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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD.

PARISH MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1893.

SERVICES :

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

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

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

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods. Mr. S. R. Hesson. Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young

Sunday School Officers:

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

Sec.-Treas, Mr. H. Patterson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson.

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER:

President, Mrs. Williams, Vice-President, Mrs. Wade; 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. Wade, 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, Wm. Maynard; Treasurer, M. H. Westbrook; Secretary, R. Neild; Hospitality Committee, M. H. Westbrook and J. Squares. No. of members, 13. Time of meeting, every Monday at 8 p. m.

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 18. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

June 4th, Clara Margaret, daughter of James Doherty, Albert St.; June 5th, Lillian Maud, Jennie Bell, Cora Pearl, Georgina Myrtle, the children of George Clarke, Arxyle St.; June 18th, William Clifford, the son of George Jackson, Eric St.; June 25th, Samuel and James, the sons of Alex. Macdonald, Queen St.; Eva Sarah Maud, the daughter of W. R. Shore, Ellice; Rubina Kathleen, daughter of Albert Yates, Hibernia St.

MARRIAGES.

Beattie—Johnson: June 14th, John William Beattie, Downie, to Mary Anne Johnson, Albert St.
Brewer—Hawkins: June 23th, Charles Henry Brewer, to Eliza Hawkins, both of Stratford.

BURIALS.

June 14th, Johnson Abraham, Grange St.; June 16th, Catharine Loney, Ellice.



THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE marriage of H.R.H. Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney, K.G., to H.R.H. Princess Victoria Mary Louise Olga Pauline Claudina Agnes, usually known as Princess May of Teck, is an event which is viewed with universal satisfaction. The lamented death of the Duke of Clarence called forth the deepest sympathy for the young Princess, whose fortitude under the specially trying circumstances commanded the admiration of all.

The Prince and Princess are greatly beloved in their respective circles, and so much of their careers as have been spent in public work have won for them a warm place in the popular esteem.

The Duke of York is the only surviving son of the Prince of Wales, and was born at Marlborough House on the 3rd of June, 1865, and baptised at Windsor Castle on the 7th of July following. He was educated, together with his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, at Sandringham and Marlborough House, the boys' tutor being Canon Dalton. When fourteen years old, Prince George and the Duke of Clarence were entered as cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, where they were treated like any other cadets, except that they were accommodated with a separate cabin. After leaving the *Britannia* the Princes entered the *Bachante* as "middies," and went round the world with Lord Charles Scott. On their return, Prince George entered the Naval College at Greenwich to study for his examination as a sub-lieutenant. He was a capital student, with a real talent for scientific study and a strong capacity for grasping the salient points and bearings of any subject put before him. He became a sub-lieutenant on the 3rd of June, 1884, and a lieutenant on the 8th of October, 1885. In 1890 he was appointed to the command of a gunboat. After the death of his brother, early in January 1892, a

title was conferred on the Prince, and he received the Royal Dukedom of York.

It is said by a writer in the *Young Man*, "that Prince George, as captain of the *Thrush*, had, according to the Admiralty regulations, to read morning prayers on board after divisions each day, and himself to conduct the Sunday service. In preparation for this last he always practised on Saturday evenings with such officers and men as volunteered to take part in the singing of the chants and hymns for the next day. We are told that his favourite hymns appeared to be such well-known ones as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'O God, our Help in ages past,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,' 'Jesu, meek and lowly,' 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' and Keble's morning and evening hymns. These and others he had been wont in his boyhood to sing at home with his brother and sisters, to his mother's accompaniment on the piano."

Princess May is the eldest child and only daughter of the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary of Cambridge. She was born at Kensington Palace on the 26th of May, 1867. The greater part of her life has been spent at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, the residence of her parents for many years. She is an excellent horsewoman, a skilled musician, and an artist of considerable talent. The Princess has taken a deep interest in the various philanthropic movements and works of mercy of which her mother is the centre; and her home training has been marked by that quietness and simplicity which are the charm of a well-ordered English household.

In common with our brethren of the press throughout the Empire, we tender to the Bride and Bridegroom our hearty congratulations; and we know that we are only expressing the sincere feelings of our readers in all ranks of life both at home and abroad, when we pray that the Prince and Princess may be "endued with the Holy Spirit; enriched with Heavenly Grace; and prospered with all Happiness."



BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "A Good Position," "Nellie's Firstfruits," "Miss Priss," etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

"**A**ND if here isn't the very girl I want! Here have I been worrying my head till it aches, for a girl fit to send up to the Old Hall, and never gave you so much as a thought, Ruth March, till you walk in upon me, as much as to say, 'Here I am ready to go.' Sit down, girl, for a moment in that corner out of the way till I've got time to tell you all about it."

Mrs. Buckle, the speaker, was generally breathless on Skirley market day, but on this especial day she was more than ordinarily so. Her shop—which was really a "much in little," providing such diverse wares as buns and sweetmeats, tobacco, toys, and fancy work, besides being the only registry office for servants of which the little port boasted—was quite thronged, and Mrs. Buckle, with her two daughters, had more than enough to do in keeping their customers supplied.

Ruth March, a gentle, pleasant-faced girl with a retiring manner, did as she was told; drew her chair into a quiet corner, and watched the busy throng. At the counter were ladies matching silks, and an old country woman buying stout "fingering" of serviceable colours for her knitting; a noisy and very quarrelsome party of children were choosing toys, and exercising a terrorism over a very

meeek governess who held the purse-strings, and who was vainly endeavouring to make the two ends of their desires, and the sum of money which she was entrusted to spend for them, meet. A couple of small farmers stood sheepishly at the door, afraid to come forward among so many of the fairer sex, to make known their wants in the direction of shag or "a nice mild bacca." Women and children devoured cakes and buns at the confectionery counter, while a group of red-cheeked country girls, all waiting to be hired, stood giggling and talking loudly in the centre of the shop. Amid this throng, every member of which was known to her, Mrs. Buckle darted in and out. The ladies were supplied with silks, the shy men induced to come forward and state their wishes; with the air of a born directress she demanded of the worried governess the amount of money she wished to spend, divided it by the number of children, whisked away the more expensive toys, leaving only those which were of the ascertained price, hushed the clamour by choosing what she considered fitting for each, and sent them out of the shop satisfied and rejoicing; then, after silencing the centre group with a lofty "Manners, young women!" she found time to turn to Ruth.

