

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Includes: "The Banner of Faith." Pagination is as follows: [1]-8, [169]-192, 9-16 p.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			

Kingston Deanery Magazine.

DIocese OF FREDERICTON.

Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1886.

No. 8.

Kingston Deanery Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: { Banner of Faith, 50 cents a year.
Cover alone, - - 25 " "
Payable in Advance.

CLERGY OF THE DEANERY.

Name.	Address.
Rev. CANON MEDLEY, Dean Rural,.....	SUSSEX.
CANON WALKER,.....	HAMPTON.
JAMES NEALES,.....	GAGBETOWN.
S. J. HANFORD,.....	UPIAM.
E. A. WARNEFORD,.....	NORTON, via HAMPTON.
D. W. PICKETT,.....	OAK POINT, GREENWICH.
D. I. WETMORE,.....	CLIFTON.
H. S. WAINWRIGHT,.....	KINGSTON.
C. WILLIS,.....	PETITCODIAC.
J. H. TALBOT,.....	SPRINGFIELD.
O. S. NEWNHAM,.....	HAMPTON.
W. HANCOCK,.....	ROTHESAY.
C. H. HATHEWAY,.....	LOWER JEASEC, CAMBRIDGE.
C. P. HANINGTON,.....	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT, JOHNSTON.
J. R. DEW. COWIE,.....	WATERFORD.
B. ROGERS TAYLER,.....	PETITCODIAC.

Correspondents outside of the Province should add "New Brunswick," and correspondents outside of the Dominion should add to this "Canada."

SUSSEX, N. B., AUGUST, 1886.

Correspondence should be sent to Rev. Canon Medley, Subscriptions to Rev. J. R. Dew. Cowie, Sussex, N. B.

EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

Rev. Canon Medley. Rev. J. R. Dew. Cowie.
Rev. O. S. Newnham.

Our Magazine.

THIS month we send forth our Magazine with eight pages of extra matter. This is done at the request and by the assistance of the K. D. Sunday School Teachers' Union, and in order to present to our readers the two very excellent papers read by the winners of the "Bishop Kingdon" prizes for this year at the annual meeting of the Union. Many of the teachers also expressed a desire that some of the best answers to the examination questions should be printed in the K. D. M. By the kindness of the examiner and the liberality of the Union we are able to gratify this desire. The K. D. S. S. T. U. is one of the branches of work undertaken by the Deanery of Kingston, and its usefulness is becoming more and more manifest.

We wish the members God speed in their most important work, and congratulate them on the success of their annual meeting. All our teachers ought to be members of the Union, and every member of the Union should be a subscriber to the K. D. M.

For want of space we are obliged to hold over the next portion of "Our Deanery," No. iv., Sussex. In its place will be found an interesting explanation of the old English word "worship," which very many persons wrongly understand, or misapply. We think the style of the writer will be familiar to our readers, and they cannot have too much of a good thing.

Mis-Readings of Scripture.

VIII.

MORE difficult question has now to be approached, and as it must be handled with great care and delicacy, it has been left till this paper. It is said that one of the great delights in being an antiquarian, or archæologist, consists in this: that there is scope, wide scope, at times for individual opinion; so that while each man may for a long time assert his own view, and condemn that of all his neighbours, no one can prove any of them right, and no one can prove them wrong. Here, however, we have to be careful to find out what can be proved, and what cannot, before a bold opinion is hazarded. When Professor Fergusson asserted in the London Times that the huge circle at Avebury, as well as Stonehenge, was nothing more than a cemetery or burying place, he thought he was pretty safe. He had made assertions about Assyrian architecture, and had drawn pictures of the Assyrian palaces as they were (or ought to have been), and he was on pretty safe ground. But there lived near Avebury (in Wiltshire) a modest parson who wrote up to the London Times and said that if Professor Fergusson and a few of his friends would come down to Avebury, he, the parson, would meet him on the spot with an array of labourers with spades, and they should dig anywhere he wished; and the parson defied him to find any sepulchral remains. After some demur Mr. Fergusson came, and was proved wrong on the spot, but he never



acknowledged his error. *Moral*: Do not commit yourself where you can be proved to be wrong.

We therefore approach this question with some degree of anxiety, since perhaps all will not agree in what is the common sense view to take, and in consequence all will not agree with our view. This, however, must not prevent our giving our own modest opinion (we are very modest, and if any one doubts this, *ask our wife*) in the matter when the time comes.

How are the Hebrew, Greek and Latin *names* in Scripture to be pronounced?

The question seems a simple one, but the answers will prove to be various, and they will in all probability vary with the age or experience of the reader. There are to be found three stages of opinion on the subject. The first stage is that of the accurately pedantic; the second becomes the compromising stage; the third and last, the boldly Anglicizing stage. Sometimes an earnest and thoughtful man will pass through all three; and if we must confess our own feelings in public, we are in our old age, verging upon the threshold of the last stage of opinion.

The accurately pedantic stage is commonly the position adopted by those young in age or experience, who decline to listen to the old familiar pronunciation and cling to what their education or opportunities may have led them to consider the original pronunciation of the name.

Here, however, arises a difficulty at once, whether the reader knows Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or not; whether the original can be consulted or not. The pronunciation of the Hebrew varies both in the vowels and in some consonants at least. The pronunciation of Greek has not been agreed upon; for the modern Greek pronunciation is quite different from the pronunciation of any other European or American nation; and schoolmasters cannot agree on the pronunciation of Latin. For Greek, where most Englishmen say "ariston men hudor," the modern Greek says, "Arrhiston men heethor." Then in Latin the word *vicissim*, which in our infancy was pronounced "visissim," is sometimes pronounced by pedantic pedagogues in a way which would not be advisable in our public mixed schools, "we-kiss-im *by turns*."

Then as to Hebrew, some maintain that the long *a* and *o* must be pronounced *aw* and *ow*, and so on. Some pronounce the first two words of the Bible, "B'raysheeth bahrah," others, "B'rayshees bawraw." Take for example the name of the mother of the faithful, the only woman whose age at death is recorded in Scripture—Sarah. Some Hebraists would call her Saw-raw; the more accurate youth

who wishes to be very particular calls the name Sahrah; another, who does not know Hebrew, maintains that the Greek is the true pronunciation, and speaks of Sarrha; while the ordinary reader, with greater reason, pronounces the name as he would when speaking to his cousin, Sarah. But with the utmost desire to be correct, the youthful pedant is crushed at times by a list of polysyllabic names which edify the hearers chiefly in watching how the reader will manage them. Happily most of these lists are now removed from public reading in the new Lectionary. At the same time we must utter our protest against the profane self-sufficiency of the commentator who called large sections of the Bible *thorns*, because *he*, forsooth, could not gather grapes therefrom. Teaching is there unquestionably, as we shall find when we know even as we are known. But it is well that in the short time allowed for reading in public, passages of more importance or value are now read.

"I will come to-morrow and hear you read the list of David's worthies," said a Cathedral dignitary to a young deacon with whose rector he was staying. The deacon replied that he was quite safe, since if the dignitary came to Church he would be in the chancel and would have to read the list himself. "Not a bit of it," was the answer, "I never go to the Cathedral when there is a chance of my having to read that chapter." The next day the deacon thought nothing about David's worthies in his parish work; and when time came for evensong he went to Church, unlocked the door, rang the bell, and (failing the rector) commenced the service, when the usual congregation of the school mistress and one or two women and a few plough-boys had put in their clattering appearance. Towards the end of the Psalms the rector and his exalted friend came in, having carefully timed their arrival, and sat just in front of the lectern. The lesson went smoothly enough, and the names of ten of the mighty men had been successfully got over, when suddenly the cruelly mischievous remark of the dignitary flashed into the mind of the poor deacon. He looked up for a moment, the white headed priest was looking at him with his hand to his ear (he was dull of hearing); and after Maharai, the Netophathite, the names were shot out like a badly fired *feu de joie*.

In this as in other matters, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A lady, whose education had added to her mother tongue the accomplishment of the French language, thought that every name or word in an unknown tongue, or at all events which was not English, should be pronounced with a Parisian intonation. She was reading the

first chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy, and was called upon to exercise her discretion in pronouncing the names of the mother and grandmother of the saintly bishop. To her mind they were manifestly French names. She might have pronounced *Lois, Louise*, which would not have been so bad; but she did pronounce it like the French for "laws," and *Lois*, a dissyllable (Lo-is), became a monosyllable, and *Eunice*, a trisyllable (Eu-ni-ce), followed suit as a dissyllable in true Parisian accent. We have heard a similar mistake in Church.

In order to help the unlearned, a general rule has been invented for the utterance of Hebrew names. Who invented it, when, or where, we do not know; but we have seen it pencilled in an old theological book in writing about two hundred years old: "N. B. In Hebrew names the penultimate is always long." That is, the last syllable but one is always to be emphasized. This probably holds in nine cases out of ten; but when a reader, relying upon this, reads out (as we to our annoyance have heard) "Abedneego," it is unpleasant to listen to an emphasis being laid on the shortest possible vowel. The error here is of the same kind as would be made by one who spoke of Lake N'Gami, in Africa, as Lake Neegami; or, as when a man would say, "the winds do beelow," for *blow*; or when a lumberer speaks of an "ellum," meaning an elm tree.

Such are some of the traps and discomforts that lie in the path of the reader who is desirous of pronouncing words according to their original pronunciation.

When, however, such a reader goes about the world and knocks against many minds, the chances are that good-humoured raillery will in course of time draw him into the second stage, that of a compromiser. It will be represented to him, as it was to another who wished to be free from all conventionalities, and began always, "Here *begins* such a chapter," as it seemed to him peculiar and ridiculous to say *beginneth*. Which (said his friend) is most peculiar and ridiculous, to say *beginneth*, or to say differently from all others? Or, again, when a pedantic gentleman persisted in saying, "Here *beginneth part* of such a chapter at such a verse." First of all, you cannot say, "Here *beginneth* two parts of two chapters, at such a verse of the former chapter;" and secondly, why cannot you follow the simple rule of the fabric of your Church, as better men than you have been accustomed to do for more than two hundred years at least? Is it not an error to read in Church in such a way as is not usual when there is nothing important concerned? The main effect will be that the hearers will think more

of the reader than what he reads, which is much to be avoided. They will be thinking more of what is to them a funny pronunciation than of what he is saying. Remember, this is very different from reading God's Word in such a manner as to draw attention to its meaning.

The late Bishop Huntingford, who was renowned for his classical accuracy, was asked by one of his Archdeacons if he had visited the agricultural show. He said at once, pompously, "Agri-cul-tooral, Mr. Archdeacon, agri-cul-tooral." "My Lord," was the answer at once, "I thought it was the most *natooral* way of speaking."

This kind of remonstrance, then, generally leads to a compromise which is commonly of this kind. The reader determines to pronounce in the ordinary way with the English accent, that is, with the accent thrown far back in the word for the most part, when the word is well known, but to retain the correct emphasis (as he thinks) when the word is not so well known. This is a step in advance. The reader now no longer speaks of Debohra, Samareya, Alexandreya, and the like; and his hearers are enabled to recognize old friends in Deborah, Samaria, Alexandria. But still this compromise enables the reader to cling to certain peculiarities. David's body guard is still composed of the Ch'rethites and the P'lethites, and still S. Paul and his company go down to Atta-lei-a (Acts xiv. 25). There is much to be said for this view, and it is not to be wondered at that it is adopted by so many readers at the present time. For example, the Apocalypse (now read in public with such good results) has not yet become familiar, and there are words therein which are read with advantage with an emphasis not purely English. When the word *chryso-prasus* is read with an accent on the first and third syllables, a hearer who has any knowledge of Greek at once perceives that the stone is of a yellowish green, a golden leek; and there is some advantage in quickening the attention of an intelligent hearer. But who can tell the true original pronunciation of Attalia? The Greek accent is certainly on the second syllable. The modern Greeks invariably pronounce according to the accent, as we should expect. The English accent would be on the same syllable: what is there to show that it is right to pronounce the name with the accent on the third syllable—Attaleya?

But we are outrunning the constable, and must reserve the third stage for No. IX.

The Metropolitan and the Bishop Coadjutor are both busily engaged in the work of Confirmation.

Infant Baptism.

ABOUT A. D. 400, or 300 years after the times of the Apostles, a council was held at Carthage, in which a subject was introduced which shows plainly that Infant Baptism was the custom of the Church at that time. It was in reference to the case of persons who had been carried away captives in their infancy, and who had afterwards been ransomed. Being infants when taken away they knew nothing about their baptism, neither were there any witnesses who could certify that they were baptized. Their friends were very anxious that they should be partakers of the benefits of the Sacrament of Baptism, and yet they were afraid of desecrating that sacrament by re-baptizing. The matter was brought before the Council of Carthage, and after discussion it was decided as follows:

"It is resolved concerning *Infants*, when positive witnesses cannot be found who will testify that they have been baptized without doubt, and they, by reason of their age, are not able to answer as to the administration of the sacrament to them; that they be baptized without any scruple, lest that scruple do cause them to go without the benefit of the sacrament."

A few years earlier than this a council had been held at the same place, at which it was resolved concerning some who had been baptized by schismatics, and had afterwards been received into the Church, "That they who were baptized in their *infancy* among the Donatists, before they were old enough to understand the mischief of that error, ought to be promoted to Church offices, especially in time of so great need."

Next, we will take the writings of *John Chrysostom*, who lived about 280 years after the Apostles. He was a native of Antioch, and became Patriarch of Constantinople. On account of his great eloquence he is called the "golden mouthed," and many of his writings have come down to our day. In one of his homilies, on Genesis, he speaks in the following manner of the pain and suffering of circumcision, and the advantages which baptism has over it: "But our circumcision—I mean the grace of baptism—gives cure without pain, and procures for us a thousand benefits, and fills us with the grace of the Spirit. And it has no determinate time, as that had (*viz.*, the eighth day), but it is lawful to any one in the very *beginning of his age* (that is, on the day of his birth), or in the middle of it, or in old age, to receive this circumcision made without hands, in which there is no trouble to be undergone, but to throw off the load of sin and receive pardon for all foregoing offences."

Again, in another homily, when speaking of the benefit of baptism, he says: "You see how many are the benefits of baptism. And yet some think that the heavenly grace consists only in the forgiveness of sins; but I have reckoned up *ten* advantages of it. For this cause we *baptize Infants* also, though they are not defiled with sin (of their own), that there may be superadded to them saintship, righteousness, adoption, inheritance, a brotherhood with Christ, and to be made members of Him." These extracts show plainly the custom of the Church in the time of S. Chrysostom, and that is only 280 years after the time of the Apostles. With him Baptism is the Christian circumcision; but, unlike the circumcision of the Jew (which was to be performed on the eighth day after birth), Baptism can be administered *at any age*, even on the *day of birth*. This language is in perfect agreement with S. Paul, who calls Baptism the "circumcision made without hands" (see Col. ii. 11, 12). Again, S. Chrysostom would tell us that the benefits of Baptism are many, and that they are not to be kept back from *Infants*. "For this cause we *baptize Infants* also."

We have space in this paper for but one extract more. It shall be from S. Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, who lived about 274 years after the time of the Apostles. He is writing on the history of Abraham, and of course comes to the subject of circumcision, and refers to the fact of *Infants being circumcised*. The reason he gives for the circumcision of *Infants* is this: "As the disease is from *Infancy*, so is the remedy." And then, applying the same principle to *baptism*, he quotes the words of our Lord to Nicodemus, in S. John iii. 5, to enforce its necessity: "For unless any person be born again of the water, and of the Holy Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Then he adds, "You see He (Christ) excepts no person—not an *Infant*, not one that is hindered by an unavoidable accident,—and even if such (those hindered by unavoidable accident) have freedom from punishment, I know not that they shall have the honour of the Kingdom."

Verily no words of ours can be stronger than these of our Blessed Lord, or than this comment of S. Ambrose upon them: "Baptism is absolutely binding upon every one (*Infants* not even excepted) who enters the Kingdom of God."

An old lady in a backwoods settlement says: "*I look eagerly each month for the arrival of K.D.M.*" Thank you, madam, we do our best to be in time, but sometimes fail in the attempt.

Children's Corner.



PRIZE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

- (1) What reference can you find to Sarah and Hagar in the New Testament?
- (2) In what respects was Isaac a type of Christ?
- (3) Where is Jacob called "a Syrian"?

CHURCH HISTORY.

- (1) What do you mean by the word Catholic?
- (2) Give three texts from the New Testament which show that the Church is Catholic.
- (3) What words were used by our Lord when He sent forth the Apostles? Where are these words used in the Prayer Book?

