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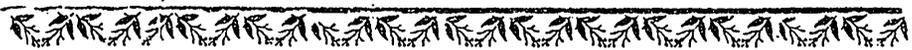
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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a.m.; every other Sunday during Lent at 8 a.m.
Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

FRIDAYS.—Litany at 5 p. m. during Lent.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. E. Sydney-Smith. Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

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

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

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

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

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

DISTRICT VISITORS.

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

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

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

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 27. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers, Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Nield; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 25. Regular meeting every Monday at 4.30 p. m.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

Feb. 18, Gladys Andrea Holliday.

BURIALS.

Feb. 12, Mrs. Matthews, in Woodstock.

Feb. 12, Mr. Dunham, in Avondale Cemetery.

Easter Communion.

"Every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter is to be one." (8th Rubric at the end of Communion Service).

"And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, 'What mean ye by this service? That ye shall say, 'It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover,' "The Sacrament of our Redemption by Christ's death," to be by all "received in remembrance of His meritorious Cross and Passion," in which Holy Sacrament Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, has given His Son "also to be our spiritual food and sustenance." Thus the first two sentences in giving notice of Holy Communion bring out the twofold view of the Sacrament. First, it is a MEMORIAL, "Do this in remembrance (or literally 'for a memorial') of me." By it "we shew forth the Lord's death till He come." A memorial in two ways: a memorial before man, and also a memorial before God; a pleading before God's throne of the efficacy of the one sacrifice of Calvary. Secondly, it is our SPIRITUAL FOOD. "Take, eat, this is My Body," "Drink ye all of this, this is My Blood." "My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me and I in him." * * the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." They who duly receive Holy Communion, therefore, receive therein spiritual food and an assurance of God's favor and goodness and of true membership and incorporation in the mystical Body of His Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people. And thus it becomes a HOLY COMMUNION—holy in the means which constitute it, ("the cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? the Bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ? for we being many are one bread, one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread" 1 Cor. x., 16-17)—holy in the members which partake of it, for all are consecrated to God.

Who then should come to Holy Communion, and in what state of mind and heart should they come? Answer: Those who (1) truly repent of their sins, who grieve over them and resolve by God's help to turn away from them, (2) are in love and charity with their neighbors, who have no grudge against their fellows and their fellows none against them through their fault, (3) intend to lead a new life, following the Commandments of God and walking from henceforth in His holy ways. In brief, repentance, love towards men, and above all the consecration of ourselves to Almighty God, for "here we offer to present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Thee, humbly beseeching Thee, that all we who are partakers" of Holy Communion "may be fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction."

The King's Daughters.

On Thursday, Feb. 22, the King's Daughters of St. James' held the anniversary of their foundation, and had Mrs. Tilley, of London, Dominion Secretary of the Order, to address them and the public on the occasion. "We are glad to hear that about six persons have intimated their desire to join the local circle since this meeting."



“THY KINGDOM COME.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

IN the threshold of this sentence let us recognise three secrets of acceptable prayer. The first is that we should address it to a Father, who is both a common Father and a Heavenly Father; the second is that if we observe its true order and proportion, we shall desire God's glory before even naming wants or troubles of our own; the third is that the hallowing of the Divine Name, the first object His children are to have at heart, will be found to consist in the coming of His kingdom, and the doing of His will. Moreover, the far-reachingness of it is beyond words. For across all time, with its changes and revolutions, and failures and triumphs, from the moment when it was first whispered into the hearts of the Disciples to the supreme hour when the judgment shall be over, and death swallowed up in victory, and the kingdom of the Mediator surrendered to the Eternal Father, this prayer is to be humbly, and trustfully, and sincerely, and even passionately uttered. It is to the Father that the prayer is offered about the Father's kingdom. The one purpose and end of the Incarnation of the Son is, that “God may be all in all.”

Let us see what the prayer includes, and implies, and requires.

It includes, and here the order is of importance before everything, a life, an institution, an authority, an empire.

It is an essential feature of this kingdom that it works from within to without, not from without to within. First and foremost it means righteousness, and its throne and seat are in the heart, where the Holy Spirit dwells and reigns. This is what our Lord meant when He said, “The kingdom of God cometh not by observation; the kingdom of God is within you”; and the extension of the same thought by St. Paul runs, “The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” Goodness is what God aims at in His children; and goodness

is kingship, and they who rule themselves are also ruled by God. It is also an institution, visible, organised, in a sense territorial, with laws, and rites, and traditions, and documents, which regulate its administration, arrange its worship, compile its history, and explain its existence. Bishops, priests, and deacons have ordered its affairs from the earliest times. The Sacrament of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord are its two ordained channels of grace, the first initiating into it, the second edifying within it. The Bible is its Divine Library. Every baptised member of it is a king and priest to God.

It is also an authority. The Church, which is God's visible kingdom on earth, teaches, commands, binds, and looses in her Lord's august Name. Our Lord Himself commanded, “the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.” “The Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, or authority in controversies of faith,” and yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound or place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another.

Once more, the kingdom is an empire, the most powerful, irresistible, self-propagating, indestructible empire in the world. It is an empire, not through secular protections, or material resources, or the smile of princes, or the suffrage of the millions, but because it is a fellowship of the sons of God, bound by the closest of ties, inspired by the noblest of motives, cheered by the loftiest of hopes, and fortified by the strongest of forces—living in a spiritual communion with the Incarnate Son of God, at once His organ and witness, His spouse and His body. What does it imply? Three things. First, the gift of grace; or that God will help it to come; for without Him it cannot come. Second, the co-operation of man. Prayer implies effort, as well as encourages it. The

humble Galileans, who were first taught to use this prayer, were also the first summoned to ensure and promote its fulfilment; leaders of that vast multitude which no man can number, who see that missionary work of whatever kind, and in whatever land, is the true outcome, the only honest result of this wonderful prayer for the Divine glory; nay, that not only is it true to say that God permits and invites and enables and expects us to work with Him, but that He refuses to work without us, and that if we will not ask He will not give. It is God with man, not God without man. Of course if it had so pleased Him He might long ago have made the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. It has not so pleased Him; and the result is what we see, the world still lying in wickedness, and the Church rubbing her eyes to discover her task. Once more see what it requires. First, a personal living faith in the King of the kingdom, that His law is good, His will blessed, His yoke easy, His commandments perfect freedom, His forgiveness free and full without money and without price, His love that it passeth knowledge. All effort, sacrifice, and witnessing and cross-bearing and influence and success spring from the humble but assured consciousness about this King, who is also Saviour, that "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." It is not to be learned from books, nor borrowed from a neighbour, nor uttered as a mere religious shibboleth, nor worn as a spiritual amulet. "The Spirit itself witnesseth with our spirit that we are the children of God." Then, the right saying of this prayer will further mean zeal and eagerness, intelligence and sacrifice for the fulfilment of it. "All things are yours," wrote St. Paul to the Corinthians. But how few of us are at the pains to observe the gifts at our feet, or, even when seen, to pick them up and use them!

If we want this kingdom to come we shall help it to come, and encourage others to do the same. There is nothing so reasonable, so inevitable, so unavoidable,

let me add, so entirely logical, as missionary work for a redeemed soul, which believes the Gospel and loves the Saviour. "All souls are mine." It may be in England, or in China, a savage or a kinsman whose salvation we care for. The one duty is to be doing something to bring Christ's sheep to His feet—the great sin and shame is to be content with leaving it to others.

One thing more of course it requires—a vigilant and intelligent appreciation of the purpose of God, and of the wisdom of the Divine delays, and of the meaning of disappointments, and of the grandeur of hopefulness, and, withal, of the final and unspeakable triumph of the love of God. Our Lord's parables, further, all more or less touch and illustrate divers aspects of the kingdom which He had come to preach, and by His death and resurrection to found, and by the gift of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the Church to begin to plant among men.

His parable of the wise and foolish virgins indicates the slowness of the growth of the kingdom, and the slumber through infirmity even of those who ought to have known better, but who were weary of watching, because they had almost ceased to expect. His parable of the tares teaches us not to make short cuts to success, nor to take the work that belongs to God of discriminating and separating into our own rash and feeble hands. Till the end comes there will be tares with the wheat. God knows which is which. We know not. But He also teaches us, in the parable of the seed growing secretly, that the seed lives and germinates when we have ceased even to think or care about it; that the invisible forces of the spiritual kingdom are always at work through the snows of winter and the blasts of spring. Christ will triumph, and the Church be crowned, and the Father justified at last before an awed universe. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

Do THY BEST.—A young painter was directed by his master to complete a picture on which the master had been obliged to suspend his labours on account of his growing infirmities. "I commissior thee, my son," said the aged artist, "to do thy best upon this work." The youth tremblingly seized the brush, and, kneeling before his appointed work, he prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." His hand grew steady as he painted; slumbering genius awoke in his eye; enthusiasm took the place of fear; forgetfulness of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and with a calm joy he finished his labour. The "beloved master" was borne on his couch into the studio, to pass judgment on the result. As his eye fell upon the triumph of art before him he burst into tears, and throwing his enfeebled arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no more!" That youth, Leonardo da Vinci, became the painter of "The Last Supper."

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

*Author of "Black or White?" "Turning the Tables," "Held to her Promise,"
"Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.

A WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.



HE message Mary had written to Wynne was, "Come as soon as ever Guy can spare you." A telegram, heralding her prompt appearance, which reached Thetfield on Friday morning, was hailed with joy. Oddly enough, too, the first discovery that took place, after she reached the Vicarage, was that of a former meeting between herself and Dr. Jaxon.

"I don't suppose you will recognise me, especially out of uniform," she said, with a laugh, as she held out her hand. "At the best of times we nurses are very tall folk in hospital. But you were staying with the house surgeon at Shingleby, and he brought you round the wards."

"Very unkind of you to imagine that your memory is better than mine, Miss Ryder. I have a distinct picture before me of you bending over a poor girl who had been horribly mutilated in a railway accident, and could do nothing but scream, 'Oh, my poor legs, my poor legs!'

