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Parish Magazine

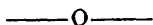
VICTORIA.

April, 1885.

CONTENTS:

A Sunday on the Island Railway.	Two Evenings in a Life.
Indian Missions in the North West.	The Craftsmen of the Bible.
Executive Committee.	That ye sorrow not.
St. James' Church.	The Nick of Time.
The Lent Meetings.	Neither Ill nor Thirsty.
The Lent Services.	The Clearing Shower.
Easter Vestry Meetings.	A Woman's Work. Chaps. I. II. & III.
Diocese of Caledonia.	Hymn for New Year's Day.
Church of England Temperance	Good Say's for every Day in the Year.
The Mission Fund. [Society.]	The People's Equal Rights.
Two new Missions.	Address to Parents by Bishop Bossuet.
Church News, Victoria.	Kirkstall Abbey.
Esquimalt.	Job Jacobs and his Wonderful Boxes.
Metchoin.	The Ptarmigan.
N. Saanich.	King James I.
E. Saanich.	The Wife's New Story.
Lake.	A Sermon from a Dresser.
Cedar Hill.	Bingen on the Rhine.
Cowichan.	Stimulants.
Nanaimo.	Three short Sermons by noted Divines.

The Parish Magazine.



This Magazine is published quarterly in Victoria, in the interests of the Church of England, supplies local intelligence, interesting and instructive reading, suitable for families, and will be illustrated by many wood cuts, and may be obtained from Messrs. Hibben or Waitt, and from any of the

Clergy of the Diocese,

Or from the Editor, the Rev. G. W. Taylor, Cedar Hill, to whom also subscriptions may be paid.

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THE PARISH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1885.

A SUNDAY ON THE ISLAND RAILWAY.

We are indebted to the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, for the following interesting account of his visit to the Island Railway camps.

“On the last day of the old year, I left Victoria for a short visit to the Island Railway. Landing at Chemainus, I was met by Mr. Busk, who drove me in a sleigh --for the snow was lying deep upon the ground,-- to Camp No. 2, which is most beautifully situated on the shore of Oyster Harbor. The next three days were spent in driving to the different camps, which are dotted about all the way from Chemainus to Nanaimo. On Sunday morning we were rowed down in a huge Indian canoe to Chemainus, where I held service in a large room attached to Messrs. Croft & Angus’ saw mills. Returning in the evening to camp, we had a very hearty service in the dining-room. Thirty-four men attended; and, having selected two or three to form a choir, we started with the Old Hundredth. I have heard it perhaps more musically sung, but never more heartily or more effectively. Two other hymns, went equally well. A few prayers and a chapter from the New Testament, were followed by an Address, which was listened to with marked attention. The railway hands are, many of them, rough fellows; but I never wish for a more orderly or reverent congregation, than was assembled in that room. I believe a great work might be done among the camps by any clergyman, who had the time to devote to it. Certainly it would be a most interesting work; and in the summer services might be held in the open air, which would prove attractive to all the men, and would, I feel convinced, be heartily welcomed by many of them who,

for want of such opportunities of worshipping God, are gradually, but surely, drifting into habits of indifference and irreligion."

INDIAN MISSIONS IN THE NORTHWEST.

*Extract from a Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Moosonee
before the Synod at Winnipeg.*

Besides the small English-speaking communities scattered throughout the diocese of Moosonee, and which receive all the attention possible, and among which are very few who do not read and write the English language, and among whom we have some bright examples of Christian faith, we have four different and distinct peoples, inhabiting different localities, and requiring different translations of our religious books, the Crees, Ojibbeways, Esquimaux, and Chippewayans; the first occupy the country around Hudson's Bay, except its more northern portion, and for about 300 miles inland on either side; these have the bible and prayer book; the former wholly in one dialect, while in another the New Testament and the Sunday and holy day lessons are already in print, and other religious books; not a tribe of this family remains in heathenism, and although in secluded places the rites of heathenism may in some cases be practiced by isolated individuals, the lump is leavened by christianity—which is becoming yearly more and more powerful in its influence. Polygamy, so hard to eradicate has nearly disappeared, the marriage tie is as sacred as among Europeans, nearly all are baptized, most of the adults can read and write, and a large number meet their Lord at His holy table. The same spirit which turned the eyes of the dying malefactor to Jesus, has turned the hearts of the Cree tribes to the same great Saviour, whom, having found, they have discovered to be the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. And the Ojibbeways are not far behind, many of them long resisted the truth, but bye and bye, principally by the instrumentality of the native clergymen, both former students of St. John's, a shaking of the dry bones took place, the spirit breathed on them, and they became instinct with life

They, too, will soon have a goodly number of books in their possession, some they have had for many years, and many of them are communicants.

The Esquimaux, too, under their most indefatigable pastor who is instant in season and out of season, full of love and zeal in his Master's business, are making much progress in Christian knowledge, and Christian morality. They are among the most docile and teachable of mankind, and, although before they heard of Christ, much crime was committed among them, yet I fully believe that before many years have elapsed, crimes of a heinous character will have become entirely a thing of the past. None of these have yet become communicants, but many of them have been baptized, and numbers of them can read in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God.

Of the Chippewayans I cannot speak from personal knowledge, for I have never seen one of them nor heard a word of their language; but one thing I know that much has been done for them, that books have been translated for them, that many are baptized, that many can read and write, and possess an intelligent knowledge of the elementary truths of Christianity. These are very blessed results, produced by the simple preaching of Christ crucified, God being a fellow-worker with feeble human instruments. And what I can say of the diocese of Moosonee may be said likewise, in a greater or less degree, of every other of our four united dioceses; in all of which the same love for souls is displayed, the same anxiety manifested to bring every individual into the great christian family.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee was held in the Cathedral Vestry, on Thursday, the 19th March, 1885. There were present, The Lord Bishop, who presided, the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, the Revs. C. H. Badgley, H. B. Owen, A. J. Beanlands, W. W. Malachi, Dr. Rowbotham, and Messrs. J. H. Innes and H. E. Croasdaile.

The following appropriations were made for the quarter ending March 25th:—

Comox, - - -	\$100 00
Cowichan, - - -	100 00
Lake and Cedar Hill, - - -	100 00
Esquimalt, - - -	50 00
Metchosin, - - -	98 62
Total, - - -	<u>\$448 62</u>

The following resolution was passed :—

“ That the travelling expenses of the deputation visiting districts in behalf of the Mission Fund, and of Clergy taking special services, be defrayed out of the Mission Fund, but on condition that collections be made at every service so taken.”

Several other matters were discussed and settled, and the meeting adjourned.

Whit Sunday falls this year on May 24th, and the offertories in all churches on that day will be devoted to the Mission Fund.

S. JAMES' CHURCH.

This Church was opened under license from the Bishop of the Diocese on Sunday, February 1st. In spite of unfavorable weather, both morning and evening services were well attended. The morning preacher was the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, who prefaced an excellent sermon by congratulating the congregation on their new church. The evening sermon was preached by the Archdeacon, and the prayers read by Rev. W. W. Malachi, to whose exertions as chairman of the building committee, the successful completion of the church is largely due.

The singing was good and hearty, the choir being supplemented by several ladies and gentlemen, who kindly gave their assistance to make the opening services a success. Mr. E. Marvin presided with his usual ability at the organ. The offertories for that day amounted to the satisfactory total of \$83, and were devoted to the Church Building Fund.

Although not yet completely furnished, the interior of St. James' presents a neat and church-like appearance. The altar, a temporary one, is covered with a handsome cloth

presented by Mrs. Hills. The chancel is carpeted with a good, warm-colored red carpet. A very neat carved reading desk does duty at present as lectern and pulpit; the prayers being read from the end of the choir-stalls. There is no font yet; but one of Caen stone, is now on its way from England, the gift of Mrs. Hills.

The church has continued to be well attended, and there is good ground for hope that it may do useful work in the district. The choir, though as yet small in number, is prospering. The music is of simple character, but is hearty and well-rendered. A few more men singers would make it a really good little choir. A very efficient and willing organist has been found in Miss Wolfenden. The Sunday School, which is held in the church, now numbers between 30 and 40 children, and is steadily growing. It is proposed shortly to begin children's services once a month on Sunday afternoons. It is intended to hold the consecration services on May 1st, the festival of St. Philip and St. James.

A very successful concert, in aid of the building fund of St. James' Church, took place on Shrove Tuesday, in the Philharmonic Hall. The room was fairly well filled, the programme an unusually good one, and the audience appreciative. Where all the performers did so well, it would be invidious to particularize. Suffice it to say that, for lovers of good music the concert was a real treat. The musical arrangements were ably carried out by Mr. Austin. The practical result of the entertainment was an addition of over \$200 to the fund. At a subsequent meeting of the church building committee, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the ladies and gentlemen who had kindly assisted in the concert.

It only remains for us to inform our readers that there is still a debt of about \$700; and that subscriptions will be gladly received and thankfully acknowledged by Mr. Atkins, James Bay, treasurer; or by any of the members of the building committee.

THE LENT MEETINGS.

CHURCH WORKERS.—On Thursday, March 5th, the annual Lenten meeting of those engaged in church work was held in Cathedral School. The principal question debated was as to the church choir: whether it should retain its present mixed character, or be re-organized, so as to consist entirely of male voices. The latter was warmly advocated and finally adopted. We are glad to be able to say that there is every prospect of its working successfully. About twelve boys have joined, and under the careful training of Mr. Hookway, are making satisfactory progress.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The Annual Sunday School Teachers' Conference was held on Thursday, February 26th, several points of interest was discussed, especially the formation of a S. S. Union throughout the Diocese; the introduction of a children's service on Sunday afternoon at the Cathedral; and the use of a special hymn book for children.

LENT SERVICES.

The Lent Services at the Cathedral this year have been conducted on the same plan as heretofore. Besides the ordinary Sunday services there has been evensong daily at 4:30 (except on Friday when it was at 7:30,) and Matins on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 11. During holy week (except Saturday) there was daily morning and evening prayer, at 11 and 7.30, and in addition the usual childrens' service "The Story of the Cross" on Good Friday afternoon.