NOTE.—H. O. M., Petitecodiac, made the highest number of marks in the answers to the questions in the June number, and H. M. S., Hampton, second.

Diocesan News.

The annual meetings of the Synod and the Church Society were held in Trinity Church School Room, beginning at 2.30 p.m. on Tuesday, June 29th, and ending on Friday, July 2nd, at 1 p.m.

It is needless to say that much business was transacted in the time; but it must have been felt by all who were in attendance that the most important business of the Church was rushed through in far too great a hurry.

With a view to prevent this hurry in the future, a proposition has been made to amalgamate the Synod and Church Society; and two large committees have been appointed, one from each of these bodies, to take this radical change into consideration, and report next year.

The Metropolitan reported the gift of \$1,700 to the Bishop Medley Scholarships Fund by Mrs. Gordon of Fredericton, and also announced his intention of placing in the hands of the Finance Committee of D. C. S. the sum of \$2,600, being the proceeds of a partial endowment fund for the Diocese, created 24 years ago, but not completed.

The Bishop Coadjutor reported that the Bishop Medley Scholarships Fund amounted to nearly \$5,000, which sum, by resolution, was received by the Synod in trust for the purposes of the said Fund, to be dispensed at the discretion of the Bishop of the Diocese, during his incumbency, in aid of Divinity students.

We trust the difficulty between the Parish of S. Paul's, Portland, and the Mission Church of S. John Baptist, which seemed to awaken the greatest amount of interest during the sessions of the Synod, has been disposed of for ever, as far as the Synod is concerned. It is too bad that even for the purpose of an interesting debate upon a vexatious question so much of the time should be expended, and the reports of committees, which embrace the practical element of the Synod, should be shelved without any discussion whatever.

In spite of frequent removals of Clergymen from the Diocese the staff still keeps up, and several young laymen are applying for Divinity scholarships. This looks well for our Church work; but we have several vacant Parishes, as well as prospective Missions.

LUDLOW:—The ladies of this place held their picnic and fancy sale on Tuesday, the 20th of July. The weather was delightful, the ladies were attractive, and there was a very large gathering. They realized \$152.10 for the Building Fund of the new Church of England Church. This church is steadily advancing, and from its beautiful situation and excellent proportions, forms a beautiful object from the Northern and Western train.

Fairville Items.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES AND OFFERINGS.

My dear Parishioners: on Sunday October 31st, our Church will have been opened one year. It will also be the anniversary of my advent amongst you. During my short Incumbency, GOD has been especially good to us. He has borne with us when we deserved punishment. He has been pleased to prosper all our undertakings far beyond our expectations,—far beyond our deserts. We have had to pass through trying times, and we must expect to go through more. When GOD is good to us the world generally hates us, jealousy and strife will meet us on every side, but let us fear not, but rather rejoice, for "Blessed are ye," says CHRIST, "when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Let us, then, Thank GOD, and take courage, but let us also, each one, strive to do our utmost and best. Let us be kind and charitable one towards another, peaceful and loving, of one heart and of one mind,—for, says our LORD and Master, although outside trials and persecutions may not hurt us, yet, "A House divided against itself cannot stand." If we wish to still prosper, if we wish GOD to still help and be with us, we must continue to help ourselves, and we must NOT have strivings and

fightings, discontentment and murmuring within our fold. We must be as little children, looking to our Pastor for help and guidance, "submitting ourselves to our teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and with their help, looking up to the great Shepherd and Pastor of us all, JESUS CHRIST, our Saviour and Head."

As we look over the past and see what has been done in so short a time, what can we say but that the hand of the LORD is in all this, and why, dear friends, has he helped us? Because we have first helped ourselves. The LORD has prospered our handiwork. I feel, then, and I am sure you must all feel with me, that we owe a great debt of gratitude to ALMIGHTY GOD, deeply thankful ought we to be to him. I purpose, then, (D. V.) to set apart the 31st day of October as a day for Special Thanksgiving Services (and if convenient to our Bishop as the day for our Confirmation) and I also ask each member of our Congregation:—not communicants only, but all who worship with us, both young and old,—to make some special effort, to give freely, cheerfully, and willingly some offering to ALMIGHTY GOD on that day. No adult, I trust, will give less than \$1 00. Enclosed is a paper which I would ask you to fill up and place any time between this and Thanksgiving Day in the box at the door. I myself will start the list with \$10.00, and if there should be Ten other offerings of \$5.00, I will double mine. The reason why I issue this pastoral now instead of later on as I first intended, is that Winter will soon be upon us again. We all know how uncomfortable we were last Winter owing to the unfinished state of the building and how seriously my health was injured by the cold draughts, etc., thus seriously hindering the work. I am therefore anxious to make the building comfortable, to finish off windows and sheathing; to erect another stove and chimney; and to complete, as far as possible, the interior of the main building before the Bishop's visit. We want our Church finished, but I am also anxious that when it is finished we may say it is free from all debt. I therefore as your Pastor ask you to show your thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD—to shew you appreciate the humble work of your Pastor and GOD's goodness to you—by making freewill offerings to Him towards this work. If you read your Bibles carefully you will find that when Kings David, Solomon, or any others were anxious to build houses to GOD they had not to get up Picnics, Bazaars, Fancy Sales, or Concerts to raise Funds, for that is not *giving* to GOD, because you expect and get in all these things value for your money. No. They did what I am doing now—asked the people to shew their gratitude to ALMIGHTY GOD for His past mercies. The offerings came in abundantly from rich and poor, and GOD blessed them; so, if we *deny* ourselves and do the same, GOD will not fail to bless us. I therefore ask each one to say what he or she will give to GOD as a thank offering for His past mercies. You need not pay it before Thanksgiving Day, but I want to see how much our united offerings are likely to be, so that I can put the work in hand and

dedicate it to GOD as a freewill offering (it would not be that if unpaid for) on Thanksgiving Day. If this should fall into the hands of any outside friends, I earnestly ask them for their prayers on our behalf, and, if they are able, to give us an offering. There are many things wanted in our Church which could be given by our well to do friends as memorials, such as Pulpit, Lectern, Organ, Bell, etc.

And now with my best thanks to you all for your kind assistance and perseverance, for the many personal kindnesses I have received in the past, asking for your prayers, and trusting you may have grace to continue in the good work you have begun; with my earnest prayers for your bodily and spiritual welfare, I commend you to the care and protection of the ALMIGHTY,

And remain, my dear Parishioners,
Your faithful friend and Pastor in Christ,

J. C. TITCOMBE.

CLERGY HOUSE, July, 1886.

The Church picnic will, it is hoped, be held this month—about the 10th or 12th. Due notice, however, will be given.

The free labour list will appear next month.

Parochial Items.

CAMBRIDGE:—We expect the Bishop Coadjutor here for Confirmation on October 25th, and hope many will avail themselves of this opportunity to receive the blessing in store for them.

No work is going on just now as regards the Churches, but a picnic is on the tapis for Sept. 8.

Donations of fancy goods and all kinds of saleable articles are earnestly solicited.

JOHNSTON:—The girls and boys of Goshen met together on the afternoon of July 5th, in the Church grounds, to present what they had subscribed towards the Parson's salary. Their subscriptions amounted to over eight dollars, which sum was not given without any cost to themselves, as most of it was earned by picking strawberries.

After an hour or two at foot-ball and other games, they went to the Church, where a short service was held, together with the singing of some hymns, and an address was given to the children by the Rector; after which all went to their homes happier, we are sure, for doing active work in God's harvestfield instead of only looking on.

PETITCODIAC:—Our Salisbury Mission Room is at last an accomplished fact. Thanks to the grant of \$50 from the D. C. S. we have been able to open free of debt. On July 15th, His Lordship the Coadjutor Bishop formally opened the Room in the presence of a full congregation. We have

furnished the Room with an Altar, Font, Organ, Lectern, Reading Desk, and Chairs, and have covered the walls with pictorial representations of Bible scenes. The building will conveniently hold seventy-five worshippers. In the morning His Lordship celebrated the Holy Eucharist, and twenty-four partook of that sacred feast. We had stirring sermons from the Bishop both morning and evening; and the fact that in the evening we received into covenant with God, through baptism, a child, whose mother also intends connecting herself with the Church, is a promise of future success. Our organist, Miss Minnie Smith, has trained a choir of twelve boys and girls, who sing and respond exceedingly well. Altogether, we feel very much gratified and encouraged by this new move, and we pray (and ask the prayers of our friends) that God may abundantly bless this work, and that we may bring wandering sheep back to the fold of the loving Shepherd.

Our Fancy Sale and Bazaar realized about \$70. The greater part goes towards paying our insurance, and the balance will be put in the bank as the nucleus of a new organ fund. The enterprise of the ladies of the Sewing Circle is greatly to be commended. Thanks to their earnest work, and the gifts of Miss Glynn, of mission parcel fame, we had quite an array of useful and fancy articles. We hope the Sewing Circle will not rest on their oars, but will go on with their work, and hold another bazaar in the fall of the year.

We have also to thank the S. P. C. K. for a grant of Prayer Books, Sunday School Books, and Mission Hymn Books. The Mission Parcel Society has also sent us several handsome kneelers and two antependiums, besides many articles for our fancy sale.

Increased services, larger congregations, greater numbers of communicants, heartier services, prospects of another Confirmation in the autumn, are all matters which we thankfully report. We can well take courage and thank our God for His gracious help.

“For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.”

HAMPTON:—On the first day of July a strawberry festival was held by the Hampton Village Branch of the Women's Aid Association, in aid of the School Chapel now being built at Hampton Village. Nearly \$40 were realized.

A meeting of the Hampton Station Sewing Society was held on July 2nd, when it was decided to endeavour to erect a School Chapel at the Station, and a committee was appointed to act with the Rector in the matter. We hope to be

soon able to report that a beginning has been made in this most needful work.

STUDHOLM:—A grand Tea Soiree and Strawberry Festival was held on the Church grounds on Thursday, July 15th, which went off with great eclat. We may say it was a great success in every way, and the handsome sum of \$80 was realized.

The good people of Studholm who always do everything well, fairly surpassed themselves on this occasion. Miss Cogle and Miss Alice Pearson presided at the flower table, and these two fair young Floras beguiled many an unwary customer into their tent, and in fact let none escape. Miss Celia Frost and Miss Cornelia Sharp took charge of the work table, and disposed of a large quantity of useful and fancy articles. A very amusing part of the festive programme was the presentation of a very pretty work stand to the lady who received the largest number of male votes. The poll was kept open for an hour, and as the time passed to its close the contest grew most exciting. One young lady quite excelled all the rest by marshalling the lords of creation to the poll as if she had been a veteran campaigner and showed vast tact. Miss Ida Ellison was the successful candidate, having received 100 votes; but so close was the contest that her majority was only one.

Our pretty little Church will now be very shortly painted, at which we shall all rejoice.

We were much pleased to see a good contingent of visitors from our sister Parish, Sussex, and hope they will come again. All the articles unsold at the close of the day were disposed of by Mr. Church-Warden Peters, who made his “maiden effort” as an auctioneer.

SUSSEX:—On Wednesday, July 14th, the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Teachers' Union took place in this Parish. The day began, as it should, with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10 a.m., the Bishop Coadjutor being the Celebrant, and the Rector of the Parish Server. At 11 a.m., the meeting was called to order by the President, and on the calling of the roll it was found that out of a total of 65 members 57 answered to their names. Every Parish in the Deanery, with the exception of Studholm, was represented. As a full account of the proceedings will be given in a special supplement of K. D. M. for this month, it will be unnecessary for us to make any further notice of the meeting under the heading “Parochial Items.”

The Bishop Coadjutor remained in Sussex until Saturday evening, July 17th, when he proceeded to the Parish of Norton.

WATERFORD:—There are many signs of Church life in this Parish; but the most encouraging of all is the growing interest of the young men and young women in Church matters. Fifteen of these have joined the Sunday afternoon Bible class; and they all hail this opportunity to receive instruction in God's Holy Word, and to understand that Church doctrine is simply Bible truth.

His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor spent Sunday, July 11th, visiting the several parts of this extensive mission, and after Evensong at the Parish Church, spake to the people upon the subject of "The Duty of Parents," especially "The Duty of Restraining and Repeating their Children," setting before them the sin of the good natured and easy going Eli, whose very mild reproofs rather encouraged his sons in their evil course, or at least permitted them to work out their own destruction.

His Lordship will again visit us (D.V.) on Sunday, August 29th, for the purpose of administering the sacramental rite of Confirmation. The class of candidates is quite small, compared with former years, though there are at least twenty-five young men and young women who have not yet received the unspeakable gift of the Holy Spirit, and who are willfully refusing his proffered assistance.

A Glastonbury Chair, to serve as the Bishop's Throne, has lately been placed in the Sanctuary, through the generosity of a faithful daughter of Holy Church, to whom the Church in this Parish owes very much.

ST. MARK'S (SUSSEX):—The opening of the new Mission Room at Sussex Corner, an event which has been looked forward to for some time, took place on Sunday, July 11th. His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor, who came from Fredericton to encourage and gladden the hearts of both Priest and people in their work, was celebrant, and also preached. There were 96 present, and 28 of these received the Blessed Sacrament. None but ourselves can understand the great joy of this occasion. Heretofore we had some anxiety lest we should be deprived of a place in which to worship. Now we all feel that the work of the Church in this Parish is established upon a permanent footing. The offerings at this dedication service amounted to \$11.02.

It is very encouraging to notice that a greater interest in Church matters is springing up in other parts of this Parish of S. Mark. At Lisson Settlement a Sunday School has been started, under the care of Mr. McKnight and Miss Lockard, and is in a flourishing condition. The

few Church people at Markhamville have become subscribers to the K. D. M., and from this important little mining village there comes one candidate for Confirmation. Confirmation classes are being held at Jeffries, on the New Line Road, and 13 candidates are attending them with fair regularity. There will be not fewer than twenty candidates presented to the Bishop from the Parish of St. Mark this year.

May God the Holy Ghost guide and strengthen us in our work!!

The Word "Worship."

SOMETIMES Roman controversialists on the one side and non-conformists on the other side have taken our people unawares by the unfair use of the word "worship." When Roman Catholics are rightly accused of idolatrous worship of the images of saints, or *worship* of saints, they try to defend themselves by two instances of the use of the word amongst ourselves. One is the title "worshipful," or "Your Worship," given to Mayors of cities. The second is the passage in the Authorized Version of I. Chron. xxix. 20: "They worshipped the Lord *and the King.*"

Non-conformists, again, have been known to mock at the beautiful words of the marriage service, "With my body I thee worship." With respect to this we may say that the words have come down to us from an ancient date, long before non-conformity was born or thought of; and if they do not understand the word they had better go to their dictionaries.

For it is a quibble on both sides; for the word *worship* means nothing more nor less than *honour*, and it is only in modern times that it has been restricted to the honour due to God only. When some say "Your Worship" to a Mayor, it is the same as saying "Your Honour" to a Judge; but the title of a Mayor is far more ancient than that given *by us* to a Judge, as in the old country the Judge is called "My Lud," and "Your Ludship," perhaps after King Lud, of Ludgate. Though some do say "Your Worship" to a Mayor, no one ever goes down his knees to him, to pray him to save a soul; nor has any one (to our knowledge) been seen to burn incense or wax candles as an act of devotion before the picture of the Mayor of St. John in a church or chapel. Nor does the text from the first book of Chronicles prove that David accepted the same *adoration* from the people as they rendered to Almighty God.



THE
Banner of Faith.

AUGUST 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Westalls had not set out for the new country without some definite plans. Hope had been very busy before starting, studying handbooks to the colony, and gaining information from trustworthy sources as to a suitable spot to settle down in. Harold was really interested in the matter. He had no objection to the idea of becoming a prosperous settler, and living like a sort of little lord on his own estate. 'It would suit him down to the ground,' he said.

But once on shipboard his new friends stepped in and laughed at the idea. A settler's life? All grind and anxiety—slavery from morning till night. A man with capital like Harold—he had bragged a little of that green baize bag and its contents, you see—could do far better than that; could grow rich directly in New Zealand without trouble or bother of any kind.

How? Ah, *that* these disinterested advisers affected to be unable to disclose to every one. If Mr. Westall really meant business, why they were prepared to let him at once into a very good thing—a company just formed. There would be a glorious rush for shares directly the prospectus was out. Every one's hundred would become a thousand

before you could say Jack Robinson. With such fair words was the trap baited for poor silly Harold. It would be very nice for him to be the owner of three thousand instead of three hundred pounds, he thought. Other men had made fortunes in the colonies, and why not he?

