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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a. m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a. m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. John Square.

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. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson.

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Mr. Thos. Plummer, manager Bank of Montreal. Subscription Price—5-cents
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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

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

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

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

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

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

DISTRICT VISITORS.

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

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

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

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

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

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steel and Mrs. Moore, President, Annie Nield, Vice President, Winnie Ridgedale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 23. Regular meeting every Monday at 4.30 p. m.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

March 25, John Sydney-Smith, City.

March 25, Horace Percival Mook, City.

March 25, Dalton McNab McCarthy, North Easthope.

March 25, Bertie Olwen Williams, City.

MARRIAGES.

Rankin—Thistle.—On March 28, at the residence of John Thistle, Esq., Fairview, Samuel Rankin to Margaret Thistle, both of the Gore of Downie.

BURIALS.

March 27, Minnie Doak, at Simcoe, Ont.

Confirmation.

The Confirmation class for 1894 will commence on Friday, Feb. 6. All who have not hitherto sent in their names are urged to do so at once. The time of preparation in any case is short, when we consider how great and important an event it is in the individual life. It is hoped that confirmation will be held in St. James' about the beginning of July. The exact date will be announced later on.

House-to-house Collection.

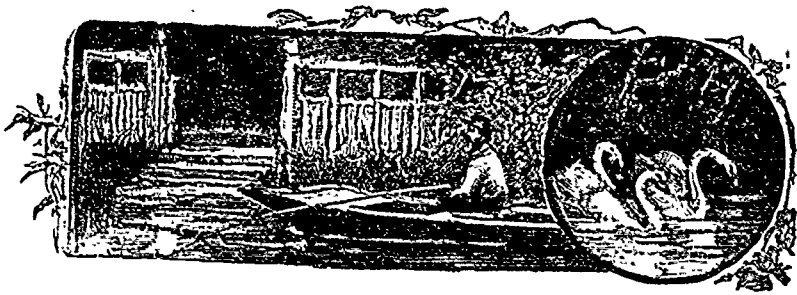
Our annual house-to-house collection for the mission and the general purpose funds of the diocese has not yet been made this year. The collection will be made as it was last year—not by collectors, but by means of envelopes forwarded to every family. The envelopes will be distributed very soon, and the offerings will be taken up on Sunday, April 22. Last year we gave \$25 to this purpose. Let us hope that we shall not be behind that sum at least this year.

Sunday School.

The quarterly service for the children of the Sunday School was held on the afternoon of Easter Day, at 3 p. m. A very large number was present, and the service was, on the whole, very satisfactory and appropriate for the day. We are much obliged to the choir for their services on the occasion, and especially to Mr. Young, for his energy and devotion in training the children so successfully.

The annual statement shows that the funds of the school to be in a thoroughly sound condition, both the general fund and the piano fund showing a balance to the good.

Miss Alice Beatty and Mr. J. Monieath have kindly consented to act as extra teachers in the Sunday School, to supply the place of absent teachers who have not provided substitutes. We are very much obliged to them for their assistance, and heartily wish more would follow their example.



“THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

THESSE words, which form the third petition in our Lord's Prayer as recorded by St. Matthew, are, according to the Revised Version, entirely absent in the Prayer as recorded by St. Luke. It is not necessary for us at this time to explain this and other interesting differences in the versions of the Prayer as given by the two Evangelists. In the present case, however, it will be granted by all who, from childhood, have repeated the Prayer, that there would be a felt want and a sense of incompleteness if this clause, “Thy will be done,” were omitted from the familiar form of words. It has been said that in the first petition, “Hallowed be Thy Name,” we have the *root* of all true religion, and in the second, “Thy kingdom come,” the uprising *stem*. If this illustration be based on truth, then in the third petition, “Thy will be done,” we must look for *the abundant fruit*.

With the first petition it has been usual to associate the first Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, “Our Father—hallowed be Thy Name.” With the second, to associate the second Person, who came to establish a dominion which shall have no end, “Thy kingdom come.” And therefore, with the third petition, to associate the third Person, whose special work it is to enlighten our minds and to sanctify our hearts so that in all things we may obey His blessed will, “Thy will be done as in Heaven, so on earth.” The structure and the associations of the Prayer alike forbid the omission of the clause, “Thy will be done,” from our consideration of the Perfect Prayer.

I. Let us inquire what is meant by “Thy will.” When we speak of a man's “will,” we imply that he has a power of choice, and that this “will” is the main-spring which influences and controls his thoughts, his words, and deeds. A man's final “will” is the authoritative expression of his choice as to the disposition

of his property when he himself has left the world. If we would intelligently recognise our Father in Heaven we must be assured that He has a will in reference to all those events and circumstances which constitute the daily life of His children. True religion, it ought never to be forgotten, does not consist in more or less vague ideas as to what is right and wrong in the abstract—it is not a question as to the expediency of adopting certain courses of conduct; it is not the mere habit of following certain customs, or conforming to traditional forms; but it is the realisation of a Personal Supreme Power, possessing a distinct will. Such knowledge will lead us to say with one in old time, “Thou, O God, seest me,” and with another to inquire, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”

II. Let us proceed to inquire what is meant by this will of God being done on earth. Too often this petition is restricted to a prayer for resignation to “accept the inevitable” trials which must befall all God's children. It was an example of such resignation to His Father's will that our Lord left us, when thrice in the garden He prayed, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” The prayer, however, is not one for dark days only but for daily use, not a request so much for passive resignation as for active obedience. How little do we recognise that all the blessings of life, the joys which we experience, the duties which it is our privilege to discharge, come from Him, who is the Author and Giver of all good gifts—that they are God's doings on our behalf, the expressions of His will concerning us! That the petition is primarily to be understood in the widest and not in the narrow sense of resignation to God's will in times of sorrow, we may be assured when we realise what is involved in the accompanying clause, “in earth as in heaven.” It is the blessed condition of

Heaven that there no sin and no sorrow can be found. Among those who dwell therein and do God's will there can accordingly be no need for resignation, in the sense in which from time to time God's children on earth are called to exercise that grace as they drain to the very dregs the bitter cup which a loving Father's hand has prepared for their salutary use. Co-operation with God's will in the fulfilment of His purpose is, in the very nature of the case, a greater thing than resignation to God's will in acts of sorrowful submission. When we therefore combine the three petitions in their ideal fulfilment we have the glorious picture of a world in which God's Name shall be universally hallowed, a kingdom in which all men everywhere shall recognise Christ as Lord, and a service in which all men, in all things great and small, will count it their chief joy to know and do His will.

III. And, lastly, let us observe that this will is to be done by God's children here on earth, as it is done in Heaven. How that will was done by our Lord when here on earth the Gospels testify in every page. And we are not left without some intimations as to the way in which that will is done by the angels above. Not only do those bright spirits seek to do that will perfectly, but their service is one of (a) *reverence*, as in His presence they cover their faces with their wings whilst they cry, "Holy, holy,

holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory" (Isa. vi. 3). Their service is (b) a *service of love*, for we are told that they are all "ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation" (Heb. i. 14, R.V.). And again our Lord has set forth to us the joy in which they share over one sinner that repenteth. And, again, it is (c) a service *marked by intelligence*, for the mysteries of the Gospel are to them objects of deep contemplation and earnest inquiry—"which things the angels desire to look into" (1 St. Peter, i. 12). And, finally, (a) their service is one of *absolute devotion and attentive obedience*. As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, so the angels wait upon the Lord their God to anticipate His will. "They do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word" (Ps. ciii. 20). It is the constant remembrance of such perfect service which will work in us, when conscious of our own weakness, the increasing desire to pray more earnestly, "Thy will be done in earth, as in heaven." May the closing words of the second exhortation in the Communion office remind alike the writer and the readers of this paper of their bounden duty, not only to "submit themselves wholly to His holy will and pleasure," but "to study to serve Him in true holiness and righteousness all the days of their life."

PLAIN REASONS AGAINST GAMBLING.

BY THE REV. W. M. MEREDITH, M.A., Rector of St. James', Aulhill.

I. **I**T is mean to take advantage of another man's ignorance to make money out of it; for you think that you know better than he which horse will win, therefore you lay on it, etc.

2. *It is wrong to risk money upon pure chance* (and you do this, if you are not trusting to superior knowledge when you bet), for money is a valuable talent which we can spend usefully in many ways which are sure and not risky—and we must at last give account as stewards to God for the use which we have made of His money.

3. *It is a dangerous excitement.* We know how men and women have been led on to risk whole estates upon a throw of the dice, or on the length of straw, for which folly nothing but mad excitement and desperation can account.

