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THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER VI. (continued).—THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

SOON he saw the first lamp shining like a star on the white earth; then it grew into a row of stars, and he was in the town. There stood the old church staring at him with its bleared windows, and there the large, handsome house of the rich churchwarden. He would have passed that hastily. He was in no mood to philosophize over the failure of certain resolutions and plans of his, or on the vexatious colicness which lay heavily between himself and his parishioners. But he was not allowed to pass that gate. Of all nights in the year, this one was selected to invite him into Mr. Smith's library, that he might be worried and tormented with irksome business.

He listened to that gentleman's elaborate excuses and stiff assurances that he had been twice that evening to Laura Place, with a desperate patience, till the real business should be unfolded. Who was Mr. Smith, that the curate should stay at home for the chance of a call from him? It came at last.

"There was no real reason for troubling you," said Mr. Smith. "I simply thought that you would like to know the day, in case you had any friend who might wish for a seat."

Ralph read the paper placed before him, with an effort to collect his thoughts. He was dizzy and exhausted; he stood up and put his hand over his forehead, confusedly. He could not say to Mr. Smith, "I am worried by an evil spirit; let me alone." The man thought him half mad already; what would he think if he heard that?

"Am I really to understand," he said, at last, "that you propose holding an auction in the church, for letting seats which ought to be all free?"

"Ought to be, perhaps; unfortunately though, they are not."

"To make an auction room of the church!" exclaimed the curate.

"There is no need to look at the thing in that light. I don't approve of it myself; but still it is the way in which —"

"I really cannot argue the question," interrupted Ralph, in a tone that struck the churchwarden, and caused his stiffness and formality to vanish instantly.

"My dear Selturue, you are ill. You overwork yourself, you do, indeed. Take my advice and give up the hard reading. A curate in full work has no time for it. Let me give you something—a glass of wine."

"Nothing at all, thank you," responded Ralph, touched by the kindness, but freezing again under the advice. "I am only a little tired and

out of sorts. As to this affair—this sacrilege—I really cannot tell you how shocking it seems to me. I can only hope it will not take place. I must certainly speak very plainly about it.”

Mr. Smith smiled, and took the curate's offered hand. There was something irritating about that smile: it was like the look which reminded David Copperfield how very young he was. The churchwarden went with Ralph to the door, and then came back into his library, and folded up the obnoxious paper thoughtfully.

“I can't get that lad's face out of my head,” ejaculated Mr. Smith. “He'll work himself to death or a fever, if somebody doesn't stop him; that's what he'll do.”

And then Mr. Smith smiled again at the pomposity with which the curate had threatened to speak plainly. That smile helped Ralph down to the very lowest step of unpopularity.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ANGEL A MESSENGER.

“It's a regular March night, sir, and a sharp east wind,” said the landlady warningly.

“I have got to go out,” responded Ralph, “so it must not matter about the wind.”

He was glad to go, to escape out of that room with its haunting trouble. It would only be a temporary escape. By and by he would have to come back and sit there alone, and reply to the mockers that worried him; but even a respite was worth something. It was of no use to think about his parish, since the chasm had only grown wider day by day. Neither was there any comfort for him now in his studies or his sermons. In altering the style of these he had, as it seemed, made a false step. He had preached about that horrible auction in such plain terms, that there had been no sleeping and no indifference throughout the church. The irritating smile goaded him on while he wrote it. It was a harsh bitter sermon; arrogant, people called it, and so it was arrogant—the sermon of one who was stung beyond all bearing by something, no one knew what, a startling, irritating effect of a hidden cause. Even the face in the dim corner was turned away sorrowfully from its caustic sentences and stern denunciations. “You, too!” cried out that voice at the preacher's heart. “Well, so much the better!” Better that she should turn against him as well as the rest; it would help his efforts to free himself. And yet as he walked out for very restlessness this bleak evening, if he had been a woman instead of a man, he would have pressed his hands over his heart to still its aching. A little voice was tugging at it, and could not be let in; must not be let in. Pure, and true, and good, though it was, it must yet be repelled and shut out.

It was a regular March night; the east wind blew the flame about in the lamps, and met him with a cutting chill as he walked against it: it gave him something to think of, and did him good. He looked up. Two people were coming to meet him, in the distance—a man and a dark figure beyond, a child or a woman. The first passed him with a short “Good-night,” the other came on quickly, with her head bent down, looking at nothing but the hard road before her. But Ralph stood still in the path. He was not more than mortal that he should heed the sudden warning that thrilled him, even to his finger ends with a secret joy. He could not have dreamed of such a meeting as this, or provided against it; but that he had no room for such a feeling, he would have been shocked to see her out on such a night. It had come upon him by no fault of his, he had not sought her.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

(Written for the *Church Magazine*).

Holy Days of the Church.

(CONCLUDED).

FESTIVAL OF ST THOMAS.

DECEMBER 21st

MORNING LESSON.—Proverbs XXIII. EVENING LESSON.—Proverbs XXIV.

FESTIVAL OF ST. STEPHEN.

DECEMBER 26.

MORNING LESSON.—Proverbs XXVIII. EVENING LESSON.—Eccles. IV.

“Will you tell me all about the life and death of St. Thomas?” asked Hugh Clifton on the evening of the 21st of December.

“Of the early life of St. Thomas, we know nothing, but it is supposed he was a fisherman, as he was one of the group to whom our Lord appeared, after His Resurrection by the sea of Tiberias. He was called Didymus, which means a twin: and St. John mentions him twice before the Crucifixion.

After the Ascension, St. Thomas preached the glad tidings of salvation in many countries in the East and came at last to India, where to this day are found some who still call themselves Christians of St. Thomas. Here he at length suffered martyrdom at the hand of the Brahmans, or heathen priests, who were extremely angry on finding how many converts he made to Christianity. They followed him one day to a quiet spot where he was accustomed to retire, and there while he was engaged in prayer they pierced him through with spears and lances, and so he died, not, as he had once said, he was willing to do, *with his Lord*, but *for his Lord*, and ever since his memory has been held in honour by the Church.”