With a view to make the Lenten teaching more useful and more definite, the sermons and addresses on Sunday and weekdays were arranged in six distinct courses of which are given a list below, together with the names of the Preachers.

TABLE OF LENTEN SERVICES AND ADDRESSES WITH NAMES OF PREACHERS.

Christ Church Cathedral 1885.

Feb. 22; 1st Sunday in Lent, Morning, Subject, the 5th Commandment, "Obedience." Preacher the Lord Bishop.

Mar. 1, 2nd Sunday in Lent, Morning, the 6th Commandment, "Love." The Lord Bishop.

Mar. 8, 3rd Sunday in Lent, Morning the 7th Commandment. "Purity and Temperance." The Lord Bishop.

- Mar. 15, 4th Sunday in Lent, Morning the 8th Commandment "Honesty." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 22, 5th Sunday in Lent, Morning the 9th Commandment, "Truthfulness." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 29, 6th Sunday in Lent, Morning the 10th Commandment, "Contentment." The Lord Bishop.
- Feb. 22nd, 1st Sunday in Lent, Evening. "Noah's Warning to the World." Rev. W. W. Malachi.
- Mar. 1st, 2nd Sunday in Lent, Evening, "Elijah's Warning to the Nation." Rev. Canon Dwyer.
- Mar. 8th, 3rd Sunday in Lent, Evening. "Jonah's Warning to the City." Rev. A. Beanlands.
- Mar. 15, 4th Sunday in Lent, Evening, "Nathan's Warning to the Man." Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.
- Mar. 22nd, 5th Sunday in Lent, Evening, "Isaiah Warning to the Sick." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 29, 6th Sunday in Lent, Evening, "John the Baptist's Warning to the Sinner." Rev. A. Beanlands.
- Feb. 24th, Tuesday. Address, "The Person and Godhead of the Holy Ghost." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 3rd, Tuesday. "The Holy Ghost the Life Giver." The Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.
- Mar. 10th, Tuesday. "The Awakening and Guiding Influence of the Holy Ghost." Rev. A. J. Beanlands.
- Mar. 17th, Tuesday. "Grieving the Holy Ghost." Rev. W. W. Malachi.
- Mar. 24th, Tuesday. "The Fellowship of the Holy Ghost." Rev. G. W. Taylor.
- Feb. 26th, Thursday. Address to Children, "Our Lord an Example to the Young." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 5th, Thursday. "Joseph an Example to the Young." Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.
- Mar. 12th, Thursday. "Ruth an Example to the Young." Rev. A. J. Beanlands.
- Mar. 19th, Thursday. "Samuel an Example to the Young." Rev. G. W. Taylor.
- Mar. 26th, Thursday. "Josiah an Example to the Young." Rev. W. W. Malachi.
- Feb. 20th Friday. 1st Commandment "Faith." The Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.
- Feb. 27th, Friday. 2nd Commandment "Spirituality." Rev. A. J. Beanlands.
- Mar, 6th, Friday. 3rd Commandment "Reverence." Rev. W. W. Malachi.
- Mar. 13th, Friday. 4th Commandment "Worship." Rev. C. H. Badgely.
- Mar. 20th, Friday. "Holy Communion, a Remembrance of the Death of Christ." The Lord Bishop.
- Mar. 27, Friday. Holy Communion, the Benefits we receive thereby." The Lord Bishop.

HOLY WEEK.

Monday Mar. : 0th, "The Upper Room." Rev. W. W. Malachi.
 Tuesday Mar. 1st, "The Garden." Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.
 Wednesday April 1st, "The Palace of Caiaphas." The Lord Bishop.
 Thursday April 2nd, "The Hall of Judgment." Rev. A. J. Beanlands.
 Good Friday April 3rd, morning; "Calvary." The Lord Bishop.
 Good Friday afternoon; "The Story of the Cross." Rev. A. J. Beanlands.
 Good Friday evening; "The All Sufficient Sacrifice." Rev. W. W. Malachi.

EASTER VESTRY MEETINGS.

Easter Day falls this year on April 5th. The following is the rule of the Church with regard to the Election of Officers as set forth in the "Canon on Parochial Organization :"

SECTION IV.—Every male member of the Church being of full age and who shall subscribe a declaration in the Churchwarden's book that he is a member of the Church of England or Anglican Church, one month previously to the acting hereinafter mentioned is entitled to act as parishioner or vestryman.

DECLARATION.

I, ——, do hereby declare that I am a member of the Church of England or Anglican Church in British Columbia.

SECTION V.—In every Parish and Mission (if possible) there shall be two Churchwardens selected from the communicants, one to be appointed by the minister, and one to be elected by the parishioners, and not less than three nor more than ten Church Committeemen elected by the parishioners.

SECTION VII.—The Churchwardens and Committee shall be chosen at a vestry meeting of the parishioners on Easter Monday in each year, or within thirty days thereafter.

DIOCESE OF CALEDONIA.

We are glad to see the good work progressing in our Northern Diocese; respecting which the S. P. C. K. monthly paper has two notices. One has reference to the Church at Kincoletch, mouth of Naas river;

“The Bishop of Caledonia sent an application with his counter signature for a grant towards the erection of a church for a settlement of Christian Indians at Kincoleth at the Naas mouth.

They now number 400, and are likely to increase.

They are poor, not having much settled work, but being engaged chiefly in hunting and fishing. They are very anxious for a church, and have raised and promised \$500, or about 100*l.*, towards the cost, and the Rev. W. H. Collison, their missionary, hopes that he will be able to raise about \$1500, or 300*l.* more.

The cost of the church, which is to be of the timber of the country, that is spruce and cedar, will be \$2500 or 500*l.*, and the accomodation will be for 300 persons. A grant of 75*l.* was made.”

The second notice has reference to a church at the canneries on the River Skeena :

“The Bishop reports completion of the nave of a church, at one of the canneries on the Skeena River, towards which the Society in June, 1883, made a grant of 20*l.* The cost of the portion then purposed to be erected was estimated at 70*l.* The building, however, was done in a better and more substantial manner than was at first contemplated and cost 180*l.*, and the Bishop says 100*l.* more will be spent upon it before quite complete. He requests a further grant of 20*l.* which was made by the Society.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Our readers will be glad to hear that a branch of this Society is to be at once formed in Victoria.

A very successful preliminary meeting was held in the Cathedral School on Thursday evening, March 12th. The chair was taken by the Bishop of the Diocese, and there was a good attendance of friends of the temperance cause. In addition to his Lordship, the following gentlemen spoke: The Archdeacon, Mr. Bodwell, Dr. Praeger, Mr. Humber, President of the Blue Ribbon Club, and Mr. Gray. The two last named attended to show the sympathy felt by other Tem-

perance Societies of the city in the work now begun by the Church of England; and both delivered stirring addresses. In the course of the evening the following resolution was moved by Rev. A. Beanlands, and seconded by Mr. Busk; and carried unanimously: "That this meeting recognizes the wide-spread sin of intemperance to be a fruitful source of poverty, crime, and irreligion; and believes that such an association as the "Church of England Temperance Society," will be a likely means, in God's hands, of helping to reclaim the drunkard, of discouraging drunkenness, and of guarding the young from that insidious and fatal habit. This meeting therefore agrees to form, herewith, a branch society in this parish."

A goodly number of signatures were then attached to one or other of the Declarations of the C. E. T. S., sixteen joining the Total Abstinence Section, and twenty-six the non-abstaining. The following Committee was then formed to carry the Resolution into effect: The Archdeacon, Rev. A. Beanlands, Mr. Innes, Mr. Bodwell, Dr. Praeger, Mr. Busk, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Hawkins. It is to be hoped that the good work thus begun may not be allowed to flag; but that the Society may grow in numbers, and be the means of helping many successfully to resist that deadly enemy, intemperance.

MISSION FUND.

The following are the dates of missionary meetings on behalf of the Mission Fund to be addressed by the deputation appointed by the Synod:

- Christ Church Cathedral, March 19, 1885.
- Cedar Hill, April 14.
- Metchosin, April 15.
- Esquimalt, April 16.
- St. James', Victoria, April 21.
- Lake, April 22.
- Saanich, April 23.
- Nanaimo, April 27.
- Cowichan, April 28.
- Comox, June 19.

Additional annual subscriptions to the Mission Fund :

J. R. Hett, Esq.	- - - -	\$10 00.
Messrs. Croasdaile & Jones	- - - -	25 00.
R. E. Jackson, Esq.	- - - -	25 00.

TWO NEW MISSIONS.

Mission Services are now held on alternate Sunday evenings at Cadboro Bay and Craigflower, by the Rev. Geo. W. Taylor ; these places being respectively at the extreme east and west of his parish. The services are evidently appreciated by the people for whose spiritual benefit they were established, and congregations of from twenty to thirty assemble at each place.

The service at Craigflower is held in the public school-room, (by kind permission of the trustees), and that at Cadboro Bay in the houses of Messrs. Sinclair, Evans and Thistle, alternately.

BAPTISM.--At Cadboro Bay on March 15th, (during divine service) Ida May, infant daughter of Horace and Clara Halpenny.

CHURCH NEWS VICTORIA.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT.

On Monday, Feb. 16, the annual winter treat was given in the Cathedral schools to the scholars of Christ Church and S. James' S. S. The friends of these schools provided an ample supply of cake and other good things which the children thoroughly appreciated. After tea the Bishop addressed them and distributed the prizes earned during the past year. A magic lantern exhibition followed descriptive of the route to Khartoum, and the different views were explained by the Bishop. The evening concluded with the time-honored but ever amusing comic slides which received their usual share of applause. Thanks are here tendered to the teachers, parents and friends of the children for their

cordial co-operation in providing this treat, to Mr. Jenms for the excellent lantern he lent, and to Mr. Busk for the admirable way in which he manipulated it.