If only Hope was not such a marplot! She had no spirit.

Harold set foot on the new soil with a restless, dissatisfied heart. He and Hope took up their abode at once in a lodging kept by a respectable Englishwoman, to which they had been directed, to save hotel expenses. It was in a very quiet part of Auckland. 'Deadly dull,' Harold said.

He was out till late the first evening—looking after their heavy baggage, he said—in reality lounging about in the docks with his ship friends, and finally following them to their grand hotel. When he came in he said little to her, but Hope could not but notice a suppressed excitement in his manner. He could not sleep, he said, so it was of no use going to bed; he should just put his legs up on the sitting-room sofa.

Hope left him there with a sigh, it would only anger him if she sat up too. And why should she? This was a respectable house, and she was very tired. Before she left the room, however, she turned to her husband. 'Perhaps I had better take the carpet-bag

with the money in it upstairs,' she said, 'it will be safer there than here.'

Harold's face flushed. He stood up and looked out of the window into the darkness.

'All right.' The words were spoken with an attempt at ease; still they struck Hope, even then, as having a curious ring.

'Go to bed at once if you are tired,' Harold added, 'and I will bring the bag to you. It has all my things in, you know, and—and—I shall want some of them.'

So Hope said 'Good-night' and went slowly upstairs. As she was dropping asleep Harold came in and stayed a few minutes in the room. She heard the bag put down on the floor by the bedside. 'Thank you,' she murmured, and then she fell sound asleep.

The first day in a new place always dawns strangely on a traveller. When Hope woke, however, she caught a glimpse of brilliant sky through the little window.

'This is New Zealand,' her heart said. 'The place where we shall begin our new life. Oh! I am glad the sun is shining, it is a good omen.'

After that first burst of hopefulness came a troubled thought of Harold. Had he slept at all on that hard, horsehair sofa? Would the landlady be an early riser? she wondered.

Hope dressed quickly; said a very short morning prayer—she would finish it by-and-by, when her mind was at ease about Harold. She little guessed how far distant that time would be.

She crept quietly downstairs, and softly opened the sitting-room door. It was barely seven o'clock. Harold might not be awake yet. But he was awake—awake and gone out. The landlady had let him out, and he had bidden her tell his wife he should not be back to breakfast.

'Gone after your heavy luggage, Mrs. Westall, I expect,' said the cheery woman with a smile.

'Oh dear! But I wish you had let me know,' said poor Hope, disappointed. 'I would have got him his breakfast before he went out.'

'Just what I told him,' declared Mrs. Smith, 'but he said he was in a hurry. Still,

that's no reason you should fast, ma'am. The water's on the boil, and my little Mary will lay the table in no time. The gentleman will perhaps be back before you have done, and if not, I'm one as always keeps my kitchen fire going, and can get him a cup of hot tea any time.'

Mrs. Smith meant to cheer the young wife, who seemed fretted that her husband had gone out without her 'the first day of all;' but Hope was thankful when the door closed on her hostess, and left her at liberty to worry and wonder over what could have taken Harold out so early. Not those dreadful men at the hotel she did hope.

After breakfast 'little Mary,' a self-possessed young colonist of nine years or thereabouts, came in for orders concerning the dinner. Hope wanted some trifle which necessitated, as she thought, the payment of ready money. She took out her purse and opened it mechanically; suddenly her eyes were riveted on the ordinary little dark purse in a stony state of amaze. What had happened? Who had put those ten golden coins into it? And for what purpose could it be? Harold? But where had he taken them from, and what did he mean by the act?

The child's sharp voice roused her from her state of utter bewilderment. 'If you haven't got the change, ma'am, I can ask my ma!'

'Yes, do.' Hope spoke calmly, but it seemed to her as if she must add, 'And I will give you all I possess if you will only go away and leave me alone.'

Perhaps her face expressed this, however, for little Mary vanished at once. Then Hope got up by a sudden impulse and reached the bag—Harold's carpet-bag, which she had mechanically brought down with her—the bag which contained that other baize bag with its shining contents. She undid the straps, unlocked it—the key was in the lock where her husband had left it—and, one by one, she drew out the contents.

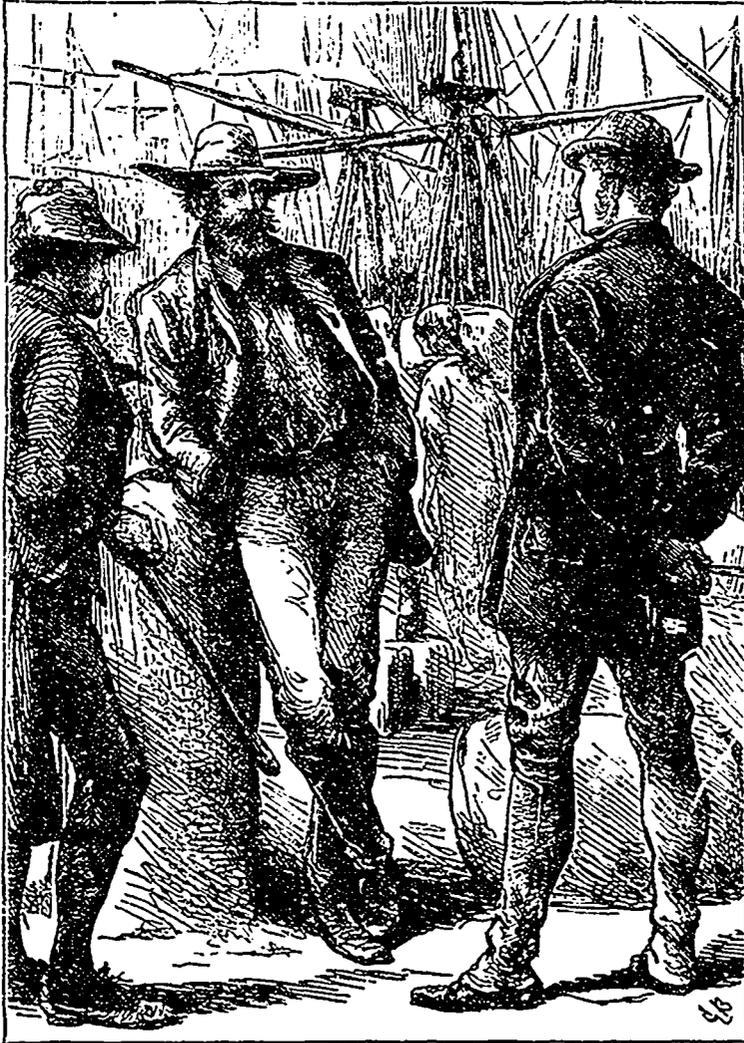
A stony horror came over her as she realised the fact. The money was gone! And Harold was gone too! Of that she had now no doubt. Gone to ruin; gone to

shame! Deserted her the first day in 'the new and happy land!' Oh, poor soul! Whose heart but must bleed for one bereft of everything at a blow, by a crueller robber than Death!

Hope's clear intellect grasped the whole

money was hers by all the laws of truth and honesty.

And then to put ten sovereigns into her purse; to dare to think of her bodily wants, her daily bread for the moment, when he had crushed and killed her heart! It was



terrible disaster at once. Her weak, unprincipled husband had been so completely dazzled by the representations of those wretched men on board ship, that he had thrown all over to join them.

Thrown over wife and honour! He had stooped to become a thief. Yes, for that

mockery—it was cruelty! She opened the window—a sense of suffocation overwhelming her—that very window out of which her husband had looked the previous night while he said that deceitful 'All right.' Right! Everything was wrong; bitterly, cruelly wrong! The sky was blue no longer;

the bright air seemed to smite her like a knife. If she could only die there and then—sink into the earth and be forgotten!

But that moment one softer thought crept into her heart—Jenas, her father! Oh, how glad she was he had not seen this day! He who loved his children so dearly; it would have broken his heart.

Taken from the evil to come. Yes, that was true concerning the kind father. Hope thanked God now for that day of bitter bereavement.

And next, a vision rose before her eyes of Harold ministering to the old man's wants, saying pleasant words to him. Hope could see the wan smile on the sick man's face—the smile she would at the time have given gold to buy. And it was Harold who had called it up—the same Harold who had blasted her life this day.

But could she be making some great mistake—conjuring up all these horrors out of the mere absence of her husband? Mrs. Smith said he might be gone after the luggage? Might not that be the case?

Hope drew a deep breath of relief. Then she thought once again of the missing money—of the ten sovereigns in her purse. That was not there overnight. Oh, woe, woe! There was something very wrong in it all!

But Harold might have been persuaded against his better judgment to do this evil deed. If she could only see him for one moment—put before him in plain colours his sin—surely, surely he would listen to her and return with the bag.

Not that Hope cared one straw for the actual money. If an ordinary thief had carried off that bag she would not have wasted an hour's lamentation over it, but would have been the first to suggest setting to work to repair the loss.

'Please, are you going out this morning, Mrs. Westall, because then I could dust your room?'

It was the child again. Her words, however, inspired Hope with an idea. She would go out—go to the Harbour Hotel and seek her husband. Things might not be so bad as she fancied. Harold might only have borrowed the money to convince these

speculators that he was really possessed of capital. They might have professed to doubt his bare word, and Harold would be so easily roused by a slighting assertion of any kind.

'I am going out,' Hope answered the child quietly. And then she dressed herself with trembling haste and sallied out into the street.

She was clever at finding her way, thanks to her London training, and soon found herself at the hotel. A few loungers were standing outside, amongst them a lad she recognised as a fellow-passenger. She timidly mentioned to him her husband's name.

'Oh yes; he started early this morning,' returned the boy.

'With Mr. —'

'With the New Land-Purchase Company,' was the glib reply.

Hope had now recovered her self-possession.

'Ah yes, I suppose so,' she answered. 'Did they mean to go far to-day? My husband hardly knew the plans of the Company last night.'

(She was already trying to shelter his reputation, you see, even as a husband.)

'Only to New Northam,' was the answer of a polite official of the hotel.

'Oh, thank you,' said Hope, forcing a smile.

'Hope the gentlemen will soon return,' was the stereotyped comment of the clerk.

'Oh, I hope they will,' cried Hope, a little too earnestly. The man stared, and the poor thing hastened to explain away her words. 'Of course business must be attended to,' she said, 'but I feel strange—all alone.'

Then she said, 'Good morning,' and turned quickly away. She could not answer for herself what she might say next. And now she knew the worst, what should she do? Follow Harold to New Northam, wherever that might be? Yes, she must make one effort to drag him out of the mire, if possible.

She seemed to see how it had all come about—the tempting bait, the insinuations that Harold could not take advantage of their offers, that he was too much under his wife's control. Yes, Hope felt they would use that weapon to wound and drive their

unhappy victim into the net. Then Harold's indignant denials—his resolve to show himself a man. Yes, poor fellow, he would use that word, she knew. Oh, the descent was easy for a weak nature like his.

'He wouldn't mean it.' Hope actually spoke aloud her feelings though she was all alone in Mrs. Smith's lodgings, packing a handbag with a change of clothes for herself. She had learned that New Northam was only seven hours distant by rail.

'My husband has been called there, I find, suddenly,' she explained to Mrs. Smith, 'and' (oh, how easily falsehoods were beginning to trip off her tongue!) 'he wishes me to join him there. See, here is the week's rent for the rooms. I had better leave that with you, though we may be back to-morrow. Please take in the baggage if they send it up from the wharf.'

She spoke so calmly that Mrs. Smith was

quite taken in. 'Dear me, Mrs. Westall, how trying for you to have to start travelling again so soon. But there—the gentlemen are always wild to be off up country directly. Yes, of course, I'll look to the baggage, and if it isn't sent up to-night, Mary shall run to the office of the line. I suppose you are looking for land up Northam way?'

Hope nodded her head. She was fastening the straps of her bag.

Then as she went away she said, 'If we do not return to-morrow I will write to you; and meantime please take care of the boxes upstairs.'

'Yes, ma'am,' returned Mrs. Smith, perfectly satisfied. These were just the lodgers she liked—respectable people who gave no trouble. Why they might be the whole week away and the rent paid all the same! She knew what that look of after land was—an endless business.

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

S. ANTONY.

THE name of this Christian hero takes us back a century, or more, from the time we have now reached in Church History, viz. the close of the fourth century.

S. Antony belongs to the latter portion of the third century. And yet, as the founder of the monastic system, he deserves consideration at our hands. For in the days of S. Ambrose the monastic life was embraced by a large and increasing number of persons throughout Christendom. And it was destined to rise into still greater prominence.

First, then, let us inquire what we mean by the monastic system. In plain words it was the living apart from the world in solitary communion with God. It was practised in one of two ways. Either a man withdrew altogether from the haunts of his fellow-men, living entirely alone in some desert or mountain solitude, with none but the wild beasts

as companions. He was then called a hermit, which means a dweller in the wilderness. Or he associated himself with a company of friends, to form a community that should live according to strict and set rules, based upon the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such persons were usually termed monks or solitary men, and their home was known as a monastery. Neither a hermit nor a monk had anything to do with the outside world, their time being spent in prayer and fasting and silent meditation. Besides this, it was necessary that they should provide for their own daily wants.

On another occasion, we shall doubtless have an opportunity of observing how this monastic system developed in the course of centuries, how the monks built the vast and noble abbeys whose ruins are still so beautiful in many of our English counties. Now we have only to do with the system in its

infancy, and inquire how it was it came to find favour among Christian people, and how far it was right and proper, and beneficial to the world at large.

We trace its beginning in the history of S. Antony. We must picture this remarkable man as he was in his own day and in his own country, wearing a coarse garment of hair, and with long, unkempt locks—a wild, free son of the Egyptian desert—an Elijah, or a John the Baptist. He was born of Christian parents in the year 251 A.D., and he was brought up in his native village, not far from Thebes, on the banks of the Nile. From his earliest years he is said to have shown signs of a thoughtful and religious mind; and, doubtless, the silence and the solitude of the desert helped to strengthen this characteristic. Before he was twenty years old both his parents died, leaving their son an ample fortune. This fortune Antony proceeded to divide amongst his fellow-villagers. He was led to do this, it is said, by listening one day to a sermon in church, the subject of which was the story of the rich young man in the Gospel, who was charged to sell all that he had and give the proceeds to the poor, that he might have treasure in heaven. You see, the Christians of these early days were eminently practical, and though sometimes possessed of mistaken ideas they carried out what they believed to be right with a thoroughness we can admire, and might well imitate.

Having sold his possessions, and thus literally fulfilled our Lord's command, Antony turned his thoughts to a quiet, self-denying life, in which he might hold sweet and uninterrupted converse with his Saviour. For this purpose he fixed his home near, but outside, his native village. Here he laboured with his own hands, bestowing the fruits of his labour upon those around him. But not satisfied with this, he retired from one retreat to another—now taking up his abode in a tomb, and now again in a ruined castle, until he found himself far removed from the voices and strife of men. He wished for peace, to serve God without distraction; he desired to be away from temptation, but he found, as he confessed, that the tempter

followed him. He chastised himself severely. He had fierce conflicts with his ghostly assailants, so fierce that passers-by once found him half dead.

There was indeed no question as to the sincerity and earnestness of Antony's faith. In the time of persecution he journeyed to Alexandria, partly with the desire of comforting the suffering Christians, and partly in the hope that he might win the martyrs' crown. When, however, the persecution was over, he returned to his solitary life. His abode was now a cave on the slope of a lofty mountain, with a fountain of water near and a few palm trees; and his friends, who had tracked him to his retreat, found him cultivating his little patch of corn and vegetables for the sustenance of himself and his visitors.

Antony was by this time celebrated, and was no longer suffered to remain undisturbed. Multitudes flocked out to him from the cities for counsel and comfort in their troubles, and numerous followers began to imitate his mode of life. His fame reached the ears of the Emperor Constantine, who wrote, asking his prayers and inviting him to his court. Antony declined to go, for 'a hermit out of his solitude,' he said, 'is like a fish out of water.' And doubtless he was right. He felt he could do more good by his prayers and his advice from a distance than by going and mixing himself up once more in the intrigues and ambitions of men. He was a true friend to Athanasius in his fight for the orthodox faith, and he used his great influence with the Emperor to get him recalled from exile to his see at Alexandria.

Antony lived to the great age of 105, having already witnessed a large increase in the number of those professing a hermit's life. Many of them fixed their abodes near his own, and thus the idea originated, which was shortly afterwards realised, of men associating together in small communities.

And now let us proceed to the further question—What need did this monastic system supply? How was it that it came to receive so much support from the Christian world? Why did people become monks and hermits?