“Will you tell me now something of St. Stephen whose Festival we keep this month?”

“As first martyr also of the Church, dying for that Faith which was brought into the world by the Incarnation of our Saviour, St. Stephen is fitly remembered first after the Nativity. He was not an Apostle, but one of the seven deacons chosen by the Apostles to minister in the Church, ‘a good man full of Faith, and of the Holy Ghost.’ I have not time to tell you more at present, but you may read for yourself the history of St. Stephen’s life and death in the second Lessons and in the Epistle for the day.”

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

DECEMBER 27.

MORNING LESSON.—Eccles. v., Revelation I. EVENING LESSONS.—Eccles. vi. Revelation XXII.

“Of the early life of St. John the Evangelist,” said Mrs. Clifton on the evening after Christmas Day, “his call, and the several instances in which with St. Peter and St. James, he was especially favoured by our Lord, we have already spoken; it is his later life, his death and character we are now going to consider. Can you give me some proofs of the affection which Jesus bore him?”

“Oh yes; St. John was one of the disciples who as you said before was most constantly with Him, at the Transfiguration, and at all the principal miracles that Jesus did; then he was the one who leant on Jesus’ bosom at the Last Supper, was with Him during His trial, and it was to St. John that Jesus gave the charge of His mother, the Virgin Mary.”

“Quite right. Full of that love which casteth out fear, as the hour of suffering drew near, St. John seems to have clung closer and closer to his dear Master. In the garden of Gethsemane, in the Judgment Hall of

Pilate, through the long hours of agony on the cross, he never but for a few short moments, left Him, and do not forget it was at the foot of the cross, that St. John received that last dying token of his Saviour's love and confidence, "Son behold thy mother!"

After the Resurrection St. John was among the first to visit the sepulchre, outstripping in his eagerness even the zealous Peter.

It is generally believed that he remained in Jerusalem fifteen years after the Ascension, that is till after the death of the Blessed Virgin, who had been committed to his charge. During the early part of this time, he was the constant companion of St. Peter. Together they visited the Temple, healed the lame man, were cast into prison by order of the Sanhedrim, and together, (Acts VIII.), they administered the rite of confirmation for the first time, to the converts in Samaria.

At length, after many years, St. John quitted Jerusalem and went into Asia Minor, making his home chiefly at Ephesus where he established a church, and appointed Timothy as its first Bishop. By this time he, the youngest of the Apostles was the only one of all that glorious company left on earth, the others, his own brother, his chosen friend and companion among them, had sealed their faith with their blood, but he the beloved, was still to tarry, waiting his Lord's leisure, till He should come and take him home, and the life thus spared and prolonged was devoted to his Master's service. Many churches were founded by him, particularly the seven mentioned in the Revelation, but in the midst of his labours, he was seized by order of the cruel Emperor Domitian, carried bound to Rome, and there cast into a cauldron of boiling oil; but it was not God's will that he should die thus. His was to be a martyrdom in *will not in deed*, and he came out of the cauldron unharmed. You would have thought such a miracle would surely have changed the hardest heart, but no, the cruel Emperor was unappeased, and the aged Apostle was banished to the Island of Patmos. Here he wrote his wondrous Book of the Apocalypse or Revelation, which has gained him the title of The Divine, and of which the first and last chapters are chosen as the second lesson for the day. On the death of Domitian St. John was recalled, and returning to Asia, again made his home in Ephesus. Some say that it was now he wrote the three Epistles and the Gospel which bears his name, but this is uncertain, others asserting that they were written before his banishment. He died at Ephesus at a very advanced age, and we are told that to the very end love was the ruling principle of his life, so that when from age and weakness he was unable to preach, he used to be led into the church, and say only, "little children love one another?"

And now our Festival talks are come to an end; very soon and we shall enter upon a new year, and I trust as each succeeding month once more brings round the Holy Days, you will not forget what I have tried to teach you.

L. H. B.

HOLY INNOCENTS.—DECEMBER 29.

"These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb."—REVELATION XIV: 4.

ON this festival, the Church lovingly remembers those little ones slain by the cruel Herod, who were the first martyrs for their Lord. The Collect says that they glorified God by their deaths, and the Revelation counts them among those blest souls "which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," "being the first fruits" of His redeemed.

This, the Church's Feast for children, reminds us of their relations to the kingdom of heaven.

Since our Saviour said, "Suffer them to come unto me," they should be made His own in Holy Baptism, and trained for His service. When even those of mature years would come to that sacrament, they must first "become as little children."



The Road to the Trenches.

The Road to the Trenches.

"Leave me, Comrades, here I drop—
No, Sir, take them on—
All are wanted—none should stop—
Duty must be done.
Those whose guard you take will find
me
As they pass below."
So the soldier spake, and staggering
Fell amidst the snow;
And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks,
Duty must be done;
Far too few for half our tasks,
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this—I need it less.
Fear not, they shall know,
Mark the place—yon stunted larch,
Forward!" On they go.
And silent on their silent march
Down sank the snow.
O'er his features as he lies
Calms the wretch of pain;
Close faint eyes; pass cruel skies
Freezing mountain plain,
With far soft sounds—the stillness
teems—
Church-bells—voices low—
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow:
And darkening, thickening o'er the
heights
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came
Struggling through the snow-drift
stark
Calling out his name.
"Here! or there! the drifts are deep.
Have we passed him? No!
Look! a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where heavy on his heavy sleep
Down fell the snow!"

Strong hands raised him; voices
strong
Spoke within his ears;
Ah! his dreams have softer tongues,
Neither now he hears!
One more gone for England's sake
Where so many go,
Lying down without complaint,
Dying in the snow;
Starving, striving for her sake,
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe,
All endured with soldier's heart,
Battle, famine, snow!
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold in snow.