NEW REREDOS FOR THE CATHEDRAL.

A growing want has been felt for some time past, for a more fitting decoration of the east end of this building. The depressing character of its appearance, has been remarked by many, and a design has at length been provided which it is hoped, will meet the approval of all members of the Church. If it does not pretend to reach architectural magnificence, it is at any-rate inoffensive and in keeping with the rest of the structure. It is hoped that the necessary funds, \$90, for its erection will be subscribed in time, to permit of its being placed in the Church by Whit Sunday.

SALE OF WORK.

On February the 7th, in the Cathedral School-rooms, was held a sale of work in aid of the Mission Fund. The following ladies presided at the stalls: Mrs. Hills, Mrs. R. E. Jackson, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Eberts, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Blaiklock, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Edwin Johnson, Mrs. M. T. Johnson, Mrs. Scriven, Mrs. Beanlands, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Cambie, Miss Drake and the Misses Jenms. The nett amount realized was \$372.50.

MUSICAL EVENING.

On Tuesday, Feb. 3rd, the third of this series of entertainments was given in the cathedral school room. This time it was in aid of the Sunday Schools which were somewhat seriously in debt, chiefly owing to the unexpected failure of the steamboat excursion last summer. The entertainment met with great success, which may be attributed both to the reputation established by the previous one, and the hearty goodwill with which the members of the church supported it by their work and interest. The room was filled to overflowing and \$105 was realized. This sum entirely cleared the debt and provided the prizes which were distributed at the subsequent treat. The thanks of all interested in Sunday School work are due to the ladies and gentlemen who provided so popular and enjoyable an entertainment.

CHRIST CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

A meeting to receive the deputation appointed by the last Synod, was held in the Cathedral School on Thursday, March 19th. In opening, the Bishop gave some interesting particulars as to the development of Church work in the colony, since 1858. The Archdeacon and the Rev. H. B. Owen enlisted the sympathy of those present in the work, and the former explained the system proposed to be adopted for canvassing for subscriptions. The minimum income required for carrying on the existing organizations of the mission is \$2700. The question how this sum should be collected, was debated, whether by ladies of the congregation or a paid collector. It was finally determined to adopt the plan submitted by the Deputation.

CONFIRMATIONS.

Confirmations will be held by the Lord Bishop, so far as at present arranged, as follows:—

- Christ Church Cathedral, April 26th.
- St. Paul's, Nanaimo, June 14th.
- St. Peter's, Cowichan, July 12th.
- Cedar Hill, July 19th.
- St. Michael's Lake, July 26th.
- St. Andrew's, Comox, August 2nd.

VISITATIONS.

The following are the days appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese for his annual visitation to the following parishes:—

- Victoria, Christ Church Cathedral, May 4th.
- St. John's, May 5th.
- St. James', May 6th.
- Esquimalt, St. Paul's, May 7th.
- Metchosin, St. Mary's, May 8th.
- Lake, St. Michael's, May 15th.
- Cedar Hill, May 15th.
- North Saanich, St. Stephen's, May 19th.
- Nanaimo, St. Paul's, June 15th.
- Cowichan, St. Peter's, July 13th.
- Comox, St. Andrew's, July 31st.

METCHOSIN.

On February 12th, the church of St. Mary's prettily decorated, was a joyful scene, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mary Edith, second daughter of Wm. Fisher, Esq., J. P., of Ferncliffe, to Mr. Walter Langley. The Bishop of Columbia officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Malachi. Mrs. A. Peatt presided at the Harmonium, and the hymn "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," was sung very heartily by the congregation of friends and neighbors. The service was impressive and all present entered into it with an evident reverent sympathy.

The service over, a large company assembled at the residence of the father and mother of the bride where a sumptuous breakfast, or rather luncheon, was provided. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in a short speech by the Lord Bishop, and shortly afterwards the Bride and Bridegroom took their departure in a carriage drawn by two handsome grays amid hearty and loving farewells and showers of rice.

The home of the bridegroom is on the Thompson River in Yale district, where he owns an extensive and valuable property.

NORTH SAANICH.

The contract for the erection of the new church has been let to Mr. Shaw of Cowichan, and it is expected that the church will be ready for consecration at, or soon after, midsummer.

SOUTH SAANICH.

The Sunday School at South Saanich was re-opened on Sunday, March 15th, at the Parsonage, under the superintendence of Mrs. Gregory.

BAPTISM.—Georgina Margaret, infant daughter of George and Margaret Ann Mills, of North Saanich.

BURIAL.—William Turgoose of South Saanich, aged 55, a native of Lincolnshire, England. Died 22nd January.

The Rev. T. W. Boyce, M. A., of Clapham, Surrey, Eng-

land, has forwarded to Mr. Gregory \$25 for the building fund of North Saanich church.

HANDSOME GIFT OF COMMUNION PLATE.—The following is an extract from a letter dated 20th February, 1885, from the Rev. F. G. Wright, formerly Rector of Saanich :—

“ I am happy to tell you that the Holy Communion vessels for Saanich, for which I have been collecting for some time, are now bought and paid for, and will leave London very shortly for B. C., per Messrs. Turner & Co.

“ They were specially made to my order, and I feel sure will be admired and found worthy of their sacred purpose.

“ The set includes, Chalice, solid silver a private gift of a friend ; Paten, solid silver ; Flagon, crystal and electro-plate ; Box for bread for sick celebration, electro-plate.

“ They are in a polished oak case, and cost nearly twenty pounds.

“ Each article is engraved with the name of “St. Stephen’s, South Saanich,” and it is the wish of the subscribers, as well as my own wish, that they should be used in that Parish and nowhere else, and I have written to the Churchwardens to this effect.”

LAKE.

A pleasant parochial gathering took place in the Lake school house on the evening of Tuesday, January 27th. The proceedings commenced with a substantial tea which was followed by addresses, songs and readings by the following ladies and gentlemen: The Venerable Archdeacon Seriven, the Revs. A. J. Beanlands and Geo. W. Taylor, Miss Anderson, the Misses Williams, Messrs. Greig, Slugget, Bull and Worsfold, several of the performances being encored.

In the interval between the songs, prizes were presented to the two most regular, attentive, and diligent pupils in the St. Michael’s Sunday School; the fortunate recipients being Nellie Stevens in the senior and Louis Duval in the junior class.

Among the settlers present we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Camp, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Miss Bailey, the Misses Lindsay, Messrs. Lindsay, Watts Jones, Brown, Ransom Stevens,

Heal, White, Frazer, Pritchard, Temple, etc., and a numerous band of children. There was also a small party from town and a few friends from the neighboring parish of Saanich, and all these helped to make the evening an enjoyable one.

Altogether the meeting may be pronounced a success, although the attendance might easily have been larger.

A very successful musical evening was held in the cathedral school room, Church Hill, Victoria, on Tuesday, January 20th in aid of the Lake mission. A capital programme had been arranged and was admirably carried out by some of the best amateur musicians in the city, and the room was crowded by an appreciative audience. We have not space to print the programme or to criticise the performances but it will be sufficient to insert here the names of the principal vocalists and instrumentalists: Mrs. Frank Barnard, Misses Berry, Jorand, Stevens, Vidler, and Powell, Messrs. White, Roberts, Brealy, Jay and Wootten. The Rev. Mr. Beanlands and Mr. Edgar Marvin, contributed readings, and the latter very ably accompanied many of the vocalists. Archdeacon Scriven presided. The result of the entertainment was a balance of profit amounting to the substantial sum of \$80.

CEDAR HILL.

A parochial gathering similiar to that at Lake took place in the Cedar Hill school room on Friday 30th January. The programme was however varied in this case by a magic lantern exhibition, the views, which were mainly of places in Palestine possessing a sacred interest, being explained very clearly by Mr. C. W. Busk.

After tea the Rev. G. W. Taylor, incumbent of the parish, addressed those present, and also handed to Charlie King and Esther Pollack, the prizes they had gained by their diligence and good behaviour in the senior and junior divisions respectively of the Cedar Hill Sunday School.

Instrumental and vocal music was contributed by Misses Todd, Irving, Scott, and Williams; and Messrs. F. and C. King, Wilkinson, and Tracy.

Capital readings were given by Archdeacon Scriven and Mr. Busk, and a pleasant evening was concluded by an exhibition of some ever popular comic slides in the magic lantern. The attendance was unfortunately very small.

We have to record the gift of a new gate for Cedar Hill Church yard, from Mr. Churchwarden King. This is not by any means the first time that Mr. King's love for his church has shown itself in a practical and substantial way.

The new parsonage here has been completed since our last issue and the Rev. G. W. Taylor is now resident therein.

The home which has cost about \$1250, has been erected at the expense of the Incumbent, but as it is built on church lands it becomes the property of the church. It is therefore to be supposed that Mr. Taylor will in time be repaid (by subscriptions, &c.,) at any rate a portion of the money he has thus expended.

COWICHAN.

The Lord Bishop of Columbia has presented half an acre of land conveyed in perpetuity to the crown for the purposes of a public school at Quamachan.

The Rev. Mr. Owen sends a cheering report of his work in this parish. Congregations increasing; finances improving, and himself encouraged.



GO forth in the battle of life, my boy,
 Go, while it is called To-day ;
 For the years go out, and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win,
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before ;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
 Going down to the river where the two worlds
 meet—
 They go to return no more.

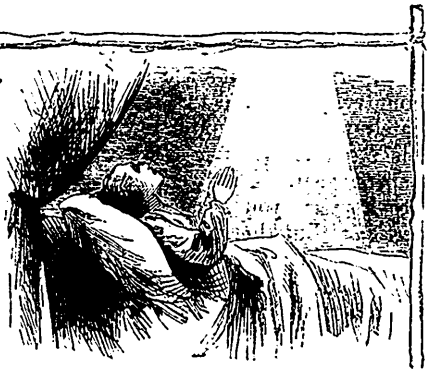
There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
 And duty, too, assigned ;
 Step into the front with a cheerful grace ;
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
 That you never can tread again ;
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,
 Work for the plough, the spindle, the pen,
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptation will wait by the way, my boy,
 Temptations without and within ;
 And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
 As the angels of light in Heaven wear,
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth ;
 Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
 And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of the Gospel shod ;
 And before high Heaven do the best **you can**,
 For the great reward, the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.