4. *It is a dangerous example;* for, supposing that you yourself never bet beyond what you think you can afford to lose, you may lead others to begin or to continue betting, who cannot stay where you do, but may lose more than they can afford—as, indeed, the very man with whom you are betting may not be able to

afford to pay you, if he loses, without wronging some one else.

5. *It leads into bad company.* Not perhaps so evidently at first, yet too often grievous sins—drinking, lying, stealing, etc.—are found so closely connected with it, that it is quite fair to consider the one as leading to the other.

6. *It actually encourages crime,* for sharpers, bookmakers, etc., live by it; and the evidence of law courts plainly proves that gambling has been at the bottom of many of the gravest crimes committed against the laws of God and man.

7. *It is the ruin of homes and the breaking of hearts.* Many a happy home has been wrecked, many an estate has changed hands, many a woman has been broken-hearted by the love of gambling in a husband, son, or brother.

8. *It ruins the character of the gambler,* for it destroys his love of home, it breaks down his self-respect, it perverts his views of the use of money, of his duty to his neighbour. Too frequently it blinds him to the value of life itself, and the unhappy gambler seeks refuge from poverty and disgrace in self-murder.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

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

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT.



IT was to Guy Ryder's great astonishment next morning, that whilst he was dividing his attention between his breakfast and the *Guardian*, Helen and Caryl were announced. He started up in something like dismay.

"Is Mrs. Brookes ill?" he inquired.

The Countess laughed and came forward, holding out her hand. Had the young clergyman ever sufficiently interested himself in her to analyse her different moods and the various changes of her manner, he would have instantly seen that the lady was upon fascination bent, and might therefore have been put upon his guard. But, unfortunately for him and others, his main study had always been how to avoid her.

"Indeed no!" she answered. "Are we then such birds of ill omen that we must make you to think of bad luck; and all because we come out together for a refreshing promenade?"

That speech gave Guy time to recover his manners, though certainly it did not allay his surprise. Early walks were a most unexampled form of exercise upon the part of brother and sister.

"Will you allow me to offer you some coffee?" he responded. And as Helen smiled her acceptance of the invitation he gave her a chair, and rang the bell. "But I am afraid," he added, "that my landlady will scarcely produce such nectar as the coffee at Kingston Villa."

"Anything will be welcome, my dear fellow," from Caryl, with the most intense good humour. "It is a terrible thing to have a sister who does not hesitate to drag one out at unseemly hours."

She gave a playful little pout.

"Who said last night that he wanted to be of the most industrious? And industry in England always begins with the dawn. Is it not so, Mr. Ryder?"

Guy raised his shoulders and laughed, not committing himself to any statement. In truth, the whole interview seemed so puzzling, that all ideas but those of astonishment had deserted him. Surely these two people could not be the same as those who yesterday received him with haughty anger, scarcely deigning to afford him even such slight information as Mrs. Brookes desired them to give? Yet here was Caryl smiling with languid complacency, and his companion all amiability.

"You see, I have much business on hand. Even to-day must Mrs. Brookes' investment be made. The responsibility is great—vast!" spreading out his hands as if to measure its magnitude. "By the way, my friend, have you yet negotiated that little business which devolves itself upon you?"

"No. It was impossible. The Bank was closed last night."

"And this morning?"

"Oh, it does not open until ten. Here is the coffee at last. You will allow me——"

"No, no! Oh please, pardon! But to see a gentleman fatigue himself with such work for women! It is not fair. And besides——"

She looked up at him with marked hesitation, a request clearly written upon every line of her colourless face. Guy could do no less than help her to bring out the rest of the sentence.

"Besides——"

"Well, I have a curiosity. I want so much to see that famous cheque of Mrs. Brookes'. Twelve thousand pounds! Ah, to think of spending it with one or two strokes of the pen! You take milk, Mr. Ryder?"

Guy's bewilderment was momentarily growing. But he really could think of no reason for refusing so slight a favour. Unclasping his pocket-book he took out the slip of paper and placed it before her. Helen caught it up, and examined it with an air of childlike amusement and curiosity.

"I am not poor—me!" she said. "But I never saw a piece of paper worth so much quite before. Caryl, behold!"

It fluttered across the white tablecloth in the direction of Mr. Clive, who carelessly took it up between his finger and thumb.

"What queer creatures the dear women are!" he remarked, laughingly, to the other man. "Helen, have you noticed, my dear, how this bank prints little tiny words all over the paper? No? Come to the window, and you can see."

"It is clever," she said, after a moment. "You, Mr. Ryder, have observed it before?" turning her head to speak over her shoulder to Guy, still employed with his coffee cup and standing by the table.

"Often. Ah, there is ten striking! It is not often that I am so late at breakfast, but I was detained in church after the early service."

"And we must hinder you now no

longer," quite sweetly from Helen. "Here is the cheque. Thank you for showing it to me so kindly. I must fly to my friend at the Villa, who will lament herself at my too long absence. And you, Caryl——"

"I have an engagement in town. You go to finish this business at your bank, Mr. Ryder? Then we can walk part of the road together," watching Guy—who had seized a pen, and was endorsing the cheque—with a peculiar smile.

"Why not the whole way? Then I would give you the notes upon the spot," he answered. "The Bank has had notice of the sum needed, so there will be no delay."

Caryl, however, shook his head.

"My engagements prevent. But if you allow I will call here upon my way back—say at twelve o'clock. Then the little affair will be quite off your mind."

At noon it was, therefore, that the Curate paid over to Caryl Clive ten of the twelve crisp, new notes, each of the value of one thousand pounds, which he had previously received over the bank counter, and of which two already stood to his own credit. There was a gleam of intense satisfaction upon the generally impassive face of the man who clutched at the small packet that Guy tendered, and he shook the clergyman's hand violently as he said, "So glad of your able assistance. But I cannot now wait. Life is all one hurry. Adieu!"

"I will have a receipt though, please," said Guy, secretly regarding himself as a miracle of prudence.

Upon which Clive sat down and scrawled an informal acknowledgment upon half a sheet of paper.

"I can't stop to do better now," he declared.

He was actually outside before he had finished speaking. And when Guy, who was, unhappily, not blessed with much idea of business, had written a note to Mrs. Brookes, in which he detailed the arrangement upon which he had entered, and declared himself

her debtor to the amount of two thousand pounds, held in trust for her late husband's children, he considered that all necessary precautions had been taken. Especially as he personally delivered the letter into the lady's hands, accompanied by the receipt which he had himself received. "There! You see I paid over the ten thousand," he said lightly. "As the money belongs to you this had better come to you also."

Remarkably little attention, however, did she vouchsafe to the transaction. All her ideas were fixed instead upon the information that Caryl was giving her as to the Zarina stock, and the huge percentage which she would receive. Guy actually had the mortification of seeing her hand over both documents—one bearing Caryl's own signature—to that untrustworthy counsellor.

"You can take care of 'em. You will do *h*all my business in future," she told him. "It is such a mercy to be relieved."

Day by day, indeed, it became apparent to all onlookers that her confidence in the brother and sister was increasing. Once or twice Guy, whose interest in the matter was naturally more deep than that of the outside world, almost began to fear that the influence which they were undoubtedly acquiring was not only the result of their machinations, but that her own intellect was not what it had been. So utterly did she surrender herself into their hands.

"If Stella would but come home!" was Guy's constant longing. Which at last reached such a pitch, that he found himself moved to write urging her return, though the notion of the girl he loved being subjected to the companionship of Countess Helen, and possibly to the unwelcome attentions of her brother, still weighed heavily upon his mind. These considerations dictated, indeed, the final sentence of his letter:—

"If Mary could be with you for a

week it would be a good thing. Perhaps she might bring Mrs. Brookes to reason. Something, I am sure, ought to be done."

But, unfortunately, little May was ailing just then, and could on no account be left. Besides, as Mary herself observed when the letter was under discussion, what could she do in regard to the money? The whole fortune was absolutely at her step-mother's disposal, and if she chose to fling it into the sea there was no one who possessed the power of hindering her.

"Only I don't half like to let you go back into her clutches, Stella," she said afterwards, when they and Wynne were alone together. "Stay with me altogether, dear. I know that Walter would be only too pleased."

But Stella shook her head. Timid and gentle as she was, Miss Brookes was not without a mind and will of her own, which just now were under the compulsion of a very uneasy conscience.

"I ought never to have come away. Jack told me to stop at home," she answered. "If the money vanishes it will be my fault. And I don't want to have that recollection all the days of my life."