"I declare if I ain't ready to drop. I've been that busy, you'd never believe, since nine o'clock this morning. 'Tis half-past two now, and not a bit of dinner have one of us been able to get—nothing but just a bite at a bun, when we could turn our heads away from the customers for half a minute. Ah well! 'tis all good for trade. But I wish I could spread the business out over the week, instead of squeezing it into one day. But what I want you for, Ruth March, is this; and what made me think you walked in like a Providence is that I've got a place for you, a nice genteel place, too, made a-purpose, I might say. When that groom from Old Hall came in this morning and said he must take a servant back for Madam this very day, I was a'most driven crazy, for nothing but that sort," nodding to the girls still standing waiting, "had come in, and that wouldn't do at any price. Madam Atherfield was brought up quite the lady, and used to keep a lot of servants, but now she's come down to one, but that one must be the right sort,—pleasant-like to look at and to speak to, and able to cook a bit, for Madam don't do anything herself. I won't deny that it's an out-of-the-world sort of place, with a big house half shut up; and most of the girls I send come back at the end of a month, some of them before, say 'tis too lonesome; but you ain't one of that sort. You've been trained to know what's right and proper, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Merton. Ah! 'twas an evil day for Skirley when we lost that good man; and I think you'd feel 'twas your duty to stay and give the place a trial if you once went there. People do say that girls brought up in a workhouse ain't never any good; but you're an exception, Ruth March, and sometimes I'd have had as many as half-a-dozen places I could have popped you into, but you've come upon me all in a hurry, and now this seems the only thing to offer unless you can wait."

"Mrs. Merton offered to pay for me to board with Mrs. Blake, the milkman's wife, till I could hear of something to suit me," answered Ruth, "but I do not want to put her to that expense; and if you think I should be able to manage for this lady, and do the work, I shall be glad to go. Are there many in family?"

"Only three. Mr. Atherfield—and he's more than often away—and Madam, and a little miss about twelve, I should think. And if you ask me if I think you can manage I say yes. That's just what you want;—to manage a bit, to do the work yourself without bothering Madam at all, and the wages is twelve pounds. That's a nice rise for you all at one jump, and they do say that Mr. Atherfield is free with his money when he's got it, and thinks nothing of tossing the maid half-a-sovereign if she'll cook him a dinner or supper to his mind."

"And when must I go? How can I get there? I have only heard of Old Hall. I don't quite know where it is."

"Go? Why, this very afternoon," answered Mrs. Buckle. "The old groom—and a surly, crusty old fellow he is—says he's got to take a maid back, and he means to do it. He'll be looking in here in a few minutes to see what I've got for him."

"I should like to have seen Mrs. Merton and all of them off. They leave to-morrow, and I think I must help them to the last. I don't know how I'm going to get on without them," and the tears rose in the young girl's eyes.

"Well, well! It does seem hard for you now, but law! you'll get used to it in time; and if here isn't the old man himself. Just speak to him, and ask if you can't stay for another day or two. Well, Mr. Choules," turning to an elderly man who entered at the moment, "I've been as good as my word, and got a young woman to suit you at Old Hall."



"'I KNOW YOU WILL,' SAID MRS. MERTON."

"That bit of a girl!" exclaimed the old man contemptuously. "How's she to get through the work o' that big place? I wanted a woman, Mrs. Buckle, and not a child."

"Ruth March is no child, Mr. Choules. She's eighteen; and you may hear her character all over Skirley, and a good one it is. She's clean and steady, and she can cook and wait, and knows how to manage without a mistress always at her heels. Why, she has lived for the last six years with our dear good Mr. Merton, that's gone; and when Mrs. Merton was laid up for the matter of six months and over, this girl kept everything going, looked after the house, and managed the children, and nursed her mistress; and if that isn't character enough for you, why, you'd better go round to Mrs. Merton herself, and see what she's got to say about it."

"Ah! lived at Parson Merton's, did she?" said the old man, stroking his chin reflectively. "Well, she'll be none the worse for that, nor none the better, that I knows, only she'll be thought none the better of up there," jerking his thumb vaguely in the direction of Old Hall. "But then, if she only fits in, and will do her work, they'll ask no questions; so upon your recommendation, ma'am,

I'll take the girl. You'd better," turning to Ruth, "just get your things put up, and I'll come round to Mrs. Merton's in about half an hour."

"But," said Ruth, "I didn't think of going to-day. Mrs. Merton isn't leaving till to-morrow, and I can't let her do without me."

"You must choose 'twixt the new missus and the old," said the old man somewhat roughly. "You've got to leave Mrs. Merton, and, I takes it, you ain't a lady of fortune. You've got to earn your

living; so it's take it or leave it. Either you get ready and come right along with me now, or I'll look after some one else."

"Go round and ask Mrs. Merton about it, Ruth. She's a sensible woman as ever lived, and she'll soon see what's best for you," suggested Mrs. Buckle.

"Ay, do that, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put off my start a bit; I'll say five o'clock, and I'll be round as the church bell strikes, so don't you be a minute late," said Choules. "Looks as though she might do. She's got a sensible little face when you come to have a look at her," he added, as Ruth closed the shop door behind her. "Only it ain't any good to let women fancy you think too much of them. She'll be all the better for my pulling her up a bit sharp."

"Ah, Mr. Choules! you ain't over complimentary to us poor women," said Mrs. Buckle. "But you take my word for it, Ruth March is something like a treasure, and you give her a help, if 'tis only a kind word now and then. All the world knows your influence up at the Old Hall, and what you can do."

The old man sighed heavily, and shook his head. "'Tis little enough

I can do, or anybody else, for the matter of that ; but if a word will help the girl, she shall have it from me, and sometimes, maybe, I can set a farm boy to lend her a hand. Does she come from these parts?"

"That's just what nobody knows," replied Mrs. Buckle. "She was left at the workhouse door one night—the 1st of March 'twas; and that's how she got her name. She was only a few months old baby then, but she was tidily dressed, and wrapped in a good warm shawl, with 'Ruth' just written on a piece of paper, and pinned to her frock. So as nobody knew her other name, the master called her March, as that was the month. Ruth has got the bit of paper now, and all the clothes she had on at the time. Mrs. Merton took her out when she was about twelve, and a good servant she's made of her, and a good girl, too. There ain't no nasty tricky ways about Ruth. She ain't much to look at, as far as beauty goes, but somehow she always reminds me of a lady. I think her people must have been above the common run of folks."

"Handsome is as handsome does," replied Abraham Choules. "I hope nobody won't try to set her up to make her think she's a lady. The first of March, eighteen years ago, you said, Mrs. Buckle, I think?"

"Why, Mr. Choules, you never know anything about it, do you?" asked Mrs. Buckle curiously.

"No, I don't," replied the old man crustily; "so don't you go making any romance out o' that, Mrs. Buckle. I'll pay you your half-crown, and be off now. I only hope I sha'n't have to come again on the same errand in a month's time."

In the meantime Ruth had hurried back to the Vicarage, to the house which, in its truest sense, had been home to her, and was telling her tale to Mrs. Merton. "I don't see how I can go, ma'am," she said. "I couldn't leave you here all alone."

"I know you would not willingly

leave me one moment before we are obliged to part, Ruth," replied her mistress; "but the parting must, in any case, take place in a few hours. And in the circumstances in which you are placed I think you must accept this offer. The wages are much better than you have had with us, and you cannot afford to slight this. I, too, wish I could have had you with us till the last, but that cannot be. There is so little to be done now, that we can quite well manage without you."