V. LUSHINGTON.

Two Stories of Womanly Courage in Danger.

(From the German.)



NUMBER of travellers, who had arrived, some on foot, some by diligence, were assembled one evening in summer, at the little inn of Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian highlands. They were of different nations, but during supper had entered freely into conversation with each other; they had spoken about many things, and told many tales, and at last fell to talking about the courage of women in danger and emergency. A young man from Wurtemberg gave the company the following story. "In the Spring of the year 1780, my grandmother was travelling with my mother, who was then a child of eleven years of age, to Neuwied. At that time Wurtemberg was not only full of rogues, but several cases of highway robbery, and even murder had taken place in many parts, which were known to be the work of a band of robbers, whose haunts were among the Suabian Alps, a district where it was very difficult for the inefficient police of those days to reach them. It was through this very wooded country, that my grandmother's road led her. She travelled in a light open post-chaise; her many boxes were tied up on the seat in front, because, when fastened behind, they

were in danger of being cut off and stolen. The coachman was a faithful, prudent and cautious fellow. The Alps with their hills and woods already lay behind them. The country was beginning to be more level, still there was a long wood to pass through, before they came to the village where they were to rest and perhaps pass the night. In the wood, the heat was very sultry. 'There was no motion in the dumb, dead air.' My grandmother felt the influence of the warm weather, which was also showing its effects in the nodding coachman.

"But the danger of the country kept my grandmother from yielding to her sleepiness; and she said to the coachman, 'Jacob, keep your eyes open, and be wide awake, we are in a bad wood.'

"'It is of no matter,' replied he, 'We have passed safely through the Alps, where the country is of much worse repute. All will be well, you will see.' He gave his horses a touch of the whip, they trotted on for a short time, and then, yielding to the general sultriness of the atmosphere, they again fell into their slow pace.

"Now the road suddenly turned a corner, at the edge of which, stood a wide-spreading oak, and under it lay an old Jew, who was covered with dust, and appeared much exhausted. He was a little weak-looking man, who seemed to carry his seventy years on his back. Close to him stood a boy of from twelve to fourteen years old, who looked as dusty and tired as his father. Near the old man lay a sack, which was large and full. When the carriage came up, the old man rose, made a polite bow, and said, 'O madam, have pity upon two poor fellows who have walked a long way to-day!' My grandmother put her hand into her pocket to give some alms to the poor man, whose clothing was very wretched. 'Ah!' said the old man, 'I will not ask you for that, but only that you will allow my poor weary boy and myself to sit upon the empty box-board behind your carriage, and ride with you as far as the next village. The road is all down-hill, your horses are good, and we are neither of us heavy!' The natural gentleness and mercy of the female heart inclined to grant the request; even the experienced coachman made no objection; so they stopped, the old Jew helped the boy up, and then sprung up himself upon the empty board with an easy dexterity and strength which, if my grandmother had seen it, would probably have caused her to reflect on her benevolence. The calèche rolled on its way only a little heavier.

"It is the experience of most people, that second thoughts are often the best; my grandmother had heard at home, and indeed through all Wurtemberg it was reported, that a very clever Jew, was the chief of the robber band, and that the authorities had never been able to capture him; because, like a good actor, he could disguise himself into a variety of forms, among which, was that of an old man, whom one would take to be at least seventy years of age. They had already gone some distance, when, like a flash of lightning, the thought came into my grandmother's mind, 'Suppose this old Jew behind should turn out to be the noted robber and murderer?'

“She rose slowly and quietly from her seat, and looked over, without being perceived by the men whose backs were turned to her. And who can describe her horror when she saw that the old Jew held a pistol in his hand, into which he was just putting fresh gunpowder from his flask.

“The determined woman turned quickly round to the coachman, whispered into his ear the necessary information, and planting herself with her breast leaning against the back of the calèche so that both her arms were free, she gave a sign, agreed upon, to the coachman, and then, with all her strength, she pushed the heads



of the Jew and the boy, so that both fell off with their faces to the ground; inasmuch as they did not in the least expect such a sudden attack in the rear. At the same moment, the coachman whipped his horses, though the explosion of the Jew's pistol and the cry of fright from the boy, rendered this unnecessary, for now the horses in terror, broke into a gallop.

“Once more the brave lady looked back and saw that the Jew had sprung up, and that a man had appeared out of the wood, who probably had been expecting the Jew's shot as a signal; the man fired a bullet at the carriage from a rifle, but happily missed his aim.

“It was a providential thing, that, as the experienced coachman had completely to give his horses the reins, the road was good over which they had to dash along. At last, in sight of the village, the horses stood completely exhausted, breathless, and covered with foam. My grandmother alighted and hastened to give the necessary information to the chief magistrate. When the astonished man

heard her story, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, 'Then you may thank God for your escape; for this man is undoubtedly the head of that band of brigands, and you would not have escaped from him with your life. He has already five murders on his conscience.'

"My brave grandmother continued her journey that same evening to the nearest town, when she again gave the same information to the authorities. Not long after, the robbers were captured, and their chief, the old Jew was found to have been severely wounded, either by his fall from the carriage or from the explosion of his pistol; and he and several of his gang were executed."

More stories followed this one; and, when there was a pause, the postmaster exclaimed, "If you will permit me gentlemen, I will tell you a story which occurred in my life-time, and for the truth of which I can vouch."

This proposal was accepted with general delight. The postmaster sat down comfortably at the table, and began.—Travelling was not always so safe in Bavaria, as, thank God, it is now. In 1819, there were instances of robbery and even murder among the mountains, but no trace could be found of the band of brigands, who undoubtedly were lurking among them. I remember very well the sensation the circumstance I am about to relate made at the time. It occurred near Weilheim, at Christmas, 1819.