"If Mr. Clive bothers you just send him down to me. I shall understand," Wynne declared. "A word to the doctors, and——" she finished with a laughing gesture, that indicated the malefactor's doom. But Mrs. Jaxon took up the subject of Caryl with more seriousness.

"Remember that you must let me know at once if he should. That is what you sha'n't bear; no, not for millions! But surely he and his sister will leave the house as soon as you return? Even Mrs. Brookes cannot intend them to live there for ever."

Stella made no answer. Indeed Wynne did not give her time.

"Oh, don't you worry yourself, Mary. Guy and I will keep an eagle eye over the menagerie. Anyway,

it's nuts to be able to travel together, you and me, old thing!" hugging Stella's arm affectionately. For during the weeks they had spent together all the old intimacy between the girls had been revived, and the childish love had quite reawakened. "How charmed they'll be to see me back in the ward!"

"I wonder when Harry will take that run down to Shingleby of which he talked before he left us," Mary remarked. She tried not to speak pointedly. Yet she was narrowly watching the effect of her brother-in-law's name upon Wynne's merry face. Whilst as to Stella she openly laughed at her friend's sudden blush.

"How can I tell?" with a great affectation of carelessness. "I wish, Mary," changing the subject with suspicious promptitude, "that you'd let May come with me——"

"You ridiculous creature! Ah, talk of an angel! Well, my treasures," as the two mites trotted happily in, hand in hand. "Really, Wynne, that baby is much better to-day."

"Yes, that baby is *much* better," from sedate Ivy. "It's me is the ill one now," with a grievous sigh, as she put her head on one side, and drooped her curved lashes over the big brown eyes. But her mother laughed heartlessly.

"Are you, my darling? Where do you feel it?"

The small maiden considered for a moment, then lifted her long, Kate Greenaway dress to show a pretty round knee.

"Auntie Wynne bound up May's," she said. "Mine is *velly* bad too, I think."

"But May fell down and bruised herself," remarked Wynne, half puzzled. "Have you had a tumble?"

"No." Then a tear forced itself out, and trickled down her soft cheek. "And May ate *all* the sweeties, movvy!"

"So that's what the ailment is! I expected as much," to Wynne. "There, mother will find some for

you both, when you've said good-night."

It was a lingering operation, but accomplished at length. By-and-by from their bedroom there was to be heard only the sound of May's voice as she crooned over nursery ditties to her doll. Ivy was already asleep when Wynne peeped round the corner for a last glimpse of her god-child.

"Hush!" holding up a warning finger to the mother who was close behind. "Listen!"

Little Jack Horner had just finished his self-praise as they came within hearing. Now May was conversing with her unresponsive child.

"Well, Dora Rosina," she said, "are you weepy? I am; we must go to weep togezzer." There was some patting and smoothing of the blankets. Then the little one jumped up in bed, and began to hunt all round. "But, dolly dear, I've lost my velly last sweetie. It s'ipped out of my mouf. Have 'ou eated it, dolly dear?" A tiny sigh. "'Cos I'll forgive 'ou if 'ou has, and will on'ey tell your movvy the troof," with the quaintest imitation of Mary's intonation.

Wynne slipped away to laugh at that point. And as quietness reigned thereafter, apparently terms of peace were arranged between the conscious and the unconscious babies.

Whether or not Mrs. Brookes intended to board and lodge the Clives for the remainder of their natural lives, Stella's return to Kingston Lodge had no immediate effect upon the arrangements there. Neither Helen nor Caryl made the slightest suggestion of quitting their comfortable quarters, and every corner of the place seemed pervaded by them. Life promised to be almost unendurable to Stella. Nor did it tend to make matters easier for her, that she now first began to vaguely suspect Guy Ryder's feelings towards herself. His unconcealed delight when he greeted her at the station, together with one or two casual words dropped by

Mrs. Brookes, whose strong point was certainly not delicacy of feeling, resulted in producing, at any rate for a time, a change in the girl's way of regarding her brother's friend. As a consequence, she became shy and quieter in his presence, and far less ready than before to ask his assistance in her troubled path.

But it was not until she had been at home for more than a week that the full force of the position broke upon her.

She was sitting at the piano in the dim light of the waning evening, singing to herself, when the door opened, and Helen appeared in evening dress. With one glance round she crossed the floor to the window, where the last rays of the setting sun fell full upon her.

"A most silly little girl it is not to come to the beautiful concert," she said banteringly to Stella. "Did she think that I would have let some bad man eat her?"

For in spite of all persuasions upon the part of her step-mother's friends, and, indeed, of Mrs. Brookes herself, Stella had been firm in her refusal to appear in public with Helen. And her persistence had angered the Countess more than that lady had, thus far, allowed to be seen. Now, however, revenge was in her grasp, and she would not forego it.

With her usual winning gentleness Stella rose and followed her across the room.

"It was very kind of you to be anxious to give me pleasure," she said. "But—" then breaking off with a start as her glance fell upon the necklace which her companion wore,— "why, where did you buy that? I have seen one of exactly the same pattern before."

It was a rather remarkable ornament, formed of pearls, set in a filigree of gold, and clasped tightly



"SHE WAS SITTING AT THE PIANO."

round the throat after the fashion of a dog-collar. Helen put up her hand and touched it.

"Ah! The too dear Madame, who is so good, she gave me my little treasure. And you like it? You think it becomes me?"

Stella had grown quite pale. Such intelligence was indeed a shock, and Helen was able to enjoy her vengeance to the full.

"It was my mother's!" the girl stammered. "Mrs. Brookes never *could* have given it to you!" And with that she hastily left the room.

But on inquiry she found that the Countess had not deceived her. The statement was only too correct.

"Why should I not do what I like with my *hown*?" Mrs. Brookes demanded. "She has laid herself *hout* to please me, as neither you nor Mary *hever* did. In one more week I draw my first dividends, too, and become a richer woman than I *hever* *hex*-pected to be, thanks to 'er brother. And then you blame me for *hoffer*ing 'er some little token of gratitude!"

And Stella could do nothing but write to Mary of how the most

cherished memorials of their dead mother were being dispersed and desecrated, and then hide herself in her own room and pray for patience and submission.

From that time forward, as though the mention of the fact to Stella had forcibly impressed it upon her own mind, Mrs. Brookes continually harped upon the approaching payment of the Zarina dividends. Morning, noon, and night she talked of it, always accompanying her anticipations with the inquiry: "And you will see to the business part of it, Mr. Clive?" Over and over again Stella listened to his promise that he would undertake the whole affair.

"You had better give me the scrip, had you not?" he remarked one afternoon, when only very few days remained before the eventful date.

"Yes. Come, and I'll get all you want now," she said.

That same evening Kingston Villa was thrown into sudden confusion and alarm by a telegram summoning both Helen and Caryl to London, to meet a relative, just returned from India. With radiant smiles Helen displayed the missive, and set about her preparations.

"Ah! the joy!" she cried, flinging up her hands. "My uncle! My dear, unforgotten father's brother. You can understand?" bestowing a beaming glance upon Guy, who happened to be paying one of his frequent calls. Much more frequent they were now than had been the case a fortnight earlier, when Thetfield still held Stella.

"Oh, of course," he answered, being unable to conjure up any other reply. Then, as she glided away, leaving him alone with Miss Brookes, "You will have a little peaceful time, at any rate."

She drew in a deep, long breath of relief.

"Indeed, yes. Not that things have been as bad as they were before I went to Mary." And then she blushed, remembering her ideas of a

day or two ago, ideas that Guy's quiet self-possession had, however, nearly lulled to sleep again.

"Clive has not pressed those horrid attentions of his? No. So I have noticed. I suppose," with a smile, "he looked upon your running away as his answer."

"I'm very glad. Why, they are going already!" For a station fly had drawn up at the door.

Amid a flurry of leave-taking, the pair departed within ten minutes, much to Stella's surprise. Mrs. Brookes stood out upon the hall steps to shout after the cab the request she had already made fifty additional times since the arrival of the telegram—"You will be back to do my business on Toosday, Mr. Clive?" And Caryl leaned from the window to nod a final promise. Finally the three who were left turned back to the dining-room, conscious of the strange hush that always succeeds a time of confusion and bustle. It was Stella who first broke the silence.

"What a pile of luggage!" she said. "Surely Helen never found time to pack it in the quarter of an hour she was upstairs!"

"It certainly looked enough to last a year," returned Guy. Adding, in a whisper, "Let us hope it may." But Mrs. Brookes' ears were keen.

"And indeed I call that a most *zunmannerly* and *zunkind* wish, Mr. Ryder; specially when you 'ave 'eard me pressin' 'im to be 'ere o' Toosday. You're jealous of my friends, that's what you are! Jealous!"