"I can't bear to leave you!" sobbed Ruth, feeling that all the world was suddenly sinking away from her, and that she was surrounded by infinite space.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Merton, taking her hand, "you must have courage. These things are not in our hands. Neither you nor I would have chosen to part; but a stronger Power than ours has said that our paths must be separate, for a time at least. Who knows what may be in the future for us? It may be that some day you will be able to return to me. Till then, Ruth, your duty will be to your new mistress. Her ways and mine will doubtless be different; but unless your conscience tells you that it is anything wrong, it is her ways that must be yours now."

"I don't know how I shall get on at all," sobbed Ruth. "Nobody could have such good ways as you, dear mistress. Oh! you have been everything to me—mistress, and mother, and friend."

"Yes, and shall always remain so, I trust. But now I am your best friend in telling you to cheer up, to look life bravely in the face, and to learn to stand alone—alone as far as human aid or intercourse, I mean, for God's presence is always with us if we only look for it. Now, Ruth," she continued, for she saw that the girl was getting almost hysterical, "you must do as I tell you, and at once. This is my last act as your mistress. Pack your box, and make

yourself ready by the time Mr. Atherfield's groom comes for you."

"My box is packed, ma'am," answered Ruth, steadying her voice as best she could, for her mistress' voice acted like a tonic upon her; "I have only to make a parcel of the few things that are left out, and I will

do my best to Mrs. Atherfield or any other mistress, for the sake of you and the dear master that is gone."

"I know you will," said Mrs. Merton cheerfully. "And you will remember that your old friends are always within reach of you by post, and always interested in hearing of you."

CHAPTER II.

"NEW FRIENDS."



WHEN Abraham Choules drove up to the vicarage door, true to his word, as the clock was striking five, he found Ruth waiting for him, with a group of children gathered round her. Mrs. Merton came out to speak to him.

"You will tell Mrs. Atherfield that I can give Ruth an excellent character," she said; "and I am sure she will find a faithful servant in her."

The two younger children clung round the girl crying, and it was plain that tears were not far from the eyes of Mrs. Merton, or of her eldest daughter, while the boy, a fine lad of fourteen, vented his feelings in truly masculine style, by whistling, and kicking at the pebbles in the path.

"Come, young woman, we must hurry up," said the old man, as he respectfully touched his hat after Mrs. Merton had spoken. "I ought to have been halfway home by this time. If you wouldn't mind just standing by the mare's head, sir, I'll put up the box."

The boy blushed with pleasure. "She's a beauty," he said, as he stroked the mare's soft nose.

"Ay, ay, sir! She's all that, but a bit cantankerous in her temper; can't trust her overmuch. Now, young woman, up you get!" and amidst a chorus of "Good-bye, Ruth," they drove off.

"Seems pretty much set on you," said the old man, looking down at his companion, and noting that she had dried her eyes, and was sitting with firmly compressed lips gazing ahead of her.

The words, which called up to Ruth all that she had lost, brought the tears welling once more to her eyes, but, remembering her mistress' words, she dried them, and answered as cheerfully as she could, "Yes, they all know me so well, and they know how I love them."

"And is that all Parson Merton's family?"

"Yes—Miss Helen and Master Philip, and the two little ones, Miss Amy and dear little Master Tom. Just look what he squeezed into my hands when he said good-bye," and half-laughing, half-sobbing, she held up a top. "It is his favourite top, dear little boy."

"And what are they going to do? Folks say that the parson hadn't got much laid by."

"How could he?" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, the living is a very poor one, and master was the most charitable of men."

"Charity begins at home with most folks," answered Abraham. "He'd better have got a bit together for his wife and children, than given it to those who never gave him Thank you, I'll be bound. He'd have died easier if he'd have thought his own was beyond the reach of want."

"You wouldn't say that if you'd only known him," said Ruth earnestly. "When he knew that he must die I saw him take mistress' hand and pat it, and then he locked up into her eyes, and said, 'The Lord will provide, Maggie; you will not be downcast or lose courage.' And my mistress smiled back so bravely, though I know her heart was almost breaking, and said, 'Yes, John, the Lord will provide.'"

"And what are they going to do now?"

"Well, Miss Helen is going to a school—one of the big High Schools—and she will work and learn too. She's very hopeful, so like the dear mistress; and she says in a few years she is going to make a home, and we shall all be together again. Then Master Philip has got a free scholarship, and he says he means to win another at school, which will take him to college. He is set upon being a Clergyman, like his father. He turns after his father more than any of them—just so quiet and kind. And the two little ones are to go to school in Eastbourne near to where Mrs. Merton will be, so she will be able to see them, and that will make it less lonesome for her. She is going to be a matron or something of the sort at a home for ladies—quite a lady's position, they say; and she will have servants under her, and nothing to do herself only to superintend, and help comfort these poor ladies, and well she knows how to do that. But it makes my heart ache to think of her, poor thing, that has always been used to her own home, and has had all her children about her, to be cut off from them all at once, and she goes about and says how thankful she ought to be."

"A nice time she'll have of it, shut up with a lot of peevish old women," said Abraham. "I wouldn't get up much thankfulness for that if 'twas my case."

"Then, you see, she is always thankful. I heard master say to her in his funny, quiet way one day, 'My dear, you find sunshine in the heart of a stone,' and so she did. She can always turn the bright face of the hardest trouble to you, and make you feel ashamed that ever you felt it a trouble at all."

"Well, you'll find a bit of a change," said the old man. "Your new missus ain't like that, not quite."

"Will you tell me something about her, and about the little girl, too?"

"What, Miss Stella? Well, you won't find her much like those you've left behind. She's a fine big girl, as tall as you, though she is but fourteen. A real Atherfield is Miss Stella, true at heart, if she is a bit short in the temper at times, like the mare here. She'll kick over the traces when she's in the mood; she's let run wild too much; no school, no governess; just does as she pleases. It isn't the up-bringing for a lady. I wish she had such an one as Mrs. Merton yonder to be with."

"But her mother —"

"Her mother? Well, you'll see for yourself in an hour if you're the girl I take you for. Her mother cares for herself, and nothing else, and her child is just nothing to her. Poor thing, she's got her troubles, too! Ah! a broken house—a broken house!"

And then the old man relapsed into silence, and appeared deaf to all Ruth's remarks. By this time they had left the neighbourhood of Skirley well behind them, and were gradually and gently ascending to a much higher level of land than that upon which stood the little seaport, though they appeared to be going inland; yet occasional glimpses of sea showed that it was still a near neighbour. They were, in fact, cross-

ing a promontory, high, bold, and rocky on one side, and with a low and gently curving shore on the other. The road lay between high hedges, and here and there was a small hamlet or a solitary farm. Presently a dip in the road brought them into a small sheltered valley, and here, nestling under the hillside, lay a small village, "just like you see in pictures," commented Ruth, as she noted the grey cottages, with their bright gardens, the little green with its pond, whereon ducks and geese were enjoying an evening swim, a substantial church, and trim vicarage.

"How pretty it all is!" she said. "And what beautiful trees!"