There! You see now that I recollect more than you supposed."

Mary's expostulations interrupted the conversation. "Really, my dear Wynne, you are growing quite too professional," she exclaimed. "You haven't taken off your hat or even seen your Godchild, who will certainly come down as she is if you don't very speedily go to her."

"Oh, the darling! Is she in bed, Mary? I've been yearning to hug that infant——" and the rest of the sentence died away as she rushed up the staircase at the top of her speed. Mrs. Jaxon laughed.

"I fancy she'll never become quite an ordinary, humdrum nurse," she remarked. "How odd that you should have seen and noticed her amongst so many, Harry, without even hearing her name."

"She was so singularly sympathetic," he explained. "It will be rather amusing apparently to watch her under an entirely new aspect. Your particular chum, isn't she, Miss Brookes?"

"Yes. By the way, Walter, did you engage those seats on the coach for to-morrow? If a man makes me a promise, he need never fancy that I shall let him meanly shuffle out of it."

Of course Walter had booked the much-desired coach seats for the Lazenby excursion, and it was a happy detail that the next morning dawned bright and clear as heart—even Stella's heart—could desire. A drive, even across Derbyshire moors, though a lovely village amidst the hills be its termination, and the orthodox high tea, with an accompaniment of ham and eggs, the promised refreshment, is not exhilarating upon a wet day.

However, as the party from St. Hilda's Vicarage clambered into their places, the golden sunbeams were pouring a flood of light down upon the sooty town, and lighting up the faces of the holiday makers with extra gladness. "A day off," as Walter was wont to call such an occasion as the present, was a rare matter with Mr. and Mrs. Jaxon, and—married folks as they were—they appreciated the enjoyment as much as their companions.

It was at Haresdale that the horses drew up for a short breathing space. Long ago each sign of smoke and of the crowded, noisy haunts of men had been left behind. In the pure air the spirits of every one of the party had risen, and chatter and laughter were the order of the day.

"Rum and milk are, I believe, the proper correctives to this atmosphere," laughed Harry, who was with Wynne upon the box. "Shall I offer you some, Miss Ryder?"

The young lady looked rather indignant, and replied, "I'll have the milk without the rum; fancy spoiling the fragrance of all this," spreading out her hands expressively, "with such horrors. You're not going to do it yourself, are you?"

"Not if I know it," said he, preparing to descend from his perch. "Milk, then, for two."

"And oh, if there were only some cake!" sighed Wynne, whose tastes had by no means changed within the last few days.

"They'll have girdle-cake here if you ask for it," sang out Mary. "Let Walter negotiate. Stella, this is the kind of spot in which I should like to be buried. Just look at the side of that hill now, and compare it with a crowded city churchyard."

"What an odd girl you are, Mary!" was her sister's comment. "For me, I think I'd rather enjoy the beauties while life lasts. But I suppose nobody can help believing that they'll *know*," more thoughtfully.

"I wonder if we shall," said Mary. "I think so; because, you see, we are to have these same bodies, only a little changed, by-and-by. And surely we ourselves will take an interest in them until the time comes for soul and body to meet again."

Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper. Stella, who had seldom seen her in that mood, stared, whilst Wynne, the irrepressible, broke promptly in upon her meditations.

"Pray don't be dismal. Ah! here come the men. Walter's blandishments appear to have done their work. I've always wanted to eat girdle-cakes—a first-rate thing for the nerves, Dr. Jaxon."

"Is it?" looking up at the bright, quizzical face. "I'll remember in future to recommend it to my patients."

"And take some yourself now. I declare," the girl went on, "it's enough to make one lose all one's faith in the profession to hear of a nerve specialist broken down and come here to recruit his own nerves."

"How grand to be called a specialist!" was the response, though indeed his was a growing fame in that particular line. "Do they teach you how to flatter at

Shingleby? Now try if you can reach this glass of milk."

Of course she succeeded, and drained the creamy contents of the tumbler with a sigh of satisfaction.

Once more the horses were put in motion. Nor was it long before they reached the bend of the road whence they gained the first glimpse of Lazenby, nestling almost at the foot of Thorpe Hill.

It was a peaceful, beautiful scene, holding out promises, even in its rural calm, of rest and refreshment. But alas for the notions of tea that were already occupying most minds as the drag drew up! The one inn of the place, famed for its comforts both for the inner and outer man, was already occupied. A party of some hundred or more Sunday School teachers from Soderham had chosen this as their festival day, and were just sitting down to a substantial meal. Wynne's face betrayed some anxiety.

"I'm so abominably hungry," she confided to Harry. "And now we shall have to wait until these clear off."

Which indeed proved to be the case.

"I haven't a spare corner, sir. Very sorry, sir," the civil landlord remarked to Walter. "In an hour, now——"

"We shall just have to climb Thorpe Hill then," Mary observed. "The expedition takes exactly an hour, I believe. You'll be sure, Mr. Harbottle, to have our food quite ready by the time we return? And, after all, we shall get a better light now for the view than by-and-by."

Whereupon they started, and were rewarded by a sunset scene from the pointed peak which Walter declared to be worth many teas. This was an opinion, however, which he found no one to endorse, not even Mary, who was just as ravenous as Wynne by that time.

"As for me, I don't intend going down by the zigzag path," Wynne said. "I'm certain there's a short cut. Anyway, I mean to explore."

"You'll certainly get lost if you do," Stella warned her. But with a nod the girl started, followed promptly by the doctor.

"To bind up broken limbs," he assured the adventuress when he reached her side.

"Nonsense! It's as smooth and easy as possible, if it were not for the heather," she returned.

And as that same purple heather, thick

just now with bloom, reached above her ankles, it certainly did serve as something of a hindrance.

Downwards they struggled, Miss Ryder refusing any suggestions but those of her own brain. The result of which arrangement was that the pair speedily found themselves involved in a labyrinth of enclosures, each surrounded by a low, loosely built stone wall, almost impossible to climb, and in which there never seemed more than one gateway, that was always on the side furthest from the desired haven. Even Wynne grew tired of that sort of thing at last, especially as dusk was beginning to fall.

There had been a silence of some minutes, during which Dr. Jaxon had been watching with considerable amusement the changes of her countenance from glee to despondency, and from hope to despair. Finally she sank down upon a hillock in the midst of a trackless sea of gorgeous heather—though, indeed, it looked almost black now—and owned herself beaten.

"They'll be devouring all the ham!" she sighed. "Dr. Jaxon, you've got us into this scrape, and I'll never forgive you if you don't get us out of it—and quickly, too!"

"I shall pull down a bit of the wall," he laughingly replied, more accustomed than she was to the flat stones, piled without cement or mortar, one on the top of the other. "This is what I tried to suggest some time ago, to be——"

"Don't! Only go to work," she said. "And if you venture to hint to Stella what has happened——"

But he was magnanimous. Not a glance betrayed the secret when, on their arrival at the tea table, disparaging remarks were passed upon his talents as a guide. And Wynne felt really grateful. She hated to own herself conquered, even in such trifles as this.

It was late in the evening when the travellers at length reached the door of the Vicarage. All the homeward journey had been rendered beautiful by the beams of the full harvest moon, and the air had been chilly enough to make the glimpse of firelight which shone out of the dining-room window most welcome. Mrs. Jaxon, senior, whose tastes did not lie in the direction of four-in-hand coaches which took steep descents at a gallop, and who had therefore remained at home, met them on the doorstep.

"One of your curates, Walter, I don't

know his name, has been in to say that a man named Candey died in the middle of the week. He only heard of it to-day, when the funeral took place."

Mary and Walter exclaimed in horror, "That wretched man!" "It must have been sudden," the Vicar added. "Why didn't they send for one of us?"

"There is no need for you to do anything to-night. The Curate has attended to the case. But he fancied that perhaps Mary would look in to-morrow."

"I'll go at once," she said. "It is close here. And the widow may very likely have nothing in the house for Sunday. No, I won't have you with me, Walter. I shall do better alone, though the woman's sorrow can't be very great."

"Take me," said Stella. "I should really like to go." Then she added as they started, "I expect you have some droll experiences, as well as sad ones, in your visits occasionally, don't you? Guy often tells us the queerest tales of what people have said to him. And here, in the north, folks are still more outspoken."

"They don't mince matters generally. But here we are. I told you it wasn't far. I wonder if the neighbours are with her? That is so often what one finds after a 'burying,' as they call it."

"Poor thing!" from Stella. "Imagine the crowd and noise."

"But, indeed, she can scarcely regret her husband," the usually sympathetic Mary paused to whisper, standing on the doorstep. "He was a dreadful man, and treated her so cruelly at times."

The room was utterly bare of furniture, and looked so neglected and miserable. The firelight only served to display more clearly the surrounding desolation, as well as to show the despairing attitude of the woman, seated upon a low stool in front of the hearth, and rocking herself backwards and forwards in apparently the most profound grief. Mary went up to her in real surprise, and, laying her hand upon the trembling shoulder, said, "What is the matter, you poor thing? Are you in pain, or have you had no food? You should have come to me if you were in want."

Mrs. Candey raised her face and the swollen, lack-lustre eyes.

"Pain? No. But my ma:——"

The outburst of sobs which succeeded irritated the Vicar's wife, who hated hypocrisy. She stood and waited rather impatiently until there was a pause in the noisy grief. Then she exclaimed,

"But you cannot pretend to mourn for him? Of course it was dreadfully sudden. Still——"

"Ah, he wor a good 'usbins nows and thens, he wor, when the drunk werent in him," she interrupted. "I wishes he wor back along o' me, I do!"

Mary glanced rather helplessly at Stella. She was well accustomed to such scenes, and to administering whatever comfort might seem appropriate. But this indeed seemed an occasion when consolation could scarcely be genuinely needed.

"Now come, Mrs. Candey," she exclaimed at last, "just think. When did he ever say one kind word to you?"