About a mile from Weilheim in the midst of a solitary wood, there is a house in which a royal forester then dwelt, whose name, if I recollect right, was Merkle. He had three children, the eldest was a girl of seventeen, handsome, strong, and resolute, of determined will, and quick action.

"Wont you be frightened in these unsettled times?" asked her father, when he with her mother and the two younger children were starting on Christmas morning to go to church, at Weilheim.

"Frightened?" said the brave child of the forest, laughing loudly, "Upstairs hang your guns, two double-barrelled."

"Take care, Kate," said her father, "they are loaded with ball!"

"All the better for that," said the girl; Sultan is with me too; and he always knows his man, and I shall shut up and bar the windows down stairs. Besides, it is Christmas Day, and on the day of our Lord's birth surely no one"—

"I am not so sure of that," said her father, "a man who wished to rob would not regard the holy festival."

"Go, and God be with you!" she said, as they left the house; and then she began to close and bar all the windows on the ground floor of the house. Then she not only locked and bolted the door, but placed a heap of blocks of wood against it inside, and calling the great dog to her in the kitchen, she began to prepare for cooking the family dinner, as her mother had directed her. When this was arranged, she went upstairs and carried all the powder which her father kept in a large stone jar, into the upper room, and the bullets too, of which her father had a large supply, as he had cast a great many the day before the festival.

Outside, the snow lay thickly upon the trees and the ground; the cold this morning was very cutting and severe. A keen East wind blew over the snow, and would have drifted it away, if its surface had not been hard frozen.

Merkle was a well-to-do man; but by the people about he was considered much richer than he really was.

Kato's parents and brothers might just have reached Weilhoim, when she saw a half-frozen tottering old man leaning on his staff, approach the house. She remarked how he trembled at the frost, and how disappointed he looked when he stood before the house and saw all the shutters shut, as if no one was at home. His snow-white beard nearly covered his face, and seemed to reach almost up to the cap of fox skin which he wore on his head, with the fox tail hanging down behind. The girl pitied the old man. He could not get on to Weilhoim, for his legs seemed scarcely able to carry him now; and in this weather he ran a great danger of being frozen to death.

She went to the window of the second storey and asked him what he wanted.

"Oh! my good child," he cried up with a faint voice. "I want to warm myself, for I am thoroughly frozen. I cannot get any further on my way to Weilheim, for I have not tasted food to-day!" The kind heart of the maiden was softened and overcome.

She hastened downstairs, moved away her means of defence, and opened the door; and scarcely was the old man in the room than she locked the door again, little thinking that she had now to defend herself against an enemy within. She led the old man into the warm room, and made him sit down in her father's arm-chair which stood near the large stove.

"Something hot will be the best to warm and revive you," she said kindly, "There is some coffee which we only drink on Sundays and Festivals left; I will warm it for you."

It seemed strange that the great dog, Sultan, ran about in an angry, excited way, growling and shewing his teeth from the moment the old man had entered the house. Only with difficulty could she keep him quiet. And now when she went into the kitchen to get the coffee ready, the dog pressed up closer to her and looked distrustfully at the old man, who was resting in the arm-chair.

The dog's strange conduct made her suspicious. As in many old German houses, there was an opening in the wall, a sort of window with a slide between the kitchen and the room inhabited by the family, through which the dishes were passed from one to the other. This window was just behind the arm-chair, and since the morning, when the mother had put the coffee and milk-pots through it, it had been left half open.

With gentle tread she went up to this window and looked into the room. What she beheld there indeed filled her with horror. Before her eyes, the old man took off the fur cap and the white beard too, raised up his bent-down powerless figure, and now there stood before her quite a different man than the one she had admitted in her compassion. The first was a tottering, half-frozen old man—this was a strong young man, of savage and wicked

appearance; and the smile of joy at his successful trick, which passed over his face, had an expression which filled the girl's heart with terror. So overcome was she at this change in her guest, that for a moment she had no idea how it would be best to act. He did not suspect that he could be seen, and appeared undecided what to do. Then he went up to a window, which the good-natured girl had opened, and from which she had drawn back the shutters. It looked towards the wood, which extended on that side of the house. The man stared out, and then beckoned with his handkerchief; he then drew from under his old ragged coat a long broad knife, examining carefully the point and blade.

At this discovery, Katie's eyes were indeed opened to her fatal mistake. The man was a robber, and that knife was intended for her! Of this she could not have the slightest doubt, moreover, she knew that with the handkerchief he had made a sign to his companions, who had planned this robbery and murder in the absence of her parents! What was to be done? That was the question, but which there was short time for the poor young girl to consider about. She must be quick—she must act decisively. Rescue from without was not to be thought of—*she alone*, by God's help, must save herself and the property of her family!

She took a hasty glance round the room, and seeing a heavy axe, which was used for chopping wood, lying upon a block, she quickly seized it. The coffee was hot, but in the pot it would not serve the plan which she had devised. She poured the boiling liquid into a small deep plate, and, quite determined what to do, she went up to the door of the room, the plate with the smoking coffee in her left hand, the heavy axe in her right.

"I have both hands full," she cried, standing before the door; "be so good as to open the door for me."

Not suspecting what was about to happen, the robber quickly opened the door, standing in the middle of the threshold. In a moment, the whole of the boiling coffee flew most unexpectedly into his face. With a furious exclamation of pain, he bent forward and rubbed with both hands the coffee from his eyes. Availing herself of this moment of his helplessness, the brave girl, with the broad side of the axe, dealt him such a violent blow on his head, that he fell down senseless at her feet. Quick as lightning, pushing aside his body, she sprang to the window, which she had before opened herself, closed it securely, and put up the shutters. Then she hastened back, took the key out of the door, which was in the inside, called "Sultan, keep watch," and, pushing the great dog into the dark room where the robber still lay senseless, she locked the door from the outside. Then, after again building up her wall of defence against the house-door, she hastened up to the second storey. The dog was growling from within, and trying to get out, and at the same moment there was a violent knocking at the house door. The girl took her father's double-barrelled gun down from the wall, and opening the window, she inquired, "Who's there below?"