TWO EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

FIRST EVENING.

WELL, my woman,' said mother, 'I expect you're tired out.' So I was, but I wouldn't own to it when she spoke in that fond and anxious tone. How could I help being tired out? I had been up before daylight, packing Nancy's things; and from ten in the morning till now—almost six o'clock—I had been tramping all over the town, trying to get mother's little bills settled; and if any girl in Ballarat had had a harder eight hours' work than *that*,—well, she was to be pitied, that's all I can say. Of course it had to be done, for Miss Smith was to take the business in a week's time; and with mother so poorly, and Nancy going to be married in two days, there was no one else to do it. And, after all, I did not care now it was over.

'O yes,' said I, 'my legs do ache a little. But it has been a beautiful day, mother. Start Street never looked so fine, so cool and shady down the middle, and so bright and gay at the sides; and, coming home, this lower end of the town was lovely,—nothing like what it looks close to, you know,—all the roofs and gables shining under the soft smoke, and the clouds, and the afternoon light, with the green trees and gardens dotted about. How horrid big streets must be with no up-and-downiness, and no trees along the middle! I always did say Melbourne was not near so pretty as Ballarat; no more it is. Heigho! I shall be sorry enough to leave it, in spite of all the trouble we've had here.'

'But you won't have to leave it,' said mother; 'and as for trouble, I do think it's over for us at last. John Carter was in this afternoon to see Nancy—by the way, he has taken her off now to buy the ring,—and he said again that both you and I were to make his house our home along with Nancy. I told him it was too bad to marry all the family, but he only laughed, and said if we wanted to be independent, we could help him with the saddle-cloths and a good deal of the machine-work. He's a fine young man, Bessy, and he has a fine business. After all, it's the saddlers seem to have the best of it in this country. We used to think your old sweetheart far and away a better catch than John, you know; but now they say he owes double what his stock and business are worth, and must have his name in the papers soon. I am very glad you didn't fancy him, my dear, though he's a smart young man to look at, and I should be glad to see you settled. But there, if you come to think of it, how is a tailor to make a trade when they sell made-up clothes so cheap, and every draper's shop and general store have shelves and shelves crammed full of them? And good clothes, too,—beautiful Geelong tweeds that they say some of the great London tailors send out for. You must have seen yourself, Bessy, that there is nobody to order coats and trowsers except the bankers and great gentlemen, and they mostly have them

from Melbourne. While as for saddlery,—well, one of John's customers last week just pulled up his waggonette at the door, and took half-a-dozen saddles for the men on his station, and paid for them—all as you would give sixpence for half-a-dozen eggs. But you want your tea, Bessie,' suddenly perceiving, I suppose, the weariness and want of interest in my face. 'Go and take off your hat, child; we won't wait for Nancy.'

'I'll tell you what I have done first,' I said, turning the contents of my pocket inside out upon the table. 'You see I've been pretty successful, for I've got nearly nine pounds. Mrs. Moore was out, though I called three times; and Mrs. Delany was engaged, and said I was to come to-morrow. Then Miss Fisher said she hadn't any change, and would pay you herself another day; and Mrs. Kennedy said the velvet you put on her last bonnet was faded,—it was as fresh as possible, mother, and I told her so,—and she wouldn't settle her account till she had seen you. The rest are all right. All are paid but these,' and I put a packet of bills into her hand.

'My good girl!' said mother, pulling down my face to kiss me, 'you've had hard work. Never mind, it's nearly over now. There will be no struggling and pinching in John's house.'

'No,' I assented, and hesitated. 'Of course John and Nancy will be glad and proud to take care of you, mother,' I said presently, pausing beside her, with a sudden beating at my heart, and twirling the strings of my hat round and round my fingers. 'But he mustn't be burdened with a great, strong, able-bodied girl like me.'

'Oh, my dear, he is so good! He can't bear you to think such a thing, I know. He wouldn't have insisted on our giving up the shop if he had been afraid of either of us being a burden to him, for he knew it was our only dependence.'

'But I am not a born milliner, like Nancy; we couldn't have carried it on without her. No; you go, mother. You have earned some rest and comfort, poor dear! and John is good, and does really wish for you, I know. But let me earn my own bread and cheese.'

'What do you mean, Bessy? What could you do? There are the saddle-cloths, my dear.'

'Oh, well, we'll talk about it presently. I'll get off my things, and we'll have a comfortable cup of tea. It's going to be a very cold night, mother, after all the bright sunshine—frost, I think. It's a pity wood is so dear.'

'That's of no consequence now,' replied mother, brightening as she returned to the ever-interesting topic of the great approaching change. 'Six or seven shillings a-ton is nothing to John, as you'd think if you saw him piling the logs on his parlour hearth.'

I went into the little back-room, and laid my hat and jacket on a curtained shelf; and I heard mother clattering the tea-cups busily in preparation for my return. I was dreadfully tired and footsore, and my heart was full somehow, and I felt that I would have given anything to have had ten minutes to myself for a good downright cry: but mother just gave me time to wash my face and hands and brush my hair, and then called out cheerfully that tea was ready, and I had to go back to the sitting-room. The low open hearth was swept and replenished with bright-burning logs, the little kerosine lamp was lit,

and the table was furnished not only with a steaming tea-pot, a new loaf, and the unfailing dish of meat, but with the rather rare luxury of a tin of preserved tongues—one of John's numerous presents. Mother looked brighter and happier than she had been for years, as she stood in the warm light buttering a round of toast that she had just taken from the hearth, and the whole scene cheered me. I just whispered to myself, 'Pray God help me to do what I know is for the best, and keep up my heart;' and then I sat down to my tea, and to the task of telling mother of a resolution I had made.

'Mother,' said I, 'I went to the bank when I had done your business, and I had a talk with Mrs. Bell about myself.' (There were a good many banks in Ballarat, as in all colonial towns, but the bank whose manager was kind Mrs. Bell's husband was always 'the' bank to us.)

'And she has been putting ideas into your head?' suggested mother wistfully.

'No, mother. I had made up my mind before I saw her. But I asked her advice, and she quite approved of it, and said she thought she could help me.'

'Approved of what? Oh, Bessy, why can't you content yourself with John's comfortable home? I know you have been making plans to go away from us.'

'Yes, mother; and I'm sure I'm right. John is a dear, kind fellow, but I wouldn't be so mean as to let him saddle himself with me, a strong girl, able to work, as I am. Why, the neighbours would cry shame on me, and I should never be able to look an honest, independent woman in the face. Yes, I know what you're going to say, but there's not so much machine-work in John's business; and poor Mrs. Brown has stitched his saddle-cloths for years, and almost kept her family by it. I wouldn't take bread out of her mouth if I knew it. You can help Nancy as far as anybody can, and it was always a promise that whichever of us married first should have you to take care of. Oh, it's not the same thing at all with you! But you must see, mother dear, that it would be shameful and wicked of a strong young girl like me to sponge upon a brother-in-law who had his own family to provide for.'

'I wish you'd told me this before,' said mother, with a sorrowful face that my heart ached to see. 'I wouldn't have given up the shop. Even now, perhaps—'

'Oh no, mother! Miss Smith has paid well, and I couldn't trim hats and bonnets, if it was ever so. It was Nancy that made the business, though it was never much of a living; and it would be impossible to keep it on without her.'

'But what could you do, Bessy? You couldn't be a teacher, or companion, or anything of that sort; you haven't had the advantages, my dear. Though you would have been as well educated as any one but for poor father's misfortunes,' added mother, with a touch of mournful pride.

I paused before I answered her, and my heart seemed beating in my throat. All in a moment I thought how she had been a companion to a titled lady before she was married, and how poor father, who died a common miner, had been a well-to-do farmer's son; and



'All are paid but these,' and I put a packet of bills into her hand.

TWO EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

how, even in our worst struggles, they had tried to keep Nancy and me from associating with the people who lived around us, and I felt my courage going.

'What could you do?' repeated mother, and then I nerved myself to speak out plainly.

'I thought—I fancied, being strong, and so fond of housework—I thought I might get a—a place.'

Mother's anxious eyes opened wide with astonishment and dismay, and I hastened to soften as far as possible the blow I knew I was giving her.

'I mean a *nice* place, mother, with a superior family,—not where things were rough, you know,—where I should be kindly treated, and could learn everything, so as to be housekeeper in time, perhaps. Think how well off servants are in this country. The most wretched slut of an Irish girl can get ten shillings a-week; and I could easily get twelve or fifteen, especially if I went into the bush—to a nice gentleman-squatter's family, which is what I thought of. Nothing to spend, all that money to lay by! Why, you never had such a salary, mother, all the time you were companion to those great ladies at home.'

'Money isn't everything,' sighed mother, still much distressed at the notion of my being a servant, but evidently beginning to turn it over in her mind.

'No, not everything, certainly; but a great deal to us as we are situated. And a good servant is so precious, Mrs. Bell says, and so much valued. I should be very comfortable. And, dear mother, I have thought of it a long time, and it seems just the way pointed out for me just now. There is nothing else I am fit for, that I can see, and I *must* "learn and labour truly to get mine own living," as the Catechism says.'

'You don't think you would like a situation in a shop?'

'No, no, no!' I replied eagerly. 'I have no head for figures; I have no cleverness except for housekeeping, and I couldn't stand behind a counter publicly! Nancy didn't mind it—she is so bright and clever—but it was dreadful to me always. Oh, no, I should never do for that!'

'But where will you find such a place as you talk of, my dear—a good family, and high wages, and kind treatment and all?'