"Yes, the trees are in Bruntdale Park, that belongs to another of the family, our master's far-away cousin. Long ago Old Hall was the place where the Atherfields lived, but one of them got a fancy 'twas too cold and bleak, and so he built the house and enclosed the park, and since then the family has drifted apart, till, though they're cousins still, Old Hall and Bruntdale Park scarcely knows one another. Ah, pity, pity! Evenin', Mr. Harker."

"Good-evening, Mr. Choules," replied a pleasant-looking old man, who stood smoking his pipe by his garden gate.

"Why, you're late home this evenin'," said his wife, who, with a pretty, fair, curly-haired girl, was stooping over the bright flower border which ran on either side of the path to the house door.

"Ay," was the only response; and Abraham gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip, and sent it on at a quicker pace.

"Disagreeable old man!" said the young girl. "Why couldn't he have stopped and given me a chance of seeing who he's got with him?"

"A new maid for his mistress, I reckon; there's many changes going on there. She was a nice tidy-looking girl," replied the mother.

"Well, I thought she looked a terrible dowdy, with that plain hat, and her hair brushed so smooth and straight, but she'd have been better than nobody to speak to."

"'Tisn't everybody has got my Bessie's curly locks," said John Harker, looking lovingly at his pretty daughter.

"Ay, and 'tisn't everybody that's got your Bessie's vanity neither," retorted the wife. "Now, to my thinking, that girl was just as nice as she could be; she'd got something better than good looks in her face."

In the meantime the travellers were climbing a steep hill. "You may say good-bye to trees now," remarked the old man; "we leave them behind us in the village." And the remark was true, for as they mounted higher and higher, even the hedges got lower and smaller, and at length they emerged from the lane on to a road which ran across the open down.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Ruth, as the view of the coast suddenly broke upon her, with its rocky cliffs broken here and there into little coves and bays; while the sea, which glimmered in the evening glow, showed huge piles of rocks, fashioned by the waves into every conceivable fantastic shape, raising their grim heads above the heaving water.

"Ay, ay, that's what folks say when they sees it in the summer, but wait till you see the waves lashing round the sides of those rocks in the winter gales; there ain't much beauty in 'em then, I can tell you. You've heard tell of the Rocks of Brampton, I daresay. Well, that's Brampton Cove over yonder. 'Tis bad luck for a ship that gets too near Brampton Rocks; and the cliffs go sheer down to the water. Once you go over 'tis all up with you; there's nothing to rest on till you get to the bottom. And now here we are. Go you in at that

door; I'll bring your box by-and-by."

Ruth did as she was told, and shivered as she entered a big, grey stone kitchen, dirty and untidy. A few embers were still alight in the huge kitchen range, an overturned kettle lay on the fender, and a stream of water had spread itself over the stone floor.

"How miserable, and how different from my dear little kitchen at the Vicarage!" thought Ruth, and then she tried to put away the home-sick longing for her old surroundings which beset her. "I'll try to make it look better to-morrow," she said; "but I wonder where I ought to go to find any one?"

Footsteps were now heard, and a door flew open.

"Are you the new maid?" asked a voice. "How was it I didn't hear Abraham drive up? And I've been waiting and expecting you for so long. I'm so glad you have come; we want some tea; I tried to get it myself, but when I had filled the kettle, and was lifting it up to put on the fire, I dropped it, so the fire went out and we couldn't have tea. It always makes mother cross if she doesn't get her tea, so look out for squalls, and come along."

Ruth followed the voice, for she could only dimly discern the child's figure in the dark kitchen. They crossed a big hall, also of stone, and entered a large room, which might have been comfortable if it had been tidy; the remains of dinner still covered one end of the big table, and everywhere was confusion and untidiness. A lady sat buried in the depths of an old armchair near the fire, wrapped in a shawl, reading by the light of a candle placed on a little table near. "Here's the new servant, mother," said the little girl.

The lady turned. "I am glad you have come at last. How is it that you are so late? I am starving. That," waving her hand to the remains of food on the table, "is all

I have had for dinner, and I can get no tea; but no one cares how I suffer. What can you do. Can you cook?"

"Yes, ma'am; I can cook and do all kinds of housework. I will do my best to please you," answered Ruth.

"You all tell the same tale at first," answered Mrs. Atherfield. "Now get me some tea at once—do you hear?—at once; I am famishing."

"I'll come with you," said Stella; "you won't know your way."

Ruth was glad that the child accompanied her, and, with her guidance as to where to find fuel, the kitchen fire was soon kindled, the fallen kettle refilled, and placed on the fire. Then the dining-room table was cleared, the fire rearranged, and hearth swept, chairs picked up and put in their places, and the room generally straightened.

"Is there a lamp anywhere?" Ruth asked of Stella, for the latter was following her about plying her with questions, and evidently enjoying her company.

"Oh yes, lots; we've used them all till we can't use them again. You'll find one lying out on the garden path if you look. Dad threw it out of the window. Oh, how cross he was; and how he talked at it because it would smoke and smell! If you can make our lamps burn you will be clever, Ruth; none of the other servants could."

Upon examination Ruth found that, for the present at least, the lamps were beyond her powers. "They are all so dirty!" she exclaimed in disgust; "that is why they will not burn; but they are beautiful lamps. To-morrow I shall put some of them in order. Now I will find another candle to take in and put on the tea table."

"You can't do that," said Stella; "that is the last that mother's got in the dining-room. Oh, you'll get used to this sort of thing," she went on, noticing Ruth's look. "Sometimes we haven't got candles at all, and then

we sit in the dark. When Dad's been in luck we have plenty of everything. I hope he will be lucky now! I do want a new frock, and he promised he would bring me one if he was. See, this is all in rags!" and the child held up a silken skirt which was, as she expressed it, all in rags.

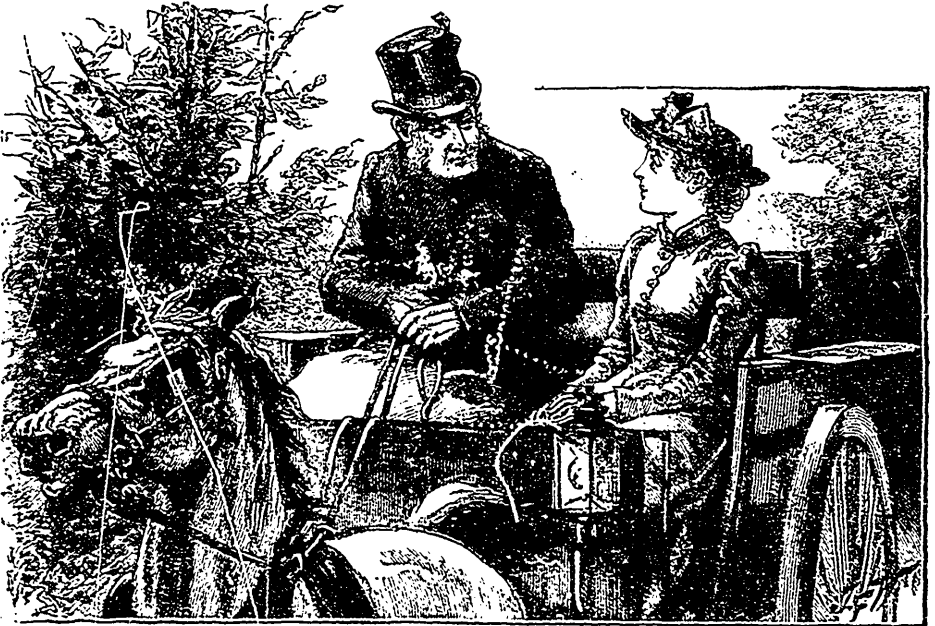
Ruth had little time to bewail her old friends, or even to think of her strange new experiences; she was kept busy until she went to bed.