From the window she saw before the door a man with the appearance of a huntsman, of savage and forbidding aspect,

quite a stranger to her. He called out to her in a commanding tone, "Open the door."

"When I choose to do so," replied the girl.

"If you do not open it, I shall," cried the huntsman, angrily. "I shall break open the door, and then you will see what will happen."

"We are a long way off from that yet," was the girl's reply.

"We shall see," cried the hunter, and, taking his gun from his shoulder, he was about to place it against the lock, and fire.



Kate perceived that rapid action was necessary. In a moment, her father's gun was cocked and her aim taken, and before the rascal below could turn round, there was a loud report above, and a bullet had shattered his right arm. His gun dropped from his hand, and fell to the ground. He uttered a fearful cry of pain, and rolled over in the snow, which he reddened with his blood. But before the girl could take up her father's other gun, he had risen and hastened into the wood, and disappeared.

Kate quickly loaded the gun again, and prepared for a struggle of life and death; for she felt certain that these two were not alone, but had companions in the forest. Her courage did not fail, but she threw herself down upon her knees, and prayed for help to Him who alone is our Defence and Shield. The courage which God gives is the right courage. He makes the soul strong for the most difficult things and alone keeps it so. Now she heard a fearful noise in the room below, where Sultan and the robber were. She listened. She heard the dog's slow growling and the man's fearful

ery of pain. The struggle between them lasted for about ten minutes; then she heard a heavy fall; then the hard breathing as of one dying was followed by the strange barking of the dog, and then there was silence for a moment. The girl knelt on the floor, and heard all that was taking place below.

The silence which had succeeded the terrible sounds in the lower room did not last long. Sultan was springing against the window, and barking wildly, because the battle with the robber and the victory he had achieved over his enemy, had excited him almost to madness.

Poor Kate felt, too, that if more enemies came, her position was a terrible one. How could she for any time defend herself against a number of robbers? She could scarcely reckon upon the dog, for she dared not let him out, as she could not be certain whether the man in the room below was dead or alive. And if they should attack the house from before and behind at the same time, she knew that she was lost, for no help could come to her; for who, on Christmas-day, and in such severe weather, would be likely to be passing on even the high road which went through the wood not far from the house? The robbers had considered all this too, and had well investigated the house before; but they had reckoned on an easy victory, knowing that the young girl was alone in it.

Once more she prayed earnestly for help from above. She then looked round the house to see if any fresh danger was threatening, and, perceiving nothing, she went back to the room where her weapons lay, to see what was going on before the door, as every moment the dog's fury and barking increased in the room below.

Just as she got to the window, she saw an armed, bad-looking fellow approach the house. At first he tried to be polite, and inquired, "Have you seen an old man pass by here?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Where is he? Have you let him in? Answer at once." These words were spoken in a fierce and insolent tone.

"I shall only answer civil questions," replied the girl.

"Where is he?" cried the robber, with an oath. "Have you murdered him? Then commend your soul to God."

"I have a helper below, my father's wolf-dog, who has fought with him, and, as you hear, the dog is the victor. More than this I know nothing of him."

"Open the door, then, that I may see after him; he is my brother," cried the robber.

"That may be," replied the girl; "the dog then will serve you as he did your brother."

"Pah!" cried the robber, "my double-barrelled gun has two bullets, one for you, the other for the dog. Open quickly."

The girl leant back, seized her weapon, and took aim at the moment when a blow from the robber made the door tremble.

"Back!" cried she, "or I will shoot you down." He jumped back a few steps, and quickly pointed his gun up towards the window; but at the same moment there was a flash and a report from above, and the robber first sprang up, and then fell back-

wards in the snow, a stream of blood pouring from a wound in his breast.

Kate's courage now gave place to unspeakable anguish and sorrow of heart. Her eyes were fixed on that terrible sight of the dead body. Her ball had killed him! What maiden's heart could recover such a thought as that?

In her despair, she fired the other barrel of the gun out of the window, and then both barrels of the second gun. Quickly she loaded them all again, and fired them off one after the other. This she did five times. Then she perceived with dismay that her supply of powder was getting low, and she was not sure that the robber she had wounded would not collect his comrades. But her distress lasted only a very short time. Two mounted policemen were riding up the road from Weilheim, having heard the day before, from a peasant, that he had seen three suspicious men in the house of a man of bad repute, where the robbers, who for a long time had made the neighbourhood of Weilheim unsafe, were supposed to meet.

If the policemen had not met the well-known forester and his family at the gate of Weilheim, they might have heard a hundred shots fired in succession, and taken no notice of them, for they would have thought that the forester was chasing wolves through the deep snow; but now it struck them that there might be an attack and danger to the forester's house. So they at once turned from the road, and hastened thither. When Kate saw the two policemen, a new terror seized her, as she took them at first for robbers in disguise; but when they came nearer, she recognised the two men, whom she had often seen before.

"Kate," cried one to her, "your's was a master-shot, and a good deed too, for this is one of the worst rascals among the mountains, a smuggler and robber, whom we have long been pursuing, but never been able to catch. It is all over with him now, for you have shot him through the heart!"

A cold shiver passed through the brave girl at these words.

"Oh! God be thanked and praised that you have come, otherwise I should have died of terror; for in the room below I have another, with whom our Sultan has been fighting."

"Come, then, and open the door quickly," exclaimed both. Kate moved her barricade of wood from the door, and opened it.

The dog barked for joy when he heard the girl's voice. Scarcely was the room door opened, when he jumped out to caress Kate, but she pushed him back, filled with horror, when she saw that his mouth and throat were stained with blood. There was not a sound in the room.

