had more than two miles to walk, so Amy had her mother all to herself for quite an hour. Her father, who was the vicar of the little village in which they lived, often sent Amy with delicacies from the vicarage table to tempt the appetite of some poor invalid, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to go on any such errand.

"Now, mother dear, we will walk slowly, and you will tell me what you promised," said Amy, taking the small basket out of her mother's hand, and putting up her sunshade for her.

Mrs. Elton smiled at her little daughter's eagerness as she answered,—

"Ah, Amy dear! I am going to tell you about what was to me the greatest trial of my life. You know I was not like you, an only child; I had two sisters and one brother—your Uncle Reggie. I was some years younger than the rest, for the two little brothers next in age to me had died in infancy. One bright, warm autumn we were all at home together, and, in addition to our own family party, we had three young friends staying with us. There was a great deal of noise in our old country house, and no one enjoyed it more than your grand-papa. You know now how much he likes to hear you running and singing about the long passages and the large empty rooms. The rooms were all full that summer I am telling you about. Reggie was home from his first voyage, and very proud I was of my handsome midshipman brother. We were a great deal together, for your aunts, Kate and Margaret, were just growing up, and did not care much for the companionship of a girl of twelve. Reggie, although he was eighteen, and a fine tall fellow, was still boy enough to share in all my

amusements, and many a wild gallop we had across the moors on our rough little ponies while the others were shopping in the town. Being the youngest, I was very much petted; but at the same time I was taught to be obedient, and my great fault at this time was answering—as you so often do—when any one told me to do anything, 'In a minute.' Once, I remember, I was the cause of a handsome china vase being broken. It was an ornament my mother much valued, and she was much vexed at the loss of it. I was reading at one end of the drawing-room, when my sister Kate called out to me, 'Come here quickly, Edith!'

"'In a minute,' I answered, rising slowly from my seat, and waiting to finish the page I was reading. At that moment there was a great crash, and I saw my mother's beautiful blue china vase lying broken to pieces on the floor.

"'Oh, why did not you come when I called you?' exclaimed, Kate. 'I saw the door was going to slam, and I knew it would knock the vase out of my hands, and you might have saved it if you had come at once.'

"Of course I was very, very sorry when I saw the mischief I had been the cause of, but this did not cure me of my bad habit of saying, 'In a minute.' About a week after this incident we arranged to spend a long day in the woods blackberrying. You may imagine how anxiously I looked forward to the day, and how I watched the sky the night before. The day rose clear and bright, as perfect as a September day could be. Little did I think that before the sun set I should have to pass through suffering such as hitherto had been unknown in my cloudless young life. We were all ready to start at ten o'clock. The woods were about ten miles from our house, and the road was most picturesque all the way. We drove in the large waggonette, and a merry party we were. When we arrived, we strolled about the woods for some time, picking flowers and ferns, and at one o'clock we all assembled for dinner. We spread our cloth under the shade of a large oak tree, and none of us were in any hurry to finish that delightful meal. At last Reggie whispered to me, 'Come along, Edith; we shall have no time to get blackberries if we sit here all day.'

"I was ready enough; and, leaving the others, we strolled away together.

"I know a place where we can find

a splendid lot of blackberries,' said Reggie, 'just up by the old chalk-pits.'

"Oh yes," I answered, 'let us go there at once; it is not far.'

"The place Reggie and I were bound for was on the outskirts of the woods. All round the deserted chalk-pits the blackberry brambles grew in great profusion.

"Now look here, Edith," said Reggie, when we had arrived at our destination, 'there is one thing I want to tell you, you must be very careful; the pits are very deep, and if you fell in it would kill you. The brambles grow so thickly that you can hardly see the mouth of any of the pits, so don't go too near.' I promised to be careful, and began at once to gather the ripe fruit that was within my reach. Reggie went some way from me, and we were soon both busily engaged in picking the large blackberries that hung thickly on the bushes. All at once I heard Reggie exclaim, 'Come here, come here quick, Edith!' and then a crackling of the brambles. 'In a minute,' I answered, waiting to gather seven big blackberries off a branch near me, and putting several into my mouth.

"Once more Reggie called, 'Edith, Edith!' then there was a louder crackling of the branches, the sound of a heavy fall, and a deep groan.

"I rushed to the spot to find the bushes torn and broken; one long bramble was trailing over the mouth of the pit, and Reggie had disappeared. I saw what had happened in a moment. My brother had been leaning over the pit to reach some blackberries just above his head when the network of branches, on which he had been standing, had given way, and pitched him into the yawning deeps below. But in that awful moment something else also flashed across my mind, scathing it like a lightning flash: *If I had run at once when Reggie called me I might have saved his life!* He had doubtless been holding on to the bramble when he called me, and my hand would have enabled him to have stepped back on to firm ground. I can never tell you or any one what I suffered in the hours that followed. I have no recollection of calling for help, but I must have done so, as very soon my father and mother and the coachman came running up to me. I could only point to the chalk-pit and moan out, 'Reggie, Reggie! I have killed him! I have killed him!'