"Miss Stella, hadn't you better go

bogie thing with great eyes like fire, and horns and claws. Oh, I can't bear to think of it!" and the child caught Ruth tightly by the arm and held her.

"Well, you shall wait for me if you feel frightened," said Ruth, "only I'm afraid you will be tired. But, Miss Stella, don't believe any such nonsense; those wicked girls must have told you these tales to frighten you."

"But I've heard the noises—dreadful noises," said Stella, shuddering.



"SHE'S GOT HER TROUBLES, TOO."

to bed now? Do you know it is almost ten o'clock?"

"Oh, I stay up till any time!" answered Stella carelessly; "and I don't want to go up till you or mother comes up. I can't go to bed in the dark; I hate it! Why, do you know, this house is haunted. I never saw anything myself, but I've heard it lots of times, and I can't go to bed alone; I shall sleep with you to-night."

"Miss Stella, you don't believe in such nonsense, do you?"

"Why, of course I do; and, besides, the maids say they have seen it—a big

"I can't sleep in my room any more; I hear them there, and I daren't tell Dad; he would laugh, and so would mother. I think she would be glad. She likes to say something nasty about the old house; she hates it, but I don't. I love it, so does Dad, but mother hates it, and hates us too."

"Miss Stella, you must not say these things to me; it is not right."

"But it's true, and you'll find it out." Then the girl laughed as she saw the shocked look on Ruth's face. "You'll see. Oh, we're a bad lot, we Atherfields; but you are good,

Ruth, I know you are. I shall love you."

"Miss Stella, you've forgotten your prayers," said Ruth an hour later, when, having assisted her mistress to undress, she returned with Stella to her own room, which she found as dirty and untidy as the rest of the house.

"What should I say prayers for?" asked Stella contemptuously. "Are you one of what Dad calls 'the pious sort,' Ruth? If you are, you'd better keep it to yourself here. You'll have a fine life of it if Dad finds it out. Didn't you hear how he just took the man up by his belt who came here to preach, and pitched him into the pond? We've never had a man here to preach since. Mr. Denman, the new Vicar down at Bruntdale, came up here to call, and Dad went to the door to meet him with his hunting-crop in his hand, and he just flourished it round that poor man's head till he was glad to go, I can tell you. Dad didn't hit him, you know, he only frightened him; that was prime fun. It's what Dad calls 'baiting the parson.' You would have laughed if you'd seen him, Ruth."

"No, Miss, I should not," said Ruth stoutly; "and I don't think it was a nice thing for one gentleman to

do towards another. Perhaps Mr. Atherfield wouldn't have done such a thing to any one else. I think it is very cowardly to attack a clergyman, whose religion will not let him strike back again if he is hurt."

"My father isn't a coward," said Stella hotly, her black eyes flashing ominously; "no Atherfield is a coward. I don't like you, Ruth, if you say such things. I shall go to sleep, and leave you to your prayers."

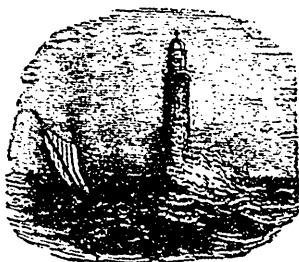
The last words were uttered with so much vehement contempt as to cause Ruth to start, but she knelt to her own prayers with a sad heart. She felt the utter contrast of the moral atmosphere which now surrounded her to that to which she had been before accustomed. Here, instead of support and help to herself, she saw that she must be the one to give counsel and guidance. The situation was so strange to her that at first she felt dazed and confused, her thoughts wandered, she could not shape her words in prayer; but with a strong effort she overcame this feeling, and earnestly laid her case before One who ever lends a listening ear. "Poor little girl," said Ruth, bending over the sleeping Stella, "God will help me to show you that there is good in prayer."

(To be continued.)

RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINE,

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



importance both in respect of your present welfare and future happiness. Among

MY friends and fellow-workers of the industrial classes, I propose for your careful consideration a subject of the most urgent

the many questions that press themselves upon your attention in the present day, and that properly invite your consideration, none has so immediate and commanding a claim upon your careful thought as the religious question. I am well assured that I need only your open mind and honest judgment to bring home to your intelligent conviction the truth and justice of this contention.

Questions respecting religion are "in the air." Sometimes these questions take definite shape in spoken words, perhaps more often they only murmur

in the mind, troubling the judgment, puzzling the will, leaving the unanchored life without chart, compass, or steersman at the mercy of every impetuous current and perilous squall. A life without definite views and settled convictions is apt to become the plaything of circumstances, and the ready victim of that deterioration of character that is the natural tendency of a life that is without the restraints of religious obligation and the elevating stimulus of an immortal hope.

Now let me put into straight and simple form the main questions which I have found more or less definitely influencing working men, as I have gone in and out among them, not only in parochial ministrations, but in lectures, discussions, etc. And I shall try to answer these questions with frank and fraternal sympathy and on broad practical grounds.

"Why should I be religious? If I look after 'No. 1,' mind my own business, do my duty, can't I get on just as well without religion as with it?" "As to Christianity, it is only one of many religions; how much better is it than the others?" "What has Christianity ever done for the working man? Christianity may do very well for the *classes*, but of what practical use is it to the *masses*?" "There are so many mysteries in religion; and how can a man accept what he can't understand?" "There are so many differences of sects and opinions in religion, how is a man to choose which is right?" "There is such a lot of hypocrisy and humbug in religion, Christians that profess one thing and practise another, how is a man to know what is genuine and what is false?" "The present brings so many toils and cares, that I must wait till I have more convenient time to think of the future."

Now let us consider together candidly these very practical questions and objections.