There was very obvious hesitation for reflection. Then the dawn of a smile crossed the wan countenance, as an evidently pleasant recollection recurred to the widow's memory.

"I mind," she said, "I mind it well. It wor a Saturday neet, and oos wor marketing. He wor in front and I coomed ahint. And he lewked round for me, he did, and shouted, 'Coom along, owd draggletail.' Ah! he wor good when he hadn't had too mooch, he wor."

"Well, that was really comic, in spite of her tears," remarked Miss Brookes, as soon as the cottage door was closed behind them. "I shall have a little history of my own to tell now, and it caps all Guy's tales, 'Coom along, owd draggletail.'" And her light-hearted laughter rang out upon the night air. But Mary sighed.

"It was so pathetic," she said. "I feel downright ashamed of myself, Stella. To think that I should have lived all these years, and never have discovered, until now, what a woman's love can endure and yet survive. Poor Mrs. Candey!"

"I'll give you half-a-crown to take to her," returned Stella repentantly. But considering the fact that next day, which was Sunday, her sister found Harry and Wynne listening, with fits of laughter, to the tale, it may be feared that even yet she scarcely saw the incident in its more serious aspects. The trio were still indulging in their mirth when Mary started upon the way to her Bible Class.

Composed, as this was, of lads exactly of the same stamp as the members of the night-school—many young men indeed attending both—the Sunday afternoon gathering was far the less numerous. And probably for this reason. There is in the Yorkshireman a keen love of learning, which leads him ever to desire

more than he has already attained, a love which even compulsory education cannot entirely destroy. Precisely for this reason is it that technical schools flourish in the "north countree." No less was it due to this cause that twice each week lads, who had already partially forgotten the simple elements of learning which once had been theirs, used to assemble with eagerness to avail themselves of Mrs. Jaxon's instructions. Whether or not the Education Acts will ever, in that part of the world, entirely do away with all need for the subsequent secular teaching of those who have passed through the School Board standards, certain it is that that time had not arrived ten years ago, when, in Thetfield, Tom Beresford was lying in the infirmary, and Guy Ryder, miles away, was giving battle to Caryl Clive. Almost as certain is it that the period has not arrived to-day.

But in the matter of purely religious study the same facts cannot be as broadly stated, though, indeed, the elder classes of Lancashire and Yorkshire Sunday Schools, which young men and women continue to attend often after marriage, evidence that though the wish for such training be less marked it is by no means entirely undeveloped.

The particular day in question was cold and cheerless, altogether a contrast to that which had preceded it. The school-keeper had lighted a fire in the great stove, in the middle of the room, and clustering round it for the warmth, with every tongue busy, Mary found the young men.

"Ah! I'm glad it will be comfortable! Foke the coal, please, Stacey. Shirt, and you, Riley, bring the forms this way. We may just as well sit here, you know."

There was no one else to disturb, for the class was held in a separate room away from all others. And Mary was perfectly aware that, labouring as they did all the days of the week in the most intense heat, these lads felt the least touch of cold as a misery. It was well for their teacher, often, that she herself did not object to glowing embers and scorching flames.

"I am not going to take the next lesson in the course," she said, when the hymn had been sung and supplemented, at Furniss' request, by a second. "I've been thinking so much since Thursday of something you told me, Stacey. I think we'll talk about that, and read a chapter that I have chosen afterwards. Shall we?"

But Stacey looked rather bewildered.

"I doan't joost mind," he said.

"Yes tha do," from Charlie, with a nudge. "Bout bein' baptised, worn't it?" to Mary, who smiled assent.

"I think I'd better explain what baptised means," she said. "Or you shall tell me."

"I've got t' mairks on my arm," one of the youngest promptly asserted, at the same moment that Riley declared, "Moother 'ad t' babby's name wrote on'ey t'other day. Regestered she carled it." But the rest were silent.

Mary sighed, and felt very guilty. For three or four months now had she had to do with these lads, and still they were so ignorant. In truth, she was but a learner herself as yet, one who had still to gauge the depth of her scholars' ignorance. And until last Thursday it had not occurred to her how simple were the doctrines, how fundamental the truths that remained unrealised by those active brains.

"You can give me a better answer than that, Wilson?" For he was one of the few who had attended Sunday School as a child. Most of her "Lambs" were a grade below the ordinary Sunday scholar.

"Th' clergyman powers waater on yow, and gies yow a name. I wor dun soa, faither says, when I wor a babby."

"That's right." And then, little by little, partly by description, partly by drawing from the inner recesses of their minds long-forgotten memories, she presented to the attentive listeners the outward and visible aspect of the Sacrament, afterwards dwelling upon the spiritual grace which accompanies it. The whole account seemed to most of her audience like some new story.



"I WISHES HE WOR BACK!"

"Don't you see," she continued, "how this joins on to what we were speaking about at the night-school? Christ came to save our bodies. And it is, as I said then, upon our bodies that His mark is set, the mark which seals our souls as His own. That makes the bodies very important, doesn't it?"

Then there was a pause, which Furniss broke.

"Mrs. Jaxon," he said, "please will yow tell oos wot else but bearing pain Christ wants our boodies fur? Palfreyman, he said a Thursday as 'e didn't want to be saved for that, no ways. And——"

Mary smiled at his hesitation.

"And you agree with Palfreyman? That shows, I think, that I did not make it all quite clear."

Then Mary, taking in at a glance the

earnest looks of the scholars, went on quietly, "He redeemed our bodies in order that we might do our work better. In order, as I told you on Monday, that you might make steel better, Charley, and that Stacey should grind knives sharper than would otherwise be the case."

There was no laughter to-day. The subject, after Beresford's accident, had become more or less solemn and personal in the eyes of all.

"Do you want to know how that will come about? Well, I think you can very easily find out for yourselves. Tell me the price that was paid for us, can you?"

A pause, until a voice said softly, "He giv' Himself, didn't He?"

"Yes. He gave Himself a ransom for all, the New Testament says. And, if we remember that, then when we look at our hands, and think of the suffering He bore, we shall not let those fingers scamp the work that He gives them to do. When we glance in the glass and see our faces, we shall resolve that our tongues shall not utter what He would be shocked to hear, or our eyes linger over sights that He would be grieved to behold. Don't you understand how that will all go to improve your work and your lives?"

One or two nodded, as though some inkling of her meaning had penetrated their brains. And Mrs. Jaxon opened her Bible

"Of course I am taking it for granted that you all believe that He gave each of you your own special work to do for Him,—that He gave you the wood to chop, Riley, and you the grindstone to manage, Stacey, and you the files to cut, Palfrevman: in fact, that He chose out the work for each of you just as clearly as He chose the Vicar to prepare and preach sermons"

"I wonder," was Mary's meditation as she walked briskly away at the close of the class, "I wonder whether I ought to have pressed their duty with regard to Baptism upon them more clearly at once? I would rather they thought it over. And yet——"

Perhaps had she been aware that at that moment the ever-tempting dominoes were being neglected, whilst Furniss and Stacey entered upon a theological discussion—such an amount of ignorance as they displayed in it, too!—and that Riley had actually returned to his squalid home prompted by an instinctive shrinking from the sight of coarse revelry this Sunday evening, she would have been more content with the effect of her words.

CHAPTER VI.

AN IMPORTANT TRUST.



HE parish is burying of him, sir. That won't be no expense to me. 'Deed and I couldn't pay anything to it whiles the other childer is crying for bread."

And the slow tears began once more to trickle down the cheeks of the gaunt, sorrowful-looking woman to whom Guy was listening in the vestry of St. Olave's Church. It was half-past two, the hour when one of the clergy might always be found there, and application for counsel or relief made.

"I ain't a rag o' black even for myself to wear," the mourner continued. "But I'd a' gone without that so as I could 'ave put a bit o' lining in

his coffin, sir. I'd 'ave liked just to do that for him, if I'd a' had the pence. Maybe, sir, you'll give me a grocery ticket?" she concluded, returning to her original plaint with a deep sigh.

He sat down and wrote the order without a word. In truth, there was a lump in his throat which threatened to stifle him. No comic element was there in this mother's grief, silent, deep, and elevated by poverty into something almost of tragedy—the tragedy of life.

"I can't give you money for the funeral," he said at last. "It is a rule in

this parish, where there is so much need, that the living must have the first claim. But I think I can beg a few flowers for you to put into Teddy's hand. You would like that?"

Her countenance brightened.

"I would, sir, and thank you kindly," with a little curtsey. "He was allus a good boy, was my Teddy. Brought 'ome 'is bit o' wages as reg'lar; but 'e's gone now. And with Miller out o' work I don't know where we'll all be."

With the idea of the blossoms needed to comfort that sorrowful heart still in his mind, Guy walked up to Kingston Villa as soon as he was at liberty. Surely from her abundance Mrs. Brookes could spare a handful to solace the stricken creature who had just left him:

In the hall—upon the mat, in fact—Guy encountered the Countess. Waiting for admittance, he had beheld, by means of the decorated glass panels of the door, what seemed, surveyed through that medium, to be a dim shadow that flitted rapidly down the staircase as soon as his ring made itself heard. Helen's subsequent slow saunter across the black-and-white tiles, brought about the meeting that she intended, just as the servant answered the bell.

"Are they never off guard?" the Curate meditated.

"But Mrs. Brookes is not receiving," Helen came forward to tell him, as soon as he asked for her hostess. "She is most busy. Her poor head, too—ah! how it is bad. If I could take a message?"

He looked at her with a smile. Clever woman as she was, even she could sometimes overshoot the mark. Bad headaches and business had not hitherto amalgamated in the case of the indolent widow. In short, he neither believed her excuses nor supposed that Mrs. Brookes had any knowledge regarding them. It was, unless he mistook, a little venture of Helen's own, prompted by what motive he could not as yet guess.

"Mrs. Brookes is generally good enough to see me," he answered, with his hand already upon the door of the dining-room. -

In that apartment the mistress of Kingston Villa was ordinarily to be found, the drawing-room being regarded by her with some awe as a sacred spot, where she could by no means take her ease or snatch the "forty winks," which she always considered necessary after her early dinner.