It was certainly unfortunate that she had overheard. Happily the previous excitement had somewhat wearied her, however. And shortly afterwards she was to be seen nodding in her chair, with the yellow rose, which had lately displaced its pink predecessor of venerable memory, slowly sliding towards the nape of her neck.

That a letter, announcing the safe arrival of the travellers in London, would reach her in the course of the next day, was a settled article of

Mrs. Brookes' faith. Indeed, she was quite angry with Stella for venturing to doubt it.

"They could do no less than write, polite and civil as they 'ave always bin. It is /only doo to me. Caryl Clive will know I'm of a /anxious turn o' mind."

And after the last postal delivery had brought no line her indignation actually asserted itself.

"I didn't think it of the Countess Helen!" she said.

When, however, Sunday and Monday came, and still no news arrived, anger gave place to an undefined feeling of fear.

"Suppose that 'e shouldn't be back in time to do my business!" she exclaimed. Not indeed, that she had the remotest notion of what this particular business might consist, Caryl's crafty directions and instructions to her, before she had actually thrown upo a him the onus of carrying them out, having entirel; confused her.

"Mr. Pyder, will you 'ave the kindness to /ask at the station whether the five-thirty on Saturday met with /any delay or /accident?"

"We should have seen an account of that in the papers, mother," Stella reminded her. "Oh, I daresay there'll be a note in the morning. They are sure to be very busy."

It soothed her for the moment to listen to the excuse. But the calm did not last for long; and when Tuesday dawned without bringing either intelligence or the much-desired presence of the financier himself, her condition grew truly pitiable. She would allow no one to look into her affairs, no lawyer to be called in and entrusted with the task which Caryl had undertaken, no word of advice to be offered. She simply walked from room to room and window to window, wringing her hands, and watching for the man who never came. Who never would come, as Stella and Guy began to believe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRISIS.



MEANWHILE, at Thetfield Vicarage, life pursued its ordinary course without any of the excitements that were agitating the small world of Kingston Villa. One great interest of late had been that of Tom Beresford's recovery, and the prospect of his consequent speedy dismissal from the hospital, where, however, Mary had already several times visited him. She had taken pains to give him such accounts of the night-school and Bible-class, as to interest him in the subjects which she was seeking to instil into the minds of his "mates," without, on her part, seeming to preach to him.

It was greatly to Mrs. Jaxon's joy that the matter of Baptism had been by no means allowed to fall to the ground,

after the Bible-class at which it had been talked of and discussed. Upon the next evening, at the night-school, half-a-dozen lads, including Stacey and Riley, waited behind to give their names as being desirous of further instruction. Though, with true Yorkshire caution, their spokesman, Furniss, told her, "Maybe oos wain't be done, after arl. But oos'd loike t' know, if so be as yow wull tell oos." Right gladly did Mary undertake the task.

It so happened that, owing to a sudden need for extra beds at the Infirmary—one of the frequent consequences of the all-too-often recurring accidents at the works—Tom ultimately was sent home a day or two earlier than had originally been expected or intended. Hence it was somewhat to Mrs. Jaxon's astonishment, and perhaps alarm, that one Friday evening, as she was passing down Young Street, at the back of the school buildings, a tall young fellow rushed out of "The Jolly Grinders," and stopped her by calling her name. In a moment, however, she was reassured by recognising Charlie Furniss.

"Tom's oop yon," he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder. "Ef yow'd coom in and see 'im he'd be main and pleased."

She had not the heart to refuse the lad's invitation.

"You'll take care of me, then?" she said, and walked in by Charlie's side.

There was a hush in the noisy talk going on around the small and dirty counter, as she passed through the bar. Certainly no one seemed at all inclined to utter a word, good or bad. Even the most sodden drunkard stared and held his glass from his lips until the further door had closed behind her. But Furniss saw that she gave a little shiver of disgust and relief when the scene was shut out.

The small, upstairs room in which Mary, in another second, found herself, certainly showed no traces of the horrors that were working havoc below. But for the sound of loud bursts of laughter and the odours of beer and tobacco which together came up through the floor it might have been the home of any labourer or mechanic. She noticed that one or two of the parochial library books were lying upon a box, and that Furniss had adorned the walls with sketches from his own pencil—sketches of which two or three had previously been brought to the school for her inspec-

tion and criticism. The lad had a decided gift for drawing.

Beresford put his thin white fingers into the hand she held out. Mrs. Jaxon always treated her scholars as gentlemen, which perhaps may have been the reason that she invariably received the attention due to a lady.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said. "What have you all been doing up here, may I ask?"

"Dominoes and talk," answered Stacey for the rest. "Oos minded, arl on oos, wot yow said aboot gambling, but oos thowt theer warn't no 'arm in dominoes ef oos didn't play for money. 'Ere's a chair for 'er, Charlie."

She nodded brightly, and laughed, as she accepted the seat.

"You must really teach me the game some day, as you play it. I cannot imagine how you make it interesting. And now, Beresford, how are you? And have the rest told you all the news of the place?"

She stayed and chatted for ten minutes, and then rose to leave.

"It's getting quite too dark to stop any longer—unless there was anything particular you wanted to say," observing rather a disappointed expression come over the happy faces. "You tell me, Furniss."

But Furniss looked on the ground, and began to swing backwards and forwards a clogged foot, watching the metal-capped toe with the most intense absorption. Clearly no one was quite ready to explain, and Mary resumed her chair.

"I expect it is about Baptism," she said, comprehending well that only an approach to religious subjects would induce this unwonted shyness. "What have you all decided?"

"Oos 'ud loike to be done," from Stacey; "on'y can I coom? I ain't no clo'es but these." For he was poor, his wages as a grinder being much less than those of Furniss and Beresford.

"It isn't the clothes that matter," Mrs. Jaxon assured him quietly, though her heart was filled with

thankfulness. "It is the souls and bodies that Christ came to save, and wains you to give Him. I will tell the Vicar about it, and ask him to arrange. There is to be a Confirmation before long, and I expect he will wish you to be confirmed also—if he thinks you understand enough about it."

"Yow've bin reet good to oos," remarked Stacey, shamefacedly. Thanks were not the sort of talk to which his lips were best accustomed. "Will yow tak' this? I made it for yow mysel'."

It was a small penknife that she found hastily thrust into her hand as an offering of gratitude and affection. The handle was tortoiseshell and the workmanship as careful as it was skilful. Her eyes filled with tears.

"But you should not have wasted your time and money on me," she said. "Of course I like to know you value what I can do; but you must not think I want such things to show it."

"Yow're good to oos and oos ull be good to yow," the young man answered, characteristically. Not in Yorkshire nature was it to depreciate his own gift. "Then yow'll tell oos o' Sunday about t' Baptism?"

"And you lads will be trying to keep these bodies of yours as God would have them kept when they are so soon to be offered to Him and to receive His mark, will you? No bad words to pass the lips, no clouding of the brain with drink. Ah! what terrible sounds those are downstairs!" shuddering, and secretly dreading the moment when she must again pass through the bar. "Yes, I'll be very sure not to forget. I'll tell you on Sunday."

But, though she promised, that was an undertaking which Mary was not able to perform. For before Sunday a telegram reached Thetfield containing a summons which could by no means be disregarded:—

"Pray come at once. Mother very ill. I want you."

The trio, Mary, Walter, and Mrs.

Jaxon, had just risen from their early dinner when the maid brought the message in. Walter read it aloud over Mary's shoulder, even Granny for once oblivious of the merry children who had run into the apartment after Sarah.

"What can have happened? You must go at once," the elder lady was the first to exclaim. "Oh! Run away, Ivy, my precious. Wait a minute, dear."

"You will see after the house and my bairnies? What a comfort that you are here!" And so for a few moments they stood discussing arrangements. It was a tiny stifled sob from Ivy that finally made Mary look round.

There stood the child, tears pouring down her cheeks, making no attempt to cover the small, convulsed face, but just given up to woe. Her mother was kneeling on the floor in a moment, pressing the shaking little form to her heart.

"What is it, my darling? And Movvy has to go away and leave her pets. Oh, Ivy, don't sob so!"

"It's all injured feeling," pronounced the father, with a little laugh, surveying the group. "Granny told her to run away, and she's hurt. See, Granny, the effects of your snub. Also, Mary, behold your youngest daughter."