1. "Why should I be religious? If I look after 'No. 1,' mind my own business and do my duty, can't I get on just as well without religion as with it?" No, you cannot. It is impossible. You cannot fulfil your life, attain to the best standard of a man's growth apart from religion. There are depths in the human soul that give responsive echo to no voice but the voice of religion; energies that it only can awaken; possibilities of joyful present possession

and of ennobling anticipation of which religion alone holds the "open secret." In short, there are occasions in life, and those among its gravest and most trying experiences, when, if religion were dumb, there would be no voice to solace and to cheer the weary and wounded heart. If religion were but a dream, life would be a despair. "No. 1" is a much larger quantity than they are apt to imagine who often use so glibly this familiar phrase. "No. 1" is the entire self of a man; and its proper care includes his body with its material needs and well-being, his mind and its right employment and improvement, his character, what it may and should be, he being a man and no meaner thing. "No. 1" is indeed the factor that represents that entire and complex being, the individual human life, with its many sides and many needs. The first and due care of "No. 1" is the unavoidable and responsible stewardship of personal manhood. So, then, a man cannot even "mind his own business" if he is neglecting his true welfare, and those important things that concern the "profit" and progress of himself. A man's life is no petty huckster's shop dealing in the small wares of mere material and temporary needs. The business of a man's life, truly understood, is a vast concern. It holds commerce with all the hunger of human life, its deep and varied needs, and there comes within the scope of its traffic a possession, "profitable unto all things," "for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

A man, therefore, is not doing and cannot "do his duty" to himself even, if he is not making the most and best of himself. But "none of us liveth unto himself." We cannot, if we would, live morally apart from our surroundings. The electrician can charge his Leyden jar, and placing it on a glass-legged stool, he insulates the electric energy till the proper conductor is applied; but there is no apparatus of moral insulation. The energy of our personal influence, of whatever sort and strength it is, is being given off despite ourselves. A man's duty, therefore, extends of necessity beyond "No. 1." Himself is not his sole concern. He is in debt to Society. He owes duty to wife and child, parent and friend, and to that wide social confederation of which he is a brother. But if a man is not living a true life, self-restrained, pure, gentle, good—thinking the best he knows and aiming at the

PAGES

MISSING



Drawn by PAUL HARDY.

(Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.)

"ONLY A GERANIUM!" (*see page 208*).

Presently Joe Reynolds, one of his mates, called in, to ask him to walk as far as the "Throstle's Nest," a public-house a mile outside of the town, which was a favourite resort of Sunday idlers.

"No, I'm not a-going to-day," said Timothy.

"Why? A nice bright morning like this."

"No, not to-day. I've something else on."

"Oh, all right, sulky," said Joe, giving a dark look at Susy, and away he went alone.

Then Timothy had a wash, and greatly pleased Susy by making a thorough examination of the plant, and pronouncing it very healthy and sturdy.

"You will see, Susy, if I look after it properly for you, it will come in for a prize safe enough."

"Ah! but, father, it's mine, you see, not yours, and the Vicar said we must mind 'em by ourselves."

"Well, then, I will get a plant to grow too."

"Ah! but you can't, 'cause you are not a member of the Band of Hope."

"No, I'm not," said Timothy slowly; "more's the pity."

And Susy could not make out how it was that her father was so kind that day, nor why it was that he proposed to take her for a walk to the cemetery, to see her mother's grave. Poor Timothy!

it was only a geranium, but it had set him thinking, and he was thinking to a good purpose. He knew that drunkenness was his besetting sin, that his wages were more than enough to keep him and his little girl in comfort, and that those days of his youth, which now seemed so far off, were far, far happier than the present.

On the Monday morning one of the earliest visitors to the Vicarage was little Susy, who went on her own account, to ask if her father might have a plant to grow for himself. The Vicar is one of those earnest souls who thoroughly believe in following up matters, and in Susy's call he saw at once the opportunity of reaching her father. That same night he had a genial chat with Timothy, and had the pleasure of taking his signature to the pledge. When the Flower Show was held Susy's plant gained the fourth prize, and the happy little girl went the round of the schoolroom, again and again, with her delighted father, who cheered most lustily when one of the speakers talked about the plants as water-drinkers, and called out at the top of his voice, "And so are we too!"

There are now three plants in Timothy's window. One is Susy's, one is Timothy's, and the other is one which Timothy and Susy call "Mother's"; yes, and I am quite sure that this is the one which they both love best, although it is "Only a Geranium!"

SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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

Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

VII.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE ONLY CHURCH OR RELIGIOUS BODY IN THIS COUNTRY THAT HAS A RIGHT TO THE DESIGNATION OF "THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS."



THE designation of "The Church of our Fathers," as applied to the Church of England, is one that ought, more or less, to appeal to the heart, and move the feelings, of every Englishman.

There are few Englishmen, even outside the Communion of their National Church—whether professing some adopted form of religion of their own or professing no religion at all—who have not some feelings of reverence for their ancestors, and some interest in considering what were their religious opinions, and what was the Church of which they were members, and in whose Communion they lived and died.

However much they may differ from that Church, and on whatever grounds they may dissent from her teaching, even to separation from her fold, still they cannot altogether forget, or be indifferent to, the fact that she was the Church

PAGES

MISSING



THE TROUT.

ALONG THE BANKS OF A TROUT STREAM.

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.

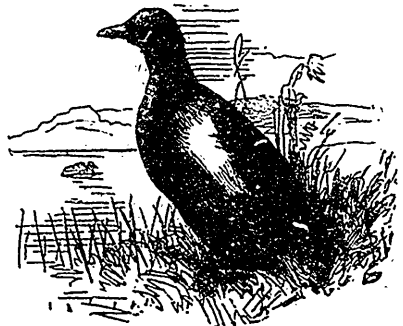
THE words call up a vision of a charming, limpid stream, rippling joyously along between bushy banks, overhung with pendent foliage, introducing the wanderer at its every winding to fresh scenes of rural beauty.

But my trout stream is not like that at all. It takes its hidden origin beneath a hill two miles away, and, after performing such useful duties as those of flowing through an extensive bed of watercress, mashing an acre or so of osiers, and turning a couple of mill-wheels, passes placidly on through the first stage of its long journey towards the sea. It does not ripple at all, like an orthodox trout stream; it only flows. Its waters are not particularly limpid; its banks are not even bushy, at any rate during the greater part of its course. Yet there is no path in the neighbourhood which so attracts me as that which runs through the fields by its side.

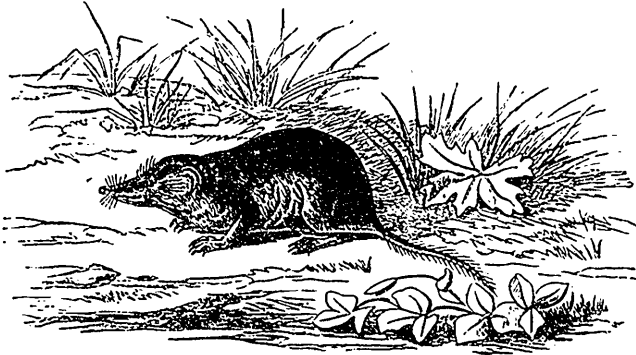
Such hosts of living beings are to be seen from it. Not only the trout, though there are plenty of them—fine, speckled fellows of two or even three pounds apiece, nearly eighty of which I once counted in less than a quarter of a mile of stream. They are not so shy as other trout of my acquaintance. They do not object to my standing upon the

bank and watching them for as long as I choose to remain. Perhaps it is that they are so very seldom disturbed. Times more than I should like to count I have passed along the stream, and never yet have I caught sight of the rod and line of the angler. And save for the periodical visits of the dredgers, who come with great rakes to clear out the mud and the weeds, they live their happy lives unmolested by man or beast.