Certainly Stella's step-mother gave no sign either of great occupation or of severe illness, when Guy entered, followed, after a moment, by the baffled Helen. She was, on the contrary, quietly leaning back in her chair, regardless of the position of the well-known pink rose, at present conspicuous just above her nose, and listening, with a smile, to the deferential communications which Caryl was pouring into her greedy and too trustful ears. Guy noticed that the table was covered with papers and specimens of ore.

Mr. Clive turned with something of a start as they appeared, including the newcomer and his own unsuccessful ally in a ferocious scowl, to which Helen's only response, as she seated herself with the oft-seen piece of embroidery in her hand, was a scarcely perceptible grimace. As to Guy, he shook hands all round with as much cordiality as he could assume, and then at once began to beg for the flowers.

"Really, Mr. Ryder, I can't imagine what sich sort o' folks want with bouquets at a funeral," Mrs. Brookes answered when she had listened to his tale. "And Debarr 'ates to cut his white blooms. 'Owever, I won't say no. You can go and harsk 'im yerself. Show Mr. Ryder please, Mr. Clive, where our mines are situated."

The smile with which she issued her command, at once revealed, to Guy at any rate, her mischievous humour. Mrs. Brookes was a creature of moods, one day delighting to worry the very person whom at other times she chose to pet and flatter. Possibly Caryl had lately made some remark which offended her. Perhaps he had but wearied her with too much talk. It was not unlikely that she desired simply to exasperate the Curate by intelligence which could not but alarm him. Or again, all those various motives may have been at work. Still, however that might be, it was clear from the quick frown which contracted Helen's forehead, and the reluctance with which Caryl rose to do her bidding, that neither of the pair had been at all prepared for such a revelation of their projects. Guy comprehended in a moment that, had he dared, the man would have refused to obey. But then, he did not dare.

"About here," Clive said, sweeping his hand over a map, and indicating thereby a region of country several thousands of miles in extent. "But I

think, dear friend," regaining his composure as he turned to the widow, "we had better postpone our little arrangement until Mr. Ryder's business shall have called him elsewhere."

Not even his determination to be pleasant to the owner of thousands of pounds which he coveted could quite keep the acidity from his tone and manner. And Mrs. Brookes, who fully understood that the two men were rivals, at issue not only with regard to her step-daughter, but also in reference to the disposal of her fortune, was quite shrewd enough to enjoy the position. To magnify her own importance—that was her chief delight in life. And to behold this little fencing match, in which her favour stood for the prize, was milk and honey to her.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Clive. But I should prefer for 'im to 'ear," she said calmly, though her glance at Guy was spiteful. "Then, Mr. Ryder, you will understand that I, at any rate, trust my own judgment and this good gentleman's opinion. I'm tired of consols, I am, and two-and-a-half per cent. I've 'ad my stock sold out—"

"All of it?" from Guy, almost despairingly.

"The ole lot. Ten thousand I mean to put into the Zarina. Sixteen 'norder a year that will be to me at once, near upon three times my 'entire present 'income. The rest my man of business 'ere," with a smile intended to be both flattering and coaxing, "will find another paying investment for."

Guy Ryder got up from his seat, and began to pace the room, making no effort to conceal his agitation.

"Oh, pray, Mrs. Brookes, do be advised," he exclaimed. "Not by me, if you don't wish. But call in some competent lawyer, such as Keen, who—"

"Mr. Clive's profession is the law," she interposed grandly. "I 'ave 'every faith in 'im!"

"But think of Mary, and Jack, and— and Stella—" he began, only to be again interrupted.

"Ho!" with a coarse laugh, "we 'all understand why you are so 'anxious about it, Mr. Ryder. Why not leave Mary and Jack 'out of the question 'altogether, Mr. Ryder?"

He flushed crimson, but by a great effort managed to keep his temper.

"The money belongs to them of right," he urged, rather awkwardly it must be allowed. "Their mother brought it into

the family. You ought not to risk its loss."

But despite his lack of diplomacy the argument was not without effect. Mrs. Brookes changed colour slightly and moved uneasily. The indications of indecision were not lost upon the alert Clives.

"How can you allow him so to venture to address you?" cried Helen, dropping her work in a real panic.

Was all their trouble to be lost just when victory seemed within their grasp? And Caryl bent down to whisper with imploring energy, "My friend, permit me to show him the door. He insults me, and trespasses far—quite, quite too far—upon your kindness."

But the widow merely waved him aside. Such a chance of exerting her own despotic will had perhaps never before occurred in her lifetime—a consideration which materially affected her attitude in the matter.

"You don't speak nicely, Mr. Ryder," she said. "But since you are so very pressing, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm tired of 'all this rumpus, and want to git things settled. You shall 'ave a couple o' thousands to take care of for 'Mary, and Jack, and--and Stella,'" with a sneering mimicry of his own voice, "and I'll be bothered no more by you. //if I make ducks and drakes o' the rest—well, that'll be no concern o' yours, nor anybody else's."

Had a thunderbolt dropped suddenly through the ceiling into their midst, greater consternation could scarcely have been shown by all three of the auditors. That he should undertake such a responsibility seemed to Guy an impossibility, and it was therefore small wonder that he looked amazed and embarrassed. Why so visible a cloud should have descended upon the faces of the brother and sister was, however, not quite so apparent.

"Indeed, I could not consent—" began Guy. But for the third time he was not allowed to finish.

"Mind, Mr. Ryder, I simply do this to quiet your tongue," Mrs. Brookes interrupted, "and upon the condition that you don't tell 'any one what a 'old fool I've bin. So there! Now give me my cheque book, Mr. Clive, if you please, and we'll get this little 'affair 'arranged."

Probably the extraordinary reason she had assigned for her strange proposal was indeed as near the truth as any other. Governed, as always, by impulse,

the freak had suddenly seized her to enhance her importance by asserting her independence even of the Clives. Who can tell, either, whether some qualm of uneasiness, some vague fear of Caryl's influence over her, may not also have moved her, or that Guy's warm advocacy of the claims of her step-children had not a certain weight? At any rate, on the prompting of the moment she spoke, dismaying, almost equally, her friends and foes. For against such a proof of her wavering and fickle favour neither Helen nor Caryl were any more prepared than was Guy for becoming custodian of so large a slice of her fortune.

"I will not undertake it!" the clergyman declared. "Think of the charges, the suspicion to which I should lay myself open! And to keep the matter a secret also!"

"So that's the way you show your regard for your pals, is it?" scoffed the widow. "One moment declaring I am likely to leave them penniless, and the next refusing to keep charge of a nest *legg* for them. Well, take it or leave it, *hit's* all one to me. I'll *not* have *hany* one told though, because then *hall* the world would think I meant to gamble and speculate away the rest. So there! And if you don't choose to *haccept* my conditions never mind. It'll be *hanother* two thousand for the Zarina!"

And now Guy was upon the horns of a very pretty dilemma, which the gleam that he had caught for a second in Caryl's eyes, as the last few words were uttered, by no means tended to simplify. Absolutely certain was the young clergyman that, whatever sums might be flung into the jaws of that gold mine, not one penny would ever be disgorged. And he could not forget that Jack had relied upon him to save what might be preserved out of this wreck which he had partly foreseen. Yet it was clear that to have any share in the pecuniary arrangements of Mrs. Brookes, to be concerned—for so malicious tongues might construe the matter—in the plundering of that wilfully blind victim, might prove as much and more

than the worth of his reputation. Could he, ought he so to stake his good name?

"You can, of course, give me a receipt for the *hamount*, made out in any form you please," said Mrs. Brookes, who had been watching his changing countenance with some curiosity.

As to Caryl and Helen, they had struggled to maintain a cautious semblance of neutrality, feeling silence to be a safer course than speech. But to Caryl 'live it was that Mrs. Brookes now appealed.

"You would not *hesitate*, Mr. Clive?" she said, a smile gathering about her thick lips. Little as she gauged the depth of his duplicity and covetousness, even she felt very certain that Caryl would never refuse to handle offered money. Nor did he make any attempt to alter her opinion, perhaps because he felt that, upon this occasion, honesty would best suit his purpose.

"My dear friend, I hesitate to oblige you? Never!"

"I will do as you wish," Guy said very quietly, at the same instant. And under his breath he added, "For Stella and Jack."

"Then *and* *lover* the cheque book. Why," with a face of dismay as she opened the cover, "there is but one left; and I was *habsolutely* certain I *ad* two."

She glanced up at the self-elected financier, who, however, only shook his head.

"I cannot say, dear lady; I have not looked. It has lived in here," displaying



"HE INSULTS ME!"

the breast-pocket of his coat, "ever since you gave it to me, yesterday, at your milliner's!"

"Does he even choose her bonnets?" Guy wondered.

"Ah, then I must 'ave been mistaken! But now 'ere's a noosance. 'Ow 'am I to manage?"

"Could you not draw a cheque in my favour, my friend, for twelve thousand? Then I should buy the shares you so much desire, and pay the rest to Mr. Ryder's account, is it not so? If you have, indeed, a banking account," he said, looking rather insolently at the clergyman.

But once more Mrs. Brookes saw well to dispute an offered suggestion.

"I shall do no such thing," she laughed.

"Guy Ryder shall be treasurer, and divide the spoil. I can trust 'im."

"Not me? You cannot trust me?" burst out Caryl, his face turning to a yellowish pallor, with anger partly, and partly with dismay. But Mrs. Brookes only laughed the more. Seldom had she passed a pleasanter afternoon.

"You are not as steady going as 'e," she said, little guessing how very true the statement was. "I'll date this for to-morrow. It's too late for you to pay it into the bank to-day."

But in spite of all that had transpired since the curate arrived at Kingston Villa he did not forget Mrs. Miller's griefs, or quit the place without the white flowers, to obtain which he had made this memorable visit.