May, indeed, was extremely busy, too much engrossed even to observe Ivy's tears. She had taken hold of the heavy crape widow's bonnet which Mrs. Jaxon always wore, and which she had put down upon a side table before dinner, to await the arrangement therein of a new cap. With this adornment perched on her fair head, the small child had clambered upon a couch, and was surveying herself with delight in the chimney glass. And all the time the rosy lips were muttering, "Handsome May! Handsome May! Movvy's handsome 'ittle dirlie!"

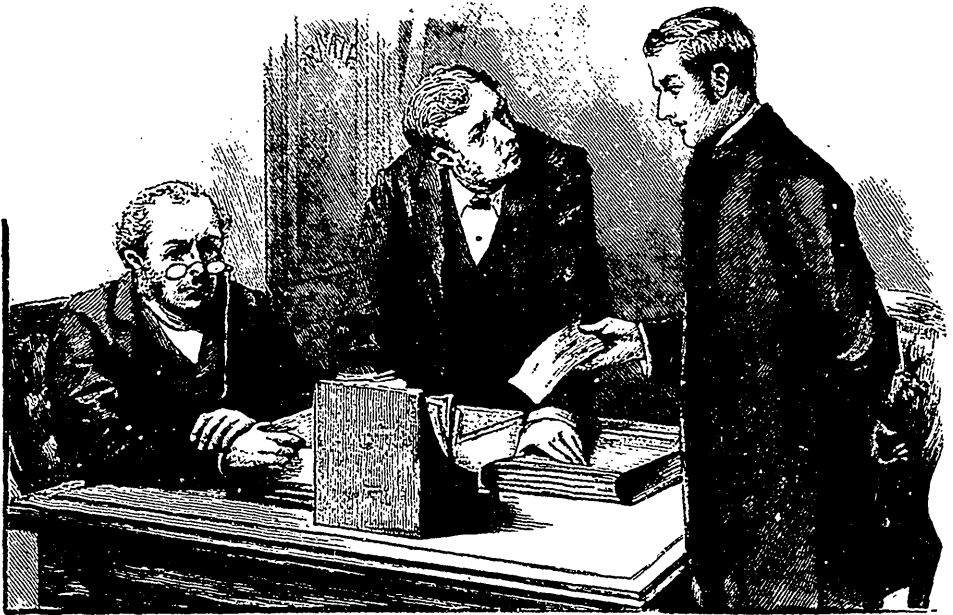
In spite of pressing anxieties, all who saw her burst into a laugh, in

the course of which Ivy's griefs were forgotten.

But though merriment was still possible at Thetfield, as much could not be said of Kingston Villa. Neither Walter nor Mary was at all prepared for what they found upon arrival there late the same night.

Only that morning had Guy at length prevailed upon Mrs. Brookes to call in the legal advice which he had for so long advocated; and truly thankful were both he and Stella to

she began, in a visible flutter of excitement. "I really think that *hafter* *hall* I needn't 'ave troubled you to come. But Guy Ryder there, 'e does nothink but fret and worry." And that whilst her own fingers were shaking nervously and the always ruddy countenance showed a purple roseate hue. "What does the Bank want along o' me?" Then, tearing open the envelope, "Guy thinks as some-think should be done about the Zarina—ah!"



"THAT IS NOT MY HANDWRITING."

see Mr. Keen, the family solicitor, enter the door. As he did so the postman ran up the steps and thrust a letter into Guy's hand, the curate happening to be the person nearest to the entrance.

"For Mrs. Brookes, and from the Bank," he remarked. "This way, I suppose, Stella?"

But Mrs. Brookes, whose senses during the last few hours had seemed preternaturally acute, had overheard the observation. She came into the hall.

"How do you do, Mr. Keen?"

It was not a scream exactly, nor precisely a gasp, that ejaculation uttered with quivering lips and whilst her eyes were still fastened upon the paper she held. But the sound alarmed the three persons who heard it, and Mr. Keen exchanged a glance with Guy. For the clergyman had himself conveyed Mrs. Brookes' message to the solicitor, whom he had persuaded at once to go with him to the Villa. And their walk thither had afforded Guy the opportunity of giving Mr. Keen some glimpses of the proceedings of the Clives, as well

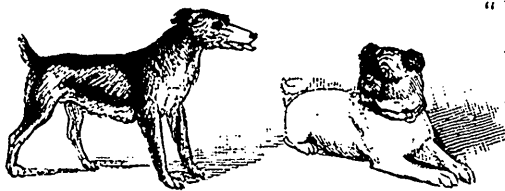
PAGES

MISSING

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER, *Author of "Fables for You," etc.*

GOLD MAY BE BOUGHT TOO DEAR.



"I CAN'T think how you get on this weather," said a sleek, well-fed pug to a wiry-looking mongrel who was looking about for a bone; "you must be frozen to death at night, besides being half starved by day."

"Well, it certainly is a little hard sometimes," said the mongrel, "and I must confess I could do with a

little more to eat; but for all that, I wouldn't exchange my life for yours."

"I'm glad to hear it, friend, for I certainly don't mean to give you the chance; still, I should like to know *why*. Perhaps you are not aware that I have three meals a day regularly, and very often sweet biscuits in between."

"So I've heard," said the mongrel.

"And, besides that, I have a basket lined with cushions to sleep in."

"You don't say so!" cried the mongrel.

"Yes, and my mistress is so fond of me, she can't bear me out of her sight. A little while ago she gave me a collar with my name on it and a silver chain."

"Ah," said the mongrel, "it's very flattering, no doubt, to be thought so much of, but never having been used to it, you see I don't miss it; and, to tell the truth, ma'am, I'd rather pick up my meals as I can, or even go without one now and then, as long as I can hunt a rat when I feel inclined, or have some fun with the rabbits when the keeper is out of the way."

"Oh, well, every one to his liking," said the pug indifferently; "it is well you are satisfied. I wouldn't be in your place for a good deal."

"I daresay not, ma'am; and though you may not believe it, I assure you I wouldn't give up my liberty for a silver chain, even with the biscuits thrown in."

TWO BOOKS.

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

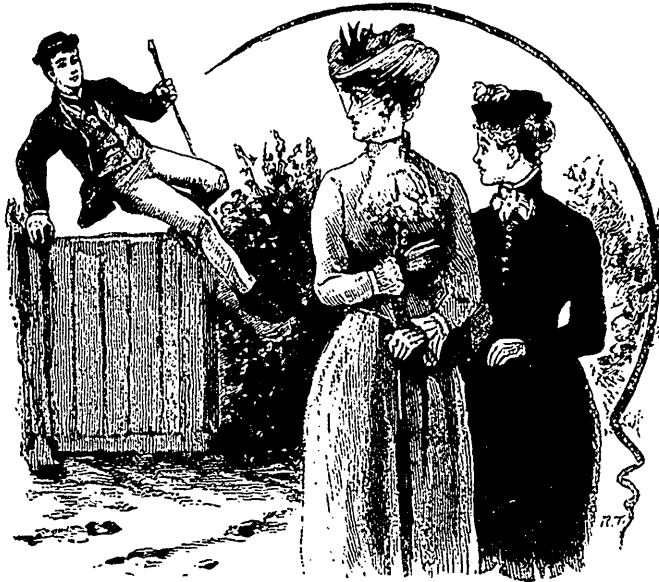
Rector of Lew Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

IV.



THE day was Sunday, the time afternoon, after church. On this Sunday it was the turn of Jemima Anne and Jessie to go out. They walked down the lane together. Jemima Anne did not much like to be seen with Jessie, because Jessie was the kitchenmaid. Moreover, Jemima Anne was in her white straw, with spangled lace veil, her stamped crimson velvet dress, and, above all, the hummingbird fastened into the flame-coloured bow of her hat. Jessie, on the other hand, was in a quiet blue serge dress, and a little grey hat with navy-blue ribbon. No one was in sight, so Jemima graciously allowed Jessie to trip at her side. Should any one appear, then it would be another matter; she would sweep ahead, and Jessie might appear as though she were her maid, and held up her train.

It cannot be said that Tom Nayles was unexpected, or was wholly unexpected, for he was encountered or overtaken now and then in the lane, as Clover Farm adjoined the glebe land that lay in a ring fence round the Rectory, and the way to Clover Farm lay along the same lane as that which led to the Rectory. The lane was said to be haunted. Two white pigs, linked together by a silver chain, were reported to gallop down it on dark nights, and the girls at the Rectory were somewhat shy of



"TOM WAS NOT WHOLLY UNEXPECTED."

that lane after nightfall. But now it was day, the sun was inclining to the west, but the summer evenings were long; two hours would elapse before the sun set, and even then there would be twilight.