'It is found already, mother. I was going to tell you. Mrs. Bell knows a country lady who is staying in Ballaarat—a very nice lady, she says—who is trying everywhere to find a good servant to take home with her. Mrs. Bell says she will be delighted to get me, with such a recommendation as I shall have; and that she will be willing to teach me the duties I am at present ignorant about.'

'And your future, Bessy? Think how all your prospects of settling well, like Nancy, will be spoiled!'

'I have thought of that, mother, but I've made up my mind to try and leave my future in God's hands altogether. If I do the duty that is right straight before me,' I went on in a faltering voice, for I was feeling how hard it was—'well, I couldn't repent *that* afterwards, and nobody can tell what will happen.'

So I talked and talked, until at last I talked mother into reluctantly acquiescing in the wisdom of my project.

We had had our tea, and were sitting quietly by the fire, hemming sheets and tablecloths for John and Nancy, and continuing our discussion of my scheme—which looked better and better the more it was talked about—when my sister came bounding in, bringing a rush of frosty night-air with her. She was full of spirits, and looked so bright and pretty, as she knelt down before the hearth to warm her hands, that I did not wonder at John's devotion. Nancy might have been anybody's sister than mine, as far as likeness went. She had great blue eyes, and quantities of golden hair, and a milky-white skin that any lady might have been proud of. She had quick, impulsive ways, and a witty, ready little tongue, and the cleverest hands for needlework that I ever knew. She was a general favourite in our small circle, and our home-pet in particular. Indeed, she was so clever and useful that we allowed her, though she was the youngest, to be the ruler and manager of nearly all our affairs; and, between us, I think she was a little spoilt, and inclined to be vain and exacting without knowing it.

'Well, I'm nearly done for, Bess!' she exclaimed, gaily. 'John has bought the ring—such a beautiful thick one—and a guard to match! I declare, when I had them on my finger I felt quite queer and frightened; but John says I shall soon get used to it. O dear me! to think we have nearly seen the last of that poor little shop, and all our pinching and scraping! Mother, we are going down to Geelong for a couple of days after the wedding, and you and Bessy are to be at the house to welcome us back again. And then we'll all "live happy ever after," as the story-books say.'

Mother and I kept silence for a minute or two, and then, mutely seeking encouragement from one another by clasping hands under one of Nancy's tablecloths, we acquainted her with the change in the family arrangements.

O how angry she was! She would not give herself time to look at the matter quietly, as mother had done. In her impetuous fashion she sprang to her feet, and overwhelmed me with a torrent of reproaches and entreaties; said I was selfish and ungrateful, and wanted to disgrace my family; that I didn't care a straw for my mother, or her, or John; and that I was, and always had been, destitute of anything like proper pride and self-respect. And then she begged me—or, rather, commanded me—to be a reasonable girl, and give some thought to other people as well as myself; and altogether acted in a peremptory and passionate way that she was sorry for afterwards.

My heart throbbed, and my throat swelled, and I was on the verge of bursting into tears of mortification and disappointment, when John came in—burly, red-faced, kind-hearted John. And then the storm ceased. He had a hearty but determined way of soothing down strife, wherever he found it; and on this occasion he stopped Nancy's tongue effectually.

Taking my hand he said, in an unusually grave tone, 'Bessy, I hope you know that when I asked you to come and live with us, I meant it, and would have been glad and proud to have the care of you. Don't you, now?'

'Yes, dear John; I hadn't any doubt about that.'

'And you'll consider I'm your brother, and will come home freely whenever you don't feel happy anywhere else—eh?'

‘Yes, John,’ I said again, gratefully, feeling how truly welcome I was to that ‘home.’

‘Very well, then. If you remember that, I’ll let you go; and I’ll say you’re a plucky, sensible girl into the bargain.’

‘You really think I’m right, John? I’m so glad! And you won’t feel ashamed of having a servant for your sister-in-law?’

‘You don’t want your ears boxed, do you?’ retorted John.

So Nancy, after a few grumbles, said no more; and I went to bed, at peace with all my relations. But I had another and a harder struggle with my own heart, when I had bolted myself alone into my tiny sleeping-closet. I did not want to be a servant. I was the child of carefully-reared and well-educated parents, who, in spite of great poverty, had never had any connexion with that humble class of society; and I had had my own dreams and romances of a possible and very different future; which were as dear to me as to other girls. How I shrank from the life I was now deliberately choosing, no one belonging to me could guess.

I cried myself to sleep at last; and then I dreamed of my dear dead father, whose youth was passed in joyous plenty and independence, and whose latter years were spent in the dark underground galleries of a gold mine, laboriously picking and chopping at an infinite and everlasting wall. And I think that dream was Heaven-sent.

I thought I went sliding down in the iron cage, those hundreds and hundreds of feet, until the mouth of the shaft appeared above me like a single tiny star in a dense black sky; and then I was rattled down on a platform at the entrance of a drive, and set off running towards a far-away hollow reverberation at the end of it. The candle in my hand shone weirdly on the oozing walls, which here and there my head and shoulders barely cleared, and on the muddy pools through which I splashed, and on the trucks (laden with blocks of pearly quartz going up to be crushed), round which I squeezed myself as I went along. Then I saw another candle a long way off, and the shadow of a big man, and of an iron pick, chop, chop, chopping, with the regularity of a pendulum. He heard me coming, and flung down the pick and turned to meet me, his huge shape filling up the arch of the passage as he walked, and the light of his candle shining faintly on his face.

‘O daddy! O daddy!’ I cried, as he took me up in his muddy arms.

‘My good girl!’ he murmured, with solemn fondness. ‘My good, brave little girl!’

And then I opened my eyes suddenly, and saw Nancy, in her night-gown, standing over me.

‘O my dear Bessy, do pray turn over!’ she pleaded pathetically. ‘You’ve been eating too many of John’s preserved tongues and given yourself the nightmare. You’ve no idea what noises you have been making, lying on your back with your mouth open.’

I smiled, and turned on my side obediently. Nevertheless, I felt as if a message had been sent to me somehow, to tell me I was doing right, and what my dear father would have wished, and that all would be well with me in my unknown future.



THE CRAFTSMEN OF THE BIBLE

VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF THE MODERN EAST.

BY MADAME MUSTAFA BEN YÛSUF.

I. THE BARRER.



HE Barber has been from time immemorial a most important craftsman in the East. That he was equally so in ancient times as at present, we may infer from the many allusions in the Bible to the hair and beard, their care and ornament. Though it is to be noticed that the name of the "barber" is but once mentioned. (Ezek. v. 1.)

The ancient Egyptians cultivated much and long hair. The Assyrians and other nations copied this fashion from them; and it was no mean art to curl, and crisp, and plait their long locks in the fantastic devices then in use, for which false hair and silk were often introduced.

But the Egyptians, contrary to the custom of the surrounding nations, wore no beards, and by means of a depilatory also removed all hair from the body. Joseph was careful to 'shave' before going into the presence of Pharaoh; he also changed his raiment: this is usually done after the bath, when the depilatory is used. (Gen. xli. 14.) It would have been an insult to the king to appear before him unshaven, and with the hair undressed. At the present time it is considered a great disgrace to neglect the beard or leave the head more than one week unshorn. They take the greatest pride in long and full beards, encouraging the growth and carefully trimming them; but they never use dyes, for a grey beard is esteemed as most honourable.

A man swears by his beard, or, more emphatically, by that of his Prophet (Mohammed). To say, 'May your beard be cut off!' is to curse, for this is never done willingly; only on the occasion of some great calamity, or as a sign of deep mourning on the death of a near relative or valued friend. Persian soldiers cut off their beards, and the manes and tails of their horses, for the death of a favourite commander. This practice was, and is, also made a means of punishment or derision to captives; as the Amorites shaved off half the beards of David's messengers, because they thought them spies. (2 Sam. x. 4.) More than one instance could be given of a war resulting, even in our own day, from a similar action. The Jews in David's time cultivated both hair and beard to a great extent, but as long hair was inconvenient to most men none but the wealthy indulged in this fashion.

Probably no barber ever rejoiced in the care of a more beautiful head of hair than Absalom's. We are told that he had it 'polled' once in a year—not merely cut, it would seem, but also thinned—'because his hair was heavy on him;' and the hair cut off yearly weighed, according to Dr. A. Clark, seven ounces and a-half! (2 Sam. xiv. 26.) That his hair was always long we know from the manner of his death. In our Lord's time, however, long hair was not worn, except by those who imitated the effeminate fashions of the Romans and Greeks. (1 Cor. xi. 14.)

The Oriental Jews of the present day retain the custom of their forefathers, and do not, like their Mohammedan masters, shave the head; nor do they cut the beard, except in so far as is consistent with personal comfort and appearance.

The modern Easterns shave the head by the injunction of their Prophet Mohammed. The custom is a very ancient one, and was, in certain cases, practised by the Israelites; but the Moslem leave a tuft of hair on the crown, that the Angel of the Tomb, they say, may thereby carry them to Paradise. The first time a boy's head is shaved, usually at the age of three or four, it is conducted as a ceremony; prayers from the Koran are said during the operation, and a victim, a goat generally, is slain at the tomb of a saint, and then a feast made with it for friends and strangers. These various duties are the care of the barber. But he is also the dentist and village-doctor. His remedy consists of bleeding—thought by most persons to be efficacious for nearly all disorders, as they believe that disease is in the blood. For this reason Easterns make it a rule to be bled at least once every year, to get rid of the bad (*i. e.* heated) blood. The barbers perform this operation with the lancet, on the arm usually, but sometimes on the

temples, behind the ears, or on the feet, as the case may require; but they also keep leeches for those who prefer them.

It is worthy of note that the old sign of a barber's shop, still in use in our own country, of a long white pole with a red band winding round it, has its origin and meaning in the Eastern barber's practice of blood-letting. In the East this emblem has ceased to be used, and a large bottle of leeches, and a pair of small brass shaving-bowls, is displayed at the door instead.