(To be continued.)

HOLY WEEK.

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,

Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgwater; Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye."

If used rightly, as a time of strict self-examination, as a time of weighing our gratitude and our service, in the balance with our Saviour's love, what may it not be to us, this time of watching with our Lord?

It may discover to us *ourselves*, enable us to look in at ourselves, "as persons outside look through an open window into a house. The growth of secret faults, such as covetousness, or envy, or pride, a multitude of little failings, separately but trifling, yet altogether eating out our strength with the voracity of parasites, the heart settling down quietly into hasty prayers, easy self-indulgence, scanty self-denial"; these may grow gradually distinct to us as we wait, and intently look, and the dimness of dusk begins to pass, and veiled or imperfectly seen objects grow defined in the gathering light of day. Then we perceive of a surety "that sin is the worst kind of sorrow"; and that the greatest woe that can befall a soul is "to have grown cold towards Jesus Christ."

Again, this time of watching with our Lord may also discover to us *Himself*. In the grey twilight of our every-day thoughts and feelings, in the toil, in the successes and disappointments of life, He was near us, it is true, standing by, watching us from the everlasting shore; but He did not arrest and awaken the recognition of our hearts. We "*knew not that it was Jesus.*"

But the mists unfold. We at last regard Him attentively, and the voice of love whispers in our ear, "*It is the Lord*"; and we are content then to leave the nets and the draughts that busied us so absorbedly just now; aye, and to wade through tears of contrition, and waves of difficulties, and over rough stones of self-denial, to cast ourselves at the feet of our denied, but still gracious, LORD.

"I come, I come, — though cold the waves,
Though steep the shore may be;
I come from earth, from death, from self,
To be made one with Thee!"

PAGES

MISSING



Drawn by F. W. BURTON.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

"KATIE'S PET LAMB."

OUT WITH THE FIRE BRIGADE.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

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



"FIRE! FIRE!!"

THERE is the alarm bell!

The startling clang rings through the room and a tablet has fallen on the wall, not far from your head, revealing the name of the London street whence the alarm was given.

Some one has broken the glass and pulled the handle of the fire-alarm post in that thoroughfare, and instantly all the arrangements of the station for proceeding to the fire are set in motion.

There are always men on duty, and more alarm bells ring, with noise enough to wake the proverbial Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. A pair of horses are always in readiness, their noble heads, full of animation and expectancy, turned towards the stable door, and the light, but sufficient, harness hanging over them, and ready to descend at a second's notice, is dropped on their backs.

The intelligent creatures know the ring of the alarm bell as well as the men, and are as eager to be off. The preparations are so complete that when a rope is pulled, down falls the harness. Full of excitement, the steeds are led to the engine, which, in its turn, is as fully prepared as are the horses. The traces are hooked on, the men jump to their seats, and with the startling cry of "Fire!

Fire!" screamed as only a London fireman can utter it, the engine tears out of the station and into the street. Less than two minutes has elapsed since the ringing of the alarm bell; and the engine is already on its way.

Most exciting is the rush through the streets. Quick movement through the air is usually exhilarating at any time, and to this is added the excitement of the fire and the startling cries of the firemen. Everything scatters before us. Even the red carts of the Post Office—which may trespass on the thoroughfares reserved for royal processions—have to give place to the dashing Fire Brigade.

With steam hissing from the boiler, with horses all aglow with excitement, and with alarming cries of "Fire! Fire!" ringing along the street, a pathway opens as if by magic through the most crowded thoroughfares; and almost before you know it you have arrived at the scene of the fire.

Here the excitement is no less; but the men are as cool as cucumbers.

"Play on that part of the building," comes the order, hardly sooner said than done. The engine, which a few minutes ago was quiet at the station, is now at vigorous work some miles distant from its home.

The flames burst out through the veil of smoke, and leap upward to the sky. The gathering crowd press forward with excited faces, and are with difficulty kept back by the few policemen on the spot. A cry rises: "Somebody is in the building!" And here comes the fire-escape, which will reach the highest windows. It is placed against the house, and quickly a fireman mounts. See! he has rescued a mother and child, and he brings them down amid excited cheers. Sometimes he has a much harder task; for he enters the burning building and gropes amid the blinding smoke and scorching heat to rescue the half-suffocated sufferers from the flames.

Meantime, other engines have arrived. Each fulfils its part. While some are playing on the fire itself, others are drenching surrounding walls with water, to prevent the fire from spreading; and ere long the officer in charge will be able to report that the fire is localised and mastered.

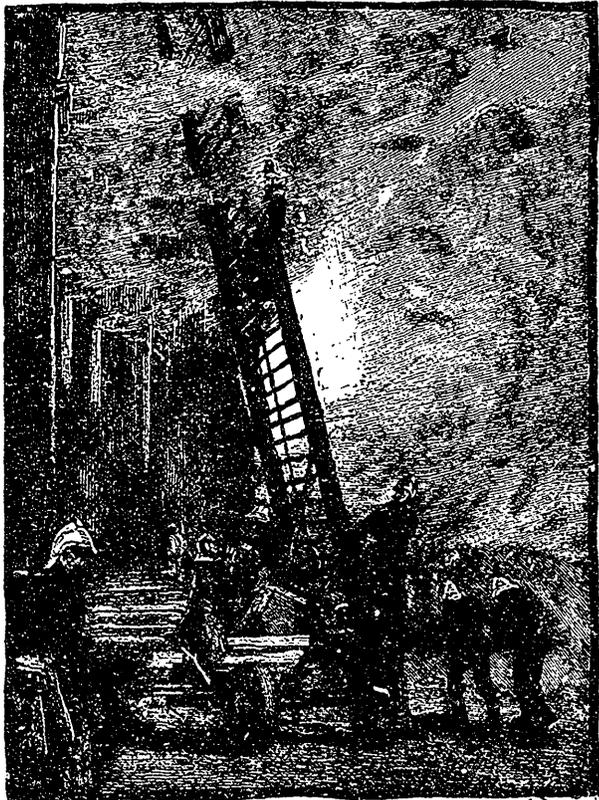
Every engine, as it thunders up, seems quite ready for its work, and appears to have left its station but a comparatively short time before. Wise forethought, as well as smart promptitude on the part of the men, have contributed to these satisfactory results.

If you had inspected the engine you would have found everything ready for instant departure—the fire laid, axes, hose, and apparatus, in position; but you would also have found two things which perhaps you would not expect. Under the boiler is placed a movable gas jet, which keeps the water always hot; and by the funnel is a large fusee.

"Carelessly put there by a smoker," you say. Not so. It is placed there on purpose, and plays a very important part in the prompt preparations. When the alarm sounds, one of the men on duty ignites the fusee at once—he knows exactly where to find it—and drops it down the chimney. The fusee is certain to flame well, and lights the material below, already prepared to receive its fiery touch. The quick rush of the engine through the air does the rest; for the speed creates such a strong draught that the engine fire soon roars in its box, and raises the heated water to steam. No doubt the British housemaid on cold winter mornings would be glad to light her fire as quickly as the fire-brigade men kindle theirs. But, among other things, the engine fires of the Fire Brigade are like foundation stones—they are "well and truly laid."

The steam in the fire-engine is used for pumping the water and throwing it on the burning building. But, successful as it is, the steam fire-engine has not superseded the use of manuals; while for small fires—of which there are a great number in the Metropolis—the little portable hand-pumps are said to be of the greatest value. These little pumps can be used anywhere, and taken into rooms where the fire may be burning. Speedily used, they will, in ordinary circumstances, quickly extinguish the flames, and prevent a little conflagration from becoming a big one. The water for their use is contained in a bucket, which is supplied by other buckets of water handed up by assistants.

Valuable as these little pumps are for small fires, however, there is need, of course, for the glittering and powerful steam fire-engine for bigger fires; and of these "steamers" the Brigade have fifty on land, and about ten floating on the Thames. There are also a large number of manuals. As an instance of the care and forethought displayed in their arrangements, it may be mentioned that their wheels are broad, and tired with wavy iron bands, which project in some places beyond the sides of the wheels themselves. Many persons, no doubt, would puzzle for hours over the reason for these strange iron tires; but the reason is simple—when you come to know it. They are used to prevent the wheels from canting or tripping at the tramrails, which seam so many London thoroughfares. It would be a bad accident, and a terrible hindrance at a critical time, for a fire-engine to be overturned when driven at a headlong pace to a fire. In the same way, should a horse fall



"SOMEBODY IS IN THE BUILDING!"



when tearing along, the harness is so arranged that the turning of a swivel-bar at the end of the engine-pole dividing the two horses, will free the animal in front, and he can be unhooked and helped to his feet again in a trice.

The hose also is subjected to a most severe testing before being used. At a fire, the water is forced through the hose at a heavy pressure of a hundred and ten pounds to the square inch. For a hose to burst under this strain at a raging fire would be a great disaster. Consequently, every length is tested up to the severe strain of three hundred pounds to

the square inch, so that it is as certain as anything mortal can be to stand firm in actual work. The hose is now made of strong, india-rubber-lined canvas, which is light and flexible, as well as tough and tenacious, and has quite superseded the old hose, made of pieces of leather and riveted together by metal fastenings. The hose for the

suction-pipe, communicating with the water supply, is usually stiffened by spiral wire, and is still very flexible.

A fire-engine, therefore, has to do two things: it has to draw large quantities of water from a suitable source of supply; and it has to throw that water, steadily and continuously, and sometimes to a great height, on to the fire. This is accomplished by means of force-pumps in the engine, and an air-chamber. The pumps draw the water through the suction-tube from the water pipes under the street, or other suitable source of supply, and force the precious fluid into a strong

air-chamber or chest, thereby compressing the air in that chest to a high degree. But, having pressed the air to a certain point, the air itself will, in its turn, become stronger than the force-pumps, and exert pressure on the water, which it forces out through the issuing hose to the fire; and this it will continue to do until the water sinks in the chest. So long, therefore, as the two pumps force water into the chest, up to, or above, the requisite level, so long will the compressed air expel the water to the fire in a steady and continuous stream. The two pumps are arranged to work reciprocally—that is, one is drawing water, while the other is forcing it into the air-chamber, each in its turn.