"Taking no notice of me, my father sent the coachman off for more help. I

lay on the ground, burying my face in the grass, and even refusing to speak to my mother. I dare not lift my head to look at the bright sun. I felt as if God had cast me off, and that I must never pray to Him again. How could I speak to my father or mother when I had caused the death of their only son? And all this dreadful time no sound came from the black depths of the pit, over which my mother was leaning and calling, 'Reggie, Reggie! can't you speak to me, darling, just one word to say you are alive? Help is coming, dear. Oh, my boy, my boy!'

"How intensely blue the sky was against the glaring white of the chalk, and the tangle of brown and green leaves motionless in the still air. Would help ever come? Oh, if I might pray! Just then the thought of the dying thief, and David, who had once been the cause of a murder, came into my mind, and I groaned, 'O, my God! *they* prayed! oh, hear me! oh, deliver me from blood-guiltiness! oh, save me from causing my brother's death! oh, let him live for Jesus Christ's sake!' God, in His infinite mercy, heard my prayer. When my brother was taken up, he was found to be alive, but he was dreadfully hurt, and for many weeks he lay in a hushed and darkened room, hovering between life and death. It was during that sad time that my mother learned from me how I had been the cause of the accident. She did not blame me, she only kissed me tenderly, and told me to pray without ceasing that if it were the Lord's will Reggie might be restored to health again. I knew that besides the grief of losing her son was the sad thought that he was not prepared to die. Well, our walk is nearly at an end. I must not linger. Reggie slowly grew better, and after many long weary months he was once more able to be amongst us again. It was with many bitter tears that I asked his forgiveness, one cold Spring day, when he was downstairs sitting at the library window looking at the snowdrops in the garden. 'Edith, dear, don't cry,' he said, laying his hand lovingly on my downcast head. 'God permitted the accident to happen that He might draw me to Himself. I have learned during my illness to look to Jesus for help and strength, and now, come what may, I am ready to face any foe, fighting under the blood-stained banner of my Saviour Christ. A sailor's life has many temptations, and also many opportunities of doing good and helping others, and now,

with God's help, I shall be able to work for Him."

"Reggie said all this rather shyly. He never liked to talk about himself, and I knew he had told me this to comfort and cheer me—as indeed it did more than anything else could have done. Now, dear Amy, I have told you all. You may never be led into such misery as I was through saying 'In a minute'; but just remember that when you are

called you are to go at once, and not to wait your own convenience."

Amy Elton never forgot her mother's story. She was not cured of her bad habit all at once, but she saw now that it was not too small a thing to ask God to help her with, and that a little sin may in a moment become a great one, unless watched and prayed against. And the time came when Amy Elton never said "In a minute."



"HAIL! TO THE QUEEN!"

HAIL! ALL HAIL! TO THE NURSERY
 QUEEN,
 WHOSE RULE IS EVER JUST!
 HER KINDLY SMILE AND GRACIOUS MIEN
 AT ONCE COMPEL OUR TRUST!
 BEHOLD HER MINISTERS OF STATE,
 HER BOLD, BRAVE SOLDIERS TWO!
 HER MAIDS OF HONOUR SO SEDATE,
 SO FAITHFUL AND SO TRUE!
 LIST TO HER NOBLE QUEENLY SPEECH:—

Still ever look Above!
 In peace and plenty dwell secure,
 Ruled by the law of Love!
 Do unto others as they would
 Have others to them do!
 In glad content and brotherhood
 Their happy way pursue!
 All anger, envy, scorn, and sin
 Be trampled 'neath their feet,
 In every struggle virtue win,
 Vice ever know defeat!"

"To all the world make known
 (Where'er the voice of man can reach)
 This Message from my Throne—
 'I'd have my people, rich and poor,

HIP! HIP! HURRAH! FOR OUR NURSERY
 QUEEN!
 SHE'S THE NOBLEST MONARCH EVER SEEN!

A. Festival Hymn.

Words by REV. BERNARD REYNOLDS, M.A.
(Prebendary of St. Paul's.)

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN, Mus. Doc.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

VOICES IN UNISON.
mf Rather slowly. *cres.*

1. In the Faith of Christ pro-ceed-ing On-ward ev-er till we die; Scorn and ha-tred
2. Thine the Faith we march, pro-fess-ing; Thine the fight that wa-geth still: Ours the Creed they

ORGAN. *mf* *cres.* *mf*

all un-heed-ing, For His ban-ner floats on high! Saints and mar-tyrs marched be-fore us,
died con-fess-ing—We their emp-ty pla-ces fill. Now they rest in God's own keep-ing,

cres. *ff*

cres. *molto e . . . ff*

With their blood the path is red; Lo! the Cross that shin-eth o'er us With their crowns is gar-land-ed.
Where no e-vil thing is known, Whilst their bo-dies, calm ly sleep-ing, Wait His sum-mons to the throne.

dim. *mf*

dim. *mf* *dim.*

3 Some day all the east shall brighten,
Greeting our returning Lord,
Who the load of sin shall lighten,
Crowns vouchsafing for the sword:
Then, all toil in triumph ended,
We will greet the endless day,
And ascend where He ascended,
Where all tears are wiped away.