Mainly because they desired to get out of

an evil world. As long as persecution lasted, the line that separated the Church from the world was distinct and clear. To become a Christian meant to abandon all existing ties and friendships. It involved the sacrifice of that which was previously held dear; it was necessary to forsake all to follow Christ. Hence there was little or no temptation to strike a bargain with the world. A Christian must make his choice of God or Mammon, but he could not serve both.

But when persecution ceased and Christianity became popular, then arose the danger that always attends prosperity—the danger of a mere lip-service, of a discipleship that was only nominal. Numbers there were willing to profess the name of Christ so long as they might retain their old heathen habits—numbers then as now. What wonder that the more earnest spirits, sick of a world of empty professions and shams, should desire to seek God's presence in deep seclusion and free from distraction; and so the life of a recluse was much sought after.

Lastly, was it *right* that these people should seek to be thus alone for their religious exercises? And we may answer, Yes. In a measure the instinct was a true and noble one. There are times when the spirit needs to go out into silence and solitude to hold communion with the Eternal Father, disentangled from all earthly influences. It is well—nay, it is necessary—for us at times to be beyond the sound of human voices and away from the hubbub of crowds. Even Jesus was wont to seek the mountain-top in the darkness of night or the still hours of the early morning. And we have not that power of keeping our thoughts elevated that

He had. We are single, solitary, erring souls—

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

Our trials and our temptations are our own, not shared with others. The path each treads has been marked out for no other feet, and our prayers and our thoughts must be our own—

And all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die.

It is solitude that may teach us this; that may, when nothing else can, bring us into a right relationship with the God who created us.

But there is an aspect of the Christian life which Antony and his followers strangely forgot as they retired into the wilderness. It is an aspect represented in the New Testament, not by the quiet contemplation and devotion of S. John, but by the eager activity of S. Paul. Both contemplation and action go to make up the perfect Christian life. We have a duty to others as well as to ourselves. The disciples were to be in the world, though not of the world. Their mission upon earth was to bear the burden and heat of the day, in labour for God among the souls of men; to bring heavenly influences down from the mountain-top into the market-place. This means no mere wilderness retirement, but much unthankful toil here; much worry and little repose. The rest and sweet communion of heaven is, for most of us, hereafter.

J. H. M.

Trust in God.

THE Rev. J. Robinson, of Leicester, tells this anecdote of a poor widow who used regularly to attend a week-day service at S. Mary's Church:—

She was very poor, and one day had spent her last penny. It was the evening for the

service at S. Mary's; the bells were ringing, but she still sat in the window diligently sewing.

The children came in from play. 'Mother, there's the bell,' said the eldest, 'aren't you going to church?'

'No, dear,' she answered wearily, 'if I

don't get this job done you'll have no supper.'

The youngest child then came close up to her, and, looking in her face, said, 'Oh, mammy, go to church, God will send us supper.'

She was struck by the earnestness of the little fellow, and, kissing him, put by her work and went to church as usual. She had hardly reached her own house afterwards when a neighbour dropped in.

'Here, Betty,' she said, 'here's the twopence I owed you. Ah, you don't remember, but I do. It's a year and a half since I

borrowed that twopence, and it had clean gone out of my head, and why I should just remember it this evening I'm sure I don't know.'

But the poor widow did know. She was sure that God had brought the forgotten debt to light that her little ones might be fed. She joyfully called her children, and sent them out with the pence to buy bread for their supper.

Surely the faith of that little one, who was sure that God would send him his supper, must have strengthened his mother's faith that evening.

Fetching Baby Home.

WIFE, I said, 'make it a party
The day we fetch baby home;'
She'd been in the hospital, look
you,
These fifteen weeks ago;
And now they'd sent word she was better;
The wife and I, we were wild—
Whatever the doctors wanted—
To get back our little child.

They were kind and gentle with her,
We both of us will say that;
But we starved for the baby prattle
And the little foot's pit-a-pat;
So we settled, after that letter,
That I would set off alone
(While wife, she aired the cot blankets)
To fetch our baby home.

'What was wrong with the darling?'
Well, the doctors couldn't quite say;
They called it 'a interesting
Case,' when I asked one day.
But they shook their heads when I begged 'em,
'Couldn't they cure her straight?'
And they talked of time and patience,
And folks being fain to wait.

She was mostly so bright, you sec, sir,
Full of chatter and play;
But now and then she would fright us
With a kind o' overcast day.
Lying, for no sort o' reason,
Still on her mother's knee,
Far too much like an angel
To please either her or me.

So we let her bide with the doctors
There in the county town;
Though the mother was almost lost like,
With never a tag at her gown,
And never a cry of 'Mammy'
All the long working day.
Had you ever a little child, sir,
Fifteen long weeks away?

There now, never you mind me,
I'd rather have it all out;
Seems as if I was turning
Round and round about,
Always a-seeking for some one
'To listen, as you ha' done,
The while I goes through the story
How I fetched baby home.

It wasn't a very long journey,
A matter of five or six mile;
And all the way I must picture
How baby would dance and smile,
With her little arms stretched toward me,
While the biggest doctor said,
As he did afore in my hearing,
He'd like such a little maid.

The sun was shining like summer,
And my heart was shining too;
I was brimming so full of gladness
I didn't know what to do.
Did I tell you, sir, as the farmer
Had lent me his own light shay?
The mare must have thought me crazy
As I talked to her on the way,

And pulled her up on the common
 To gather a few late flowers
 (Such a one she was for a posy,
 That little girl of ours).
 But we made up time at the turnpike,
 And never slack'd speed at all,
 Till the mare prick'd ears at the gateway
 Of the County Hospital.

The old gatekeeper, he knew me
 Well, but he looked right queer
 When the shay drew up at the entrance,
 And I called out my name—'John Lear,
 Come for his little baby.'
 Says he, stammering like, 'You're to wait—
 I've—I've just had a special order
 To let no one inside the gate.'

'Twas odd, but there's rules in them places,
 And it wasn't a strangers' day;
 So I sings out, 'All right, my hearty,
 Just call Nurse Jane, I say,
 And give her this shawl for baby;
 The wind, it blows pretty free,
 And she'll want a wrap, my pretty,
 As I take her home with me.'

I waited there quite contented
 Till that there nurse came out;
 Strange she looked, too, half frightened—
 What were they all about?
 Following her comes the parson—
 The chaplain they call him here—
 Says he, 'Mind the horse, please, porter;—
 Come to my room, John Lear.'

He looked so grave, I was minded,
 As I chucked the reins to a lad,
 To say, sort o' light and cheery,
 'Tis only my little un's dad
 As has come to fetch his darling,
 No need to disturb you, sir;
 Thanks all the same for your kindness,
 But nurse, she will fetch me her.'

Has any one put on paper
 The feel of a lightning stroke?
 'Cause that's what I felt next minute,
 Afore the smile of my joke
 Was off my lips. Them two silent!
 The faltering man at the gate!
 It struck me sharp to the heart's core,
 I had come for my child too late!

They say I'd a face like marble,
 And I spoke, I know, firm and clear;
 Says I, 'Parson, nurse, have it out now,
 Tell me about my dear.'
 But he'd a choke in his voice then,
 And she were crying—Nurse Jane,
 Sobbing, 'Twere all in a minute,
 And never a thought of pain.'

Then they took me to see my darling,
 Lying so fast asleep,
 Never to wake for father.
 Lord! but that wound went deep.
 No one on earth could heal it;
 It almost drove me wild;
 I must get me home to the mother,
 Give me my little child!

The kindly folk would come with me,
 But I bade 'em fiercely 'nay!
 Only my little baby
 Should ride home with me that day.
 With the shawl round the tiny coffin,
 I cradled it on my knee;
 No wind of God should chill it,
 Though His blast had pierced through me.

That was a ride in a thousand!
 The company was three;
 My one little dear dead darling,
 Almighty God, and me!
 You'd have said as we all kept silence,
 But my God, He spake through the gloom;
 And I answered, 'Amen, Thy will, Lord,'
 Afore I got baby home.

They'd sent from the hospital early
 (I'd missed the man by the way),
 And there wasn't no need for speaking
 When the horse stopped short with the shay,
 And she comes out of our cottage,
 And says, with tight-holden breath,
 'Give me my own, own darling;'
 The women are brave to the death!

And she presses the cold white coffin
 Close to her mother-breast,
 And carries it into the house-place,—
 God only knows the rest.
 I'd to put the horse in the stable
 Afore I was free to come;
 So there, sir, I've told my story
 Of how I fetched baby home.

H. A. F.



Our Fellow Creatures.

V.—MONARCH, THE DANE.

NAST month there was a dog show in the nearest town to our home. No one can imagine the excitement which this event caused to all the neighbourhood. That five hundred dogs should condescend to come and be shown in our far west country town was almost beyond belief. We all put on our best clothes to receive them, and the dog biscuit prepared in the town might have filled a line-of-battle ship. And yet why should we have been astonished? Has not our town three very fine docks, and at least a dozen tall factory chimneys? It likes to be taken notice of, and thinks it deserves it. Five hundred dogs altogether! I thought the noise would have been positively appalling, but it was not so by any means. They behaved in the most recollected and admirable manner. They were of all sorts and sizes, of course.

As I entered the show, I was met by a lady of my acquaintance who triumphantly held up a dear silky 'King Charles' who had gained a prize. A little further on I met another friend leading her fine black retriever; she was going to take him for a run in the yard, and as I looked back I saw how greatly he enjoyed it. For a moment I regretted I had not yielded to a pardonable vanity and exhibited a very dear collie—considered, of course by his owner, the perfection of his kind—I had been afraid that the beloved 'Jock' might be unhappy, that he might want water; and a thousand other fears prevented me from securing a place for my pet amongst that select company.

But I need not have been apprehensive; water and food were abundantly supplied, and every comfort seen to. It was very interesting to walk up and down and watch the expressions on the various dog countenances. From the magnificent Danes and St. Bernards to the smallest lapdog, there was an infinite variety of expression, and I

amused myself tracing the resemblance which many bore to my human acquaintances, not always to the advantage of the latter.

There was the splendid St. Bernard, 'Plinlimmon,' the champion of all dogs. It was a treat to watch his wonderful face and form, and when, alas, he lost the championship and was pronounced second to a dog which, to my eyes, was not nearly so interesting an animal, he stalked about with a most majestic and indifferent air, as if he would have said, 'I take the opinions of human beings simply for what they are worth.' The attendant who led him across the yard looked wofully crestfallen and disgusted.

Then there was, by way of contrast to this gigantic creature, a tiny terrier, looking like a small ball of hair, so long, so obtrusive were its locks you could see nothing of its body, and it was so beautifully silky, so tenderly cared for that the box it was kept in was simply a glass case. I never saw a dog in such an apparently ridiculous position; but it did not resent it at all, and evidently looked upon its golden captivity as a kind of homage to the superlative value of its tiny form.

Fond as I am of dogs, there is one sort I never can admire, and never go near if I can help it. The bulldog is my aversion. I daresay he has his good qualities, but when I look at him I never can help thinking of odious Bill Sykes, and there is a kind of sly, self-satisfied leer about his comical face which makes me anxious to decline a further acquaintance.

A group of splendid Danes, each as large as a small pony, was perhaps the greatest attraction of the show. A lady, well known in my county, has three of these beauties in her room at night, an almost perilous custom I should say, which makes one call to mind the fate of a certain Duchess of Burgundy in mediæval days. Her husband was so fond

of his hunting dogs that some of them slept in the bedroom. One night the duchess, who was a very pious lady, rose up for her devotions, the hounds in their hurry took the alarm, and the poor lady was torn to pieces.

To return to the Danes. The finest of these, Lena, was a splendid creature and won the prize; but I was told that a still finer one, Monarch, was absent, and sad was the cause of that absence, which was also the cause of the absence of Monarch's master and mistress.

They were expected by the Danes, and by all their other friends, canine and non-canine, but at the last moment a telegram came to say that they could not leave home. The reason was that they were nursing Monarch: 'watching his dying breath,' somebody said, but I hope it was not quite so bad as that. Monarch, who always slept in his mistress's room, was most devoted to her, and could not bear even the shortest absence from her. Now, Monarch's mistress is fond of society, and being full of gaiety and animation, thought that she should like a month or two of the London season. Monarch, however, had his opinion on the subject, and did not approve of her going without him. What to do with Monarch was a question most difficult to solve. Running along the London streets he would most likely frighten the town into fits, be gagged by a strong detachment of police, and muzzled into madness by their kind attentions. He could scarcely be put into his mistress's carriage and taken a drive with front paws and head seen at the window like the petted poodle; left to his own devices he might perhaps be stolen and vivisected. Oh, no, just let them try it!

Well, Monarch, though greatly beloved, was somewhat of an embarrassment, so it

was thought wise to send the majestic beast to the home farm, in order to wean him by degrees from the society he loved. The experiment proved a miserable failure. Monarch refused to eat, Monarch refused to sleep, and in about three days became a wretched skeleton. What was to be done? The beautiful dog was evidently dying of a broken heart. He was invited to return to the presence he loved, but he had not even strength to drag his emaciated body along. He was put into a cart and taken to the great house, but his strength was hardly equal even to this exertion, and when he arrived at his destination he was with difficulty removed to his accustomed place.

You may imagine the sorrow of his master and mistress—the tender care they showed him—the remorse they felt for the unwitting mistake! A few days' absence, they thought, would have accustomed Monarch to do without them for a little while, and with good care, and food, and liberty, they would find him on their return affectionate and unforgetful as ever; delighted to see them, but full of life and spirits, with a thousand things to tell them with his speaking eyes of all the fun he had had during their absence!

But no! Monarch's heart was far more tender than that of many a human being; his affections were far deeper, and if he could not enjoy the society he loved he would not put up with any society at all. I have not yet heard whether Monarch recovered, or whether the mistake was discovered too late to save him. If he is gone, it is difficult not to believe that there is another world for such an affectionate heart!

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.



As the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclined.

WE have a proverb everywhere accepted as true, that the 'child is father of the man.' That is to say—what the child is (or what we make of him) that the grown man will be by-and-by. From which we argue that it is very important to bring up a child well.

How are children brought up nowadays? Well, there will of course always be people who neglect their children, which is one way of bringing them up badly; but besides this there are two other markedly different ways of bringing up the little ones—one to treat them as little Christians beloved of God, intended to live with Him in heaven; and the other to consider them merely as citizens of this world.

Which way is best? Some people say, 'Eternity will show.' I think time will show. God will not make us wait for Eternity in a matter of such importance.

In France men are daily trying to bring up the little ones more and more without God. They have thrust Him out of the schools, torn His image off the walls, scratched His name out of the children's books. Foolish people! As if they could drive Him out of the world He made!

Let me tell you a true story about this.

Two Frenchwomen, who had been brought up in the old days when God was not forgotten in the land, were lately talking over a great trouble which had fallen upon a neighbour. 'She will be ruined,' said one. 'It will break her heart,' said the other. 'Well, God's will be done!' returned the first.

A little girl was playing in the room, just come in from her new 'secular' school.

'God! Grandmother,' she said, 'God! C'est un mensonge.'

I give you the French words; I hardly like to translate them, they are so dreadful. Yet it was true that at her school this poor little girl had been openly taught that God was, as she expressed it, 'a lie,' a fancy conjured up by designing men.

She was only repeating the teaching of her schoolmistress.

Happily our nation has not yet fallen into such frightful depths of darkness and infidelity as this. Ignorance and neglect there is among our little ones, but not worse as yet.

A very untaught little child was received into one of our schools the other day, and for the first time heard of the existence of God. A gentle, teachable little heathen she was. After school hours she went home with a wrapt expression on her face, and, reaching her father's house, began to scrutinise walls and ceiling and corners of the poor kitchen. Then she went to the bedroom and looked curiously, yet reverently, round that too. The mother was surprised, and asked what she was doing?

'Mother!' said the child, seriously, 'did you know? God is here! In this room—in the other room too! The good God who made us and loves us! Yes, He is here!'

'She was so serious,' said the mother afterwards to the teacher, 'it gave me quite a turn.'

Even the irreligious mother could not say and do the same careless things with God in the room. It made an impression upon her too.

Which child had the better chance of growing up good, do you think—this little one, or the poor little French girl?

Oh, men and women of England, do not ever be tempted to do the least thing towards giving up your God, or letting the children give Him up. Send them, we pray you, to schools where they will have a religious education. Never mind if another school is grander or costs less, or lies nearer your home; make a push to get your little children brought up religiously.

Don't say, 'The children are so young, it doesn't matter for a bit where they are sent.' If you bring up a child without God, you are rearing a man who will not care for his God. And better had it been for that man that he had never been born.