The rule is, that a steamer shall go from one station and a manual from another station in the neighbourhood. Thus, the stations are not left without resources should another fire break out in the district. All the Metropolitan stations are connected by telegraphic or telephonic communication, so that the Headquarters at Southwark can be acquainted with all that occurs as regards fires in the Metropolis, and a large force concentrated speedily, if necessary, at any point. In addition to Headquarters there are five District Stations, each having a superintendent in control of the district, and having telephonic speech with Headquarters, and with each station in the district.

Being liable to be rung up in their sleep, firemen are, so to speak, kept constantly on duty, except for twenty-four hours in every fourteen days, which is their "day off." Should, unfortunately,



"STAND BACK! LOOK OUT!!"

several fires occur about the same time in the same neighbourhood, the men may have to work for some thirty-six hours at a time. And on returning from a fire the hose has to be cleaned and scrubbed, and hung up in the hose-well to dry; the engines have to be kept in good order, and prepared for another journey at once should necessity arise.

Constant vigilance is the order of the day with the Fire Brigade; and to this is added elaborate preparation and daring bravery. That mad, wild rush through the streets, if we could but see all connected with it, is but an item in the work of the Brigade. Most of the outside public see only the headlong speed and feel the exciting thrill of the fateful moment; but behind and around that dashing ride lies the most careful forethought.

THE GOOD WIFE.

"SHE commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it."—FULLER.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

V. CHARADES.

3. My first may contain either evil or good,
The rankest of poison, or wholesomest
food,
Beget noble actions or vilest of deeds,
The sweetest of fruits or most pestilent
weeds.
My next oft encloses our costliest gift,
Or is given to doctors and lawyers to sift.
While my whole will receive many
scores of my first,
And protect them from danger, de-
struction, and dust.

VI. BURIED CITIES AND RIVERS.

15. That one broken window hit by a
stray bullet.
16. John Bright thought all war wicked.
17. Of course, doctors object to these
dentists claiming to rank with them.
18. I lent ham especially for sandwiches
to the hungry travellers.
19. When Ethel yawns she requires some
food.
20. Can you lend me a box for drugs?
21. She tore a straight rent in her best
dress.

OSTRICHES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



T

WO or three months ago, the fine male ostrich depicted in the accompanying illustration was presented by an African potentate to the Queen, and deposited by her Majesty in the famous Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. I went to see the bird shortly after its arrival. The voyage had not agreed with it, and it was squatting in a corner of its enclosure, and not looking at all well. The keepers, indeed, were quite anxious about it. While I was watching it, however, it eagerly devoured a large handful of grass; and this was looked upon as a sign of convalescence.

After a few minutes it got up, and began to walk about. I do not think that I ever quite realised before what an uncanny creature an ostrich is to look upon. There is something strangely weird in the long, snake-like neck that is hardly ever still; something almost impish in the black, beady eyes that scan one so intently. The bird, indeed, seems rather out of place in the nineteenth century. It is a relic of the remote past, when huge monsters of ungainly form walked the earth and swam in its waters, and man, as yet, was in the time to come. One feels, somehow, that it is a kind of oversight on the part of Nature; that it ought to have gone the way of the mammoth, and the moa, and the dodo, and hundreds of other extinct creatures, and left nothing but its skeleton and its empty egg-shells to astonish the beholder. Yet it has managed to linger on, the last member of a giant crew; and, now that its plumes are in such request for the adornment of feminine headgear, it is likely to survive, at any rate in captivity, for many a long year to come.

And certainly I never realised before the truth of the stories which one has so often heard about its strength and prowess. When the bird rose to its feet, it stood between seven and eight feet high, towering far above the head of a tall man; and I felt dwarfed into insignificance. Its great legs were as stout and solid as the limbs of a horse; one could imagine the huge length of their stride, and the terrible force of their kick. And each foot seemed little else than one enormous claw, one stroke of which is sufficient to rip up a man's body, or break a horse's back.

Most fortunately, the ostrich is a remarkably stupid bird; otherwise it would be almost impossible to keep it under domestication. It is true that its reported habit of hiding its head under the sand when pursued is altogether fabulous; but others of its ways and habits are almost equally foolish. It seems to have no notion, for instance, of striding or leaping over a low fence; and a barrier of brushwood, a foot or two in height, is quite sufficient to keep it within proper bounds. It has no other idea of attacking an enemy than that of running straight at him; and one can keep the most infuriated of ostriches at a safe distance with no better weapon than a forked stick. Add to these the further facts that the hen never quite knows where to lay her eggs, while the cock, after gathering them together, cannot always summon up sufficient patience to wait until they are hatched; that if you take one or two from the nest, the indignant parents show their displeasure by immediately dancing on all the rest and smashing them; and that to the very end of its

PAGES

MISSING

beer and they smoked their pipes, and called for more pots of beer and smoked more pipes, and they talked about a man's rights, and they said that Government ought to be done away with, and that Master Wallop shouldn't be made M.P. again nohow. And as the day wore on more men came and just a few women, who were soon quite as noisy as and a trifle more talkative than the men. And Bill Ducket brought his fiddle, and Reuben

late in getting up, and things went awkwardly with him all day long, and no one heard him say one word as to how he had enjoyed his Easter Monday holiday.

Alf Hickling agreed with Reuben that "a man's a man and a holiday's a holiday," but he went beyond this; for he believed that "a horse is a horse"; so in the afternoon of Easter Monday he made his way to the farm, took the two



AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

danced a jig; but whether it was the music or the pots of beer, or the smokes, or the general mixture of the lot nobody knows, not even Reuben himself—but something caused his legs to give way, and the jig came to a swift finish, and Reuben had to be helped up again and be put on the settle, where he soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not wake until closing time, when poor patient Sarah came for him, and got him home somehow. Next morning Reuben felt as if he had more head than body. He was

horses for a walk to the bend of the road where the river overflows its banks, and gave them such a refreshing drink, and talked to them as pleasantly as if they understood every word he said. The rest of the day he "did up" his garden, filling up the time by doing a few odd carpentering jobs, which his wife Martha had saved up for him to attend to on the holiday. So passed Alf Hickling's Easter Monday; and the next day he was out and' about in good time, and said to his wife, "These holidays make such a nice

change once in a way. I quite enjoyed myself yesterday!"

Ephraim Pottlesby was like Reuben, too, in believing that "a man's a man and a holiday's a holiday," and he held further that "a woman's a woman and a child's a child"; so he spent his holiday in taking his wife Phœbe and little Janet across the fields three miles away to see Granny. Oh! such a happy time they had; and as they walked home in the evening, Phœbe linking arms with Ephraim, and little Janet being carried part of the way on Ephraim's shoulder, "just for the fun of the thing," not that she was a bit tired, Phœbe couldn't help saying to Ephraim from a full heart, "What a real nice day we have had," while Janet

wanted to know if they "couldn't have another Easter Monday to-morrow!"

Ephraim wished they could, but was sure they couldn't, which made Janet frown and get nearly ready to cry, until he kissed the trouble away with the promise that "Please God, if we are all spared, we'll have another happy holiday next Easter Monday!"

A Happy Easter to all our readers. May they all enjoy a pleasant time, and spend the holiday in such a way that, on the next morning they can look back upon it as a happy holiday on which they have given enjoyment to others as well as enjoying it themselves. For "a man is a man and a holiday is a holiday" when properly spent.

TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,

Rector of Leco Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

III.

"WHAT have you got in that there box?" asked Jemima Anne, the housemaid, as Jessie entered the kitchen of the Rectory.

"What do you think now?"

"I can't think. Where have you been?"

"I've been to Mr. Timmins' shop. And I've got a bank book."

"A bank book! You are a silly! I wouldn't have one if it was given me. What did you get beside the bank book?"

"Something beautiful. A humming bird for my hat."

"Let me see."

Jessie opened her box.

"Oh my! Is that a humming bird? Where does that come from?"

"I don't know, America or Australia."

"Australay, I'm sure. What a mussy we ain't in Australay!"

"Why so, Jemima?"

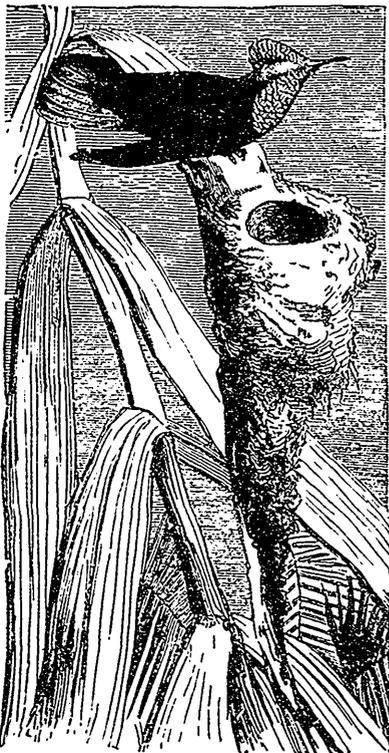
"Lawks! with them blazing and painted humbugging birds flying about, nobody would have eyes to cast on us poor girls. Fancy now! You got that at Timmins'. I'll go and get some too."

"There are no more."

"No more humbugging birds?"

"I got the last."

"That was a shame. I could cry my eyes out. I wish I'd known it. But that's just my luck. I never hear of nothing good till 'tis too late. And that you should have it,—and only a kitchenmaid—and me to be with- shame. It isn't decent. What did you give



THE HUMMING BIRD.

out, and the housemaid. It's a deadly shame. It isn't decent. What did you give for that bird?"

"A shilling."

"My! only a shilling! Why, look here, I've got eighteenpence in my pocket. That lady who has been staying here a couple of nights, she gave me eighteenpence. If I'd known there had been a humbugging bird to be got at Timmins' I'd have let the beds make themselves, and have run off after breakfast and bought it before ever you got up to Timmins'."