One of the police went in and opened the shutter. Then they beheld a dreadful sight. On the ground lay a man, with his clothes hanging in tatters upon him, while his face and throat bore terrible marks of the dog's teeth. The floor was covered with blood, and everything showed that there must have been a fierce struggle between the man and the dog. The latter was unhurt, for the robber had not been able, in the darkness, to find the great knife which lay upon the table.

The dog, when he saw his vanquished enemy, jumped upon him with delight.

Kate had now to relate the full circumstances to the police. When they heard of the wound and flight of the second robber, notwithstanding Kate's entreaties not to leave her in this painful position, they felt it to be their duty to follow the track he had made with his blood, giving Kate strict injunctions to leave everything in the house just as it was. Before noon they arrested the wounded robber at an inn where rogues and thieves frequently found refuge.

On their way back, close to his house, they met the forester and his family, happy and cheerful, with no suspicion of what had occurred. Grieved and horror-struck were they, indeed, when they heard the terrible story, in which their daughter had won such a crown of bravery. Now they all hastened home. In the dead man lying in the snow, the forester recognised a man whom he had met in the morning on his way to church.

In the afternoon, the magistrate and his clerks came to write down their report of the whole matter. The dead bodies were taken to the town, where the wounded robber was tried and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Kate's fame was spread abroad throughout the whole country; but it was some time before she recovered the shock of this dreadful event.

Kate afterwards married a brave forester, who became her father's successor; and I saw her in her maturer years, the mother of a blooming family of children, still a handsome woman, in whom masculine courage was united with female tenderness, and who enjoyed the esteem and love of all who knew her.

J. F. C.

A Wreath of Christmas Song.

The Holy Child Christ.

By W. CHATTERTON DIX.

SING the Holy Child, Christ,
True Eternal Lord;
Born a helpless infant,
He the Incarnate Word.
Haste we to the Manger
Where in swathing bands
He lies, the whole creation
Holding in His hands.

Lo! the hornèd cattle
Stand around His bed,
While on Mary's bosom
Rests that little Head—
That Head, which men hereafter
Shall, in bitter scorn,
With many a taunting gesture,
Bind about with thorn.

Child, to Whom all nations
Bending shall be brought,
Child, Who our Salvation
Wondrously hast wrought,
To Thee we bring our carols
At this holy tide,
When first to Jew and Gentile
Heaven was open'd wide.

The Manger-Throne.

By W. CHATTERTON DIX.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling and bright;
The bells of the City of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary was born to-night;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the Manger-bed where our Saviour
lies;

Nor night in the year is half so dear
As this, which has ended our sighs.

Now a new Power has come on the
earth,

A match for the armies of Hell:
A child is born who shall conquer the
foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness
quell:

For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the Prophets of God foretell.

The stars of heaven still shine as at
first

They gleam'd on this wonderful
night;

The bells of the City of God peal
out,

And the Angels' song still rings in
the height;

And Love still turns where the Godhead
burns,

Veil'd in the flesh from fleshly
sight.

Faith sees no longer the Stable-floor;

The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out
to the world;

And angels of God are crowding
the air,

And heaven and earth, through the
spotless birth,

Are at peace on this night so fair.

Christmas Morning Hymn.

By CHARLES INGHAM BLACK.

'Twas in the winter cold, when earth
Was desolate and wild,
That angels welcomed at His birth,
The Everlasting Child.
From realms of ever-brightening day,
And from His throne above,
He came with humankind to stay,
All lowliness and love.

Then in the manger the poor beast
Was present with His Lord;
Then swains and pilgrims from the East
Saw, wonder'd, and ador'd.
And I this morn would come with them
This bless'd sight to see;
And to the Babe of Bethlehem
Bend low the reverent knee.

But I have not—it makes me sigh—
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother, let me give
My worthless self to Thee;
So that the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be:

Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
Thy Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a Child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod;
And in the might of Prayer and Praise
Keep ever close to God.

Light of the Everlasting Morn,
Deep through my spirit shine;
There let Thy presence newly-born,
Make all my being Thine:
There try me as the silver, try
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless Image there.

Christmas Carol.

WORDS BY REV. T. DAVIS.

MUSIC BY REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

Bring the glo-sy branch, un - fa - ding In the win - try time ;

Bright with crim-son ber-ries, aid-ing Grate-ful hearts to climb

To that God, whose wondrous hand, While the for-ests leaf-less stand,

Decks with liv - ing gems a land, Glad with joy sub - lime.

Jesus from the skies descending,
Lies a babe on earth!
Angels o'er His rude couch bending,
Hail the wond'rous birth!
Lo! the watchful shepherds hear
Sounds of joy with holy fear;
Haste to gaze—then far and near,
Spread the tidings forth.

Songs of grateful adoration,
Sing, rejoicing, sing!
Praise aloud for the salvation
Jesus comes to bring!
Soon those infant lips shall tell
Truth, which whose ponders well,
And believes, for aye shall dwell
With our God and King.

O let every heart adore him!
Peace and love o'erflow;
Anger, hatred, sink before Him,
To yon depths below;
Be no sound beneath the sky—
Be no glance of mortal eye—
Be no thought, no feeling nigh—
Brethren should not know

Short Sermon.

Timothy: Early Religious Training.

BY CHARLES A. HEURTLEY, D.D., MARGARET PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY,
OXFORD, AND RECTOR OF FENNY COMPTON.

Acts xvi. 1—3. *Then came he to Derbe and Lystra: And, behold, a certain disciple was there, named Timotheus, the son of a certain woman, which was a Jewess, and believed; but his father was a Greek: which was well reported of by the brethren that were at Lystra and Iconium. Him would Paul have to go forth with him; and took and circumcised him, because of the Jews which were in those quarters; for they knew all that his father was a Greek.*



THESE words bring before us, for the first time in the New Testament, a person of whom frequent and honourable mention is made afterwards. I shall avail myself of the occasion, to point out one or two circumstances in his history, which deserve our thoughtful attention.