Hymn

FOR FLOWER SERVICE.

*My beloved is come down into His garden to
gather lilies.*

In the flowers, dear Lord, we bring Thee,
Fashioned by Thy hand divino,
Robed by Thee in regal splendour,
We but give Thee what is Thine.

Royal roses, stately lilies,
Flowers of every form and hue ;
Painted by Thy glorious sunshine,
Nourished with Thy rain and dew.

Beauteous, without thought or toiling ;
Symbols of Thy tender care,
They, where'er Thy will hath placed them,
Shed their sweetness on the air.

From the plants in Thine own garden,
Lord, we bring Thee what is Thine ;
Blossoms bathed in dews baptismal,
Fragrant with Thy breath divine.

Royal love and meek obedience,
Simple faith and purity,
Bright-eyed hope, content, and gladness,
These Thy gifts we give to Thee.

Lord, accept Thy children's offering —
Earth's fair flowers, and flowers more sweet ;
For Thy holy use we lay them,
Rose of Sharon, at Thy feet.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

A Talk by the Way.

NOW then, Mary, my girl, catch tight hold of me; you'd best take my arm, for the night's pretty dark, and those lads have been at their old games chucking orange-peel about. I've heard tell that more accidents happen from slipping on a bit of peel than from anything else, and what the police are about not to stop the boys, I can't think.'

'It is dark, as you say, John, and I'm not above a good grip of your arm. We're out a bit later than usual too; it was a long sermon. Not that I was tired of it though; I could have sat a deal longer listening to the Vicar, he was so interesting to-night.'

'What! you liked the sermon too? Yes, it was quite to my mind. When our little one was christened years back, and the parson read out, "You shall cause him to hear sermons," I thought to myself, "Well, I hope the little chap will always sit under as fine a preacher as our Vicar, and then he won't be for choosing out a dark seat where he can nod comfortable in sermon time.'

'And he's not gone off a bit. How about the tares and the wheat—didn't he put that plain to-night, John? I seemed to see it all. I used to think that the tares were the vetches you often see growing in the fields amongst the crops.'

'Weeds, eh! Yes, it makes the parable a deal easier to understand when you hear they were a sort of wild wheat growing along of the real wheat, and looking just like it till the ears ripen.'

'And then being sorted out because the tares were poisonous, and would make folks ill if they were ground up with the good wheat.'

'Ay, that's reasonable. But I liked best where he harped on the two being left to grow up together till the harvest, because men couldn't tell 'em apart till then, and might be rooting out the wheat with the tares, if they fancied they could sort 'em.'

'Ah, and then he made it all so clear for us, setting down the field as our world

and the wheat and tares as people. Why there's good and bad folk everywhere, sure enough, and it's not for us as can't see into their hearts to sort 'em either.'

'No, they're to live together to the end. He explained that too, didn't he, John?'

'Ay, ay! Said that it might be to give 'em a longer chance too. A great many folk who think themselves very good don't do that though. They're for sending the bad 'uns to the wall at once very often. But that ain't Scripture, nor it ain't mercy neither. Now look at Jack Mills. Thinks I in sermon time, "There's a tare." Wasn't he ever so long the black sheep of our street? Who'd have thought he'd ever change? Why last winter when poor, hard-working Ned Smith wa taken off in that sudden way by the inflammation, says I to you, "If it had only been Mills now, a downright good-for-nothing, that only lives to drink, and swear, and illtreat his wife and children!"'

'Ah, he was a tare, John. You speak truly; but the Lord was patient with him. And I do believe he was the very first as repented and changed his ways at the Mission in the spring. And he hasn't gone back either.'

'Gone back! I should think not. He's as steady as a rock. Passes the public like a Briton now—I honour him for it.'

'His wife looks a different creature, too. She always stuck to him through all. But it must be hard for him to change his ways, for I know the men at the corner jeer him a good bit still.'

'They do, I expect. Well, I'll give him a cheery word, now and again. It's only fair to stand by him, poor chap. It's pretty easy to take the first step to good, you see, with the parson backing you, and the Mission gentlemen and ladies so kind, and the hymns sounding so sweet and low, and the praying so powerful, but it's the keeping on that tries a man.'

'And we're all to keep on "till the Harvest." The Vicar was strong on that.'

'So he was. The harvest—the wages day, Mary. A man struggles on when he thinks of the pay, however hard the work is.'

'I wish it was as easy to keep one's mind on the Great Harvest Day—the Judgment Day. John, I'm bound to say I sometimes envy our little lad sitting over his Bible picture-book, and never doubting, since he's a baptised child of God, that he'll be on the right hand of the Lord on that day. "With the sheep, mammy," says he, "the Lord Jesus will know me, since I'm His little child."'

'The young 'uns do seem to have the best of it sometimes, Mary, I own. They've got faith, you see.'

'Yes, they take things so simple and innocent. I used to tell the neighbours, "It's all for the best," when they lost a little one; it seems so much safer for them to die before they have done any great sin. But, says the Vicar one day, "They die, too, before they can do any work for God."'

'Ay, there's something in that. Do you remember that young cabman, Marks, dying, Mary; up our mews? A gentle, kind sort of fellow: his horse would follow him about like a dog. Well, he had queer faucies, but some of them seemed as if they came straight from heaven. One day, when you sent me with a bit of pudding to him as he lay in bed, he got on this matter of little children dying. I think it was the next-door baby that was ill. "Well," says he, "I hope it will get better." "Do you?" says I; "hadn't it best die innocent?" He looks out of the window up into the sky. Then he says, considering like, "I've read somewhere as the Lord, perhaps, lets the spirits

of the blessed dead come back to earth on messages of mercy, but He keeps the spirits of the children always in heaven—such work is not for babes. Now that must be a loss," says he. Well, of course, I'd nothing to answer him. "I long to serve God," says he very earnest.

'Well, and he did serve God, John, short as his life was. Why, how he used to toil to the Sunday school, with his short breath, and the boys so tiresome!'

'Yet they were fond of him. Big Tom has never been so rough since his death.'

'No, that he ain't. If I could be sure of our boy, now, growing up like Marks I wouldn't mind. But there's such temptations always waiting for lads.'

'So there is, Mary, so there is. But didn't you hear to-night, there would be no credit in being good if we had no choice. We ain't trams on a line; we can drive our carts to left or right as we like, or even turn back from the right road if we're so minded. We must teach the boy that; and show him how to keep off bad places and bad companions, that he may keep himself pure to please the Lord. Of course he'll be tempted, but if he resists, why it's something done on the Lord's side. Wasn't that how the Vicar put it, Mary?'

'Yes, John, you've got it all fair enough. I shan't soon forget this night's sermon. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It gives one a lift on the road. Well, we've all got to struggle on a bit, I suppose.'

'Yes, and we'll help each other when we can, my girl. Well, here we are at our own door all safe. I'll fetch the boy from Mrs. White's while you coax up the fire.'

Feeling His Hand.

DON'T say that, mate! Don't say it looks as if God doesn't heed what goes on in the world, because you can't just see Him with your earthly eyes. I'm older than some of you, and I'd like to tell you a queer

sort of story out of my life. I guess you'll think differently after you've heard it.'

I was a young man of four-and-twenty, living with my mother and brother, and working in a large firm where I had always regular employment and good pay. I was

very proud of myself in those days, and perhaps with some sort of reason, for I was a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking fellow, and being a good workman, was generally singled out by my employer, Mr. Wilson, to any specially difficult bit of work.

I got on very well with my mates too, for being strong and in good health and full of spirits, nothing came amiss to me in the way of work or amusement. In fact I had a shrewd guess that had the men been asked who was the best fellow among them all, they would have replied with one voice, Harry Morris.

I was steady, too; I should have been ashamed to be otherwise. I had no patience with those chaps who could not keep themselves out of a mess. No one had ever seen me the worse for drink in my life, nor ever should; no one had ever heard me use bad language, or found me out in anything underhand or dishonest. I was far too respectable for that. Yes; that is just what I was—*respectable*. But why did mother look so anxiously at me at times, and when I came home in high spirits and a trifle inclined to boast of my doings, why did she sigh as she listened to my excited talk? Why did she—as I knew she was doing, though I pretended not to see it—keep my brother Dick away from me as much as possible? What made Mr. Elliot, our rector, look at me pityingly, as I passed him in the street, with my head in the air, barely condescending to touch my hat?

Honest, sober, steady, trustworthy, but utterly godless!

Of course I had been brought up differently. Mother had no need to vex herself about that, as she did; but in an evil day, when I was quite a young chap, I fell in with a clever, amusing fellow, who laughed and jeered at religion, and led away by his wicked talk, I gave up one good practice after another, till now for years I had not been inside a church—had not thought of saying a prayer, night or morning.

There, then! the mischief one bad man may do! Just as the ripples in a pool spread further and further from the stone first thrown in, so did the mischief started

by Evans spread wider and wider. At first I was content only to go my own way, then by degrees I began to laugh at others till I had succeeded in making them as bad as myself.

'I didn't see any need of religion,' I said to Mr. Elliot on one occasion when he remonstrated with me. It was all very well for women, or for men who were weak and sickly, or who couldn't keep straight without it, but I was strong and healthy, and had a long life before me, and no one could say I was anything but respectable and well conducted.

'Yes, that is true, Morris,' Mr. Elliot answered. 'It is God's pleasure that you should be able to keep yourself, as you say, respectable. Though you will not acknowledge Him, He is watching over you; but if He were to give you up, where, think you, would be your respectability then? Once He withdraws His help, and you will sink. And as to your bodily strength, you have indeed much for which to be thankful, but have you *never* seen a man as strong as you here to-day, gone to-morrow?'

I felt uncomfortable at this sort of talk, so I kept out of Mr. Elliot's way as much as possible. You see I had become a sort of leader among the godless set in the works, and I did not want to give up my position. I had, I suppose, plenty of brains, and in a sort of way, of eloquence, for I know I never failed to carry my hearers with me when I made, as I was fond of doing, a speech in the room where we working-men often spent our evenings and talked—I scarcely like to think now how we talked.

One evening I shall never forget. I had been giving the company the benefit of a highly-spiced speech, which had been received with uproarious applause by my hearers, during the course of which I had indulged in one or two side sneers at the Church, the clergy, and religion in general. Poor chaps, had they been brought to book, they would have been puzzled to say what they were applauding, still less would a great many of them have agreed with me had they thought it over quietly. But alas! I had sown the tares and they were bound to spring up one day.

I had to leave after my speech, and as soon as the applause had subsided I was making my way out into the street, when I perceived Mr. Elliot standing just inside the door, and from his pained expression I could see he had heard every word. Touching my hat, I tried to slip past him, but he laid his hand on my arm.

'God has given you a gift of speech, Morris,' he said quietly; 'the power of rousing the passions and guiding the feelings of your fellow-men. May He forgive you, my poor fellow, for the grievous use you are making of it. And may He, in His own good time, make you *feel* His Hand and acknowledge His power, that you may know Him and turn to Him before it is too late.'

He walked away without saying more, but something in his words struck a chill on my heart, and the much-applauded orator, the man who, according to his own account, feared nothing in this world or the next, slunk home that night like a beaten dog.

I tried to shake the feeling off next day, and partly succeeded in doing so, but for some nights I never addressed our men, even on the most trivial subject, without a glance at the door to see if Mr. Elliot was there. But he did not appear again, and after a time I forgot the circumstance and ceased to think of his words, till they came back to me in the most awful moment of my life.

It was about six months after that I went gaily to work one morning, perhaps in rather higher spirits than usual, for I was about to finish an important piece of work. It was a large iron safe, intended to be built into the wall of a bank, and was constructed of immense strength. The locks especially interested me, as I had made a suggestion concerning them which had met with Mr. Wilson's great approval. It was an invention I had been thinking over for a long time, a contrivance which made it practically impossible for one not in the secret to open the safe door even with the key. It was undoubtedly a clever idea, and I had spent a great deal of thought and time in getting

it perfected. I was exceedingly proud of my success.

The bank manager and Mr. Wilson had both inspected the safe the day before, and had expressed great satisfaction, and complimented me very highly. Mr. Wilson had opened and closed the locks an innumerable number of times, and had finally put one of the keys (there were but two, and I had the other) into his pocket, jokingly remarking, as he left the room, that no one could possibly rob the bank but himself and me.

No one else had been allowed to see the working of the locks, though the other men were all much interested in it, and when after about an hour's work that morning I announced that it was completed, they came in a body to examine it.

While they were standing round I got inside the safe to show off the strength of the hinges, and anxious to see if they worked easily, I pulled the door towards me. Either I gave a harder pull than I intended, or some of the men accidentally pushed against it, but before I could prevent it, the door, shutting with a spring, closed instantly, and a series of re-echoing clangs convinced me that the machinery was working only too well, and that the bolts and bars, so contrived as to act simultaneously with the locks, were all falling into their places with a fatal exactness.

For a second or two the full horror of my position did not dawn upon me, till the dead silence followed, and then the awful thought flashed into my mind, *I had the key in my pocket.*

And if it had been in the lock, no one could open it—no one but the bank manager, by this time miles away, and Mr. Wilson. Would anyone think of sending for him? Would the men realise that every minute, nay, every second, was of importance? I knew it was impossible for any amount of strength to break in the safe, but I held my breath and strained my ears to discover what was being done. Useless! No sound penetrated those iron walls.

(To be continued.)

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE Canadian Government has set apart large tracts of land for the Indians called *Reserves*, such Reserves becoming the recognised property of the tribe to which it is handed over.

Nor is this all that the white man does for these first inhabitants of the land. Where possible, a missionary is sent, and a church built on the Reserve—Christianity thus introducing civilisation to them.

A Canadian missionary, Mr. Hilton, sends us a short account of his work in two of these Mission fields. Of the Mission called S. James, twenty miles from 'Prince Albert,' he says:

'On my first visit to S. James's, I found everything in good order, and could only discover about half-a-dozen unchristianised Indians on the whole Reserve. A nice church had been erected, and my dusky parishioners were delighted to attend service in this their house of God. They particularly enjoyed the musical part of the service, and after a while I got up a regular choir, and had a practice every Saturday morning, which was well attended. Being of the Cree tribe, they generally sang in that language, and it was pleasant to hear their rich voices sounding God's praises in a tongue hitherto bound over to a false and cruel form of worship.

'A Christian Indian is remarkable for the fervour and reverence with which he regards his religion and all holy things. He not only casts completely from him all his old heathenish customs and superstitions, but the new religion penetrates into his everyday life, and makes him more industrious; ay, even more cleanly. It is true perhaps that cleanliness comes next to godliness.

'Their method of self-government is seldom interfered with, and they hold their councils much as they did before the white man had anything to do with them. But with this difference: formerly every Council was a Council of War. Now Councils are regularly summoned for considering peaceably the management of the Reserve.

'I liked my work among these Cree Indians

very much,' continues Mr. Hilton, 'and was preparing quite a large class for Confirmation, when the French half-breed and Indian rebellion occurred' (accounts of which we all read in the papers last year). 'This put a stop to all Church work for two months in the district, it being only a few miles from the headquarters of the rebels.

'Still it is satisfactory to have to record that nearly all the tribes among whom our missionaries were settled remained loyal to the "Great White Mother" (Queen Victoria), though repeatedly urged by the rebel leaders to join in the rising.'

Immediately after the rebellion, Mr. Hilton was sent to a Mission in another Reserve, to take charge of Christ Church at Fort Macleod.

'Macleod is a neat little place under the shade of the Great Rocky Mountains. Some thousands of Indians of different tribes live in the neighbourhood on different Reserves, the great majority being heathen.

'We have missionaries, however, working hard among them all, but it is slower work getting these tribes to relinquish the old bad ways than it was with the Crees of the north.

'Some of their customs are terribly cruel and senseless. I shall never forget one instance which I witnessed myself. I was riding to the "Blood" Reserve with a friend, when we heard pitiable moans, betokening utter grief and misery. Dismounting, we entered the Indian camp just in time to see an old squaw lay her finger on a block of wood, while with the other hand she placed a sharp knife exactly on it, then a second woman, with the well-directed blow of a hammer, chopped it right off. All this was done so quickly that interference was impossible.

'It seemed that the squaw who thus inflicted on herself such pain had just lost a child, and the cutting off of the finger was a sacrifice to propitiate the gods!

'How cruel are these false gods! No wonder a poor Indian is thankful to hear of a "Great Father" above, who loves instead of curses.

'This custom of maiming is very common in some tribes. You frequently meet an Indian woman with three or four fingers gone, sometimes with seven missing, just according to the number of near relations she may have lost.'