Their method of extracting a fractious tooth is a very primitive one, and doubtless most painful to the patient, though to the stranger it presents a novel and ludicrous sight. The patient sits cross-legged on the high bench which runs along the sides of the shop, the barber mounts up behind him, standing up he takes the man's head back between his knees, and thus secured, the poor sufferer is at his mercy!

The barber's shop (excepting the coffee-shop) is the principal shop in a village, the favourite lounge for the male gossips of the neighbourhood. It is a large chamber opening from the street, with a small window at the further extremity. Along both sides are placed high wooden benches surmounted with mattresses, and sometimes cushions. These benches are made elevated to enable the barber to have the head of his customer just under his eyes; otherwise the seats of all Easterns are very low, frequently a mat on the ground. At the end of the saloon is a water-stand, and vases with flowers, chaplets, and small bouquets of roses and jasmine for sale. Some bamboo seats for waiting customers, and the small tables and basins, complete the furniture of the room; while the walls are decorated with numerous painted wooden brackets, from which hang hand-glasses, still frequently made of copper, or more valuable metal, and the razors. The basins used are also of metal, having this peculiarity—fron. one side a piece is cut out of shape and size to fit a man's neck, so that the basin, so to speak, is put *round* the neck. The razors are much the same as those used in Europe.

The barber himself wears the long, simple garment of the working class: around his waist he fastens a towel, and from thence to his feet hangs his razor-strop; on his head is the turban, or sometimes a tarbûsh (red felt cap) only. When he has completed the operation of shaving a customer he, with a polite bow, presents a hand-glass to him; but no Moslem will look on his face in a mirror without first invoking the name of the Prophet, for fear he might look on his own features with undue admiration. If he is satisfied, he returns the barber the glass with a piece of money placed on it. There is no fixed charge; each man gives what he likes or can afford.

In large towns there are always several baths, similar to those Turkish baths recently introduced into England. To these all cleanly persons resort at least once a-week. Here numerous barbers are in attendance to shave heads, trim beards, or apply 'the Remedy,' as it is called, viz. the depilatory. It is composed of quick lime mixed with an eighth part of orpiment, and made into a paste with water. It removes any superfluous hair in about two minutes.

Some barbers add to their other accomplishments a knowledge of simples; others dabble in astrology, and do not shave a man till they have ascertained if it is a favourable time: strange to say, the time

usually is favourable. Others, who profess great religious zeal, repeat certain forms or texts from the Koran while employed on a customer's head.

Among the Bedaweens, or wandering tribes, every man is his neighbour's barber. The chief appoints a 'shaving-day,' when the men of each tribe assemble, and one to another performs the necessary operation.

Women either dress their own hair, or, among the wealthy, have black female slaves instructed in all the necessary arts. The Eastern ladies, however, avoid the use of false hair, but, like the ancients, use silk and ribbon to mix with their own hair, which is frequently heavily laden with gold and gems;—a practice forbidden by the Apostles of our Lord. (1 Tim. ii. 9; and 1 Pet. iii. 3.)

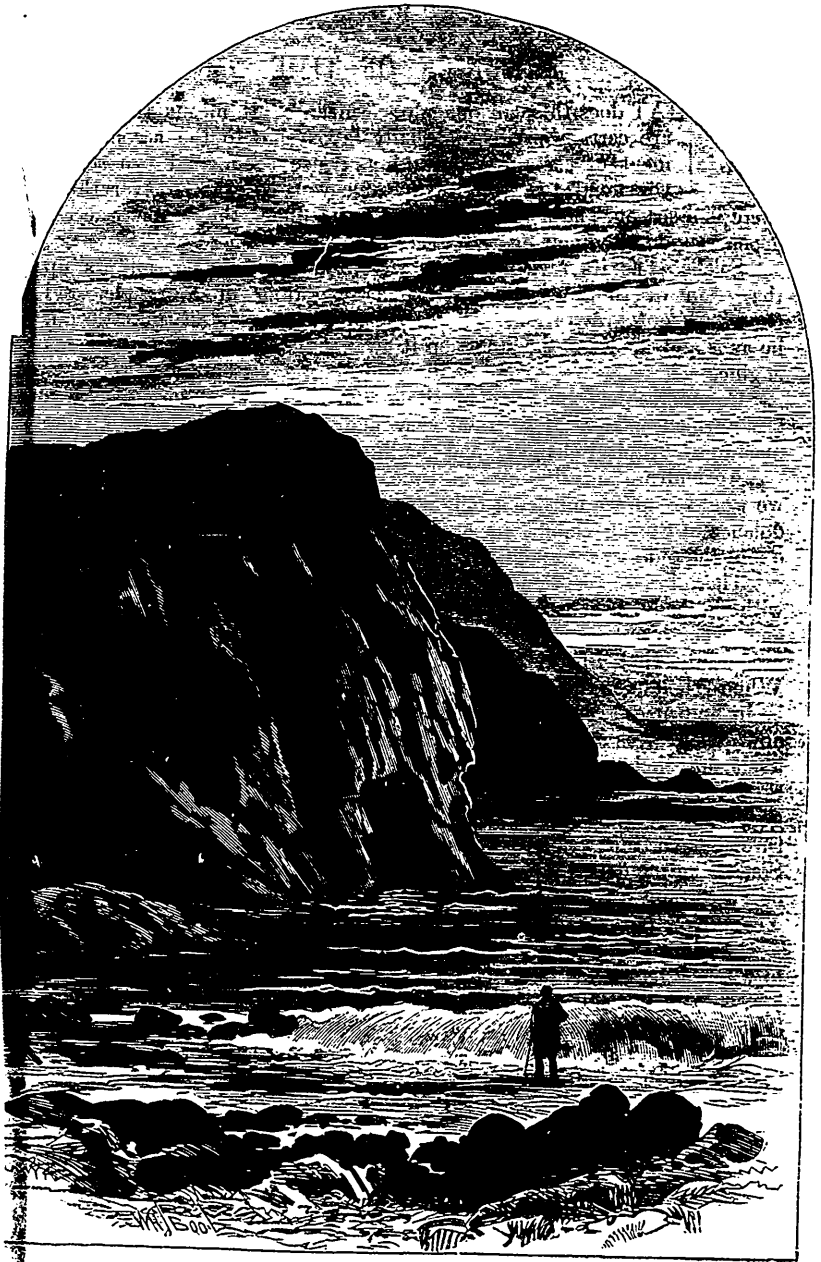
'THAT YE SORROW NOT.'

THEY part upon the vessel's deck,
The friends of many years;
The hands are pressed all silently,
The eyes are dim with tears:
Henceforward lie their paths apart
In this wide world for ever;
But with the pressing of the hand
Rent they the old time-woven band?
Old friendship did they sever?

The voyager across the sea,
The watcher on the shore,
What though apart in distant lands
Their paths lie evermore?
—There yet was cheer in the farewell
So sorrowfully spoken;
For distance has not power to part
Spirit from spirit, heart from heart:
The bond is still unbroken.

They part on the eternal shore,
The friends who long have loved;
Of one, the weary course is done,
The lips their last have moved:
But when they faltered the farewell,
Oh! was it said for aye?
For those who loved so well on earth,
Those who were one in woe or mirth,
Comes there no meeting-day?

Ah, yes! for him, the sorrower,
There sounds across the wave
A voice of hope from that fair Land
That lies beyond the grave:
It tells of a glad Day to come,
That shall repay the pain:
—Though parted now they yet are friends,
Not on that shore such friendship ends,
And they shall meet again.



'The voyager across the sea,
The watcher on the shore,'
'THAT YE SORROW NOT.'

THE NICK OF TIME.



WHAT does this curious phrase mean? It means that there are certain periods specially favourable to the accomplishment of certain undertakings: use them, and you secure your end; neglect them, and you fail. 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every person under the sun.' Success depends upon our knowing the 'season' and using the 'time.'

Science has its nick of time. Newton immediately follows up the train of thought suggested by the falling of an apple, and thus finds out gravitation. Watt marks the moving of a kettle-lid, he asks and answers the question it awakens, and invents the steam-engine.

Commerce has its nick of time. Ever and anon circumstances occur which make a large trade easy and natural. We hear of 'fine openings,' 'capital chances,' and the like.

Agriculture has its nick of time. Each season has its work. If we would reap, we must not only sow, but sow at a certain time. Indolence in Spring cannot be atoned for by industry in Summer. To quote the old saw: 'Make hay while the sun shines.'

There is no exception to the rule in reference to religion. As it is with the body, so it is with the soul. The nick of time is given to us, and everything depends upon our employment of it. The Bible tells us plainly that life is the nick of time in which to secure salvation. When Alexander the Great attacked a city, he often caused a lamp to be lit and placed before the beleaguered town. If the inhabitants laid down their arms and threw open the gates before the light had burned itself out, their lives were spared; if not, they were put to the sword. So with us. Rebels against God, disobeying His laws, slighting His goodness, He tells us that, if while the lamp of life burns we will throw down the weapons of our rebellion, He will pardon us for His Son's sake; but if it dies out before we turn to Him, then ours will be 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' Yes: 'Now is the day of salvation.'

'Serious things to-morrow,' was the exclamation of an ancient king to whom a letter had been given at a feast. He was requested by the bearer to read it at once, as it referred to a matter of importance. 'Oh,' cried he, tossing it aside, and filling the wine cup, 'Serious things to-morrow.' To-morrow he was slain; had he taken the warning in time, his life might have been preserved. Perhaps we are prone to act like that man. It is madness. No time is ours save only time present. Now we are in the place of hope, before the clock strikes the next hour we may be where hope is not. Our only security is in a ready and earnest regard to the nick of time.

But there is a nick of time for doing certain duties. 'Another time will do just as well,' is an excuse with which we neglect important 'works of faith and labours of love.' Especially are we given to delay when some duty happens to be distasteful. The nick of time passes and does not return. Let every Christian worker lay to heart the following story:—

'You will please not to forget to ask for the place for me, sir,'

said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of a man of leisure at his lodgings.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Easy; 'I shall be going that way most likely to-day.'