Timothy is an instance of the good effects of religious training, in preparing a man for God's service in after-life. He was the son of a pious mother, and he had the benefit of a religious home. St. Paul reminds him, in one of his letters to him, that "from a child he had known the Scriptures;" and in an earlier part of the same letter, he tells him, that he thanks God when he calls to remembrance "the unfeigned faith that was in him, which dwelt first in his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice, and (he adds) I am persuaded, in thee also." The instructions, and the careful training, and the holy example of these pious relatives were the means, under God, of preparing him to embrace the Gospel when it was brought before him: and, accordingly, when Paul and Barnabas came to Lystra, on their first journey, he was among those who believed and joined themselves to the infant Church. He seems to have owed his conversion to St. Paul's instrumentality in particular: for the Apostle calls him his own son in the faith.

However, the points which I wish especially to dwell upon are the pains bestowed on his early education, and the blessing from above which rested upon these. He was the child of a pious mother, and by that mother's care was made acquainted with the Bible from his earliest years. And having been thus trained up as a child in the way in which he should go, when he was old he did not depart from it.

What an *example* is this to parents; and at the same time what an *encouragement*!—An example, to lead them to train their children from their earliest years in the ways of religion; and especially to make them acquainted with that blessed book, which is given us to make us wise unto salvation: an encouragement, to inspire them with the hope that such labour will not be bestowed in vain. It is true, that when all has been done, a parent cannot be sure that his child will turn out according to his wishes. But if he really does all that he ought to do, all that he may reasonably do, there is every probability that such will be the case. Where it has been otherwise, it may well be questioned, whether all has been done that ought to have been done, that might reasonably have been done.

There is one point, indeed, which is of main importance in bring-

ing about the result which is to be sought for, that is, the life and conversation of the parents themselves. If these are according to the Gospel rule, if the parents are evidently striving to serve God and to walk in his ways, whatever instructions they give their children of a religious kind may be expected to come home with force and energy to their hearts. But if this be not the case; if the parents are too evidently—I do not say openly wicked, for such are not likely to take pains with the religious instruction of their children, even in the outward form of it—but worldly-minded, having no real heart in religion, void of the spirit of religion, if their lives and tempers be unmortified, if their conversation be out of keeping with the Gospel, little good comparatively is to be looked for from the set instruction that is given, whatever amount there may be of it, and however valuable in itself.

And this is a consideration which ought to have great weight with parents. Besides their own personal interest, the interest of their children requires that they should give up themselves to God's service in good earnest. It is true, God can work without means; and there have been instances of the children of even very wicked parents becoming good men, in spite of the disadvantages of their early training, and of the example that was set them in their youth; still this is not what is ordinarily to be looked for. If parents desire their children to serve God, if they wish their instructions and set-teaching to carry weight and become effectual, they must serve God themselves in good earnest. Though, indeed, it is hardly likely, hardly possible, that any one should really care for the salvation of others, even of those who are nearest and dearest to him, unless he is in earnest in caring for his own.

What has been said hitherto has been said of parents generally. But it should not be overlooked, that the parent to whom Timothy was so peculiarly indebted for his early training, and the happy bias that was given to his mind to Godward, in the years of his childhood, was his *mother*. And it is to *mothers* especially, though not to them exclusively, that the lesson which is thus brought before us belongs. With them rests, to a very great extent, the first training of their children. On them it depends mainly, whether their infant-minds are to be directed towards God, or turned away from Him. Christian mothers, remember this. Think how great a charge is entrusted to you. Think to how great an extent your children's happiness, their eternal happiness, is placed within your power. O seek to train them up for God, from the very first. Teach them to pray. Make them early acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. Bring them to God's house. Teach them to treat religious things with reverence. And that these endeavours may prove successful, look well to your own spirit and temper and conversation. And then add, over and above, continual prayer for God's blessing. Where such means as these are sincerely and earnestly made use of, you will have every thing to hope. And even should your children turn out otherwise than you desire, yet it will at least be some consolation—the only consolation of which so sad and distressing a circumstance admits—that you have done what you could.

Of Timothy's life, after he became a Christian, we have frequent notices from time to time, in the Acts and in St. Paul's Epistles. His course throughout was an eminently happy one. We read of no inconsistencies, no drawbacks. On he went, through evil report and through good report, faithful to the end. Sometimes we find him with the Apostle, sharing his trials, ministering to him in his prison-hours, and in one instance (Heb. xiii. 23) a prisoner himself. At other times, we find him going on missions for the Apostle; visiting the churches which he had planted, and bringing him word how they fared. But the situation in which he is best of all known to us, and in which he is most prominently brought before us, is that of Bishop of the Church of Ephesus. It was while he held this office, that St. Paul wrote to him those Epistles which have given his name a conspicuous place in the Scriptures for ever.

See here, then, my brethren, a lesson of encouragement to those young persons who give up themselves to God's service in their youth. If the care and pains taken by Timothy's mother stand out as an example and encouragement to parents, that they should endeavour to train up their children for God, from their earliest infancy, so does the steady course which Timothy himself pursued, in like manner, stand out as an example and encouragement to the young. Remember, dear children, and all young persons, that the foundation of Timothy's excellence and of his great attainments in the Christian life, was laid when he was a child. His was no course first of wild disobedience and wickedness, and then after that of bitter repentance and endeavours to make up for what had been lost. He went steadily forward from the beginning. His day was a day of calm, clear sunshine, not darkened by clouds, not disturbed by storms; and when at length the evening came, and his sun went down, it was only to rise again unto a day more bright and glorious still, and that an eternal day. Oh, seek to tread in his steps, to follow where he leads the way. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Love Him, fear Him, serve Him, obey Him, now; and that you may do so, be diligent in your prayers. Do not be content merely with *saying* your prayers, but strive to pray from your hearts. Take delight in your Bible; love it and reverence it as God's book. Keep holy God's sacred day: do not let it be a day of idleness and sin. Be regular in your attendance at God's house. Avoid wicked companions. Obey your parents. All these are points of main importance; and if you will only attend to them, by God's blessing they will lead you forward, step by step, in that good way, along which God's saints have walked in every age. And be sure of this, it will be the happiest life you can live, whether for this present world or for that which is to come. The ways of sin (however flowery and pleasant they may look at the first entrance) all grow more and more thorny every step as they proceed; but wisdom's ways—so God's Word expressly teaches us, so the experience of tens of thousands bears witness—wisdom's ways, religion's ways, "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Colonial and Foreign Church News.