Here Mr. Hilton's notes end, but only because he has not the time to write more.

No wonder Missionaries long for help in their work among the North American Indians. They have so much that is noble in their disposition, and yet they are the slaves of a cruel and dark form of worship.

How naturally do our hearts ask—in the words of Bishop Heber's hymn—

Can we, whose souls are lighted?
By wisdom from on High;
Can we to man benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?

When you hear a Missionary sermon preached, or attend a Missionary meeting, do think of these poor Indians waiting to be Christianised, and give of your means as liberally as you can.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

S. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME, BROADSTAIRS.

DEAR readers, we hope you are not tired of the sad little histories of our poor convalescents, because we have it in our minds to continue them during these summer months.

They are very heart-touching, and we do want to touch your hearts with the crying needs of these young sufferers.

England has done so little for them yet, and they need so much.

This was true when first we began our Home, and now it is doubly true. In these trying times the difficulties the poor have to contend with, in bringing up their families, are increased, until they seem to be growing into terrible impossibilities. All that can be done is to keep body and soul together when the children are fairly healthy. Without some such help as this Home the weakly ones will often perish.

So we resume our Broadstairs Journal:

One of our subscribers wrote lately entreating us to find room for 'a little girl suffering from debility and threatened with blindness, which the doctors say sea air and good food may possibly avert.' It would have been hard indeed to refuse such a case, and when Mary Brothers told us the pitiful story of her life and home, it made us long to keep her, and nurse and cheer her.

'We've had such a dreadful year, ma'am,' said the poor little girl, with tears in her almost sightless eyes. 'First of all father died from

a fall he had when he was at work. Then we were that poor we didn't know how to get on—only mother to work for us four children. Next I got ill with low fever—the part we lived in was very damp and had smelling. I was in bed six weeks, and not long after that I got bad again—typhoid they called it that time. When I got well from it, my eyes were like they are now. The doctor said I would never get well without I had a move, so then the lady got me here, and I can see a little better already since I came here. Oh! I do hope they'll get well now, and mo not be blind.'

Margaret Fay came to us about the same time from the Canterbury Hospital, looking so white and frail that we almost feared the Broadstairs breezes, in which we have so much confidence, could hardly help her back to health and strength. Poor Margaret could scarcely creep about the room, and her voice was so weak on the first evening of her arrival that we had to listen intently to make out the trembling little whispers.

Next day, however, things looked brighter, for after a long rest and plenty of beef-tea, milk, &c., administered at intervals, Margaret began to look less shadow-like. Every day she ate more and looked stronger, until at last she reached to the genuine convalescent appetite, and we saw her the bright, sprightly child she had been before her illnesses. This is her account of herself:

'I think I was about seven weeks in the hospital, but I am not sure; for part of the time, you see, I was not sensible, and I didn't know anything. I was ever so ill before I went there; my head used to ache dreadful bad, but we didn't know what was the matter till the doctor said it was typhoid.

'Mother did cry when I was took to the hospital.

'She's a widow, and she's only got me and my little brother, so she thinks 'ot about us. Father was a soldier, and he died dreadful sudden. He was quite well when he went out one day; I was playing at the window and watching some of the soldiers a long way off, and I saw one of them fall down. I didn't know who it was, nor what was the matter, but it was father, and he had fallen down dead. He was brought in directly. Oh! I shan't ever forget that day.'

Evie Hill, nine years old, was chiefly suffering from starvation. The lady who sent her

gives a sad description of Evie's home. 'It is in a very bad neighbourhood, and the children are orphans in the care of a drunken grandmother. It sounds so pitiful to hear the little girl saying in her serious voice, 'We never have any dinner without Mrs. C. gives us some. On Sundays we sometimes have a bit of cheese, and other days a bit of bread. If grandmother didn't drink perhaps we'd have some more to eat.'

Poor Evie has lately been baptised, and is trying hard to give up the evil ways she has learned. 'I'm not never going to say any more bad words, for I'm baptised now, you see, and it's different.'

Hers being a specially sad and urgent case, we kept her longer than the usual time, and six weeks of good feeding and care have done great things for her.

Rosie Taylor, eight years old. This is a very bright and too clever little girl. She is a 'fourth standard' child, and we imagine that the ill-nourished brain has been overtaxed.

'I know six beautiful reshitations,' was almost her first announcement, and Rosie's 'reshitations' and songs are a constant delight in our playroom.

The child had been in a hospital for some time.

'What was the matter with you?' we asked.

'I don't know,' answers Rosie gravely, 'but it was very bad. When I came here you know the gentleman wrote on my letter "Debility—refuses food;" that meant that I wouldn't eat, you know; but you see I wasn't hungry, and I don't like what we has to eat at home. Mother has nothing to give us except rice and bread often for long enough, 'cos father's been out of work so long. I'm getting better here. Look'—stretching out a thin little arm—'I ain't as skinny as I was when I came here. I have "coddleroil" and lots of goods things to eat every day, and it'll make me right down well in time.'

We are sorely convinced of one thing, that if all our readers could watch the effects on these poor little wasted forms of 'coddleroil' and lots of nice things to eat every day, and sea air and bathing, not one of them would rest until they had lent a hand to effect the happy change from suffering and disease to happiness and health.

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

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

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

THE old difficulty of how to select the fittest meets us again as we turn over the leaves of our journal. We have so many kind letters to notice and so little room to do it in.

First comes one in large round hand: it is from Harry, Margaret, and Violet. They say: 'We three gave up biscuits in Lent, for which we got a shilling each, which we send you. Father and mother send 7s. to make up the 10s. We like reading about the orphans very much.'

The very next letter we take up has a contribution enclosed for the Docks fund, and we are told that it has been 'saved by the extra carefulness and self-denial of the servants during Lent.' These are the gifts that seem to bring a special blessing with them, and we can guess a little how glad our helpers were to offer what cost them something.

From a town in Worcestershire we receive 4s. 6d. collected by a 'hawker' who goes about with his cart selling various articles, and yet has managed to find time and opportunity to do something for the Convalescent Home at Broadstairs. Nor is he the only busy working man who has thought of us, for here is no less than 6s. collected by one who says: 'I would gladly have done more, but I am only a labourer myself. I have ten children of my own, and I feel a great pity for poor friendless little ones.'

'One shilling! A thankoffering that God has given me strength to do a good week's work.' This is from an anonymous helper, who signs herself 'A fatherless girl.' The few lines she sends with her offering seem to give us a glimpse into the life of one who has known suffering, and learnt the lessons of sympathy and trustfulness, which God sometimes teaches through suffering.

From Weybridge we have 10s., with a needless apology for the card being dirty from long hanging in the kitchen. We will gladly send other cards to other kitchens to be similarly discoloured!

What can be done in a spare few hours? Many valuable pieces of work. None better than that done by a friend of ours, who tells us he used a few spare hours to collect for us, and sends us the result in the sum of 3l. 0s. 1d.

All the way from North Carolina comes a little parcel of socks knitted by two little girls and an old woman who is nearly blind, and 'longed so to send something.'

The same kind friend in Essex who takes an interest in our Workmen's Restaurant, and who sent us the substantial profits he had made on ginger beer, as well as the receipt for it, now sends an excellent receipt for soda-water. It is cheap, wholesome, and refreshing. Many thanks to him.

Here is 10s. from 'an old labourer who earnestly wishes she could do more to help,' and another 10s. from a widow who feels that, because God has been very merciful to her, she must do what she can for others.

The next letter we turn to gives us an account of a bazaar—one we should very much like to have seen. It was in a nursery, and the stall-holders were very tiny people. This is not the first time they have helped us, and we thank them very much.

'Charley, Cyril, and Freddy' have also had a sale, and send us 6l. for the Convalescent Home. Such a large sum! we think they must have done a very great deal of business at their stalls.

Another contribution comes with these words: 'I intended having a party to celebrate my twenty-first birthday, but I think that the money will be better spent in providing some poor child with the necessaries of life.' Was there ever a better celebration of a birthday?

Many readers of the BANNER have been greatly interested in the account given in our

May number of the sufferings of the poor Newfoundland fishermen who have felt the pinch of 'bad times' this year, and have gone through quite as much trouble as our own unemployed at home.

Sympathising friends have sent most liberal gifts to Mr. Warren, of Upper Island Cove, Conception Bay, for his flock, and to other parts of Newfoundland. One of these friends writes thus: 'I was reading the BANNER to my fellow-servants, and we thought we would do what we could for Mr. Warren's poor folks; it is only 2s., but we feel such a pity for them.' Six-and-threepence was sent for the same object, 'with prayer for God's blessing on it,' and a poor woman sent 2s., simply saying, 'It is to help towards paying of the debt which troubles Mr. Warren in Newfoundland.'

We have another letter from Newfoundland, this time from Bonavista Bay. The writer says that the destitution is still great, the seal fisheries being a failure this year. These troubles have 'cast a gloom over the island,' and in some parts the people are 'just dropping down for want of food,' but our correspondent says it is a comfort to think of willing hands in England working to help.

Here is a letter from Gaspé, Canada. The writer speaks gratefully of books that have been sent him, and tells how a priest, isolated in his distant mission, and deprived often of intellectual society, rejoices over books and papers from home. We shall be very glad to forward the addresses of clergymen working in Foreign Missions and in the colonies who would be thankful for help of this kind.



The Commandments and The Lord's Prayer.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY

By Rev. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moursor.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity (AUGUST 8).

'The Fifth Commandment.'—*Obedience*.—1 Samuel iii.; S. Luke ii. 51-52; Hymns 78, 331.

A. 'Who are my Parents?'

- 1st. God, my Father in Heaven.—Malachi i. 6.
- 2nd. The Church, my mother on earth and in Paradise.—S. Matt. xviii. 17.
- 3rd. My father and mother at home.—Ephesians vi. 1, 2, 3.
- 4th. My Queen on the throne.—1 S. Peter ii. 13.
- 5th. My governors in the State.—1 S. Peter ii. 14.
- 6th. My teachers at school.—Daniel xii. 3.
- 7th. My spiritual pastors at church.—Hebrews xiii. 17.
- 8th. My masters at work.—1 S. Peter ii. 18.
- 9th. My betters everywhere.—Romans xii. 10.

B.

- Samuel.
- (a) 'Asked of God.'—1 Sam. i. 20.
 - (b) Dedicated by his mother.—1 Sam. i. 28.
 - (c) 'Grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord and also with men.'—1 Sam. ii. 26.
 - (d) Lived in the Tabernacle.—1 Sam. ii. 18.
 - (e) Obedient to his mother and Eli.—1 Sam. i. 24; 1 Sam. iii. 1.
 - (f) Instructor of the High Priest.—1 Sam. iii. 18.
 - (g) Called to be a Prophet of the Lord.—1 Sam. iii. 20.

Jesus.

- (a) 'The gift of God.'—S. John iii. 16.
- (b) Presented in the Temple.—S. Luke ii. 22.
- (c) 'Increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.'—S. Luke ii. 52.
- (d) Found in the Temple.—S. Luke ii. 46.
- (e) Subject to His earthly parents.—S. Luke ii. 51.
- (f) Wiser than His teachers.—S. Luke ii. 47.
- (g) The Word of the Lord.—S. John i. 1.

- C. 1. Why should we honour our father and mother?—Because God has given us to them; and they stand in the place of God to us.
2. What must we do besides 'honour' them with our lips?—'Love' them with our heart; 'succour' them with our hands.
3. Who were the parents of Jesus?—God, His Heavenly Father; The Blessed Virgin, His earthly mother; S. Joseph, His foster-father; the Doctors, His teaching fathers.
4. What other parents have you besides your father and mother at home?
5. What is the Fifth Commandment called by S. Paul?—'The first commandment with promise.'
6. What is the 'promise'?—'—that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'
7. What is the land which God gives to the Christian?—The land of Heaven.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity (AUGUST 15).

'The Sixth Commandment.'—*Gentleness*.—Genesis iv. 1-16; 1 S. John iii. 15; Hymns 273-214.

A. I. It is no murder—to kill—

1. By accident.—Deut. xix. 4-5.
3. For justice.—Genesis ix. 6.

2. In war.—Judges vi. 16.

4. In self-defence.—Esther ix. 2.

II. It is murder—

- (a) To take away that which is the foundation of all a man is—i.e. bodily life.
 - (1) That of another, or of self.—Job xiv. 14.
 - (2) By one's own hand, or by that of someone else.—Acts vii. 52.
- (b) To kill a soul by temptation.—Romans xiv. 15; S. Matt. x. 28.
- (c) To keep angry feelings in our heart.—1 S. John iii. 15.

B. Read the contrast in the lesson—

- | | |
|--|---|
| Abel. | Cain. |
| 1. Younger brother accepted (like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Judah, Ephraim, &c.). | 1. Eldest of all men born into the world—rejected. |
| 2. A shepherd. | 2. A gardener. |
| 3. By faith (Hobrows xi. 4) offered a type of Christ. | 3. In self-will and self-righteousness offered the fruits of the earth, the labours of his own hands. |
| 4. Gentle, submissive. | 4. Wrathful in { countenance (v. 5).
talk (v. 8).
act (v. 8). |
| 5. The first martyr for Christ. | 5.—The first murderer for Satan. |
| 6. Called 'righteous.'—S. Matt. xxiii. 35. | 6.—'Of that wicked one.' |

- C. 1. How does the Catechism explain the Sixth Commandment?—'To hurt nobody by word or deed—to bear no malice or hatred in my heart.'
2. Who was 'a murderer from the beginning?'—Satan, who brought sin and death into the world.
3. What is his murderous work?—To destroy both body and soul in hell.
4. What is the work of Christ?—To save both body and soul by His own Death.
5. How do men follow Satan as murderers?—By angry passions—malicious words—cruel actions.
6. How should we rather follow Christ?—By loving and helping our fellow-men.
7. May we hate anyone?

Ninth Sunday after Trinity (AUGUST 22).

'The Seventh Commandment.'—*Purity.*—S. Luke vii. 37-50; 1 S. John iii. 2, 3. Hymns 261, 252.

A. The Seventh Commandment teaches me to keep my body—

- I. In Temperance.
II. In Sobriety.
III. In Chastity.

- | | |
|--|---|
| I. Temperance—Not eating too much.—1 Cor. ix. 25. | Contrast { Esau—Genesis xxv. 34.
Daniel—Dan. i. 12. |
| II. Sobriety—Not drinking too much.—1 S. Pet. v. 8. | Contrast { Elah—1 Kings xvi. 9.
Gideon's Soldiers—Judges vii. 5, 6, 7. |
| III. Chastity—Not indulging the body in any other way. | Contrast { Herodias—S. Matt. xiv. 3.
Blessed Virgin—S. Matt. i. 23. |

B. The Repentance of S. Mary Magdalene.

- Verse 37.—She was a sinner notorious in the city, and is now a saint glorious in the Church.
- " 38.—She stood 'behind' Jesus—ashamed before God: facing all others—regardless of men.
- " 39.—Pharisee—ignorant of the wisdom of Jesus; the repentance of the woman; the self-righteousness and rudeness of himself.
- " 47.—The Pharisee gains no blessing.
- " 48-50.—The Penitent gains pardon and peace.

- C. 1. When were we made perfectly pure?—In our Baptism, wherein we were made members of Christ.
2. Why should we keep our bodies holy?—Because they are the temples of THE HOLY GHOST.
3. What does S. Paul say about an impure person?—'If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy.'
4. What, then, must impure sinners do?—They must go to their Saviour to be cleansed.
5. Who is our example of perfect purity?—Jesus, who did no sin.
6. Of whom was HE born?—Of a pure Virgin.
7. What does HE promise to those who live a holy life?—'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

Tenth Sunday after Trinity (AUGUST 29).

'The Eighth Commandment'—*Honesty.*—Joshua vii. 16-26; Ephesians iv. 28. Hymns 52, 403.

A. What it is to keep the Eighth Commandment:—

- 1st. 'To be true and just in all my dealings'—*i.e.* to be *honourable.*—St. Matt. xvii. 24-27.
- 2nd. 'To keep my hands from picking and stealing'—*i.e.* to be *honest.*—Genesis xxxix. 4.
- 3rd. 'To learn and labour truly to get my own living'—*i.e.* to be *industrious.*—Acts xviii. 3.
- 4th. 'To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me'—*i.e.* to be *faithful.*—Esther iv. 14, 15, 16.

B. Joshua the Judge.

- Verse 16.—His *promptness*—he 'rose early.'
 " 16, 17, 18.—His *exactness*—so as not to make
 a mistake.
 " 19.—His *gentleness*—no abusive accusation.
 " 22.—His *carefulness*—to prove the crime.
 " 24.—His *sincerity*—although he was so kind.