4 Friends and loved ones gone before us
Call us onward through the night,
Angels float in measured chorus,
Seen by faith, though hid from sight:
Soon with them shall we be raising
Alleluias to the skies,
Sharing all the joys amazing
Of the restful Paradise!



The Church Lads' Brigade.

This organization is now completed and in full working order. The Lads meet every Friday at 7 p. m., in the school house for Bible class and for drill. The Bible class is under the charge of the Rector, and we are glad to announce that Col. Smith has kindly consented to take charge of the drill, assisted by Mr. H. W. Copus. Already even the lads make a very creditable showing and soon we hope to have them march to Church every Sunday morning, and thus begin early in life to form habits of regular church-going which, let us hope, they will never lose. To make the drill and the parade more interesting, it is necessary that some approach to an uniform be provided for them—say a cap, a belt and haversack. These could be obtained or made very cheaply indeed. Will not some of our church people contribute either material unmade or the finished articles for this purpose?

The Ordinary and Special Collections.

We are very sorry to have to return to this subject again; but until both are more satisfactory than they are at present, we would be lacking in our duty to leave the subject unnoticed.

First, the ordinary collections. A comparison of the number of coins and of the number of the congregation discloses the startling fact that only about one-half of the people present, probably less even than that, contribute at all to the support of the services which they attend. Now it is only right that all should give at least something. Then, whenever there is a special collection, the ordinary collection shrinks to about one-half of what it usually is, while the special is by no means a large one. This is not just to our own Church.

Then, as to the special collections. We are very sorry indeed to find that this year the total of what we have given to outside purposes is wretchedly small—not quite 25 cents per annum for every family in the parish. Complaints are often made of the frequency of special collections. This is no doubt a grievance; but there are two things to be said about this: First, it is easier to contribute by a series of small donations than by giving one large one; secondly, people unfortunately think that they give more than they do by the fact that the call comes so frequently to them. To give an instance: Suppose there are present on any one Sunday when there is a special collection, 600 people, including morning and evening services, five cents each would give \$30. Instead of that the last special collection amounted to only a trifle over \$10, and often it is less, and in every instance about one-half of the sum is made up of what is withheld from the regular offertory to our own Church! Surely no very great sum could have been given by any one in such a case. But the worst of it all is the undoubted fact that it is only a few, very few indeed compared with the total present, that give at all to these special purposes. If has been suggested with a view to making the offertory more general, that a printed card be left with each family or member of the congregation containing a list of all the special collections throughout the year. Let each one decide how much he will give to each several collection for the whole year, and mark the same upon the card. The card and the contributions may be taken up once or twice in the year as may seem best. Four ends would be served in any case by this method. People would know exactly how much they are giving to outside purposes; the multiplicity of special collections would be done away with; all our parishioners instead of a few would probably be induced to contribute; lastly, our ordinary offertory would not be so seriously affected as it is now.

Hints for Guild Members and Church Workers.

The following appeared in the Parish Magazine of a neighboring parish, and we commend it as embodying a good deal of common sense:

HOW TO HINDER THE CHURCH'S WORK.

1. Try and find out every trivial excuse for absenting yourself from the assembling of your selves together in Church on Sundays or weekdays—and stay at home when it rains on Sunday, or is too hot, or too cold.
2. Never let the Parish Clergyman know if he has done you any good, or when there is something in the Church Services that you do not quite understand.
3. Join the Sunday School, or the choir, or some class, and then be absent from your post just as fancy leads you. Be unpunctual. Be irregular communicants or never communicate at all. Always consider ANY business, ANY pleasure, ANY domestic call, sufficient excuse for being absent. There is no surer way of undoing all the efforts of your Rector for the good of the Parish, or making him very sad, and giving him twice as much trouble in advancing God's work in the Parish as he would otherwise have.
4. Attend no Holy Day services, and make a point of considering that notices given of any church gatherings or meetings have nothing to do with you, if you have the opportunity of going elsewhere.
5. If a stranger be near you in Church or is standing about the aisle, never tell him he may take any seat, and never hand him a Prayer Book or Hymnal.
6. Never speak to any one whom you see there Sunday after Sunday, unless you have been regularly introduced.
7. If you are ill, do not let your Rector know, but let him find out for himself. He will then probably call by the time you have been well enough to go out to work. In the meantime take every opportunity to tell other Church people that he has not been to see you for ages.
8. If times are hard, let your contributions to the School and Church work be the very first you decrease, and never let your contributions to God's work bear any comparison to what you spend uselessly on yourself.
9. Always have something to grumble about—the heat, the cold, the draughts, the dust, the sermon, the singing, etc.; and run down your own Church.

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