"I do not think it is a *real* bird, *Jemima*; Mr. Timmins told me it was made up. The real birds cost a great deal more."

"I don't care whether it's real or sham. Nobody would know who didn't look into it. Why, *Jessie*, if I had that humbugging bird in my hat on Sunday I don't believe any one would listen to what the parson was preaching; they'd be staring their very eyes out at me."

"Mr. Timmins said—but that I'm sure was humbug—that the bird worn in the hat would be like a corkscrew to the affections of all the young fellows, and one could draw their hearts out like the corks cook has got in the kitchen table-drawer."

"I don't want a drawer full of hearts, nor a pickle-tub neither," said *Jemima*. "But there is *one* I should like to be sure of. Oh dear me!" and she sighed.

"Whose is that?" asked *Jessie*.

"I won't tell you unless you let me have the bird."

"But—I bought it."

"Yes; but it don't become you—a common kitchenmaid. Dear life! what a smell of peppermint!"

"I have been sucking brandy-balls."

"Brandy-balls!" exclaimed the housemaid. "Oh, I love them; I dote on them! Give me one."

"I haven't got any."

"What! eaten 'em all up? That's just like a nasty, low, greedy, grovelling kitchenmaid."

"They were given me. If I had brought them home you should certainly have had them. But Tom——"



"LET ME SEE!"

"Tom who? Tom what? Tom where?"

"Tom Nayles gave me some in the road."

"Tom Nayles! Is he fond of them?"

"Loves 'em as far as his hollow tooth will allow."

"*Jessie!*" exclaimed *Jemima*. "Do, there's a darling; do let me have the humbugging bird!"

"But there are no more to be had."

"That is just why I want it. Besides, *Jessie*——"

"Besides what, *Jemima*?"

"I want to make a big impression."

"On whom, *Jemima*?"

"Never mind; I'll tell you if you will let me buy of you that bird. I'll give you eighteenpence for it."

"Eighteenpence! It only cost me one shilling."

"Never mind. I'll give you one shilling and sixpence if I may have the bird."

"Eighteenpence! Here was a chance. *Jessie's* heart fluttered. What if she were now to be able to fill up her bank book to half-a-crown. Why, then she would have headed Tom in this race, for his book had in it a florin only. Tom had said—Shall we race our books? He had known that she began with a shilling, and had a difficulty in making up that sum. And to be able at one leap to distance him! To be able to flourish her book with sixpence more in it than his! That would be a triumph.

"There's the peas to be shelled," she said doubtfully.

"What have the peas to do with this matter?"

"Why, Jemima, if I did sell you the humming bird for eighteenpence I should like to run up to Timmins' with the money, and put it at once into the savings bank."

"Well I never!" exclaimed the housemaid. "I didn't think such an idea could come into a wholesome girl's mind. It's terrible mean, and only fit for a snivelling kitchenmaid. Will you sell your bird? I don't want no bank books. I want that bird to make an impression with."

"On whom?"

"I'll tell you if you will sell me the bird."

"Very well—take it."

"Now then," said Jemima, "Here is the eighteenpence, and I want you to take this twopence also to Timmins' and bring me down a packet of brandy-balls."

On Sunday I'll put on my white straw and my stamped red velvet gown; and I'll have a veil with gold spangles, and in my white straw a flame-coloured ribbon and the humbugging bird. And after church, going down the lane, I'll pull out my paper of brandy-balls, and I'll smile like a Chinese, and say, 'Tom, do you like sweets?'"

"What Tom?"

"Why, Tom Nayles; it's him I want to make the impression on; and I'm sure when he sees me come sailing up to him in the lane with my spangled fall, and my red velvet, and the humbugging bird, and the brandy-balls, he won't be able to stand against me."

Jessie's heart stood still. Had she sold dear, good-natured Tom Nayles for eighteenpence? Had she lost him when she surrendered that little bunch of rainbow feathers?

(To be continued.)

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

TREACLE PUDDING.

1 lb. flour	d.
1 lb. suet	2
1 Teaspoonful baking powder)	4
1 Teaspoonful ground ginger)	
1 Breakfastcupful milk	1
1 Breakfastcupful treacle	1
	<u>61</u>

Place a saucepan three-parts full of water over the fire to boil. Put the flour in a

bow], with baking powder and ginger. Chop the suet finely, after removing all skin, then rub well into the flour. Mix the treacle and milk in a small basin, stir into the large bowl, and beat well altogether. Grease a quart basin, put in the pudding mixture, tie firmly over it a cloth wrung out of boiling water and dredged with flour, plunge it into the saucepan, and boil steadily for two hours.

GARDEN WORK FOR MARCH.



CUCUMBER plants in frames should have fresh air daily according to the temperature of the atmosphere, on sunny days allowing more air to enter than on a cold or dull day. They still require the protection of mats during the night. Sprinkle a little water on the bed in warm, sunny mornings. The runners of plants raised last month should be trained on the surface of the bed, and kept in their position with pegs. These are usually made of hooked twigs. Fresh sowings of cucumbers may be made early this month. Cauliflowers, which have stood the winter in frames, should be transplanted towards the end of the month in rich, well-dug ground, in a sheltered position. Asparagus beds should be dressed by slightly

forking all over, but taking great care not to injure the crown of the plants.

Fruit Garden.

Plant fruit trees of all kinds early this month. Any fruit trees not yet pruned should be done without delay. Dig round the roots of gooseberry and currant trees.

Flower Garden.

In dressing borders be careful to avoid injuring plants that are coming through the surface. All the borders should now be put into good order, and ready for seed-sowing, clearing away all withered stalks and shoots which have remained over the winter.

EASTERTIDE.

BY THE REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,

Author of "At even, ere the sun was set."

"And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great."

THE dawn had not yet turn'd to day,
That saw three mournerson their way,
Intent amidst the silent gloom
To seek their Lord and Master's tomb,
But saying, sad in heart and tone,
"Oh! who shall roll away the stone?"

That stone was great, as well they knew,
But great their strength of purpose too:
Though full of fear, they turn'd not back,
For love was strong, if faith was slack:
And did not Heaven that love repay?
For lo! the stone was roll'd away!

O risen Lord! how oft we fear,
Though sure that Thou art ever near,
Some mighty hindrance there must be
To keep us back from love and Thee,
And say, distress'd, perplex'd, and lone,
"Ah! who shall roll away the stone?"

Yet nought on earth, and nought above,
And nought beneath can conquer love!
How vain the doubts that keep apart
Thy mercy and the yearning heart!
Our prayers are heard before we pray,
For see, the stone is roll'd away!

WAS THE RESURRECTION A FACT?

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

I.



AT the onset we make this historically important statement that, *with-in one generation* after the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, the belief that He rose, with His own veritable body, from the tomb in which He had been laid, had spread through the whole Christian Church, wheresoever we have any evidence of its existence, and, further, that it had been accepted after the death of the Founder, as the foundation of the whole Christian Society. It must ever be remembered that the Christian Church claims, and ever has claimed, as the cause of its renewed life and existence after the death of its Founder

and Lord, a belief not in a doctrine, but in a *fact*—the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Well, this fact was, within twenty-eight years of the Crucifixion, indisputably believed, and formed the foundation of all Christian teaching wheresoever the Gospel was preached. "Jesus and the Resurrection" was the theme and the substance of the evangelical message at the early date of which I speak. Within twenty-eight years of the Crucifixion. But how can we prove it? Thus, and by what every historical critic would admit the most unimpeachable form of evidence—by undisputed letters written by one who was alive during the whole period we are now considering, and whose education, culture, and highly-developed critical powers give him the greatest claims on our attention—St. Paul the Apostle. For this portion of the argument I am indebted to one of the most acute authors of our own day. There are four letters which are admitted by every competent critic, whether a believer or no, to be the genuine productions of the Apostle—the Epistle to the Galatians, the two Epistles to the Corinthians, and the Epistle to the Romans; and it is

further admitted that the very latest date that can be assigned to any one of them is twenty-eight years after the Crucifixion.

Now, what do we learn from these letters in reference to the Resurrection of the Lord? Well, to speak generally, first this: that the writer entertained himself no shadow of doubt as to the historical fact of the Lord's Resurrection; and further—this is of great importance—that he regarded it as the very basis of all Christian belief. His opening words to the great company of believers at Rome show this in the most convincing form. He speaks of the Lord, whose servant he is, as "declared to be the Son of God with power." And how? "*By the Resurrection of the dead.*" That Resurrection was the causal source of the demonstration to angels and to man that Jesus of Nazareth was the Very and Eternal Son of God. What words could be devised or imagined to show the innermost convictions of the writer more potently and more persuasively than this incidental expression in the opening salutation of an Apostolic letter? We may observe just the same in the beginning of the Epistle to the Galatians, where, obviously intent as the Apostle is on a widely different subject—his independence of all human teaching—the simple mention of his Master's Name in juxtaposition with that of God the Father calls out at once the declaration of the Lord's Resurrection, as though the blessed doctrine were inwoven in every thought, and found almost unconscious utterance in every deeper and more reverential mention of the Eternal Father and the Eternal Son. Such expressions show the very innermost persuasions of the writer, and tell us, if we doubted it, what the Resurrection of Jesus Christ was to the inspired Apostle. It was to him the foundation of all Christian teaching, the one fact on which all here and hereafter rested for ever-

more. We might carry these thoughts much farther, for the allusions to the Resurrection in these Epistles are very numerous; but we have said enough to show, on evidence that cannot be called in question, what the convictions of St. Paul were as to the Resurrection of the Lord.