'Did you ask for the place yesterday?' said the boy on the following morning, with a quivering lip.

'No,' was the answer: 'I was busy; but I will to-day.'

'O my poor mother!' murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the penny Mr. Easy laid in his hand. The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread which he had bought with his penny. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

'Mother dear,' said the boy, 'Mr. Easy thinks that he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a-day. Only think, mother, three meals! and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share them with you!'

The next morning came, and the boy's voice trembled as he asked Mr. Easy if he had applied for the place.

'Not yet; but there is time enough.' The penny that morning was wet with tears.

Another morning arrived. 'It is very thoughtless of the boy to be so late,' said Mr. Easy; 'no one here to brush my coat!' The boy came at length, his face swollen with weeping. 'I am sorry to disappoint you,' said he, who would have called himself a man of business, 'but the place in that shop was filled yesterday.'

The boy stopped brushing, and burst into tears. 'I don't care now,' said he, 'we may as well starve; mother is dead!' A simple utterance, but one full of meaning! Does conscience call you to any good work! Have you had the means of usefulness put within your reach! Be prompt. It is foolish and wrong to postpone. The delay may put you beyond the reach of those whom you should help, or it may remove them far from your power of aid. God help us all to work now for Him, to avail ourselves of the nick of time.

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A MAN of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits-and-water. 'No, thank you,' said he; 'I am not ill.' 'Take a glass of wine, then,' said his host; 'or a glass of ale?' 'No, thank you,' said he; 'I am not thirsty.' These answers were greeted with a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. 'Surely,' said he, 'I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty?'

THE CLEARING SHOWER.

I STOOD bemoaning wind and rain
Upon a wintry day,
And dreaming o'er and o'er again
Of pleasures passed away.
When, lo! a little voice behind
Stole on the dreary hour,
And whispered, 'Sister, never mind,
'Tis but the clearing shower.'

Oh! weary souls who mourn the length
Of life's sad wintry day,
In battling with the world your strength
Has well-nigh passed away;
But now, look up, the rain and wind
Will only last an hour.
'Cheer up, faint hearts, and never mind,
'Tis but a clearing shower.'

The Christian fears no rocky shoal,
Though bitter storms arise
He journeys, love within his soul,
And Heaven before his eyes.
Through all the tearful scenes of life
He fears no evil power;
But calmly murmurs, 'Never mind,
'Tis but a clearing shower.'

Whene'er I meet a troubled soul
Worn down by petty care,
Or hovering where the waters roll,
Of wearisome despair;
Whene'er a drooping heart I find,
Lord, give me then the power
To whisper, 'Sister, never mind,
'Tis but the clearing shower.'

A WOMAN'S WORK.



DON'T, Nattie! I won't have the blind up! I can't bear the light.'

'One moment, Milly dear; the sunset is so lovely, and he was so fond of it.'

'And he'll never see it again, though he threw out that window on purpose!' said the first speaker, a tinge of fretfulness sharpening her grief-stricken voice. 'Oh, Nattie, Nattie! shut it out! All the world goes on as if it didn't care! It is too hard!'

A burst of tears followed the speech.

Natalie Loraine left the half-drawn curtain, and walked wistfully to the bed, on which her young stepmother had thrown herself in all the abandonment of sorrow. There were only a few years between the two, and yet, till now, Natalie had been but a child in the house, to be scolded, petted, ordered about, and let alone, by this very sobbing creature before her, who had been mistress and queen of all.

Natalie had not been accustomed to consider herself of the least account with her stepmother. Her elder sister, Lina, had been the favoured companion and friend among her step-children of the petted wife: Natalie had belonged to the schoolroom section altogether; to that troublesome, riotous portion of the family known as 'the boys.'

But Lina, never very strong, was worn out by the strange and sudden sorrow that had come upon the house. The boys, bewildered, shocked, and yet unable to give or ask sympathy in this, their first grief, had stolen out into the shrubberies and outhouses, and every one seemed to shrink from that most painful task of comforting the young widow.

Just four-and-twenty hours had the kind father, the loving husband, lain still and silent in his own great dining-room, carried in from the gates of his park, done to death by a stumble of his favourite quiet old hunter. Nattie, coming in from a ramble that summer afternoon, had been the first to hear that there was no hope, no chance of life left for the father she had last seen in all the strength of manhood. The very



'Look to poor Guy,' she said to the helper she found there.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

men who picked him up could tell that, and the first thing the girl did was characteristic of her. While one ran indoors to break to the young wife the meaning of the mournful procession in the avenue; and another leapt hedges and hurdles in mad haste to fetch the village doctor, useless though he must be in such a case; Natalie, stupefied and horror-stricken, with white face and tearless eyes, had slipped her hand into the old hunter's bridle, as he wandered aimlessly under the trees, and led him towards the stables. He had stumbled on a stone and cut his knees.

'Look to poor Guy,' she said to the helper she found there.

But when (ill news flying fast) he asked some eager questions of his young mistress regarding the accident, Miss Natalie only shook her head, and went back to the house. She understood nothing of what he said, felt nothing, save that father was dead. Guiding the horse to its stable had been purely mechanical—the thing to be done at the moment, which no one else was there to do.

So Natalie did it.

After that she had stolen into the dining-room behind Dr. Leatham, and seen for herself that all was over: that the smile on the still face was none she had ever found there before; that the quiet figure lying before her was not her father, not Mr. Loraine of Blythewood Park, but Death.

Gilbert and Jack had crept in after her, too; but the three young things, after one glance, all stole away separately to their several lairs. Boys especially are like animals, in only craving a place to hide themselves in when they are sick or sorry.

And Nattie, their friend and companion in many a happy frolic, was too like them to be much of a comforter just then. Blythewood was in a terrible state of disorganization that day. The young step-mother, who had been Lina's schoolfellow, and who had never asked the children to call her 'Mother,' though she was kind to them in a careless sort of way, was shut in her room, Dr. Leatham in attendance; for, unaccustomed to control herself, she was almost frantic in her misery.

Lina (Miss Loraine) had tried to be of use to the distracted creature, but the attempt only ended in a breakdown on her own part, and a dismissal to bed under the care of her maid.

It was holiday-time, so there was no tutor or governess to look after the younger children, who, shrinking from the loud, outspoken sympathy of the servants, crept early to bed, only to find the next day nearly as sad and strange.

Not till late on that second afternoon of sorrow did Natalie bethink herself that she, perhaps, could do something for her stepmother, the petted wife of her dead father.

Her first effort at consolation had not seemed successful, but she was sincerely sorry for the flushed, crying creature, who seemed unable to find rest for either body or soul.

The lovely cloud-glories of the August sunset had lifted the girl for a moment above earth-troubles, and brought to mind the gates of Heaven, within which she pictured her beloved father. 'But Milly could not follow her train of thought,' she said, so she tried another method with her.

'Fifine wants you so,' said the girl, somewhat abruptly. 'The

little thing saw nurse crying, and was quite upset. Will you have her? and shall I smooth your hair for you?’

‘She was the very last he kissed; I held her to him just before he rode off to Greystone,’ said the widow piteously: but her tears came more gently, and she let Natalie raise her up, smooth her dress, and arrange her disordered hair.

‘That baby may not be frightened of you,’ said Natalie, feeling it the only safe subject; ‘she puts up her little lip whenever she sees any one in trouble.’

‘Yes, bring her—I want her,’ feverishly responded the poor mother: ‘no one except Slater seems to come near me. They say Lina is ill, but I am the one that ought to give up, I think.’

Natalie did not answer the last speech, but she rang for the little one, Milly’s child, and then ordered tea for both, petting the baby and coaxing the mother till smiles came to both faces.

There was something in the girl that Milly (who was not very wise herself) felt that she could lean upon in this crisis, Natalie was so straightforward. And who else had the poor thing to turn to? Her all was gone, had slipped from her in one hasty minute, without adieu, without even a single shadow of warning. Mr. Loraine had so cherished this young wife of his, that the world must needs seem very hard and cold to her without him, even had not his care and love for her in a measure isolated her from other loves and other associates. For what more could she want, with Walter by her side? even her step-children were almost regarded with jealousy as likely to distract his attention from her, and but that they were happy, high-spirited children, not accustomed to brood on fancied offences, there might have been trouble in the house.

If Milly was unwise, however, and prone to littlenesses in her affection, Mr. Loraine was far different; his heart was large enough for all, and he could reconcile the most antagonistic elements. Spoilt Milly; gentle, somewhat prosaic Lina; downright Nattie, and the riotous, noisy schoolboys, were all one. When he came near, all united in their common love for him. And baby Fifie when she appeared was another centre of interest, the dearest plaything the elder Loraines had ever possessed.

Mr. Loraine was reputed a wealthy man. He had bought Blythewood soon after his first marriage, and all his children had been born there, beginning with Arthur, now with his regiment in India. The Bank in Greystone had been connected with his family for three generations, and only lately had he discontinued a daily attendance there, making instead frequent visits to London on business, and entering on a new arrangement with the Bank concerning his share of the profits.

‘I must think of Fifie now,’ he had said smilingly to his wife a few weeks before his untimely death; ‘it won’t do to leave out that little woman in considerations for the future.’

What the arrangements were he made for the little new-comer Milly never asked, and little cared. Would not she and Walter be always at hand to look after baby? It was impossible that poverty or distress should ever come near a Loraine of Blythewood.

Milly had been the orphan niece of two very doting old ladies,

Hymn for New-Year's Day.

whose small though sufficient income expired at their death. She had never known any other life than comfort and competence, for when they died one after the other, somewhat unexpectedly, Mr. Loraine came forward and asked her to be his wife. And Milly Strahan had willingly accepted the wealthy banker, the handsome country gentleman, her school-friend Lina's father.

People shook their heads over the marriage,—the new wife only four years older than her eldest daughter; there would be difficulty in her maintaining her position. But Milly was not quarrelsome, and Lina's temper was very equable in these prosperous times. Blythewood continued still a peaceful, happy home, despite little annoyances; such as Natalie refusing to adopt young-lady habits, and the boys hazarding baby's life in their pleasure in their new toy.