There are coots without number, secure in the immunity from harm which for years past they have enjoyed in common with the trout. They come from a small lake into



DABCHICK.



SHREW.

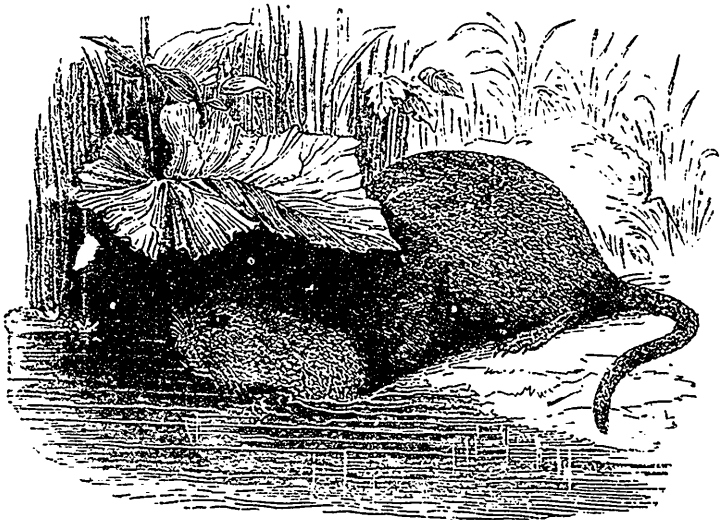
which the stream widens out half a mile higher up, and which is the peaceful home of water-fowl many and various. They are fed here, regularly, by the people who live at the mill. So they do not depart for the seaside in autumn, after the manner of coots in general, but stay on through the winter; establishing a new tradition among coots, which in course of long ages, perhaps, will develop into an instinct. They are happy little birds, and seem to enjoy life. One can see them ducking and diving merrily away, at any time from dawn till dusk. And they are very conversational. They are continually calling to one another, no doubt about matters of great importance—the abundance or dearth of water-snails, the rapid growth of the weeds, and the disgracefully muddy condition of the water when my dog happens to be engaged in his aquatic gambols up above. And one can hear their voices—if the wind should be in the right direction—from nearly a quarter of a mile away.

There are dabchicks, too, now and then. I saw my last some months ago. I was walking along the banks of a stream with a net—not for the purpose of catching the trout—and I came to a little patch of weeds, which looked as if they might harbour some beetles. So I sent in the net, and was in-

stantaneously startled by a great splashing, and the apparition of a black, winged creature just beneath me which rose up out of the water, and dashed away at a great pace down stream. Then I knew that it was a dabchick, which had seen me coming, had dived beneath the surface, and was holding on to some submerged weed until I should have passed by. The appearance of the net within an inch or two

of its beak it had not allowed for at all; and in its sudden alarm it lost its presence of mind, and trusted for once in a way to its powers of flight.

Of shrews there are plenty, although one does not often see them. They are shy little creatures, and do not like to be watched; so one has to sit silent and motionless for a few minutes, till their alarm at one's coming has passed away. They look pretty in the water, swimming, as they do readily enough, beneath the surface, with hundreds of silvery air bubbles entangled in their fur. Not so the water rat, which is a presentable rodent upon dry land, but looks, when in the water, like nothing so much as an over-grown sausage, which has split, as sausages sometimes will in the course of frying. He is clever enough to make a second entrance to his burrow beneath the water's edge, so that, when once he dives in, you see him no more.



WATER RAT.

The banks of the stream are carpeted with flowers; some, such as the clustered campanula, of exceeding beauty. And water-plants flourish in a little ditch which runs for two or three hundred yards as an offshoot of the stream. A couple of years ago the figworts here were stripped nearly bare by the caterpillars of the mullein moth—beautiful grey-green creatures with black-and-orange markings, variegated beyond all description. The sight of them awoke the old collector's ardour. I had given up moth-collecting for nearly ten years, but I must take these caterpillars home and rear them. Alas! I had no pill-boxes with me! One does not want pill-boxes for collecting beetles. And when I came again, two days later, the caterpillars had all gone to ground.

Such parts of the figworts as the caterpillars had spared were being devoured by queer little weevils, looking, as they lie in one's hand, for all the world like small grey lumps of mud, with a black splash in the

middle. But there are six long legs and a long beak curled up underneath them; and both are soon thrust out, and the weevils stand confessed.

Other beetles there are, too, in myriads; not large, but glorious. Green and blue and gold and coppery and purple and red, streaked and spotted and marbled, glowing with metallic radiance, refulgent in the sun. Why *will* people assume that beetles are ugly creatures? They need only look at these to be assured of their mistake.

At all seasons of the year this path by the trout stream has something worth seeing to show one. I have just passed along it, on a bleak March evening, and have seen things I never saw there before. Its banks were bare as yet, but it was as full of interest as ever. And when I left it at last, and looked down upon it from the road above, the bright hues of the sunset sky were reflected from the water, and the stream looked like a streak of liquid gold.

"PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS."

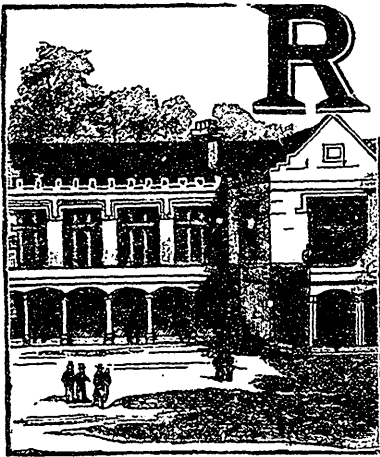
A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,

Vicar of Upper Tooting, and Rural Dean of Streatham; Author of "Drifted Home," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD ADVICE.



REMEMBER, boys, the words of that muscular Christian, Charles Kingsley, 'All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning; it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance.'

"Yes, my friends, the man who bets is a knave or a fool—a knave, when he has superior knowledge as to the race; a fool, when he bets upon inferior knowledge. In betting or gambling, the more honourable you are the worse chance you have.

"I must close by saying that any boy who is found out gambling or betting in any way will be immediately expelled from this school."

These were the closing words of an address which the worthy Dr. Passmore, headmaster of St. Eden's, gave to the whole school, specially assembled in the hall one winter

Sunday afternoon. Some things had reached the Doctor's ears which made him feel that the time had come for plain speaking and prompt action.

Wonderful man the Doctor; a great puzzle to the boys. For instance, there was big Marshall. Bounce he was always called, on account of his constant habit of showing off. Well, one day he was talking to some younger fellows—who looked up to him immensely, chiefly because he wore wondrous collars, and smoked

cigarettes on the sly—and informed them that they needn't be afraid of the Doctor, not they; for he was a blind old bat, who didn't even know the name of a single boy outside of the Sixth Form, and his own house.