Achan the Thief.

- Verse 18.—His *folly*—he was sure to be found out.
 " 20.—His *wisdom*—in not lying as well as stealing.
 " 21.—His *truthfulness* in making a full confession.
 " 24.—His *sacrifice*—of all that he had.
 " 25.—His *judgment*—a cruel death in this world.

- C. 1. What do you mean by picking and stealing?—Taking little things as well as great things.
 2. What is *robbery*?—Stealing by force.
 3. What is *cheating*?—Stealing by deceit.
 4. What is *gambling*?—Stealing by chance.
 5. What must a thief do?—Repent, like the Penitent Thief on the Cross.
 6. How must a thief repent?—By being sorry, confessing his fault, restoring what he has taken, and never doing anything else dishonest.
 7. What may you steal besides money?

Seventh Sunday after Trinity (SEPTEMBER 5).

'The Ninth Commandment.'—*Truth*.—Acts v. 1-12; Ephesians iv. 25. Hymns 243, 416.

- A. 1st. 'Evil speaking'—*i.e.* telling bad tales, even if they are true.—Genesis iii. 12, 13.
 2nd. 'Lying'—*i.e.* telling what is false, whether it be good or bad.—Col. iii. 9.
 3rd. 'Slandering'—*i.e.* telling bad tales, knowing them to be false.—1 Kings xxi. 13.

B. Story of a lie:—

- Verse 3.—Invented by Satan—see S. John viii. 44.
 " 2.—Acted by Ananias—contrast Acts iv. 37.
 " 8.—Agreed to by Sapphira—compare 1 Kings xxi. 5.
 " 3.—Told to God's minister—2 Kings v. 25.
 " 4.—And so to God Himself—S. Luke x. 16.
 " 9.—A special sin against the HOLY GHOST—S. John xx. 22.
 " 5, 10.—Punished with temporal death, and, unless repented of, with eternal—Rev. xxi. 8.

- C. 1. How does the Catechism explain the Ninth Commandment?—'To keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying and slandering.'
 2. What else does it say about your duty to your neighbours with your tongue?—'To hurt nobody by word.'
 3. Why should you be very careful about your words?—Because 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'
 4. What is the doom of an impenitent liar?—'Every liar shall have his part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'
 5. What, then, must a liar do?—'Restrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile.'
 6. How can he do this?—By the grace of Christ, who is The Truth.
 7. Who alone is ever true?—God, who cannot deceive or be deceived.

* * * The complete SCHEME of these Instructions, arranged for the Sundays after Trinity, is now ready, and can be had of the Publishers, price $\frac{1}{2}d$.

The word worship meant little more than *honour*. In the "Bidding prayer," in the diocese of Worcester, in England, in A. D. 1349, we find the following: "Ye shall bydde [*i. e., pray*] for them that this Church *honour* with book," etc., that is, have presented a book or other *ornament* for use in Church. In A. D. 1435, in Salisbury Cathedral, the same prayer ran as follows: "Ye shall pray for all other lords that have *worshipped* this Church *with their bodies, rents, or any other jewels* whereby God is the more *worshipped* in this Church:" as we might say, "To the honour of God this font, etc., is given to this Church." This quotation also helps us to understand "with my body I thee worship," that is, I regard you as worthy of the same honour, state, and position which I myself hold in the world. It is the same as Tennyson represents the Lord of Burleigh saying to the village maiden whom he had wedded:

Proudly turns he round, and kindly,
"All of this is mine *and thine*."

It is the same as all English versions, from the time of Wiclif, in 1380 A. D., have given in I S. Peter iii. 7: "giving *honour* unto the wife." The very word is given in S. Luke xiv. 10, from Wiclif down, for the same idea: "Thou shalt then have *worship* in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee."

Notices.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery of Kingston will be held at Oak Point, in the Parish of Greenwich, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 11th and 12th. The first session of the Chapter will be opened at 11.30 a.m. Those who may be unable to attend are requested to give timely notice to the Rector, Rev. D. W. Pickett.

The Quarterly Meeting of S. S. T. U., Section III., which was to have been held at Springfield on Tuesday, September 7th, has been postponed until a later date, of which further notice will be given.

Register.

BAPTISMS.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11.—Catherine Zobieski Earle, infant.
 JOHNSTON, April 9.—Aubrey Frederick Pearson, infant.
 June 5.—Thomas John Stevens, infant.
 " 18.—George William Hanington Thompson, infant.
 " 27.—Matthew Braden Simpson, infant.
 July 4.—Loretta Moore, infant.
 " 4.—George Harrison Day, infant.
 " 12.—Eleanor Agnes Isabel Robinson, infant.
 SUSSEX, June 25.—Roy Lancaster Daniel, infant.
 STUHOLM, July 2.—Frederica Bernice Sharp, infant.
 " 12.—William Samuel Sutherland Renshaw, infant.

BURIALS.

CAMBRIDGE, June 2.—Johnston Y. Springer, aged 66 years.
 JOHNSTON, April 19.—William McFarlane, aged 73 years.
 May 14.—Ida Helen Crawford, aged 9 years.

Papers Read at Annual Meeting S. S. T. U.

BY WINNERS OF THE "BISHOP KINGDON" PRIZES.

PAPER I.

SUBJECT:—THE ACTIVE SIDE OF CHURCH LIFE.
 MISS HANINGTON.

ACTIVITY in Church work must spring from the highest motives—love to God and to our fellow men—or it will not be helpful and lasting work. It must be, as it were, a *result* of true faith in the Master, whose servants we are, but a result so important that we have cause to doubt the genuineness of our faith if it lead to no such result.

St. Paul, in his epistle to Titus, desires him to affirm *constantly*, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain "good works." And the name of Dorcas is familiar to us, not as the name of a woman eminent for her great spiritual qualities, or her learning, but "a woman who was full of good works and alms deeds which she did." But we must be sure that it be "good works" we are maintaining, and not that, like Martha, we are only cumbered with the "much serving" which Christ reproved. Restlessness is not activity; and care must be taken that in our endeavor to do what seems to us to be a greater thing we do not shirk or do badly the homely, uninteresting duties belonging to "that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us."

This is one mistake to be guarded against. There are many others; for we know how easy it is, even when we work with the best motives, to do wrong, and so mar and hinder our work. As Nehemiah wrote about the men who built the wall of Jerusalem: "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other held a weapon." So must we do.

We can not always choose the work we like best. We are only as servants in the employ of a King, and it is His to give to each one their work as He wills; but then, as such, "there is no duty that comes to our hand but brings to us the possibility of *kingly* service."

We read in I Chron. iv. 23 about the "potters and they that dwelt among plants and hedges;" and the words go on to say, "there they dwelt with the King for His work." "A combination," Miss Havergal says, "of simple labor of the hands, carried on in out of the way places; and yet they were dwellers with the King and workers with the King." And then the same writer beautifully shows us the lesson we may learn from these potters, in connection with our subject:

"First, that anywhere and everywhere we too "may dwell with the King for His work." We "may be in a very unlikely or unfavorable place for "this. It may be in a literal country life, with little "enough to be seen of the 'goings of the King' "around us; it may be among the hedges of all "sorts, hindrances in all directions; it may be, "furthermore, with our hands full of all manner of "pottery for our daily task. No matter! The "King who placed us there will be with us; the "hedges are all right, or He would soon do away "with them; and it does not follow that what "seems to hinder our way may not be for its very "protection; and as for the pottery, why that is "just exactly what he has seen fit to put into our "hands, and therefore, for the present, 'His work.'

"Secondly, that the dwelling and work must go "together. If we are indeed dwelling with the "King we shall be working for Him too, 'as we "have opportunity.' The working will be as the "dwelling: a regular, settled thing, whatever form "it may take, at His appointment. Nor will His "work ever be done when we are not dwelling with "Him. It will be our own work then, and will not "abide."

But if, as Miss Haveral implies, this lesson practically concerns us all, let us glance at the different branches of "His work" which may be done by us where we dwell.

First, there is the "work of the service of the House of God." Where the King Himself has promised to be in the midst when we gather together, surely the least we can do is to keep everything there as neat and beautiful as possible. Needle work is always needed, in the shape of Altar vestments, hangings, linen, etc., especially in our country Churches; and then these are all to be cared for; and providing fresh flowers for each Sunday is a work of itself, for some one who has time for it. Nothing is more suitable for the adorning of God's house than these, which He Himself at the creation pronounced "good" when He looked on them. This is a labor of love, not too small to be reckoned as "kingly service," and accepted as such by the King.

Then there is very much to do for those to whom God has entrusted any musical talent. We read much in the Bible about "the service of song," and about those who ministered with singing; and any of us who serve in that way must see to it that we offer our *best*, and not just what will give us the least trouble. There are the regular practices to attend, which we know is not always an easy matter, and sometimes children's voices to be trained, music to be copied, or choral union work to be done.

Then there is always plenty to do in the Sunday Schools. More teachers wanted, more scholars to be hunted up; and teaching itself (most of all, perhaps) involves much study and hard work, besides faith and patience. We may feel our inability to do this work as well as we wish, but it is helpful to remember that though the instrument is not able the hand that holds it and guides it is.

There is in fact no gift or special talent lent us but what we may make highest use of. Many, with artistic tastes, do beautiful work for Church decorations, or for sale, towards some special object. We may not even leave out cooking, homely as we may deem this service; but it can most surely be used in many ways so as to come under the words of the King, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." With these words in our minds, too, we may find "one of the least of these" who is sick and may be visited, and if they wish it, read to or sung to, which many greatly appreciate.

Then there is the rather disagreeable work of collecting for the various objects towards which it is the duty of every parish to give.

Many of us who have neither much time or money to offer, can yet find time to do a certain amount of needlework, either for sale to go towards the needs of the Church, or to clothe the poor.

This may also seem commonplace work; but among all the good works which we are told Dorcas did, this kind of work is the only one recorded and left to us as an example. This work for the King is so well known among us that it only needs alluding to. From the days when the women who were wise hearted made fine linen for the Temple, to the present sewing circles, there have always been found women to offer willingly "the work of their hands."

If it seem but small work to us, the thought, "This is kingly service," will ennoble it, and make us want to do as well as we can our little part in helping towards that time when the King's daughter, "all glorious within," shall be "brought unto the King in raiment of needlework."

But whatever we have to offer, whether it be the work of our hands, or money, or any other gift, we must try to make it a willing offering, or we will not be among the kind of givers whom St. Paul says God loves.

It is only that we do not realize what this royal service is that it ever looks uninteresting to us. In the words of Bishop Medley, "The service of God is the only thing which makes life valuable; pleasure is vanity, business is weariness, ambition is disappointment." We feel this to be true in our own lives, and yet hesitate to take part in work which

cannot fail, and which St. Paul regards in so high a light that he reckons those who take part in it "Fellow laborers with God," and "workers together with Him."

It is a service which has no end; for in heaven "His servants shall serve Him," and there, too, they shall "dwell with the King for His work."

PAPER II.

SUBJECT: CONTEMPLATIVE SIDE OF CHURCH LIFE.

MARY OF BETHANY.—"One thing is needful."
MRS. E. N. SHARP.

UR thoughts are directed for an illustration of the contemplative life to the home at Bethany, and especially the central figure of its three inmates—Mary. On three occasions only is Mary spoken of: at the time when our Lord was about to perform the miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead; at the house of Simon the leper, and during the visit of our Lord, when in answer to Martha He spake the words, "One thing is needful." In two of these instances an attitude of stillness and waiting is hers. She sat at Jesus' feet and listened to His words; she abode in the house until He called for her, *then she hastened* to meet Him. Her first act was one of lowly adoration—she fell at His feet; and Her first words were words of faith—"Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

The fullness of her love finds expression on the third occasion, when she brings of the most costly gifts and *pours* it upon Him, anointing His feet and wiping them with the hairs of her head. There is no stint, no giving of what she can spare without cost, but a pouring out from her love and self-denial.

To return to the answer of our Lord. In His gentle rebuke of Martha, is there not something to show that the home at Bethany was not unlike the homes of the present day—that human nature then was not unlike human nature to-day? We see in Martha's bearing towards her sister a particle of querulousness, perhaps injustice. She did not understand her sister. Her active, practical nature delighted to show its love in setting before her honored guest her best for His bodily wants, and therefore she could not take in Mary's service of soul. Martha had over fatigued herself in her efforts; and Oh, in this, too, do we not see a lesson? First, in what is genevally known as religious dissipation, the great enemy of the contemplative life. Next, how often, in order to do honor to our guests, do we fret ourselves in body and mind, forgetting that our friends, perchance, would enjoy our society

more than the fruits of our larder! Might we not learn from these words, "One thing is needful," a more simple mode of living, thus preserving an inward calm, so necessary to the pursuit of that which our Lord elsewhere enjoins: "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Further, we cannot now sit literally at Jesus' feet, and thus listen to His gracious words, His gentle rebukes; but by faith, through the means of grace so bounteously offered us by our mother the Church, we may draw very near; aye, do we not in the Holy Eucharist embrace Him in very deed?

There have been those who have given themselves up wholly to a life of contemplation, prayer and religious exercises; but we have no reason to suppose their service is more acceptable than that of those who "ply their daily task with busy feet," with secret uplifting of soul to God. In the oft quoted words of the Christian year,

"We must not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell.

* * * * *

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

If one but realized the truth of our dear Lord's words, "One thing is needful," how many a menial service would be hallowed, how many a weary hour gladdened! There would be less discontent at our life work, knowing that He has set us our task. If our hands are hardened by toil, and our brows lined by care, is there not much in the beautiful world about us to uplift our thoughts to the source of all loveliness? Think of the rich coloring and sweet fragrance of the wild flowers blooming in the forest, described by the poet as "blushing unseen, wasting their sweetness on the desert air." The thought is poetical, but not correct; for though unseen by man, their beauty and perfume rise as incense to their Creator; for we remember in the beginning "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

Even the small things in nature may teach the lesson of a contemplative life to those who by sickness or infirmity are prevented from active service. "They serve who only stand and wait." Yielding the will without reserve to God is the ground work of a contemplative life, which, though hidden from the world, may go hand in hand with our work-a-day world, ever remembering that inward quiet is necessary to its growth. In the words of Isaiah the prophet, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Specimen Answers to some of the Questions in the Examination.

It is impossible to give answers to all the questions; a selection therefore has been given. The number after the answer is that of the paper from which it is taken, though in some cases a slight alteration has been introduced.

OLD TESTAMENT.

1. *What is the origin of the names of the various books of the Old Testament?*

The names of many of the books of the Old Testament were first given to them in the Greek translation (commonly called the Septuagint), made about B. C. 280. This accounts for the Greek form Genesis, Exodus, etc. The Hebrews called each book of the Pentateuch by the name of the word with which it commenced, as we say the *Te Deum*, or the *Nunc Dimittis*. A little change was made in some instances in the English Version; for example, the Authorized Version (following the Hebrew division) has two books of Samuel and two books of Kings, where the Septuagint has the name of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Books of the Kingdoms.

2. *What was the sin of Nadab and Abihu? How did it differ from the sin of Korah, and that of Dathan and Abiram? How was each punished?*

The sin of Nadab and Abihu was that they offered strange fire before the Lord at an unauthorized time, and in an unauthorized manner. It was a sin of *disobedience* in very sacred matters, and therefore sacrilegious. It differed from the sin of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, which was *rebellion* against the express order of God's government. Nadab and Abihu were punished by the Lord sending out fire and consuming them. Dathan and Abiram were punished by the Lord making the earth open and swallow them up. [34]

4. *"To fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath to fulfil threescore and ten years."—II. Chron. xxxvi. 21. Explain the reference in this passage.*

After the children of Israel reached the land of Canaan they were to keep every seventh year as a

year of rest. The land was to have rest from being tilled or sown. God promised them a large crop on the sixth year, and the people were to subsist on that and what grew from the roots, or was accidentally sown; and what thus grew was to be shared by all the people in common, and no one was to lay up a separate store for himself. The peculiar observances of this year were the cessation from labor, the remission of all debts, and the public reading of the law at the feast of the Tabernacles. The reasons for keeping it were partly political and civil, to prevent the land from being worn out with continued tilling; partly religious, that the poor and laboring people might have more leisure, and one year in seven for devotional exercises; partly mystical, typifying the spiritual rest which Christ will give to all who come unto Him. When the people reached the land they did not observe these Sabbatical years, so God allowed them to be carried away captive till the land could keep her Sabbaths. [39]

5. *Why is the word Lord printed in capitals in the foregoing text?*

Because it means the LORD, JEHOVAH, the Three in One, the name which God declared to Moses in the burning bush. It is the name of four Jews letters, J(E)H(C,V(A))H. This name the would never speak, but substituted some other word for it. The mystery of this name was more fully declared to us in the Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour. [39]

6. *Which of the tribes increased most, and which decreased, in the forty years wandering? Can you give a reason for either?*

Ephraim increased twelve thousand, and Simeon decreased thirty-seven thousand. Thus the blessing and curse of Jacob were in course of fulfilment. The Simeonites seem to have been foremost in the sin in the matter of Baal Peor, when twenty and four thousand died in the plague.