But all this pleasant fabric was shaken and imperilled as by an earthquake by the sudden death of Mr. Loraine. The keystone of the house had fallen when he was brought, silent and senseless, into the halls he had never before entered without a cheery greeting to the child or servant who rushed out at his footstep.

Natalie found this out first, though every one, apart from their grief at his loss, was in a measure harassed, and made uncomfortable too, by the discovery. Father had done everything hitherto, looked after every one's comfort; and now, even in these early days, the difference was felt. Milly could never understand business, and only cried and sobbed in Mr. Quillett's face when the old lawyer, who came over directly he heard of his old friend's untimely death, asked her a question concerning family affairs. Lina was still ill in bed, and Arthur was far away. So it came to pass that Natalie was called into the drawing-room to be questioned, meeting Milly coming away drowned in tears, and sobbing that he was cruel to talk to her like that.

Like that! What did Milly mean? Mr. Quillett loved father, and was a gentle-spirited old man, incapable of saying an unkind word. There must be some mistake; or Milly perhaps was upset, and hardly knew what she was saying. The girl went into the room rather glad than otherwise to greet this friend of her father's, who could only give them comfort in their sad affliction.

HYMN FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God who gave them
Swiftly will have sped away;
Able now by grace to save them—
O that, while we can, we may!

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came.

Whence we came and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit Bliss Unending,
Or Eternity of Woe.

As the tree falls, so must it lie;
As the man lives, so will he die,
As the man dies, so must he be
Through all the length of Eternity. Amen.

Short Sermon.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, B.C.L., VICAR OF GREAT YARMOUTH.

NEW-YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

Rom. ii. 7.—'Patient continuance in well doing.'



WE have been brought, in God's providence, to the first day of a New Year. It becomes us, every one, as members of Christ's holy Church, to ask ourselves questions, and to come to certain resolutions. To do this in self-reliance is presumption; to attempt it unless we mean it is mockery; to endeavour to do so in prayerful reliance upon God is the sure way for peace within our hearts.

My inmost wish for you and for myself is, 'Lord, make us to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting. O Lord, save Thy people; bless thine heritage; govern us, and lift us for ever; and let us day by day magnify Thee, and worship Thy name, ever world without end.'

Your own self-examination at this sacred season will have produced much penitence, and probably you have even already made many good resolutions for the ensuing year. I wish to suggest a few practical hints for your consideration.

Now there cannot be much faith without enthusiasm. By enthusiasm I mean, however, such a confidence in God's word and promises as exalts the imagination and prompts the man to spiritual activity. There is an essential distinction between this and an ill-founded confidence wrought up to fanaticism, which is pretentious and sure ultimately to fail. The Ephesians, who for three hours shouted 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' were fanatics. St. Paul at Athens, St. Peter and St. John at Jerusalem, were enthusiasts. We may well try to imitate these men, even as we carefully avoid those excited worshippers of Diana. 'Patient continuance in well doing,' that is the course for you to pursue. Men prefer rapid proceedings and quick results. This is not the genius of God's word or of religion. Patience and continuance must characterise you here.

Let it be so with each of you this year.

I. Let there be patient continuance in your habit of private prayer. Much as we profess to value private prayer, how easy is the neglect of it, and how frequently it is neglected! Almost anything takes precedence of it, almost anything is allowed to restrain us from its use! Then comes a ready suggestion that its omission on a few occasions can do us little harm, and so carelessness grows upon us, until what ought to be esteemed one of our highest enjoyments becomes a matter of duty, and almost a burden. Probably, no exercise is more really profitable than true private prayer, while a course and habit of it are of almost essential value to its being profitable at all. God's Word assumes, when speaking of prayer, the habit and continual exercise of it. Let private prayer be this year one of those matters wherein your continuance shall be patient and unceasing.

II. Next to this, and closely allied with it, is the habit of public worship. I affectionately entreat your remembrance that 'God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.' Therefore, in

all your praying in church try to forget everything but God and your desires. Make your common prayers a reality. Whether it be the 'Amen' only that you chant, or the whole prayer or supplication which you utter, let it be done with the deepest fervour of your heart of hearts, praying with all prayer and supplication in spirit, and watching thereunto, for God's answer, with all diligence. So with your praise. But let us mind that we praise God in all. I like the old way, sometimes, of announcing a hymn: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.' Ah, let us so sing, lifting up our hearts to God in a song. Endeavour to think of God's mercies when you sing of His love, of His grace; and try to thank Him in your melodies.

Patiently continue in that endeavour. Let that plain-coloured bird which builds its nest so low, and is content to make its house upon the very earth (and not on the trees, as many birds do), be an exemplar to us in our singing. For the lark's song and action go beautifully in harmony. His song is 'Excelsior!' higher and yet higher; and as he sings it he soars upwards towards the skies, until it is easier to hear his secret soul than it is to see his aspiring little form as he ascends, apparently, nigh to the very Heavens. And still as he returns to his duties on earth, he is cheerful, singing to the last. Be your praise like that. As to Holy Communion, it is with the soul as with the body: you may use stimulants, or you may use sound and wholesome food. You know which is, ordinarily, the better plan. No one doubts the great advantage of regularly taking regular and good food. There may be times when stimulants are useful, but these times are very rare. Now the Holy Communion is a regular means of strength to the Christian. It ought not to be treated as a stimulant beyond the way in which every act of strengthening oneself is such; and therefore you should be regular and frequent in your waiting on Christ at His most Holy Table.

Some of our Church seasons, as, for example, Rogation-tide, Lent, Advent, Easter, are rather of a stimulating character; but the Lord's Supper ought to be to you what it was to the first Christians, the frequently received means of growth and strength.

III. Then as to your more private, not exclusively domestic life. Let this same feature adorn you there. The injury done just now to thousands of young persons by reading novels of a very doubtful morality and of highly exciting character is beyond description. Newspapers are crammed with them, and volumes of them are forced upon the public, to the great, though unsuspected, injury of most readers. I believe that it is not amiss in the course of one's life to have read really good works of fiction; but this is wholly a different thing from the sensational stories of the many cheap newspapers, or of the modern popular novel, in which very often wrong principles are made to appear in a better light than they possess. You may see the saddening results everywhere around you upon the young. Even the countenance often betrays it. All taste for solid useful learning is gone; the imagination becomes vitiated and depraved, cares only for that which is exciting and sensational, and the mind neglects what is useful. A listlessness, and next an actual indifference to duties, follow; then actual defiance of duty. Many young persons, who seemed likely to go on well, become vapid and listless about godliness, and will sit up late to pore over the fancy

tale, which leaves them far more demoralised in their souls than they suspect or desire, unfits them for duty, puts false notions in their head, causes them to ape the ways, manners, and doings of others, leads them to neglect private prayer, and gradually undermines the affection for godliness. I warn you against these evils, as amongst the most common; and because little suspected, therefore most dangerous of the day. But, then, 'well-doing' means much more than 'abstaining' from wrong. The sacred Scriptures offer you a field for real and great usefulness; for if you will help to carry out our holy scriptural system in its strict discipline, you will certainly effect, under God's blessing, a grand good for those amongst whom your lot is cast. So with the Sunday offertory. Let every one lay up for himself, to give Sunday by Sunday as God hath prospered him.

God guide and bless you through this year, and make it a blessed year to you. In all the matters let the text be your rule. The two temptations in a Christian life are, either to flag, to grow weary on and because of the way, and to desire change; or, to be in a hurry and to get irritated because all is not effected at once. Once did God say to Moses of Israel when they were already wearied, 'Speak to the people of Israel that they go forward;' and once, but a few hours later, did he say to them in their impatience and haste, 'Stand still, and see the goodness of God.'

A new year has begun. Lord, as we Thy servants are very weak and feeble, and can do no good without Thy grace preventing us, grant of Thy pity and love unto us that we may be eminent this year for 'Patient continuance in well doing.'



Good Sayings for every Day in the Year.

JANUARY.

1. The echo of the Old Year's farewell reminds us to begin the New Year well.
 2. For each Kyrie* below there is a Gloria above.
 3. Our Sundays well spent bring weeks of content;
But Sundays unblest make week-days distrest.
 4. The highest work is helped by him who does the lowest.
 5. There is sure treasure only where Christ is the Treasurer.
 6. God's best gift to us was Christ; our best gift to Him is ourselves.
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* A Kyrie is that prayer 'Lord have met'cy,' &c.

Good Sayings for every Day in the Year.

7. Decline not lawful pleasure, lest thou decline into unlawful.

8. Work patiently waits for us, let us wait patiently for work.

9. Look to suffer for looks that sin.

10. That is but a short devotion which lasts no longer than Sunday.

11. It is evil for him who sets necessity before right.

12. Without self-rule, where is rule?

13. The most we can do rightly is that which is most right to be done.

14. Where reparation is due, nothing else can pay the debt.

15. Politeness should perfect a peasant as well as a prince.

16. It does not do to be all angles in a round world.

17. God speaks His own words in His own House when Holy Scripture is read at church.

18. Let that table please thee which God is pleased to give thee.

19. Many good works cannot have your hands, but all can have your heart.

20. A true zeal makes little things the occasions of great piety.

21. Not a few are saved by what they lose.

22. God, Who made all things very good, must needs do all things very well.

23. When God strikes our hearts of stone, prayer gushes forth in penitence.

24. When prayer strikes our Rock of Salvation, grace gushes out in pardon.

25. Seek the grace of the Saints, and thou shalt find the place of the Saints.

26. Speak when you should not be silent, as well as be silent when you should not speak.

27. Show your conversion by your conversation.

28. To chance Heaven is to lose all chance of it.

29. As there is a kindness that punishes, so there is a cruelty that spares.

30. Flee from destruction with thine ears as well as with thy tongue.

31. All Christians should be devout communicants, all communicants should be devout Christians.