His chatter was interrupted by the voice of the "blind old bat" saying somewhat sternly, "I've just sent for you, Marshall; come with me."

Then the youth with the wondrous collars found out that, though he was not in the Sixth Form, nor ever would be, neither was he in the Doctor's house; yet the Doctor possessed a whole storehouse of facts concerning him and his doings, and proceeded to use them to great advantage in the long interview that followed.

When next Marshall had to find a nickname for his headmaster a remarkable change had taken place; for lo! the "blind old bat" had become a "sly old fox."

But Marshall has nothing to do with our story, so we will leave him, and turn to those two who have just come out of the hall, and are talking about the Doctor's speech.

"Well, I'm jolly glad he's spoken out. A lot of fellows have been just making fools of themselves over this disgusting betting craze, and the sooner it's stopped the better," said Marson Prior.

"I don't know. I expect he's put it into some fellows' heads who haven't thought of it before," was Henry Glyde's reply. He did not mean what he said, but was in a fix, and had to say something.

He was a weak, good-natured fellow, easily led, a general favourite, always short of money, owing to his father's poverty, and of late had been making some money by a little quiet betting, in which he had been unfortunate enough, just at first, to win several times.

His elder companion, Marson Prior, did not know of this, though at times he suspected it; in fact, Tubbs, as Glyde was called because of his fat, chubby frame, was most careful to keep it from Prior.

They shared a study between them, but were boys of totally opposite dispositions.

You might as well try to lead a lamp-post to a watering-trough, or a church steeple down a country lane, as to lead Marson Prior against his own judgment in matters of right and wrong.

Our zoological friend Marshall had

invented a compound sort of beast to represent him; he was an "owl of a mule." This sounded fine, and mightily impressed the small boys, who, however, never could remember which creature ought to come first.

Yet Prior was no "owl"; in fact, "owls" never got into the Sixth Form, or became monitors, as he was. Nor was he a "mule"; for no one was more open to fair persuasion, and no one more ready to act at once, especially for the good of some one else, than he.

There was no mere obstinacy for obstinacy's sake in his character, but any amount of determination.

He saw at once that Tubbs was using speech to conceal his feelings, and replied with the single word, "Bosh!"

They walked on a little way in silence, when in a tone of half jest, half earnest, Prior proclaimed,—

"Be it known that I, Marson Prior, member of the honourable body of students of St. Eden's, and monitor of the aforesaid corporation, do solemnly intend to set my face against the hurtful, foolish vice known as betting and gambling. And in pursuance of this resolution I intend to denounce to the Doctor of the aforesaid school all and sundry whom I may catch in the pursuit of the aforesaid vice, be they high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple. God save the Queen!"

Tubbs tried to say "Amen" in a funny way, but it was a distinct failure.

After that the subject changed, and Prior asked Tubbs what he was going to do about the "teapot" to Mr. Wright, their house master, a very popular man who was just going to be married.

We must perhaps explain that "teapot" is a school boy's term for a testimonial of any kind, from a gold watch to a pair of slippers.

"What are the other fellows giving?"

"All the Upper School are giving ten shillings each."

"Well, I can't do that, and I won't do less than others, so I'll stop out of it."

"Nonsense, man; that's false pride. How much have you got?"

"Three bob."

"All right, I'll give you two; that'll make five."

"Not if I know it." Then, after a pause, "Thanks all the same."

"No need for thanks. My father has sent me half-a-sovereign for the 'teapot,' and I've got some loose cash over."

"No," this time rather sullenly; "ten

PAGES

MISSING

The Synod of Huron.

The Synod of the Diocese met in the Cronyn Hall, London, on Tuesday, June 20th, His Lordship the bishop being present, together with the clergy of the diocese and about 250 lay delegates. As a whole the Synod was remarkable for its reformatory spirit and the determination evinced to render the agencies of the church practical. The peteunial wrangling over canons was conspicuous by its absence, and some positive steps were taken to further the work of the church. Four committees are of especial importance and may result in great good: (1) The committee regarding the Clergy Maintenance and Mission Fund, with the following instruction for consideration. (1) The adoption of a system of assessment or allotment for raising diocesan funds, so as to avoid the present multiplicity of collections; (2) The division of the Clergy Maintenance and Mission Fund into two distinct funds, so that money contributed for missions may go without question for that purpose; (3) The adoption of a certain scale in making grants to parishes, whereby the grants shall be diminished annually or otherwise, thus affording a stimulus to make Parishes self-supporting.

2. The Committee appointed to investigate the causes which hinder the growth of the Church in this diocese from being as rapid as we could wish, and to suggest some means of furthering the aggressive work of the Church.

3. The Committee appointed to consider the expediency of dividing the present diocese into two.

4. The Committee on Education - to inquire into the educational requirements of the diocese, and thus help if possible to supply a greater number of and better equipped Clergy.

Let us hope that the committees will at once begin their work earnestly and thoroughly and that the guidance of the Holy Spirit be with them in their endeavors.

General Parish News.

Mr and Mrs. Buckingham left Stratford on June 29th, and sailed from New York on July 1st, on a visit to Mr. Buckingham's early haunts in the old-land.

Mr. and Mrs. Plummer (of the Bank of Montreal) have left for a two-months' holiday up in the neighborhood of Sault Sainte Marie. Previous to their departure they presented two nicely-finished oak alms' plates for use in the Chapel.

W. T. Butler brother of R. E. Butler, Front St. has come to reside in the city, and is a decided acquisition to the congregation. He is an energetic Sunday School worker, and has already taken a class in our Sunday School. He has taken up his residence with his family on Front St., near Doure. A hearty welcome is extended to them.

We grieve to state that Mr. Mitchell, Elizabeth St., and Mr. Steet and Mrs. Allen, Coburg St., are very low. Let us remember them in our prayers to the Father of all mercies and God of all comfort.

The Rural Deanery of Perth met on Wednesday, May 31st, at St. James' Vestry. No delegates were present except from Millbank. Still a useful and interesting session was the result.

The sick members of the congregation mentioned in our last issue, are, with the exception of Johnston Abraham, all progressing towards recovery.

The Sunday School Convention for the County of Perth, will be held on July 6th, in the town of Mitchell. Let all who can be present.

The Confirmation will be held on Sunday, July 23rd, in St. James' Church. Over 60 candidates are now preparing for it.

We call especial attention to the article under the heading "Some Unique Features of the Church of England" which appeared in the May number of this magazine on page 187. In fact all the articles under that heading deserve the most careful perusal.

There are two points which we would like all good churchmen to remember, one during the summer months, the other for all time. First, let not the height of the mercury in the thermometer prevent us from attending church. It will be interesting to watch how many of these absenting themselves from Church on account of the heat on Sunday will be absent also from their business or work on Monday. Secondly, let us remember that the services of the church are meant for all the Congregation. No person has made any prayer his own unless he has said Amen, nor can we shelter ourselves behind the responses of others. There is no such thing as worshipping by proxy.

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