On the present occasion only Jemima Anne and Jessie were walking down White Pig Lane; they were, however, startled, and uttered an exclamation of alarm, when over an orchard gate at the side leaped Tom Nayles.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Jemima Anne. "You did make my poor heart stand still. I thought it was the ghostesses."

Then, remembering the humming bird in her white straw hat, she held up her head, and turned, so that the full blaze of the flame-coloured bow, and the glitter of the shining-plumaged bird, might flash in the eyes of Tom Nayles.

"Well, Jessie!" he exclaimed, "how goes the book?"

"Tom, what *do* you think? I am ahead of you now!"

"Nonsense!"

"It is true. I have half-a-crown."

"Are you fond of brandy-balls?" asked Jemima, pulling a cornet out of her pocket. "Do take one and suck it."

"Thank you. I have a bad tooth."

"But *do*—do now, to please me. If you will take one so will I."

"I," said he, "I only eat them when I buy them myself. If offered me, I find

they don't agree with my tooth. Where are you going, Jess?"

"Nowhere particular, Tom."

"That's remarkable. It's precisely where I was going, and as we are both going in the same direction we will trudge along to Nowhere-in-Particular together. It's a highroad, and not very far off."

"Do, please, have some brandy-balls," said Jemima. "They are intended for you."

"Not for me?" asked Tom in astonishment.

"Indeed they are. I heard you

liked them, and so I got them for you."

"Not all?"

"Take them all. I shall be but too pleased."

"Come along, Jess," said Tom. "It's very good of Jemima, and I thankfully accept. Let's trot along to Nowhere-in-Particular; and we'll suck Jemima's brandy-balls together."

Was ever a girl so dismayed

Actually! Tom paid no attention to her; to her red velvet stamped dress, to her white straw and flame ribbon, and to her spangled veil; he did not even lift his eyes to the humming bird; and, to make matters worse, he had accepted her cornet of brandy-balls, was marching off with them, and Jessie was helping him to consume them.

"Jess," said Tom, "I've news to tell you. What do you think? I've been made horse-man by master, and my wage is increased to fifteen shillings a week. Is not that fine? I shall begin to pile up in my book."

"And I've news too, Tom," said Jessie, "I haven't broken any crockery. Mistress is so pleased; she has given me a shilling, and that shall go into the book on Monday."

"That's fine!" said Tom.

"But there's finer behind," said Jessie. "The cook is going. She says there's too much work, as we've had company for two days. Mistress has spoken to

me, and asked me if I'd try the cooking. We don't often have company, only just now and then. I've been kitchenmaid three years, and learned a good deal, and mistress will rise my wage to twelve pounds, and if I give satisfaction——"

"Which you're sure to do."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I am sure of it! Well, go on."

"If I give satisfaction, at the end of six months my wage will be raised to fourteen—which is what Jemima Anne gets as house and parlourmaid."

"Does Jemima Anne know this?"

"No; I haven't breathed a word to any one," said Jessie. "And I wouldn't have told you now, as it's no concern of yours, but that you are so interested in my bank book. I shall be able to race yours now."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Tom.

"It won't be so very long, at this rate, before I have five pounds in the bank, and they begin to lay."

"Nor I, neither," said Tom; "that's finer still."

Both walked on in silence on the road to Nowhere-in-Particular. Presently Tom said,—

"Look at this, Jess. At this rate, in a few years I shall have twenty-five pounds saved."

"And so will I," said Jessie.

"Then," said Tom, "when you have saved twenty-five pounds, and I have saved twenty-five pounds, then that will be fifty pounds between us. Why, Jessie, what'll be the good then of having *two* books? Don't you think we'd best put them together and keep only *one*?"

Then Tom stood still and laughed.

"What is the joke, Tom?"

"Lawk!" said he, "you said, and so did I, that we were on the road to Nowhere-in-Particular, and here we are marching straight on to Matrimony."

THE END.



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Buying Missionaries.

MOSHESH, a Basuto chief, sent a man down south with a hundred cattle wherewith to buy missionaries, because he had heard that they brought peace to the tribe they lived with. The man met a party of French Protestant missionaries travelling north, who took this as an indication of God's will as to their destination. They settled in the land; and, when Moshesh died in 1878, he died a Christian.

A School Treat in India.

THIS is how they managed their school treat at Ranchi, Chota Nagpur. The boys and girls marched out into the jungle very early in the morning, and amused themselves with running about after jackals and other animals. At nine o'clock they came back to a large grove of mango trees, where their dinner of curry rice was being cooked in rows of earthen pots. For plates they had leaves, and for knives and forks they used their fingers; and of course they sat cross-legged on the ground. Then came sports. Besides those which English children have,

the Ranchi children had two special games of their own. The boys play with a curious short bow, which has two strings, kept apart by a little piece of bamboo, and a little cloth pocket between the two strings. With this they shoot little pellets of mud. So they had shooting contests at a tin bird nailed to a tree. The girls have races with *gharas*, a kind of pitcher, filled with water, on their heads. The prize went to the girl who came in first without spilling the water. Some of them got drenched, of course, and one girl dropped her pitcher close to the judges, and gave them a good wetting.

The Kings with Red Hats.

IN Asaba, Bishop Hill tells us, you may see walking about men wearing red hats that seem to be nearly two feet high. They are called "kings." There are about four hundred of them. Asaba is not a very large place, and naturally there are not kingdoms enough to go round. What, then, does the title mean? It is given to any man who has *presented a slave for sacrifice* to the heathen gods,

A PRAYER FOR THE ROGATION DAYS.



RISE, O Lord of hosts!
 Be jealous for Thy Name,
 And drive from out our coasts
 The sins that put to shame.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Thy best gifts from on high
 In rich abundance pour,
 That we may magnify
 And praise Thee more and more.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Bishop Walsham How.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (July to December last) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. LOUIE RIGG, Vernon House, Hartington Place, Eastbourne.	15	Miss Rigg, Teacher Holy Trinity Sunday School.
2. DOROTHY BEDWELL, 2, Marlborough Grove, York.	15	Rev. C. E. Bedwell, Curate of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York.
3. LOUISA THOMPSON, 20, Sears Street, New Church Road, Camberwell.	13	Rev. Norman Campbell, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Camberwell.
4. JOHN BURROW, 25, Keith Street, Barrow-in-Furness.	12	Mr. W. Clark, Supt. St. Mark's Sunday School.
5. ETHEL SEYMOUR, Brockham Park, Betchworth, Surrey.	12	Rev. Henry H. Rugg, Vicar of Brockham.
6. GEORGE H. BRAZINGTON, Fillongley, near Coventry.	14	Rev. A. B. Stevenson, M.A., Vicar of Fillongley. (Wickham.)
7. EMILY GODSEN, 6, Station Road, Hayes.	15	Rev. H. Bertie Roberts, B.A., Rector of West
8. NELLIE IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham, Woking.	9	Rev. H. M. C. Price, M.A., Vicar of Valley End.
9. STUART BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate.	15	Rev. T. M. Macdonald, M.A., Curate of Southgate.
10. LAURA A. F. DE COBAIN, The Vicarage, Swinfleet.	13	Rev. J. W. F. de Cobain, Vicar of Swinfleet.
11. FREDERICK JAMES, 1, Arlington Villas, Merton Road, Wandsworth.	12	Mr. T. N. Hopwood, S.S. Teacher, St. Michael's, Southfields.
12. EDITH SHEPARD, 3, Baronet Road, Tottenham.	14	Rev. A. O'B. Brandon, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Tottenham.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows:—

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Pin : Mow.
 P M
 I O
 N W
20. CHARADE.—Bay-o-net.
21. REBUS.—
 (1) I see you are after me.
 (2) You overrate my undertaking above what is right.
22. PROVERB.—Many hands make light work.
23. ACROSTIC.—Watch.
 W o r d s
 A c t i o n s
 T h o u g h t s
 C o m p a n y
 H e a r t
2. A BOTANICAL STUDY.—
 (1) Daisy, (2) Lily, (3) May, (4) Olive, (5) Rose, (6) Lily.
25. DECAPITATION.—Grace, race, ace, C.E., E.
26. PUZZLE.—Wall.
 (1) Tail, (2) jail, (3) bail, (4) nail, (5) mail, (6) pail, (7) rail, (8) sail.
- 27.—PIE.—
 They sin who tell us love can die;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity:
 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
 Earthly, these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth,
 But Love is indestructible.
28. SQUARE WORDS.—
 (1) POLL (2) SEAL
 OBEY ETTA
 LEAR ATOM
 LYRE LAMB
29. CONUNDRUMS.—(1) Lo(u)nger, (2) Short(er).
30. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Darwin : Edison.
 D a t E
 A c i D
 R a b b i
 W a l r u S
 I O
 N o o N
31. GARDEN PRODUCE.—
 (1) Sage, (2) Mint, (3) Stocks, (4) Iris, (5) Apple, (6) Pears.
32. MISSING LETTERS.—
 (1) All is not gold that glitters.
 (2) A stitch in time saves nine.
33. ELIMINATION.—Chain, Cain, can, an, A.
34. REVERSI.—
 (1) Mart, tram; (2) rats, star; (3) leek, keel;
 (4) liar, rail; (5) top, pot.
35. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Mad : Dig.
 M D
 A I
 D G (Dei gratia).