A donation by C. H. Fairweather, Esq., to the fund for rebuilding St. Paul's Church, in the parish of Hampton, is gratefully acknowledged. We are informed that this fund, through the exertions of the ladies of that parish, has already reached the sum of \$1238 00.

Those among our readers who intend to assist as usual in the decorations of their churches, for Christmas, are reminded that in the MAGAZINE for last December there were a number of useful hints on this subject. We were told of several parishes in which they proved of great service. "The Church Needlework Society" can supply Texts &c., at short notice, but no time should be lost in applying to Mrs. Medley, or Mrs. Hopkins, Frederickton, for a list of them by those wishing to make a selection.

The "Hampton Sewing Society," we perceive, is prepared to furnish all kinds of needlework. The officers of this Society are: *President*—Mrs. C. J. Smith, *Secretary*—Rev. W. Walker, Junr., *Treasurer*—Miss Otty.

The Illuminated Texts to be had at Mr. Beck's Bookstore were done in England, and are certainly the cheapest yet imported.

THE BLACK GOWN.—We see it stated in a Church paper that the black gown originated with the monks and friars in the middle ages, and hence that it is in its origin purely Popish!

CANADA. The Bishop of Huron held an ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the last Sunday in October. The following gentlemen were admitted into Holy Orders: *Presb.*—The Rev. T. H. Appleby, St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, Rev. R. S. Patterson, Huron College, Rev. W. S. Matthews, Braenose College, Oxford, Rev. Edwin Peake, Rev. Wm. Murphy, Huron College. *Deacons*.—Charles Beaucroft, T. Scales Ellerby.

The Bishop of Quebec returned from his confirmation tour on the Labrador coast on the 28th of September. The Labrador mission is prospering.

The new church of *All Saints*, Whitley, is said to be one of the most beautiful churches in Canada. It cost \$10,500.

The English *Patriot* says of the Evangelical Clergy, that "under the guidance of the *Record* they have learned to sacrifice their religious principles for good livings and influential positions in the Establishment, and under the same guidance they will do so to the end of the chapter."

The writer of the articles recently in the *London Times* who abused the Arch-bishop of Canterbury for going to Scotland, calling him a dissenter, was the notorious Dr. Cumming. The *Times* was ridiculed right and left by papers of every stamp, and has since, it is said, given the precious Dr. C. his dismissal, and even backed down in the matter of its attacks on the Ritualists.

A friend has sent us the following extract from *The Congregationalist Review*, which is said to be "an organ of advanced and enlightened dissent." Speaking of matters in the Church of England it says:—

One thing we accept as certain: the Tractarian or Ritualistic party in the Church of England is, beyond all comparison, the most powerful religious party in these realms. What we call Evangelical Low Churchmen, have now dwindled down to an almost non-existent insignificance: this has been abundantly shown at the Church Congress; and when death shall remove, which we pray may be long hence, that eminently useful man and admirable orator, Dr. McNeile, unless some miracle be wrought in its favor, Low Churchism may be considered as consigned to the vault. Its bad temper, narrowness, and, with the single exception of Mr. Birks its eminent ignorance have made it a deplorable failure in its mission to English society, and have assuredly only prepared the way for the strikingly marvellous success of the Ritualistic Church among the people.

AFRICA.—The coloured teachers in charge of the missionary station at Bonny, established about twelve months ago by the Rev. Dr. Crowther, of the Niger, the black Bishop, have been very successful.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER—The present number of the *Church Magazine* has been enlarged and made more attractive, we hope, by the several illustrations which appear in it. The News department, in accordance with the suggestions of several of the clergy, appears in Luzer type purchased expressly for the purpose. All this has been accomplished at considerable trouble and expense, and the Editor would suggest that the best way of shewing their appreciation of this effort to improve the *Magazine* would be for subscribers to assist in enlarging its circulation.

Those who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year, will surely not neglect to send the amount due before Christmas Day.

Subscribers by lending the present number to their friends and neighbours may assist in enlarging our subscription list.

If only sufficient encouragement is received, we shall increase the size of the *Magazine* to twenty-four pages before the close of the present volume, and each number will contain several illustrations.

We regret that we could not find room for the excellent original hymn which was sung on the occasion of a Special Service, lately. Our contributor writes: "Harvest Home Festivals have now become a notable feature of parochial work in the old country. In those places where the fisheries afford the principal subsistence, why should not the close of the fishing season be marked by a celebration of somewhat similar character?"

We have received from Messrs J & A McMillan and Messrs Barnes & Co. copies of their *Almanac for 1867*. Each Almanac has been compiled with much care, and each possesses distinctive features.

The Stamp Collector's Monthly Gazette for last month is the best and most interesting number of that publication we have yet seen. Mr. G. Stewart, Jr., the editor and proprietor, may justly claim his to be the leading Postage Stamp periodical on this continent.

RECEIVED IN NOVEMBER—Woodstock, \$300; Stanley, 60 c; St David's \$1.80.

To one and all of our readers we wish a very Happy Christmas!

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