Let us now take a step further. We have seen what the convictions of the Apostle were: we may now from the same letters distinctly claim a complete harmony on this subject between St. Paul and those to whom his letters were addressed. He differed from those to whom he wrote in several important particulars. His claim to Apostleship was denied by some. His teaching in reference to the law was so opposed by others that on one occasion he asks the Galatian: if he had become *their enemy* because he told them the truth; but, in reference to the fact of our Lord's Resurrection, there is not the slightest trace of any divergence of opinion. Nay, rather, there is very striking proof to the contrary. In the Epistle to the Corinthians, when opposing those who doubted the Resurrection of the body, he bases his whole argument on the certainty of the fact that Christ did rise with His own body from the grave. Is it, we may ask, conceivable that he could have used such an argument, and to men as quick-witted as the Corinthians, if there had been the faintest difference of opinion between them or the reality of the Lord's Resurrection? It is simply certain from these letters that on this subject the convictions of the Apostle and of those to whom he wrote were absolutely identical, and that we may claim it as beyond all controversy that, no later than twenty-eight years after the Crucifixion, the Churches of Rome, Corinth, and Galatia believed in the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and regarded it as the ground and foundation of the Christian Church.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

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

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

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

Fourth Sunday in Lent. (Psalm xxii.)

1. What verses in this Psalm seem to be specially descriptive of Christ on the Cross?
2. What verses seem descriptive of the effects of the Cross as described in a well-known verse of St. John xii.?

Fifth Sunday in Lent. (Psalm lxi.)

1. With what verse in Prov. xvii. ; and in what respects may the third verse of this Psalm be compared?
2. With what verses in other Psalms, and in what ways may the fourth verse be compared?

Palm Sunday. (Psalm xci.)

1. What well-known incidents in the stories of Egypt and Assria may we be reminded of by part of verse 6?
2. What parts of this Psalm point us to the story of the Temptation of Christ?

Easter Day. (Psalm ii.)

1. What expression in Rev. i. may help to show us why this Psalm was selected for Easter Day?
2. By whom was it referred to soon after the first Easter of all?

BURIED TRUTHS.

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

3. A GROUP OF "NORS."—In which chapter of the Bible do we find mention of an attempt that ought *not* to have been made, of a journey that ought *not* to have been taken, and of words that ought *not* to have been spoken? Also of life *not* taken, and food *not* eaten, contrary to the expectation of all? Do we read of anything at all similar to these last two cases in any other part of the Bible?

THE LITTLE GOSSIPS.



MAGGIE and Mary are next-door neighbours, and sometimes their mothers wonder whatever they can find to talk about.

"But, you see," said Mary, "there is so much always happening! Only this morning I was obliged to go and tell Maggie how Georgie had nearly broken poor Dolly's leg by running over her with his steam-engine, and——"

"Well, never mind," said her mother, "you must only be care-

ful not to waste time in idle talk. It is pleasant to be neighbourly and kind, but it will never do for you two girls to grow up as gossips!"

There is a Green Hill far away.

Words by MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Music by F. WILSON PARISH, F.C.O.
(Organist of the Parish Church, Maidstone.)

mf 1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,

p Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He died and suffered there.

mf 3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr That we might go at last to Heaven,
p Saved by His precious Blood.

mf 4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

5. Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Fifteen Years Ago—and Now.

FORMOSA is a large island off the coast of China. Fifteen years ago, we learn from the *Gospel Missionary* (S.P.G.), Dr. Mackay arrived there. "All was dark around," he wrote last year. "Idolatry was rampant. The people were bitter against any foreigner. There were no churches, no hospitals, no students, no friends. Year after year passed away rapidly; but of the persecutions, trials, woes, you will never fully know. Yesterday 1.27; rejoiced in singing praises to the Lord God Almighty. There are now hospitals as well as churches, native clergymen as well as teachers, colleges as well as primary schools in Formosa, and the native Christians largely aid them."

A Few Facts.

THERE are at least a thousand millions of people in the world who do not profess the Name of Christ—heathen and Mohammedans—the greater number of whom have not so much as heard His Name.

There are said to be 2,700 languages into which no part of the Bible has been translated.

There are not more than 7,000 Protestant Missionaries, male and female, in all the world, on active service, probably not so many.

In England there are 24,000 clergy of the Established Church, besides Nonconformist ministers, and lay-helpers of all kinds.

Great Britain spends every year about one hundred times as much on intoxicating liquors as on Foreign Missions.

"Send Others."

WHEN Alexander Mackay was taking leave of the Church Missionary Society Committee in 1876, he pointed out the great likelihood that before a year was gone by at least one of the party would be dead. "When that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place." He remained in Africa until his death in 1890. A few weeks before he died, he wrote: "What is this you write—'Come home'? Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, is not the time for any one to desert his post. Send us only our first twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to help to find the second twenty."

Noble Offerings.

DURING the F. S. M. of 1892, a servant girl sent up an envelope containing four five-pound notes as an offering to the work.

A poor woman brought a pound's-worth of articles as her contribution to a recent Missionary sale, and apologised because the gift was not larger. "You see, m'm, I takes in washing."

"A Threefold Cord."

A poor man known to the writer, paralysed, and making but a scanty living out of the proceeds of a little general shop in a back street, constructed a collecting box out of an old cigar box. It had three compartments, "For the missionaries," "For the children," and "For our poorer brethren." On the side was pasted the label, "For the Service of the King."—*The Rev. J. D. Mullins, M.A.*

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The W. A. M. A.

An effort is being made to infuse new energy into the Women's Auxillary Association and to increase its membership in this place. We wish it all success. There is surely ample room for the development of the missionary spirit in St. James' Church. Generally, it is only a few members do anything substantial for the society and even that occurs only for a few weeks in the summer. Now, it is intended to hold weekly or fortnightly meetings for work during the greater part of the year, and thus prevent zeal from cooling and accomplish much more work.

The District Visitors.

The Rector wishes to convey in a public manner his gratitude to the members of the least heard of, but certainly one of the most useful and necessary societies in the parish, i. e., the District Visitors, for their persistent and unselfish labors. On the whole they have done their work faithfully and well. Without them as sentinels, with their regular monthly reports from all parts of the city, such a large parish could not possibly be worked intelligently. They deserve the gratitude not only of the Rector, but also of the congregation. The welcome presence of the District Visitor is a monthly pledge that the Church remembers all her children.

The Junior Auxillary.

We are glad to announce the formation of a Junior Branch of the W. A. M. A. in connection with St. James' Church. Miss Stoeet and Mrs. Moore (Grange St.) have kindly consented to superintend the work, and so far the little ones have shown a very marked enthusiasm both for giving and for working. They will meet every week in the Chapter Room, on Monday, at 4:30 p. m. Their officers and membership will be found on page 2 of the Magazine, among the parish organizations. We hope to announce in the next issue the formation of an organization for boys, into which they can enter with enthusiasm. We are already in correspondence as to two or three boys' organizations, endeavoring to discover which would be the best for the boys of St. James' Church.

Easter Vestry.

The Easter Vestry will have passed before another issue of the Magazine will appear. The importance of these Vestries is hardly realised by the bulk of the congregation, or else the attendance at them and the interest manifested in them would be much greater. Let our people realise, then, that this is the only official meeting of the congregation in the course of the year; that the successful financial administration of the Church for the year depends entirely upon the wisdom of the arrangements made at the Easter Vestry in the selection of energetic and earnest men as Wardens. This first, naturally, for it concerns ourselves. Then it is almost universally forgotten that after the Vestry is over and the local work is finished, a meeting of the congregation is held for the election of Delegates to Synod, or in other words, with a view to the general work of the Church. Now, far too little importance is placed upon this part of the work on Easter Monday. The Delegates are often elected without any thought of fitness, or of prescribing any work, or of calling for a report; in fact without any serious idea of the great responsibility which rests upon the Lay Delegate. Often indeed they are selected amidst the confusion of searching for overcoats and rubbers previous to leaving after the conclusion of the Vestry. Now, we should like to see more seriousness in this department. Just as a member of the Provincial Parliament has a greater responsibility than a local alderman, so the Lay Delegate has greater responsibility than the local Church officer. His vote counts in the disposal of nearly \$1,000,000 trust funds. He has a voice in the formation of Canons or Church laws, for the government of his Church in this part of Ontario. If a vacancy occurred in the Episcopate, he has a voice in the selection of another Bishop; and three votes (the number to which St. James' is entitled) go often a long way in such elections. We therefore suggest, in order to make this election a more serious matter than it generally is in most parishes, that the Lay Delegates be requested to present a report of the proceedings of Synod, together with the part which they took in them; that some special work be assigned to the Delegates to advocate in the Synod, such for instance as the division of the Diocese, or the reform of the Canon on the Mission fund, or the method of raising Diocesan funds of all kinds so as to do away with the multiplicity of special collections, etc. Were this done, perhaps more interest would be manifested by the congregation at large in the work of the Delegates, and the Delegates would have an incentive to devote themselves intelligently and energetically to their work. For the guidance of our parishioners we append the qualifications of any person to vote both at a Vestry and at a meeting of the congregation for the election of Lay Delegates: First, for voting at a Vestry, "Every male member of any Church of the Church of England of the full age of twenty-one years, and holding a pew or sitting therein shall be entitled to vote at the Vestry. And in any Church in which a portion of the sittings are free (like St. James' Church) such male members of the congregation, of the full age of twenty-one years occupying said free sittings as shall declare themselves, in writing in a book provided for the purpose, to be members of the Church of England and as not belonging to any other congregation and shall have contributed to the support of such Church not less than \$2 per annum, shall have a right to vote at such Vestry meetings." (Canon xix, Sect. 1). Second, for Lay Delegates: "It shall be the duty of Wardens of each congregation to provide a book in which each male member of such congregation and of no other, and of the full age of twenty-one years, shall subscribe his name as being a member of the Church of England, as belonging to no other religious denomination; and such and no others shall be entitled to vote at the election of the Lay Representatives." (Constitution, section 5).

Thus it will at once be seen that many more persons can attend and have a right to vote in the election of Lay Delegates than at the Vestry. For the latter purpose, registration of membership and a money contribution are necessary; for the former, registration of membership alone is sufficient.

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