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

THE following is the Prize List for the second half of last year—June to December. The names are given in order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or if preferred two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. ROSETTA E. SMITH, 192, Edleston Road, Crewe.	15	Parish Church: Rev. G. J. Howson, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
2. AGNES SIMMONDS, 6, Oddfellows' Cottages, London Road, Moreton-in-the-Marsh.	10	Parish Church: Rev. S. J. Jones, M.A., Rector.	Rev. Gabriel Stokes, B.A., Curate.
3. P. W. STEED, Ratling Court, Adisham, Dover.	14		Miss Pepper, Throwley House, Adisham, S. Teacher.
4. CLARA OWEN, 54, Lichfield Street, Walsall.	14	St. Paul's Church: Rev. E. M. Fitzgerald, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Vaughan, S.S. Teacher.
5. FLORA MACDONALD, 31, Rialto Terrace, South Circular Road, Kilmainham, Dublin.	14	St. James' Church: Rev. J. C. Irwin, B.D., Vicar.	Mr. W. White, S.S. Teacher.
6. ANNE FRANCES NORA FRANKLYN, care of Miss Scott, The Lindens, Crawley.	14		Rev. W. Loveband, M.A., Vicar of Ifield.
7. CECIL G. LOVER, Higher Peover, near Knutsford.	12	Parish Church.	Rev. H. W. Trott, M.A., Vicar of Higher Peover.
8. BERTRAM RUSSELL LEAVER, St. Michael's School House, Sittingbourne.	11	Parish Church: Rev. W. Bell, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
9. WILLIAM H. HACKSLEY, 37, St. Barnabas' St., Wellingtonborough, Northants.	15	St. Barnabas'.	Rev. W. H. Davis, B.A., Curate-in-charge.
10. SARAH ISABELLA CHILD, 32, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness.	14	St. Mark's, Barrow: Rev. E. S. Savage, M.A., Vicar.	Miss M. Lowther, S.S. Teacher.
11. REBECCA COOPER, Headington Cottage, Yew Tree Hill, Netherton, Dudley.	13	Parish Church: Rev. S. J. Marriott, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
12. ROTH A MARY CLAY, St. Michael's Rectory, Tyndall's Park, Clifton, Bristol.	15		Rev. J. H. Clay, M.A., Rector of St. Michael's.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in Sunday by Sunday Questions:—

ANNIE CHILD, 32, York Street, Newbarns, Barrow-in-Furness; H. HEINRICH, 200, Selhurst Road, South Norwood; MAGGIE FIDDYMONT, 200, Selhurst Road, South Norwood; G. BAKER, Autys Cottages, Avenue Road, Southgate; W. J. SIMMONDS, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; G. A. BUTCHERS, Myrtle Cottage, Icklesham, Rye; HARRY E. PIGGOTT, West End, Alton; HILDA DICKSON, Stewkley Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard; MARY CHRISTINE BULSTRODE, Hedgerley Lodge, Madingley Road, Cambridge; A. M. MOORE, Crescent Road, Crouch End; SYBIL A. BLUNT, M. A. BLUNT, Manor House, Dorchester, Oxon; ELIZABETH BEGGS, 1, Chelmsford Street, Hammersmith; KATHARINE T. ZACHARY, Abberley House, Cirencester; ANNE ELIZABETH DOWNES, Willow Cottage, Chirbury; ENNIS IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham; EMILY GODSELL, Tatting Cottages, Withyham.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—

July 2nd.—(1) Acts ii. 47, xv. 47. (2) Jesus in the ship, on the shore; net breaking, not broken. (3) Luke v. 8, John xxi. 7. July 9th.—(1) Matt. xxiii. 3, 5, 14, Luke xviii. 9. (2) John iii. 15. (3) Matt. xviii. 23-35, vi. 12. July 16th.—(1) Considered how long with Him, how far some had come, how extreme their wants, what would happen if sent away empty. (2) "gift," vi. 37. (3) Luke xv. 17, Mark vi. 42, 43. July 23rd.—(1) Fate of tree that bringeth forth no fruit, vii. 19. (2) End of xiv. 23. (3) Ezek. xxxiv., Matt. xxiii.

14, Luke xvi. 14, 2 Cor. xi. 9. July 30th.—(1) The man ready to waste is also ready to defraud and to tempt others to do the same. (2) 1 James v. 1-5. (3) Ashamed of poverty, but not of theft.

August 6th.—(1) "Every side"; even with the proud; the "children" as well; one stone upon another. (2) See Luke xvii. 37, Matt. xxiv. 28, Job xxxix. 30. (3) Psalm cxxvi. 6, 1 Kings xix. 18. August 13th.—(1) afar off: not so much as his eyes; smote breast; asked only for mercy; confessed his sinfulness. (2) Chap. xvi. 14. (3) In Phil. iii. 5-7, what he trusted in, how he despised others. Here—puts himself below others, "not meet to be called an Apostle"—gives all the glory to God's grace. August 20th.—(1) See Mark v. 26; the man in this place (Decapolis) had heard much before of the Lord's miracles, and wondered; what they see now impresses them even more; "all things well." (2) Looks up to heaven; sighing (groaning in Himself); word of command. (3) Verse 53, how the fame of His miracles endangered His life, and so threatened to interfere with His work. August 27th.—(1) Compare "took care of him" and "take care of him." (2) That righteousness before God cannot be by a law, see Heb. vii. 19. (3) The priest and the Levite, symbolising the law, did nothing but look on and pass by; the good Samaritan representing our Saviour, did everything for the traveller, that freely aid at much cost to Himself.

September 3rd.—(1) Lev. xiii. 2, xiv. 1-7, Matt. viii. 4, v. 17. (2) Heb. xi. 1, 27, etc., Rom. iv. 21. (3) Verse 19, Luke vii. 50, etc. September 10th.—(1) Psalms xxiii., civ. 27, 28, cxlv. 16, etc. (2) Prov. vi. 6-8, 1 Tim. v. 8, 2 Cor. xii. 14, etc. (3) "Flowers" and "fowls" examples; Gentiles, a warning and contrast. September 17th.—(1) The Saviour's deep and ready "compassion" illustrates the "love

which passeth knowledge." (2) The Saviour does for the woman beyond what she "asked" or "thought." (3) In both cases word of command to the dead, or immediate restoration. In one case just after death, in the other on the way to burial. *September 24th.*—(1) See chap. xiii. 11-17. (2) Matt. xxiii. 12, Luke xviii. 14, etc.; Deut. iv. 37, James iv. 6, 1 Pet. v. 5, etc. (3) See reference to verse 5.

October 1st.—(1) The Saviour's reference to law and prophets (4) and Psalm xlvi. See Luke xxiv. 44. (2) Christ as man, David's son; as God, David's Lord. (3) "Knowledge"; "utterance"; perhaps also "blamelessness." *October 8th.*—(1) See Mark ii. 12, took up whercon he lay; before all; Luke v. 25. (2) See Mark ii. 4, Luke v. 19. (3) "Their faith"; in all three accounts. *October 15th.*—(1) The word "ready," prepared; verses 4 and 8; also, on the other side, 11, 12. (2) Verses 3, 6, 7. (3) Verse 10; robe of righteousness provided by God Himself. *October 22nd.*—(1) In Gospel the three stages of nobleman's faith. See "Teacher's Prayer-Book." (2) In Epistle, whole armed of God. (3) In Collect, pardon and peace. *October 29th.*—(1) Abound more and more in love. (2) God's mercy higher than man's, Isa. lv. 7-9. (3) Verse 31; 1 Chron. xxi. 13.