9. *What do you know about the daughters of Zelophehad?*

The daughters of Zelophehad were five in number; their father was dead; "he perished in his own sin," as they expressed it, and they had no brother. They asked Moses to give them the inheritance their father would have had in the promised land. Moses enquired of the Lord, and, at His command, gave them a portion; but they were not to marry outside their own tribe. [7]

15. *Sketch a lesson on the life of Moses for—*
I. An advanced class; II. A junior class.

I.—NOTES OF A LESSON FOR AN ADVANCED CLASS.

The life of Moses may be divided into three periods of forty years each.

(a) His birth; parentage; incidents connected with his peril; preservation; by whom; residence at the Egyptian court; how educated; what led to his departure into Midian.

(b) His life in Midian; how occupied; with whom; the most striking incident; how it affected his after life and work; did he at once accept his commission or did he plead his own inability? physical defect as an objection; how overcome, and what was his coming work?

(c) His return to Egypt; his mission to Pharaoh; how received; what overcame Pharaoh's determination not to let the people go; the departure; his leading them safely through the Red Sea; the celebrating of this victory; the receiving of the Law on Mount Sinai; under what circumstances; the directions as to the building of a Tabernacle and the worship in it; the journeyings through the wilderness; his intercessions for his people; his miracles; his preparation for death; his successor; the mode of his death, and why he could not enter the promised land; his relations to his own family in his work; his character; love for his people; how shown; of whom a type, and in what ways; what striking allusion or incident referring to him is given in the Gospels, and how he is alluded to in the Psalms and by St. Paul; what written record did he leave? [37]

II.—LESSON FOR A JUNIOR CLASS.

A cruel king, Pharaoh, sent out an edict once to kill all male children born in the homes and among the families of the children of Israel, who were at that time slaves in Egypt. Think of the sorrow. As soon as a dear little baby brother came, he was killed. One little boy was born and his mother, Jochebed, did not let any one know she had him for three months; but then she could not hide him any longer; so she took him and put him in a basket and hid him in the river bank, where the king's daughter used to come to bathe. She sent his sister Miriam, 12 years old, to watch what would happen. The Princess came to bathe, and her women found the little baby. They brought it to her, and she took compassion on the poor little deserted baby. She said, "I will take this baby for my own; call some one to nurse it for me." Miriam came forward and said she could find a nurse. Who

do you think she went for? How she ran home, and said, "Mother, mother, come quick; they want a nurse for dear baby; come, come." The mother, thanking God in her heart, came, and the princess said, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages." How happy was that mother as she clasped her lovely boy. She would like to have said, "I don't want wages for taking care of my baby;" but no! she must not say that, for then it would be known who he was. She had another little boy 3 years old, Aaron, and I suppose Miriam helped her mother greatly with the care of these children. Moses grew to be a man, and then refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he saw his own people, the Hebrews, so enslaved and persecuted. He went away to the distant land of Midian when he was forty years old, and there he married a priest's daughter and had two sons. After being there forty years God told him to go back to Egypt and be a deliverer to his oppressed brethren. He did not at first want to go; but God told him Aaron would speak for him—for he was slow of speech. Pharaoh, the king, would not let the people go, and then God sent a great many plagues, on which we must have a lesson some other time. At last God smote the eldest child in all the Egyptian houses with death, and then Pharaoh said, "Go, go, as fast as you can." Then Moses led all his brethren out on their way to Canaan, a land which God had promised them. The Red Sea dried up for them to go through, and Pharaoh, pursuing them, the waters came back and he and his host were drowned. All these people (three or four millions, some think) ought to have been so thankful to go to the promised land! but was it not strange, they murmured and were disobedient to Moses and Aaron, so that God made them wander forty years in the wilderness, till all the grown up people who came out of Egypt were dead. Then you will think Moses led them into the promised land; but no. Although he was almost the best man that ever lived, he got angry and struck the rock when God told him to speak to it; and so God said he could only look at the promised land from the top of a mountain; and then he died, and God buried him. I suppose if the children of Israel had known where his grave was they would have much prized it. Another time I will tell you who did lead them into the promised land. [7]

16. "There were certain men defiled by the dead body of a man." I. What was the result of this? II. Can we conjecture with probability who they were?

As they could not keep the Passover at the proper time they were allowed to keep it a month later than the rest of the people, and a law was made that those who were thus unavoidably defiled could do this. Michael and Elzaphan the Sons of Uzziel who had carried the dead bodies of Nadab and Abihu out of the camp were probably the "certain men who were defiled." [39]

NEW TESTAMENT.

1. *On what occasions did a voice come from Heaven during our Lord's life? What was the special object of each saying?*

At His Baptism, when the Holy Ghost descended upon Him, a voice from Heaven said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

At His Transfiguration, when a voice from the Cloud said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; Hear ye Him."

On the Tuesday in Holy Week in the Temple when he prayed, "Father, glorify Thy Name," a voice replied, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again."

At His Baptism, it declared the God-Head of our Saviour, and marked him as the King.

At His Transfiguration it declared that the Apostles were to hear and follow Him, rather than the prophets and Moses, and marked Him as the Prophet.

The last time that God's Name should be glorified in His self-sacrifice, as the Priest. [39]

2. *What is the characteristic of the Part III of the Harmony?*

Discourses, doctrine and teaching by parables. [17]

Discourses, illustrated by parables, given mainly by St. Luke. [37]

5. *"It came to pass as He went to Jerusalem, that He passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee." Why is Samaria named first?*

No correct answer was given to this. On the top of p. 88 of the Harmony the answer may be seen. Our Lord started from Ephraim on the Southern boarder of Samaria and passed up North "through the midst of Samaria and Galilee," and then crossing the Jordan above the Sea of Galilee, came down on the Eastern side of Jordan, arriving at Jericho on the Friday night before Palm Sunday. He would thus pass through Samaria first before He reached Galilee. This explains St. Luke's statement which would remain very obscure if we did not know the Harmony.

9. *The Parable of the Good Samaritan?*

This was well done — The two best explanations are as follows:

It has a spiritual meaning.

Jerusalem.—The state of grace and innocence.

Jericho.—The city of the curse.

The Road.—Going down, the world.

The Man Wounded.—Human nature wounded and robbed of innocence and goodness by

Thieves.—Satan the great robber.

Priest and Levite.—Law and old dispensation.

Good Samaritan.—Jesus Christ.

Had Compassion.—"In his love and in His pity He redeemed them." (Isaiah).

Wine and Oil.—His Passion and the Spirit given.

Set him on his own beast.—"Made Himself of no reputation."—"I am as a servant among you."

Inn.—The Church.

Host.—His appointed Minister.

Two Pence.—The two Sacraments. [36]

The wounded man is human nature stripped of original righteousness by Satan. The Priest and Levite signify the Law which had no power to save. The Good Samaritan is our Blessed Lord; the Inn is a type of the Church; oil the anointing of the Holy Spirit; the Host the Minister of the Church. [26]

11. *Explain, "Give us this day our daily bread."*

We ask for "all that is needful for our souls and bodies;" remembering that besides our daily need of bread and other necessaries of the body, we need just as much the greater blessing, daily bread for our souls, Christ Himself and His gifts to us, for He is the Bread of Life. [36]

CATECHISM.

2. *Prove that the Holy Ghost is very God.*

He is so declared in the Apostle's Creed. "I believe in the Holy Ghost" is stated equally with the belief in the Father and the Son. In the Athanasian Creed He is declared to be equal with the other two persons of the God-Head — co-equal, co-eternal. We are bidden, "grieve not the Spirit," "Quench not the Spirit." Our bodies are declared to be the Temples of the Holy Ghost, and elsewhere the Temples of God. St. Peter said to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost," and again "Thou hast not lied unto man but unto God." Likewise the commission of the Apostles was to baptize in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He is also declared to have spoken by the prophets. [37]

3. *What do you mean by "Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost?"*

It is *Blasphemy* and not as some say *Sin* against the Holy Ghost, and as *Blasphemy* must be in spoken word it is a sin of *Speech*, and not of thought or deed only. There have been various views of the meaning, some have said, it is final impenitency, or final apostasy, or malicious resistance of gospel truth, or as some heretics, sin after baptism, but these are all different from *Blasphemy*. The extremely solemn, loving, and yet stern words of the Saviour imply that the Pharisees were on the verge of being guilty of this crime, and St. Mark gives the reason, "because they said, 'He hath an unclean spirit.'" Remark the heinousness of this sin. Our Lord's miracles were unmistakable evidence of divinity: similar miracles done by the disciples of the Pharisees in the name of the God of Abraham were acknowledged as divine. Now, however, from spiteful hearts they ascribe the Lord's miracles to Satan; and there was but one step further, and that was to call the Holy Ghost by that name: This would be *Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost*. Blasphemous thoughts are not this sin. We may say that the unpardonable *Blasphemy* against the Holy Ghost is the outcome or result of an infidel heart, deliberately declaring itself in the utterance of blasphemous words. Some modern Jews and French infidels have done this.

4. *What is meant by "the Lord and giver of life?"*

The LORD, or God Himself, and the life-giver, or giver of spiritual life [36], of all life natural and spiritual. The uncreated one, who created all things and hath given them life. [17]

5. *What do you mean by "the Holy Catholic Church?" Do you belong to it?*

The Church founded by Christ Himself, "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone." That Church which was the four marks of the Catholic Faith, continuing in the Apostles Doctrine, Fellowship, the Breaking of the Bread, and the Prayers.

The Church consists of members made so by Baptism, but there are both good and bad among them.

Holy.—Called Holy because its Founder is Holy; members are called to Holiness of life; offices and appointments Holy—"If the Root be Holy, so are the Branches."

Catholic.—Universal as opposed to national, such as Jewish; because of its diffusiveness; because of its containing all truths necessary to salvation; and universal obedience prescribed by it.

I do belong to it. [36]

Holy Catholic Church. I mean the Church founded on the Day of Pentecost, upon the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone. Holy: Its members are engaged to Holiness of life. Its teachings are Holy. Catholic means General. It is called Catholic because of its diffusiveness, the command was given, Go teach all nations, differing from the Jewish Church which was national. Catholic, because all graces are given it. It teaches all things necessary for a christian to know, all precepts are given it. I do belong to the Holy Catholic Church. [34]

6. *Why is the teaching about the Church connected in the Creed with the Holy Ghost, and not with our Blessed Lord?*

Because it is through the Holy Ghost that we are made partakers of the fruits of Christ's redemption. He unites us to Christ in *Baptism*; "By One Spirit are we all baptized into one Body:" and He regenerates us in *Baptism*: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." *St. John iii.*

In *Confirmation*, He it is "Whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption."

In *Holy Communion*, it is through Him we receive the Body and Blood of Christ.

In *Ordination*, St. Paul says: "Whereof the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers."

He dwells in the Church sent down by the Son when glorified: He guides the Church into all truth, and He it is "that sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God." [36]

8. *Distinguish between the Church Militant, the Church Expectant, and the Church Triumphant.*

The *Church Militant* is that portion of the Holy Catholic Church now fighting here upon earth; the *Church Expectant*, that part in Paradise, waiting until both those portions will be united; in the *Church Triumphant*, in Heaven. [26]

9. *Distinguish between the work of the Spirit outside the Church and within the Church.*

The work of the Spirit outside the Church is to call men to repentance and to bring them to Christ, the Good Shepherd, within the fold. Within the Church, it is to guide, strengthen, purify and sanctify the members; to sanctify the waters of Baptism; to anoint with the sevenfold gifts in Confirmation; to give power in Holy Orders; to enable the members to discern the Lord's Body in the Holy Eucharist. [37]

11. Explain the phrase "Communion of saints."

Saints are the members of Christ's Church. In New Testament applied to those who had believed and were baptized, and more properly applied to those who are sanctified in their lives and conversation. They have communion, or real, deep, invisible, mysterious, living intercourse with—

<i>God the Father.</i>	"Our fellowship is with the Father" (I. John ii.).
<i>God the Son.</i>	"And with His Son Jesus Christ" (I. John).
	"I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in One" St. John xvi.
	"I am the vine and ye are the branches."
<i>God the Holy Ghost.</i>	"The fellowship of the Spirit."
<i>With the angels.</i>	Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation? (Heb. i. 13.)
<i>With saints on earth.</i>	Because they have—
<i>One Head:</i>	"He is the Head of the Church."
	"Ye are members in particular." (Of that one body of which He is Head.)
<i>One Foundation.</i>	Of that one body of which He is Head.
<i>One Faith:</i>	"One faith" (Eph. iv. 5.)
	"The faith once delivered unto the saints" (Jude).
<i>One Hope:</i>	"One hope of your calling" (Eph. iv. 5.)
<i>One Charity:</i>	The bond of peace.
<i>Same Origin.</i>	
<i>Same Sacraments—</i>	
<i>Baptism:</i>	"By one spirit are ye all baptized into one body."
<i>Holy Communion:</i>	"One bread." "Ye are all partakers of one bread. Christ's prayer was that "they all may be made one."

With saints in Heaven. Because our communion with saints on earth cannot be broken by death, as that only affects the body. [36]

St. Paul tells us with whom the saints have communion beautifully when he writes to Christians living in the world, "Ye are come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Saints on earth are holy persons who lead holy lives. Saints in Paradise are those who are dead in the Lord. Saints on earth have communion with the Ever Blessed Trinity by means of prayer, praise and thanksgiving, but especially in the Holy Eucharist and the prayers of the Church. They have communion with angels, for they minister unto us, as it is written: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation?" and we join with them in acts of worship, especially in the Holy Communion, when we say, "Therefore, with angels, and archangels, and with all

the company of heaven." Saints on earth have also communion with saints in Paradise, for we pray for their rest and the perfecting of their bliss, especially in the Burial Service. And they pray for us, for we read in the Scriptures that the saints under the Altar were calling for vengeance on the wicked, and if they do that how much more apt would they be to pray for the righteous? [39]

[There are many excellent answers to this question.]

12. How is "forgiveness of sins" first conveyed to a man, and how renewed?

Forgiveness of sins is first conveyed to a man by Baptism; at Baptism our sins are forgiven us. It may be renewed by *repentance*: "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out;" by *confession*: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." In answer to *prayer*—we pray in the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our sins," or trespasses,—and by *absolution*. [34]

13. Upon what is our belief in the Resurrection founded?

Our belief in the Resurrection is founded upon the Word of God—Job xix. 27 [it is 25]: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that at the latter day he shall stand upon the earth, and though after my skin-worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Daniel xii. 2: "Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall arise, some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting shame and contempt." It is confirmed by the teaching of the Apostles and the analogy of the natural world, and by sundry raisings from the dead: the raising of Jairus' daughter, the son of the widow of Nain, and Lazarus, and the Shunamite's son. It is assured to us by the Resurrection of Christ. [34]

14. What do you understand by St. Paul's expression, "a spiritual body," as bearing on the resurrection of the flesh?

He means that at the last day faithful Christians will rise with the same bodies, but under the influence wholly of the spirit. Where it is translated, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," the Greek is, "there is a psychic body," that is, a body under the influence of the *soul*, the lower part of man's invisible nature; but at the resurrection it will be a spiritual body under the influence wholly of the higher part of man's nature, the *spirit*. As has been well said, "In our earthly life the spirit of man is manifested through the body; in the life of the Risen Christ the body is manifested through the spirit." Our risen bodies will be subject to similar conditions. [Altered from 39.]

15. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power." Explain this passage as clearly as you can.

The first resurrection is the resurrection of the soul in Baptism. The second resurrection is that of the body, when it is reunited to the soul at the last day. The first death is the death of the body: the second death the death of body and soul in hell. If we die unto sin in Baptism and rise again to the life in Christ we need not fear the second death, or death everlasting, that is, separation from God, which cannot take place if our life is hid with Christ in God. [Mainly 36.]

[It must be remembered that the above answers were written without books, under pressure of limited time.]