November 5th.—(1) Herodians, men who sided with Herod and the Romans against the Pharisees, who could only therefore have been "with them" in pretence. (2) If the Saviour had said "do not give tribute" to Caesar, that would have "entangled" Him with these Herodians. (3) Luke xix. 22, "out of Thine own mouth." *November 12th.*—(1) Presence of "minstrels" or

hired mourners, and their utter contempt for the Saviour when they understood Him to say that the damsel was alive. (2) "Arose and walked"; showed herself in need of "meat,"—i.e., food. (3) The one trusted to touching His garment, the other to being touched by His hand; one hoped for deliverance from a long-standing disease, the other from death itself. *November 19th.*—(1) Rev. i. 7; every eye shall see Him; like men do the lighting for themselves; no need to be told. (2) See Matt. xiii. 40-42. (3) John iii. 2. *November 26th.*—(1) All that one disciple could think of, all the others could hear of, not sufficient to touch their need. (2) After they "filled" and having as much as they would; more left over than they began with. (3) No excuse for ever wasting food; man not live by bread alone; that in feeding others they were fed themselves; Jesus Christ scattereth yet increaseth; that the Saviour's ministers are first to receive, then to give.

December 3rd.—(1) By predicting exactly that which He did at this time. (2) By speaking of Him both as a prophet and as Son of David. (3) By acting as One having authority; cleanse the Temple itself. *December 10th.*—(1) The thought of "hope." (2) The word "Gentiles." (3) Every spring is a prediction of summer; and so, in a figure, of the return of the Saviour. *December 17th.*—(1) In apparent doubt about Christ, and so far therefore like a reed shaken by the wind. (2) The prophets had only spoken of Christ as about to come; John the Baptist as close at hand. (3) See Isa. xli. 1, Luke iv. 18, Mark xii. 37. *December 24th.*—(1) Luke iii. 15. (2) Mal. iv. 5; Deut. xviii. 15, 18, 19; John vi. 14. (3) Helps to show how the Baptist "prepared" the way of the Lord.

GARDEN WORK FOR APRIL.

Kitchen Garden.



A MAIN crop of potatoes should be planted early this month. The ground most suitable for this excellent vegetable is a light soil, well drained. Manure is applied in two ways—by digging into the soil before planting, and also by scattering it on the top after the potatoes are planted. In the latter case, when the rows are hoed up, the manure gets scattered about the roots. Both of these modes may be tried, according to the nature of the soil. The rows should be about two feet apart, and the space between the plants should be from nine inches to one foot. The sets should be chosen of good sound potatoes of a

medium size; large potatoes should be cut, leaving one or two eyes on each piece. The potatoes may be planted in drills, or put into the ground with a dibber.

Herbs, such as balm, thyme, lavender, sweet marjoram, and sage, may be planted from slips.

Fruit Garden.

Grafting apple, pear, and plum trees should be done early in the month.

Flower Garden.

Pruning of rose trees should not be delayed beyond this month. All weak shoots must be cut out, leaving good stout rods. Cut out all cross-growing shoots, especially those growing inwards. Sow and plant all kinds of annuals and biennials.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

KEDGEREE.	Average Cost.
	<i>d.</i>
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice	3
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish (cooked)	4
1 Egg	1
1 Saltspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ Saltspoonful pepper	3
1 oz. dripping	6
	<hr style="width: 100%; border: 1px solid black;"/>
	6

Prepare the rice in the same way as for curry. Take the fish from the bones, and

break into flakes with two forks. Boil the egg twelve minutes, take off the shell, and put in a cup of cold water till required. Melt the dripping in a saucepan, put in the boiled rice, stir well with a fork, chop the white of egg, and add it to the rice, with the fish, pepper, and salt. Mix all till quite hot, put on to a hot dish, and rub the yolk of the egg through a strainer all over the top.

Serve with square pieces of toast put all round the dish.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers who have not yet paid for 1893, will please do so at once, as the treasurer has a large bill to pay by 1st of May. Please remit to Mr. Thos. Blumner, Bank of Montreal. Donations towards the expenses of the Magazine will be gratefully received.

The Annual Vestry.

The annual vestry was held at 10 a. m., in the school house, on Monday, March 26th. The attendance was fairly good. The Rector presented his report of the church work during the year, which briefly was to the following effect: No. of services held during the year 294, made up as follows—Sunday, 147; week-day (city), 71; week-day (country), 76. No. of sermons delivered, 189—St. James, 118; in the country, 76. Holy communion was administered 31 times—16 at 8 a. m., 15 at 11 a. m.; average attendance at 8 a. m., 37; average at 11 a. m., 60; largest communion, 103; smallest, 8; No. of baptisms, 66; No. of marriages, 10; No. of burials, 29; No. confirmed, 53; No. of private communions, 25. The attendance at the regular services was as follows: Largest congregation, 638; smallest, 87; average, 310. No. of visits paid by the Rector since commencement of record in August, 735.

The Wardens' report was distributed in the church, and therefore it is unnecessary to repeat it here. After a considerable discussion as to how best to deal with the ordinary and special collections and a careful examination of the details of the report, it was received and referred to the auditors, Messrs. D. B. Burritt and R. R. Neild, who are to report at the adjourned vestry.

Mr. E. Sydney Smith resigned his office as people's warden, and in accepting his resignation the vestry warmly thanked him for his services to the church at a very critical period. Mr. Wm. Maynard was reappointed Rector's warden and Mr. John Square was elected people's warden. Both names were received with much enthusiasm.

The same trustees were re-elected, viz., His Honor Judge Woods, Messrs. S. S. Fuller and S. R. Hesson.

A committee consisting of Messrs. H. M. Johnstone and S. R. Hesson, was appointed to assist the wardens in an endeavor to augment the envelope offering.

The following gentlemen were appointed to act as silesmen in conjunction with those already acting in that capacity: Messrs. H. M. Johnstone, E. Watson, G. Norntoll, A. H. McMullen, H. Spencer, H. Ridgdale, S. R. Hesson, N. Monteith, G. W. Lawrence, S. S. Fuller, Arthur Thistle, James Makins, Wm. Jeffrey and Wm. Packham.

The thanks of the vestry was tendered severally to all the voluntary associations and officers of the church and Sunday School, especial mention being made of Mr. C. W. Young, the Women's Chapter and the Young Women's Guild.

The vestry then resolved itself into a meeting of the congregation for the election of lay delegates to Synod. The delegates elected were Messrs. C. F. Neild, S. R. Hesson and G. W. Lawrence. The meeting closed with the benediction.

General Parish News.

We are all very much indebted to the young women of the Young Women's Guild, for their exceedingly tasteful decoration of the Church for Easter Day.

Mrs. Brotherhood remembered us very kindly before Easter, and showed her continued interest in St. James by sending a box of beautiful flowers for Easter decorations. We are glad to learn that the family will be among us again early in June.

The Junior Auxiliary, under the able management of Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore, is thriving beyond expectation. New members are continually being enrolled and considerable work has already been done. In some unaccountable way an impression has gone abroad that this is a private society—not open to all the young girls in the congregation. This is altogether a mistake. Every young girl in St. James' Church that feels so disposed may join the society, and will be heartily welcomed.

Mrs. Pablio and Miss Wade, while in London attending the annual meeting of the Auxiliary, purchased a number of "Membership Cards" for the junior branch, and made a present of them to the society. They are very beautiful, and we are much obliged to the two ladies for their generous thoughtfulness.

We congratulate the ladies of the Women's Chapter upon their success in meeting the interest on the Church debt, and having a small balance on hand to begin the current year. Also, we thank the Young Women's Guild for their donation of \$100 to lessen the church debt.

The offering on Easter Day towards lessening the church debt amounted to a little over \$500. The debt therefore has been reduced this year from \$10,000 to \$9,500.

Mr. Ward, late of McIlhargor's store, has opened a store of his own at the corner of the Nasmyth block, Market square.

Mr. Cooper, of Nasmyth's drug store, formerly of Warton, is a member of our church, and we give him a hearty welcome to our midst.

Mrs. Hurden and family, late of F. William, now of Gore street, Stratford, are also members of our church, and we extend to them the heartiest welcome.

The Communion at 8 a. m. on Easter Day numbered 127—the largest at any one time in the history of the church, so far as we can ascertain—certainly the largest at 8 a. m.

We are sorry indeed to learn at least of three members of our congregation who lost their positions through the recent "cut-down" in the G. T. R. shops, viz., Messrs. R. Forrest, Geo. H. Jacques, and Mr. Townsend, jr.

Mr. V. H. Rawlings, the proprietor of the new wholesale fruit store in the Albion block, Ontario street, is a churchman. He and his mother have taken up their residence on Wellington street. To both we give a hearty welcome, and trust that they will find many friends among our people.

The Women's Chapter and the Women's Auxiliary will meet at the Chapter room every Wednesday afternoon for work. New members to either society will be heartily welcomed.

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